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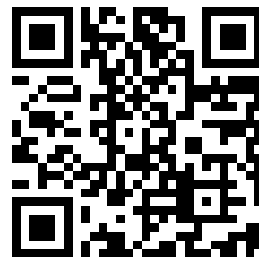
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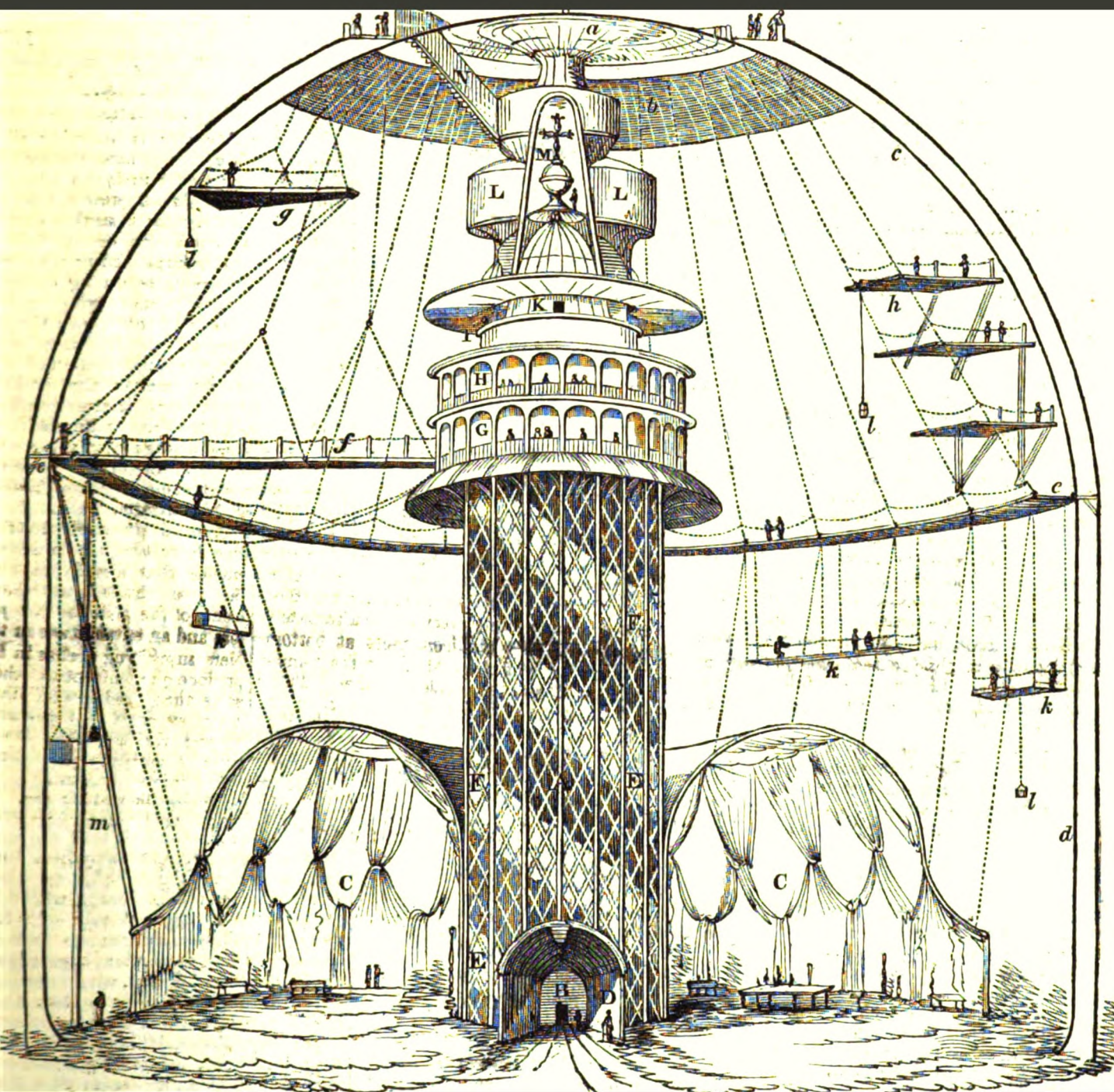
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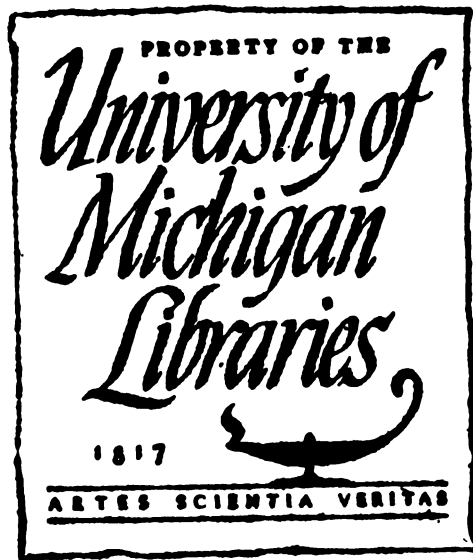
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The Literary gazette

John Mounteney Jephson,
George Augustus Frederick Fitzclarence



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THE
LITERARY GAZETTE;

AND
JOURNAL

21. 45. 1

OF
Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

FOR THE YEAR

1829.

COMPRISING
A REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS;
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LONDON:

PRINTED BY JAMES MOYER, TOOKES COURT, CHANCERY LANE

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, AT THE LITERARY GAZETTE OFFICE, WELLINGTON STREET, WATERLOO BRIDGE, STRAND
SOLD ALSO BY ADAM BLACK, EDINBURGH; SMITH AND SON, AND ROBERTSON AND AYLINSON, GLASGOW; JOHN CUNNING, DUBLIN; SAUTELET AND CO., PLACE DE LA BOURSE, PARIS; AND ALL OTHER BOOKSELLERS, NEWSMEN, &c.

1829.

AND

No. 624.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1829.

PRICE 8d.

*Monitors of the Affairs of Europe from the
 Press of the World.* By Lord John Russell.
 Vol. II. 4ta pp. 688. London, J. Murray.
 The first Number for 1838 opened with a
 review of the first volume of this work; so
 fast the noble author seems to have devoted
 the leisure of last year* to the production of
 that which will be commensurate our critical
 notice for 1839. It is a gratifying subject of
 remark, to observe individuals belonging to the
 ranks of society of Lord John Russell, Mr.
 Fitz, and other noble persons, joining them-
 selves to the ranks of literature, and adorning
 them with contributions in history, poetry, and
 many higher species of composition; it is a
 good sign of the times when we see the taste
 of the nobles of the higher orders thus vinced;
 as well as they contribute to distinguish them-
 selves in this manner, we may laugh at the idle
 say about Mechanics' Institutes becoming too
 common, and degrading by comparison
 — in which fortune has vouchsafed a more
 exalted place, and superior means of improve-
 ment. Alas, no; the search of mind, like all
 our sciences, must, being well-conducted and
 the rational discipline, not only impart know-
 ledge and favour to the general mass, but ad-
 vance the intelligence and cultivation of the
 few above; and there will still be all the
 same and distance between them, which
 is good of much and requires for the regulation
 of conduct and civil life.

the ground where Lord J. Russell died, to the cause tree of moderation and avoid to church has so greatly re-estimated its value (a volume not now to be obtained as a price above its original cost); and we know as his page several once and clear as a new. out of view, and liberty of choice. The first chapter was out of the way of 5 years from the death of the regent, and was to the war of the Austrian succession. The moderation of Philp V., A. A. and with a notice of Anne's voyage. cannot do better than quote the philosophical reflections with which this chapter

Thus one and double of emptiness is a metaphysical device to strike the fancy of the un-empirical labour of the historian, to answer the thoughts of the philosopher. It is a most affecting and sublime passage of human emptiness have called to them, that, on the one side, presents to all that man has performed in the most and most amazing; while, on the other, it gives a melancholy picture of the human condition. It is a passage to the ground; a descent which forms the basis of one generation to the rest of the world as a mass of stones. It is a passage to a state of reality is seen to be, which the world are moved to pass.

the importance of the importance of the Treaty

ideas which require a common effort, and are directed to the common benefit. Freedom, commerce, conquest, love of glory, dominion of the seas, planting of colonies,—such are the most usual objects of rising and prosperous states. Each has one or more of these objects peculiar to its life, which form, as it were, its principle of life. Thus the spirit of Rome was formed of love of freedom and love of conquest; the spirit of Holland, of love of freedom and of commerce. So long as this spirit continues unaltered, and has room to gratify itself, the state flourishes. It may exist in an absolute monarchy, as well as in a free state, but seldom endures; because the law of hereditary succession may change the spirit of the nation, at any moment, from activity to indolence, from conquest to pacifism. The decline of a state takes place in a similar manner when a passion leading to a common purpose, is exchanged for others aiming solely at the enjoyment of the individual, to be advanced by individual and selfish means. Then, when, owing to the corruption of their manners and institutions, the Romans grew to love their villas and their farms better than war, their luxury (ravaging the conquered world,) prepared the fall of the empire. (Other causes of decline may be found in laws or institutions which check national energy; for instance, the Inquisition of Spain. Or, lastly, a state may be overrun by its neighbours. We often see, in a plantation, that a quick-growing tree for a time overtops and shades its fellows; but when it has reached its maturity, a plant of slower nature equals, surpasses, and at length carries away from it sun and moisture. Like to this is the figure which we see made in history by countries which owe to the early maturity of their laws a superiority they can no longer preserve. Spain and Africa remained the civilized world, till Philip and his Marquisate under a corrupt and disorderly government. In modern times, the states of Italy once maintained larger regular armies, and had more copious treasures, than England or France; but when the government of these kingdoms became settled, the small Italian republics led into the decline. In the course of the seventeenth century, all the nations of Europe, except Italy and Spain, made great progress in the arts of government and civilisation; consequently new states sprung up, and the balance of power was altered by the decline of some countries and the rise of others.)

A country like England, Russia, and Prussia, were not so poor, France was corrupt in its government, and we earned money from providing concerts, Austria was stationary, Venice and Holland declining, and Rome rather poor; and they all made it clear that we did not intend to be the nation of the world, we stamped out the life of a nation, we killed the confidence of the King of Prussia, (Nov. 17, 1870) we were, after making several overtures, said: "It is not necessary, however, to work for the motive of an art so frequent in the history of manœuvre. It is the nature of man

to desire something different from what he has; those who are in a humble station form an exaggerated notion of the delights of power and rank; while those who have long enjoyed these supposed advantages make to themselves a charming vision of the pleasure of ease, leisure, and retirement. A disposition to restless might seem to be given us as the bane of our happiness, did we not reflect, that this same unwillingness to be satisfied with the goods we have, is the cause of all our progress in social art, of our calmest speculations in philosophy, and of our brightest hopes in religion."

Our next is an anecdote of two great generals of this period.

"When Marshal Berville was killed by a cannon-ball at Philipstury, Marshal Vissers, who had been sent to take the command in Italy, was dying in his bed at Turin. Informed of the fate of his colleague and rival, he said, with the spirit of a soldier, 'That man had always more luck than I!' He expired a few days afterwards."

[illegible]

"*The forty-five*" forms a very interesting episode in this historical volume; but we are not aware of any new facts disclosed in its details. This is followed by the events of the war which was terminated by the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, 1748: and the fourth book resumes, at p. 365; the domestic history of England, under the ministry of Sir Robert Walpole. Of the death of George the First it is related (1727): "He set out for Hanover on the 2d of June; and on the 9th was entertained by Count Twittel at a country-house near Delden. Early the next morning he departed from Delden, and soon felt indisposition: at Ippenburen he grew lethargic, his tongue hung out of his mouth, and he could only keep repeating the word Osnaburg, Osnaburg. His valet immediately got on horseback and rode on to the palace of the king's brother, the Bishop of Osnaburg; but when the carriage arrived there the king was quite dead. His death was attributed by some to a melon he ate the night before, which others affirm was an orange. Walpole said more truly, that he died of thinking he never could die. The Duchess of Kendal, who was on her way from Delden at the time, retired for three months to Brunswick: she afterwards resided at Kendal House, Isleworth, till her death, which happened in 1743. A raven, which one day flew into her room, was always cherished by her as the ghost of the departed monarch. There is another person, besides the mistress, whose fate deserves mention in this place. Sophia Dorothy, of Zell, the daughter of William, Duke of Zell, by Eleanor d'Emiers, of the French family of Olbreuse, was married at sixteen to George the First, then electoral prince. She brought him a son and a daughter, but was soon neglected for a mistress. During the absence of the prince with the army, Count Königsmark arrived at Hanover: he was a man of professed gallantry, and had avowed his admiration for the princess before her marriage. The elector was told that his daughter-in-law received him late in the evening in her own apartment: the count was watched; and one night, as he left the palace by a private way, he was assassinated by the orders, and in the presence, of the elector. The public feeling, shocked at this murder, pronounced itself in favour of the princess: it was generally believed that she was innocent, and that Königsmark had been drawn to the spot by the artifice of a favourite mistress of Ernest Augustus, who had substituted another person for the princess. The prince, however, on his return from the army, implicitly believed the guilt of his wife, and caused her to be immured in the castle of Alden, where she was confined for thirty-two years, and died only seven months before her husband. Her crime was never proved; that of her father-in-law is but too well authenticated. Her son, George the Second, who was convinced of her innocence, secretly kept in his possession a picture of his mother; and on the morning after the news of the king's decease reached London, the portrait appeared in his antechamber. The animosity which had existed between the late and present king gave rise to a curious circumstance. Archbishop Wake, who was intrusted with the will of the deceased monarch, when the time for its being opened arrived, presented it to his successor, who, to the surprise of every one, put it in his pocket, and stalked out of the room; nor was it ever heard of more. His friends said, in palliation of this act, that George the First had destroyed two wills made in favour of his son. It should likewise be mentioned, that, by the law of England, the will

would not have been valid; all property, real as well as personal, of the king, descends with the crown."

On the end of the Walpole administration, referring to the charges of corruption, Lord J. R., among other observations makes the following:—

"That some of this money was applied to the corruption of parliament, cannot, indeed, be either disproved or disbelieved. That the votes of the House of Commons are often influenced by employments and pensions held or hoped for, promised or refused, was true in the age of Charles the Second, in that of Walpole, and may be now. The form of corruption, indeed, has changed, but its spirit is unaltered. In the earliest of these periods, a small gratuity sufficed; in the next, a large pension was required; the more fastidious vice of our own days spurns at money, and accepts patronage. The quantity and kind of corruption depend, perhaps, fully as much on the corrupted as the corrupter, or, in other words, on the average virtue of the age: Walpole himself said that ministers were as often tempted as tempters. * * * He was the leader, not the master, of the House of Commons:

— rectorque senatus
Sed regnantis erat.

No doubt, many asked him for favours, many were influenced by the promises or refusals they met with; but all the adherents thus acquired would have left him but a miserable minority, had he not sustained himself by the prudence and steadiness of his measures, the large capacity of his mind, and his hearty attachment to the best interests of his country. A more just charge upon him is, that he bore the imputation of corruption with too much insensibility, and by his retorts encouraged the willing belief of the multitude that all politicians are dishonest. Whether he said 'all men have their price,' or 'all those men have their price,' pointing to his adversaries, he assuredly left it to be believed, that if his enemies consisted of ungratified solicitors, his friends were the gratified. Nay, to a gentleman, who told him that in Holland a question was left to its own merits, he remarked, that if he were to do so, half the shops in London would be shut up the next day; thus implying that corruption was necessary to the maintenance of the House of Hanover. By this manner of speaking he contributed to lower the tone of public life, and taught men of hesitating virtue not to shrink from a contamination shared by the great majority of their contemporaries. In point of fact, it may be doubted whether his government was either more or less corrupt than those of the half century which preceded or followed him."

The last portion of the volume treats of the state of religion in England during the first half of the eighteenth century, and is both luminous and important.

The view taken may be comprehended from the following summary:—

"The church of England, from the period of the reformation, has preserved a peculiar character. The leaders of the reform, falling in with the national temper, loath to destroy what may be corrected, and averse to inquire into abstract truth when practical utility has been provided for, left subsisting much of the Romish worship, and neglected some of the favourite dogmas of the chief reformers. Large possessions were left in the hands of the clergy, and a titular supremacy over the church was transferred from the pope to the king. Hence the deep erudition and dignified bearing of the

English prelacy; hence the absence of that low fanaticism which disgraced some of the reformed churches; hence that decency of public worship which rejected, on the one hand, all unintelligible ceremony, and on the other, all excess of devotional enthusiasm. But, with these qualities, the church of England, as an institution, had serious defects. The clergy, educated with the aristocracy, depending on the king and the aristocracy, had too little sympathy with the people, and too much of political connexion with the governing powers of the state. In the age of which we are treating, however, the majority of the inferior clergy, whether they still hankered after the abominations of the Stuarts, or desired only a high church administration, were opposed to the crown; a position which, as Mr. Hume has observed, was forced and unnatural. The government, unable to gain the majority, had yet the power to dispose of the chief seats of the church, and they used it to advance to those high places men of liberal opinions, attached to the Protestant succession, of extensive learning, but free from the narrowness either of pedantry or of their profession. Such men, who, at a different period, might have been left unnoticed by the crown, fell in with the spirit of the times, and, without altering or modifying the character of the church. Engaging but little in controversy with their old enemies, the Roman Catholics and the Puritans, they endeavoured not so much to prove that their faith was scriptural, as that Scripture was rational. Infidel writings, the calumny of the age, and the theological turn of Queen Caroline, contributed to this change. The truth and fitness of religion, the beauty of virtue, the advantages of a good and upright life, charity and toleration for all mankind, were the subjects on which the chosen prelate loved to dwell. The scoffers at Christianity were defeated by their mildness of tone; the leaguers were satisfied with the freedom in which they were indulged; but the people, a large, too much neglected, fell into the apathy of cold acquiescence."

Slight memoirs of the most of our eminent divines give much interest to this portion of the history; and a sketch of Wesley and Methodism concludes the whole. We believe that there are yet two volumes to be added to complete the work; and have only to repeat, that it reflects high honour on the name of Lord John Russell.

BOOKS OF TITLE; *alias*, TITLES OF BOOKS.
No publisher ever hit upon or devised such captivating titles for his books as Mr. Colburn who knows better than Juliet what there is in a name. On the contrary, from him we never get a volume that we are not tempted to read for its mere name's sake; while from other we receive works so oddly distinguished, that we hardly know, at first sight, what to think of them, whether to read them or not, or in what class of our very miscellaneous collection to place them. The present week furnishes, perhaps, not more than our usual number of examples of this sort; but a few of its products may serve to make a slight distinction in illustration of our position.

Imprimis, we see "How old are You?" and "The Young Lady's Arithmetic,"† which struck us as being rather queer and dubious titles. To be sure, "How old are you?" and "Lady," is not so ticklish as, "How old are you

* By a Lady. 18mo. pp. 47. London. Rivingtons.
† By Miss M. A. Allison. 18mo. pp. 160. London. Longman and Co.

a Lady; but even the former might per-
hance bachelors of a certain age with alarm,
especially when told of the second title, viz.
the True End of Life." [Will it be cre-
dited, that this is nevertheless a well-meant
moral treatise?] Then, again, with re-
ference to "the Young Lady's Arithmetic, being
an Easy Introduction to the Knowledge of Num-
bers," we absolutely looked for a gay essay on
the "quantity" of lovers, and the very na-
tural numerical results, with perhaps an epi-
gram on the figures of the fair damsels alluded
and the figures in their quadrilles; whereas
it is a very useful manual on the properties of
1, 2, 3, &c., addition, multiplication, division,
even the rule of three.

Secondly, we have before us "The Simplicity
of Health," "What is Luxury?"† and
well on Artificial Palates."‡ Now, we
recently classed these works together:
and we, is health, and its concomitant,
ease; and here is good living,—soup, fish,
h. few, et-ceteras; and here is some new
mode of enhancing the value of these to the
eyes of the consumers. There is no such
thing! and we must briefly state what these
merely are. "The Simplicity of Health"
is a book, containing 175 observations on
every habit and action incidental to the
human, such as the air he breathes, the
clothes he wears, the food he takes, the amuse-
ments he enjoys, the medicines he swallows,
&c. &c. From these we gather, that (in
author's opinion) strong tea is most per-
nicious, and that the drinking of coffee injured
the stomach, and absolutely caused the death
of many. But, indeed, Hortator is an alarm-
ing teller of an acquaintance, who, "After
a roasted cheese about two thousand
times supper, died on the two-thousand-and-
fourth occasion!! ergo, roasted cheese is not to
be used. To cure a red nose, "a strip
of rusk soaked in vinegar, folded, and put on
the head affected when going to bed, and
suffered to remain till morning," is recom-
mended: let any of our bottle-nosed friends
try this remedy! But we must quit this pro-
cess, of which its author expresses the most
modest expectations that it will benefit man-
kind and exalt his own fame through a long-
continued future editions. His grand principles
are—temperance, early rising, ex-
ercise, and cleanliness.

What is Luxury?" is a question still more
difficult to discuss, since we know proverbially
"one man's meat is another man's poi-
son" and thence that our luxuries must be of
the kind. Query—"What is Luxury?"
Response—the Marchioness of —! "Pin-
money 30,000L. a year;—being a lady pa-
trons at Almack's;—the marquess an un-
married husband;—a Cecisbeo, whom Lady
shall envy me;—of course, evenings at
the best opera-box, diamonds, new
gowns, the most splendid dresses, the latest
fashions, the supreme ton, and two or three such
travels during the season as are un-
derlaid in that, and even talked of next year."
Response—the Dowager Lady —: "The
able society of the friends of my late lord
myself. Pleasant evening parties of not
less than fifty. Loo. Conversation. A
most hot supper, and a few gallant re-
minders of the days that are gone."

Response—Mrs. — of P—: "What
is luxury? Why, every luxury. Mr. —
commented by Hortator. 12mo. pp. 120. London.
1828.

Artificial Palates. pp. 296. London. Maunders.
1828. 8vo. pp. 108. London. Cadogan and

looking so happy at dinner that you are sure
all is right in the city. Two livery servants
to every guest,—ten courses, if possible, and
every dish, in and out of season, which the
extravagance of the French cook can ima-
gine. The evening all jewels and lights, and
buhl and tulle, and heaven knows what. The
gay dance, with the gayer dangles, and the
supper so *recherché* that the Prince of Ignorado
shall declare to the Duke of Wellington, in
my own hearing, that he has never seen any
thing so sumptuous and elegant since the
Field of the Cloth of Gold."

Response of Mrs. —, of Bloomsbury-
square: Shopping and leaving cards all the
morning in our own carriage. Quiet dinner
party, to make room for a brilliant
evening. Above fifty carriages at the door,
at twelve for one, besides hackney coaches,
cabs, and other encumbrances. All the gauze
window-curtains drawn, and the lights illu-
minating Holborn and Hart-street. A noble
petit souper, and not fewer than eight *Sirs* and
Ladies of title, (perhaps a real Lord or two,
however poor), to grace the call of "the honour
of taking champagne with you!"

Response of Mrs. —, of Retail Street: A
genteel establishment, consisting of one (occa-
sional) man, and three maids. Children nice
and clean, and full of spirits. Breakfast at
ten; every thing nice. To go to see the
Panorama, or the Zoological, or some such
sights, before dinner; and either to have com-
pany at home, or go out, every evening; nice
and nicely dressed.

Response—Mrs. — of — Alley: To be
very smart indeed, and always fashionable (i. e.
following the fashions of the upper world by
changing nearly as often, no matter at what
distance of time the imitation is from the ori-
ginal folly). Having a beau; getting orders
now and then to the play, and perhaps to the
King's Theatre.

Response—the Widow Wadman: Having a
soft down bed, and a pug dog and a pet pussy.
Going to church in a beautiful bombasin gown
trimmed with rich lace, the dress costing six
times as much as the flaunting Mrs. Showthe-
by's. Being *carney-d* by the best people of
the neighbourhood, and knowing what it is
for; and laughing to think that next Valen-
tine's day, "I'm a-going to disappoint 'em by
marrying Tom Langstaff, my late dear's late
man."

Response—Miss Mac-O, of (old) Maiden
Lane: Elegant dresses—elegant flirtations—
elegant rubbers—in short, every thing elegant.

Response—Miss Biddy: "O la no, mamma.
Plenty of romps, plenty of sweethearts, a hus-
band soon—the sooner the better,—balls, parties,
operas, plays, holidays, watering-places,
Paris, laughing for ever, and no rest what-
ever."

Alas! "Joy never cometh with a hoop, and
seldom with a call." But we will descend
no lower in the scale, nor condescend to what men
call luxuries; assuredly "a lay observer" is
not the person to strike the highest chords.
His is truly a good sound old-fashioned book,
with a great deal of sound sense, and not a
little piquant observation and dry humour, to
recommend it. A clever manipulus of etymo-
logical and other nugæ adds much to its popular
merits.

Snell's Palates! How are we disappointed!
Quin wished for a throat a mile long, and
palate all the way—and no turnpikes, we dare
say; but Mr. Snell's Palates are absolutely the
best inventions of this mechanical and philo-
sophical age to remedy the deformity and dis-

tress of palates naturally defective, by artificial
means called *obturateurs*. The improvements
in these supplements are historically described,
and their latest perfections well explained.
Several of his instances of imperfect palates are
strikingly curious; and his work will be con-
sulted with intense interest by those unhappily
afflicted with defects of this kind.

Scenes of War, and other Poems. By John
Malcolm. 12mo. pp. 191. Edinburgh, 1828.
Oliver and Boyd.

THERE is an interest attached to this little
volume independent of its own poetic grace: to
misquote Moore, if such a deed can be for-
given—

"The hand that now languishes over the lyre
Has sent a proud shaft to the warrior's heart."

Or, in plain prose, Mr. Malcolm is soldier as
well as poet; and these pages are the remem-
brances of many a fearful combat, many a
toilsome march, and have perhaps beguiled
many a lonely hour by the watch-fire. With
all its chivalric memories, and its picturesqued
scenery, Spain was the very country for a
Troubadour's campaign. We will not extract
from the first poem, recommending it to the
reader entire, only reserving to ourselves the
following very sweetly expressed images.

"The sea,
Whose boundless waters, into shadow cast,
Repose in cold pale beauty like this past."
"Sad as the echoes of the last footfalls
That sink to sighs along the festal halls."

We like much the lines on Autumn.

"Sweet sabbath of the year!
While evening-lights decay,
Thy parting steps methinks I hear
Steal from the world away!
Amid thy silent bowers
'Tis sad but sweet to dwell;
Where falling leaves and drooping flowers
Around me breathe the farewell.
Along thy sunset skies
Their glories melt in shade;
And, like the things we fondly prize,
Seem lovelier as they fade.
A deep and crimson streak
Thy dying leaves disclose;
As on Consumption's waning cheek,
'Mid ruin, blooms the rose.
Thy scene each vision brings
Of beauty in decay;
Of fair and early faded things,
Too exquisite to stay;
Of joys that come no more;
Of flowers whose bloom is fled;
Of farewells wept upon the shore;
Of friends estranged or dead;
Of all that now may seem
To Memory's tearful eye
The vanished beauty of a dream,
O'er which we gaze and sigh."

One other little poem and we must conclude,
for our columns are very arbitrary monarchs.

"While on thy early charms I gaze,
All lovely as thou art,
E'en like a beam from brighter days,
Thy smile steals o'er my heart:
And yet that smile, I scarce know why,
To saddening thought gives birth;—
Thou seem'st too beautiful to die,
Yet, oh! too fair for earth.
'Tis not the roses of thy cheek
That of departure tell,—
As early-blighted spring-flowers speak
A sorrowful farewell:
But still I've seen the fairest things
All fleetly fade away;
Like dreams that take the morning's wings,
Or shadows at noonday.
I would not that thou e'er couldst prove
To me but what thou art—
A spell unbreak by earthly love,
An idol of the heart;—
A beauteous shrine to bend before,
A silent thought at even;—
A fern at distance to adore,
And but to love as Heaven."

We leave the leading poets of our age alone
to their glory; but we may observe how gene-
rally must the "sweet wells of poetry" have

diffused their inspiration, when a little unpretending volume like this boasts a degree of feeling, taste, and harmony, which, fifty years ago, would have made their author first-rate in his line. Whether this universality is an advantage, admits, we grant, of a question; but we shall leave such debatable ground as a good subject for keen-witted disputants.

Historical and Descriptive Sketches of the Maritime Colonies of British America. By J. M'Gregor. 8vo. and 12mo. pp. 266. London, 1829. Longman and Co.

"My only object (says the author) in submitting the following sketches to the public, is to make the maritime colonies of British America better known than they are in the United Kingdom. I have had better opportunities than many others of acquiring a more perfect knowledge of those countries, particularly as respects those parts of which scarcely any account exists. What I have written is principally from personal observation, and claim only to myself the merit of having written nothing but substantial facts. The numerous accounts of various parts of the United States, which have been written by cursory visitants, or by designing land-speculators, and which have been read with avidity in these kingdoms, have occasioned many to emigrate to the United States of America, who might have removed and settled in our North American colonies under much more favourable circumstances.

"I am (he continues) no advocate for men leaving their native country, nor for tearing asunder those attachments and connexions which are fondly cherished from infancy to old age; but if the consideration of removing a family from poverty, and bringing them up afterwards in the confidence that they will not be reduced to want the necessities of life; or, if the condition of young men who cannot find employment in their native country, be sufficient reasons to justify emigration, it will, I firmly believe, answer the views of such people better to remove to British America than to the United States. . . . Our North American possessions are not, it is true, viewed with the same interest in England as are our West India Islands; but those colonies are, notwithstanding, and especially in another view, much more important. The soil, climate, and productions, adapt them for the support of as great a population as any country on earth; and in this respect they are infinitely more valuable than any of our other possessions. New Holland and Van Diemen's Land may be considered an exception; but the distance of these countries from England will be for ever an important objection to them."

These extracts from the preface so fully explain the nature of the work, that we have little more to do than express our opinion of its merits, and point out some of its most novel features to the attention of our readers. The author, like almost every author who has taken up some favourite part of the world as his *El Dorado* for colonization, is quite an optimist in his views of our North American settlements, Prince Edward Island, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Newfoundland. We will not say that he distorts a single fact, but he sees things through a warm and pleasing medium—for example, a disagreeable noise becomes a musical entertainment to a spirit thus happily attuned to admire.

"When the spring opens, frogs are heard on fine evenings, singing in various notes and tones. Some strain on a rough low key, others

a pitch higher, and some pipe a treble, or thrill perpetually; the combination forming what has been termed "a frog concert."

Again, "*Pic-nic* excursions are much in vogue all over America. To shew how far these differ from any thing to which they may be compared in England, it may be sufficient to observe, that *pic-nic* parties generally consist of families of respectability, with their friends, who are on a perfectly intimate footing with each other. In summer some romantic spot is fixed upon, to which the party proceed; if by water, which is most commonly the case, in an open boat; or if by land, in gigs or in calashes, and on horseback. The ladies consider it as within their particular province to furnish the eatables. The gentlemen provide wines and spirits. At these parties there is usually less restraint and more enjoyment than at the assemblies. On some grassy glade, shaded by the luxuriant branches of forest-trees, and not far from a clear spring or rivulet, the contents of well-filled baskets are disclosed; feasting on which, forms certainly the most substantial part of the day's enjoyment; but, perhaps, the most agreeable is that which succeeds, when the party divides for the pleasure of walking, and there are, undoubtedly, 'worse occupations in the world' than wandering with a pretty woman through the skirts of a wood, or along the margin of the sea, enjoying 'sweet converse,' and the delights of the open air and surrounding scenery. As the evening approaches, they re-assemble, and the party, followed by their servants, bringing along the fragments of the *pic-nic*, return to the boat in which they embark. The evenings, at this season, are usually clear, agreeably warm, and tranquil; the sea calm and unruffled; and as neither the wine nor the wreck of fowls, hams, &c. are forgotten, a repetition of the *pic-nic* may be said to take place on the water. It sometimes happens that on returning from these parties, the tide has ebbed so far that the boat cannot approach within a hundred yards of the shore; but, as it would be extremely ungallant to allow the ladies to remain any time without landing, the gentlemen, let their rank in society be what it may, (if even members of his majesty's colonial council, judges of the supreme court, or the principal officers of his majesty's customs,) all get into the water; and, although often sinking at every step more than a foot into the mud, each carries a lady in his arms to dry *terra firma*. The *rendezvous* for winter *pic-nics* is usually a respectable farm-house, some miles distant in the country. No small part of the pleasure of these excursions is enjoyed in driving to the appointed place with a lady, in a well-furred and cushioned cabriolet, drawn over the snow or ice by one or two horses. These carriages take but two persons; the gentleman drives, as there is no seat in front for a servant. If the ice be smooth and glibly, and if the wind blows across the cabriolet, it is frequently twirled round, bringing the horse up at the same time with it, although generally going at great speed. These carriages, on turning corners, or passing over uneven roads, frequently overturn, leaving the passengers behind on the snow; but scarcely ever injured, although annoyed at the by-standers, who laugh irresistibly at their awkward condition. As servants are seldom brought to attend at these winter parties, the gentlemen, as soon as they hand their fair companions out of the carriages and usher them into the house, leave them for a short time to see their horses properly taken care of. By the time they return, the ladies have disencumbered themselves of muffs, cloaks, and pelisses; and the frosty

and bracing temperature of the season having, by this time, produced a corresponding sharpness of appetite, the *pic-nic*, to which they now all sit down, is enjoyed with all possible zest and good humour. Soon after, a country dance is announced; the music strikes up, and the party 'tripping it off' on the light fantastic toe, seldom break up before day-light the following morning. The night is thus, with eating, drinking, and dancing, spent in high delight; and when the hour of departure draws nigh, the ladies return to *hup* themselves up in their winter habiliments, while the gentlemen have their cabriolets brought to the door, and then each drives home with the lady who honoured him with her company."

Now, this very Arcadian, social, and gallant association, is very like similar exploits in England; and, with the exception of the ladies riding pick-a-pack on the shoulders of counsellors, judges, and officers of the revenue, through the tide and mud, and, perhaps, the further exception of the fun of being overturned in the snow, and left sprawling on the road, we have seen parties up the river, or into hay-fields, or woods, even in our old country, which could hardly be distinguished from these North American gambols. It must not, however, be believed that there are no unpleasant occurrences in Prince Edward Island. On the contrary, this is the mixed picture of society.

"During the administrations of Governor Patterson, and his successors, General Fanning and Governor Desbarres, the best circle of society in Charlotte Town was allowed to be elegant and respectable, and, however much the members who composed it might have differed in their views and opinions as regarded the political affairs of the colony, they did not allow either to interfere with the public amusements, or their private acts of hospitality. Indeed, the politeness and attention with which respectable strangers were received, became proverbial. During the course of Governor Smith's long administration, those social and kindly feelings which united society became unhappily weakened, in proportion as the number of its respectable members gradually diminished; some of whom left the colony in disgust, and others by their deaths left blank at that period particularly difficult to be filled up. The appointment of Colonel Ready to the administration of the government will like have on society, as well as on public affairs, an agreeable and useful influence; and an increasing population, together with a liberal encouragement given to education, will produce beneficial effects. In the different British provinces the highest circle of society is in a measure modelled after that of Dublin, composed of such as visit the governor's house, and are admitted at the assemblies; these consist of the officers of government, gentlemen of the learned professions, merchants whose manners and education entitle them distinction, and such others as have a standing in the country, and also strangers who are respectfully introduced. The amusements of Charlotte Town, although not on so extensive a scale, are much the same as in Quebec and Halifax. During winter, assemblies are common once a month, or oftener. An amateur theatre affords an agreeable opportunity of spending some pleasant hours. *Pic-nic* parties are common in summer and winter, and the friendly intercourse and intimacy between families, so agreeable in all countries, is on the same footing as in the United Kingdom. Dinner parties were, at one time usual, have not been so much so for some time past.

The principal gentlemen in Charlotte Town generally dine together at one of the hotels on the anniversaries of the tutelary saints of the three kingdoms, as well as during the sittings of the colonial legislature and of the supreme court. The ice, at different periods during winter, offers frequent opportunities for skating to those who delight in that amusement. Shooting and fishing are other sources of pleasure; and annual races, near Charlotte Town, are now likely to become permanent. A public subscription library, on a liberal and respectable footing, affords, either to those who read for amusement, or who wish to keep pace with the growing intelligence of the world, a variety of entertaining and standard works."

The following sketch of society in New Brunswick is original and curious.

"The timber trade, which, in a commercial as well as political point of view, is of more importance in employing our ships and crews than it is generally considered to be, employs also a vast number of people in the British colonies, whose manner of living, owing to the nature of the business they follow, is entirely different from that of the inhabitants of North America. Several of these people form what is termed a 'lumbering party,' composed of persons who are either hired by a master lumberer, who pays them wages, and finds them in provisions, or of individuals who enter into an understanding with each other, to have a mutual interest in the proceeds of their labour. The necessary supplies of provisions, clothing, &c. are generally obtained from the merchants' credit, in consideration of receiving the timber which the lumberers are to bring down the river the following summer. The stock used requisite for a 'lumbering party,' consists of axes, a cross-cut saw, cooking utensils, a cask of rum, tobacco and pipes, a sufficient supply of biscuit, pork, beef, and fish; pease or pearl barley for soup, with a cask of molasses to sweeten a decoction usually made of the bark of the hemlock tree, and a few shaves of tea. Two or three yokes of oxen, sufficient hay to feed them, are also required to haul the timber out of the woods. As thus prepared, these people proceed up the river with the provisions, &c., to the place where they are to establish their winter establishment, which is usually situated near a stream of water, and in the midst of as much pine timber as possible. They commence by clearing away a few of the surrounding trees, and building a camp round logs, the walls of which are seldom more than four or five feet high; the roof covered with birch bark, or boards. A pit is dug under the camp to preserve anything from injury from the frost. The fire is made in the middle or at one end; the smoke goes out through the roof; hay, straw, or fir branches are spread across, or along the whole length of this habitation, on which they all lie together at night to sleep, with their backs to the fire. When the fire gets low, the first awakes or feels cold springs up, throws on five or six billets, and in this way they manage to have a large fire all night. A person is hired as cook, whose duty is to have breakfast ready before daylight; at which all the party rise, when each takes his 'morning,' or the indispensable dram of raw rum, immediately before breakfast. This meal consists of bread, or occasionally potatoes, with beef, pork, or fish, and tea sweetened with molasses: dinner is usually the same, pease soup in place of tea, and the suppers are the same. These men are enormous eaters, and they also drink great quantities of rum, which they scarcely ever dilute. Immediately after breakfast they divide into three gangs, one of which cuts down the trees, another hews them, and the third is employed with the oxen in hauling the timber, either to one general road leading to the banks of the nearest stream, or at once to the stream itself: fallen trees and other impediments in the way of the oxen are cut away with an axe. The whole winter is thus spent in unremitting labour; the snow covers the ground from two to three feet from the setting in of winter until April; and, in the middle of fir forests, often till the middle of May. When the snow begins to dissolve in April, the rivers swell, or, according to the lumberers' phrase, the 'freshets come down.' At this time all the timber cut during winter is thrown into the water, and floated down until the river becomes sufficiently wide to make the whole into one or more rafts. The water at this period is exceedingly cold; yet for weeks the lumberers are in it from morning till night; and it is seldom less than a month and a half from the time that floating the timber down the streams commences, until the rafts are delivered to the merchants. No course of life can undermine the constitution more than that of a lumberer and raftsmen. The winter snow and frost, although severe, are nothing to endure in comparison to the extreme coldness of the snow water of the freshets, in which the lumberer is, day after day, wet up to the middle, and often immersed from head to foot. The very vitals are thus chilled and sapped; and the intense heat of the summer sun, a transition, which almost immediately follows, must further weaken and reduce the whole frame. To stimulate the organs in order to sustain the cold, these men swallow moderate quantities of ardent spirits, and habits of drunkenness are the usual consequence. Their moral character, with few exceptions, is dishonest and worthless. I believe there are few people in the world on whose promises less faith can be placed than on those of a lumberer. In Canada, where they are longer bringing down their rafts, and have more idle time, their character, if possible, is of a still more shuffling and rascally description. Premature old age, and shortness of days, form the inevitable fate of a lumberer. Should he even save a little money, which is very seldom the case, and be enabled for the last few years of life to exist without incessant labour, he becomes the victim of rheumatism, and all the miseries of a broken constitution. But notwithstanding all the toils of such a pursuit, those who once adopt the life of a lumberer seem fond of it. They are in a great measure as independent in their own way as the Indians. In New Brunswick, and particularly in Canada, the epithet 'lumberer' is considered synonymous with a character of spendthrift habits, and villainous and vagabond principles. After selling and delivering up their rafts, they pass some weeks in idle indulgence; drinking, smoking, and dashing off, in a long coat, flashy waistcoat and trowsers, Wellington or Hessian boots, a handkerchief of many colours round the neck, a watch with a long tinsel chain and numberless brass seals, and an umbrella. Before winter they return again to the woods, and resume the pursuits of the preceding year. Some exceptions, however, I have known to this generally true character of lumberers. Many young men of steady habits, who went from Prince Edward Island, and other places, to Miramichi,

for the express purpose of making money, have joined the lumbering parties for two or three years; and, after saving their earnings, returned and purchased lands, &c., on which they now live very comfortably."

We must retain the rest of this Review till next Saturday.

Letters from the Ægean. By J. Emerson, Esq. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1829. Colburn.

WHAT advantages costume and association are to a traveller! The poet's idea,

"That a saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn,"

is true in more cases than one: turbans have made the fortunes of half our tourists. The man who in a round hat and knee-breeches would have been nobody, furnishes a page of description when arrayed in shawl and sabre, black perfumed beard, and ornamented pistols. Then for associations; what with hours and Homer, cachemeres and constitutions, liberty and lemon groves, heroes, pirates, poets, &c.—why, a few mornings and moon-lights in Greece are enough to make a book, despite of the author. Quite under the influence of such a spirit are written the volumes before us: evidently young and enthusiastic, for their writer there is

"A story on every breeze, and a picture in every wave:" they are full of descriptions perhaps rather too poetical for prose, but still very pretty; some most romantic incidents, &c.;—so that, altogether, these pages are among the most entertaining of Grecian origin, and not the less interesting because the islands and Smyrna are less known than the adjacent coasts. We give a few quotations. Speaking of the relative situation of women, from seeing them often in the cemeteries—

"It is seldom they are visited by men; and I never remember to have entered one of them without seeing some sorrowing female seated by the green mound or marble shrine which sheltered some once-loved and still dearly cherished being, to whom she fancied she had already bade an eternal farewell,—the precepts of her religion debarring her from any hope of a re-union in another world with those on whom the portals of the tomb had closed in this. Nor are the Turks by any means divested of domestic affection either; but national custom, and a fostered feeling of male superiority, have taught them that it is unmanly to make a womanish display of sentiment. With a Greek, who seems to copy all the gaudy exterior without the solid virtues of the Mussulman, this idea of male superiority surmounts every suggestion of love or lasting attachment. The Osmanlee teaches the inferiority of woman in another world, yet grants her what appears to him her due sphere in this; the Greek, on the contrary, inflicts present degradation, as if inculcating submission here as the purchase of happiness hereafter: with the one it is an error of the head, with the other a tyrannical theory of the heart. I have frequently heard even the Hydriots talk in rapture of their little sons, praise them as blooming Cupids, and boast of the promising manliness of their infant forms; whilst their equally lovely daughters or affectionate wives are never mentioned, or, if referred to by another, dwelt on for a moment, and the conversation reverted to their boys. On more than one occasion, Captain Hamilton, of the Cambrian, the well-known friend of the Greeks, has been solicited during periods of threatening danger to receive the sons of the chiefs on board his vessel for protection;

whilst the daughters and wives were left to await their fate amongst the lumber of the houses. In like manner, whilst imitating in less important matters the customs of their masters, the Greek almost invariably abandons the substance for the shadow. His embossed and richly gilded pistols are splendid only in the stock, the barrel and other important items being generally worthless; the hilt of his sabre is often set with jewels, whilst the blade is gnawed with rust; the light flowing dresses of the Mussulmen, so admirably combining grace with convenience, are rejected by the Greek, since they cannot be covered with lacing and golden braid like his tight and inelegant jacket; and the cool silken sash, which confines the garments of the Turk without adding to the oppressive heat of the climate, is laid aside for the hard leathern pistol-belt of Albania, which admits of more ornament, but at the same time keeps the wearer in a fever of heat."

We inserted last week the receipt for coffee as prepared in France, we will now quote another in the oriental style.

"The coffee is never roasted nor ground till about to be used, and is then considerably more burned, and reduced to a finer powder, than with us. In preparing it, a small tin vessel, holding exactly the quantity to be used (generally about a wine-glass full), is placed upon the fire, containing at the same time the coffee and sugar, all which are boiled together, poured into a little china cup, and, when the sediment has fallen to the bottom, drunk without any admixture of cream or milk."

How would our English sportsmen like the following method of bringing down their game?

"In some of the Cyclades, when the inhabitants are too poor to be enabled to expend much money on gunpowder, they have a practice of chasing them on foot till the birds are so wearied as to be easily taken with the hand: does not this illustrate 1 Samuel, xxvi. 20, which speaks of Saul pursuing David 'as when one doth hunt a partridge on the mountains?'"

In these islands "the principal occupation is sponge-diving; and it is said that no young man of the island is permitted to marry till he can descend with facility to a depth of twenty fathoms.† . . . The sea is at all times extremely clear, and the experienced divers are capable of distinguishing from the surface the points to which the animal has attached itself below, when an unpractised eye could but dimly discern the bottom. Each boat is furnished with a large stone attached to a rope, which the diver seizes in his hands on plunging head-foremost from the stern, in order to increase the velocity of his descent through the water, thereby saving an expenditure of breath, as well as to expedite his ascent, being hauled up quickly by his companions when exhausted at the bottom. I have seen but one man who could remain below more than about two minutes, and the process of detaching the sponge was of course very tedious; three and sometimes four divers de-

† "Directly opposite to Rhodes is a little and almost unknown island named Himla, which is worth notice, on account of the singular method which the inhabitants have to get their living. In the bottom of the sea the common sponge (*spongia officinalis*) is found in abundance, and more than in any other part of the Mediterranean. The inhabitants make it a trade to fish up this sponge, by which they get a living far from contemptible, as their goods are wanted by the Turks, who use an incredible quantity of sponges in their baths. A girl in this island is not permitted by her relations to marry before she has brought up a certain quantity of sponges, and before she can give a proof of her agility by taking them up from a certain depth."

scending successively to secure a peculiarly fine specimen."

A Grecian Surgeon.—"This portentous personage now approached the dying seaman, felt his pulse, examined his tongue, and, tearing open his jacket, inspected the orifice of the wound. The ball had penetrated the right breast, below the clavicle, and was imbedded somewhere out of his reach. Meledonius' business, however, was less with the bullet than the unseemly hole it had made; this he squeezed,—and proceeded to business. He first poured a little brown tarry balsam into the wound, then closing the sides, he made all snug with some strips of adhesive plaster, leaving the ball as carefully secured within as if the patient's life depended on its sedulous retention in his body. The poor sailor was then carried, bullet and all, to his birth, from whence it is needless to say that he never returned."

A Disconsolate Husband.—The consul's wife at Mycone "had been married upwards of six years, and yet at the time I was introduced to her she was scarcely twenty years of age. The consul appeared ardently attached to her; nor did she seem to hold that servile rank to which the Levantine ladies are devoted; she was gay, young, and lovely; her husband, good-humoured, frank, and affable; and, in short, the family was a perfect oriental picture of domestic happiness."

"Here we were visited by my former host, the consul, whom I was startled at seeing equipped in a full suit of the deepest mourning, and with a beard of six weeks growth, according to the mourning custom of the Greeks. On inquiring the cause of his distress, he informed me, with streaming eyes, that his beloved signora had expired about two months before; her death being occasioned by following the advice of an inexperienced physician who had attended her during her confinement. The sight of me seemed to tear open all the closed wounds of the poor fellow's bosom; he wept profusely, sighed long and deeply, and seemed a melancholy picture of fixed and overwhelming grief."

"On his departure, I communicated to another old acquaintance my sympathy with the sorrow of the worthy consul; but, judge of my surprise when he informed me, with a significant smile, that Signor Cordia had omitted, in his tale of misfortunes, to mention one little incident—namely, that he had consoled himself with a second partner about a month after the death of the first, and, by a strange commingling of joy and grieving, had absolutely compelled his present lady to put on, along with himself, deep mourning for her lamented predecessor!"

Most of these Letters having appeared in the New Monthly Magazine, we refrain from quoting what might be familiar to our readers, and content ourselves with mentioning, that there are some interesting histories of individuals, which most painfully set forth the miseries of domestic warfare and tyranny; and we dismiss the author with much praise for his lively and picturesque volumes.

The Ball; or, a Glance at Almack's in 1829.

H. Colburn. London.

As 1828 was still in existence when we first took up this volume, we supposed that our author intended "to attain to somewhat of prophetic vein." No such thing: under the magic name of Almack's,—which, by the by, like charity, is made to cover a multitude of (literary) sins,—there is only introduced a sorrow-

ing for the degeneracy of dancing, and a denunciation of the evils ensuing therefrom—and the rest of the book is eked out by the Empress Catherine's code of polite rules, (which are to be found in almost every tourist who treats of Russia), accounts of national dances equally original, and rules for sitting upright, turning out the toes, &c. For ourselves, we are free to confess, that to us dancing seems the remnant of a barbarous age—a vestige of those savage times when bodily exercises were the great sources of superiority and pleasure. We find that we are at issue with the writer at all points: we cannot but think that the gentleman is now as easily distinguished as in the days of minuets and embroidery;—neither can we join in his lamentation that the gentlemen at Almack's do not stand still while the ladies figure alone through the Grecian quadrille; we can conceive nothing more opposed to the delicacy and quietness which now constitute so much of fashionable and feminine excellence.

The following anecdote is the only quotation we can find:—"A lady who had been a pupil of this distinguished professor (M. Marcel), and remained subsequently his steady and zealous friend, succeeded in obtaining for him from the government a pension for life. In her great joy at having such a boon to put into his possession, she advanced to him—the certificate in her hand—with a hurried and anxious step; when M. Marcel, shocked at the style of presentation, struck the paper out of her hand, demanding if she had forgotten his instructions? The lady immediately picked it up, and presented it with due form and grace; on which the accomplished Marcel, the enthusiastic professor of his art, respectfully kissed her hand and with a profound bow exclaimed, 'Now I know my own pupil!'"

We must confess this is one of the books that do surprise us; not that it should have found a writer—we have too much anonymous verse to marvel at what people will write—but that it should have found a bookseller—one of the race that has no sympathy with human weakness—is to us very wonderful indeed.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, Dec. 29th.

THE year eighteen hundred and twenty-eighth would, no doubt, have elapsed without producing any important discovery to humanity had not a *soi-disant* deep thinker found, in the vacuum of his brain, the cause of man's degeneracy, *selon lui*. Vaccination has inoculated us with so large a portion of "animalism," that the moral qualities are totally absorbed, and nothing distinguishes us from the brute creation except our upright posture. We are forced to invent this term of animalism, well as some others, since the rulers of literature are cruelly deficient in supplying us with words to express our ideas. This author threatens us even with horns in the course of a few years. This additional feature would, however, be rather an improvement, as would fill up the vacancy of most forebodings. Another prophecy of this year is, that in less than half a century a plurality of wives to husbands will be permitted in all Christian countries; but as the present generation cannot hope to benefit by such a privilege, they wisely indulge themselves in all the advantages it could afford, and depreciate, with philosophical indifference, the few trifling ceremonies which distinguish it from their present customs. It appears that saints and men in regular correspondence; as, in virtue of orders of some of these holy personages,

daps are permitted to be kept open on Sundays during fifteen days before and fifteen days after the first of January.

There was a *grande soirée* and spectacle at the Duke of Orleans' on Monday last; the actors and actresses from Le Théâtre de Madame performed *l'Héritière*; and also another piece, which caused some merriment at the expense of John Bull. The Duchesse d'Angoulême and de Berri were present; but his Majesty and the Dauphin were on a hunting excursion, which possibly proved the more profitable entertainment.

The French begin to be angry with Mlle. Mars for being old, or rather for appearing so; she was severely criticised in the *salons* for performing the character of a *jeune demoiselle*.

A rare instance of sensibility occurred in the person of a cook a few days ago. He had, as he supposed, served up a dinner in the highest gastronomical perfection; his master, however, *échoi foute de bon goût*, or from caprice, criticised some of the sauces severely. To survive such dishonour was impossible; therefore Monsieur le Cuisinier stabbed himself in despair,—whether with his spit or a skewer, I have not as yet learned. I think his sense of honour and heroism raises him quite to an equality with the far-famed M. Vattel, celebrated by Mme. de Sévigné.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITIONS.

WE have this week put together several accounts, original or procured from foreign sources, relating to various interesting expeditions and travels in Africa and other parts of the world; and to render these more acceptable to our friends, we have embellished them with portraits of three of the most distinguished and lamented victims who have fallen sacrifices to British enterprise and zeal in prosecuting similar researches. Laing, Clapperton; and Den-

ham, have all fallen, in succession, within the past year; and we are not aware that the public are in possession of any likenesses of these gallant and unfortunate individuals. We present them with the three, engraved in the best style possible for a newspaper sheet. For the originals we are indebted to a miniature of Major Laing in the possession of his friend Mr. Smith, of the Colonial Office; to a picture of Captain Clapperton, painted by Mantön for Lady Seaforth, similar to that in the possession of Mr. Murray, who has kindly lent us the fine frontispiece to his forthcoming volume of Clapperton's Travels, by which to correct our impression; and, lastly, to a miniature of Major Denham, by Newton, in the possession of his brother, J. C. Denham, Esq., and also referring to Phillip's portrait of the same, which belongs to Mr. Murray. We may, therefore, speak of these as good resemblances of our regretted countrymen. They are engraved by Mr. Branston.



Laing.



Denham.



Clapperton.

SOUTH AMERICA.

Among the most remarkable exploits of English travellers, is that of Lieut. Maw, R.N., who is now in London; having crossed the Cordillera from Peru, embarked near Moyobamba on one of the smaller streams which fall into the Gualagala, and so come down the Amazon, being the first Englishman who has ever descended that river.

NEW ZEALAND.

WE have been favoured with a glance at an extremely curious manuscript journal of an English sailor, who returned from New Zealand at the latter end of 1827, after having been detained there ten years. The name of this person is John Rutherford. He was one of the crew of an American vessel which touched at the island for water in 1817, and whose captain, and the greater part of her men, were all murdered by the natives, in the same way as the crew of the Boyd were. Rutherford, and two others, by some fortunate caprice of these cannibals (for the ample and minute details of Rutherford upon this point leave no doubt of the continued existence of this horrid propensity), escaped the fate of their comrades. He became a favourite of Aia, the chief of that part of the island where he was captured, and married his two daughters, after being himself raised to the dignity of chief. Many of the anecdotes which Rutherford gives of the manners of the natives, are told with great naïveté, particu-

larly those which relate to his own domestic arrangements. The ceremony of tattooing, and the process of tattooing, which Rutherford underwent, are minutely described, as well as the war-customs of these rude islanders. Many persons in Liverpool, and amongst others the celebrated historian of Leo X., have conversed with this person, and have satisfied themselves of the general truth of his narrative. He had the misfortune to be apprehended on a charge of larceny, but was fully acquitted at the last Lancaster assizes; and, we understand, has since returned to one of the Society Islands, but not to New Zealand. The following letter, which is characteristic, was addressed to the gentleman who purchased his manuscript, which we hope will be given to the world in some popular shape:—

Liverpool, August 24th, 1828.

Honoured Sir,—You will be Pleased to Excuse the Liberty I am at Present taking But the Case of Necessity I am Now Placed in forces me to write to your honour Concerning My Manuscript which has Been Put into your hands by Mr. junr. whom I saw the other Day he is at Present at Lancaster Assizes But informed me that a Certain Sum had Been offered for it, and he Expected an answer from you By the time he Returned But as I have Shipet on bord a vessel I intend to go to the Society Islands again I Disire you to eather send me the Mony or otherwise the Manuscript By Return of Post as I Cannot wait and I think

you have had it Long Enough. I am Sir your Humble Servent, JN RUTHERFORD.

You will Be Pleased to Direct for me at Mr. Jn Gilbert, No. 42 Lime Stret, New Hay Market, Lirerpool.

If No answer Comes in time I shall Come to London Myself.

It is a singular fact, that many of the customs of the New Zealanders bear a close resemblance to those of the ancient Jews. Among other peculiarities, it is esteemed unclean to eat twice out of the same basket; and the principal occupation of the women, therefore, is the constant manufacturing of baskets, from the bark of the palm-tree, for their lordly masters, after whose meals out of them these articles are carefully consumed. In other respects there are a multitude of circumstances which render things clean or unclean in the code of the natives.

TIMBUCTOO.

Report of the Special Committee appointed to give an Account of the Travels of M. Auguste Caillé to Timbuctoo and the Interior of Africa. (Geographical Society.)

GENTLEMEN,—You have appointed a committee composed of Messrs. Eyries, Cadet de Metz, Amedée Jaubert, Larenaudière, Baron Roger, and myself, to inquire into the result of the travels of M. Augustus Caillé into the interior of Africa. This committee has met, and has appointed me to make the following report. Its first care was to assure itself of he place

whence the voyager set out, of the route which he followed, and of the countries and places which he visited. Being questioned on these several points, and all the different circumstances of his journey, he replied in the clearest and most satisfactory manner. The committee was struck with the simplicity and frankness of his account, which does not permit us to entertain any doubt of the reality and authenticity of his different excursions; namely, the crossing of the Dhioliba, his route to the east of the countries of Soulimana and of Kiassi, his navigation on the Great River, his residence at Timbuctoo, and, lastly, his journey across the Great Desert to the empire of Morocco. Baron Roger had positive knowledge of his going from St. Louis, and of his arrival the following year at Kakondy, whence he sent word to Senegal of his departure for the interior. Thus the point from which he started is certain; we may say the same of the point of his arrival, since he was received, almost immediately on leaving the Desert, by our colleague M. Delaporte, consul-general at Tangiers. With regard to Timbuctoo, besides the very circumstantial details which the voyager brings with him, and the sketches which he made during his stay there, we have a further guarantee in his account of the catastrophe of the unfortunate Major Laing, who reached that town in 1826. Notwithstanding the diversity of the reports in circulation of this melancholy event, M. Caillé's statements agree with those of a Moor, who arrived at St. Louis last March from Timbuctoo, and who saw among the *Touareicks* some books belonging to the major. Besides, our countryman lived in a house near that which had been inhabited by the English traveller, and it was there he collected circumstantial information, the authority of which seems incontestable.

The committee can add to the preceding, other grounds for confidence. During the first part of his journey, that is to say, proceeding to the east across the mountains of Fouta-D'hiallon, he passed between the towns of Timbo and Labey, and, consequently, must have crossed the route which our colleague, M. Mollien, took in 1818. Now he describes the mountains, the villages, the appearance of the country, and all the local circumstances, in such a manner, that M. Mollien perfectly recognises them in the description thus given. These two journeys, therefore, confirm each other; and this result is not unimportant to geography.

Our countryman has employed so much attention and perseverance in noting his route, his direction, and the time employed in the journey, that it has been easy for one of us to form, with his journal, a connected and complete itinerary from Kakondy to the port of Rabat, in the empire of Morocco; in which will be indicated the nature and the diversities of the ground, such as mountains, plains, ravines, forests, the villages and all the inhabited spots, the lakes and marshes, the torrents, the cataracts, the fords, the wells, and every thing respecting the running and stagnant waters. So many details completely establish our confidence in his narrative.

Lastly, we may add, that being questioned on the manner in which he had made himself understood by the inhabitants, he said that it was principally by means of the Moorish Arabic, which is spoken in Senegal, and which he had had the opportunity of learning in the country ever since 1816. And, in fact, he replied in this dialect to the questions which were put to him by the committee; and he, besides,

spoke several words in the Mandingo language known and represented in the maps by the name of Dibia, but incorrectly placed); and he gives on the whole course of the river data equally positive and novel.

We have felt it to be our duty, gentlemen, to lay before you all these arguments, and to dwell upon them. It now remains for us to acquaint you with some of the results which have been obtained, in order that the Society may be able to appreciate the acquisitions which science has just made. We are not permitted to enter into extensive details here, which would be anticipating the publication. A general view is all that the committee thinks itself authorised at present to submit to the public curiosity.

The travels of M. Caillé are connected in a manner the most advantageous for perfecting or confirming our geographical knowledge, with the excursions of Watt and Winterbottom to Timbo in 1791, of Major Laing in the countries of Kourankoo and Soulimana in 1822, of M. Mollien into the Fouta-D'hiallon in 1818, of Mungo Park to the Dhioliba in 1795 and 1805, of Dochart to Yamina and Bammakou in 1819; lastly, with the itineraries of the caravans on the route from Timbuctoo to the country of Taflet.

No doubt can now be entertained of the very elevated position of the sources of the Basing, the principal river flowing into the Senegal. Setting out on the 19th of April, 1827, from Kakondy, the tomb of Major Peddie and of Major Campbell, M. Caillé crossed that river at Bafila; he also crossed the great river Dhioliba, at a point which may be very naturally connected with the position that Major Laing assigns to its source. Thence he went and resided at Kankan, a large town in the country of the same name, which is enriched by the vicinity of the gold mines of Bourré; and he proceeded about 200 miles east beyond the Soulimans to the village of Timé, where he arrived on the 3d of August. So far he had accompanied a caravan of Mandingo merchants, travelling on foot. In this village he was detained five whole months by illness, being attacked by a scorbutic affection, attended with much danger; and which was produced by the inclemency of the climate, and the hardships which he had undergone in crossing the steep mountains of the Fouta-D'hiallon. This great chain seems, in fact, to be formed of several stages, abounding in torrents and precipices. In this interesting part of his route he took care to obtain information respecting the position of Bammakou, and of its relations with Senegambia.

At Timé begins another excursion towards the north: this is the second part of the journey. M. Caillé desired again to reach the Dhioliba: he set out on the 9th of January last; and after having seen and passed through more than a hundred villages, and made himself closely acquainted with the position of Sego, he met with the river again on the 10th of March at Galia, coming from the west, and crossed an arm of it to proceed to Jenné. All this part is entirely new, as well as the environs of the route from Timbo to Timé.

The third part of the journey is on the Great River. M. Caillé embarked upon it on the 23d of March, after staying thirteen days at Jenné. He went on board a very large bark, which was part of a mercantile flotilla. It was the season when the water is low. In some places the river is a mile in breadth, and in others much narrower. Its breadth and rapidity are variable. On the way he notes and describes the rivers that flow into it; the islands, and especially Lake Debo (the same which is

known and represented in the maps by the name of Dibia, but incorrectly placed); and he gives on the whole course of the river data equally positive and novel. At length he arrived at Kabra, the port of Timbuctoo, on the 19th of April; and the next day made his entry into the town. After having sketched a view of the habitations and the buildings of the city, noted what was worthy of observation, and made inquiries respecting the course of the rivers in the neighbourhood, he joined a caravan, which was setting out for Morocco. On the 4th of May he set out for El Arawan, with 900 camels, laden with all kinds of goods, the produce of the interior, and arrived there in six days. There 600 camels joined the caravan, and in eight days more he arrived at the well of Teligue. All the wells of sweet or brackish water, and all the stages, are carefully noted by M. Caillé in this passage over the Great Desert. The season of the burning winds from the east rendered the fatigues and the privations of this journey still more severe.

Leaving El Arawan on the 19th of May, he did not arrive till the 29th of June at El Harib, where the caravan divided into several parts; and on the 23d of July he reached Taflet. At length, on the 12th of August, he stopped at the very place which Ben Batouta visited in the fourteenth century, in the city of Fez; then he continued his journey with a guide, reached the sea, and on the 14th of Sept. arrived at Tangiers, where the consul of France received him, provided for his security, and succeeded in saving him from the dangers which he would have incurred if he had been recognised under his disguise.

M. Caillé had provided himself before his departure with two compasses, which served him during his journey, and by means of which he was able to note the directions of his route. However imperfect such a method may be, when compared with geometrical operations or astronomical observations, we must be happy to have the delineation of the routes, and the information of an eye-witness, upon countries respecting which we possessed hitherto only itineraries of the Arabs, reckoned by days' journeys, and for the most part contradictory, vague, or confused. What proves besides that he has correctly noted the length of the journeys is, that they agree with the most accurate accounts that we possess of the distances of places in the empire of Morocco.

The success of M. Caillé's enterprise is the more interesting, as he has completed it by his own resources, without the participation and assistance of any other person. He has sacrificed all he possessed to defray the expenses of his journey; he has done all that was possible, and more than could be hoped, with such resources;—and has had the good fortune to succeed completely. If such services are calculated to obtain for M. Caillé the favour of the public and of the government, how much must they excite the interest and gratitude of the Geographical Society? It was the Programme published by the Society in 1824, which fixed his determination to penetrate into the interior of an unknown continent. One of us being at that time in Senegal, and seeing that he had for many years been animated by a love of travelling, communicated to him a copy of the Programme; and from that time M. Caillé employed all his efforts for three years more, till he had discovered the means of accomplishing so bold a design: this is certified by a witness most worthy of credit—our colleague, Baron Roger, who was at that time governor

of Senegal. It was then that M. Caillé quitted St. Louis, and visited several neighbouring countries: he then chose the Rio Nunes as the point of departure. At Kakondy he had the good fortune to find a caravan setting out for the interior, and judiciously embraced the favourable opportunity.

The Programme published by the Society in 1834 is composed of two parts. The first requires principally positive information respecting Timbuctoo and the rivers in the vicinity, and some account of the countries towards the east: M. Caillé has fulfilled most of these conditions. The second part, for which the Society has allotted a special recompense, requires indeed celestial observations; but it is still a question whether it is possible for a person who penetrates for the first time into these countries, even when provided with the necessary instruments, to fulfil a condition equally difficult and dangerous. Who does not know both the ferocious jealousy which the Moors and all those who are in possession of the commerce of that part of Africa, have at all times entertained of the Europeans; and the resistance experienced by Belzoni, who endeavoured to proceed in that direction; and the tragical end of Antoine Piloti; and the deplorable issue of the enterprise of Major Laing? M. Caillé has penetrated to Timbuctoo; he went thither setting out from Senegambia, as the Society required. If he has not executed every thing which it wished might be done, he has, on the other hand, made many new and valuable observations, which were not required, on the Fouta-D'hallon, on the countries to the east, and on parts of the course of the Dhioliba: he sailed upon that river for a whole month. He has collected information respecting the mines of Bourré, and has made other researches which were not required. The discovery of these countries, and the descriptions of the regions of Baleyé, of Kankon, and of Wassoulé, are such a valuable acquisition to geography, that even if he had not reached the city of Timbuctoo, he would merit a distinguished recompense. He has likewise the merit of having collected a vocabulary of the Mandingolanguage, and another of the Kissour language, which is spoken at Timbuctoo, together with the Moorish; and also of having taken notes respecting the customs, ceremonies, productions, and commerce of these countries. On the other hand, there are in our Programme, conditions which have been partly fulfilled since its publication, by the celebrated English travellers, Oudney, Clapperton, and Denham; namely, those conditions which regard the country and the mountains to the east and east-south-east of Timbuctoo: there were, therefore, no longer the same reasons for requiring the fulfilment of them.

Thus, in awarding to M. Caillé the recompense which it has promised to him who should have reached the town of Timbuctoo, and should have given a description of it, the Society will comply with the general expectation, and it will be certain of possessing accurate information respecting countries with which we were imperfectly or not at all acquainted. It will give its honourable suffrage to a man who speaks of them, not by hearsay, but from what he has seen with his own eyes; who, in his plain and ingenuous narrative, relates without any exaggeration what he has seen, and does not endeavour to excite attention by extraordinary adventures. This is precisely the kind of interest which the Geographical Society attaches to discoveries—namely, that of truth.

It is a great deal for a man to have at length succeeded in dissolving the species of enchantment which appeared to strike every European who has reached this mysterious point of the Dhioliba. We are now certain, that four or five months are sufficient to come from Timbuctoo to Europe. Now that the possibility of the journey and of the return is proved by the event, and not by conjectures, all those zealous individuals, whom so many catastrophes, succeeding in rapid succession, might have diverted from their design, will recover their courage, and attempt the enterprise. This is another great service rendered to science by M. Caillé, for which it will give him credit, if it is not entirely consoled by his success for the deplorable loss of Major Laing.

On a subject so fruitful in geographical and scientific developments, it would have been easy to expatiate and excite interest by numerous comparisons; but the committee thinks itself bound to confine itself to the limits of the commission which it had received. It must, therefore, equally pass over in silence the narratives of J. Léon, of Ben Batouta and of El Edrissi, and the relations of the Portuguese with Timbuctoo, in the fifteenth century; the journey of Paul Imbert, in the seventeenth; and that of Robert Adams, in 1810, which is still disputed; and so many others within these forty years. To act otherwise, would be forgetting that we speak to auditors who have fathomed all the elements of the problems of the geography of Africa,—as is proved, gentlemen, by the subject of the three prizes which you have offered to men determined to brave every danger, to explore that great continent for the joint interest of science and humanity.

It is easy, gentlemen, from all that precedes, to infer the proposals which your committee has the honour to make to you, namely: First, that you would grant to M. Auguste Caillé the prize which you have offered to the first traveller who should arrive at Timbuctoo, coming from Senegambia. Secondly, that the present report be communicated to their excellencies the Ministers of the Interior, of the Marine, and of Foreign Affairs. We cannot finish this report without paying a just tribute of gratitude to M. Delaporte, acting as consul-general at Tangiers, for the generous and assiduous care which he bestowed on our countryman. The Society owes him a particular testimony of gratitude for having saved the traveller and the papers which he brought with him.

Signed and adopted, &c.

SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION TO EGYPT.

Fourth Letter of M. Champollion.

Saïssa, Oct. 5, 1828.

WE remained at Cairo till the 30th Sept., and on the evening of the same day we slept in our march, in order to sail early the next morning for the site of Memphis. On the 1st October we passed the night before the village of Massarah, on the east bank of the Nile; and the next morning, at six o'clock, we traversed the plains to reach some great quarries which I wished to examine, because Memphis, situated on the opposite bank, must have been built of stone brought from them. The day was extremely fatiguing, but I visited almost all the caverns with which the declivity of the mountain of Thorrah is excavated. I found that these quarries of fine white stone have been worked in all ages; and I discovered first, an inscription, dated in the month of Paophi, in the fourth year of the reign of the

Emperor Augustus; secondly, another inscription, of the seventh year, the same month, of the reign of a Ptolemy, who must be Soter the first, there being no surname; thirdly, an inscription of the second year of King Acoris, one of those who revolted against the Persians; lastly, two of the largest of these quarries were opened in the 22d year of King Amosis, the father of the 18th dynasty, as is literally stated on two beautiful *stelæ*, sculptured in the rock on the side of the two entrances. These *stelæ* also indicate that the stones of this quarry were employed in building the temples of Phtha, of Apia, and of Ammon, at Memphis; and this indication gives the date of these temples, which were well known to the ancients. I have also found in another quarry, of the epoch of the Pharaohs, two monoliths, drawn with red ink upon the walls with extreme delicacy and an admirable firmness of hand. The cornice of one of these monoliths, which are only sketched, and the execution not begun, bears the *prénom* and the proper name of Psammetichus I. Thus the quarries of the Arab mountain between Thorrah and Massarah, have been worked under the Pharaohs, the Persians, the Lagides, the Romans, and in modern times. I add, that this comes from their vicinity to the successive capitals of Egypt, Memphis, Posthath, and Cairo.

Returning in the evening on board our vessels, like the Greeks after making an attack on the city of Troy, but more fortunate than they, since we brought off some booty, I sailed for Bedrechein, a village situated at a short distance on the west bank of the Nile. On the next day, early, we set out for the immense wood of date trees which covers the site of Memphis. After passing Bedrechein, which is a quarter of a league inland, we perceived that we were on the site of a great ancient city, by the blocks of granite scattered over the plain, and those still visible above the sands, which will soon cover them for ever. Between this village and that of Mit-Rahineh are two long parallel hills, which appeared to me to be the ruins of an immense enclosure, built of unburnt bricks, like that of Saïs, and formerly enclosing the sacred edifices of Memphis. It was in the interior of this enclosure that we saw the great colossus dug up by M. Caviglia. I longed to examine this monument, of which I had heard a great deal, and I confess that I was agreeably surprised to find it a magnificent piece of Egyptian sculpture; this colossus, part of the legs of which has disappeared, is not less than 34½ feet long. It has fallen with its face to the ground, so that the countenance has remained entire. Its physiognomy is sufficient to enable me to recognise in it a statue of Sesostris, for it is a most faithful portrait of the fine Sesostris at Turin: the inscriptions on the arms, the breast, and the girdle, confirm my idea; and there is now no doubt that there are at Turin and Memphis two portraits of the greatest of the Pharaohs. I have caused a drawing to be made of this head with extreme care, and copies to be taken of all the inscriptions. This colossus was not alone; and if I obtain special funds for excavations at Memphis on a great scale, I can engage, in less than three months, to people the museum in the Louvre with statues of the most valuable materials, and very interesting for history. This colossus, before which are considerable substructions of calcareous stone, was, according to all appearance, placed before a great gateway, and must have had others corresponding

with it. I have caused some excavations to be made to convince myself of this, but I shall be pressed for time. A little farther on, and upon the same line, there are still some smaller colossi of the same Pharaoh, of rose-coloured granite, but in very bad condition. This was also a gate.

To the north of the colossus there was a temple of Venus, built of white calcareous stone, and outside the great enclosure on the east side. I have continued the excavations commenced by Caviglia, the result of which has fully proved, that there existed at that place a temple ornamented with pilasters, in pairs, of red granite, and dedicated to Phtha and Hathor (Vulcan and Venus), the two great divinities of Memphis, by Rameses the Great. The principal enclosure contained also, on the east side, a vast necropolis, resembling that which I met with at Sais.

It was on the 4th of October that I encamped at Saccara, for we were under tents: seven or eight Bedouins, chosen beforehand, keep guard every night, and execute our commissions during the day: they are brave, and excellent people when they are well treated.

I visited at Saccara the plain of the mummies, the ancient cemetery of Memphis, covered with pyramids and tombs which have been broken open. This place, thanks to the barbarous rapacity of the dealers in antiquities, presents hardly any thing worth studying; the tombs ornamented with sculpture being, for the most part, laid waste, or filled up again after having been plundered. This desert is frightful; it is formed of a series of little sand-hills, produced by the excavations, and the whole strewn with human bones, the remains of former generations. Only two tombs attracted our attention, and indemnified me for the melancholy aspect of this field of desolation. I found in one of them a series of Egyptian birds admirably sculptured on the walls, and accompanied with their names in hieroglyphics; five species of gazelles, also with their names; and lastly, some domestic scenes, such as milking, two cooks exercising their art, &c.

Fifth Letter.

At the Foot of the Pyramids of Gizeh, Oct. 18, 1832.

I HAVE removed my camp and my penates, under the shade of the great pyramids, since yesterday, when quitting Saccara to visit one of the wonders of the world. Seven camels and twenty asses conveyed us and our baggage across the desert which separates the southern pyramids from those of Gizeh,—the most celebrated of all, and which it was necessary for me to see before I set out for Upper Egypt. These wonders must be studied closely, in order to be properly appreciated: they seem to diminish in height, in proportion as you approach them; and it is not till you touch the blocks of stone of which they are formed, that you have a just idea of their mass and immensity. There is little to be done here; and when we have copied the scenes of domestic life sculptured in a tomb near the second pyramid, I shall return to our boats, which will come to Gizeh for us, and we shall sail with all expedition for Upper Egypt, which is my real head-quarters. Thebes is there, where one always arrives too late.*

* We have also seen three letters from his companion, M. Lenormant. They contain details of the discoveries at Sais, and general observations on the country through which the expedition has passed; but there is nothing in them of sufficient interest to repeat, after what has been stated by M. Champollion. M. Lenormant appears to be delighted with the city of Cairo, with the climate of the country, and, above all, with the Egyptian females, of whom he writes in terms which may be considered

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR JANUARY.

"All combined,
And ruled unerring by that single power,
Which draws the stone projected to the ground."

AT the commencement of the year the earth is in perihelion, or that point of its orbit in which it makes the closest approach to the sun, and 9 deg. 58 min. 4 sec. beyond the winter solstice: one of the extremities of the major axis of the earth's orbit is directed to this point, and is found by a comparison of observations, separated by considerable portions of time, to have a progressive motion of 62 sec. annually. A very remarkable calculation is connected with this slow motion—that the major axis of the earth's orbit coincided with the line of the equinoxes about the time that chronologists assign to the creation of the world.

This, and other minute motions connected with the earth and other bodies of the system, which formerly excited the apprehension of the philosopher, as supposed to indicate the gradual decay or derangement of the frame of nature, are now satisfactorily explained on, and are fully proved to be conformable to, the laws of gravitation, and probably even conducive to the stability of the whole. Thus, the mutual perturbations of Jupiter and Saturn when in conjunction, by which one is retarded, and the other accelerated, become corrected after a lapse of ages;—the eccentricity of the orbit of the earth is diminishing, but will in the course of time again resume its former ellipse;—the moon's secular motion is now $7\frac{1}{2}$ min. greater than it was 2549 years since, yet this acceleration will never amount to a quantity sufficient to excite apprehension of the approach of the moon too near the earth;—the obliquity of the ecliptic is less now by 23 min. 47 sec. than it was in the time of Eratosthenes, decreasing a small quantity every year, but which will never extend beyond a degree or two; so that there is no ground for the apprehension that the ecliptic will ever coincide with the equator, the effect of which would be to destroy the animal and vegetable kingdoms as at present constituted, and to render this earth incapable of sustaining the race of man. Amidst these changes, a provision against the least imperfection is found to exist, by which the general harmony is effectually preserved.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
● New Moon in Sagittarius	5	3	59
○ First Quarter in Pisces	11	19	18
○ Full Moon in Cancer	19	12	17
○ Last Quarter in Libra	27	17	21

The moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Jupiter in Scorpio	2	9	19
Venus in Scorpio	2	16	20
Mercury in Sagittarius	4	18	30
Mars in Pisces	10	4	0
Saturn in Cancer	19	15	0
Jupiter in Scorpio	30	4	0

13th day, 17 hrs. 15 min.—Mercury in superior conjunction.

Venus in the early part of the month will be seen near the planet Jupiter shortly before sunrise, and afford an opportunity of comparing their brilliancy and colour.—6th day, the phases of Venus will be 10 digits east illuminated, apparent diameter 12 sec.

Mars is moving amidst the small stars in the constellation Pisces.

rapturous even in a Frenchman. A Paris correspondent informs us that the application made by M. Champollion for pecuniary means to enable him to prosecute his scientific researches at Sais, is likely to be complied with, as the Academy of Sciences and the King take a warm interest in the success of the expedition.

Jupiter, as he escapes from the solar rays, is becoming a beautiful ornament on the brow of early dawn.

The following are the visible eclipses of his satellites:—

	D.	H.	M.	S.
First Satellite, Immersion	23	18	12	2
Second Satellite, do.	9	18	13	44
Third Satellite, Emission	19	17	37	8

20th day, 14 hrs. 45 min.—Saturn in opposition; its most favourable position for observation being removed as far as possible from the illumination of the atmosphere of the earth at its nearest to our planet, and its apparent situation in the heavens coinciding with its true place.

22d day, 1 hr. 15 min.—Uranus in conjunction.

The comet, concerning which so much interest was excited some time since, having reappeared, as predicted by Professor Encke, and pursued its course in the track, and at the times calculated, has now escaped from the penetrating power of the telescope, and is mingling its mysterious cloud-like form with the solar beams.

The following is a summary of the observations made during its appearance:—

When first observed, its light was considerably inferior to that in the nebula of Andromeda; when again compared with it after an interval of a few days, the inequality had considerably diminished; and as it approached the sun, before the moon interrupted the observations on its increasing light, the brilliancy of the nebula (abstracting the central part) was but very slightly inferior to that in the comet. On a former return of this body, it had been described as appearing like the nebula in the head of Aquarius: on comparing these, the concentration of light was observed to be greater in the nebula than in the comet, but the comet's brilliancy in the former much inferior in brightness to that in the latter; a condensation of the nebulous matter was constantly observed towards the north of the centre, which might be considered a nucleus or otherwise, according to the various definitions of the term as applied to these bodies.—December 9th day, 5 hrs. 5 min. it was distinctly seen in the twilight, notwithstanding the moon was at that time immediately below the comet.

Scarcely an evening passed without evidences of its pellucid nature, very small stars being seen through it, conveying the idea of a star-like nucleus. It was remarked, that these stars appeared larger when behind the comet than when escaped from its nebulosity.

Dec. 1st day, 5 hrs. 15 min.—Its course was traced by means of a double star, which at this time was enveloped by the southern part of the coma. The comet passed over it obliquely; and at 7 hrs. 35 min. the star appeared to the east, and quite clear of it.

The northern limb was better defined than the southern: in the latter direction the nebulosity seemed more diluted, with occasionally an apparent radiation, but no appearance of a tail: its figure was circular, approaching to an oval.—Dec. 11th day, 6 hrs. the diameter a little less than 6 min.

Deftford.

J. T. B.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

KING'S COLLEGE.

THE following details respecting the plan for conducting this College have been prepared by the provisional Committee, to be submitted to a general meeting of the donors and sub-

scribers; and we have much satisfaction in embracing the first opportunity of making them publicly known.

Visitor.—The visitor will be invested with all the powers usually belonging to his office.

Governors.—All fundamental regulations concerning the course of studies, and the internal discipline of the College, which the council may frame from time to time, as well as the appointment and removal of all the officers of the College, will be subject to the approval of the governors.

Council.—The council will direct the financial concerns of the College. They will regulate the payment for attendance at the several lectures, but will not interfere with the discipline of the College, except by proposing such regulations as they may think expedient for the approbation of the governors. They will also appoint the principal and professors, subject to the confirmation of the governors.

Principal.—The internal government of the College, and the general direction and superintendence of the course of education, will rest with the principal.

He must be a clergyman, having the degree of M.A. at least, in one of the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, or Dublin.

It will be his duty to preside over the public examinations, to preach often in the College chapel, and to report from time to time the state of the College to the council and governors.

Professors.—The professors will be appointed by the council, and must all be members of the Church of England, except in the case of the teachers of Oriental languages and modern languages.

The prescribed course of lectures, to which all students admitted will be required to conform, will comprise religion and morals, classical literature, the lower branches of mathematics, the elements of natural philosophy, English literature and composition, and modern history.

The professors in all these branches will have salaries assigned to them out of the College funds, besides such stipends as the council may think proper to make, in proportion to the number of the students who attend their lectures. They will be expected not merely to lecture their classes, but to ascertain individual proficiency by frequent examination.

Lectures also will be given in law, the higher branches of mathematics, natural and experimental philosophy, chemistry, medicine and surgery, anatomy, natural history, the principles of commerce, Oriental literature, modern languages, and such other branches of literature and science as may be hereafter directed. The attendance at these lectures will be optional on the part of the students.

The remuneration of the professors who lecture on these subjects will be regulated by the council, and all depend wholly on the number of students in their respective classes; some part of the payments made by the students being reserved for the general purposes of the College.

Tutors.—Tutors will be appointed by the principal, with the approbation of the council. One or more of the tutors, under the direction of the principal, will reside in each house, or in each portion of the College allotted to the reception of students: they will be responsible to the principal for preserving good order and discipline, and will be removable by him, with the approbation of the council.

The remuneration of the tutors will be provided for, according to the number of their pupils, out of the College fund.

Every student, whether resident or not, must be entered under one of the tutors, who will direct and superintend the course of his studies, and assist him with private instruction.

Students of the Higher Department.—Students will not be admitted under the age of sixteen, except in cases of remarkable proficiency, recommended to the principal, and approved by him. An inquiry will be made by the principal, previously to the admission of every student, both into his proficiency and his former good conduct.

The principal alone will be authorised to admit or reject students, and to determine the number of pupils to be entered under each tutor.

The resident students will be subject to such regulations as the principal may from time to time announce. They will all be required to attend the service of the Church of England in the College chapel on Sundays.

The non-resident students will be allowed to attend church on Sundays with their families: the principal to be, in all cases, satisfied that they have so attended; but, whenever required by him, they must attend the service in the College chapel.

Prayers will be read on all other mornings, at which the attendance of all students, resident and non-resident, will be required.

Public Examinations.—Public examinations of the students will take place at stated periods, when prizes and other honorary distinctions will be awarded.

At these examinations, the students' knowledge of the scriptures of natural and revealed religion, and of the doctrines and duties of Christianity, as taught by the united Church of England and Ireland, will be carefully inquired into. Every student will be expected to exhibit a certain degree of proficiency in these subjects.

Optional Attendances at Lectures.—Persons, properly recommended, will be allowed, under the sanction of the principal, to attend lectures in any particular course

of study; but never to such an extent as to interfere with the education of the students, or the discipline of the College. Persons so attending will not be recognised as students, nor will they be entitled to contend for prizes or rewards; nor will certificates of attendance at lectures be granted to any persons who have not gone through the prescribed course of religious instruction.

All persons under twenty years of age, so attending, will be required also to attend such parts of the course of religious instruction as, in the opinion of the principal, may be expedient in each particular case.

Lower Department.—The lower department, which, in its details, will be totally distinct from the higher, though intended to afford an education preparatory to it, will consist of a school for the reception of day scholars.

This department will be placed under the separate management of a head master, appointed by the council, and a competent number of under masters, appointed by him, all members of the Church of England.

The system here carried on will embrace a course of religious instruction suited to the age of the pupils, classics, arithmetic, elementary mathematics, the modern languages, &c.

The salaries of the masters will depend on the number of the pupils.

One or more public examinations will take place every year, at which prizes will be distributed.

With regard to the site of the College, we have heard that, though the Ring in the Regent's Park is yet within the occupation of the Committee, there has, nevertheless, been some talk of finishing Somerset House, by adding the eastern wing, and appropriating a portion of this noble pile to the great national object which has hitherto proceeded so auspiciously.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Tower Menagerie: comprising the Natural History of the Animals contained in that Establishment; with Anecdotes of their Characters and History. 8vo. pp. 341. London, Jennings; Dublin, Wakeman.

An elegant and interesting work, and an excellent present for young persons at this season of affectionate bounty. It contains delineations, descriptions, and anecdotes, of all the animals which were in the menagerie of the Tower in the last summer. The drawings are by Mr. William Harvey, who, as the introduction justly observes, "in seizing faithful and characteristic portraits of animals in restless and almost incessant motion, has succeeded in overcoming difficulties which can be appreciated only by those who have attempted similar delineations." The engravings, which are on wood, have been executed by Messrs. Branstons and Wright, and do them the highest credit; conveying the distinctive characters of the various animals, &c. with admirable fidelity and spirit. We were especially struck with the representations of the Lioness and her Cubs, the Jaguar, the Chetah, the Striped Hyena, the Grizzly Bear, the Zebra, the Great Sea-Eagle, the Secretary Bird, &c. By the by, an accident happened to the last-mentioned bird, at which, fatal as it proved, it is impossible to refrain from laughing. Such is the excellent management, especially as regards cleanliness (that essential security of animal health), of Mr. Copps, the present keeper of the menagerie, that during the time the work was passing through the press, not a single death occurred from disease; and one only from an accidental cause:—"the secretary bird having incautiously introduced its long neck into the den of the hyena, was deprived of it and of its head at one bite." It is said, in the particular description of the bird, that "it was for a long time one of the torments of ornithologists, who puzzled themselves in vain to assign it a definitive place in the system." We really think that, after the above-mentioned occurrence, there ought to be no farther difficulty on the subject, but that it should be

at once admitted into the class *anser*—goose. Secretary, indeed! The appellation is calumnious. When did Lord Aberdeen, Sir George Murray, or Mr. Peel, ever incautiously introduce his neck into the den of a hyena?—The literary department of this pleasing volume has been superintended by E. T. Bennet, Esq. a member of the Zoological Society, who has arranged the whole of the materials, which have been collected from various and authentic sources.

Panorama of the Rhine and the adjacent Country, from Cologne to Mayence, &c. London. S. Leigh.

THIS panoramic view has long been the companion of the vessels which plied upon the Rhine, and a very useful companion to thousands of our tourists. The public are, therefore, much obliged to Mr. Leigh for furnishing them with a better engraved and more intelligible performance than the original German by Delkeekamp; the value of which he has greatly enhanced to the traveller, by giving a map of routes from various points on the coast to the river so zealously visited. Notices of the principal places are also an additional advantage in this publication.

Her Grace, Charlotte Florentia, Duchess of Northumberland. Engraved by Deane, from a Miniature by Mrs. James Robertson. Colnaghi.

THIS print is the forty-ninth portrait of the picture gallery of the female nobility published in *La Belle Assemblée*. The expression of the features is very marked and striking; and the plate is a fine specimen of the delicacy and force of which stippled engraving is susceptible. Really, this gallery is becoming highly interesting and valuable; comprehending, as it does, the "pictures in little" of so many of the most brilliant ornaments of the British court.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE CHURCHYARD.

The shadow of the church falls o'er the ground,
Hallowing its place of rest; and here the dead
Slumber, where all religious impulses,
And sad and holy feelings, angel like,
Make the spot sacred with themselves, and wake
Those sorrowful emotions in the heart
Which purify it, like a temple meet
For an unearthly presence. Life, vain Life,
The bitter and the worthless, therefore here
Do thy remembrances intrude?

THE willow shade is on the ground,
A green and solitary shade;
And many a wild flower on that mound
Its pleasant summer home has made.

And every breath that waves a leaf
Flings down upon the lonely flowers
A moment's sunshine, bright and brief—
A blessing looked by passing hours.

Those sweet, vague sounds are on the air,
Half sleep, half song—half false, half true,
As if the wind that brought them there
Had touched them with its music too.

It is the very place to dream
Away a twilight's idle rest;
Where Thought floats down a starry stream,
Without a shadow on its breast.

Where Wealth, the fairy gift, 's our own,
Without its low and petty cares;
Where Pleasure some new veil has thrown
To hide the weary face she wears.

Where hopes are high, yet cares come not,
Those fellow-waves of life's dear sea,
Its froth and depth—where Love is what
Love only in a dream can be.

I cannot muse beside that mound—
I cannot dream beneath that shade—
Too solemn is the haunted ground
Where Death his resting-place has made.
I feel my heart beat but to think
Each pulse is bearing life away;
I cannot rest upon the grave,
And not feel kindred to its clay.

There is a name upon the stone—
Alas! and can it be the same—
The young, the lovely, and the loved?—
It is too soon to bear thy name.
Too soon!—oh no, 'tis best to die
Ere all of life save breath is fled:
Why live when feelings, friends, and hopes,
Have long been numbered with the dead?
But thou, thy heart and cheek were bright—
No cheek, no soil had either known;
The angel natures of yon sky
Will only be to thee thine own.

Thou knew'st no rainbow-hopes that weep
Themselves away to deeper shade;
Nor Love, whose very happiness
Should make the wakening heart afraid.

The green leaves e'en in spring they fall,
The tears the stars at midnight weep,
The dewy wild-flowers—such as these
Are fitting mourners o'er thy sleep.

For human tears are lava-drops,
That scorch and wither as they flow;
Then let them flow for those who live,
And not for those who sleep below.

Oh, weep for those whose silver chain
Has long been loosed, and yet live on—
The doomed to drink of life's dark wave,
Whose golden bowl has long been gone!

Ay, weep for those, the wearied, worn,
Dragged downward by some earthly tie,
By some vain hope, some vainer love,
Who loathe to live, yet fear to die.

L. E. L.

CHANGE.

I would not tarry, at least so much, sweet Spring,
For the departing colour of thy flowers—
The green leaves early falling from thy boughs—
Thy birds so soon forgetful of their songs—
Thy skies, whose sunshine ends in heavy showers;—
But thou dost leave thy memory, like a ghost,
To haunt the ruined heart, which still recurs
To former beauty; and the desolate
Is doubly sorrowful when it recalls
It was not always desolate.

When those eyes have forgotten the smile
they wear now, [brow]
When care shall have shadowed that beautiful
When thy hopes and thy roses together lie
dead,
And thy heart turns back pining to days that
are fled—

Then wilt thou remember what now seems to
pass
Like the moonlight on water, the breath-stain
on glass:
Oh! maiden, the lovely and youthful, to thee,
How rose-touched the page of thy future must
be!

By the past, if thou judge it, how little is there
But flowers that flourish, but hopes that are
fair; [spring]
And what is thy present? a southern sky's
With thy feelings and fancies like birds on the
wing.

As the rose by the fountain flings down on the
wave
Its blushes, forgetting its glass is its grave;
So the heart sheds its colour on life's early
hour, [flower]
But the heart has its fading as well as the

The charmed light darkens, the rose-leaves are
gone,
And life, like the fountain, floats colourless on.
Said I, when thy beauty's sweet vision was
fled,
How wouldst thou turn, pining, to days like
the dead!

Oh! long ere one shadow shall darken that
brow,
Wilt thou weep like a mourner o'er all thou
lovest now;

When thy hopes, like spent arrows, fall short
of their mark;
Or, like meteors at midnight, make darkness
more dark;

When thy feelings lie fettered like waters in
frost,
Or, scattered too freely, are wasted and lost:
For aye cometh sorrow, when youth has past
by—

What saith the Arabian? Its memory's a sigh.
L. E. L.

1828. MIDNIGHT. 1829.

New Year loquitur.
Son of dark ages! Oh, relate
Some lessons of the past!
Tell me where dire misfortunes wait;
Say how my lost is cast!

Old Year.
The past is known. The future strides
A giant in the dark;
And fate's relentless shafts he guides
Unerring to their mark.

New Year.
Shall I in future annals rank
A great and glorious year?
Or, will my months roll round a blank,
Unmarked by joy or fear?

Old Year.
Thy moons, like mine, shall wax and wane,
Thy suns will set and shine;
And thou the title shalt obtain
Of eighteen, twenty-nine.

New Year.
And is that all, my aged friend,
That thou canst tell to me?

Old Year.
Ay—all. I'm old and near my end,
And nothing more can see.

My hours alit by from night to day,
I scarce know how they went—
But, since they're gone, I'm free to say
With few was I content.

Alack! Such thoughts are grievous now,
And make my spirit sore.

New Year (aside).
By all my budding hopes I vow,
The old fellow's quite a bore!

Old Year.
Hush! Hear that deep-toned midnight bell
Say I must cease to be;
ALONE it tolls my funeral knell.
[The clock striketh, and the Old Year vanisheth
for ever: then, amid the pealing of bells.]

New Year loquitur.
Hark! They ALL ring for me!

L'Envoi.
And now old twenty-eight is dead,
May young eight twenty-nine,
Who comes to rule our hours instead,
Bring joy to thee and thine.

P. W.

DRAMA.

The Christmas Pantomimes.—We cannot go on, year after year, lamenting the decay of pantomime. We have looked back to our Jeremiad of last Christmas, and perceive that, with little or no alteration, it might be reprinted upon the present melancholy occasion. *The Queen Bee* and *Little Red-Ridings-Hood* are equally deficient in all the true qualities of a harlequinade; and the grand rivalry lies, as usual of late, between the scene-painters. Last year Covent Garden had it "all to nothing;" but turn and turn about is fair play; and Mr. Stanfield has triumphantly atoned for his failure of last season. The whole of his "Grand moving picture from Spithead to the Rock of Gibraltar," is, in our opinion, faultless. Its beauty and truth were acknowledged by the acclamations of the spectators; and the manoeuvring of the vessels completed the extraordinary illusion. We must, however, object to his presenting us with one mosque and a few vessels as "a grand View of Constantinople." Mr. Roberts's "Moving Panorama of the grand Russian Army's march to Turkey," is, we are sorry to say, very inferior to his admirable "Naumachia" of last Christmas. With the exception of the views of St. Petersburg and Constantinople (neither of which, by the way, though beautifully painted, are taken from the best points of vision), there is little to praise, and much to find fault with. The figures in the battle are ill drawn, and worse coloured; and falling stones, dancing negroes, and galloping horses, are utterly destructive of scenic illusion. Stanfield, who, we believe, set the example of introducing figures, and is, indeed, rather too fond of it for our taste, generally contrives to represent them in sitting or reclining postures, or standing in groups gazing or conversing. The man asleep on the steps, in one of the early dioramas, gave great reality to the scene; but had he been painted jumping down them, the effect would have been ludicrous, and the deception entirely destroyed. The careless drawing and the vicious colouring of the subjects are still less pardonable; and we speak our mind thus freely, as we have ever done justice to the great talent of Mr. Roberts, and are amongst his warmest admirers and well-wishers. In architectural scene-painting he is unrivalled, and in his sea-views he is, perhaps, inferior only to Stanfield; we regret, therefore, to see his pencil guilty of such a white horse as the first in the battle, or of such a gray one (a bad copy of Horace Vernet) as that which closes the group. The clouds of brickdust, intended to represent the "sulphurous canopy" of the combat, are also exceedingly objectionable; and we wish the whole of this part of the picture could be effaced, and views of Jassy, Bucharest, Silistria, Varna, Shumla, Adrianople, &c., introduced in its stead. As it is, Mr. Roberts has permitted himself to be outstripped by Mr. W. Grieve, whose "Cathedral and City of Rouen," with the bridge of boats, mill, &c., is the gem of the pantomime. It is, we think, the *chef-d'œuvre* of this rapidly rising artist, the worthy son of a worthy sire. "St. John's Gate," at Southampton, also by W. Grieve, is deserving a frame; and the "Opening of St. Catherine's Docks," in which he has been admirably seconded by the machinist, reflects great credit on his invention and knowledge of stage effect. "The Rosy Bower," by Mr. T. Grieve, is well imagined and executed; and the rest of the scenery creditable to the various artists of the establishment.

fair to command a far more extensive circulation than any which has ever appeared under the same denomination.

The second volume of Memoirs of the Affairs of Europe from the Peace of Utrecht, by Lord John Russell, will appear in a few days.

Amongst the forthcoming novelties for our juvenile friends, we notice a Game of Chemistry, a useful publication, and which seems to us to possess one very decided recommendation—namely, that the questions have constant reference to the daily, nay hourly, occupations of our lives. In every situation of life, and to all classes of the community, some acquaintance with chemistry is absolutely necessary; and every help to make young persons acquainted with its elementary principles, its terms and phrases, and its constant application in all the operations of the arts, is most desirable.

The publication of Engravings of Ancient Cathedrals, Town Halls, and other Public Buildings of celebrity, in France, Holland, Germany, and Italy, from Drawings taken on the Spot, and engraved by Mr. John Coney, illustrated with Architectural and Historical Descriptions, by C. Heathcote Tatham, Esq.—is announced in Parts, to commence early.

Nearly ready, the second volume of the *Origo*, embellished with twenty-eight engravings from original designs.

A Literary Gazette is about to be started at Manchester. It is intended, says the prospectus, that the Gazette shall combine the character of a local and of a general literary and scientific publication.

The publishers of the Boy's Own Book announce the Young Lady's Book, devoted to the favourite pursuits and recreations of young ladies.

A sacred poem, entitled the Opening of the Sixth Seal, dedicated, by permission, to Professor Milman, is about to appear.

In the Press.—The Harp of Innisfaile, a national poem, by D. S. L.—The Lady's Library, with portraits; the first part will appear early.—The Royal Book of Fate, with an "extraordinary" frontispiece.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Annual Biography and Obituary for 1829, 8vo. 15s. 6d. bds.—Wardrop on Anæsthesia, royal 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—McGregor's British America, 8vo. 7s. 12mo. 5s. bds.—Mangnall's Geography, third edition, 12mo. 7s. 6d. sheep.—Laurence's Last Autumn, 12mo. 6s. bds.—Dunn's Guatemala in 1827-8, 8vo. 9s. bds.—Bible Histories, with 52 engravings, 18mo. 12s. silk.—Lawson's Life and Times of Archbishop Laud, 2 vols. 8vo. 11s. 8s. bds.—Gumersall's Tables of Discount, 8vo. 11s. 5s. bds.—Mann on Ecclesiastical History, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1828.

December.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 18	From 47. to 52.	29.44 to 29.52
Friday... 19	— 39. — 52.	29.61 — 29.86
Saturday... 20	— 43. — 53.	29.86 — 29.96
Sunday... 21	— 49. — 55.	29.99 — Stat.
Monday... 22	— 48. — 53.	30.03 — 29.96
Tuesday... 23	— 45. — 52.	29.98 — 29.72
Wednesday 24	— 44. — 53.	29.61 — 29.44

Prevailing wind S.W.
Generally cloudy, with frequent rain.
Rain fallen, 0.5 of an inch.

December.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 25	From 46. to 36.	29.33 to 29.50
Friday... 26	— 25. — 40.	29.54 — Stat.
Saturday... 27	— 29. — 41.	29.58 — 29.74
Sunday... 28	— 34. — 43.	29.80 — 29.94
Monday... 29	— 37. — 41.	30.22 — 30.30
Tuesday... 30	— 38. — 45.	30.32 — 30.27
Wednesday 31	— 36. — 45.	30.00 — 29.91

Wind variable, prevailing S. and S.E.
Except the 26th, generally cloudy, raining on the 25th and 29th.

Rain fallen, .625 of an inch.
Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Latitude..... 51° 37' 39" N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

✂ We beg to direct attention to the first Advertisement, of a case of literary misfortune, in our columns of this date. Messrs. Hoares having humanely undertaken to receive subscriptions, we wish only to say, in consequence of our Publisher's being also ready to share in this duty, that we have made it our business to inquire into the distressing circumstances referred to, and to pledge ourselves both to their severity and to the due administration of the relief afforded by the benevolent.

¶ Owing to the space required for our papers on Expeditions, &c. we are compelled greatly to abridge our Review for this week. The Memoirs of Josephine, and Sailors and Saints, are reluctantly postponed.

* Our publisher will, besides feeling himself obliged, either give the price, or other papers in exchange, for the following Nos. of the *Gazette*, which are wanted to complete sets—6, 23, 24, 25, 31, 32, 33, 35, 39, 40, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 78, 259, 313, 353, 473, 512.

The sketches by X. would interfere with the arrangements which occupy all the space we can afford. The MSS. are left at our office.

The following line is a sufficient reason "why" we do not insert "the Shepherd Boy":
His dotting mother with paternal care.

ADVERTISEMENTS, Connected with Literature and the Arts.

DISTRESS. An instance of infinite Literary Distress (involving an Author of great Learning and Virtue, and a numerous Domestic Circle) having been divulged in the hope of Aid, where circumstances rendered that Aid impossible, the noble example of the benevolent Friate at the Head of the annexed List has led to a voluntary Subscription, which promises to fulfil all the good proposed by it; but which this public means is taken to promote, in consequence of the time lost, and inconvenience experienced, in seeking private Contributions.

The Lord Bishop of Salisbury	£ s. d.
L. Hayes Pettit, Esq. M.P.	50 0
John Soane, Esq.	5 0
H. Colburn, Esq.	5 0
The Rev. W. Little Bowles	5 0
Messrs. Drummonds	5 0
Prince Hoare, Esq.	5 0
Rev. G. Croly	5 0
L. A. C.	20 0
J. M.	2 0
L. A. de la Chaumette, Esq.	3 0
Editor of "Literary Gazette"	10 10
J. Murray, Esq.	5 0
C. Orme, Esq.	5 0
The Hon. G. Agar Ellis	5 0

Subscriptions will be received by Messrs. Hoares, Bankers, Fleet Street; and by Mr. Scripps, at the "Literary Gazette" Office.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PAUL MALL.

NOTICE TO EXHIBITORS. All Pictures and Works of Art intended for Exhibition and Sale, must be sent to the Gallery on Monday the 12th, and Tuesday the 13th of January, 1829, between the Hours of Ten in the Morning and Five in the Evening, after which time no Pictures or other Works of Art will be received. Portraits and Drawings in Water Colour are inadmissible.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

THE OBSERVER OF SUNDAY, Jan. 4,

price Seven-pence, will contain an Engraving of the King's New Palace at Piccadilly. An edition of the Observer, desirable for Country Readers, is published at Four o'clock every Monday Afternoon, containing the latest News, Clerical Intelligence, and the Mark-Lane Corn-Market of Monday.

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The Modern History of England. Part II. Reign of Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth. By Sharon Turner, F.R.S. and R.A.S. 4to. pp. 736. London, 1828. Longman and Co.

As a specimen of Mr. Turner as a historian of the highest class, and of the first volume of the eminently important work, may be found in the *Literary Gazette* (569) of October 21, 1828. To rehearse our encomiums, and again to state his purity of feeling, his integrity, his diligence in the search after truth, and all the other excellent qualities, would be as superfluous to his mind as they are needless for, to those the public, the voice of which has long stood high among the greatest ornaments of our old literature. Neither is it necessary to us to enter a digression upon the subject of many, nor to point out the multitude of unexamined doubts and difficulties which must arise from any view whatever of the period which these volumes treat. The pen and the ink will probably be down in peace before that the same distant time, when the action of opposite sects and parties ceased to open up the events in the history of England from the seventh Henry to the first James. Far from us be the attempt to do this; to remember them at the present moment; we have to witness the fight, as it were, of the combatants, as they daily grow or wane, and finally to leave the contest, with such marks of honour as the historian has merited; not forgetting to turn the compasses may deserve a labour to their wounds, and a mood of pain for their different wounds.

It is, in the first instance, we are unable to avoid to that extent; for the work before us opens for more attention than we have had a opportunity to bestow. It must suffice us, as to take up the one general but extremely interesting question brought forward in the Preface, which puts in a striking light the various opinions that have been made to Mr. Turner as to the reign of Henry VIII. and all the various of the Reformation, and his defence. We must promise that he is equally the champion of Elizabeth, and that we are not going to go along with him to the full extent of his information for that great question. The following are his sentiments:—

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yet been known or cultivated. But the healthful fountain of all our national vigour was that Reformation, of which she became the efficacious supporter and the most successful champion. The history of her reign is the history of the perils to which it was exposed, and of the long warfare it had to endure, and of its secure establishment in those countries which have ever since preserved it. To have then contributed to its continuation among mankind is the greatest glory of her lengthened and momentous reign. To elucidate this grand political conflict, in its abstracted progress and agitating vicissitudes, is the intention of the present composition. This portion of our Modern History has been written on the same plan with the preceding volumes. Every document which promised to furnish new materials of unknown facts, or more correct views of those already known, or that could supply the deficiencies which they presented to the considering eye, has been resorted to and consulted, to which access could be obtained; and none but contemporary authorities have been used, with very few exceptions. The object has always been to construct the history from the living authorities of the times described; and to convey to the reader as much as possible of the feelings and ideas of the great actors and leading personages, in their own words and representations. The desire of accomplishing this purpose, has made the notes inevitably numerous and copious; but they will present the advantage to all who peruse them, that the public will never be called upon to rely implicitly on the writer's veracity or judgment. The authorities are every where laid before the reader, from which he may always form his own conclusion, and agree or differ with the opinions or statements in the text, as his own discrimination may suggest.

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orbits—gigantic and other animals of a perished world, are becoming more fully known to our geological researches—hieroglyphical inscriptions are deciphered, and are disclosing new monuments to illustrate the darkness of Egyptian antiquity;—and although human ingenuity has been baffled in its favourite toil, of making the golden metal, it has within these last few weeks apparently succeeded in actually producing, by patient and skilful chemistry, the genuine diamond.* In such an age, it is pleasing to live, and think, and write, and to endeavour to be one of the contributors to its information or amusement. The attempt may often fail, but it is gratifying to make the individual effort, and never can be wholly useless, whatever may be the imperfections with which it is accompanied."

The delightfully calm, amiable, and philosophical spirit displayed in these observations greatly recommends the author to our regard, and we begin his History with a strong prepossession in his favour. Of it as a whole, we have only room to say that it embraces a mass of research and information which is altogether wonderful. This volume alone seems to be enough for the labour of ten years; and both those who differ from the author's inferences, and those who agree with him, must concede that his premises are openly, broadly, and honestly laid down; and that if mistaken, he is not a vicious perverter or suppresser of facts, but only mistaken in an anxious desire to elicit the truth. After all, *FACTS* are the best histories; and we have here a vast multitude of them collected from contemporary authorities.

Sailors and Saints; or, Matrimonial Manœuvres. By the Author of the "Naval Sketch-Book." 3 Vols. 12mo. London, 1829. Colburn.

WE do not pretend to speak of this work in a critical capacity; universal as is the omnipotent "we" of reviewers, it must yield, like the ambassador;—to commence at once with a quotation.

"An anecdote is told of a captain in the service, since dead, that whilst carrying out a British ambassador to his station abroad, a quarrel arose on the subject of precedence. High words were exchanged between them on the quarter-deck, when, at length, the ambassador thinking to silence the captain, exclaimed, 'Recollect, sir, I am the representative of his majesty!' 'Then, sir,' retorted the captain, 'recollect that *here I am more than majesty itself*. Can the king *seize a fellow up and give him three dozen*?' Further argument was useless—the diplomatist struck."

Living on another element, our be-built, ploughed, dug, Macadamised earth has nothing in common with the free ocean; the hopes, fears (we only mean superstitious ones), habits, &c. of the seaman, are in complete contradistinction to ours. Is it that love of variety, inherent above all in our literary tastes? or is it that universal sympathy which even the most indolent and timid feel in the narratives of the toils and dangers which they know but by name? what is it that, from Smollett to the Man of War's Man, at which Blackwood falls open of itself, makes all maritime annals so popular? We certainly do not repay back to sailors the contempt they are somewhat inclined to bestow on us unfortunate land-lubbers. These volumes are a complete nautical history, containing facts, observations, and events, that might be matters of

serious reference, though here used but as vehicles for amusement and interest: perhaps if less of naval phraseology had been employed, the scenes, even at the hazard of losing something of their now most characteristic tone, would have been more acceptable to the general reader.* However, learning languages is now much in fashion, and there is a glossary to assist any student in his pursuit after universal knowledge; and further, for the benefit of the young ladies, we beg leave to inform them that there is as pretty a love story as ever caused the favourite novel of the circulating library to be in constant requisition. The hero, Burton, is a great favourite of ours—brave, generous, frank, he is quite the *beau idéal* of a sailor. Crank, and his servant Tiller, are excellent specimens of the old school; and some of the scenes where their prejudices run counter to modern improvements are very good,—indeed our author is especially happy in his humour. But through the whole three volumes we have found nothing so powerfully written as the account of the ship on fire: through nearly the third of one of them the most intense interest is excited—the reader's attention is kept up by a reality, a vividness, which could only have been given to the description by an eye-witness and a very able observer. We regret it is so much beyond our limits; and to spoil it by the omission of parts would do its writer scant justice. We must choose shorter specimens, and give as much idea as we can of the variety in pages worthy of their changeable element.

A Man overboard.—"There was enough of light on the water, despite of the gloom of the evening, to render the hopeless features of the man ~~discernible~~ to Brace, the boatswain; his partner in many a youthful freak, both having entered the service together. Roused from stupefying horror by an imploring glance from his messmate, the latter shouted in anguish—'By heavens, Tom! I can't bear that look, I'll save you, or go with you.' Nor was it long ere this awful pledge of friendship was redeemed; for in an instant, throwing off his looser attire, he plunged amid the waves, through which he cut his way to the sinking man. Aware of the danger of thrusting himself within that grasp, which is known never to relax but with life, he, cautiously, though firmly, seized him by the collar with his left hand, turning the gunner thus on his back, as the most favourable position for floating; whilst, 'treading the water,' as it is termed, Brace supported his exhausted companion's head above the unfriendly element, and kindly cheered him with assurances of his safety. Nor was the sympathy of the crew suffered to waste itself in unavailing regrets, or in mere admiration of their brave shipmate: the cutter had been 'hoist out,' and manned by eager hands, who pulled with inconceivable alacrity to their rescue; and in a few minutes this scene of painful excitement on board was happily exchanged for that of heartfelt and general congratulation."

Deck cleared for battle.—"The British were already at their quarters, where their anxiety

* But here we feel we are on sensitive ground: for the author exposes in a very able manner the want of seamanship, and the blunder in naval phraseology, of Mr. Cooper, the justly celebrated American novelist; and finds much of his own value on accuracy with regard to both these points. Now, though it is true that this is a great merit, it is also true that it is a merit which cannot be universally appreciated; for more than nine-tenths of readers will understand a sea story ill told by a landsman better than the same story well told by a sailor.

to pour out their fire on the foe, whilst approaching, was betrayed by the dumb show, significant gestures, and imploring glances of the captains of the guns, whilst catching the eye of their commander, as they looked alternately through the port-holes at the closing enemy, or along the sights of their guns. Nor could their cool gallantry fail to inspire him with a double confidence, when he observed some actually chalking the initials of their names on their tell-tale shot, whose effect they appeared extremely impatient to try on the enemy whilst barely within cannonade range. To this impatience the only answer given consisted in a short roll of the drum, to obtain attention, accompanied by a wave of the commander's hand as he stood on the poop. Aware of the purport of this invitation, the men deserted their guns for a moment, and eagerly crowded aft. Nothing could be more imposing than the fearless eye, the high bearing, and efficient state of preparation of each, as he repaired to the quarter-deck, exhibiting, in their weapons and light dress, from which every thing cambered had been discarded, a specimen of active force, which might well be contrasted with the heavily armed and hampered soldier in action. They had all been selected, as already mentioned, with that attention to height, muscular vigour and activity, which constitutes what in the service is termed 'picked men.' And though there were minute points of attire, wherein some differed from the rest, they were all bare-necked, bare-armed, having tucked up their shirt-sleeves to their shoulders, to prevent being incommoded on duty, and without either jacket or waistcoat. Instead of the latter article of dress, each had substituted as a support, during possibly long-protracted exertion, a handkerchief tied extremely tight round the waist. Above this a black leathern belt was buckled, sustaining the cutlass or sword peculiar to the sailor; for, contrary to the general practice, Staunton had trained all his men to the broad-sword, so as to enable them to act as boarders. Superadded to this belt, the captains of the guns wore another, to which was affixed a small tube box, containing about twenty or thirty little fannels formed of paper, charged with powder, and terminating in a quill, to be inserted as priming in the touch-holes of the guns—thus preventing those serious accidents, too common from the explosion of powder-horns, by the flashes of each other's guns. The black silk kerchief was transferred from the neck, and now bound round the head, restrained within its folds every straggling hair, not excepting even those *love-locks*, or long curls depending from the temples, which most youthful sailors cherish with no little vanity, as ornaments the most becoming in the eyes of the fair."

Nautical Nicknames.—"On board most ships of war, the 'Gally Politicians'—the 'King's Benchers,' and the 'Birds,' who gather round the grate at night to argufy, as it is termed, are sure to be designated by a name of notoriety applicable, as the *Jacks* think, to the peculiar pretensions of these would-be warriors and statesmen. The leaders formerly were generally nick-named '*Babson*,' or '*Billy Pitt*.' A 'Captain of the Sweepers,' or a 'Captain of the Head,' alias the warden of the worshipful company of nightmen on board, whose pretensions to such distinctions happened to be sustained by his talents for harangue, was invariably dubbed '*Charley Pea*.' In latter days, these worthies have given place to more modern titles of eminence.

Jack is a bizarre animal, and delights on all occasions to unite the lofty and the ludicrous; and a stranger will often be startled, if at all a believer in ghosts, at hearing a sailor sing out to another on the 'tween decks—'Pass the word for'ard there for *Bongparty*.' We have never been on board any ship in which there was not one of these emperors."

But it would be injustice to this unique performance, not to detach from it, as a specimen, some one more connected scene; and we will select as much as we can of a colloquy between Captain Crank and his man Tiller, after the latter has discovered Burton on his knees making love to Emily.

"According to the 'articles of war,' established at Camperdown college for fifteen years past, all intrusion on the *sicsta* of our old friend was considered, if not absolutely high treason, at least the *crimen lassa majestatis*, and punishable in the next degree. But the apparent urgency of the case outweighed every other consideration in Tiller's opinion, and warranted a departure from the strict line of discipline; and animated of the rectitude of his motive, which originated in his anxiety for the honour of the family, he entered with a little of that impetuousness peculiar to a man who feels his own importance, the room where his veteran master is, courted, by every delicate assiduity, that upon which, like a coy nymph, is so difficult to be won by the blandishments of age. 'Who the devil's that?' cried Crank, upon Tiller's stooping to stoop as he entered the room.

'It's me, sir.' 'Me, sir!—d—n it, I thought 'twas a top-mast coming down by the lump. What the deuce brings you here at all, making such a noise?' 'Noise, sir?—I never was the man to make a noise about nothing.' 'Nothing, indeed!—when a man's napping!' 'Ah—Lord bless you, sir—it's when a man's napping, the mischief's done.' 'You may call it mischief, if you like, Mister Thomas; but to me, I can tell you, it's second nature.' 'So my misses say, when she's skinning the eels.' 'Well, well—d—n your eels—there, there—'tisn't quite enough. Make sail, and leave me to myself.' 'If I doesn't, sir, I knows there's some one else soon will.' 'Why, what tack's the fellow on now?' 'On what tack, sir?—On that tack, that a man may keep his wind, and needn't bear up for no one; as long as he coves he's doing his duty.' 'Holloa! Holloa!—it seems to me as if you'd hauled your jaw-racks aboard.' 'I axes your pardon, sir; I've nothing aboard more nor I ought; nor no one can say as I ever was the man to make a rixy below, or alarm aloft, for nothing.' 'Well, no one said you were—there now—on the door—top your boom—and let's have a little rest.' 'Rest?—there's no rest in the water, sir,—things 'ave gone too far already,' said Tiller, with an unusual degree of warmth, addressing his master. 'Things gone too far already, indeed?—open mutiny, by the Lord.' '—the fellow, what does he mean?' said the veteran, rising on his elbow, and the blood rushing into his face. 'I tell you what it is, Mister Tiller, if you think to come over me, rid any o' your independent pot-house slang, or your long-shore-law, you're d—bly mistaken.' 'Law, sir?—I'm no lawyer, sir—I never served me time to the trade o' lying, nor you can't say I ever deceived you yet,' continued Thomas, sitting at his master's wardrobe, and folding and refolding the veteran's sword as he carried on the colloquy. 'No, nor you can't say that Thomas was ever the man when riding on a lee-shore, expecting every moment to part, to be the first to report

a strand gone, when perhaps 'twas no more nor a little o' the rounding chafed in the hawse.' 'Well—what of all that?—What the devil has that to say to disturbing a man from his rest, and when you *know* too it's contrary to orders.' 'Was't contrary to orders, sir?' said Tiller, who was not to be diverted from his purpose; 'was't contrary to orders 'board the *Boynes*, sir, to rouse the captain when there were breakers a-head, or an enemy in sight?' 'I never said it was; and you know right well, that had the officer o' the watch so far neglected his duty, I'd 'a broke him, ay, though he were son to the first lord of the Admiralty.' 'Very well, sir,' said Thomas, banging the door of the wardrobe, as if conscious he had now overcome some of the difficulty of broaching this ticklish subject—'very well, sir; by the same rule o' thumb, if I sees a squall brewing to windward, it's my business to report it to my master, napping or not. Isn't it better to clew-up in time than lose your sticks?' 'Lose your sticks?—Why, d—n it, are there smugglers on the coast? Expect the garden to be robbed, eh?' 'No, no, sir; there's no fear o' that as long as *Ram's* unmuzzled; but I doesn't know how it is,' said Thomas, unwillingly drawing out his words, 'I doesn't altogether like the look o' things, since this here—this here a—' 'This here what?' cried Crank, who, thinking there was something in the wind, betrayed as much impatience to solve his factotum's meaning as he before did to get rid of his company. 'Why, sir, this here capering craft—matters seem to be all going the wrong way since she put into the port—that there *ball* business, and a—' 'Ay, that was all your curs'd lubberly look-out,' interrupted Crank, alluding for the hundredth and second time to the accident of upsetting the boat. 'Well, sir,' said Tiller, not a little piqued at this eternal rebuke—'well, if they got the blind side o' me then, you shan't, howsomever, have to say so now. So if you takes my advice, sir, you'll clap on a double look-out to-night.' Here a mutual pause of some moments ensued. Crank seemed impressed with a confused perception of some imminent danger about to befall him: its indistinctness embarrassed him the more: his agitation kept pace with his awakening curiosity. From a prone position he rolled himself over on the sofa, and raised himself upon his hands, assuming the attitude of a half-roused lion. Then surveying with a scrutinising glance his poor minion from head to foot, he caught that solitary eye of his, and fixed it, like a basilisk, gazing at him for an explanation, with an apprehensive yet incredulous stare. It was in vain Tiller availed himself of the exclusive power he thus enjoyed over others in the condensation of mental intelligence through an exclusive optic. Even aided by the man's weather-beaten features, no distinct picture was conveyed to Crank's sensorium of the description, or the extent of the danger which his servant seemed fully persuaded awaited him. Tom shook his head, looked pitiful, twisted his tail, squirted his 'bacco-juice, despite of another of the articles of war, on the floor, and drew forth a long-winded sigh. At length, finding he had reckoned without his host, in calculating on the expressiveness of his features, he, as if in pity to his master, thus broke silence: 'The gemman's a nice gemman enough, and moreover bears a very good karector abroad; but still, you know, sir—there's never no harm in keeping—keeping—a—' 'Keep-

ing me in suspense, you mean, you blind old blockhead. What the plague are you at? Why don't you say what you've to say, like a man?' 'I'm coming to it, if you'll let me—all in good time, sir; no man likes to be a-head of his reck'ning; but it looks to me—(mind, you know, sir, it's only a *notion* of my own—)' 'D—n your notions. Here you have been for ten minutes annoying me with an infernal *notion*—working a traverse about a trifle, and a—' 'Well, sir, if you think light o' the business there's no kashun to overhaul more o' the matter; but I know,' said Tom, carelessly throwing his tail over his shoulder, 'I shou'n't call a cutting-out job a joke—nor think it a trifle to find some on 'em had tricked us; and slip't their cables in the night.' 'Who? what?—d—n'tion, what d'ye mean? Surely there's nothing,—nothing happened I hope, eh?' 'I doesn't *know*, sir, said Tiller, with emphasis—'all I know is, when I went my last rounds to pick up the shakings in the drawin'-room—what should I see but him, down on both marrow-bones, shoving Miss Emily's fist in his mouth, and slobbering it all over like a sucking calf.' 'Who?' 'Why this—Mister Burton, to be sure, sir.' 'The devil?—D—n the fellow, I thought he was more ashore than he ought. The sly jade!' At the first intimation of real danger, Crank had started on his legs, and, aided by the helping hand of Tiller, regained his perpendicularity. As it was his custom, on occasions of importance, he was observed hitching up the waistband of his small-clothes alternately with one hand or the other; and having hemmed twice, he prepared to sally forth. Tiller, as usual, fell a few paces in the rear, as the veteran proceeded hobbling along the hall."

The following chapter, entitled the *Rumpus*, is equally good; and the *Friend in Need*, which succeeds the *Burning of a Ship*, is admirable in another way. In *Nolens Volens*, a rogue of an apothecary persuades the captain, in a very comic conversation, that he is ill, and must go to Cheltenham; and the conduct of Tiller at this fashionable watering-place is extremely humorous.

"'I fancy myself better already (said Crank)—it must be the change of air.' 'Change of wind, sir?—Bless you, that can't be; she hasn't veer'd a point since we started.' On this subject Tom would have cavilled with the College of Physicians, and despised the dictum of the Meteorological Society. 'It was rank nonsense,' he would say, 'to distinguish them,—air was wind, and wind was air, all the world over.' 'Well, never mind the wind,' replied his master, 'we must now take to the water; and do you have a sharp look-out in the morning, and sound the well.' 'What well, sir?' 'The well, man! where the company drink the waters; you must take Boots to pilot you—mind what you're about, and make me a full report of every thing on your return—I shou'dn't like to lose any time—so I'll commence my course to-morrow.'"

The soundings are oddly taken; for Tiller, after much manœuvring at the green bottle for gin, swallows a triple saline draught. "The first gulp went down perforce—the next was in his mouth but a second, ere it was expelled through his teeth, nose, and, it might be said, eye-lids (for they, too, glistened with soft moisture), with a force and fury that overwhelmed all present with dismay, and damaged many a dress of costly fabric and beauteous dye. 'What!' said the enraged

tar, his inside smarting with the triple saline draft, and his fury roused by the insult he imagined was now offered: 'what, ye *she-sanctificator*, d'ye think I haven't had salt-water enough in my day; but I must now swallow it here inland amongst a parcel o' lubbers? See, here, you straight-haired jade—don't come that rig over the captain, or I'm dowsed, if you do, but he'll clear the decks, and make a clean sweep with his stick of every glass in the tap.' Having thus vented his wrath on his fair enemy, the irritable valet made his exit, and repaired to his master's bedside to report progress."

But one of our most favourite descriptions is that of the crew of the *Flora* treated to see *Othello*, at Portsmouth theatre. It is rich and capital: we can only give a few traits. When "the Moor arrived at the passage—

"And this, and this, the greatest diacords be,
[Kissing the fair Desdemona.
That e'er our hearts shall make!"]

'I'll bet a week's grog,' said a clamorous top-man, 'the young un'll be a creole.' 'Ay, sink 'em,' said another, 'there's the luck of your black fellows—Why, 'twas only 'tother day, I twigs the captain's steward in tow with one o' the freshest, rosy-cheek'd craft you'd see from North-corner to Castle-rag.' * * *

"Cassio's silly speech proved an exquisite relish to the audience, where he apostrophises Heaven, 'Forgive us our sins,' and endeavours to persuade his companion that he is sober. 'Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk; this is my Ancient: this is my right hand, and this is my left hand:—I am not drunk now.' 'No, not *you*,' roared a *Jack*, who no doubt would have been a willing witness in Cassio's defence, had he been brought to the gangway for inebriety. 'I can stand well enough,' continued the representative of Cassio. 'Then—*d-n it!* why don't you walk the plank at once, and prove yourself sober,' vociferated a long-tailed wag, determined not to slip this opportunity of having a shot on the sly at his first lieutenant, who had only a night or two before put his perpendicularly to a similar test. In this sort of *saturnalia* of the lower order, those whose lives are spent in dutiful obsequiousness, and obedient awe of their superiors, delight to avenge themselves for the privations and taciturnity inflicted on board in this respect, by telling their officers sometimes a little of their minds from some snug corner of the house, or masked battery in the gallery. * * * But whatever excitation these honest susceptible souls had previously suffered, was merely as dust in the balance compared with the tumult of grief, and paroxysm of rage, which filled every beating bosom, when the jealous Moor, now more savage by the remaining effects of liquor, unfolded, in the deep, impressive language of the poet, the deadly purpose with which he approached his sleeping bride. The shouts became alarming; volleys of imprecations were hurled at his head—his limbs—his life. 'What!' said one of the rudest of the crew, 'can the black brute cut her life-lines?—She's a reg'lar-built angel, and as like my Bet as two peas.' 'Ay,' said a messmate, 'it all comes of being jealous, and that's all as one as shad; but you know, if he's as good as his word, he's sure to be hanged,—that's one comfort!' When the Moor seized her in bed by the throat, Desdemona shrieking for permission to repeat but one short prayer—and he rancorously exclaims, in attempting to strangle her, 'It is too late!'—the house, as it is said a French audience had done ere now, could

endure no more; and the sailors rose in their places, giving the most alarming indications of angry excitement, and of a determination to mingle in the murderous scene below. 'I'm d—d, Dick, if I can stand it any longer,' said the spokesman of the gallery. 'You're no man, if you can sit and look on quietly,—hands off, you blood-thirsty nigger,' he vociferated, and threw himself over the side of the gallery in a twinkling; clambering down by a pillar into the boxes, and scrambled across the pit, over every person in his way, till he reached the noisy boatswain's mate. Him he 'challenged to the rescue,' and exclaimed, 'Now's your time, Ned,—Pipe the boarders away— all hands, damme! if you're a man as *loves* a woman. Now, go it,' said he, and dashed furiously over all obstacles,—fiddles, flutes, and fiddlers. Smash went the foot-lights—Cesar had passed the Rubicon. The contagion of feeling became general; and his trusty legions, fired with the ambition that inspired their leader, followed, sweeping all before them, till the whole male population of the theatre crowded the stage *en masse*, amid shouts of encouragement, or shrieks of terror:—outraging, by their mistaken humanity, all the propriety of this touching drama; and, for once, rescuing the gentle Desdemona from the deadly grasp of the murderous Moor, who fled in full costume, dagger in hand, from the house, and through the dark streets of Dock, until he reached his home in a state of inconceivable affright. The scene of confusion which followed, it would be fruitless to attempt to describe. All was riot and uproar. * * * And the captain in the end remarked, 'This affray should be a lesson to him hereafter,' adding, with a laugh, 'that the *Flora's* were too much of amateurs to be trusted in a theatre, lest they should abandon the service, and take to the stage.'

Having indulged in many a good laugh at the excellent nautical wit and humour in these volumes, we would not be critics had we not something to put in our log against all this fair reckoning. We have accordingly reserved for the last our allusion to what we must say we think the chief fault of the book; it is expressed in the title, "Saints," in addition to "Sailors." We abhor, as much as ever our gallant seaman can do, the detestable cant, the hypocritical affectation, of would-be religionists; but we appeal to his own sense of justice, whether to draw a most disagreeable character, give it follies and vices too general to be made particular, and then set it forth as the representative of any especial body, be altogether just? Much as we dislike "Mrs. Crank," (and the author contrives to make us do that) we dislike still more the supposition that she is the embodied resemblance of a whole class.

The Annual Biography and Obituary for the Year 1829. Vol. XIII. 8vo. pp. 474. London. Longman and Co.

ANOTHER volume of this work calls upon us for a repetition of our oft-expressed general opinion of the great difficulties which beset contemporary and recent biography; and of our well-earned praise of the diligence, skill, impartiality, and ability, with which this particular publication is edited. In the present instance it preserves the memories of the learned and the brave, the fair and the high, the studious and the adventurous—and among the twenty-nine records (besides the shorter biographical list) we observe the names of seamen and soldiers, churchmen and statesmen, authors and

men of science, poets and artists,—a melancholy harvest gathered to the indiscriminate sickle of Death within one short year. But though the gaunt conqueror of our race makes no distinctions, we must select; and, from these various memoirs, extract what is likely to be most new and interesting as illustrations of the volume. We therefore pass the lives of Sir R. Strachan, the Margravine of Anspach, Dr. Mason Good, Lady Caroline Lamb, and Sir H. Torrens, to notice that there is an original and affectionate sketch of the late loyal and esteemed Dean Hook, from which we gather that a collection of his works is likely to be published.* The next in succession is William Lowndes, esq. which we mention for the sake of introducing a sufficiently *naïve* paragraph, which appears in a note respecting an ancestor of his, called "Ways and Means Lowndes," in the parliaments of Anne and George I. Of this gentleman it is stated, that he "was an extraordinary instance of industry and application," which will hardly be questioned when, after reading the details of his public duties, we find it told that "he was four times married, and left three families of children behind him. He married his fourth wife in the sixtieth year of his age, and had sixteen children by her: four times she had twins!"

A brief account of Captain Clapperton is followed by a more detailed and striking one by the Hon. Anne Seymour Damer, and this by Archbishop Sutton, Admiral Nowell, the Rev. E. Forster, General Burrell, Bishop Tomline, Mr. Bonington, Archdeacon Cox, Sir P. C. Silvester, Rev. Leigh Richmond, Dugald Stewart, Mr. Van Dyk, Sir J. E. Smith, Mr. Henry Neele, Sir Neil Campbell, Lord Liverpool, the Queen of Wurtemberg, &c. &c. From among all these we shall merely copy an unpublished Highland tradition by Mr. Van Dyk; and, if possible, in some future Number, when not so much pressed for room, a portion of the memoir of Dugald Stewart, which is extremely well written. The annexed is the tradition.

"Young Lamond, the pride of Argyleshire,
Was hunting the red red deer,
And he saw a hart in his own Glenfine,
And pierced him with his spear.
The hart flew on with the lightning's speed,
Though the shaft was in his side,
Till he came to a river's sloping bank,
And plunged in the restless tide.

The hunter follow'd, with might and main,
To the midst of the wild Glenstree,
Where the young Macgregor had thrown a lance,
And wounded a hart that day.
The deer o'er each other's path had crou'd,
As they kept on their blood-track'd flight,
Until one sank down on the heather bed,
And died in the hunter's sight.

They met in a proud and angry mood,
Who had never met before;
And a strife arose o'er the fallen prey,
And each drew his broad claymore.
In vain, in vain, did the Gregor's son
On his rival hunter dart,
For Lamond his shining weapon raised
And buried it in his heart.

He fled, pursued by his foeman's clan,
But he soon outstrip them all;
And when he had wander'd long and far,
He came to an ancient hall.
And he look'd on the face of an aged man,
And he told him of the fray;
And the old man shelter'd and fed the youth
Till the close of that fatal day.

But soon he heard from a hundred lips
That his only child was slain,
That the last last hope of a mighty clan
Would never breathe again.
He had foes around him—his strength was gone,
And his race was nearly run;
And he wept with a lone and desolate heart
O'er the fate of his noble son.

* Appendix. A fourth edition of his *Friendly and Seasonable Advice to the Roman Catholics of England*, (1820. Rivington), is among the books laid upon our table this week.

But his word was pass'd to the stranger youth,
And he led him forth at night,
While the clan of Macgregor dream'd revenge,
And guard'd their weapons bright.
He led him forth to the broad Lochline,
Where a barque was seen to ride,
And he soon was borne o'er the darkling waves,
Once more to his own burn-side.

Meanwhile, 'at parting, Macgregor said,
'Thou must know me for thy foe:
'Oh! he will may fear a sire's revenge,
Who has led his hopes so low.'
The barque shot off, and the old man turn'd,
With a feeble step, to roam
Through the lovely glens and the misty braes,
To his sad and childless home.

But evil days o'er the old laird came,
And he lost that home for aye:
And he left—and he left with a broken heart
The scenes of his loved Glenstrae.
Young Lamont then sought the wandering man,
And open'd his hall-door wide,
And he tended his wants with filial care
Till the good chieftain died."

Three Years' Military Adventures in Three Quarters of the Globe; or, Memoirs of an Officer who served in the Armies of His Majesty and of the East India Company between 1802 and 1814: in which are the Campaigns of the Duke of Wellington in India, and his last in Spain and the South of France. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1829. (Oxburn.

The best of this work, for the present age of letter-reading, is, that it is very miscellaneous, and no less amusing. The author scampers over the scenes of his twelve years' span of military life, as Captain Head did over the Prairies; and in his rapid transitions we have a medley of campaigning, battles, anecdotes, dinner parties, sentimental reflections, stories some old and some new, sketches of society, and (as one of Mathews's characters says) of "every thing that is in the world." This, it must be owned, is dainty and pleasant enough, though it is hardly what we expected from two goodly octavo volumes. But the author, a captain of engineers on half-pay, is decidedly a story-teller and anecdote-monger; and his whole style is sportive, or, rather, facetious, which is perhaps better suited to the non-table, or social intercourse in any other place, than to the pages of books read straight without interruption, and especially works pressing sight of a grave or historical nature. Here, the jest alternates badly with the scenes of a desolated district; and humour is specially ill to the horrors of a massacre.

Thus, with a great deal to interest and entertain the general reader, and with some things to offend good taste, we have no question but that these *Adventures* will be very popular; and, indeed, we have seen few works of the kind better calculated to divert the leisure hour of almost every class. We shall, as it does not demand digested criticism, run cursorily along with the gallant captain; and, to leave a phraseology not inconsistent with his own, show-up his contents in a proper manner. In his advertisement he craves the indulgence of the learned, and he disclaims the title of bookmaker; but his opening pages must challenge the former body, and induce some slight knowledge of the latter one, which we rejoiced to find less obvious in its sequel, though a tedious dinner-party is therein avowed of the same blemish.

"Of a family of six boys," he begins, "it is proper that one should be devoted to the eternal gods; and, as my shoulders protest to be of the requisite breadth, and my head of a suitable thickness, I was chosen as a soldier; or, in other words, I was selected for the military profession, as being the best done for the family.

With the view of getting me a good start in my profession, a commission was purchased for me in a newly-raised regiment, it being intended, through the means of my maternal uncle, who commanded the corps, to have me kept on the strength until I had completed the usual quantum of education to capacitate me for joining a marching regiment. I never shall forget the feelings with which, at nine years old, I learned that I had the honour of bearing his majesty's commission. I am convinced to this day, that I grew some inches taller in the course of the first twenty-four hours; and to this early event in my life I have no doubt I owe a certain stiffness of carriage and military strut, for which I have always been remarkable; and to the tenor communicated by it to my ideas may be attributed much of my present character, the predominant features of which are, pride, and a too exquisite, if not a morbid, sense of honour—qualities which I have found to stand in my way in my progress through life. Indeed, it was not long before I began to find the feelings resulting from them rather inconvenient; for if, in my juvenile days, I had to resent plebeian insolence, (to which my disposition rendered me peculiarly sensitive,) I used to think it beneath me to employ any other than the lowest member of my frame; so that frequently, while I was engaged in kicking the insensible breech of some base-born varlet, he was perhaps exercising his horny knuckles in a more effectual way on my patrician scone, which, although I was no bad bruiser among my equals in rank, my military pride would hardly allow me to protect with my hands, for fear of being caught in a boxing-match with a snob."

The puerility and absurdity of this inauspicious commencement startled us much; and we were truly glad to find, that when the captain arrived nearer to years of discretion, his narrative became far more palatable and entertaining. Thither, therefore, we shall pass, without dwelling on the four apple-twigs tied at the end of a stick, which, it appears, are used instead of a birch-rod, to stimulate the fags* at Winchester School, and of which our witty friend tells us he received so many mementos, that he "could easily distinguish, by the touch of the wood alone, all the gradations from a golden pipkin to a codling." Such important matters, we repeat, we shall pass, and simply mention, that, after some other tuition at Woolwich, our hero embarked for India as a cadet, maintaining that jocular style which it is so difficult to maintain without wearying readers.

"I began (he says) to recover my spirits about the same time that my stomach began to recover its tone; that is, as soon as we had crossed that capacious receptacle for Atlantic

* Upon this subject of fagging Mr. E. Wilson has published a pamphlet entitled "A Letter to Sir Alexander Malet, Bart. in reference to his Pamphlet touching the late Expulsions from Winchester School: with a Word, in passing, to the Editor of the Literary Gazette. By an Old Etonian." This performance is evidently the *chef-d'œuvre* of a person who must have been confoundingly fagged in his younger years—for it is remarkably stupid and abusive. Out of twenty-three pages, the exordium occupies above three, the subject ten, and all the rest of the writer's tediousness, more than nine pages, is bestowed on his "Passing Word" to us. To say that he has utterly mistaken our principles and sentiments, is only to repeat that he must have been what he still seems to be,—a perfect and contented Fag; and, with regard to his arguments, it may be sufficient to notice, that in the course of them he calls us puerile, mawkish, foolish, scribbling, drivelling, canting, sentimental, liberal (in its illiberal sense), partial, imbecile, ignorant, incapable, calumniating, false, mean, twaddling, oracular, &c. &c.; and yet at page 10 he is obliged to confess that the *Literary Gazette* is an excellent and useful periodical, enjoying extensive circulation. Its Editor never was fagged!

waves and contents of landsmen's stomachs, the Bay of Biscay;" [and on landing at Madras,] "the place in which I had taken up my quarters proved to be really a *hot hell*, which admirable pun, notwithstanding Mr. Mathews has introduced it in his Trip to America, I have a right to call my own, being able to prove, by two credible witnesses, now luckily alive, that the same was uttered by me on this very occasion, full twenty years before the said Mr. Mathews ever crossed the Atlantic. Happily, Indian hospitality prevented the place being frequented by respectable persons; for it was just such a hole as you would suppose a cannibal *gourmand* would select for preparing the livers of such human geese as he intended should supply him with the *matériel* of a *pâté de foie gras*. Here I passed the night in a bed which might be called a chop-house for mosquitoes, where fresh tender European flesh was regularly served up to them on the arrival of a fleet, just as aldermen are regaled at the City of London Tavern on the landing of a fresh batch of turtle from the West Indies. To be sure, there was some pretence of excluding these voracious animals by what are termed mosquito-curtains; but they only served, like the walls of the tavern aforesaid, to exclude the vulgar herd, while a set party of old hands, aware of the repast which awaited them, had taken care to secure a birth within. This tormenting insect, happily known by report only in England, is justly an object of dread to all new comers. A young lady from the Highlands of Scotland, having had her imagination worked upon during the voyage by the terrible description given of it by the officers of the ship, who feel a pleasure in hoaxing the *griffins*; and having heard, by some means, that it had a proboscis or trunk, on seeing an elephant near the beach where they landed, exclaimed, as she caught the arm of one of the passengers for protection, 'Is that the animal ye caw a muaketeer?'"

We have remarked that this fashion of writing, if too long continued, falls upon the quietude of the study or library; and that we may get rid of the subject at once, and justify our objection, we shall here quote two or three other passages in which it has offended us. In India "some, who are too indolent for sporting, and too idle to read, will saunter forth with their pellet-bow, and make war upon that poor innocent reptile, the blood-sucker, an animal of the lizard species, somewhat like the chameleon in shape, but of most disgusting appearance, having a frightful-looking head with red pendent gills. These poor animals, instead of running off when assailed, will stand bobbing their heads up and down, as if they thought to frighten their enemies away. Indeed, the first time I saw one, it effectually succeeded with me. The pellet-bow used on these occasions is constructed like a common bow, except that it has two strings, kept a short distance apart by a piece of stick, and connected in the centre by a piece of tape. In this tape the ball, generally composed of dried clay and oil, is deposited, and being seized between the finger and thumb, is drawn back and fired just like an arrow. With the young practitioner there is the danger of hitting the thumb of the hand which holds the bow; and many a hard blow is sustained in this way, till practice has made perfect. Some persons are so expert in the use of this missile, that they will easily hit a crow flying at a moderate distance; and with such force is the pellet projected, that I knew a challenge given to encounter any person with a gun, provided the gunner was not to begin to

load before the signal for combat; and I have no doubt the bowman would have gained the day. I had once thoughts of engaging in the glass trade, and then making the tour of England, to instruct schoolboys in the use of this ingenious contrivance for breaking windows, and extinguishing lights, natural and artificial." (Here the witicism at the end injures a very neat sketch of a custom.)—Alluding to the sanguinary and distressing mutiny at Vellore, where between one and two thousand men were murdered, he thus jokes upon it: "The circumstances of which, I may say, in the words of the pious *Aeneas* (thanks to Dr. Gabell's apple-twigs, and to rather sensitive, if not very shrewd parts, I am enabled to quote them), '*Quaque ipse miserrima cidi*,' it falls within the scope of my memoirs to relate. Most providentially, I may add, it is in my power to relate them; for nothing but accident prevented me from being one of the sufferers on that melancholy occasion.

"During the pursuit of the sepoys, I was passing by the grand magazine of the fort, when I observed the door to be open; fearing that some accident might happen if it remained in that state (for there were already some buildings on fire at no great distance), I dismounted for the purpose of securing the entrance by some means or other. What was my surprise to see issuing from it a party of dismounted dragoons, headed by an officer, with iron scabbards to their swords, and nails in their boots, rattling and trampling over heaps of loose powder, with pistols cocked in their hands, ready to be discharged at any of the mutineers they might have found concealed therein! A single spark would have blown us all to —, I cannot say heaven, for I believe few of us were just then fit to enter that state of bliss. But for the sake of the millions of our profession who have preceded us in the path of glory or of honour, we may be allowed to hope that fate would not have consigned us to the eternal torments of that region which a respect for tender ears will not permit me to name."

At pages 176 and 327, Vol. I. (the latter a very ancient joke), are allusions which we could scarcely have looked for from the pen of an officer and gentleman: the following, though not so indelicate, may indicate their character.

"In England the first words that are exchanged on meeting, after the usual salutations, have generally reference to the weather: and very properly so, for in such a climate what subject can furnish more variety, or be more interesting to all! But, in India, except by giving vent to an occasional ejaculation, such as that with which the midshipman, in the warmth of his body, indulged his titled partner during a dance in the Madras dog-days, 'Bloody hot, my lady!' suiting, at the same time, the action to the word, by passing the salt-water calico across his dewy forehead, — no one but a new-comer ever thinks of introducing a subject which, nine times out of ten, must lead to the reiterated remark of 'fine sunny morning!'"

Having now discharged the most disagreeable part of our public duty, we turn with satisfaction to pleasanter topics and illustrations; commencing with a batch of extracts and anecdotes.

Story on a March.—"An officer, whose stock of table-linen had been completely exhausted during the campaign, — whether by wear and tear or accident I cannot say, — had a few friends to dine with him. The dinner being announced to the party, seated in the *al fresco*

drawing-room of a camp, the table appeared spread with eatables, but without the usual covering of a cloth. The master, who perhaps gave himself but little trouble about these matters, or who probably relied upon his servant's capacity in the art of borrowing, or, at all events, on his ingenuity on framing an excuse, inquired, with an angry voice, why there was no table-cloth. The answer was, 'Master not got;' with which reply, after apologising to his guests, he was compelled, for the present, to put up. The next morning he called his servant, and rated him soundly, and perhaps beat him, (for I lament to say that this was too much the practice with European masters in India,) for exposing his poverty to the company; desiring him, another time, if similarly circumstanced, to say that all the table-cloths were gone to the wash. Another day, although the table appeared clothed in the proper manner, the spoons, which had probably found their way to the bazar, perhaps to provide the very articles of which the feast was composed, were absent, whether with or without leave is immaterial. 'Where are all the spoons?' cried the apparently enraged master. 'Gone washerman, sar!' was the answer. Roars of laughter succeeded, and a teacup did duty for the soup-ladle. The probable consequence of this unlucky exposure of the domestic economy of the host, namely, a sound drubbing to the poor maty-boy, brings to my mind an anecdote which, being in a story-telling vein, I cannot resist the temptation of introducing. It was related to me, with great humour, by one of the principals in the transaction, whose candour exceeded his fear of shame. He had been in the habit of beating his servants, till one in particular complained that he would have him before Sir Henry Gwillam, then chief justice at Madras, who had done all in his power to suppress the disgraceful practice. Having a considerable balance to settle with his maty-boy on the score of punishment, but fearing the presence of witnesses, the master called him one day into a bungalow at the bottom of his garden, at some distance from the house. 'Now,' said he, as he shut the door and put the key into his pocket, 'you'll complain to Sir Henry Gwillam, will you? There is nobody near to bear witness to what you may say, and, with the blessing of God, I'll give it you well.' 'Master sure nobody near?' asked the Indian. 'Yes, yes, I've taken good care of that.' 'Then I give master one good beating.' And forthwith the maty-boy proceeded to put his threat into execution, till the master, being the weaker of the two, was compelled to cry mercy; which being at length granted, and the door opened with at least as much alacrity as it was closed, Maotoo decamped without beat of drum, never to appear again."

At Assaye. "a surgeon, whose bandages had been exhausted by the number of patients, espying one of the enemy's horsemen lying, as he supposed, dead on the ground, with a fine long girdle of cotton cloth round his waist, seized the end of it, and rolling over the body, began to loose the folds. Just as he had nearly accomplished his purpose, up sprang the dead man, and away ran the doctor, both taking to their heels on opposite tacks, to the infinite amusement of the bystanders. This extraordinary instance of a doctor bringing a man to life, so opposite to the usual practice of the faculty, became the subject of a caricature; while the story, as may be supposed, long clung to this unfortunate son of Galen, who

afterwards went by the name of the resurrection doctor."

Perhaps the following, though good travellers' or story-tellers' anecdotes, are not literally so credible.

Bheels.—"A remarkable instance of their ingenuity and dexterity in their art was related to me by an officer who witnessed the circumstance. A bet was laid by a gentleman that he would procure a bheel who should steal the sheet from under a person without waking him. The thing was effected in the following manner: the bheel approaching the person, who lay on his side, from behind, carefully folded up the sheet in small compact plaits till it reached his back; then, taking a feather, he tickled the nose of the sleeper, who immediately scratched his face and rolled over on the other side, when with a slight effort he completely released the sheet, and bore it off in triumph."

Scarcity of Fodder!—"Here I cannot omit mentioning a curious circumstance which I witnessed about this time—a consequence of the privation undergone by our unfortunate beasts. Lolling one day in my tent, ruminating on the hardships of a soldier's life, and on the shifts to which he is often reduced, my eyes and my thoughts were naturally attracted to my poor cattle, who stood picketed at a short distance, with nothing to chew but the cud of disappointment, having waited since morning in eager expectation of the return of a foraging party. I observed one of these, whose well defined ribs bore testimony to the scantiness of his fare, gradually stretching out his head; a turban, belonging to one of my servants which happened to lie within the length of his tether. After giving it a turn or two with his nose, I suppose to ascertain the possibility of its being masticated, he seized the loose end in his mouth, and actually began to swallow it. He swallowed, and swallowed; and, as the voluminous folds of the turban unrolled, so fast did they disappear down the throat of the bullock, until, of at least ten yards of stuff, there remained only a small bit pendent from his jaws. I was so amused with the whole process, that I could not find it in my heart to stop him; but lay on my couch observing his operations for at least an hour. Another minute, and the turban, which had nearly reached its latter end, would have been safely deposited in the stomach of the bullock, to be brought up for rumination at a favourable opportunity. Just at this critical moment owner returned, when, looking about for his turban, he beheld the end dangling from the mouth of the animal. With an oath he flew at the bullock; and seizing the only visible portion of his garment, pulled and pulled, his over hand, and oath upon oath, while the tattered, but still connected, cloth came forth like a measuring tape out of its case. The man's rage and gestures at the destruction of his turban, the beast's astonishment at the novel kind of emetic he was undergoing, the attitudes of both, formed a scene absolutely irresistible." We wonder the bullock did not swallow the man instead, and thus restore to him his turban! But, *adieu*.

Elephants.—"One example of their anger was related to me by an officer of artillery, who witnessed the transaction. The battering-ram going to the siege of Seringapatam had to cross the sandy bed of a river, that resembled the rivers of the Peninsula, which have during dry season but a small stream of water running through them, though their beds are most considerable breadth, very heavy for draught

and abounding in quicksands. It happened that an artillery-man, who was seated on the Ember of one of the guns, by some accident fell off, in such a situation that, in a second or two, the hind wheel must have gone over him. The elephant, which was stationed behind the gun, perceiving the predicament in which the man was, instantly, without any warning from its keeper, lifted up the wheel with its trunk, and kept it suspended till the carriage had passed clear of him. The attachment or dislike of elephants to their keepers, according to the treatment they receive, is too well known to need illustration. I have myself seen the wife of a mohaut (for the followers often take their families with them to camp) give a baby in charge to the elephant, while she went on some business, and have been highly amused in observing the sagacity and care of the unwieldy nurse. The child, which, like most children, did not like to lie still in one position, would, as soon as left to itself, begin crawling about, in which exercise it would probably get among the legs of the animal, or entangled in the branches of the trees on which he was feeding; when the elephant would, in the most tender manner, disengage his charge, either by lifting it out of the way with his trunk, or by removing the impediments to its free progress. If the child had crawled so such a distance as to verge upon the limits of his range, (for the animal was chained by the leg to a peg driven into the ground,) he would stretch out his trunk, and lift it back as gently as possible to the spot whence it had started, and this without causing any alarm to the child, which appeared accustomed to the society and treatment of its Brogdignian guardian." As we have great complaints of the carelessness of *slavery-men* about London, might it not be a good way to import elephants to supersede these *giddy* creatures?

Facts.—After the battle of Assaye, at a *fat*, "I recollect, on one of these occasions, a rather illiterate character, who used to say that 'Father and he fit, cause he sold the *bustumes* for too little money; so he commended *at a cadet*,' sat as vice-president; the toast of 'General Wellesley, and the heroes of Assaye,' was, as usual, given from the chair; when Mr. Vice, rising majestically, and holding aloft his brimming glass, with a sonorous voice, and north-country accent, echoed the toast, in the words, 'General Wellesley, and here he is I say!'"

Here we must pause, though our notes have just brought us to the *début* of the immortal Wellington.

Mr. Gregor's Historical and Descriptive Sketches of the Maritime Colonies of British America.

[Conclusion of our Review.]

In one page Mr. M'Gregor tells us, "There are no game laws, nor any restrictions as regards shooting; nor does it appear that one can hinder persons from doing so, even on lands under cultivation, unless he proceeds against them as trespassers;" yet, in the same page, he says, "Partridges are larger, and considered *fair*, than in England. A provincial law prohibits the shooting of them between the 1st of April and the 1st of September;"—which seems to imply a contradiction.

Of Nova Scotia, we are informed, "that its computed superficies, exclusive of Cape Breton, is 11,500 square miles; from which nearly one-third may be deducted for lakes, arms of the sea, and rivers, leaving about 7,000,000 acres of land; 5,000,000 of which may be considered capable of cultivation. A great propor-

tion of these lands is still vacant, and in the hands of the crown. . . . The position of this colony, in respect to its trade with Europe, the West Indies, and other parts of the world, with its excellent harbours, and its abundant fisheries, will ever secure to it a decided advantage over the Canadas. Its climate, although more humid, is also much milder than that of Canada, and the winter two months shorter. Mines of coal, iron, copper, and other minerals, abound in Nova Scotia, which will very probably be soon brought into profitable operation by the 'Albion Mining Company,' who have now skilful engineers, artificers, and miners, actively engaged in working them. This colony produces, also, especially in the interior, great plenty of wood for ship-building, joiner-work, &c., and the soil is capable of yielding more than a sufficient quantity of green and white crops for the support of the inhabitants. The country is admirably adapted for the breeding of sheep; and although the climate in winter is colder than in England, yet when the weather is cold it is usually dry; many tracts of land, also, that are too stony for cultivation, afford tolerable pasturage. The horses of Nova Scotia are seldom large, but hardy and full of spirit: the breed, however, is improving fast. Black cattle thrive well, and the beef and mutton are usually very good. Pigs and poultry may be raised in abundant numbers. Wheat, barley, oats, potatoes, turnips, and vegetables, yield bountiful returns. Apples, equal to any produced in the United States, grow in many parts of the province; and wild vines covering several acres have lately been discovered near Digby."

But here, as elsewhere, the curse of lawyers is felt. "The bankrupt laws do not extend to the colonies, nor is there in Nova Scotia any law which affords an unfortunate debtor the release which is so easily obtained in England. A provincial law, however, called the 'Insolvent debtor's Act,' generally relieves a debtor, if no fraud be discovered. A law, which enables a creditor to attack property before he obtains a judgment of court, has been severely complained of. It has certainly enabled merchants and others to obtain payment of debts justly due to them, and which they otherwise might never have recovered; but such a law gives often to a bad character too much power over the property of an honest man. All over America there is too frequent recurrence to law; the people fly to litigation on the most trivial occasion; they are inveigled into law-suits by low attorneys; and there is nothing that tends more to destroy the dignity of the courts than admitting, without much scruple, as an attorney and barrister, any one who has been five years an articulated clerk to an attorney practising in the province. By this system a mere *amanuensis* is placed on a par with gentlemen of extensive legal learning and experience. Next to the cheapness and abundance of ardent spirits, what is called '*law*' is the bane of all North America, both as respects the British colonies and the United States."

The following is curious:

"The descendants of the French who settled in the colonies now possessed by Great Britain, are distinguished by the appellations of Acadians and Canadians. The former were principally settled during the French government in Nova Scotia, then called Acadia; the latter in Canada. The Acadians are now to be found in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and Cape Breton, always by themselves, in distinct settle-

ments. They are averse from settling among other people; and I have not been able to discover more than four instances of their intermarrying with strangers. They profess the Roman Catholic faith, and observe the most rigid adherence to all the forms of their church. Their general character is honest and inoffensive. Religiously tenacious of their dress and all the habits of their forefathers, they have no ambition to rise in the world above the condition in which they have lived since their first settling in America. The dread of being exposed to the derision of the rest, for attempting to imitate the English inhabitants, is one, if not the principal cause that prevents individuals among them, who would willingly alter their dress and habits, from doing so. In Prince Edward Island the Acadian women dress nearly in the same way as the Bavarian broom-girls. On Sundays their clothes and linen look extremely clean and neat; and they wear over their shoulders a small blue cloth cloak, reaching only half way down the body, and generally fastened at the breast with a brass brooch. On week days they are more carelessly dressed, and they usually wear sabots (wood shoes). The men dress in round blue cloth jackets, with strait collars, and metal buttons set close together; blue or scarlet waistcoats, and blue trowsers. Among all the Acadians in Prince Edward Island, I never knew but one person who had the hardihood to dress differently from what they call '*notre façon*.' On one occasion he ventured to put on an English coat, and he has never since, even among his relations, been called by his proper name, Joseph Gallant, which has been supplanted by that of 'Joe Peacock.' At Arichat, the Acadians, both men and women, sometimes depart in their dress from the fashions of the Acadians, and wear coats and gowns. At Caraquette, I observed also a partial deviation from their usual dress; some of the men wearing coats, and a few of the women wearing gowns. The head-dress of the women on the south side of the Bay de Chaleur, is, I believe, peculiar to themselves: instead of the Bavarian-like small caps worn by all the other Acadians, they delight in immense muslin caps, in shape like a balloon. The women in all the fishing settlements are perfect drudges. The men, after splitting the fish, leave the whole labour of curing to the women, who have also to cook, nurse their children, plant their gardens, gather what little corn they raise, and spin and weave coarse cloth. The old worn clothes they either cut into small stripes, and weave as waft into coarse bed-covers, or they untwist the threads into wool, which they again spin and make into cloth. The Acadians are nearly destitute of education: scarcely any of the women, and few of the men, can read or write, and, like all ignorant people, it matters not of what religion, are exceedingly bigotted and superstitious.* They labour under the

* "I was told by different persons in Prince Edward Island, the following anecdote:—At St. Eleanor's, Col. Compton, to whom the township of St. Eleanor's belongs, lived about thirty years ago. Near his house is a small river, the entrance of which opens early in the spring, at which time it is usually frequented by flocks of wild geese. St. Eleanor's was then populously settled with Acadian French; and during the residence of Colonel Compton, one of the inhabitants (Louis Arseneux) died without the usual consolatory attendance of a clergyman, there being at the time on the island, who lived about seventy miles distant, and who could not, it appears, come in time to hear the confession of the dying man. Louis, it seems, was one of those Acadians who did not surrender when the island was taken; and while lurking about in the woods, he found two Englishmen sleeping, during the summer heat, under the shade of a tree. Louis considering them his natural enemies, so

impression that justice is not, under the British government, administered impartially to them in the courts of law; and this has arisen perhaps entirely from the conduct of the justices of the peace, many of whom, appointed in the settlements, are stupid, ignorant men; and I regret to say, that I have often known them to make iniquitous and unjust decisions against the Acadians. The descendants of the French settled on the north side of the Bay de Chaleur, are mostly Acadians, but from their intimate intercourse with Quebec and the Canadians, are a more intelligent and respectable people than the other Acadians, whom they, as well as the Canadians, denominate 'les Sauvages.'

With these sketches, with which we have been much pleased, we shall take our leave of this very unpretending, but both useful and amusing volume. The author states, that the valuable fisheries on the coast of Newfoundland have been much injured since the last peace by the encroachments of both French and American speculators. This is a subject which particularly merits the notice of government: and the rest of the book is equally well worthy of the attention of the public, and especially of persons disposed to emigrate to a congenial climate, not very distant from their native ties, and protected by the British constitution.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Franklin's Journey to the Shores of the Polar Sea in 1819, 20, 21, 22. With a brief Account of the Second Journey in 1825, 26, 27. 4 vols. 18mo. With Plates. London, 1829. J. Murray.

Huge quartos compressed, like essences, into these cheap and tiny tomes, must greatly delight all those classes to whom the necessarily high prices of the original works rendered them objects of desire rather than of attainment. Perhaps none of our voyagers' narratives possess such powerful interest as those which are here presented to the public, in a popular and convenient style; and we consider Mr. Murray to be doing an essential service to the literature of his country, by thus spiritedly following up his plan of giving such works in this manner. The plates are as interesting as in the largest editions; and portraits of Franklin, Dr. Richardson, Lieut. Beck, and Augustus the guide, are pleasing frontispieces to these four volumes.

well as the conquerors of his country, felt no scruple in killing them with his hatchet. The murder, however, made Louis miserable, and his conscience was a most troublesome one to him as long as he lived, although his dying hour only developed the mysterious cause of his misery. A little after his death, a solitary wild goose made its appearance, in the opening of the ice, at the mouth of the river, near the village of St. Eleanor's. The young men, who were all considered such good shots as to be able to hit a goose at 100 yards distance with a musket ball, fired frequently, but ineffectually, at this one, which they at last began to think invulnerable. At this time there was on a visit at Colonel Compton's an Irish officer, belonging to the troops stationed at Charlotte Town. He had with him an excellent double-barrelled gun, and the Acadians beseeched him to try his virtues, by shooting the wonderful goose. He accompanied them, crept within shot of the object, and, being (although a Catholic himself) amused at their superstitious fears, he at the moment he was apparently going to fire, started up, as if in great terror, and told the Acadians that no one must attempt firing again at what they took for a wild goose; that his gun possessed the peculiar and wonderful property, when he aimed with it at a supernatural object, of exhibiting it to him in its proper form; and that what they had vainly attempted to shoot, was the ghost of Louis Arseneux, who would doubtless haunt St. Eleanor's until a clergyman was sent for to deliver his soul from the pains of purgatory. A deputation of young men were immediately despatched for the priest: the goose disappeared, and the good Acadians rejoiced in having performed a religious duty, which the felicity of their lost friend rendered necessary."

Elements of Geography, for the Use of Young Children. By the Author of "Stories from the History of England." pp. 94. London, 1829. J. Murray.

A MELANCHOLY interest is imparted to this eminently useful work of instruction by the circumstance of the child for whom it was intended by its affectionate parent, Mr. J. Wilson Croker, not living to reap the benefit of his very judicious method of teaching. After time has somewhat alleviated his affliction, he has kindly given it to the world; and we believe there are few parents who will not, when they have examined it, at once thank him for the gift, and sympathise with him on the event so touchingly alluded to in his Introduction. Of the work itself it is only needful for us to say, that, as far as it goes, it is one of the plainest and best we ever saw. We entirely agree with Mr. Croker, that the science of geography has always been taught by beginning at the wrong end; and that children ought to learn by memory the names and situations of things and places, before they are confused with the abstruse points of the earth's revolutions, imaginary circles, latitudes and longitudes, &c. &c. In pursuance of this plan, we have here, as a first part, a clear account of the great divisions of the globe, its next divisions into countries, the chief cities of each, and the great rivers, mountains, lakes, &c. which distinguish one portion from another. These are laid down in a way not to be surprised for ease and clearness, and for the facility with which any child may be led to understand and remember them.

The History of Bullanabee and Clinkataboo, two recently discovered Islands in the Pacific. 18mo. pp. 215. London, 1829. Longman and Co.

BULLANABEE and Clinkataboo are England and Ireland; and this little work an allegorical and anti-catholic discussion of the Roman Catholic question. There are also some touches at our national manners; but the gist of the author's satire runs against the religion and practices of the church of Rome.

Affection's Offering; a Book for all Seasons. pp. 176. London, 1829. S. Lawson.

A PRETTY volume: a medley of original pieces, tales, extracts from books, poems, &c. adorned with wood-cuts, and calculated to promote the moral improvement of the rising generation.

The Christian's Present for the Year 1829. pp. 256. London. W. R. Goodluck, jun.

ANOTHER of those productions which this season of the year calls forth. It consists entirely of original pieces in prose and verse, and is dedicated to Mrs. Fry. It is, in our opinion, of too sombre and gloomy a character: the world has many shadows, sorrows, and crimes; but there are also sunshine, happiness, and good actions, as there is day as well as night: and the beneficent Creator of man has furnished too many sources of enjoyment, to permit us to think it can be agreeable to the dispensations of Providence to look at life, and all that belongs to it, with a morbid eye.

L'Economie de la Vie Humaine, etc. pp. 105. London. Maunder, and Dulau and Co.

A TRANSLATION of Doddsley's popular "Economy of Human Life" into French, by Mrs. Davidson. It is very literal, and a capital book for the young student of the French tongue.

Winter Evenings at College: a familiar Description of the Manners, Customs, Sports, and Religious Observances of the Ancient Greeks. With a short Account of the State of Modern Greece, &c. By a Clergyman. 2 vols. 18mo. London, 1829. J. Harris.

WE cannot confer a greater obligation on our youthful readers than by warmly recommending this work to their attention. In the most familiar form and unpretending size, these small volumes convey very accurate and ample information upon the various topics of which they treat, and bring forcibly before us the condition and appearance of ancient Greece, drawn from a multitude of classic stores. The Evenings are passed by a college tutor and his pupils; but the design is so admirably executed, that we know of no age, from ten years to the largest span, that may not be pleasantly instructed by the author's labours.

The Forest Sanctuary; with other Poems. By F. Hemans. The Second Edition, with Additions. 12mo. pp. 324. Edinburgh, Blackwood; London, Cadell.

WE rejoice to see the grace, the taste, the talent, and the beauty of Mrs. Hemans rewarded thus speedily by the call for a second edition. It shows that the good feeling and judgment of the public are not so insensible to poetical merit as many scribblers (probably themselves unsuccessful candidates for notice and favour) are continually endeavouring to insinuate. When sparrows chirp, it is true, nobody thinks of listening; but, till nature is perverted and changed, the notes of the lark and the nightingale will always attract the attention and charm the ear.

Conversations on the Life of Jesus Christ; for the Use of Children. By a Mother. London, 1829. J. Harris.

A WELL-INTENDED child's book, and, generally speaking, worthy of its office. But there are many grand errors in most works of this class; and the present is not free from them. Making children exclaim with doubt and wonder at the description of Christ's miracles, for instance, only shows that they had not been previously impressed with the more important knowledge of his character.

Poems, Lyric, Moral, and Humorous. By Thomas Crossley. 12mo. pp. 138. London, 1829. Hurst, Chance, and Co.

JUVENILE trifles, written to pass the idle hours, these compositions can hardly hope to excite notice beyond the author's own circle of friends.

A Chart of the Diseases of the Skin. By Jonathan Green, Surgeon, &c.

THIS Chart is evidently arranged so as to render more clear the obscurity that prevails with respect to these diseases; it shows research, and defines the characteristics by which each of them may be readily distinguished. It promises to be a useful synoptical table for professional men; but what is of more consequence, it points out those amongst these diseases which may be cured by means of the fumigating baths, even without medicine internally. We some time since directed public attention to this remedy, having ourselves experimented on its good effects; and are surprised that more medical men do not adopt the method as a decided branch of their practice. Indeed, since our former notice, we find it has extended almost to an incredible degree on the continent, where it has been proved to be of the greatest utility in those

numerous and obstinate diseases which are not readily influenced by medicine when used internally. These baths are pleasant in their operation, and may be taken either as preservative of health or as curative of disease, by persons of all ages, and at any season of the year, as there is little chance of catching cold after them: but it is principally for chronic, or what are technically called *chronic* diseases, that we advocate this remedy.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

PURITY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

[The following letter from a distinguished foreigner anticipates us on a subject which we have long marked for the exercise of our pen; and we hail the accession of so impartial and powerful an ally. We need hardly state to any English gentleman, or family that has visited Carlruhe, who the noble writer is; but to our countrymen who have not had the pleasure of seeing him there, we ought to say, that he is not only an excellent scholar and linguist, but one of the most polite, kind, and hospitable friends with whom an English traveller can meet.—Ed. L. G.]

General Post-office, Carlruhe, 1838.

Sir,*—In a review of a work by the Rev. W. Walter (No. 580) you say: "We laugh, and with reason, at the havoc which our continental neighbours make with our language, when they attempt to introduce it in their works." You are quite right: I agree with you, this is indeed very laughable. But allow me to say, it is also laughable, or rather it is melancholy, for a lover of your nation, when he remarks the havoc (to use your expression) which modern English writers make with their own language, in spoiling and disgracing it so much by the introduction of French words and phrases. Not only the publishers of newspapers, but even authors of more scientific works, yourself not excepted,† seem to be seized with this strange mania. I am convinced when an Englishman of the good old time reads, for example, *Strawberry Hill*, or some other tales of the day, he will exclaim with a feeling of grief and disgust—

"The language I have learned these forty years,
My native English, now I must forego!"

But their making so much use of French words and phrases surprises me the more, as the French acknowledge the superiority of the English language in the most frank and candid manner. The following article, copied from a French paper (*La Foudre*, No. 1128, June 24, 1826), will make, I flatter myself, a deep impression upon you, at the same time that it will give you, as I hope, great satisfaction.

"Or la poésie a des sentimens, une langue, des mouvemens, qui lui sont propres, et nul, à notre connaissance, n'a autant que Lord Byron fait usage de ses ressources fécondes. Aussi les prosateurs seront-ils toujours à une incommensurable distance d'un pareil modèle. A cette importante différence entre les franchises de la poésie et les serviles allures de la prose, ajoutez l'incontestable supériorité des matériaux employés par l'Anglais, et le mécanisme varié de la prosodie. Comparez l'audace, l'énergie, la richesse de sa langue, avec la timidité, la mollesse, la pénurie de la nôtre; voyez ses vers élastiques, de rythmes inconstans, de mesures décroissans, où la rime elle-même est un agrément plutôt qu'une nécessité; puis rejetez les yeux sur notre versification sèche, guindée, meurtrie, plus à la gêne mille fois entre les règles de Richelieu, que la taille d'une femme entre des os de balaine et les lames d'acier."

But, allow me to remark, this abuse takes

a more serious turn, as history proves that a nation which begins to neglect and to corrupt its own idiom, exposes itself to lose likewise its original stamp—the national character,—till now England's pride and moral support. More than one hundred years ago, Swift censured this bad habit. You will allow me to quote his own words. "I have often wished," he says, "that as in our constitution there are several persons whose business is to watch over our laws, our liberties, and commerce, certain men might be set apart as superintendents of our language, to hinder any word of a foreign coin from passing among us; and in particular to prohibit any French phrases from becoming current in this kingdom, when those of our own stamp are altogether as valuable." I wish the dean's idea may be at last fulfilled. Nothing would be more worthy of so great a nation as yours, nothing would, in particular, contribute more to illustrate the reign of your most gracious Sovereign, than to put in execution such a plan.

But it was rather an odd idea of the dean, when he wished at the same time, "that some method should be thought on for ascertaining and fixing the language for ever." Every idiom must enjoy full life and liberty, and cannot be kept down under any restraint whatever, as long as it does not transgress its natural limits. But it is not the place here to enlarge more upon this matter.

Now I have expressed my sentiments upon this subject without any restraint. I feel it looks rather assuming when a foreigner interferes in a matter of such importance. But who can deny the fact, that most of the publications of the day are interlarded with French words and phrases? And will not the lively interest I take in the purity and genuineness of your language be my best apology in the eyes of every equitable reader? Besides, the great similarity between the English language and my own gives me, I think, some right to utter my opinion upon this matter. This resemblance may be, perhaps, the reason why it is so shocking to me to see your language so much spoiled and adulterated by French words and phrases.

I leave it now to your impartiality to insert these lines in your valuable paper. As its circulation and influence on public opinion is so very great, you could contribute most essentially to putting a stop to this disgrace of your noble and genuine language.

But before I leave the critic's chair, which you know by experience is such a sweet and comfortable one,* allow me to add one remark more on the same subject. In the Biography of Lady C. Lamb, No. 578, it is said that she died of the *dropsy*. I confess to you, this word shocks me as often as I meet with it; it sounds so very vulgar. Do you not think that *hydropsy* would be more correct, and the more so as you still say *hydropical* and *hydropics*? Nothing but

"That monster, Custom, who all sense doth eat," can have introduced this corrupted word into your language.

Allow me now to enclose some other communications; and in case they should meet with your approbation, I should feel happy in becoming a regular correspondent.

I have the honour to be, with great regard, sir, your humble, obedient servant,

BARON VON FAHNENBERG,

Post-Master General of the Grand Duchy of Baden.

* The — It is! — Ed. L. G.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

RUSSIAN VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.

THE last account received at St. Petersburg of the voyage of discovery under the command of Captain Litke, holds out the prospect of great additions to our geographical and nautical knowledge. The expedition had instructions to sail to the harbour of St. Peter and St. Paul, Kamtschatka, and thence to visit, in the winter, the Carolines, and in the summer to examine the regions in, and at the other side of, Behring's Straits. The first part of this expedition has been happily accomplished, during a cruise of seven months near the equator, between the first and tenth degrees of north latitude. A letter from Dr. Martens, botanist to the expedition, contains the following particulars:—

"Our ship, the *Siniavin*, sailed from the harbour of St. Peter and St. Paul on the 19th of October, last year, and arrived on the 22d November off the island of Oolan, which was re-discovered by Captain Duperey, in the *Cochille*, in 1824; where we had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with a people, in the purest state of nature, who had remained hitherto unknown, and were wholly unacquainted with Europeans;—who differed even in language from all the other inhabitants of the Carolines;—who to all appearance never had any intercourse with the other islands, and have hitherto lived in such patriarchal simplicity, that not a single weapon, nor any thing resembling a weapon, was met with in the whole island. This was the more surprising, as it soon appeared that the government of the place was aristocratic, and several chiefs considered themselves as masters of the island; and who, therefore, must constantly live in peace and harmony. Their complexion is of a bright brown, the arms and thighs tattooed, their hair in a bunch braided together upon the head, and adorned with flowers; their features resemble those of the Malaya. Every thing proved that they did not know what hostility was. Our naturalists found them the most faithful guides on their excursions, and the most careful keepers of the insects and plants which they collected. One of their chiefs, named Sipa, offered them his dwelling for their residence; and here also they had an opportunity of making themselves acquainted with the domestic arrangements of the inhabitants. The Oolanese are particularly distinguished from the inhabitants of the other Carolines, by being entirely free from the propensity to stealing. They treat their women with great kindness and affection. We could not obtain any clear notions of the religion of these people. Their diet consists of bread, fruit, bananas, sugar-cane, cocoa-nuts, fish, snipes, pigeons, and some wild fowl. As far as we could learn, the island is divided into between forty and fifty districts, each of which contains several villages, and belongs to a chief. Several of these chiefs live on a small island, separated from the rest of the inhabitants. One of them was treated with particular reverence: he might be considered, in some measure, as the king of the whole. We could not discover how he came to enjoy this honour: it certainly was not for his wealth; for his majesty possessed only two villages, while another chief had eight."

After remaining three weeks among these people, whose natural innocence is so amiable, the *Siniavin* continued its voyage on the 20th of December. On the 2d of January, 1828, they discovered a new group of islands, the highest and also the largest of all the Carolines, except the

* We have suppressed a few introductory observations. † We deny the imputation: we never express a thought in any language but the most intelligible of our own. We must, however, always help our correspondents running into a country practice, however much we dislike it; and especially our continental correspondents.—Ed. L. G.

Pellew Islands. The ship cruised eight days among these islands; but no attempt to land was made, because the inhabitants appeared very hostile. When the *Siniavin* put out a boat, to look for an anchorage or landing-place, it was immediately surrounded by other boats, the crews of which used very menacing gestures. They carried short spears, headed with teeth of the saw-fish, and a sling made of plaited rushes. When pistols charged only with powder were fired at them, they made no impression on them, and yet every thing indicated that these natives had never before seen Europeans. Their hair was rather short, and beautifully curled: they wore about their waist a girdle, with very deep, dark-red fringe; this girdle covered a part of the breast, and was fastened on one shoulder.

Notwithstanding the beautiful appearance of these fine lofty islands, the humane Capt. Lütke would not attempt to land; because it was evident that it could not be done without bloodshed. The naturalists were, therefore, disappointed of their expected harvest, and the *Siniavin* proceeded on her voyage. A dog was all that they carried away. The letter continues:

"On the 13th January we descried *Los Vahentes*—low, miserable islands; the wretched inhabitants of which did not appear even to possess boats. On the 18th we arrived off the *Namuricks*; and on the 23d, off *Mortlock* islands (discovered in 1796), the natives of which appeared very amiable and civilised, which is probably to be attributed to their intercourse with the other Carolines and with Manila. Their ships are calculated for long voyages, and are provided with compasses. An unexpected sight here was an English three-masted ship, the *Partridge* whaler, which, like many others of that class, has since 1823 visited the coast of Japan, in pursuit of the sperm whale. As this ship had been almost as long absent from Europe as the *Siniavin*, the crew could not give us any news; however, mutual visits were paid, which could not be otherwise than agreeable in this distant part of the world.

"On the 2d of February we discovered the island of *Rug*; and on the 8th, *Union* Island. On the 17th, the *Siniavin* arrived in the harbour of *Caldera de Apra*, where she remained till the 7th of March, during which time the Spanish governor shewed us every kind of attention and politeness. On the 30th of March we cast anchor off the island of *Ooropick*, and this was the termination of our voyage, after five months cruise, in the tropical regions. On the 18th we discovered the bleak and barren rocks of the island of *Rosario*, or *Disappointment*; and on the following day we were fortunate enough to see the beautiful islands of *Bonin*, which had been previously discovered, but whose existence was afterwards doubted, as *Krusenstern* could not find them. The *Siniavin* had been anticipated in this re-discovery by the English sloop the *Blossom*, which had been sent to meet Captain Franklin in *Behring's Straits*: a board which it had left, shewed that Captain Beechey, the commander, had taken possession of the islands the preceding year, in the name of his Britannic Majesty. In one of these islands, which was otherwise wholly uninhabited, Captain Lütke found two Europeans, living in great distress; a Prussian, *Charles Wettrin*, of *Königsburg*; and *John Peterson*, a Norwegian, who had served on board an English ship which was wrecked on this island in 1826, but the crew of which happily got on shore. Another English ship, which arrived six weeks afterwards, took the crew on board; but left

Wettrin and *Peterson* behind, who wished to save as much from the wreck as possible, but received a promise that they should be taken off by the last ship in its return from the coast of Japan. This promise, however, was not fulfilled; and Captain Lütke took them with him.

"These islands may become very useful and important to *Kamtschatka*. The climate is extremely fine, and the plants and fruits of the torrid and temperate zone flourish equally well. A few hogs, which had been left by the stranded ship, have increased to the amount of several hundreds. The turtles were so numerous and close together in the bays, that the strand looked as if it were paved with them. There was also an abundance of the finest fish. Fourteen days that we spent here afforded the naturalists an ample harvest. On the 28th of May, the *Siniavin* arrived again in the harbour of *St. Peter* and *St. Paul*, where the trees were still without leaves, and a few spring flowers were but just beginning to appear. The collection of natural curiosities of every kind is very considerable; we have specimens and drawings of 140 new species of fish. The whole excursion was highly fortunate. Not a single individual of the crew was attacked by sickness during the seven months voyage. In June the expedition sailed for *Behring's Straits*."

FRENCH SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION TO GREECE.

THIS expedition, which we announced some time ago, will in a few days take its departure. It consists of seventeen persons, who have been appointed by the government, upon the recommendation of the Academy of Sciences, and other scientific institutions in Paris. A correspondent in that capital informs us, that in fitting out this expedition no expense has been spared; it is supplied with instruments and necessary apparatus by the first makers; and most of the persons composing it have liberal salaries. Two of these gentlemen are first-rate botanists, and another has had great experience in agriculture. It would seem, from some circumstances which have transpired, that great attention is to be paid to the soil and climate of Greece, with a view to the cultivation of many articles of necessity and luxury, under the superintendence of French colonists. On its arrival in Greece, the expedition will be divided into three parties, each of which will prosecute its researches on separate points, but under such arrangements as will render it easy for them to unite when it shall be necessary to do so. Colonel *Favler*, the French commandant in Greece, has received instructions to provide military escorts; and letters have been sent by the French minister to the Greek president, requesting him to afford every facility in his power. The King of France has taken great interest in the promotion of this enterprise, and has signified his readiness to contribute from his own purse any sum that may be considered necessary.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

CAMBRIDGE, January 2.—The Hulsean prize for the last year has been adjudged to Mr. Andrew Watson, of Catharine Hall, for his dissertation on the following subject:—*How far have the Laws of the Jews been abrogated by the Christian Dispensation?*
The following is the subject of the Hulsean prize dissertation for the present year:—*What was the extent of the knowledge which the Jews had of a Future State at the time of our Saviour's appearance?*

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

JANUARY 8.—Mr. Hamilton in the chair.

Mr. Secretary Ellis laid before the Society an impression of the seal of the town of Bruges. Mr. Ellis then communicated a paper respecting the liberties and privileges of the houses of Black and White Friars, in London, in the time of Elizabeth, which he prefaced with some interesting remarks, as illustrative of the *Alsatia*, popularly described by Sir Walter Scott.

Mr. Decimus Burton, Sir Alexander Dickson, K.C.B., Mr. J. H. S. Pigott, Rev. S. H. Cassell, and Mr. W. Lynch, of Dublin, were balloted for, and duly elected fellows of the Society.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

JANUARY 7.—Mr. Archdeacon Nares presided at the meeting of this day. After the usual routine of business was gone through, the secretary proceeded to read the conclusion of a Memoir on the Mercury of the Gauls, by the Rev. W. H. Payne, Canon of St. David's.*

That great sovereign and benefactor of mankind, by the invention of several of the useful and liberal arts, who was worshipped in Egypt and Phœnicia under the name of *Photh*, in Greece as *Hermes*, and by the Latins as *Mercury*, and of whom the prototype was probably the Egyptian *Trismegistus*, appears also to have been a favourite deity of the Gauls, and by them to have been called *Toutates*. The author of the paper accounts for the introduction of this personage into Gaul, from the mythologic history of the son of Jupiter and Maia, which states, that upon the death of his father he inherited Spain and Gaul, as well as Italy; and among various proofs of the identity which he attempts to establish, he adduces the fact of the similarity between the temples and monuments erected in honour of Mercury by the classical pagan nations, and the cairns and cromlechs of Gaul and Britain.

The principal evidence, however, which Mr. Payne adduces in support of his theory is derived from an investigation of the British Historic Triads. Of the personages celebrated in these Celtic records—such as *Gwyddon-Genhebon*, or the Philosopher; *Idris*, or the Man of Science; *Gwyddon*, the Son of Don, or the Sage, the Son of Genius, &c.—a sufficient number are certainly shown by him to be impressed with the character of *Photh* or *Mercury*, to render the analogy remarkable, if not completely to establish the theory of identity.

We hope to see the meetings of this important Society more fully attended as the season advances.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

At the adjourned special general meeting, on Saturday the 3d, the following additions to the articles of the regulations were agreed to.

1. The Literary Society of Bombay is from henceforward to be considered an integral part of the Royal Asiatic Society, under the appellation of the Bombay Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society.
2. The Bombay Branch shall be considered quite independent of the Royal Asiatic Society, as far as regards its local administration and the control of its funds.
3. The members of the Bombay Branch, while residing in Asia, shall be non-resident members of the Royal Asiatic Society; and when in Europe, shall be elected resident members in the same manner that honorary members are elected.

4. The members of the Royal Asiatic Society, while residing in Europe, shall be non-resident members of the Bombay Branch; and when within the presidency of Bombay, shall be elected resident members in the manner prescribed by the regulations of the Bombay Literary Society.

Addition to the IXth Article.—"But the members of the Branch Society at Bombay are to be elected in the same manner as honorary members are elected."

* The same subject has lately occupied the pen of another learned member of the Society—the Rev. W. L. Bowler, in his *Parochial History of Bremhill, and its Neighbourhood*; to the letter of which we owe a Review.

Illustration of the LVIIIth Article.—"Every original communication presented to the Society becomes its property; but the author or contributor may re-publish it twelve months after its publication by the Society. The Council may publish any original communication presented to the Society, in any way, and at any time judged proper; but, if printed in the Society's Transactions, twenty-five copies of it shall be presented to the author or contributor when the volume or part in which it is inserted is published. Such as the Council may not see fit to publish on behalf of the Society, may, with its permission, be returned to the author, upon the condition, that if it is printed, a printed copy of it shall be presented to the Society."

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Great Britain Illustrated. From Drawings by W. Westall, A.R.A. Engraved by E. Finden. Nos. III. and IV. Tilt.

THE views which adorn these two Numbers of this cheap but pretty publication are, "Barnborough Castle;" "Town-Hall and Mansion-House, Liverpool;" "Howden, Yorkshire;" "Kendal, Westmoreland;" "Brunswick Terrace, Brighton;" "Manchester;" "Aston Hall, Warwickshire;" and "Lancaster Sessions-House and Market." They are executed in the same pleasing style as those in the preceding Numbers.

The Select Gallery of Etchings, after Chefs-d'œuvre of the Old Masters. Nos. I. and II. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

WE confess that we are at a loss to understand the real object of such a publication as this. Is it intended as an illustrated catalogue of a collection of pictures to be sold? The price, and the limited number of copies printed, forbid that supposition. The preface says, "In the rapid progress of modern art, it must be very gratifying to all those who feel interested in its further advance towards excellence, that such representations from *chefs-d'œuvre* [*chefs-d'œuvre*] of the old masters should be published as subjects of reference or emulation to young artists, and of admiration or criticism to those more proficient in the exercise of their pencil." As if such slight and mediocre plates as these could conduce to either of those purposes!

It would be well that the literary portion of any work, however brief, should be written by some one sufficiently conversant with English grammar and composition to avoid such a hodge-podge as the following sentence, which is meant to be explanatory of a picture, by Mosa, of an old woman pining turnips:

"This pupil of the admired Rembrandt certainly falls little short of the talent of his great master, from the depth of colouring and effect of light so ably treated in the present specimen."

Portraits of Illustrious Personages of Great Britain; with Biographical and Historical Memoirs. By Edmund Lodge, Esq., Norroy King of Arms, F.S.A. &c. Folio Edition, Part XXXI.; Octavo Two-Monthly Edition, Part XXXV.; and New Octavo Monthly Edition, No. I. Harding and Lepard.

THE simultaneous appearance of Parts of three different editions of the same work, with three distinct sets of plates, is, we rather think, unparalleled in the history of publications. The work itself is too well known to the world, and we have too frequently expressed our high opinion of the ability and taste with which it

is conducted, to render it necessary for us now to dwell upon its merits. The thirty-first Part of the folio edition contains portraits and memoirs of John Manners, Marquess of Granby; the Honourable Robert Boyle; Sir Isaac Newton; Admiral Lord Rodney; and Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough; as well as a memoir, alone, of John, Duke of Montagu, the portrait by which it ought to be accompanied having been unavoidably delayed until the appearance of the next Part. The thirty-fifth Part of the octavo two-monthly edition contains portraits and memoirs of Oliver Cromwell; Lodowick Stewart, Duke of Richmond; Edward Sackville, Earl of Dorset; Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel; and John Graham, Viscount of Dundee. Of both these Parts we can justly say that they are well worthy of their predecessors. It gives us great pleasure also to observe, that there is not the slightest degeneracy in the first Number of the new edition, which contains portraits and memoirs of Sir Philip Sydney, Queen Anne Bullen, and Archbishop Cranmer. It is, indeed, one of those beautiful and great works which deserves the utmost public encouragement; and we are glad to find that it is estimated as it deserves. Yet we trust that thousands of new subscribers will be added.

The Spirit of the Plays of Shakspeare. Drawn and engraved by Frank Howard. No. XI. Cadell.

THIS Number is very creditable to Mr. Howard. It contains illustrations, in twenty-two plates, of *Measure for Measure*, and the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. The character of Isabella is well preserved. Her earnest entreaties to Angelo to spare her brother; her surprise and disgust to find the judge transformed into the seducer; her indignation at Claudio's disposition to purchase his life by the sacrifice of her honour; the tranquil satisfaction with which she listens to the scheme of rendering Mariana her substitute; her alarm at hearing that Angelo, in violation of his promise, has ordered her brother's execution; her supplication for justice to the Duke on his supposed return; and her modest though grateful reception of his declaration of attachment to her,—are all very skillfully delineated. The other personages of the drama, especially the Duke (both in his masquerade and in his natural character), are likewise marked with great ability. We were also much pleased with the plates illustrative of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*; although we do not perfectly concur with Mr. Howard in his remarks on the character of Slender. The fourth plate in the series of which we are speaking, "Ford, unable to find Falstaff, who, he has reason to suspect, is concealed in the house," seems to us to be one of Mr. Howard's most successful efforts. The expression of baffled but still existing suspicion in the countenance and figure of Ford, and that of sarcastic ridicule and taunting expostulation in those of his wife, are strikingly portrayed.

Picturesque Antiquities of the English Castles. By John Britton, F.S.A., M.R.S.L., &c. No. II.

WE are concerned to state that the delay which has occurred in the publication of this No. has been principally owing to the long and severe illness of the intelligent and indefatigable editor of the work. It appears also, that Mr. Le Keux has had a more laborious and tedious task than he calculated upon in completing the engravings to which his name is

attached; and "which," it is justly observed, "are more elaborate in execution than those of the former Number." The illustrations of the present Number consist of nine engravings and eight woodcuts. The engravings are, "The Ouse-Bridge, York;" "The West-Gate and Bridge, Gloucester;" "Ruins of Ely Palace and Chapel, Holborn, London;" "Ruins of Winchester Palace, Southwark;" "Tower Gate-House, Winchester;" "Gateway to St. Augustine's Monastery, Canterbury;" "The West-Gate at Canterbury;" "Wells Palace; Ruins of the Old Hall and Chapel;" (substituted for a view of the Cathedral and Castle of Lincoln, which could not be prepared in time for the present Number); and "Peterborough Cathedral, and part of the Palace." These plates are all good; the views of Wells Palace and Peterborough Cathedral (both engraved by J. Le Keux), superlatively beautiful, and of themselves well worth the price of the Number. The woodcuts, which represent five views in York, and three in Lincoln, are also executed with great accuracy and spirit. The letter-press consists of two sheets of descriptive accounts of the antiquities of York and of Lincoln.

Massa out, Sambo werry dry. Painted and engraved by Henry Pidding.

WE liked Mr. Pidding's painting in the Suffolk-street Gallery so much that we wish the more he had placed the engraving in other hands. He has preserved the exquisite humour and expression of Sambo, indulging in his wine, during Massa's absence, it is true; but the style of the execution in other parts is "werry" woolly. Still the print is whimsical and striking, and likely to be a favourite in the various portfolios.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNET: REFLECTIONS.

WHEN through the grove the gentle summer breeze

Steals with such sighs as absent lover heaves,
Be mine, outstretched beneath the shady trees,
Lull'd by the soothing murmurs of the leaves,
To lie; and dream of scenes of former years,
Ere dark Suspicion in the heart found place—
And Sorrow fled the breast while yet the tears
The pang awoke bedew'd the mourner's face!
Recall the friends of youth, those faithful few
Who shared alike our pleasure and our pain;
Or forward trace, with melancholy view,
The closing scene of life; and think how vain,
How profitless, how puerile, how tame,
The world's best gifts—wealth, honour, glory,
fame!

Nov. 8, 1838.

THE BILLET-DOUX.

MAY I not see thee, Genevieve, to night? —
'Tis sweet to wander when the summer moon
O'er vale and river throws her clear, soft light,
And star with star seems almost to commune;
'Tis joy to gaze upon that splendid sphere,
When thou, my own dear Genevieve, art near.
Thou know'st thou art the sunlight of my
thought,
Fount of my memory—the hope, the pride,
The essence of my being; earth holds nought
Of hope or bliss but is to thee allied!
Around thee floats an atmosphere of love,
Wherein alone I speak, and think, and move!
Mountain and plain, the mild blue sky, the
sea, [flowers,
The beautiful green leaves, the gorgeous
Give double interest when beheld with thee,
Give thrice the pleasure in those happy hours

* Walter Skidmore, who was Bishop of Durham in the reign of Richard II., died in 1408, at Howden, where the following traditional story is still repeated, in commemoration of his munificence:

"Bishop Skidmore was good to his people:
He built a new school-house, and heightened the steeple."

We are together: feel'st thou this, my sweet?
Then once again, to-night, oh! let us meet.

There are a host of melancholy fears,
Which press, like clouds, upon my heart and brain;

And oft my aching eyes are filled with tears,
Struck with forebodings I may not explain.
My soul is lonely! — I implore — entreat —
To-night — if but a moment! — let us meet!
Arduwick, Manchester. CHARLES SWAIN.

TO BARTHOLOMEW THOMKINSON,
Second Mate to the East India Ship "Peggy."
From Betsey —

No! no! no joy will I be at!
No balls for me, without my Bat —
My heart I think will burst one!
And must you, Bat, submit to fate,
And be the Peggy's second mate,
Instead of Betsey's first one?

And you must leave your home again,
For seas that rage "with might and main,"
And gales all wild and windy;
You must give up your Margate trip,
And go in that tremendous ship, —
And all the way to Indy!

And this for money! — dirty dross!
A rolling stone collects no moss,
As Sisyphus can tell you: —
Well, well, good bye! my little man,
Write me as often as you can
Of every thing befall you.

You first must to Madeira go —
O! *apropos!* do let me know,
In case the compass varies,
And takes you to Canary Isles,
(The map don't make it many miles: —)
Are all the birds Canaries?

Be careful how you pass "the line" —
Though now it must be quite a twine,
So many vessels trouble it! —
And mind you clear "the Cape" — (what
stuff!

As if the Cape weren't large enough,
That you must go — and double it!)

If you should stop there, where the wine,
You must be sure, is genu-ine,
Of course you'll buy a dozen;
Next parcel that you're sending home,
Please let one nice pint-bottle come
For Mrs. Smith — my cousin.

Dear Bat! take care, when you embark
At Indy, of that nasty shark
That steals, so sly and stealthy;
For Dr. Shaw, the traveller, writes,
A full-grown shark's enormous bite's
Peculiarly unhealthy!

Do crocodiles there squeal and squall?
And those great elephants — are all
Cut up for Indy-rubber?
And do the whales, big babies! cry
Fountains of tears from either eye
When you produce their blubber?

Alas! I fear when you arrive
At Indy (if you do alive),
Your love will soon grow duller;
Ah! you yourself, I'm certain, you,
Chameleon-like, will change your hue,
And catch the copper-colour!

Oh! Bat! for your poor Betsy's sake,
Keep clear of tiger, jungle, snake,
Heat, cholera, and river!
"Live and let live" — is sage advice,
My dearest boy, you'll not live nice
When you've destroy'd your liver!

Soon may you bring, across the seas,
Peru's whole treasure in *rupees*,
And come back fresh and fat, love;
But should you die (perhaps you will),
Better lie quiet there, and still —
Don't be a Vampire, Bat, love.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

A SCHOOLMASTER "BOARDING ROUND."

*Extract from the Journal of a Vermont Schoolmaster,
published in a Vermont Paper.*

Monday. — Went to board at Mr. B — s, had a baked goose for dinner; supposed from its size, the thickness of its skin, and other venerable appearances, to have been one of the first settlers of Vermont — made a slight impression on the patriarch's breast. *Supper.* — Cold goose and potatoes; family consisting of the man, good wife, daughter Peggy, four boys, Pompey the dog, and a brace of cats — fire built in the square room about nine o'clock, and a pile of wood lay by the fire-place; saw Peggy scratch her fingers, and couldn't take the hint — felt squeamish about the stomach, and talked about going to bed; Peggy looked sullen, and put out the fire in the square room; went to bed, and dreamed of having eaten a quantity of stone wall.

Tuesday. — Cold gander for breakfast, swamp tea, and some nut-cakes; the latter some consolation. *Dinner.* — The legs, &c., of the gander done up warm — one neatly despatched. *Supper.* — The other leg, &c., cold; went to bed as Peggy was carrying the fire to the square room — dreamed I was a mud turtle, had got on my back, and could not get over again.

Wednesday. — Cold gander for breakfast; complained of sickness, and could eat nothing. *Dinner.* — Wings, &c., of the gander warmed up; did my best to destroy them, for fear they should be left for supper; did not succeed; dreaded supper all the afternoon. *Supper.* — Hot Indian Jonny cakes, and no goose; felt greatly relieved, thought I had got clear of the gander, and went to bed for a good night's rest; disappointed; very cold night, and couldn't keep warm in bed; got up, and stopped the broken window with my coat and vest; no use; froze the tip of my nose before morning.

Thursday. — Breakfast; cold gander again; felt very much discouraged to see the cold gander but half gone; went a visiting for dinner and supper; slept abroad, and had pleasant dreams.

Friday. — Breakfast abroad. *Dinner* at Mr. B — s; cold gander and hot potatoes; last very good, ate three, and went to school quite contented. *Supper.* — Cold gander, no potatoes; bread heavy and dry; had the head-ach, and couldn't eat; Peggy much concerned; had a fire built in the square room, and thought she and I had better sit there out of the noise; went to bed early; Peggy thought too much sleep bad for the head-ach.

Saturday. — Breakfast; cold gander and hot Indian Jonny cake; did very well; glad to come off so. *Dinner.* — Cold gander again; didn't keep school this afternoon; weighed, and found I had lost six pounds the past week; grew alarmed; had a talk with Mr. B. and concluded I had boarded out his share.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

The great alterations in the King's Theatre are proceeding with rapidity, and will, we trust, be finished in time to allow of the new walls, &c. being perfectly dried before the

theatre opens. Good stoves and large fires ought to be kept up; for, not to mention the public health, we all know how fatal the damps of our climate, and all other kinds of damps, are apt to be to the throats of foreign vocalists.

THERE has been nothing new at the great houses since our last. A new tragedy is, however, announced for Monday at Drury Lane; and a new farce by Mr. Peake has been read in the green-room of that theatre. At Covent Garden, the sprightly comedy of the *Beaux Stratagem* has been wisely substituted for the insufferably dull play of *Woman's Love*; and the new opera by Laverati and Lee, which has been announced from the commencement of the season, is to be "produced on Thursday." We are surprised that so old a manager as Mr. Fawcett should not see the impolicy of letting "coming events cast" such very long "shadows before." People get sick of reading the same advertisements over and over again, and the piece is an old one before it is produced. But our play-bills generally stand in woful need of reformation. His Majesty's servants are merciless murderers of his Majesty's English; and some of the late proclamations of Covent Garden have deserved to be framed and glazed for their exquisite absurdity. In every other country the mere title of the next night's performance is considered sufficient; and "Demain, la seconde représentation de" is the only official notice of the success of a new production in Paris, where there are double the number of theatres, and the attractions of course more divided. So patriotic are our dramatic *douaniers*, that the duties upon imported follies are almost equivalent to prohibition; while they wink most graciously at the circulation of such as are of British manufacture, and the "London puff-trade" flourishes accordingly. Talk of the march of intellect! — Pho! — Look at the gallop of humbug!

At the Adelphi, we have had a trifle called *He's no Conjuror*, which is a mere vehicle for Mathews's imitations, and one of his best songs.

MR. KENNY has, it is said, two new pieces accepted at Drury Lane, the first of which, in two acts, with a good character for Jones (who, by the by, has hardly ever had a good original character written for him on the stage, though he has made much of very indifferent parts), is immediately forthcoming; and the other, a five-act comedy, to be produced in the spring. Poole has also, we hear, been busy.

FRENCH PLAYS.

THE English Opera House opened on Monday evening, re-decorated for the French performances; and, as we anticipated, the beautiful Jenny Colon enchanted all hearts by her exquisite portraits of *Fanchon* and *Ketty*. She was enthusiastically applauded. Madame Tousez, Mdle. Laurence, Madame Mazurier (the widow of poor Jocko), M. Lafont, and several other *artistes*, have made favourable *débuts* during the week; and the season promises to be most successful. Our good wishes to this speculation have been too frequently recorded to need repetition; but as it is a pleasure to ourselves to express them, we say again, "*Vivent les soirées Françaises!*"

VARIETIES.

The Ogee. — The pure ogee, employed in the grand Gothic edifices of Europe, if it does not

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L. A. de la Chamette, Esq.	3 3
Editor of "Literary Gazette"	10 10
J. Murray, Esq.	5 5
C. Orme, Esq.	5 5
The Hon. G. Agar Ellis	5 0
Messrs. Hoare	10 0

Subscriptions will be received by Messrs. Hoare, Bankers, Fleet Street; and by Mr. Scripps, at the "Literary Gazette" Office.

St. Thomas's Hospital.

THE SPRING COURSE OF LECTURES will commence on Tuesday, the 20th instant.

Theory and Practice of Medicine—1st Course, Dr. Williams; 2d Course, Dr. Elliott.
Materia Medica—Dr. Roots.
Chemistry—Dr. Burton.
Anatomy—Mr. Green and Mr. John F. South.
Surgery—Mr. Green.
Midwifery—Dr. Loeck and Dr. Ferguson.
Comparative Anatomy—Mr. John F. South.
Botany—Mr. Frost.

Clinical Lectures will be given. Pupils entering to the Surgical Practice of this Hospital are allowed to attend that of Guy's. For Particulars apply to Mr. Whitfield, Apothecary to St. Thomas's Hospital.

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THE SUNDAY TIMES. The Proprietors of the above-named Paper beg leave to announce that the "Sunday Times" of To-morrow will contain Twenty-four Columns instead of Twenty.

The vast additional space thus obtained will enable them to offer a still greater mass of useful and entertaining matter to the reader than heretofore, though the price will be still only Sevenpence.

In Politics they will continue to discuss all questions in the true spirit of independence. Those who wish, in a seventh day's Paper, to acquire a competent knowledge of all the most important and interesting events of the week, will find in the "Sunday Times" an agreeable record, enriched by Original Communications from distinguished writers. Specimens of the literature of the day will also be given from the newest and most costly Publications.

They have only to request their Subscribers, Correspondents, and Advertisers, to be particular in addressing their favours to "Mr. Gibson for the Editor," Sunday Times Office, 73, Fleet Street, London. It is necessary to attend to this, as there are several imitations of their paper.

JOSHUA COMMANDING the SUN to STAND STILL, and the DELUGE. Mr. MARTIN begs to inform the Public that the Prices of the above Engravings will be raised on the 1st Feb. next. The Joshua, unlettered Proof, to 14 Guineas; lettered ditto, to 7 Guineas; Prints, to 3s. 13s. 6d. seluge, unlettered Proof, to 12 Guineas; lettered ditto, to 6 Guineas; Prints, to 5 Guineas.
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BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

THE KEEPSAKE for 1829. Edited by F. MANSEL REYNOLDS.

List of Contributors.
Sir Walter Scott—Sir James Mackintosh—Lord Normanby—Lord Morpeth—Lord Ellenborough—Lord F. J. Gower—Lord Nugent—W. Wordsworth—R. Southey—S. T. Coleridge—William Roscoe—Percy Bysshe Shelley—Henry Luttrel—Theodore Hook—J. G. Lockhart—T. Crofton Croker—H. Bernal, M.P.—Thomas Haynes Bayly—W. Jerdan—Mrs. Hemans—London—M. L. James—Wooden—W. H. Harrison—P. Mansel Reynolds—and the Authors of "Frankenstein"—"Gilbert Earle"—the "Rout"—and the "O'Hara Tales."
A few Copies are printed in royal 8vo. with India Proofs of the Plates, price 2s. 12s. 6d. and for these early application is necessary.
London: Published for the Proprietor, by Hurst, Chance, and Co. 65, St. Paul's Churchyard; and B. Jennings, 2, Poultry.

Where may be had, The few remaining Copies of the Keepsake for 1829.

THE LONDON MAGAZINE. Third Series.

The Conductors of the London Magazine propose, with the commencement of the New Year, to devote a portion of each Number to a brief but comprehensive and digested notice of every leading novelty and discovery in Science, Natural Philosophy and History, Statistics, Legislation, Jurisprudence, &c. &c.; so that a Conversational Record may be preserved, of any reference, of all valuable additions to the knowledge of the age. This department will be collected from all the foreign Periodical Works, and from our own various records of inventions and improvements. The important reports of parliament will be systematically consulted; scattered paragraphs of modern Voyages and Travels, which add any new materials to our stock of existing information, will be diligently culled; and in all cases the authorities for these Abstracts will be carefully given. The paging of this part of the London Magazine will be distinct, so that the original and the compiled portions of the publication may be separately bound at the end of the year; the one forming two volumes, the other one. This new department will be entitled the "Journal of Facts."

London: Printed for the Proprietors, and published by their Agent, Henry Hooper, at the Office of the London Magazine, 13, Pall Mall East.

THE SPIRIT and MANNERS of the AGE;

a Christian and Literary Miscellany, for January 1829. Conducted by the Editor of the "Aurist."
Principal Contents.—Letters from St. Petersburg, by the Rev. R. Walsh, L.L.D.—Passing away, by Mrs. Hemans—A November Walk, by Miss Mitford—The Criminal; by Charles Swain—Essays on Health and Disease, by David Uwins, M.D.—The Burning of Miranichi; by S. C. Hall—A Wedding in Garrison, by the Author of "Solera," &c.—The Last Hope, translated from the French, by the Rev. F. A. Cox, L.L.D.—Christianity in Britain during the early Ages; by the Rev. Thomas Greenwood—The Pilgrims; by Mary Howitt—Sketches of Irish Character; by Mrs. S. C. Hall—Recollection; by James Edmonstone, Esq.—The Student of Nature; by Miss A. M. Porter—Change of Heart; by Mrs. Oliphant—The Spirit of Ancient Philosophy and Modern Secpticism—Inchinnan, by the Author of "My Early Days"—Reviews—Notices of the Fine Arts, &c.
London: Printed for Frederick Westley and A. H. Davis, Stationers' Hall Court, and Ave Maria Lane.

A REPLY to SIR WALTER SCOTT'S HISTORY of NAPOLEON.

By LOUIS BONAAPARTE, Count de Saint-Leu, Ex-King of Holland, Brother to the Emperor.
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No. 626.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1829.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Memoirs of the Extraordinary Military Career of John Shipp, late a Lieutenant in His Majesty's 87th Regiment. Written by Himself. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1829. Hurst, Chance, and Co.

We fear we cannot conscientiously, as critics, give very high praise to these pages. They contain the history of a man who by his bravery twice raised himself from the ranks, but was at last broken by a court martial for ungentlemanlike conduct relative to the purchase of a horse, and a kind of partnership with another officer at the races; which sentence, in consideration of his former character, was commuted to being placed on half pay. We must own we see nothing in this to call for an appeal to the public: a memorial to the proper authorities would have been better than a book, whose success is, to say the least, somewhat dubious: even by his own statement, the sole complaint seems to be, that he is on half pay, when he would prefer being on full pay: but we will leave this to our military readers. The great fault as a literary production is, the want of sufficient incident; there is scarce material enough for one volume, and it has been run into three; Irish anecdotes, somewhat numerous in their jocularity, moonlight meditations, sentiment, patriotism, &c. &c., clutter out the rest. The language is bombastic, and filled with figures of speech; the cups of happiness, misery, content, dissipation, which our author quaffs, are many in number:—but we will abstain from farther remark, and only say that, though we do not pretend to enter into the merits of the case, no one can read the account given of his feelings—with his military career ended, his young wife dead, two helpless children at his side—and not experience the deepest commiseration. There are also several interesting passages, which bring the vicissitudes of a soldier's life very forcibly before us; of some of which the following are specimens:—

Sagacity of Animals.—“Having cut a good deal of the most prominent part of the hill away, and laid trees on the ascent, as a footing for elephants, these animals were made to approach it, which the first did with some reluctance and fear. He looked up, shook his head, and, when forced by his driver, he roared furiously. There can be no question, in my opinion, that this sagacious animal was compelled instinctively to judge of the practicality of the artificial flight of steps thus constructed; for the moment some little alteration had been made, he seemed willing to approach. He then commenced his examination of scrutiny, by pressing with his trunk the trees that had been thrown across; and after that he put his fore-leg on, with great caution, on the fore part of his body so as to throw his weight on the tree. This done, he seemed satisfied as to its stability. The next step for him to ascend by was a projecting rock, which he could not remove. Here the same sagacious

examination took place, the elephant keeping his flat side close to the side of the bank, and leaning against it. The next step was against a tree; but this, on the first pressure of his trunk, he did not like. Here his driver made use of the most endearing epithets, such as, ‘Wonderful, my life,’—‘Well done, my dear,’—‘My dove,’—‘My son,’—‘My wife:’—but all these endearing appellations, of which elephants are so fond, would not induce him to try again. Force was at length resorted to, and the elephant roared terrifically, but would not move. Something was then removed; he seemed satisfied, as before; and he in time ascended that stupendous ghaat. On his reaching the top his delight was visible in a most eminent degree; he caressed his keeper, and threw the dirt about in a most playful manner. Another elephant, a much younger animal, was now to follow. He had watched the ascent of the other with the most intense interest, making motions all the while, as though he was assisting him, by shouldering him up the acclivity;—such gestures as I have seen some men make when spectators of gymnastic exercises. When he saw his comrade up, he evinced his pleasure by giving a salute, something like the sound of a trumpet. When called upon to take his turn, however, he seemed much alarmed, and would not act at all without force. When he was two steps up he slipped, but recovered himself by digging his toes in the earth. With the exception of this little accident, he ascended exceedingly well. When this elephant was near the top, the other, who had already performed his task, extended his trunk to the assistance of his brother in distress, round which the younger animal entwined his, and thus reached the summit of the ghaat in safety. Having both accomplished their task, their greeting was as cordial as if they had been long separated from each other, and had just escaped from some perilous achievement. They mutually embraced each other, and stood face to face for a considerable time, as if whispering congratulations. Their drivers then made them salam to the general, who ordered them five rupees each for sweetmeats.

“There was in our encampment a very large elephant, used for the purpose of carrying tents for some of the European corps. It was the season in which they become most unmanageable, and his legs were consequently loaded with huge chains, and he was constantly watched by his keepers. By day he was pretty passive, save when he saw one of his species, when he roared and became violent; and during those moments of ungovernable frenzy, it was dangerous for his keepers to approach him, or to irritate his feelings by any epithets that might prove repugnant to him. On the contrary, every endearing expression was used to soothe and appease him, which, with promises of sweetmeats, sometimes succeeded with the most turbulent to gain them to obedience, when coercive measures would have roused them to the most

desperate acts of violence. By night their extreme cunning told them that their keepers were not so watchful or vigilant. The elephant here alluded to, one dark night broke from his chains and ran wild through the encampment, driving men, women, children, camels, horses, cows, and indeed every thing that could move, before him, and roaring and trumpeting with his trunk,—which is with elephants a sure sign of displeasure, and that their usual docility has deserted them. Of course no reasonable beings disputed the road he chose to take. Those that did soon found themselves flooded. To record the mischief done by this infuriated animal in his nocturnal ramble, would fill a greater space than I can afford for such matter. Suffice it that, in his flight, followed by swordsmen and spearmen shouting and screaming, he pulled down tents, upset every thing that impeded his progress, wounded and injured many, and ultimately killed his keeper by a blow from his trunk. He was speared in some twenty places, which only infuriated him the more, and he struck away with his trunk at every thing before him. His roaring was terrific, and he frequently struck the ground in indication of his rage. The instant he had struck his keeper and found he did not rise, he suddenly stopped, seemed concerned, looked at him with the eye of pity, and stood rivetted to the spot. He paused for some seconds, then ran towards the place from whence he had broken loose, and went quietly to his picket, in front of which lay an infant, about two years old, the daughter of the keeper whom he had killed. The elephant seized the child round the waist as gently as its mother would, lifted it from the ground, and caressed and fondled it for some time, every beholder trembling for its safety, and expecting every moment it would share the fate of its unfortunate father; but the sagacious animal, having turned the child round three times, quietly laid it down again, and drew some clothing over it that had fallen off. After this it stood over the child, with its eyes fixed on it; and if I did not see the penitential tear steal from its eye, I have never seen it in my life. He then submitted to be retrained by some other keepers, stood motionless and dejected, and seemed sensible that he had done a wrong he could not repair. His dejection became more and more visible, as he stood and gazed on the fatherless babe, who, from constant familiarities with this elephant, seemed un-intimidated, and played with its trunk. From this moment the animal became passive and quiet, and always seemed most delighted when the little orphan was within its sight. Often have I gone with others of the camp to see him fondling his little adopted; but there was a visible alteration in his health after his keeper's death, and he fell away, and died at Cawnpore, six months afterwards.”

A Dog.—“I learnt that this sagacious and faithful creature would regularly, when his master was on watch, stand his hour and walk

his round; that, in very dark nights, he would even put his ear to the ground and listen; and that, during the period assigned to him as his task to watch, he would never venture to lie down, but would steadily and slowly walk his round, which nothing could induce him to leave,—such was his opinion of the nature and responsibility of his post. The man added, that he once gave him to an officer of the company's service, who took him from the station where he was (Meerut), to Loodianna, a distance of four hundred miles, and that, the moment the officer let him loose, he returned to his old master, having performed that great distance in two days and a half. That he was on the main-guard the night he returned, and he was awake by the dog licking his face. It appeared that he had been through the barrack, and visited every sleeping soldier on their separate cots, until he found his master. The man related several anecdotes of this animal: among the rest, he said he was one day out drinking toddy, some miles from camp, and from the intoxicating effect, and the extreme heat of the liquor, he went to sleep. On awaking, he found his clothes torn in several places, and that he had been dragged more than three yards from the bush under which he had lain down; but what was his astonishment, on getting up, to find a large snake almost torn to pieces, no doubt by his faithful guard! He was a powerful dog,—a kind of Persian-hill greyhound, that would kill a wolf single-handed."

Single combat with the Subah.—"Their commander, or one of their principal officers, attempted to rally them. Having succeeded in this attempt for the moment, the said officer had the impudence to attack and put his majesty's Mege subject, John Shipp, ensign on full pay, and in the full vigour of his life and manhood, in bodily fear, on the king's high hill of Muckwanpore, on the afternoon of—I now forget the date, he so frightened me. He was a strong, powerful man, protected by two shields, one tied round his waist, and hanging over his thighs as low as his knees, and the other on the left arm, much larger than the one round his waist. From this gentleman there was no escape; and, fortunately for me, I had my old twenty-fourth with me, which I had two or three days before put in good shavering order. With this I was obliged to act on the defensive, till I could catch my formidable opponent off his guard. He cut, I guarded; he thrust, I parried; until he became aggravated, and set to work with that impetuosity and determination, pretty generally understood by the phrase 'hammer and tongs,' in the course of which he nearly cut my poor twenty-fourth in pieces. At last I found he was winded; but I could see nothing of the fellow, but his black face peeping above one shield, and his feet under the other; so I thought I would give him a cut five across his lower extremities; but he would not stand still a moment; he cut as many capers as a French dancing-master, till I was quite out of patience with his folly. I did not like to quit my man, so I tried his other extremities, but he would not stand still, all I could do. At length, I made a feint at his toes, to cut them; down went his shield from his face to save his legs; up went the edge of my sword smack under his chin,—in endeavouring to get away from which, he threw his head back, which nearly tumbled off, and down he fell; and I assure you, reader, I was not sorry for it, for he was a most unsoberable neighbour. I don't know

whether I had a right or not, but I took the liberty of taking his sword, gold crescent, turban-chain, and large shield. The latter I sported on my left arm during the action, and it was fortunate for me that I did, for I found that the shield was ball-proof, and I should have been severely wounded, had I been deprived of this trophy."

Aoidity of the Natives.—"A reward was given for all descriptions of balls brought into camp, varying in amount according to size. Such is the avarice of the natives who hover about camps, that they will risk any thing for money. Near the right of the line, balls used frequently to be thrown, and some of them rolled as far as the picket. I was riding in that direction one morning when balls were flying pretty thick. A native saw one lob, and ran to stop it. In this attempt one of his legs was so badly broken, that I believe it was afterwards amputated. If he had carried the ball to camp, he would have got about fourpence for it!"

The following dreadful fact is but one out of many.

"A female was lying on a bed of green silk; under her head was a pillow of the same material; her right arm had, no doubt, cradled her babe; and her left was extended as though for the purpose of keeping her child close to her. A large shell had perforated the tiled roof, and having made its way through three floors, had gone through the foot of the bed, and penetrated some depth into the fourth floor. A piece of this shell had gone through the woman's forehead, carrying away a great part of the head, so that her death, according to the opinion of a medical man who saw her, must have been instantaneous. The lower part of the child's body, from the hips downward, was entirely gone; but, strange to say, its mother's nipple still hung in the left corner of its mouth, and its little right hand still held by its mother's clothes, which, probably, it had grasped at the first noise of the shell."

After all, we need hardly repeat that this is one of those books which rather excite our sympathy than command our praise: but we do pity Mr. Shipp, and cordially wish him again beside the colours he once bore with so much gallantry.

Ariosto's Orlando Furioso. Translated by W. S. Rose. Vol. VI. pp. 259. London, 1829. Murray.

We think that Ariosto must be to Mr. Stewart Rose what ale was to Boniface,—what he eats, drinks, and sleeps upon; or he never could so completely have imbibed the spirit of his author. We have only now to repeat commendations: there is the same animated versification—the same careful research into all that can illustrate an obscure meaning, or throw the light of history on the inventions of fiction; and this volume is also fortunate in abounding with entertaining episodes. We shall quote a few stanzas from Astolpho's journey to the moon:

"A place wherein is wonderfully stored
Whatever on our earth below we lose.
Collected there are all things whatsoever,
Lost through time, chance, or our own folly, here.

Nor here alone of realm and wealthy dower,
O'er which aye turns the restless wheel, I say:
I speak of what it is not in the power
Of Fortune to bestow or take away.
Much fame is here, whereon Time and the Hour,
Like wasting moth, in this our planet prey.
Here countless vows, here prayers unnumbered lie,
Made by us sinful men to God on high:

The lover's tears and sighs: what time in pleasure
And play we haste unprofitably spend;

To this, of ignorant men the eternal leisure,
And vain designs, aye frustrate of their end.
Empty desires so far exceed all measure,
They o'er that valley's better part extend.
There wilt thou find, if thou wilt thither post,
Whatever thou on earth beneath hast lost.

He, passing by those heaps, on either hand,
Of this and now of that the meaning sought;
Formed of swollen bladders here a hill did stand,
Whence he heard cries and tumults, as he thought.
These were old crows of the Assyrian land
And Lydian—as that paladin was taught—
Grecian and Persian, all of ancient fame;
And now, alas! well-nigh without a name.

Golden and silver hooks to sight succeed,
Heaped in a mass, the gifts which courtiers bear,
—Hoping thereby to purchase future need—
To greedy prince and patron: many a snare,
Concealed in garlands, did the warrior heed,
Who heard, these signs of adulation were;
And in cicadas, which their lungs had burst,
Saw fulsome lays by venal poets versed.

Loves of unhappy end in imagery
Of gold or jewelled hands he saw express;
Then eagles' talons, the authority
With which great lords their delegates invest:
Bellows filled every nook, the fume and fee
Wherein the favourites of kings are blest:
Given to those Ganymedes that have their hour,
And left, when faded is their vernal flower.

O'erturned, here ruined town and castle lies,
With all their wealth: 'The symbols (said his guide)
Of treaties and of those conspiracies,
Which their conductors seemed so ill to hide.'
Serpents with female faces, felonies
Of coiners and of robbers, he descried;
Next broken bottles saw of many sorts,
The types of servitude in sorry courts.

He marks a mighty pool of porridge spilled,
And asks what in that symbol should be read,
And hears 'twas charity, by sick men willed
For distribution, after they were dead.
He passed a heap of flowers, that erst distilled
Sweet savours, and now noisome odours shed;
The gift (if it may lawfully be said)
Which Constantine to good Sylvester made.

A large provision, next, of twigs and lime
—Your witcheries, O women!—he explored.
The things he witnessed, to recount in rhyme
Too tedious were: were myriads on record,
To sum the remnant ill should I have time.
'Tis here that all infirmities are stored,
Save only Madness, seen not here at all,
Which dwells below, nor leaves this earthly ball.

He turns him back; upon some days and deeds
To look again, which he had lost of yore;
But, save the interpreter the lesson reads,
Would know them not, such different form they wore.

He next saw that which man so little needs,
—As it appears—none pray to Heaven for more;
I speak of sense; whereof a lofty mount
Alone surpast all else which I recount."

The adventures of Bradamant, "the fair and martial maid," occupy a principal share of the other cantos; and there is enow of poetry and romance to make the reader forget, if any thing can, this weary and working-day world.

One word at parting:—when an author makes a quotation, and refers particularly to his authority, it would certainly be well that he took the trouble to turn to it himself in the first instance. We make this remark, from meeting with a sentence in Mr. Rose's Notes on Canto 32, in justification of his using *to shun* as a neuter verb: he says it occurs in "the translation of the New Testament," and cites, in proof, Acts, xx. 27, as follows: "I have not shunned to proclaim the glory of God." In what version Mr. Rose found this reading, we are at a loss to divine; certainly not in "the authorised." And, further, not only is the verb to be seen marked *neuter* in Johnson, which he says it is not, but the authority for it is this identical verse in the Acts. Mr. R. should look a little into his Bible.

The Last of the Plantagenets: an Historical Romance. 8vo. pp. 464. London, 1829. Smith, Elder, and Co.

This is one of the productions peculiar to our present literature—a kind of matrimonial con-

* We are at a loss for the meaning of this "To this."—
Mt. L. G.

tract between History and Fiction, where the tastes of those readers (the great proportion, by the by, of readers at all) whose aim is amusement, is endeavoured to be gratified by throwing curious information into a shape more popular than the dry essay of the antiquary. Much may be said in favour of this system: historical knowledge, come in what shape it will, is desirable; history, like experience, owes its value to truth; and the more we know of the past, the better are we qualified to judge of the present; the contrast of our manners with those of our ancestors meet occasion many a favourable comparison; and if but one prejudice be destroyed, but one just perception gained, the time of the writer has not been bestowed in vain: no one can deny that works of this class have diffused much information, and have excited a desire for more. *The Last of the Plantagenets* is written by one evidently master of his subject, who must have turned over many a ponderous volume for the sake of the lighter, but much more readable, one before us. Neither do we like these pages the worse for their being modelled on the quaint but expressive, the staid but stately, style of the olden chronicles; it seems to us the very language in which royal and knightly deeds should be recorded; and the tone of religious melancholy throughout suits well with an age where the quiet of the cloister must have had inducement to the war-worn and weary man, with which in our tranquil times we can have little sympathy. The following extract will illustrate very fairly the general style of this volume: it is the eve of the battle of Bosworth.

"It appeared to me upon that most memorable night, and on the morrow, when I might still more duly note that which I shall now depict, as a spacious tract of open, uneven, and uncultivated country, somewhat of a round or oval shape; being perchance of about two miles long and one broad. From the red colour of the earth thereof,—too soon, alas! to be dyed with a deeper stain of sanguine by the blood of a sovereign,—the field was called Redenore Plain; and on the south-western side it was bounded by a rivulet called Tweed, which glided through a valley between the camps of the opposing armies, and supplied them both with water; thus recalling unto my mind our Lord's words, that 'God doth send his rain alike upon the just and on the unjust.' Unto this streamlet flowed the narrow marshy channel of a fair spring, which rose upon a mound named Aymon Hill on the east, and formed a little square and obscure tract, surrounded by dank mosses and mould; but yet I truly pretest unto them that shall hereafter read my story, that to me that small well is venerable as the fountain of Jacob was to the men of Israel; since it was there that King Richard drank his last earthly draught, and gave unto its friendly waters some sparkles of his own immortality. The rustic who now points out in that desolate field the spot of the last battle between the contending houses of York and Lancaster, still calls it 'King Richard's Well;' and many of the country birds yet love to drink thereof, whilst they turn them away from the Tweed, which they declare hath unto this day a stain of the blood of the fallen running in its streams. When we arrived at this place, the last dim rays of the setting moon were cast upon the camps and mounds of the two armies; those of Harry Tudor being erected close to the Tweed, which he had lately crossed, and somewhat south-west of King Richard's well, at the foot

of Aymon Hill. His tents of striped green and white; his broad banner, pitched beside his own pavilion, bearing a red fiery dragon, fairly wrought upon green and white saracenet, to commemorate his vain boast of descent from Cadwallader, the last of the British kings; and his soldiers, clad in white coats and hoods, were all faintly visible through the pale moonlight, until they were at last obscured by the mist which came on so thickly on the morning of the day of battle." As I have since learned, his bulwark encompassed some seven acres of the field; and his whole power, together with that led over to him by the treacherous Stanleys, who as yet seemed to adhere unto the king, hath been truly computed at full 15,000 men; albeit the unfaithful chroniclers of the victor would fain have it believed that his triumph was wrought almost without an army. The camp and fortifications of King Richard, to which I was conducted, were fixed at Stapleton, some eleven miles from Leicester, and nearly two from the enemy, on certain rising grounds, called the Bradshaws; whence we might well behold the plain of Bosworth, and to which no adversary could approach unseen. The royal defences and camp spread over eighteen acres; and were formed of two lines, having a wondrous mound of earth, 300 yards long, cast up behind them. Whilst I gazed on these things, and marvelled greatly as to why I was brought thither with such haste and contrivance, we entered the camp, and passed through the long lines of tents striped with the York liveries of crimson and blue, until we came to the royal pavilion, which stood in the centre, having upreared beside it the king's standard of azure and red saracenet in quarters; bearing the fleurs-de-lys of France and the lions of England, richly wrought thereon in goldsmiths' work of beaten metal. The tent itself was of a large square form, with a sloping roof, all being made of crimson and blue canvass, and surmounted by divers little gilded pennils and the king's badges: such as the golden cross and crown, for the blessed St. Edward the Confessor; the red and ermine chapeau, with the golden lion of England; the lily of France; the golden greyhound of Wales; the Irish harp; and the oak-branch for the dukedoms of Gascoyne and Guyon. On the top, in the midst, were a stately imperial crown, and the king's peculiar badge of a silver boar, with tusks and bristles of gold. The liveries of the soldiers in this camp were also chiefly white, having the holy cross in red upon their breasts; though others were dressed in the colours belonging to their leaders, or in habits of coarse cloth strengthened with iron plates, or arming-deublets of iron and leather, with sleeves of chain-mail, and stout helmets and leathern hose also strengthened with iron. Their weapons were divers kinds of swords and bows, spears and lances, bills and sharp blades set upon staves; with iron and leaden maces, quarter-staves, and heavy flails, not less destructive, and of still greater power. But all this, I say, I beheld more perfectly upon the morrow. As we approached the king's pavilion, the sentinels, upon receiving the word from my conductor, lowered their gisarnes and stood aside, that we might straightway pass into it; the knight having been commanded of his highness to attend him at that hour. On entering the tent, we found the king already risen from his couch, and seated by a table on which were scattered divers papers and parchments, a brazen penner and ink-horn, and letters of which the silk strings were uncut, and the

seals were yet unbroken. A massive silver crucifix stood in the midst, and before it was a fair illuminated missal open at the office of St. George, which the king had, unquestionably, been reciting for success in the coming conflict. The volume was richly bound in blue velvet, having the edges thereof guarded with bosses and clasps of gold graven with curious devices. A large silver cresset, hung from the roof of the tent, gave light to the remainder of the apartment, and glanced upon a pile of bright steel armour, which lay beside a couch and a thickly quilted surcoat of blue and red velvet, richly purfled with the arms of the sovereign in most rare embroidery; but the sword belonging to this stately harness lay naked upon the table."

Among other curious customs mentioned here, is that fashion of padding adopted by Henry's courtiers, who wore vests and trunk hose stuffed to the utmost, to imitate their monarch's corpulency.

We must also mention with much praise the very neat printing of these pages, which issue from the press of the unfortunate Maurice, principal proprietor of the Brunswick Theatre, and killed in its fall; or rather from that of his widow, by whom his business is still continued.

Rank and Talent. By the Author of "True-bleborough Hall." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1829. Colburn.

"His remarks, though shrewd, were bitterly sarcastic, and partook of all the ill-nature for which a very scanty *connaissance du monde* gives a sour and malevolent mind so ready an excuse;" so says the admirable author of *the Disowned*; and completely in this spirit are the volumes before us written! the production of an acute observer, but one who, perhaps for the sake of that very acuteness, has employed his sight on the darkest side. Alas! for the poor present; we treat it as we do government or our wives—things it is our legitimate privilege to abuse, without perhaps bearing it or them ill-will,—only we fancy we have a right to treat them with a little of our humour. At all events, these pages cannot be accused of the fault often urged against compositions of the same class—making their *dramatis personæ* too perfect. The characters introduced are as unfavourable specimens of human nature as could well be selected: the hero is only a respectable, good sort of young man, of whom we have no very definite idea; and the heroine rather pretty, rather silly, and with a mother whose strong mind is evinced by marrying a fool! As to the narrative, the author might say, like the knife-grinder, "Story! Lord bless you! I have none to tell, sir!"—a motto which, by the by, we recommend to many modern novelists for their title-pages. It is only in the present day that the writer now before us would have written a novel: it is not, we think, the species of composition calculated for his talents. Evidently a clever man, shrewd, sarcastic in his remarks, severe but often just, and always amusing in his sketches of character,—in a former age he might have written a few papers for the Spectator, carried on an extensive correspondence, some of his letters would have been published, and he would have left a reputation for sense and humour, as one who might have done a great deal more if he had chosen.

But though no first-rate novel, still there is enough in these volumes to distinguish them from the common run: a few extracts will best set forth their peculiar style and merits. The

following are portraits, and the vein which runs throughout will illustrate our meaning.

"The Rev. Cornelius Denver, perpetual curate of Brigland, was one of the best-tempered creatures in the world. He would not injure any one; he had almost every one's good word; he was full of smiles and courtesy; he had nothing of the pomp or pride of priestly manners; he did not keep his parishioners at an awful distance, or affect to exercise any spiritual dominion over them by virtue of his calling; he was familiar with all, and good-humoured to all; he had not the slightest tincture of bigotry or party-spirit; in politics and religion he was most truly liberal; he had, of course, his own opinions on these subjects, but he called them into use so seldom, that he and his neighbours scarcely knew what they were; he was equally obliging to all parties, and there were many differing sects of religion in his parish; every possible variety of sectarianism flourished at Brigland, and they all united in praising the curate's liberality. There were also many members of the established church in the parish; but though they all praised their curate, they did not all very frequently attend his ministrations. Old Mr. Martindale used facetiously to say, that he should go to church much oftener if Mr. Denver would make longer sermons, but that it was so tantalising to be woken before his nap was half finished.

"Mrs. Denver was said to be a very intelligent woman, and had enjoyed that reputation for many years. Her maiden name was Smith—no relation to old Richard Smith; and she had borne that name so long, that she was tired of it, regarding it as Archbishop Tillotson did the Athanasian Creed, wishing that she 'was well rid of it.' Many people thought that Mr. Denver married her from a motive of pure good nature, because nobody else was likely to marry her. She was of high family 'originally,' as she used to say; being descended from the Simsons of Devonshire, one of whom was knighted by Richard the Third; and she was very particular in stating that her ancestors did not spell the name with *p*, for that was an innovation, and it was a very inferior family that was called Simpson. All the gossip of the town and neighbourhood flowed to the parsonage as a centre, and again flowed from it as from a perennial and exhaustless fountain. In justice to the worthy curate it must be stated, that so far as he was concerned there was nothing of censoriousness blended with his collecting and communicating disposition: he was happy to hear intelligence, and pleased to spread it; but he never pronounced an opinion as to the propriety or impropriety of the matters of which he heard and of which he spoke. It was not exactly so with Mrs. Denver; her candour was not equal to that of her husband: not that she was at all censorious—very far from it; but she could not help, as she said, feeling indignant at the vices and wickednesses which abounded in the world; and she was certainly not to be blamed for what she could not help. Sometimes she would even be angry with her husband on account of the placidity of his temper; and she would even acknowledge that she could have no patience with the abominations of the age. It must be also added, that Mrs. Denver was not quite equal to her husband in the virtue of liberality towards sectaries. She had been brought up as a member of the church established by law, and she could not see how it was possible that any other religion should be true; and for her part, she was fully deter-

mined not to countenance any false religion. It was rather unfortunate for the poor woman, that, with the exception of the Martindales, the principal people at Brigland were dissenters; and so there were two or three drawing-rooms from which her orthodoxy would have excluded her, but to which her love of the good things of life attracted her. Mrs. Denver was decidedly loyal: her reverence for majesty was unbounded. She was so grateful to Richard the Third for having knighted one of the Simsons, that she thought she could never say enough in favour of royalty.

"Mr. Tippetson, the Henry Augustus, was destined for the church. For the purpose of preparing the young gentleman, he was sent to Cambridge; but unfortunately he came away from thence without taking a degree. Every body knows what immense labour and incessant toil are required to take the degree of Bachelor of Arts. It has been said by very good judges, that a man of the greatest powers of mind, supposing him previously ignorant of the subjects of examination, would not be able to prepare himself for a bachelor's degree in less than a week, and that ordinary geniuses require a fortnight or three weeks. To study three weeks in three years was too much for Mr. Tippetson's nerves, so he left Cambridge without his degree; and as his uncle died in good circumstances, and left Henry Augustus a handsome legacy, and as the young gentleman's father also was deceased, having left a good fortune to this his only son, the young gentleman thought that his wisest step would be to become a gentleman at once, and relinquish all idea of professional pursuits. As to taking orders, he could not bear the thoughts of those impertinent questions which examining chaplains propose to candidates for holy orders, and he never would give up fancy waistcoats. Thus situated, the young gentleman lounged about and dawdled away his time with considerable ingenuity. There are two unfortunate sets of beings among mankind: those who cannot do any thing, and those who cannot do nothing. The former class counted among its numbers Mr. Henry Augustus Tippetson. He had not the slightest capacity for application to any object of pursuit; but he was by no means unable to do nothing. There are, as our readers may know, certain persons who have acquired such a habit of constant action and incessant employment, that they cannot exist without activity: they cannot be idle: they are absolutely proud of it, and fancy that it redounds much to their honour; but it is in fact a misfortune where the assertion is true, and a villainous affectation where it is false. It requires mind to be able to manage either business or leisure: it is the absence of mind that renders man a slave to habit."

"The Misses Woodstock.—"The worst of the matter was, there were four of them; and they were so nearly alike in moral and mental qualities, and so much together, and in such perfect confidence with each other, that there was not opportunity and distinctness enough for any one of the four to make an impression, and preserve or strengthen it. For if, by chance, any susceptible youth, who might be desirous of choosing a wife for her moral and mental qualities, should be seated next to, or opposite to, Miss Woodstock, and should, by hearing very sensible and unaffected language fall from her lips, or by observing in her smiles, or more serious looks, an indication of excellent moral feeling, find that his heart was almost captivated; probably on the fol-

lowing morning chance might place him near another sister with whose taste he might be fascinated, and whose most agreeable manners would make him almost regret that he had already lost so much of his heart; and while he might be balancing in his mind on which of the two his affection should rest, a farther acquaintance with the family would still farther unsettle and embarrass his judgment; and he would at length conclude that, as it was impossible to be in love with four, he could not really be in love with any; and the result would be general commendation and respect; and the four young ladies would be left to enjoy their reputation of being the most agreeable, unaffected young women living."

"An Archery-meeting.—"The usual order was quite reversed at Hovenden Lodge; for while Lady Featherstone and her two daughters, Lucy and Isabella, were drawing plans, or marching about the park, and pointing out to the architect the improvements which they thought desirable, Sir Andrew was standing by the kitchen fire and lecturing the cook, or translating, aloud, recipes from his favourite French cookery-book, which was the only book that he had ever purchased; and very highly did he value it, fancying that few persons in this kingdom were aware of its existence. He often, however, had, or we should more properly say, might have had, the mortification of finding that he had been translating from French into English that which had been previously translated from English into French; for whenever his knowing lady reminded him that any recipe was already in the English cookery-books, he would always contend for, or discover, some delicate variation which gave the French the advantage. He thought, too, that ~~what~~ ^{what} was a peculiar piquancy in the French terms, and that there was a particular relish in foreign names, which he always took care to utter, but which his obstinately English organs of speech rendered mightily amusing in their utterance. The greatest evil of the archery-meeting in Sir Andrew's opinion was, that it must be attended only with a cold collation, and that must be in a marquee. It had been discussed repeatedly, but as frequently decided against him, that it was absolutely impossible to have a hot dinner. He did not like it, but he bore it very good-temperedly; and was brimful of jokes, ready to let fly with every arrow. Lady Featherstone, who was never so happy as when she was patronising, was delighted with the thought of the long table under the marquee, and her own self smiling, nodding, and bowing most gracefully to every body: she could undergo a cold dinner every day of her life, for the happiness of thinking that every body said, 'What a charming woman is Lady Featherstone!' The young ladies were in proud and confident expectation of winning the prize; but in still more proud and more confident expectation of exhibiting their elegant selves to an admiring multitude. This, indeed, is the great beauty of archery; it is an *elegant* exercise; or, in other words, it gives an opportunity to young ladies to exhibit themselves in elegant or attractive attitudes; and many a young woman who would have scarcely any chance of a display, hereby acquires a right to be stared at most perseveringly and inveterately. She may be as long as she pleases taking her aim; and if she fears that she shall not hit the target, she may take an aim elsewhere. And it is a very pretty thing, too, for young gentlemen in the last year of being at school, or in the first of their undergraduateship.

Dressed in the archery uniform, they look so very much like Robin Hood: they go back to old times in almost more than imagination; but more especially, they have an opportunity of playing off the *polites*. At all events, it is a very innocent amusement; and, if properly managed by the lady-patroness, it may rise into something of a matter of importance. If any of the party be in possession of the powers of eloquence, they may draw up a very pretty report of the meeting; and the editors of country papers will feel much honoured by inserting the said report; and there will be a very pretty sprinkling of very pretty compliments to the very pretty young ladies, who may be compared to, Diana's nymphs; and there may be quotations from the old songs about Robin Hood and Maid Marian; and very pretty talk about the greenwood shade and the merry horn. Then the editor of the newspaper sells an extra number of papers, which are sent in different directions to distant friends. The display of beauty and fashion which was exhibited in Hovenden Park on the above-named occasion, bids defiance by its brilliancy to our powers of description. Sir Andrew himself, though his occupation was gone for that day at least, endured with a very good grace his absence from the kitchen, and was prepared to hear and say all that was polite, together with a little that was satirical. Before the business of the day began, he said, in the hearing of the exhibitors,—"Where shall I stand to be most out of the way? I think I had better take my station in front of the target."

A few chance observations, and we finish our quotations.

"It is by no means the best method to keep a secret to endeavour to find out how many others are in possession of the same. Many a secret has been thus revealed, which might otherwise have been inviolably and safely kept. On the subject of keeping secrets a great deal may be said; and the matter is surrounded with more difficulties than superficial observers are apt to imagine. For what is the use or benefit of knowing any thing, if we cannot let that knowledge be known? If a secret be confided to us, an honour is thereby conferred; but if that secret be not by us again talked about, directly or indirectly, how can the world know how much we are honoured? Who would give a fig to receive the honour of knight-hood, if he were under an obligation to let no one know it? or who would give fifteen pounds (pounds, some say it costs) for a doctor's degree, if he could never blazon the honour to the world?"

"When a man calls himself a fool in the hearing of another, that other is in duty bound to contradict him; for it is not in the nature of things that any man really thinking himself a fool should avow that conviction. To speak paradoxically, if a man sincerely avows himself a fool, he thinks himself a wise man in having found out that he is a fool, and requires a compliment as a matter of course. It is the expected duty of every one, therefore, hearing another call himself a fool, to contradict him. To do that well is difficult, and requires great address. It must not be contradicted point-blank and flatly, but it must be circuitously done. Every man who calls himself a fool is offended if he fancies that he is believed, is offended if he be not contradicted, and is also offended if he be contradicted, so as to give proof that he is suspected of expecting contradiction."

"They had their own peculiar views of ob-

jects; and in these they differed from their contemporaries, and therefore they were called old-fashioned. They would have been quite as old-fashioned a thousand years ago; for the past is the repository in which imagination finds its stock of virtues."

"If it were not for an occasional example of individuals rising above the ordinary level, the influence of the multitude beneath it would gradually but surely sink the standard, and lead to serious deterioration."

The great fault of these volumes is their total want of imagination; we are often amused, but never interested; we have no sympathy but that of entertainment with any of the actors. The title of the book is singularly inappropriate and meaningless: *Rank and Talent* is a good high-sounding phrase; but we protest against a young profligate nobleman being a fitting representative of the one, or a young man of worldly success and industry of the other. The rather fashionable slang use of the English language, in contradistinction to grammatical or classical refinement, must be obvious from our extracts.

The Annual Obituary.

PURSUANT to the intimation in our last, we annex, as a further illustration of this volume, the admirably written biography of the late Dugald Stewart. It will afford a more correct idea of the value of the work than the meagre extracts with which want of room compelled us to be satisfied in our first notice, and which, to say the truth, were not well calculated to convey a just impression of its ability and excellence.

"Dugald Stewart was the only son who survived the age of infancy, of Dr. Matthew Stewart, professor of mathematics in the University of Edinburgh, and of Marjory Stewart, daughter of Archibald Stewart, Esq. one of the writers to the Signet of Scotland. The object of this brief notice was born in the College of Edinburgh, on the 22d of November, 1753, and his health, during the first period of his life, was so feeble and precarious, that it was with more than the ordinary anxiety and solicitude of parents that his infancy was reared. His early years were spent partly in the house at that time attached to the mathematical chair of the University, and partly at Catrine, his father's property in Ayrshire, to which the family regularly removed every summer, when the academical session was concluded. At the age of seven he was sent to the High School, where he distinguished himself by the quickness and accuracy of his apprehension; and where the singular felicity and spirit with which he caught and transfused into his own language the ideas of the classical writers, attracted the particular remarks of his instructors. Having completed the customary course of education at this seminary, he was entered as a student at the College of Edinburgh. Under the immediate instruction of such a mathematician and teacher as his father, it may readily be supposed that he made an early proficiency in the exact sciences; but the distinguishing bent of his philosophical genius recommended him in a still more particular manner to the notice of Dr. Stevenson, then professor of logic, and of Dr. Adam Ferguson, who filled the moral philosophy chair. In October 1771 he was deprived of his mother, and he, almost immediately after her death, removed to Glasgow, where Dr. Reid was then teaching those principles of metaphysics which it was the great object of his pupil's life to inculcate and to expand. After attending one course of lectures

at this seat of learning, the prosecution of his favourite studies was interrupted by the declining state of his father's health, which compelled him, in the autumn of the following year, before he had reached the age of nineteen, to undertake the task of teaching the mathematical classes. With what success he was able to fulfil this duty, was sufficiently evinced by the event; for, with all Dr. Matthew Stewart's well-merited celebrity, the number of students considerably increased under his son. As soon as he had completed his twenty-first year, he was appointed assistant and successor to his father, and in this capacity he continued to conduct the mathematical studies in the University, till his father's death, in the year 1785, when he was nominated to the vacant chair. Although this continued, however, to be his ostensible situation in the University, his avocations were more varied. In the year 1778, during which Dr. Adam Ferguson accompanied the commissioners to America, he undertook to supply his place in the moral philosophy class; a labour that was the more overwhelming, as he had for the first time given notice, a short time before his assistance was requested, of his intention to add a course of lectures on astronomy to the two classes which he taught as professor of mathematics. Such was the extraordinary fertility of his mind, and the facility with which it adapted its powers to such inquiries, that although the proposal was made to him and accepted on Thursday, he commenced the course of metaphysics the following Monday, and continued during the whole of the season to think out and arrange in his head in the morning (while walking backwards and forwards in a small garden attached to his father's house in the college,) the matter of the lecture of the day. The ideas with which he had thus stored his mind, he poured forth extempore in the course of the forenoon, with an eloquence and a felicity of illustration surpassing in energy and vivacity (as those who have heard him have remarked) the more logical and better-digested expositions of his philosophical views, which he used to deliver in his maturer years. The difficulty of speaking for an hour extempore, every day on a new subject, for five or six months, is not small: but when super-added to the mental exertion of teaching also, daily, two classes of mathematics, and of delivering, for the first time, a course of lectures on astronomy, it may justly be considered as a very singular instance of intellectual vigour. To this season he always referred as the most laborious of his life; and such was the exhaustion of the body, from the intense and continued stretch of the mind, that, on his departure for London, at the close of the academical session, it was necessary to lift him into the carriage. In the year 1780 he began to receive some young noblemen and gentlemen into his house as pupils, under his immediate superintendence, among whom were to be numbered the late Lord Belhaven, the late Marquess of Lothian, Basil Lord Daer, the late Lord Powerscourt, Mr. Muir Mackenzie of Delvin, and the late Mr. Henry Glassford. In the summer of 1783, he visited the continent for the first time, having accompanied the late Marquess of Lothian to Paris; on his return from whence, in the autumn of the same year, he married Helen Bannatine, a daughter of Neil Bannatine, Esq., a merchant in Glasgow. In the year 1785, during which Dr. Matthew Stewart's death occurred, the health of Dr. Ferguson rendered it expedient for him to discontinue his official labours in the Univer-

sity, and he accordingly effected an exchange of offices with Mr. Stewart, who was transferred to the class of moral philosophy, while Dr. Ferguson retired on the salary of mathematical professor. In the year 1787, Mr. Stewart was deprived of his wife by death; and, the following summer, he again visited the continent, in company with the late Mr. Ramsay of Barnton. These slight indications of the progress of the ordinary occurrences of human life, must suffice to convey to the reader an idea of the connexion of events up to the period when Mr. Stewart entered on that sphere of action in which he laid the foundation of the great reputation which he acquired as a moralist and a metaphysician. His writings are before the world, and from them posterity may be safely left to form an estimate of the excellence of his style of composition—of the extent and variety of his learning and scientific attainments—of the singular cultivation and refinement of his mind—of the purity and elegance of his taste—of his warm relish for moral and for natural beauty—of his enlightened benevolence to all mankind, and of the generous ardour with which he devoted himself to the improvement of the human species—of all of which, while the English language endures, his works will continue to preserve the indelible evidence. But of one part of his fame no memorial will remain but in the recollection of those who have witnessed his exertions. As a public speaker, he was justly entitled to rank among the very first of his day; and, had an adequate sphere been afforded for the display of his oratorical powers, his merit in this line alone would have sufficed to secure him an eternal reputation. Among those who have attracted the highest admiration in the senate and at the bar, there are still many living who will bear testimony to his extraordinary eloquence. The ease, the grace, and the dignity of his action; the compass and harmony of his voice, its flexibility and variety of intonation, the truth with which its modulation responded to the impulses of his feelings, and the sympathetic emotions of his audience; the clear and perspicuous arrangement of his matter; the swelling and uninterrupted flow of his periods; and the rich stores of ornament which he used to borrow from the literature of Greece and of Rome, of France and of England, and to interweave with his spoken thoughts, with the most apposite application,—were perfections not any of them possessed in a superior degree by any of the most celebrated orators of the age; nor do I believe that in any of the great speakers of the time (and I have heard them all), they were to an equal extent united. His own opinions were maintained without any overweening partiality; his eloquence came so warm from the heart, was rendered so impressive by the evidence which it bore of the love of truth, and was so free from all controversial acrimony, that what has been remarked of the purity of purpose which inspired the speeches of Brutus, might justly be applied to all that he spoke and wrote; for he seemed only to wish, without farther reference to others than a candid disavowal of their errors rendered necessary, simply and ingenuously to disclose to the world the conclusions to which his reason had led him: ‘Non malignitate aut invidia, sed simplicitate et ingenuè, judicium animi sui detexisse.’ In 1790, after being three years a widower, he married Helen d’Arcy Cranstoun, a daughter of the Honourable George Cranstoun,—a union to which he owed much of the subsequent happiness of his life. About this time it would appear to have been that he first began to

arrange some of his metaphysical papers with a view to publication. At what period he deliberately set himself to think systematically on these subjects is uncertain. That his mind had been habituated to such reflections from a very early period is sufficiently known. He frequently alluded to the speculations that occupied his boyish and even his infant thoughts; and the success of his logical and metaphysical studies at Edinburgh, and the Essay on Dreaming, which forms the fifth section of the first part of the fifth chapter of the first volume of the Philosophy of the Human Mind, composed while a student at the College of Glasgow in 1772, at the age of eighteen, are proofs of the strong natural bias which he possessed for such pursuits. It is probable, however, that he did not follow out the inquiry as a train of thought, or commit many of his ideas to writing, before his appointment in 1785 to the professorship of moral philosophy gave a necessary and steady direction to his investigation of metaphysical truth. In the year 1792 he first appeared before the public as an author, at which time the first volume of the Philosophy of the Human Mind was given to the world. While engaged in this work he had contracted the obligation of writing the Life of Adam Smith, the author of the Wealth of Nations; and very soon after he had disembarrassed himself of his own labours, he fulfilled the task which he had undertaken—the biographical memoir of this eminent man having been read at two several meetings of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, in the months of January and March 1793. In the course of this year also, he published the Outlines of Moral Philosophy,—a work which he used as a text-book, and which contained brief notices for the use of his students of the subjects which formed the matter of his academical preparations. In March 1796 he read before the Royal Society his account of the Life and Writings of Dr. Robertson, and in 1802 that of the Life and Writings of Dr. Reid. By these publications alone he continued to be known as an author, till the appearance of his volume of Philosophical Essays in 1810;—a work to which a melancholy interest attaches in the estimation of his friends, from the knowledge that it was in the devotion of his mind to this occupation that he sought a diversion to his thoughts from the affliction he experienced in the death of his second and youngest son. Although, however, the fruits of his studies were not given to the world, the process of intellectual exertion was unremitted. The leading branches of metaphysics had become so familiar to his mind, that the lectures which he delivered very generally extempore, and which varied more or less in the language and matter every year, seemed to cost him little effort; and he was thus left in a great degree at liberty to apply the larger part of his day to the prosecution of his farther speculations. Although he had read more than most of those who are considered learned, his life, as he has himself somewhere remarked, was spent much more in reflecting than in reading; and so unceasing was the activity of his mind, and so strong his disposition to trace all subjects of speculation that were worthy to attract his interest up to their first principles, that all important objects and occurrences furnished fresh matter to his thoughts. The political events of the time suggested many of his inquiries into the principles of political economy;—his reflections on his occasional tours through the country, many of his speculations on the picturesque, the beautiful, and

the sublime;—and the study of the characters of his friends and acquaintances, and of remarkable individuals with whom he happened to be thrown into contact, many of his most profound observations on the sources of the varieties and anomalies of human nature. In the period which intervened between the publication of his first volume of the Philosophy of the Human Mind, and the appearance of his Philosophical Essays, he produced and prepared the matter of all his other writings, with the exception of his Dissertation on the Progress of Metaphysical and Ethical Philosophy, prefixed to the Supplement of the Encyclopædia Britannica. Independent of the prosecution of those metaphysical inquiries which constitute the substance of his second and third volumes of the Philosophy of the Human Mind, to this epoch of his life is to be referred the speculations in which he engaged with respect to the science of political economy, the principles of which he first embodied in a course of lectures, which in the year 1800 he added as a second course to the lectures which formed the immediate subject of the instruction previously delivered in the university from the moral philosophy chair. So general and extensive was his acquaintance with almost every department of literature, and so readily did he arrange his ideas on any subject with a view to their communication to others, that his colleagues frequently, in the event of illness or absence, availed themselves of his assistance in the instruction of their classes. In addition to his own academical duties, he repeatedly supplied the place of Dr. John Robison, professor of natural philosophy. He taught for several months during one winter the Greek classes for the late Mr. Dalziel: he more than one season taught the mathematical classes for the late Mr. Playfair: he delivered some lectures on logic during the illness of Dr. Finlayson; and, if I mistake not, he one winter lectured for some time on belles lettres for the successor of Dr. Blair. In 1799 he was induced once more to open his house for the reception of pupils; and in this capacity, the late Lord Ashburton, the son of the celebrated Mr. Dunning, the present Earl of Warwick, the present Earl of Dudley, Lord Palmerston, his brother the Hon. Mr. Temple, and Mr. Sullivan, the present under-secretary at war, were placed under his care. The Marquess of Lansdowne, though not an inmate in his family, was resident at this time in Edinburgh and a frequent guest in his house, and for him he contracted the highest esteem; and he lived to see him, along with two of his own pupils, cabinet ministers at the same time. Justly conceiving that the formation of manners, and of taste in conversation, constituted a no less important part in the education of men destined to mix so largely in the world, than their graver pursuits, he rendered his house at this time the resort of all who were most distinguished for genius, acquirement, or elegance, in Edinburgh, and of all the foreigners who were led to visit the capital of Scotland. So happily did he succeed in assorting his guests, so well did he combine the grave and the gay, the cheerfulness of youth with the wisdom of age, and amusement with the weightier topics that formed the subject of conversation to his more learned visitors, that his evening parties possessed a charm which many who frequented them have since confessed they have sought in vain in more splendid and insipid entertainments. In the year 1806 he accompanied his friend the Earl of Lauderdale on his mission

Paris; and he had thus an opportunity not only of renewing many of the literary intimacies which he had formed in France before the commencement of the Revolution, but of extending his acquaintance with the eminent men of that country, with many of whom he continued to maintain a correspondence during his life. The year after the death of his son, he relinquished his chair in the university, and removed to Kinneil House, a seat belonging to his grace the Duke of Hamilton, on the banks of the Firth of Forth, about twenty miles from Edinburgh, where he spent the remainder of his days in philosophical retirement. From this place were dated, in succession, the *Philosophical Essays* in 1810; the second volume of the *Philosophy of the Human Mind* in 1813; the *Preliminary Dissertation to the Encyclopedia*; the continuation of the second part of the *Philosophy* in 1827; and finally, in 1828, the third volume, containing the *Philosophy of the Active and Moral Powers of Man*,—a work which he completed only a few short weeks before his career was to close for ever. Here he continued to be visited by his friends, and by most foreigners who could procure an introduction to his acquaintance, till the month of January 1822, when a stroke of palsy, which nearly deprived him of the power of utterance, in a great measure incapacitated him for the enjoyment of any other society than that of a few intimate friends, in whose company he felt no constraint. This great calamity, which benumbed him of the faculty of speech, of the power of exercise, of the use of his right hand,—which reduced him to a state of almost insupportable dependence on those around him, and subjected him ever after to a most abominous ague,—he bore with the most dignified fortitude and tranquillity. The malady which broke his health and constitution for the rest of his existence, happily impaired neither any of the faculties of his mind, nor the characteristic vigour and activity of his understanding, which enabled him to rise superior to the misfortune. As soon as his strength was sufficiently re-established, he continued to pursue his studies with his wonted assiduity, to prepare his works for the press with the assistance of his daughter as an amanuensis, and to avail himself with cheerful and unabated relish of all the sources of gratification which it was still within his power to enjoy, exhibiting, among some of the heaviest infirmities incident to age, an admirable example of the serene sunset of a well-spent life of classical elegance and refinement, so beautifully imagined by Cicero: ‘*Quies, et purè, et electè acta stas, placida ac lenis senectus.*’ In general company his manner bordered on reserve; but it was the *comitate condita gravitas*, and belonged more to the general weight and authority of his character, than to any reluctance to take his share in the cheerful intercourse of social life. He was ever ready to acknowledge with a smile the happy sallies of wit; and no man had a keener sense of the ludicrous, or laughed more heartily at genuine humor. His deportment and expression were easy and unembarrassed, dignified, elegant, and graceful. His politeness was equally free from all affectation and from all premeditation; it was the spontaneous result of the purity of his own taste, and of a heart warm with all the benevolent affections, and was characterized by a truth and readiness of tact that accommodated his conduct with undeviating propriety to the circumstances of the present moment, and to the relative situation of those

to whom he addressed himself. From an early period of life he had frequented the best society both in France and in this country, and he had in a peculiar degree the air of good company. In the society of ladies he appeared to great advantage; and to women of cultivated understanding his conversation was particularly acceptable and pleasing. The immense range of his erudition, the attention he had bestowed on almost every branch of philosophy, his extensive acquaintance with every department of elegant literature, ancient or modern, and the fund of anecdote and information which he had collected in the course of his intercourse with the world, with respect to almost all the eminent men of the day, either in this country or in France, enabled him to find suitable subjects for the entertainment of the great variety of visitors of all descriptions who at one period frequented his house. In his domestic circle his character appeared in its most amiable light, and by his family he was beloved and venerated almost to adoration. So uniform and sustained was the tone of his manners, and so completely was it the result of the habitual influence of the natural elegance and elevation of his mind on his external demeanour, that when alone with his wife and children, it hardly differed by a shade from that which he maintained in the company of strangers; for although his fondness, and familiarity, and playfulness, were alike engaging and unrestrained, he never lost any thing either of his grace or his dignity: ‘*Nec verò ille in luce modo, atque in oculis civium magnus, sed intus domique præstantior.*’ As a writer of the English language,—as a public speaker,—as an original, a profound, and a cautious thinker,—as an expounder of truth,—as an instructor of youth,—as an elegant scholar,—as an accomplished gentleman;—in the exemplary discharge of the social duties,—in uncompromising consistency and rectitude of principle,—in upholding independence,—in the warmth and tenderness of his domestic affections,—in sincere and unostentatious piety,—in the purity and innocence of his life,—few have excelled him; and, take him for all in all, it will be difficult to find a man who to so many of the perfections has added so few of the imperfections of human nature.”

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Diversions of Holycot; or, a Mother's Art of Thinking. By the Author of “*Clan Albin*” and “*Elizabeth de Bruce*.” Edinburgh, 1828. Oliver and Boyd.

THIS is a very delightful production in that most difficult branch of writing—juvenile literature;—whether it be that our artificial feelings are so much easier to excite than our natural ones, and that, in proportion as we advance in life, we are so much made up of habits instead of impulses, so much more accustomed to think than to feel, and to act without doing either, that the mingled simplicity and acuteness of childhood is scarcely dreamed of “in our philosophy:” and truly to write a good child’s book not only requires great talents, but talents of a peculiar kind. These this lady possesses in no ordinary degree. The story is interesting, but made subservient to instruction;—little anecdotes of natural history are admirably introduced, and the children are drawn as so few can draw them—clever, well-disposed, but still children. The history of the nutting, the acorn-gathering, and the goldfinch, are most excellently told; and the moral lessons conveyed are not less simple than striking.

But there is one fault, and the worse as it might easily have been avoided; we allude to frequent inelegant and even ungrammatical forms of speech. For example: “Charles had got lessons with Mr. Doddsley”—“Fanny was stuck between dapple’s panniers, for she was but short-legged yet”—“as many thistles as he could set his long face to”—“Nelson, nor no great man”—“kind and considerate of her.” Such instances are great defects in a work that insists too on grammatical correctness. However, we wish it well through a first edition, and hope to see all these inaccuracies amended in its second. We observe, from the conclusion, the authoress purposes “raising the table round again:” we look with much pleasure at the announcement: a more careful and correct style is the only improvement to which we would point her attention.

The Life and Adventures of Alexander Selkirk; containing the real Incidents on which the Romance of Robinson Crusoe is founded. 12mo. pp. 196. Edinburgh, 1829, Oliver and Boyd; London, G. B. Whittaker.

THIS is a very pleasant little volume, and interesting from its associations with the most delightful narrative ever written.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

January 5, 1829.

WISHING to be *au fait* in the art of giving and receiving, I paid a visit to the Comtesse de — on New Year’s Day, judging that her youth, beauty, and rank, would command numerous offerings. At one o’clock the countess prepared to conquer admiration by calling up smiles, dimples, and all the artillery of her charms. The first arrival was Monsieur le Marquis de —. On his name being announced, curiosity prompted me to look towards the door; but for some moments I perceived nothing but a powdered head, which almost touched the ground,—for the remainder of the noble personage was still in the ante-chamber; by degrees, however, he advanced, and again performed so low an obeisance, that, in point of form, one might have mistaken him for a pair of sugar-tongs or a triangle; the third salutation happily brought him *vis-à-vis* the lady of the mansion, whose hand he embraced with an ardour rather suited to nineteen than ninety. Madame playfully repelled his raptures, and performed the coquette so naturally, that the poor marquess, at fourscore and ten, imagined himself to be a very dangerous fellow; for a French woman possesses, to a superior degree, the talent of flattering the *amour propre* of the other sex, without, however, departing from the laws of modesty, or losing her own dignity. After a few minutes converse, or rather display of compliments, which, from their exaggeration, savoured entirely of the old school—M. le Marquis requested permission to ring the bell: this being accorded, he called for his servants. A *chasseur*, covered with gold lace, and having the air of a prince, entered the room, leading a monkey,—*tel maître, tel singe*. This animal was a fac-simile of his master, at least with regard to *tournure*, *hows*, and *graces*. “*Oh, le joli singe! qu’il est gentil! qu’il est charmant!*” cried the countess, with a gravity of countenance an English woman could hardly have commanded. The monkey was then ordered to kneel at madame’s feet, and avow itself her slave, by presenting to her the golden chain which was around its neck and clasped together by one large diamond. This token of friendship, or of admiration, was received with easy gracefulness on

the part of the countess, who requested the marquis to render it valuable by placing it round her throat, which ceremony entitled him to an embrace on each cheek. After recommending to Monsieur le Singe to be *sage*, docile, and attentive to madame, the antiquated lover took his leave with rather a triumphant step, though none of his bows or manœuvres were forgotten. As soon as he had made his exit, the countess gave way to a burst of laughter. "*Ce pauvre marquis*," she said, "*faut-il être imbécile à un tel point ? que veut-il que je fasse avec ce vilain singe ?*" "But the diamond?" I observed. "*A la bonne heure*," she replied; "*voilà de bon sens*." The next personage worthy of notice was a young diplomat, in person and manners *tout à fait l'opposé de Monsieur le Marquis*. Not for a moment even would he have had the cruelty to deprive society of the sight of his *beaux traits*; his salutation was a demi-bow and demi-courtesy; and this sinking and rising would no doubt have continued for some minutes, had not the hat of *cet élégant par excellence* fallen from his delicate fingers: indeed, as he stooped to raise it, I felt seriously alarmed for so fragile a being—for nothing but a miracle could have saved him from breaking in two. His attention was divided between the countess and the reflection of his own person in an opposite mirror; he talked of kings, princes, and ambassadors; sighed, looked pompous and sentimental by turns, and seemed to think that every lady in the room would have died even to obtain a look from him. His offering to *la belle comtesse* was a musical box, which he termed a *bagatelle*. It being, however, set round with brilliants, the amiable hostess designed to accept it.

These two extremes of old and new *bon ton* amused me much; but neither of them gave me any idea of what I suppose to be real politeness: indeed, I believe, to produce a gentleman, *il faut* (as a French lady said) *la noblesse de la simplicité d'un Anglais, avec la grâce et l'élégance d'un Français*.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,—In your *Gazette* of Dec. 27, under the head "The Ellis Correspondence," you write thus: "The subjoined is quoted as a verse of a song sung much about London (1686): we wish we had it all.

"Then pray for the soul of Gabriel John;
Or if you please you may let it alone—
'Tis all one."

Now, as I can furnish you with the whole production, I here subjoin the remaining verses.

"For Gabriel John was a weary wight;
He pray'd all day, and he drank all night,
Och one!

He married one woman and lived with another;
He poisoned his father and cheated his brother—
Cruel John!

He swore like a toper and read like a priest;
He called himself gentleman, yet was a beast—
When alone.

He died in his bed—had he died at his door,
'Twas much too good for
Gabriel John.

He laugh'd and he cried, he cursed and sung,
He tore his own hair, and he bit his own tongue—
Poor John!

He died like a dog, with a grin and a growl,
And the Devil flew off with Gabriel's soul
Anon.

And his body was buried in Blackfriars' church,
On the left-hand side as you enter the porch,
Under a stone."

Liverpool.

SIGMA.*

* We thank our friend Sigma, who will see that, for the sake of propriety, we have softened one word, and omitted the termination of one verse.—Ed. L. G.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

PROPOSED VISIT TO TIMBUCTOO.

NOTHING seems yet to have been determined upon by the French government as to the return of M. Caillé to Timbuctoo. That enterprising man is ready, and indeed anxious, to set out; but there are obstacles in his way which cannot easily be surmounted. It would be necessary for him to retrace a part of his former route, in which he was indebted for safety to a well-devised fiction, about his being a native of the country, who had been carried away in his youth before he could undergo the essential rites of Mahomedanism, which he would take the earliest opportunity of having performed. This story cannot be repeated with effect; and his re-appearance among tribes upon whom it imposed might be productive of great danger.

M. Caillé's forthcoming account of his travels is expected to excite great interest among the Parisians, who take much pride in the circumstance of a Frenchman having seen, and safely returned from, Timbuctoo. Passages of this work are already in circulation, from which we learn some interesting details of former travellers. In private conversation with a friend on the subject of Major Laing's assassination, M. Caillé stated that the only chance of escaping death was by conforming to the Mahomedan religion; and that his scruples on that head being unconquerable, his murder was resolved on. When it was observed to M. Caillé that Major Laing had not acted with ordinary prudence in not conforming, outwardly at least, to this religion, until he could have an opportunity of again openly declaring himself a Christian, M. Caillé said that the unfortunate traveller would have profited nothing by such an act of duplicity, as he would have been narrowly watched by the tribe amongst whom it would be necessary to reside after his pretended conversion, and his escape would have been almost impossible, as, if he succeeded even in reaching a neighbouring sect, he would be no better off. The fate of Major Laing was, says M. Caillé, a familiar topic of conversation at Timbuctoo, where his refusal to abjure his religion created some interest, as it led to his destruction. But of another traveller, Mungo Park, he was not able to obtain the slightest account, from the number of years that have elapsed since he died. M. Caillé's description of Timbuctoo has already been made public; but in his work there will, we understand, appear several plates, representing the two mosques, and other buildings, of that long fabled capital, sketches of which he ventured to take at the imminent risk of discovery and punishment.

LA PÉROUSE.

Extract of a Report of M. Dumont d'Urville on the Operations of the Astrolabe Corvette, from its departure from Hobart Town (Jan. 6, 1828) to its arrival at Batavia (August 29, 1828).

THE corvette *Astrolabe* left Hobart Town on the 5th of January, to explore the islands in which Captain Dillon found traces of the shipwreck of *La Pérouse*. After a fortnight's dangerous voyage, it came in sight of Norfolk Island, whence it steered towards Matthew's Rock, which the *Coquille* was not able to find and which is only an islet, about two miles in circumference; the sides of which, rent by a volcano, still burning, do not exhibit any signs of vegetation. It was on the 28th of January that the *Astrolabe* passed this rock; and M.

d'Urville left it immediately after, to proceed to Tikopia, which he reached on the 10th of February, and had some communication with the natives. After vain attempts to induce the Prussian Buchert and the *Lascar*, mentioned by Captain Dillon, to accompany him to Vanikoro (and not Mallicolo), he sailed for that island, taking with him two Englishmen who had deserted from a whaler and resided at Tikopia, and five natives of Vanikoro, where he arrived on the morning of the 14th. This day was employed in examining the reefs which surround the island, and the passages by which it may be approached. On the next day, the west winds hindering them from entering the bay in which the two vessels commanded by *La Pérouse* had perished, M. d'Urville endeavoured, but without success, to find the island of Taumako, celebrated by the voyage of Quixos, and which it has since been impossible to discover.

On the 19th he again came off Vanikoro; and after having again explored the eastern bay, which he named Tevai, the name of a village near it, he determined to bring the corvette thither on the 21st. On the 25th of February, he despatched the boat, commanded by M. Gressier, towards the reefs of Vanou and Païou. That officer returned the following day, after having gone round the island, bringing back some trifling articles proceeding from the wreck, but without any information respecting the place where the Frenchmen had perished; which induced M. d'Urville to send on the 26th M. Jacquinot and four officers belonging to the staff. The sight of a piece of scarlet cloth which they offered to the natives, induced the latter to point out to them the place of which they were in search, and where they saw, scattered at the bottom of the water, at the depth of three or four fathoms, anchors, cannon, balls, pigs of lead, and an immense quantity of *shot*, *lead*. The boat not being large enough to take away any of these articles, the long boat was sent to the spot, after the *Astrolabe* had been brought to an anchor in the inner bay, or bay of Manneval (as Captain d'Urville called it); the only entrance to which is through a channel which is very narrow and choked up with coral rocks. This operation required two days, and exposed the corvette to great danger. It was on the 2d of March that the *Astrolabe* was moored behind the village of Manneval. On the 3d, the long boat was sent to the reefs of Païou and Vanou, both for the purpose of examining the reefs, and also to take out of the sea some things belonging to the shipwrecked vessels:—it brought back an anchor weighing 1,800 pounds, a short brass eight-pounder, a pig of lead, and two swivels.

Being now certain that this was the place where the vessels of *La Pérouse* were wrecked, M. d'Urville thought of executing the project which he had formed,—of raising a monument in the island Vanikoro to the memory of our unfortunate countrymen. This monument was completed in a week; and a detachment of ten men marched three times round it and fired three volleys, while a salute of twenty-one guns made the mountains of Vanikoro re-echo. The inhabitants, alarmed, and not knowing what this meant, sent two of their chiefs on board the corvette, where they were received with friendship; and being convinced by numerous presents that we had no intention to injure them, they promised to respect the mausoleum; which, besides, being built of wood and stone, had nothing about it that could tempt their cupidity. On one of the faces is

a plate of lead, on which is engraven the following inscription :

LA MEMOIRE DE LA PEROUSE ET DE SES
COMPAGNONS. L'ASTROLABE, XIV. MARS
M.DCCC.XXVIII.

A fever and bad weather prevented other inquiries; and on the 15th the corvette quitted the haven of Mangadey, and succeeded in reaching the open sea by the northern passage, without accident.

The information which M. d'Urville was able to procure at Vanikoro respecting the shipwreck of *La Pérouse* is very incomplete, on account of the difficulty which the inhabitants made in answering his questions. The following are the particulars which he has been able to collect from some of them :—

After a very dark night, during which the south-east wind had blown with great violence, the islanders suddenly perceived in the morning, on the south coast, opposite the district of Tamema, an immense canoe aground between the reefs, where it was soon dashed to pieces, and entirely disappeared, so that no part of it could be afterwards saved. Of those on board no more than about thirty were able to escape in a boat, and land upon the island. On the following day the savages perceived another canoe, like the first, stranded before Païou; but, being to leeward of the island, less exposed to the wind and sea, and also fixed on a regular bottom, with only fifteen or eighteen feet water, it remained a long time without going to pieces. All those who were on board landed at Païou, where they established themselves with their belongings to the other ship, and immediately set about building a small vessel with the materials of that which had not sunk. The French, whom they called Mara, were, they say, always respected by the natives, who never approached them without kissing their hands (a ceremony which they often practised towards the officers of the *Astrolabe*). However, there were frequent quarrels, and in one of them the natives lost five men, three of whom were chiefs, and the French two. At length, after six or seven months labour, the little vessel was finished, and all the strangers left the island, according to the generally received opinion. Some affirm that two of them staid behind, but that they lived only a short time. In this respect no doubt can remain; and their unanimous statements prove that there cannot be any Frenchmen either at Vanikoro or in the islands of Oury and Edgiameba (Toupoua, in their language), nor even at Saint Croix (Intendi), or the neighbouring islands. At St. Croix there is only one white man, who belonged to a whaler.

As for the route which the Frenchmen probably took on leaving Vanikoro, (if the accounts of the natives are to be believed;—if they were not all massacred,) Captain d'Urville thinks that they steered towards New Ireland, to reach the Moluccas or the Philippines by the north of New Guinea, and that it is on the west coast of the Solomon Isles that some traces of their passage might perhaps one day be found, because the condition in which they were would not allow them to venture to pass through Torres Strait. Captain d'Urville was directed by his instructions to steer towards that strait; but the deplorable condition to which the crew of the *Astrolabe* was reduced, compelled him to proceed to Guam, where he hoped to find means to give them some repose, and to recover the sick, whose number daily increased. After another attempt to find the island of Tacumako, which was as unsuccessful

as the preceding, the *Astrolabe* sailed on the 26th of March for the Marian islands. This voyage was not exempt from difficulties, nor without advantage to science; for that part of the Carolines which M. Duperrey had not been able to visit, was explored by the officers of the *Astrolabe*. One of the Englishmen, *Hamilton* (Hamilton?) who had been taken on board at Tikopia, and had been of much use to Captain d'Urville in his intercourse with the natives of Vanikoro, died at Umata. Others of her sick perished, which is ascribed to their intemperance, and to the too great facility with which they were able to indulge in it.

After leaving the Marian islands, May 13, the corvette successively visited several islands, and on the 10th July arrived at Amboyna.

On the 18th of July, Captain d'U. quitted the road of Amboyna, and on the 27th the corvette cast anchor in the road Marado, before Fort Amsterdam. Here the time was employed in making excursions into the interior; and various additions were made to the collections of natural history. At length, on the 29th of August, in the evening, the *Astrolabe* arrived at Batavia, where Captain d'Urville received the most flattering reception.

On the 29th of September it arrived at the Isle de France, whence it will return to Toulon, as soon as the crew have had the repose they require after so fatiguing an expedition.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

OUR attention has of late been directed to the proceedings of the literary and learned Societies of the metropolis, and we therefore cannot in justice omit some account of the above-mentioned institution. A royal charter was granted only last year, and consequently we shall have excellent opportunities to watch the growth, and to report the progress, of this young and very promising offspring of civilisation. Here is a profession formed and entirely supported by the artificial though useful wants of our favoured country; and as this profession becomes identified by assuming the form of a learned society, the knowledge elicited, in the discussion of facts and practical observations contributed by the several members, will be of the highest authority and importance. Nor will the civil engineer be alone interested in this knowledge, since it deeply concerns all those wealthy speculators who require trustworthy information, as well as all who promote national improvements and works of art, and it will be of especial advantage to those other learned societies who found their philosophical deductions on the sure ground of experience.

This Society proposes to discuss all those difficult and abstruse subjects on which the collected intelligence of our best civil engineers may throw some light; and as these questions may be proposed by any member, here is an open road to the best source of information. Original papers, drawings, and estimates, are annually presented by the ordinary members who form the first class: these most important and valuable acquisitions are open to the researches of all the members.

Upon the whole, as a school of the highest order, and as one where perhaps an F.R.S. or F.S.A. would find himself a learner, we recommend it to all who would possess useful knowledge by the easy and pleasant method of social conversation.

MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

A GREAT schism has occurred in this Society, which—it may have been surmised from our manner of mentioning it, when its proceedings came under our notice—was never an especial

favourite with us. We are far from denying that an institution of the kind may be rendered important and useful to science; but it always struck us that there was more puffing about the Medico-Botanical Society than was consistent with the dignity of such an association. Some of our best institutions, it is true, had long ceased to produce any marked effects on the arts, sciences, or literature of the age, in consequence of their want of publicity; but this new body rushed into the opposite extreme, and its everlasting newspaper-paragraphs were only worthy of pretension and quackery.

With regard to recent transactions, we have for some weeks been in possession of the conflicting statements; but, as is our practice, we declined being a partisan on either one side or the other. The main facts, we believe, were briefly these:—Mr. Frost, who has been so active in promoting the interests of the Society as to have identified himself (under the anomalous title of "Director,") conspicuously with its progress, seems to have become obnoxious to a number of its supporters. They considered him guilty of egotism, presumption, and vanity,—and there has existed for some time a strong feeling on this point. On the other hand, Mr. Frost was countenanced and supported so far; and certainly, for we inquire not into motives, shewed himself a zealous (if a vain and indiscreet) officer of the Institution. But, to use a common saying, things were at odds and evens, when some collection of plants, presented by a member, was, in the course of affairs, sent to Mr. Brown, with a request that he would class them, &c. for the museum. It is unnecessary to enter into the little details of what ensued; suffice it to say, that in a correspondence on the subject, Mr. Brown treated Mr. Frost with great contumely, as an impertinent pretender; and either that Mr. Brown was deemed to be in error, or that Mr. Frost had influence enough to induce a meeting, at which Lord Seignhope presided, to expel that gentleman,—unquestionably one of the ablest botanists in Europe. The result has been a complete rupture in the Society—some of its most distinguished members have withdrawn; and the whole is so shaken in public opinion that it is pretty clear a new organisation must take place, or the Medico-Botanical Society is in danger of falling, even in its spring, into the sear and yellow leaf.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

THURSDAY, 15 Jan. 1829, Henry Hallam, Esq. in the chair. A highly interesting paper was read, communicated by Mr. Ellis, relative to the massacre at Paris in 1672, generally denominated the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. It has been a subject of controversy among historians, whether this unparalleled and dreadful tragedy originated in a sudden ebullition of hatred to the Protestant religion, or was the subject of a preconcerted and deep-laid plot. It was clearly proved, by an original document of instructions transmitted to the Regent Morton of Scotland, by order of Queen Elizabeth, that the massacre was a measure calmly and coolly determined on before it was carried into execution. The instructions give full warning to the regent to be on his guard against the secret introduction of French emissaries to undermine the reformed religion, or by a bolder attempt in the descent of a French fleet on the coast of Scotland.

Thomas Stapleton, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, was balloted for, and duly elected; and the ballot for James Hoffman, Esq. was announced

for next Thursday. Mr. Sharon Turner's History was presented to the Society by the author; and also the XVth Part of Dr. Meyrick's beautiful work on Ancient Arms and Armour, by his son.

THE LITERARY FUND.

At the monthly meeting of the committee, on Wednesday, the distress of several applicants was relieved; but we rejoice to say that in this instance no cases of great calamity occurred. The club, which is a private meeting growing out of the Institution, supported at the individual expense of its friends, afterwards dined, as usual, at the Freemasons' Tavern. It is gratifying to state, that the general public interest in this truly excellent charity has increased so much, that the donations and subscriptions of the last seven years exceed those of the preceding seven by no less than 2,232. By so much more, consequently, have literary sorrows been alleviated.

FINE ARTS.

THE COLOSSEUM.

On Wednesday last that extraordinary and magnificent building, the Colosseum, was opened to the public. To the painful circumstances which induced its enterprising projector to take this sudden, and indeed somewhat premature, step, we will no further advert, than by expressing our earnest hope, or rather our conviction, that those circumstances will not be permitted to prevent, or even to delay, the completion of an undertaking which it must have required a most powerful imagination to conceive, and rare talents and ingenuity, as well as irrepressible energy and indefatigable perseverance, to bring into its present advanced state. It would be disgraceful to a country like England, should any difficulty be found in procuring the few thousands of pounds which may be necessary for the purpose.

It happens very fortunately that the part of Mr. Hornor's plan which is beyond all doubt the most valuable and important, is the part in which the greatest progress has been made. We allude to the panoramic view of London. Tasteful as all the accessories will, we are persuaded, be, and manifold and curious as are the resources and expedients by which their great and beautiful variety will be ultimately accomplished, we cannot but consider them to be as subordinate, when put in competition with this, the principal object, as the attendants of a court are to the monarch whom they serve, or the satellites of Jupiter to the orb round which they are revolving. To the panorama, therefore, our attention shall in the present instance be chiefly devoted.

In the first place, it is by far the largest picture that ever was painted. The diameter of the circle of canvass is a hundred and thirty-four feet, and it is sixty feet from the floor to the springing of the dome—making about twenty-four thousand square feet: at the bottom there are nearly four thousand more square feet of canvass, curving inwards; and at the top there are fifteen thousand square feet of plaster, on which the sky is represented—forming, in all, a painted superficies of above forty thousand square feet! Great, however, as is the size of this leviathan of art, its size is its least recommendation. The effect which it produces upon the spectator, when, after he has ascended the first flight of the spiral staircase which is constructed in the middle of the building, and entered the principal gallery,—it bursts upon his astonished eye, it is impossible adequately to describe. His first impression is

that it is nature—that it is the stupendous scene itself—at which he is looking; and some moments of recollection and reflection are necessary to convince him that he is only “mocked with art.” In one respect, the imitation actually transcends the reality. Even on the finest day, there is almost always some portion of the immense horizon that ought to be visible from the top of St. Paul's—an horizon of above a hundred and twenty miles in circumference—obscured by mist. Now, in the picture, although there is quite enough of atmosphere and of vapour, not any thing is permitted to be entirely hidden by them; and it would be necessary to make a number of visits to the top of St. Paul's to obtain as clear and complete a notion of the surrounding objects and country, as that which is here to be acquired at once. There is scarcely a field, or a tree, or a hovel, from which St. Paul's can be seen, which is not introduced; and not merely introduced, but introduced with a scrupulous attention to accuracy; and yet, so admirably has the general effect been consulted, that these minute features, instead of injuring, appear to be essentially beneficial to it. When it is stated that “the circle bounding earth and skies,” starting from Windsor Castle and taking to the right, comprehends Harrow, Hampstead, Highgate, Islington, Hackney, Epping Forest, Bow, Plaistow, the Nore, Shooters' Hill, the Beeches on Madam's Court Hill, Sydenham, Norwood, Wimbledon, Richmond, and a thousand intermediate places (which are all distinctly visible, if not with the naked eye, with glasses which are kept in the gallery for the purpose), before it returns to the royal residence,—it will be obvious to every one that it would require a folio volume even to enumerate the myriads of parts of which this immense distance is composed. Of course we shall not venture upon the slightest attempt to do so.

Amidst so much excellence it is difficult to make any selection; or we should say that one of the passages of this great work with which we were most fascinated was the view of the majestic Thames, winding its graceful course through the various bridges by which it is spanned, from Putney to London. It is impossible to conceive any thing more beautiful than that portion of the river, and of the adjacent buildings, including Lambeth Palace, Westminster Abbey and Hall, the Adelphi, Somerset House, the Temple, &c., which extends from Vauxhall to a little below Blackfriars. Sunny gleams and reflections on the water, painted with great care and happiness, constitute this the principal focus of the light of the picture.

“England's mighty heart,” with its numerous veins and arteries—her vast and magnificent metropolis, with all its venerable churches, noble palaces, ancient halls, public hospitals, spacious squares, populous streets, splendid theatres, extensive docks, commodious markets, pleasant parks, and flowery gardens, occupies the lower portion of the canvass, and may be examined for hour after hour, and day after day, with a delight and wonder perpetually increasing. For our own parts, we have dwelt upon it until we forgot that what we were gazing at was only “a plane, variously coloured;” and ardently longed to have our old and sagacious friend Asmodeus at our elbow, that we might know a little of what was going on under some of the countless roofs which were spread out beneath us. What an inexhaustible subject of contemplation! Dull, indeed, must be that imagination which it would not excite.

The nearer buildings are remarkably fine.

Of these the new Post-Office is one of the principal; and is a most elaborate and masterly representation of that beautiful edifice. And this leads us to express our admiration of the knowledge and skill with which, on a concave surface, the various lines intended to represent straight forms, have been drawn, so as completely to fulfil the desired purpose. To do this, it is evident that the simple processes of the scene-painter or the architectural draftsman would be quite inadequate. The closest objects are the lofty campanile towers of St. Paul's. On the canvass they are actually forty feet high; and they are painted with a force, and a truth, and an attention to details, which render them perfectly deceptive. All that surprises us while we are looking at them is, that so long a time elapses without the sonorous striking of the great clock.

We must not omit to mention the sky. Without being monotonous, the gradations in it are managed with so much art and delicacy, that they do not force themselves upon the eye, or attract it injuriously from the grand scene below. A friend of ours, who accompanied us in our visit to the Colosseum, exclaimed, after we had quitted the building, “God bless me! I forgot to look at the sky.” It was the greatest compliment which he could pay the painter. It proved that, like a skilful back-ground to a portrait, the sky did its duty, without becoming obtrusive.

More than half the picture is completed; the remainder is so considerably advanced, that all the difficulties are surmounted; and a few weeks of vigorous application would suffice to finish the whole.

We must now say a few words with respect to the manner in which, and the individuals by whom, this great work, as far as it has hitherto gone, has been accomplished. To Mr. Hornor belongs exclusively the honour of the original conception. The singular ability and fearlessness which he manifested in making his drawings from his little fragile hut, raised upon alight and tottering poles above the elevation of the cross of St. Paul's; his determined perseverance, his “hair-breadth escapes,” and the ultimate completion of his task, are fresh in the recollection of every reader of the *Literary Gazette*. Having rendered those drawings as correct as repeated efforts and the best instruments could render them, Mr. Hornor proceeded still further to rectify them, by visiting and examining all those features of the extensive scene, respecting the exact form and situation of which he entertained any doubt. Having thus amassed a collection of drawings of unprecedented fidelity and minuteness, the next object was to erect the building of which the picture to be painted from them was to constitute the chief ornament. Of that branch of the subject we will speak in a future Number. The building having been erected by Mr. Benjamin Burton, the canvass for the picture was prepared by Mr. Baber, who had prepared the canvass for the first of Mr. Barker's panoramas; the subject of which was also a view of London, but from the Albion Mills then standing at the Surrey foot of Blackfriars' Bridge. The dimensions of the canvass we have already mentioned. It was suspended at the distance, towards the base of the building, of three feet from the wall, all round. The transfer of the outlines from the drawings to the canvass was then undertaken by Mr. E. T. Parris; a gentleman possessed, not only of great talent as an artist, but also of extraordinary ingenuity as a mechanic; and in the selection of

when it would seem as if Mr. Horner had been guided by observing his congenial energy, enthusiasm, and diligence. By means of squares, Mr. Parris, in December 1825, began to draw in the outlines with chalk, on a scale sixteen times larger each way, or, in other words, two hundred and fifty-six times the size of the original. This was a work of much labour, and demanding close attention; but it was, nevertheless, completed in the following April. The painting (which is in oil) was then commenced. It was evident that Mr. Parris's single hand, or rather his two-hands (for he is ambidextrous) must be unequal to so extensive an undertaking. Mr. Horner therefore engaged several artists to assist him. But, although most of them were men of high and acknowledged powers, yet, owing in a great measure to their being entirely unaccustomed to their new occupation, their progress was slow, and, which was worse, by no means satisfactory. In fact, it was a kind of Dutch concert, in which every performer was playing a distinct and separate tune. Each also was anxious that his allotment, whatever it might be, should be conspicuous; like some Rosencranz or Guildenstern, seeking to render his character as prominent and effective as that of Hamlet. One individual, a lover of independence, and resolved not to be classed with the imitators, *servum pecus*, made the smoke from his chimneys proceed in a direction directly opposite to that of his neighbour; another, an equal admirer of originality, lighted up the building on which he was employed by a sun-beam from the north. The great change, almost amounting to that of enamel when they undergo the process of vitrification, which occurred in the apparent hue of the various pigments, according to the situation in which they were placed, was likewise a fruitful source of perplexity. Bricks, that were intended to be red, looked blue; and slates, that were intended to be blue, looked red. By degrees the picture began to assume the appearance of one of those patch-work quilts which shew that the industry of our great-grandmothers predominated over their taste. The consequence of all this was, that in several cases it was necessary to re-paint what had been done, and in every instance materially to modify it; and that, eventually, Mr. Parris, having trained up several house-painters for the purpose, determined, with their assistance in the more laborious parts of the task, to execute the whole himself. The beautifully harmonious result proves the wisdom of his decision.

In addition to the numerous previous studies of aerial perspective and general effect which Mr. Parris made from St. Paul's itself, to the prodigious extent of surface to be covered, and to the multiplicity and complexity of the objects to be introduced, there was the great difficulty of getting at the canvass, in order to be able to paint upon it at all. Here Mr. Parris's mechanical ingenuity became exceedingly serviceable to him. He devised all kinds of ladders, scaffoldings, bridges, and platforms. Sometimes he was supported from the floor by two or three long and slender spars, which rested with every motion of his arm; sometimes he was suspended by cords from the roof, swinging like Shakespeare's celebrated sambo-patcher. It must require strong nerves to remain passively in such situations;—how much more to be able freely to exercise all the faculties both of mind and of body in them! No was the danger imaginary. On two occasions Mr. Parris fell from a considerable

height; but, fortunately, in neither did he suffer any serious injury. Of the perils to which we have alluded, the cut which accompanies this brief description will convey some, though a very inadequate, notion to our readers.*

Of the numerous apartments, the conservatories, the Swiss cottage, the cascades, &c. we shall at present say but little; for they are all in an unfinished state, and some of them are scarcely begun. It may, however, gratify the curiosity of our readers to give a slight sketch of what they are, and of what they are intended to be.

The promenade-room, which comprehends the whole area of the building, when hung with draperies, fitted with glasses, and filled with suitable furniture, will be much the most superb saloon in London. In order to increase its attractions, and to benefit the fine and the useful arts, Mr. Horner means to appropriate a portion of it to the exhibition of valuable productions of modern art and ingenuity.

A suite of rooms, attached to the principal structure, on the north side, is in progress, for the accommodation of subscribers alone. To these rooms one access will be by a flight of marble steps from the garden. This conducts to a spacious apartment, which is to assume the appearance of a Turkish kiosk, and from which will run a sequence of galleries, leading to the grand library, which is of peculiarly beautiful proportions. Various refectories, &c. will be attached.

Mr. Horner has assembled a number of the most rare and exquisite plants, both exotic and indigenous, and these are arranged in conservatories in a manner calculated to shew them to the greatest possible advantage. Among them is the most magnificent specimen of the *Camellia Japonica* in this country, and which produces at least thirty varieties of flowers. In the centre of one of the conservatories is a circular tank filled with water, and surrounded by small jets, which are to raise their streams so as to form a case of water, within which aquatic plants are to be supplied from the shell of a sleeping *Undine*, an elegant marble figure, sculptured by Mr. Sievier. Several aviaries are also in preparation.

In the grounds is a Swiss cottage, in itself a singularly fanciful and pleasing object. The view from this cottage, if completed according to Mr. Horner's plan, will be enchanting. It will present three cascades, the highest of which will precipitate itself from an elevation of sixty feet; and these will be relieved by shrubs, trees, rocks, caverns, and, in short, a most picturesque assemblage of objects. All, however, that yet appears is the large arch, composed of massy and irregular stones, under which the water from the falls is ultimately to flow.

We have already stated that the staircase to the panorama ascends from the middle of the Colosseum. Within the column by which that staircase is supported, is a small circular chamber, which, by means of machinery, is to be made to ascend with an imperceptible motion, for the purpose of elevating those visitors who are too indolent, or who may be unable, to mount by the usual way. There are three galleries, at different heights, from all of which the picture may be viewed. Nearly at the summit are the identical cross and ball which were removed from the top of St. Paul's a few years ago, to be replaced by those at present there.

* Preparing for our next, or the ensuing No., and which will (we trust) convey a perfect idea of the Colosseum, and the means by which it was produced.—Ed. L. G.

Another short staircase then leads to a door which opens upon the leads of the Colosseum, from which there is an extensive view of the Regent's Park, and its beautiful neighbourhood.

In conclusion, we have only to repeat our best wishes for the success of an establishment, of a nature wholly unprecedented in this or any other country, and which, when in a perfect state, will realise the descriptions of some of the most magical scenes in the Arabian Nights.

QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.

M. TURNERELLI is now engaged in taking a bust of this very interesting young princess, at Laleham. She gives her sittings regularly every morning; but the natural antipathy of youth to long-continued restraint, must cause the sculptor to take both time and pains to produce a faithful likeness. This, however, we have no doubt the artist's talents will achieve.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A FATHER'S REPROOF TO HIS PROFLIGATE SON.

COME not to me!—thy words are vain,
False as thy treacherous heart within;
Come not to me!—'tis grief, 'tis pain,
To listen to thy voice of sin!
My pardon would'st thou hope to win,
Blot from my mind thy later years;
I'm weak—despair hath worn me thin!
I'm blind—my sight is lost with tears!
What would'st thou say? An angel's tongue
Could not excuse that guilty deed;
Is not thy life one scene of wrong!
Crime after crime, like waves, succeed!
My heart, my aged heart, doth bleed,
To name such infamy as thine:
Begone! my spirit would be freed;
Away! thou art no son of mine.
Alas! that I must bless the day
On which thy virtuous mother died;
She said her loss thou should'st repay,
Should'st be my help, my joy, my pride!
My help!—it made me poor to hide
Thine earliest character from blame!
My joy!—look! *blindness* hath replied;
My pride!—what, thou!—oh shame! oh shame!
Bend thy proud knees, and from the dust
Call on thine injured God to hear;
Forsoke thy wretched haunts; be just,
Ere shameful death end shame's career;
Wring from those eyes of stone a tear,
And may it be a star to save;
But never more approach me near,
Till I am dead, in my calm grave!

CHARLES SWAIN.

THE LAMENT OF ONE WHO "CAN GET NO EMPLOY."

So wobegone a gentleman
I'm sure you never knew,
I am a wretch that has not got
A single thing to do!
I never drink,—for I have not
A grain of sense to spare;
I never smoke: poor earthy joy!
It all dissolves in air!
I never swear—I reckon that
The stupidest of sins;
I will not game—I've nought to lose,
And no one ever wins!
I cannot swim,—my system has
A tendency to cramp!
I never sail,—that getting drown'd
Does always strike so damp!

I will not skate—besides, in June
I could not if I chose;
I take no snuff—for truly mine
Is not a hungry nose.
I cannot study—for my head's
The worst of thoroughfares;
I never hunt—I hold my life
Worth thirty thousand hares.
I never shoot—my poultterer's boy
Does all that dirty work;
I hate all politics—the Greek,
The Russian, and the Turk.
I cannot talk from morn till night—
What have I got to tell?
Nor hear another! better lodge
Next door to old Bow Bell!
I never dance;—what! bob my legs,
And bounce about the floor!
I never sing—a singing man's
A nuisance and a bore.
I play no fiddle—squalls and squeals
Will not repay one's labours;
Nor whining flute—what right have I
To tantalise my neighbours?
I can't compose—I cannot see
Where lies an author's bliss;
Compose! why, bless my foolish pen!
Why, only look at this!

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

ANECDOTES OF DIGNITARIES.

WITHOUT meaning to disparage the very amiable and accomplished class of persons who preside over some of our seminaries for young ladies, anciently called boarding-schools, we may observe that there are others in that line who are neither overburdened with great kindness of disposition nor great acquirements. One of these lately requested a sub-governess to purchase a bottle of oil for her hair; which was done accordingly—the price half-a-crown. Madam was enraged; half-a-crown! she never gave more than a shilling, not she! Wondered how Miss could have been so imposed upon, or — Miss explained—it was the best oil, &c.—it was millefleur! “Don't talk to me,” replied her enraged principal, “of meal and flour, I don't care for them—it is the oil I object to.” This same lady was a great martinet. One Sunday the school was marshalling for church, when a girl could not find her gloves, and a sad bustle ensued;—but the governess, with great promptitude, thrust her into a closet, and looked her up till the party returned, well knowing that the mistress would certainly notice the deficiency of gloves, but was not at all likely to miss a pupil. The *ruse* succeeded, and no censure was incurred.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

THE arrangements which M. Laporte has made for the ensuing season lead us to anticipate one of unusual brilliance. The *annonce* which has been issued to the subscribers is full of attraction. We find amongst the first, Madame Pisaroni, a singer who, if not in herself miraculously handsome, possesses a voice at least of infinite beauty. This lady has long been celebrated in Italy as a contralto, and has gathered some recent laurels in Paris. We have heard much said in her disparagement on the score of personal appearance. For our own parts, we think little of such matters; but we are sure the public are too generous to neglect extraordinary talent on a pretext so frivolous. Nobody in Paris seems to care about the mat-

ter, and why should we? Again, people are prepared to expect nothing beautiful, and, consequently, no disappointment can occur. Of this defect no one can be more sensible than the lady herself, as the instance of her spirited and ingenuous conduct to Barbaja sufficiently evinces. Barbaja wrote to engage her; Madame Pisaroni replied with a minute description of her figure, which she conceived might operate to his disadvantage, and concluded by leaving it to his option to fulfil the engagement or not, as he pleased.—To Pisaroni succeeds Madame Monticelli, from the Scala at Milan, of whom nothing is known to us. She is reputed clever, beautiful, and young. Next in succession is the dazzling daughter of Garcia, Madame Malibran, the dark Spanish beauty, whose charms reigned supreme over captive Parisian hearts during the whole of last season. She is expected to eclipse even the star-like Sontag, to whom we may again repeat our idolatry in May. To the above list may be added, Signora Specchi, nothing wonderful we suspect, and Madame Castelli.

To proceed to the men;—rejoice we greatly that our favourite, honey-voiced, and ever pleasing Zucchelli is re-engaged; and Curioni, who is respectable, if not first-rate. Vincenzi Galli, basso cantante, and brother to the celebrated Galli who was here under Mr. Ebers's management, is one of the new comers; as is Bordogni, the tenor and buffo from Paris. This Bordogni, by the way, is an excellent musician; but his voice is to the full as feeble as Pellergrini's. Among the most marked* (as Ude would say) is the great Donzelli. This splendid person has come directly from the Théâtre Italien at Paris, but gained his high reputation under Barbaja in Italy. His great characters are *Otello*, *Adriano in Il Crociato*, and *Roderick Dhu in Il Donna del Lago*, in the last of which he makes his *début* with Pisaroni.

Graziani, Deville, De Angeli, and Specchi, appear amongst the minors.

For the ballet the attractions are by no means equal. We have Coufon (whose name reminds us of Pelham's mamma), Frederic, Gosselin the gigantic, and, above all, Pauline the fascinating and fairy-like. We are delighted with the return of this *jolie petite danseuse*, and praise Lord Fife for his discernment, as we understand it is to his lordship we are indebted for the gratification. She is to appear in the *Somnambule*,—a very pretty ballet. We have, moreover, Péan, Rinaldi, Vague Moulin, Olivier, and a hundred others; but amongst all these there is no *première*; and we hardly think the corps can be called complete. However, *nous verrons*.

Pasta is not engaged, nor Canadadi.

In the policy of one measure adopted, we regret that we cannot concur. We allude to the alterations which have been made in the pit, by converting several of the front rows into private stalls; for which the very high price of one guinea is to be demanded. These stalls are divided from the pit, and have a separate entrance. What, therefore, with the orchestra and the *allée*, the first bench in the pit is now as nearly as possible in the centre of the house. We know that there is a very strong feeling against this alteration, which, to say the least, is injudicious, and we are sure will prove injurious, in the highest degree, to the interests of the concern. The enormous price at present required for these stalls is out of all reason. We wish well in every way to the establishment; but we have heard such an outcry raised against this aggression of public

* See his definition of that word in the French Cook.

rights, as it is termed, that we should be doing little justice to the public opinion, did we not express what we believe to be universal public sentiment, and one that it is not unlikely may be evinced in a very turbulent, *mobbish*, and injurious manner.

DRURY LANE.

A TRAGEDY, by Mr. Walker, the author of *Wallace*, and the *Fall of Algiers*, has been produced here, and met with a most favourable reception. It is entitled *Caswallon, or the Briton Chief*. The scene is laid in Wales, during the reign of our second Edward; and the interest hinges upon the preservation of Eva, the daughter of Llewellyn, the last independent Prince of Wales, by the Welch chieftain Caswallon,—their capture by the infamous Sir Roger Mortimer, then supposed governor of Conway Castle,—and their death—the princess by poison; to escape the violence of Mortimer—her loyal preserver of a broken heart. The excellent acting of Young, as Caswallon, and the dramatic, we ought in justice to say melo-dramatic, bustle of the business, carried the piece gallantly through. The language every where appeared to fall short of the dignity of tragedy; and had we made our bow, like the musical critic in the story, to every phrase “familiar in our mouths as household words,” by which it is interlarded, our neck would have ached for a month to come. Considering Mr. Walker's *Wallace* as the production of a very young writer, we anticipated better things from his pen by this time than *Caswallon*. He has disappointed us, and we have a right to be angry; the public, however, seemed exceedingly well pleased, and we have no doubt he will consider that an ample consolation. The scenery was throughout beautiful; but the dresses were as little classical as the piece itself. Only one of the knights wore spurs (Mr. Vining); and their shields, though bearing, as well as we could discern, their proper heraldic distinctions, were of a fantastic shape unknown to our Norman ancestry.

COVENT GARDEN.

MR. DIMOND's opera of the *Nymph of the Grotto*, or a *Daughter's Vow*, has at length made its appearance. Its reception on Thursday evening was equally favourable with that of the tragedy at Drury Lane on Monday, and its claims on public approbation are much upon a par with those of *Caswallon*. We have neither time nor space to enter into a detail of the plot, which, being founded on fact, is of course highly improbable. The music, by Signor Laverati and Mr. A. Lee, is below mediocrity. The most effective, if not the best thing in the opera, is an air admirably sung by Wood in the third act; and it is creditable to the taste of the composer, Mr. Lee, that he has made his hit upon the only readable words with which the author furnished him. Madame Vestris has nothing either to sing or to say that is worthy of her. The most prominent part in the piece is that which, we understand, was originally written for her, but has been since allotted to Miss Jarman, who played with considerable spirit and feeling. Mr. Stansbury, of the Haymarket Theatre, made his first appearance on these boards as *Leonce de Montgomerie*, the lover of Vestris! We are tolerably certain the tasteful little lady had no hand in casting the parts. Mr. Stansbury would make a respectable Mat of the Mint—but a gallant young French knight, all feathers and embroidery!—Poor man! he looked as if he would have given all the world to be quietly

seated again on his high stool in the Haymarket orchestra, from which we think it was a pity to lure him. Mrs. Chatterley dressed and walked the French queen admirably. It was all she had to do. The dresses, indeed, were uniformly beautiful—those of Mad. Vestris especially so: and the scenery, that panacea for all dramatic disorders now-a-days, truly exquisite. The aviary in the first act, and the last scene of the opera, we never saw surpassed, either in elegance of design or truth of execution. In getting up pieces, it is certainly old Covent Garden still.

On Tuesday a great disappointment ensued in consequence of Mr. Kean's sudden indisposition (the *Times* states, complete intoxication), which prevented him from appearing in *Richard III.*, a character to which we always thought he gave more beautiful touches than to any other. There was a grand uproar—very properly succeeded by *The Beggar's Opera*, at eight o'clock. The *Beaux Stratagem* brings crowded houses every night it is performed—a proof that good plays, well acted, are sure of full audiences.

ADELPHI.

This house continues its prosperous career. Mathews is a conjuror, and evokes matchless spirits in his own proper person. The pantomime is full of humour; and Barnett the most agile of columbines, as Paulo is the best of clowns.

VARIETIES.

Lectures.—Mr. Combe is giving lectures, to full and fashionable audiences, at Edinburgh, in favour of phrenology: Mr. Buckinghams, we observe from the *Liverpool Chronicle*, is attended by the principal mercantile men of the port, where he is lecturing against the East India Company's monopoly and the renewal of the charter.

Sigisbecology.—Under this musical and elegant title a work has been published at Paris, the object of which is to teach the art of learning to read in twenty or thirty lessons of an hour each, by analysing the sounds of words.

Tea.—Tea has become one of the most important articles of Russian commerce, and its introduction has had a very salutary effect on the lower classes of that vast empire, having much diminished the use of spirituous liquors. It is transported by land and river carriage from Kiakhta, on the frontiers of China; and is said to be greatly superior in flavour to that drunk in this country, which suffers materially from the saline exhalations of the ocean during its voyage. The Russians have a treaty of commerce with the Chinese. It was originally entered into in 1689, and received an extension in 1712, when an ambassador was sent to China by Peter the Great. In succeeding reigns this branch of trade has been consolidated and regulated.

Arab Women.—The Arab women on the banks of the Nile add to delicacy of form and natural elegance, a striking simplicity of dress. The poorest wear nothing but a long blue chemise, with a veil of the same colour, one corner of which veil they hold in their mouths when they meet any men, especially Europeans. A large mask of black taffeta covers the faces of the richer females, leaving nothing to be seen but the eyes and the forehead. Earrings, several necklaces of shells or paste, intermingled with amulets of silver or of polished copper, bracelets various and multiplied; the chin, the hands, and a part of the arms, smeared with blue, the eye-lashes tinged with

black,—such are the particulars which complete the dress of an Arab female, and which, notwithstanding their apparent fantasticalness, produce an original and graceful ensemble.

Hackneying.—It appears, by a curious calculation which has lately been published in Paris, that although the omnibus coaches in that capital average a daily receipt of nearly eighty francs each, the profits are not so large as might be imagined. To draw the eighty-nine coaches now in activity, 822 horses are required; of which number there have died more than one thirtieth part; whilst the injury to the remainder, from excessive work, is estimated at a loss of one-fourth of the capital employed in the purchase.

Antiquities.—The last remains of the archiepiscopal palace at Croydon were sold by auction on Wednesday, and brought 6700*l.* The ancient hall, the chapel, the judges' chambers, &c. &c., will thus shortly leave not a wreck behind.

The Medical Profession in France.—We stated some short time ago, that a meeting of the physicians and surgeons of Paris had been convened, for the purpose of taking into consideration the proposed alterations by the French government in the laws which affect the faculty of medicine in France. Since that announcement several meetings have been held, at which the discussions were animated and almost violent. One of the proposals of the government for dividing the physicians into two classes, according to age and other presumed qualifications, appears to have met with great opposition.

They speak in private circles of a machine, invented by an Italian, for the purpose of banishing the fog from this city. This machine is to move on wheels, and to emit sulphureous flames through tubes: it is to be called *le diable ambulant*; but I see no point in this title, for I never heard that his Satanic majesty was stationary.—*Paris Correspondent.*

Denmark.—It appears from the last census of the population of Denmark, at the close of 1828, that the number in the old Danish provinces was 1,521,278; in Holstein, 374,745; in Launberg, 35,640; in Iceland, 49,826; in the Faroe Islands and Greenland, 11,240; in the West India Colonies, 40,290—making a total of 2,049,359. If to this be added the population of Danish Guinea and the East India settlements, it will amount to 2,100,000. Copenhagen contains a population of 104,674. The number of priests in Denmark Proper is 1,600, and about 300 more are scattered in the Faroe Islands, Iceland, Greenland, and the Colonies.

A Secret.—A person, *Scottish* an auld wife, having heard an advertisement read from a newspaper, which ended with this intimation, "Not to be repeated;" exclaimed, "heh, sirs, that maun (must) be a great secret!"—*Edinburgh Evening Post.*

Shaving gratis.—During the late war, a barber, who kept a little shop on the Hard, at Portsmouth, exhibited the following notice in his window:—"Broken-down sailors shaved gratis." A poor tar, whose beard was of a week's growth, and who had not a single shot in his locker, seeing this benevolent invitation, entered the shop, described his state, and claimed the performance of the promise. The barber immediately complied; and having lathered his unproductive customer, proceeded to shave him with a razor which he had selected for the purpose, and the edge of which was in no danger of being easily turned. At every rasp the tears were ready to rush into

poor Jack's eyes, and the blood to start upon his chin. In the midst of the operation a dog began to howl most piteously in the street. "What the devil's the matter with the dog?" exclaimed Strap. "Oh!" observed his tortured patient, "I dare say some rascally flinty-hearted barber is shaving him gratis!"

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

A complete edition of the works of Professor Reid has appeared in Paris, with some fragments of Royer-Collard. The History of the Rise and Progress of the Mahomedan Power in India, from its commencement in the year 1000 till 1690, translated by Lieutenant-Colonel John Briggs, late resident at Satara, from the Original Persian of Mahomed Kasim Astrabady, entitled *Ferishtah*,—is about to be published.

A new, we believe the fourth, edition, enlarged, of Jarrin's excellent Italian Confectioner, is preparing for immediate publication. Besides being much reduced in price (the highness of which has been its only bar to the most extensive sale hitherto), which will enable various classes, who have been prevented from obtaining it, to become purchasers, it will command an additional claim to success, as containing, amongst other novelties, several fashionable bills of fare for desserts, &c.—a desideratum, we are told, in culinary books. This work will thus form an excellent accompaniment to the Domestic Cookery, to Kitchiner, and others, as well as to its twin-brother, Ude.

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METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1828.

January.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 1	From 33. to 47.	29.83 to 29.76
Friday... 2	— 47. — 33.	29.77 — 29.81
Saturday... 3	— 29. — 43.	29.46 — Stat.
Sunday... 4	— 32. — 42.	29.58 — 29.50
Monday... 5	— 31. — 35.	29.06 — 29.00
Tuesday... 6	— 25. — 35.	29.82 — Stat.
Wednesday 7	— 30. — 36.	29.90 — 29.83

Wind variable, prevailing N. and W.

Except the 4th and 7th, generally clear; on the 5th a heavy fall of snow, and a little on the 7th.

On Sunday, about half-past two P.M., the neighbourhood of Enfield and Edmonton was visited with a violent hail-storm, when hail-stones of an irregular shape were picked up, measuring three inches round the larger circumference; and some of no less than four inches in circumference are said to have fallen at Enfield.

Rain fallen, .475 of an inch.

January.	Thermometer.	Barometer.	Stat.
Thursday... 8	From 28. to 32.	29.79	29.76
Friday... 9	— 30. — 38.	29.73	29.61
Saturday... 10	— 30. — 37.	29.66	29.62
Sunday... 11	— 27. — 34.	29.63	29.66
Monday... 12	— 28. — 37.	29.68	29.68
Tuesday... 13	— 33. — 38.	30.00	30.09
Wednesday 14	— 29. — 38.	30.02 — 29.97	

Prevailing wind N. and N.E.

Generally cloudy; a little snow on the morning of the 14th.

Rain fallen, .025 of an inch.

Edmonton.
Latitude..... 51° 37' 39" N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The length of the paper which we have devoted to that extraordinary production the Colosseum, and the interest of our articles on Scientific Expeditions, have cramped us somewhat in our Reviews; which is of the less consequence, as no new work of importance has appeared during the week. We are still in arrears with the *Empress Josephine* and *Military Adventures*.

J. F. has hardly sufficient originality of thought to command a place. P.—A.—C., H. L., and C. A., are declined. We cannot immediately find the verses required by our correspondent in *Carthusian Street*.

Due attention will be paid to "a Constant Reader."

A Letter from S. Simons, of Cromer, is received.

ERATA.—In our last, in the notice of the Royal Society of Literature, *Photh* occurs twice instead of *Thoth*.

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No. 627.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1829.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Journal of a Second Expedition into the Interior of Africa, from the Bight of Benin to Socotroo. By the late Commander Clapperton, R.N. To which is added, the *Journal of Richard Lander, from Kano to the Sea Coast, partly by a more Eastern Route*, &c. &c. 4to. pp. 355. London, 1829. J. Murray.

At length we are gratified with the publication of this deeply interesting volume, containing the account of those travels and events of which so many of the circumstances, as they transpired from time to time, have appeared in the columns of the *Literary Gazette*. The whole is now before us; and a narrative more likely to chain the public attention, whether we regard the melancholy sacrifice of its characters or the strangeness of its adventure, could hardly have issued from the press. Science, it is but too true, has gained little by this attempt; for, except some further guesses at, rather than approximations to, a certain knowledge of African geography,—except the names of a few towns visited by poor Clapperton in his way to Socotroo from Badagry, and some others, hitherto still less known, which Lander saw on his devious returning route,—and except a strengthened surmise that the Quorra or Kowara, which discharges itself into the sea by Benin (as the River Benin or Forcados), is the Niger, and some curious details on native authorities respecting nations in the interior (given in the Appendix)—there is nothing of importance in this point of view to be gathered from the Journals. Their interest rather consists in the description of the perils which attended our brave countrymen, of the difficulties which they surmounted, of the usages of the people amongst whom they sojourned,—and of the fatal termination of their toils. Of these it is our duty to give as full an illustration as we can, and we proceed to the task.

Our readers of last year are aware that in December 1826, Captain Clapperton left Badagry for Socotroo, the residence of Bello, Sultan of the Fellatahs, or, more properly, the Fellans, whose good-will he had apparently obtained in his former expedition with the lamented Denham, and who had invited a return of the British, in order that he might establish a trade with them on the southern coast. Of his companions, Mr. Dickson had been loaded at Whidah,* and Captain Pearce and Mr. Morrison, surgeon R.N. went with him, but only withstood the climate a few weeks. We do not dwell on the disappointments at not finding any of the promised messengers of Bello at the ports he had specified, or indeed such places as Funda or Raka; nor shall we occupy ourselves at present with the journey to Kano,

and thence to where the sultan was encamped, at a short distance from his capital. At Kano, Clapperton left Lander, his servant, with some of his baggage and the presents intended for the Sheik of Bornou; and it is clear that the desire of Bello to become possessor of these treasures was the proximate cause of the failure of the mission. These barbarians being now at war, all the pledges of good faith were forgotten; and after enduring much vexation and distress, the result was the death of our unfortunate countryman: of this, the faithful sharer of his troubles gives a natural and most affecting picture.

"On the 12th of March, 1827, (he says) I was greatly alarmed on finding my dear master attacked with dysentery. He had been complaining a day or two previously of a burning heat in his stomach, unaccompanied, however, by any other kind of pain. From the moment he was taken ill he perspired freely, and big drops of sweat were continually rolling over every part of his body, which weakened him exceedingly. It being the fast of Rhamadan, I could get no one, not even our own servants, to render me the least assistance. I washed the clothes, which was an arduous employment, and obliged to be done eight or nine times each day, lit and kept in the fire, and prepared the victuals myself; and the intermediate time was occupied in fanning my poor master, which was also a tedious employment. Finding myself unable to pay proper attention to his wants in these various avocations, I sent to Mallam Mudey, on the 13th, entreating him to send me a female slave to perform the operation of fanning. On her arrival I gave her a few beads, and she immediately began her work with spirit; but she soon relaxed in her exertions, and becoming tired, ran away, on pretence of going out for a minute, and never returned. Alla Sellakee, a young man my master had purchased on the road from Kano to take care of the camels, and whom he had invariably treated with his usual kindness, and given him his freedom, no sooner was made acquainted with his master's illness than he became careless and idle, and instead of leading the camels to the rich pasturage in the vicinity of Socotroo, let them stray wherever they pleased, whilst he himself either loitered about the city, or mixed with the most degraded people in it: by this means the camels became quite lean; and being informed of the reason, I told my master, who instantly discharged him from his service. My master grew weaker daily, and the weather was insufferably hot, the thermometer being, in the coolest place, 107 at twelve in the morning, and 109 at three in the afternoon. At his own suggestion, I made a couch for him outside the hut, in the shade, and placed a mat for myself by its side. For five successive days I took him in my arms from his bed in the hut to the couch outside, and back again at sunset, after which time he was too much debilitated to be lifted from the bed on which he lay. He attempted to write once, and but once, during his illness; but be-

fore paper and ink could be brought him, he had sunk back on his pillow, completely exhausted by his ineffectual attempt to sit up in his bed."

Lander fancied from the symptoms that he had been poisoned; but Captain C. assured him his illness proceeded from a cold caught in shooting, when he had incautiously slept on the wet ground. "For twenty days," he continues, "my poor master remained in a low and distressed state. He told me he felt no pain; but this was spoken only to comfort me, for he saw I was despirited. His sufferings must have been acute. During this time he was gradually, but perceptibly, declining; his body, from being robust and vigorous, became weak and emaciated; and, indeed, was little better than a skeleton. I was the only person, with one exception, he saw in his sickness. Abderachman, an Arab from Fezzan, came to him one day, and wished to pray with him after the manner of his countrymen, but was desired to leave the apartment instantly. His sleep was uniformly short and disturbed, and troubled with frightful dreams. In them he frequently reproached the Arabs aloud with much bitterness; but being an utter stranger to the language, I did not understand the tenor of his remarks. I read to him daily some portions of the New Testament, and the ninety-fifth Psalm, which he was never weary of listening to; and on Sundays added the church service, to which he invariably paid the profoundest attention. The constant agitation of mind and exertions of body I had myself undergone for so long a time, never having in a single instance slept out of my clothes, weakened me exceedingly, and a fever came on not long before my master's death, which hung upon me for fifteen days, and ultimately brought me to the very verge of the grave."

The taking of some native medicaments, which produced no good effects—and a singularly pathetic conversation, in which he gave his last directions and advice to his affectionate comrade, are related in a simple and touching manner; and Lander proceeds: "This conversation occupied nearly two hours, in the course of which my master fainted several times, and was distressed beyond measure. The same evening he fell into a slumber, from which he awoke in much perturbation, and said he had heard with much distinctness the tolling of an English funeral bell: I entreated him to be composed, and observed that sick people frequently fancy they hear and see things which can possibly have no existence. He made no reply." "After this, the patient rallied a little; but the sad story goes on: "On the 13th, however, being awake, I was much alarmed by a peculiar rattling noise, proceeding from my master's throat, and his breathing was loud and difficult; at the same instant he called out 'Richard!' in a low and hurried tone. I was immediately at his side, and was astonished at seeing him sitting upright in his bed, and staring wildly around. I held him in my arms,

* He reached Dahomey, and set out for Shar and Yed, and has not been heard of since his arrival at the same place; so that, as we have frequently stated, it is hardly possible to hope that any of the party are alive. Mr. Pearce and Morrison soon died on their way up the country to Socotroo.

and placing his head gently on my left shoulder. gazed a moment on his pale and altered features: some indistinct expressions quivered on his lips; he strove, but ineffectually, to give them utterance, and expired without a struggle or a sigh. When I found my poor master so very ill, I called out with all my strength. 'O God, my master is dying!' which brought Pascoe and Mudéy into the apartment. Shortly after the breath had left his body, I desired Pascoe to fetch some water, with which I washed the corpse. I then got Pascoe and Mudéy to assist me in taking it outside of the hut, laid it on a clean mat, and wrapped it in a sheet and blanket. Leaving it in this state two hours, I put a large clean mat over the whole, and sent a messenger to Sultan Bello, to acquaint him of the mournful event, and ask his permission to bury the body after the manner of my own country, and also to know in what particular place his remains were to be interred. The messenger soon returned with the sultan's consent to the former part of my request; and about 12 o'clock at noon of the same day a person came into my hut, accompanied by four slaves, sent by Bello to dig the grave. I was desired to follow them with the corpse. Accordingly I saddled my camel, and putting the body on its back, and throwing a union-jack over it, I bade them proceed. Travelling at a slow pace, we halted at Jungavie, a small village, built on a rising ground, about five miles to the south-east of Soccatoo. The body was then taken from the camel's back and placed in a shed, whilst the slaves were digging the grave; which being quickly done, it was conveyed close to it. I then opened a prayer-book, and, amid showers of tears, read the funeral service over the remains of my valued master. Not a single person listened to this peculiarly distressing ceremony, the slaves being at some distance quarrelling, and making a most indecent noise the whole of the time it lasted. This being done, the union-jack was taken off, and the body was slowly lowered into the earth, and I wept bitterly. As I gazed for the last time upon all that remained of my generous and intrepid master."

It is scarcely possible to contemplate this lone and natural picture without great emotion, and feeling an interest in the fate of the devoted individual left to paint it, which we trust will not be disappointed in his after-life. Poor fellow! he was now desolate, friendless, surrounded by dangers, and four months' journey even from the savage coast whence he could look for an escape to his native land: a condition more pitiable could not be imagined. But he had a stout heart; and as his return is not only immediately connected with our preceding quotations, but also, to us, the most attractive portion of the volume, we shall conclude this paper from its materials.

Having obtained Bello's leave to depart, and surrendered much of Clapperton's property, such as guns, &c., Lander quitted Soccatoo on the 4th of May, with two attendants, three camels, two horses, &c., and soon joined a party of 4000 persons, "consisting of Tuarick salt-merchants returning to Kilgria, pilgrims on their way to Mecca, Gwara merchants returning to Kano and Nyffé, &c. &c., all travelling in company for mutual protection, with an immense number of camels, horses, and bullocks. The merchants invariably meet at Kushna, where they disperse for their different destinations. In the same train was the King of Jacoba, with fifty slaves, which he had driven to Soccatoo as a present to the sultan, who, having

learnt the dreadful losses he had sustained in men and cattle in his wars with the Sheik of Bornou, and the number of his villages which had been plundered and burnt by the soldiers of the sheik, would not accept of them, and desired the King of Jacoba to re-conduct them to his own dominions."

Jacoba is to the south-east; and, by all accounts, the natives are cannibals, as well as the Yamyams, their mountain neighbours: but of this hereafter. On the 5th, Lander almost perished on the road from thirst. "Finding (he tells us) I was unable to proceed, I ordered Pascoe to overtake the camels, his horse being fresh and vigorous, and bring me some water. I then dismounted, and sat under a tree by the road-side, whose branches afforded but an indifferent shelter against the scorching rays of an African sun, and holding the bridle of my poor horse in my hand, I implored the hundreds of Fellatas and Tuaricks who were passing to sell me a drop of water; but the cold-hearted wretches refused my earnest request, observing one to another, 'He is a Kafir; let him die.' At length a young Fellata, from Footatoora, accidentally seeing me, came to the spot, exclaiming, 'Nasarah, Nasarah, triffi manora!' (Christian, Christian, go on!) I answered, 'I am faint and sick for want of water; no one will give me any; and I am so weary that I cannot proceed.' On hearing which the young man kindly gave me a small calabash full; part of which I drank, and with the remainder washed the nostrils of Bonasa Jack, and sprinkled a little into his mouth. The people, who observed the Fellata performing this generous action, upbraided him in strong language for giving water to the Christian; but he, shewing them a double-barrelled gun, remarked that he had obtained it of my countrymen, who were all good men, and would do no harm. This somewhat appeased them. On examining the gun shortly afterwards, I found it to be of English manufacture, with 'Arnold, maker, London,' on its lock. I, as well as the horse, was greatly refreshed with the small quantity of water I had taken, but soon becoming again weak and dispirited, I was almost in as bad a state as on the former occasion; my legs were swollen prodigiously, and I felt the most acute pains in every part of my body. At length I perceived Pascoe, whom I had sent for water three or four hours previously, comfortably seated under a tree, and seeming to be enjoying himself much with Mudéy—the camels feeding at a short distance. I had half an inclination to shoot the heartless old scoundrel, knowing as he did how keen my sufferings must have been. Reflecting, however, that the safety of my papers, and even my own life, was placed in some measure in his hands, I restrained myself, and merely asked why he did not return with the water; on which he answered, very composedly, 'I was tired.' * * * On our road to Kano, the King of Jacoba became very sociable with me, and was my constant companion. He pressed me very much to visit his country, where he would do all in his power to make my stay agreeable. He told me that his neighbours, the Yamyam people, who had assisted him in his war against the Sheik of Bornou, were surrounded, with some of his own people, on a plain near Jacoba, by the sheik's soldiers, who made a dreadful slaughter of them. The fight lasted a whole day, when the Yamyams and people of Jacoba were entirely routed; he himself narrowly escaping being taken prisoner. The morning after, the surviving Yamyams repaired to the field of action, and hearing off a

great number of the dead bodies of their enemies, made a fire, roasted, and ate them!"

At Damoy, a few days from Kano, Lander says: "The inhabitants of Gatas, discovering by some means my being a Christian, came in crowds to see me, but behaved in a quiet and orderly manner. I invited some of the most respectable of the females into my tent, which they greatly admired, and shortly afterwards presented me with milk and foorah. The natives of this, as well as every other town I have seen in this direction, are of Houssa, but tributary to the Fellatas. 5th.—At five in the morning were again on the road, and halted at the south side of Damoy, a small walled town, at 2 p.m. The inhabitants of this town informed me that the range of hills I have mentioned extended to the salt water, and are inhabited by the ferocious Yamyams, whom they all declare, as did every one I had questioned on the road, to be cannibals. The Yamyams formerly carried on an extensive traffic with the Houssa men, in red cloth, beads, &c., which they took in exchange for elephants' teeth; but five years before, they assassinated a gaffle of merchants, and had afterwards eaten them; since which time the Houssa people have been shy in dealing with them."

The route to Kano was finally accomplished on the 25th of May, and after staying to the 29th, Lander again set out, and passed onwards, with some curious accidents, till June 1. He passed Behajie, a walled town, and states:

"Half an hour after, came to a spot where are two roads, one leading to Nyffé, and the other to Funda. My master had said, before his death, at Soccatoo, that if I returned through Nyffé and Yonriha, the inhabitants, who must have heard of our having taken presents to Sultan Bello, with whom they were at war, would certainly assassinate me; and feeling an earnest and irrepugnable desire to visit Funda, on the banks of the Niger, and trace, in a canoe, that river to Benin, without hesitation I chose the Funda road."

It seems that but for a mere chance he would have achieved this great exploit;—we return, however, to his career.

"June 4th. At eight this morning, after drying the tent, proceeded; and at eleven reached the foot of a high and craggy mountain, called Almema, consisting of gigantic blocks of granite, fearfully piled on each other, and seeming ready to fall to the ground below. They much resemble the rocks near the Lagan Stone in Cornwall, but infinitely larger. Mahomet, my servant, who is acquainted with the traditions of the natives of every part of this country, and had travelled far and near, gave me the following story: 'About 500 years ago, a queen of the Fantee nation having quarrelled with her husband about a golden stool, fled from her dominions with a great number of her subjects, and built a large town at the foot of this mountain, which she called Almema, from which it took its name.' The town was surrounded with a stone wall, as the ruins which now remain plainly attest. * * *

"7th. Left at six in the morning, and proceeding in a south-west course, arrived at a walled town called Nammaleek at twelve at noon; the north-east part of which is defended by a mountain, and the remaining parts by a high mud wall. The mountain is nearly perpendicular, and thickly covered with wood. Thousands of hyenas, tiger-cats, jackals, monkeys, &c. inhabit it; and the terrific noise they made during the night prevented me from closing my eyes. These animals are so rapacious, that the poor inhabitants cannot keep a single

hloek, sheep, or goat; in consequence of which no animal food could be obtained in the place. The chief put us into a hut, and gave us tnah, with a sauce made from the monkey's bread-fruit tree, which is most unpalatable stuff. I intended to stop a short time here, and take medicine; but the people coming in scores to see me, I had no opportunity of opening my box but in their presence, which I did not choose to do. This day, two Fellatas, messengers of the Sultan of Zegzeg, unfortunately saw me, and asked where I was going. On my acquainting them, they immediately rode off, and, as I subsequently learnt, returned to Zegzeg, and informed the king that I was on my way to Funda, with two asses loaded with riches, and a beautiful horse, as presents to the king of that place."

It was upon this report that he was soon after stopped, and carried back to gratify the curiosity of the majesty and court of Zegzeg. In the meantime, he relates, on the 8th: "On our journey to-day, we met, on their way to Zegzeg, as a tax to Sultan Bello from a neighbouring country, thirty slaves—men, women, and children, all apparently ill with the small-pox. The men were tied to each other by the neck, with twisted bullock's hide; but the women and children were at liberty. The inhabitants of Fullindushie were the first people I had seen in Africa who disdained to make use of any kind of dress. They laughed immoderately on seeing me; whilst I, on my part, made myself quite merry at their expense. They were soon on the most familiar footing with me, and seem an artless and good-humoured people; but disgusting in their manners, and filthy in their persons: their sheep, goats, and poultry, eat and sleep in the same hut with them, and a most intolerable stench is exhaled from all their dwellings. They do not appear to have the least affection for their offspring: a parent will sell his child for the merest trifle in the world, with no more remorse or repugnance than he would a chicken. They invariably wear a large piece of blue glass, in the shape of a semicircle, in their upper and lower lip; and a piece of red wood, about the size of a man's thumb, dangles from their ears. They rub red clay, softened with oil extracted from the guinea-nut, over their heads and bodies, which by no means improves their appearance. Their features do not resemble in any way those of the negro, but are fair and handsome, and bear great similitude to the European. The inhabitants make fetiches, like the natives of Yariba."

On the 12th, "crossed the river at nine o'clock this morning, the water reaching to our chins; and immediately proceeded towards Cuttup, where we arrived after three hours' travelling. Having heard, on my route, so many different reports of Cuttup, its wealth, population, and celebrated market, I was rather surprised on finding it to consist of nearly five hundred small villages, almost adjoining each other; nearly the whole of which occupy a vast and beautiful plain, adorned with the finest trees. Here, for the first time since leaving the coast, I saw plantain, palm, and cocoa-nut trees, in great abundance, and in a flourishing condition; the country resembling, in a striking manner, some parts of Yariba. A considerable traffic is carried on here in slaves and bullocks; the latter are bred by Fellatas, a great number of whom reside here for no other purpose. Slaves, as well as bullocks and sheep, are exposed in the market, which is held daily; and also red cloth, gum, salt, goora-nuts, trowsers, tobacco, country cloth, rings, needles,

cutlery articles, and honey, rice, milk, &c. People from the most distant parts of the country resort here in vast numbers to purchase these various articles. The sultan being a very great man, I thought it necessary to make him a present worthy the representative (however humble) of the King of England. I accordingly gave him four yards of blue damask, the same quantity of scarlet ditto, a print of my own gracious sovereign, and one of his royal highness the Duke of York, with several more trifling articles. In return, I received from him a sheep, the humps of two bullocks, and stewed rice sufficient for fifty men. Ten of the king's wives, on paying me a visit a day or two after my arrival, took a fancy to the gilt buttons on my jacket, which I cut off and presented to their sable majesties. Thinking them to be gold, they immediately stuck them in their ears. In this belief I took care not to deceive them. During my stay at Cuttup I was never in want of a bullock's hump (by far the best part of the animal, weighing from twelve to fifteen pounds) for the king invariably receives, as a tax from the butchers, the hump of every bullock they slaughter; and one or two were sent me by his wives each day. Being in want of money, I sent to the market and informed the people I had needles and beads to sell; on which several buyers came into my hut and purchased freely, giving me fifteen or twenty cowries each for the needles, whilst the Arabs could only get ten at most for theirs; but whether they conceived my needles to be superior, or whether it was the desire of obtaining something of a white man, I did not learn. Unlike the princes of Houssa, Borgoo, Nyffé, Cuttumkora, and of other places in the interior, the Sultan of Cuttup gives his wives unrestricted liberty. An old woman came to me one afternoon, full of grief, informing me of her having frequently been robbed of the little money she had saved from her earnings, from holes in her hut, where she had hid it, by some of her neighbours and acquaintances. She entreated me to let her have a charm to prevent such dishonest acts in future. Being ever willing to oblige the simple-hearted Africans, I gave her a teaspoonful of common sweet oil, in a small phial, telling her that she must on her return to her hut pour it into the hole in which she intended concealing her money; and that if any one but herself touched the money while there, without her permission, he would not long survive. I advised her by all means to give the virtues of this charm as extensive a circulation as possible, and I had no doubt she would not be robbed again. The poor old woman could not express the gratitude she felt for my kindness; she dropped on her knees before me, thanked me in the warmest terms, and pressed me to accept of forty cowries, the only money she had then in the world. Of course I refused to deprive the old woman of her substance, and sent her away highly pleased with the treatment she had received."

On the 19th Lander had reached Dunrora, a town of 4000 inhabitants, and was within twelve or thirteen days of the promised Funda, whence four days would carry him to the salt water, when, as he was loading his beasts and preparing to depart, four armed men rode up at full gallop and obliged him to retrace his steps to Zegzeg.

Tales of Passion. By the Author of "Gilbert Earle." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1829. Colburn.

This work before us is one belonging to an

advanced period of literature; when the incidents of invention, somewhat exhausted, make the author turn to sentiment rather than adventure, and feelings are more dwelt upon than facts. The tales of knightly deeds, of haunted towers, of handitti, have had their day, as well as those of beauty in distress, unknown orphans turning out dukes at least, elopements, &c. But the novelist has changed only to enlarge his field; from the earliest page given to the delineation of character, whether as matter of ridicule or sentiment, his store of *matériel* became inexhaustible. The human heart, like the human countenance, is endless in its variety;—the tree, the flower, the bird, the beast, resemble each other, till the likeness is that of identity: the oaks at Dodona were but like those in any English park; the steed of the Macedonian might be but as the race-horse of Newmarket. Not so with the face of man;—the statue, the picture, come down to us, and we trace similarity, but no sameness; for where can be found two human beings whose individuality could be mistaken?—and the varieties of mind are still more infinite: the routine of circumstances may and will be the same—the battle may be fought, the orator and statesman contend for the high places, the festival assemble the young, and the thousand great and little events of life be alike,—but the spirit which vivifies them will be different: even as our present age bears no resemblance to its predecessors, so those in futurity are equally likely to differ from our own. While hope and fear, sorrow and happiness, remain in the world, no fear for our libraries—but their size. The pages before us are devoted to the development of the passions—those masters and mysteries of our nature.

It is a very difficult thing to put the language of strong passion on paper: spoken in the turbulent excess of the moment, while the ear that listens is agitated as the lip that speaks, forgotten from the very exhaustion which follows,—the most intense periods of our life are those which leave the least record of their expression. Repeat the words which at the time seem so cold and meaningless, and even we ourselves will exclaim against their exaggeration; and yet, to the latest hour of our lives, an impression, rather than a memory of them, lingers in the heart, yielding a strange, intuitive sympathy with the picture, which relies on association for its truth, where our feelings are sufficiently alive to look with scorn upon the weak outline, or faint colour, and yet enough deadened to make ridicule a dangerous test of criticism. It is no small praise to say that Mr. St. Leger has steered well the dead sea of coldness on the one hand, and the stormy cape of exaggeration on the other. The second tale in these volumes is a master-piece of its kind; a more powerful delineation of character worked upon till its very nature is changed, of the fearful links which bind one evil passion to another, was never, we think, drawn: it is impossible to give an idea of the interest; all we can do is to detach enough to create a desire for the rest.

"The dancer was a young girl apparently about sixteen; she was slender and finely formed, like most of her race, but she was already of a height beyond their ordinary low stature, and had the appearance of not being yet arrived at her full growth. A petticoat of bright scarlet displayed an ankle, combining, like the fetlock of an Arabian horse, delicacy, activity, and grace, in a singular degree. The fine voluptuous outline of her limbs, at her early age, gave token, to a practised eye like

that of Oberfeldt, of the perfection which it would attain in the maturity of womanly beauty. Her scarf was disposed around her bosom in a manner somewhat fantastic indeed, but highly picturesque and graceful,—while her abundant tresses of coal-black hair were, for their only covering and ornament, intertwined with a few ears of wheat and corn-flowers, apparently just plucked from the fields. Her skin was dark in complexion—but of that exquisite clearness, and extreme delicacy of texture, which almost render it doubtful whether it be surpassed by the most perfect fairness. It might be called

—that clear obscure,
So softly dark, and darkly pure,

which we may suppose to have existed upon Cleopatra's cheek. Of her eyes—those gems which form the crown and completion to the golden circle of beauty—the description has already been given in the motto at the head of this chapter.* The air to which she danced was wild and irregular, and the dance was accommodated to its varying expression. Now, it was spirited, animated, and even triumphant—and in such parts, the young Bohemian's step became more rapid and decided—her eye flashed, and she swung her tambourine into the air, with a free and even fierce gesture, bespeaking exultation and pride. Then would come a sudden pause, and the music would recommence with a slow and soft measure; the bright eye then became languid and beseeching—the movements and the whole bearing insinuating and subdued. Next, the tone was of sorrow and dejection—and this versatile creature sank her head upon her breast, drooped her instrument by her side, and trailed her steps slowly and sadly on the ground. Then again the music burst forth into liveliness and joy—and again she sprang into the air, like the wild deer starting from the covert, and the dance ended as it had begun, with the display of mingled activity, brilliancy, and grace. The count gazed in wonder upon a creature so beautiful and so striking. The graceful agility with which she danced—the picturesque movements and attitudes which were displayed in the performance on her instrument—and, above all, the face of youthful loveliness which beamed and sparkled with the exercise—all these were calculated to impress with surprise and delight one who loved, and could appreciate, beauty as much as Oberfeldt. A man who has studied it as he had done, is necessarily something of a physiognomist; and, as he contemplated fixedly the countenance of this fascinating being, he thought he could perceive in it something superior to the lot which seemed to be her's, together with a consciousness of that superiority. The expression of her eye was not always in accordance with the smile upon her lip;—a glance, now of weariness, now of disdain, was very perceptible to one who looked with scrutiny:—and the smile itself was frequently 'in such a sort' as though 'her spirit scorned itself that it could be moved to smile' for such purposes, and upon such people. These indications were not, indeed, open and plain. To the great majority of the spectators she appeared as mirthful, as well as active, as Terpsichore; it was only to him who possessed the talisman of refined observation and acute deduction, that they were visible. At least, he

read them thus:—though, perhaps, he might be so quicksighted as to see that which did not exist—he might invest her with the feelings he thought most suited to her position, and then imagine that he traced them in her aspect. As the dance ended, she held the tambourine horizontally—though without any more direct supplication. The spectators showered money upon it, and the count threw in a golden dollar. The largeness of the sum caused the eyes of the Bohemian, which were cast down during the whole of this proceeding, to be raised to the person who bestowed it. She looked into the face of Oberfeldt, as though to read the motive of his lavishness; and it seemed that the expression which she found there was peculiar and apparent—for her eyes were on the instant again lowered, and a suffusion of blushes spread over her face and brow. As the crowd began to move from the spot, the count drew near to the side of the young Bohemian. 'You dance enchantingly,' he said to her in a low tone; 'I never beheld such exquisite expression. By whom were you taught?' 'By the women of our tribe,' she answered. 'Had you no other instructors?' 'None.' 'Strange!' muttered the count. He was silent for a short time, but still continued by the Bohemian's side, with his eyes rivetted upon her. She seemed conscious of his gaze; for she kept her eyes fixed upon the ground, and the 'eloquent blood' spoke in her cheek. 'There can be no deception in this,' thought Oberfeldt; 'this is either nature or the perfection of art; and a creature so young cannot have attained such power of simulation: the soul which now burns in blushes upon that cheek was surely not meant to inform the frame of a wandering Bohemian.' 'May I ask your name?' he added aloud. 'They call me Mabel,' answered the Bohemian. 'Have you no second name?' 'Our tribe are all sprung from the same stock—we are distinguished among each other but by one name.' 'Are your parents among your companions?' asked Oberfeldt, glancing his eyes as he spoke over the rest of the party. 'My parents died while I was yet an infant,' said Mabel; and the count felt pleasure at the answer;—for in the wild features of the Bohemians he traced expression too suited to their lot, to make him feel willing that any of them should have given birth to a being so interesting as that by his side. He was again silent for a few moments, and then added—'Do you stay till the end of the fair?' 'We do.' 'We shall meet again, then,' said the count; 'farewell!' As he turned from her, Mabel raised her large eyes upon him, and for the first time fixedly surveyed him, as he walked away. She looked after him till he disappeared in the crowd; and a heavy sigh struggled from her bosom, as she followed her party to exhibit in another quarter of the fair."

A few insulated passages, and we have done. "I do not wonder that such a character should create a strong effect. In these our days, strong passion is so rare—every thing is so cold and so conventional,—that it is quite natural that the exhibition of intense and headlong feelings should possess powerful interest. Where do we now find love like that of Pyrrhus, of Hermione, of Oreste? Alas!—and a spark of her own ardent feelings overcame, for the moment, the strict caution with which she usually regulated every action and word—'Alas! if such love as this were reciprocal, it would need far beyond the powers even of Racine to paint it. But when, in truth, did any such ever exist?—Where do we

find a woman like Hermione, of whose love a man might indeed be proud—whose love, in a word, deserves the name, a name so often abused, so basely prostituted—where do we find a woman like this whom man is able to appreciate? It is his nature to dread strength of mind, lest it should prove superiority,—to shrink from strength of passion, for he feels nothing within him to answer such as that. For a moment, indeed, he may feel or fancy admiration, even affection, for her; but, in the end, he has always, like Pyrrhus, 'a Troyenne'—a cold, feeble, passionless being, whose strongest love would be pale and poor in the comparison, and which, such as it is, he often does not possess. And yet, it is for such as these that the Hermiones of the real world are abandoned and slighted. * * *

"Light streamed throughout the vast and gilded rooms—rich perfumes loaded the air—music rose in measures of gaiety—and beauty added its crowning influence to this scene of brilliancy and fascination. But where these things do not dazzle and intoxicate, they are apt to breed coldness and disgust;—it is seldom that there is a medium;—on the one hand, it is either a young spirit that is lapped in this false elysium, or it is one which shrinks from itself, and wilfully seeks excitement and forgetfulness; on the other, it is a mind that has tasted of the sparkling draught, and is conscious of its concealed bitterness—that has mingled in such scenes till it knows their falsity and heartlessness, and turns revolted from them to seek the purer and more real feelings of uncorrupted nature. * * *

"But it is always thus: they who commit great crimes, springing from violent passions, ever look with scorn upon lesser sins, rising from more ordinary motives. In addition to that self-deception which exists in all as to their own faults—the moving temptations being almost wholly dwelt on, and the consequent guilt being nearly overlooked,—in addition to this prevailing principle, the very intensity of the crime gives it, in the eyes of its unhappy committer, an adventitious dignity—nay, I incline to believe that the same sentiment exists, though in a minor degree, in even uninterested and unprejudiced persons."

"Those who have never been out of England, where no scene is reckoned passible unless the sun shines directly upon it, to render its temperature endurable, can form no idea of the effect, in a southern climate, of a cool deep valley, winding between hills covered to their tops with the greenest of all possible trees, and admitting, from its narrowness, only sunlight sufficient to throw a gorgeous gleam of gold upon the summit of the tufted woods on one of the hills which bound it. It was through one of these beautiful glens that we now passed. Our road lay along the side of a small brook, which wound down the valley towards the Tagus; and which, coming from the more distant hills, gave the most beautiful freshness to the verdure as it flowed along. The scent of the orange-flowers in bloom added the most delicious fragrance to the air; and though I have been often content to think, with Morris, that 'the shady side of Pall Mall' was as cool and rural a summer residence as the heart of man could desire, yet I confess that the whole scene, its actual beauty, its foreign aspect (which is always in itself romantic), and the reflection of the strange and stirring circumstances which placed me where I was, did, to a certain extent, act upon my senses and my feelings; and, altogether, I undoubtedly arrived at the convent a very different sort of person from what

* "She had the Asiatic eye,
Dark as above us is the sky;
But through it stole a tender light,
Like the first moonrise at midnight;
Large, dark, and swimming in the stream
Which seem'd to melt to its own beam:
All love, half languor, and half fire,
Like saints that at the stake expire."—Byron.

I am when I mount guard at St. James's. The convent itself stands in the most lovely part of this lovely valley. It is a large, white, gable-ended building, with small pinnacles, and a tower to contain the chime of bells. It has not the ancient, stern, and somewhat gloomy appearance of the remains of our old abbeys in England; but yet it does not look in the slightest degree garish or worldly. Standing, as it did when we approached it, and as it must do by far the greater part of the day, in the deep shadow of the hill, and relieved against the fine rich green of the full woods,—it appeared calm and secluded, yet not otherwise than cheerful—solitary in its sense of peacefulness, but not in that of desolation.”

Of the two other tales, the first is very exquisitely touched in many parts, but as a whole, too long for its materials: the other, *Second Love*, a romantic and interesting story, but wanting the originality of its predecessor.

We have a strong objection to make, however, to the painfully frequent introduction of the name of GOD in exclamations on every occasion; and, as a piece of general criticism, we would add, that Mr. St. Leger draws his male characters far too closely after the pattern of mere town profligates. We do not believe that the man of experience in dissipation and vice is the being to fascinate the other sex; on the contrary, one spark of real nature and sincere passion will produce a greater effect than all the knowledge of the world in the world.

Travels in Arabia, comprehending an Account of those Territories in the Hedjaz which the Mohammedans regard as Sacred. By the late J. L. Burckhardt. 4to. pp. 500. London, 1829. Colburn.

It has been said, that a great book is a great evil; if it be so, we have had a visitation of great evils since our last, No. . . . But, like good Christians, we are disposed to receive our afflictions with resignation, and even cheerfulness, and turn them to as beneficial an end as we can. Thus we have already made a praiseworthy use of Clapperton and Lander's quarto;—we have re-considered Mr. Sharon Turner's History, quarto;—we have turned again to Buckingham's quarto, somewhat purified in consequence of our remarks, which were made on a copy previous to publication;—and we now (thinking nothing, as it were, of octavos, duodecimos, and the smaller shoals of 18mos, 24mos, 32mos, and pamphlets) address ourselves with pleasure to a third volume of the valuable *Travels* of Burckhardt, published by authority of the Association for Promoting the Discovery of the Interior of Africa.

This quarto treats of a part of the globe which is possessed of great interest, and which, though amply described by elder historians and travellers, is very imperfectly known in its more modern relations. Burckhardt visited the holy land of Mohammed and his followers about fourteen years ago, when the Pasha of Egypt had defeated and driven out the Wahabys, and superseded the authority of the Sherif of Mekka. An able preface, from the pen of the editor, Sir William Ouseley, prepares us for as perfect a detail of the traveller's residence in the Hedjaz as could be produced from his posthumous papers; and for the fourth and last volume is promised an account of the Arabs of the desert, and particularly the sect of Wahabys. It is unnecessary for us to enter upon any definition of the boundaries, divisions, or names of Arabia; and we therefore commence with our author at Djidda, the port of Mekka, where he ap-

peared, as in his former peregrinations in Syria, Egypt, &c. in the character of a Mussulman.* Now, though Djidda is a town which furnishes much matter of curious observation (and to which we shall probably return), yet as Mekka presents still more striking particulars, we hope we shall be excused if in the first instance we direct our readers' notice to that celebrated city.

At Tayf,† Burckhardt (whose sagacity and acquaintance with the suspicious, mercenary, cunning, and intriguing character of the natives amongst whom he roamed, taught him well how to conduct himself) found that he was rather a prisoner at large than a guest; and disguising his anxious wish to visit Mekka, he procured the means of proceeding thither. Speaking of the pasha, he says—

“To remain for any length of time at Tayf, in a sort of polite imprisonment, was little to my taste; yet I could not press my departure without increasing his suspicions. This was manifest after my first interview with the pasha and the kadhys; and I knew that the reports of Bosari might considerably influence the mind of Mohammed. Under these circumstances, I thought the best course was to make Bosari tired of me, and thus induce him involuntarily to forward my views. I therefore began to act at his house with all the petulance of an Osmanly. It being the Ramadhan, I fasted during the day, and at night demanded a supper apart; early on the following morning I called for an abundant breakfast, before the fast re-commenced. I appropriated to myself the best room which his small house afforded; and his servants were kept in constant attendance upon me. Eastern hospitality forbids all resentment for such behaviour; I was, besides, a great man, and on a visit to the pasha. In my conversations with Bosari, I assured him that I felt myself most comfortably situated at Tayf, and that its climate agreed perfectly with my health; and I betrayed no desire of quitting the place for the present. To maintain a person in my character for any length of time at Tayf, where provisions of all kinds were much dearer than in London, was a matter of no small moment; and a petulant guest is every where disagreeable. The design, I believe, succeeded perfectly; and Bosari endeavoured to persuade the pasha that I was a harmless being, in order that I might be the sooner dismissed. I had been six days at Tayf, but seldom went out, except to the castle in the evening, when

* After residing awhile at Djidda, he went to Tayf, the head quarters of the Egyptian army, and thence returned to Mekka as a pilgrim, and performed the usual rites, which enabled him to witness and describe the Mohammedan ceremonies, see the mosque and famous Kaaba, &c. &c. From Mekka he went to Medina, which also, together with places in the vicinity, he describes: from Medina he travelled to Yembo, and from Yembo to Cairo; and accounts of the route, &c. of Yembo close this volume.

† The following curious anecdote may here be referred to: “During my stay at Tayf (says the author), letters arrived from Constantinople, across the desert, by way of Damascus, bringing to the pasha a Turkish translation of the treaty of peace concluded at Paris. After having read it several times, he ordered his Turkish writer to explain it to me in Arabic, word for word. This occupied us in a private apartment several hours. I then returned to the audience, and was desired by the pasha to tell him my opinion of the treaty. Referring to a Turkish atlas, copied from European maps, and printed at Constantinople, he made me point out to him the new limits of Belgium, the Islands Mauritius and Tobago, the position of Genoa, &c. &c. With respect to the latter place, a curious mistake occurred. It had been stated to me that Genoa was ceded to the Swedes, which I could not credit. Upon inquiry, I found that Genoa and Switzerland were meant; a town and country which, I am sorry to say, were not comprised in the geographical knowledge of a Turkish viceroy. The mistake, however, was easily made; for in Turkish, Genoa is written like Genoa, and Sweden is pronounced Shwit.”

Bosari asked whether my business with the pasha was likely to prevent me much longer from pursuing my travels, and visiting Mekka. I replied that I had no business with the pasha, though I had come to Tayf at his desire; but that my situation was very agreeable to me, possessing so warm and generous a friend as he, my host. The next day he renewed the subject, and remarked that it must be tiresome to live entirely among soldiers, without any comforts or amusements, unacquainted, besides, as I was, with the Turkish language. I assented to this; but added, that being ignorant of the pasha's wishes, I could determine on nothing. This brought him to the point I wished. “This being the case,” said he, “I will, if you like, speak to his highness on the subject.” He did so in the evening, before I went to the castle; and the pasha told me, in the course of conversation, that as he understood I wished to pass the last days of Ramadhan at Mekka (a suggestion originating with Bosari), I had better join the party of the kady, who was going there to the feast, and who would be very glad of my company. This was precisely such a circumstance as I wished for. The departure of the kady was fixed for the 7th of September, and I hired two asses, the usual mode of conveyance in this country, in order to follow him.”

This was an excellent *ruse*, and for an excellent purpose: we have met with many persons in this country who made themselves very troublesome inmates in the houses of their entertainers, without having so plausible a pretext for it, or going off when their disagreeable behaviour had induced their hosts to smooth the way for that event. Burckhardt, on the contrary, took leave, and set out for Mekka; and he relates as follows:

“In passing by Wady Mohram, I assumed the *ihram*, as being now for the first time about to visit Mekka and its temple. The *ihram* consists of two pieces of linen, or woollen, or cotton cloth, one of which is wrapped round the loins, and the other thrown over the neck and shoulders, so as to leave part of the right arm uncovered. Every garment must be laid aside before this is put on. Any piece of stuff will answer the purpose; but the law ordains that there shall be no seams in it, nor any silk or ornaments; and white is considered preferable to any other colour. White Indian cambric is usually employed for the purpose; but rich hadjys use, instead of it, white Cashmere shawls which have not flowered borders. The head remains totally uncovered. It is not permitted to have the head shaved, in conformity with the oriental habits, until it is permitted also to lay aside the *ihram*. The instep must likewise be uncovered: those, accordingly, who wear shoes, either cut a piece out of the upper-leather, or have shoes made on purpose, such as the Turkish hadjys usually bring with them from Constantinople. Like most of the natives, I wore sandals while dressed in the *ihram*. Old age and disease are excuses for keeping the head covered; but this indulgence must be purchased by giving alms to the poor. The sun's rays become extremely troublesome to persons bare-headed; but although the law forbids that the head should be protected by anything in immediate contact with it, there is no prohibition against the use of umbrellas, and with these most of the northern hadjys are provided; while the natives either brave the sun's rays, or merely tie a rag to a stick, and make a little shade, by turning it towards the sun. Whether assumed in summer or in winter, the *ihram* is equally inconvenient and prejudicial to health.

particularly among the northern Mohammedans, who, accustomed to thick woollen clothes, are at this period obliged to leave them off for many days; yet the religious zeal of some who visit the Hedjaz is so ardent, that if they arrive even several months previous to the Hadj, they vow on taking the ihram, in approaching Mekka, not to throw it off till after the completion of their pilgrimage to Arafat; and thus they remain for months covered, night and day, only with this thin cloak; for the law forbids any other covering even at night; but with this few hadjys strictly comply. When the ancient Arabs performed their pilgrimage to the idols at Mekka, they also took the ihram; but that pilgrimage was fixed to a certain period of the year—probably autumn; for although the Arabs computed by lunar months they inserted one month every three years; and thus the month of the pilgrimage did not vary in its season, as at present. The intercalation of a month, established two hundred years before Islam, was prohibited by the Koran, which ordained that the same pilgrimage should be continued, in honour of the living God, which had before been performed in honour of idols, but that it should be fixed to a lunar month; thus its period became irregular. And in the space of thirty-three years was gradually changed from the depth of winter to the height of summer. The person covered by the ihram, or, as he is called, El Mohrem, is not obliged to abstain from particular kinds of food as ancient Arabians, who, during the time of wearing it, did not taste butter, among other things; but he is enjoined to behave decently, not to curse, or quarrel, not to kill any animal not even a flea on his body, nor to communicate with the other sex. The ihram of the women consists of a cloak, which they wrap completely about them, with a veil so close that not even their eyes can be seen: according to the law, their hands and ankles must be covered; but this rule they generally disregard.

The pilgrim reached Mekka about mid-day and says—"Whoever enters Mekka, whether pilgrim or not, is enjoined by the law to visit the Temple immediately, and not to attend to any worldly concern whatever, before he has done so. We crossed the line of shops and houses, up to the gates of the mosque, where my ass-driver took his fare and set me down. Here I was accosted by half-a-dozen metowaf, or guides to the holy places, who knew, from my being dressed in the ihram, that I intended to visit the Kaaba. I chose one of them as my guide, and, after having deposited my baggage in a neighbouring shop, entered the mosque at the gate called Bab-es'-Salam, by which the new-comer is recommended to enter. The ceremonies to be performed in visiting the mosque are the following: 1. certain religious rites to be practised in the interior of the temple; 2. the walk between Szafa and Meroua; 3. the visit to the Omra. These ceremonies ought to be repeated by every Moslem whenever he enters Mekka from a journey further than two days' distance, and they must again be more particularly performed at the time of the pilgrimage to Arafat."

These ceremonies are particularly described, but at too great length for the limits of any review; and we pass to the remarkable account of the rites which preceded them, and on which they seem to have been founded, as many of the Roman Catholic rites were upon those of Paganism.

Prior to the age of Mohammed, when idolatry prevailed in Arabia, the Kaaba was regarded as a sacred object, and visited with

religious veneration by persons who performed the towaf nearly in the same manner as their descendants do at present. The building, however, was, in those times, ornamented with three hundred and sixty idols, and there was a very important difference in the ceremony; for men and women were then obliged to appear in a state of perfect nudity, that their sins might be thrown off with their garments. The Mohammedan Hadj or pilgrimage, and the visit to the Kaaba, are, therefore, nothing more than a continuation and confirmation of the ancient custom. In like manner, Szafa and Meroua were esteemed by the old Arabians as holy places, which contained images of the gods Motam and Nehyk; and here the idolaters used to walk from the one place to the other, after their return from the pilgrimage to Arafat. Here, if we may believe Mohammedan tradition, Hadjer, the mother of Ismayl, wandered about in the Desert, after she had been driven from Abraham's house, that she might not witness the death of her infant son, whom she had laid down almost expiring from thirst; when the angel Gabriel appearing, struck the ground with his foot, which caused the well of Zemzem immediately to spring forth. In commemoration of the wanderings of Hadjer, who in her affliction had gone seven times between Szafa and Meroua, the walk from one place to the other is said to have been instituted. El Azrak relates that, when the idolatrous Arabs had concluded the ceremonies of the Hadj at Arafat, all the different tribes that had been present, assembled, on their return to Mekka, at the holy place called Szafa, there to extol, in loud and impassioned strains, the glory of their ancestors, their battles, and the fame of their nation. From each tribe, in its turn, arose a poet who addressed the multitude. "To our tribe," exclaimed he, "belonged such and such eminent warriors and generous Arabs; and now," he added, "we boast of others." He then recited their names, and sang their praises; concluding with a strain of heroic poetry, and an appeal to the other tribes, in words like the following:—

Let him who denies the truth of what I have said, or who lays claim to as much glory, honour, and virtue, as we do, prove it here! Some rival poet then arose, and celebrated in similar language the equal or superior glory attached to his own tribe, endeavouring, at the same time, to undervalue or ridicule his rival's pretensions. To allay the animosity and jealousies produced by this custom, or, perhaps, to break the independent spirit of his fierce Bedouins, Mohammed abolished it by a passage in the Koran, which says:—"When you have completed the rites of the pilgrimage, remember God, as you formerly were wont to commemorate your forefathers, and with still greater fervency." Thus, probably, was removed the cause of many quarrels; but, at the same time, this stern lawgiver destroyed the influence which the songs of those rival national bards exercised over the martial virtues and literary genius of their countrymen. The visit of the Omra was likewise an ancient custom. Mohammed retained the practice; and it is said that he frequently recited his evening prayers on that spot. Having completed the fatiguing ceremonies of the Towaf and Say, I had a part of my head shaved, and remained sitting in the barber's shop, not knowing any other place of repose. I inquired after lodgings, but learned that the town was already full of pilgrims, and that many others, who were expected, had engaged apartments. After some time, however, I found a man who offered me

a ready-furnished room: of this I took possession, and having no servant, boarded with the owner. He and his family, consisting of a wife and two children, retired into a small, open court-yard, on the side of my room. The landlord was a poor man from Medina, and by profession a metowaf, or *cicerone*. Although his mode of living was much below that of even the second class of Mekkawys, yet it cost me fifteen piastres a day; and I found, after we parted, that several articles of dress had been pilfered from my travelling sack; but this was not all: on the feast-day he invited me to a splendid supper, in company with half a dozen of his friends, in my room, and on the following morning he presented me with a bill for the whole expense of this entertainment. The thousands of lamps lighted during Ramadhan in the great mosque, rendered it the nightly resort of all foreigners at Mekka; here they took their walk, or sat conversing till after midnight. The scene presented altogether a spectacle which (excepting the absence of women) resembled rather an European midnight assemblage, than what I should have expected in the sanctuary of the Mohammedan religion. The night which closes Ramadhan, did not present those brilliant displays of rejoicing that are seen in other parts of the East; and the three subsequent days of the festival are equally devoid of public amusements. A few swinging machines were placed in the streets to amuse children, and some Egyptian jugglers exhibited their feats to multitudes assembled in the streets; but little else occurred to mark the feast, except a display of gaudy dresses, in which the Arabians surpass both Syrians and Egyptians. I paid the visit, customary on occasion of this feast, to the kadhy; and at the expiration of the third day, (on the 15th of September,) set out for Djidda, to complete my travelling equipments, which are more easily procured there than at Mekka. On my way to the coast, I was nearly made prisoner at Bahra by a flying corps of Wahabys. My stay at Djidda was prolonged to three weeks, chiefly in consequence of sore legs; a disease very prevalent on this unhealthy coast, where every bite of a gnat, if neglected, becomes a serious wound. About the middle of October I returned to Mekka."

Here the author enters upon a minute description of the place and its celebrated buildings; but our space forbids our discussing these copious topics at present.

Twelve Years' Military Adventures.

In continuing our notice of this work we are compelled, this week, to brevity: but we purpose further illustration. The following is a smart picture of European manners in the East:—

"I know there were many, particularly among the younger branches of the army, who complained that they could not get into society at the presidency; but I cannot help thinking that the fault was, in some degree, their own. They were either too proud or too idle to seek it. Sullenly shutting themselves up in their barracks, or in obscure quarters in the Black Town, they expected that men accustomed to have court paid to them for their situations, or engaged in official business, would, or could, go out of their way to find them out. If at a ball, they would complain of the impossibility of procuring partners; but this they owed chiefly to their want of acquaintance; for I did not observe that the ladies—that is the married ones—gave themselves greater airs in India than

dewhere: In fact, a *mère de famille*, from the scarcity of petticoats, thinks it becomes her to be as gay, if not gayer, than single ladies in England. With a Miss it is quite different; for if her appearance be such as to render her desirable as a partner in a dance, she is also, for the same reason, considered by many as a desirable partner in a more important concern, and therefore not likely to be left at liberty to dance with a subaltern, even if she should feel disposed to accept that honour, which is not at all probable. Indeed, the matrimonial market in India is much the same as other markets for live stock, where the best possible price is obtained for the article. The first bid after the arrival of a fleet from Europe may be considered as a kind of fair day, where the new-comers of the softer sex are shown off, and where every family, that has the advantage of possessing a fresh attraction, whether of its own or consigned to it from the mother country, takes care to appear. The rank or property of the squire is the price offered for the article; and in estimating this, the gradations from a member of council or general to an ensign or assistant-surgeon are as well understood and as clearly defined as the gradations of the currency from a sovereign to a farthing, or from a gold mohur to a doody; the civil and military branches of the service preserving the same relative value that is assigned to them in the tables of presidency published in the East India Directory. The system pursued in disposing of the fair objects is exactly the same as that used at the sales of king's stores in a dock-yard, where the auctioneer begins by putting the highest price on the article, and keeps lowering and lowering, till some bidder assents to the price and bears off the goods. First, the young lady is instructed to set her cap at a civilian high in office, or at an officer high on the staff. If in the course of a few months there is no bidding at that price; then she condescends to cast a smile upon the second rank, and so on to the bottom. Should she possess any pretensions to beauty, she is soon snapped up; for the scarcity of the article prevents people from being very fastidious in their taste. If of the true European white, she is almost sure to go off tolerably well; but no mixture of the Asiatic will suit persons of my rank. Should the young lady continue on hand till the arrival of a fleet conveying a fresh supply of fair ones, she is, of course, thrown somewhat into the back-ground, and her chances of a good match considerably diminished; so it often happens, that females are thus compelled to accept offers which, at first starting, they would have rejected with disdain, and in some instances to take the very men whom they once treated with scorn. But she must be a hapless virgin indeed, and possessed of no ordinary attractions, who is compelled, as a *dernier ressort*, to put up with an ensign of native infantry, by whom she may be borne off to spend the honey-moon in a hill-fort. How happy marriages in general prove among Europeans in India may hence be inferred."

At the end of Vol. I. there is a story which we may put into position with this sketch. "In every society there will always be a certain number of low-minded persons, who pay no respect but to rank or riches. One family I recollect in particular at the Presidency, which was so notorious in this respect, that a trick, which was played them by a captain of the navy whom they had offended, afforded considerable amusement, if not gra-

tification, to the greater part of the settlement. Expecting to meet this family at the assembly-rooms, he brought a young midshipman ashore with him, and introduced him as the *Honourable* Mr. so and so. As he anticipated, the bait took, and a set was immediately made at this sprig of nobility by the party in question. The daughters monopolised him as a partner during the evening. His dancing was admired, his face pronounced truly patrician, his manners considered superior, and even his *gaucheries* set down as the *véritable ton*. They begged as a favour that the captain would allow him to stay ashore with them for a short time—they would take such care of him. To which the captain, after some demur, for 'he was given into his special charge,' consented. The next day Middy is taken round to see the lions, and to be introduced to their most fashionable acquaintance. His cocked hat is rather the worse for a sea-voyage, and his dirk is grown shabby; they stop at the Europe shops, and new ones are presented to him by the hands of the young ladies. A ball is given on purpose for him. In short, every possible attention is paid to the little *honourable*, whose noble parents will doubtless seek out the family on its return to England, to repay the obligation; and already had they begun to anticipate the pleasure which they should enjoy at the countess's fashionable parties, and the advantages they should derive from being introduced into the *beau monde* through the means of her ladyship. In fact, Middy was in clover. To be obliged to part with their young friend at last was painful. It cost the fair members of the family some tears, and gained Middy some caresses, and, what was of more value, some substantial tokens of friendship; and fame went so far as to say that he carried away a lock of hair belonging to one of the young ladies. Nor did they part without mutual promises to renew the acquaintance in England. The next day, as the ship was about to sail, the master, a gruff, tobacco-chewing tar, waited upon the family, to thank them for their kindness to his son. Conceive their astonishment! Not long afterwards they took their passage for England; not, certainly, to renew their acquaintance with their *honourable* guest and his noble parents, though, as was shrewdly suspected, to escape the ridicule with which this story had covered them."

The author, however, rates Mrs. Grahame for a libel, in accusing the ladies of India of "making too free with the bottle;" but we must leave discussions for a batch of extracts and anecdotes.

Indian Fruits.—"One thing disappointed me a good deal—that was, the flavour of the East India fruits; for, excepting one or two scarce kinds of the mango, procured with difficulty, hardly any of them are worth eating, having generally a rough pungent taste, without that happy mixture of sweet and sour so agreeable to the palate. I was the more surprised at this, as, from having lived in a cold climate, where Pomona courts heat in every shape, I had always associated in my mind sun-beams and delicious fruit, considering one as the necessary consequence of the other. There is, to be sure, at a place called Santghur about 120 miles from Madras, close under the Ghauts, a garden belonging to the Nabob of Arcot, which produces oranges of a very superior kind; but as I have not heard of any other place in which they arrive at perfection, this agreeable fruit must be considered altogether as an exotic in Hindostan."

Captain Grose.—"This circumstance reminds me also of a story which was told me of Captain Grose, of the Madras army, who was killed at the siege of Seringapatam. He was son of Grose the antiquary, whose talents he inherited. He was remarkable for his wit and humour, and his memory is still cherished by all the lovers of fun who knew him. Having had occasion to make some communication to the head-quarters, he was received much in the usual manner by one of the understrappers, who told him that no verbal communications could be received, but that what he had to say must be sent through the medium of an official letter. He happened, some days afterwards, to have a party dining with him, and among others were a few members of the staff. In the midst of dinner a jackass came running among the tent-ropes, exerting his vocal organs in a manner by no means pleasing to the company. Grose immediately rose, and thus addressed the intruder: 'I presume, sir, you come from head-quarters. I receive no verbal communications whatever, sir. If you have any thing to say to me, sir, I beg you will commit it to paper.' The will which Captain Grose made the night before the storming of Seringapatam, under a presentiment of his fate, was quite in character. It began with the apostrophe of 'O my nose!' and among other bequests contained the present of a wooden sword to an officer of rank to whom he bore no good will, and who was supposed not to be endowed with any superfluous quantity of personal valour."

Besieging.—"To prevent as much as possible the destruction of lives from the fire of the enemy, the practice is to post a man on the flank of the battery, whose business it is to give notice of every shot fired from such guns as are directed against the work at which he is stationed. He makes the signal the moment he perceives the flash of the gun, on which every man who happens to be exposed at the moment shelters himself till the shot has taken place or passed over. This, however, cannot always be done; for, where the fire is kept up with rapidity, or there are many guns engaged on each side, no effectual warning could be given, and the delay would be great. The mention of this practice reminds me of a circumstance which occurred during the siege of Seringapatam. It happened that one of those enormous engines, called Malabar guns, was fired at our works. The man stationed on the flank of the battery for the purpose above-mentioned, seeing the flash, gave the usual signal, 'Shot!' A moment or two afterwards, seeing a large body taking its curving course through the air, he corrected himself by calling out 'Shell!' As the ponderous missile (for it was an enormous stone-shot) approached, he could not tell what to make of it; and his astonishment vented itself in the exclamation of 'Blood and ouns, mortar and all!'"

Accident in Battle.—"In the course of the action I was twice struck by shot, but not in such a manner as to be returned on the list of wounded. The first was a graze in the wrist, which cut through my coat and shirt, but carried away only a small portion of my skin. The next was from a spent grape-shot, which hit me in the pit of the stomach, so as to take away my breath. This, with the fright, caused me nearly to fall from my horse. I thought, of course, that I was shot through the body; and, not liking to stoop my head, for fear of driving the ball in further, I groped about with my hand for the hole, when, not finding any, I ventured to look down, and

could hardly believe that I had escaped my death-wound; though, as it may be supposed, I was not a little pleased to find that I was more frightened than hurt."

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Belgic Pastorals; and other Poems. By Francis Glasbe, Esq. 12mo. pp. 184. London, 1829. J. Rodwell.

GHOSTS of our grandmothers, looking pretty and pastoral in pictures, with small straw hats, broad green sashes, a crook, and a little dog or lamb,—we did think pastorals and shepherdesses were now among the antiquities of literature; and it was not till we looked at 1829 on the title-page, that we believed *Belgic Pastorals* to be an effusion of to-day. A more complete collection of rubbish we have not for some time perused. The following titles will give a notion of the subjects—the ensuing verse, of the style. *Pastorals*: "Strephon and Hylas," (these gentlemen converse on the events of the French campaign in the Netherlands, very properly mixing up Napoleon, "Apollo, Mercurius, and the rest,"—"Damon and Colin,"—"Thyrsis and Damon," &c. *Song*: "Cupid, sportive little boy!" "To Eliza," "to Lydia," "to Mary," "to Rosa," &c. &c. These ladies are addressed in elegant little trifles: for example—

"My Mary is the sweetest girl
The village can produce;
The prettiest and the neatest belle,
And she is gay and spruce."

We will apply what our author says of heroes to poets toiling up "the steep Parnassus:"

"I've often seen stout soldiers, sickly, pale,
With bilster'd feet upon this hard road fall,
Knocked up."

Mr. Glasbe must console himself by this being a common occurrence.

The Fate of Graysdale: a Legend. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1829. J. Duncan.

If this work is by what we believe it to be, a young writer, we must say it is one of considerable promise, evincing talent, but formed on a wrong model. Mysterious old women have had their day, and ghosts are ill calculated for a modern *dénouement*. We do not deny but that a very harrowing tale of "murders horrible" and "vexed sprites" may still be told or read with great effect by a waning midnight fire; but the mind must be previously worked up; and there is nothing in the story before us to warrant its arriving at the same conclusion as the Old English Baron. Gentlemen of most fair report, but haunted by some viewless crime, are a very common circulating commodity; and pedlars, after Wayland Smith and Harry Birch, are goods that hang somewhat on hand. But imitation, the besetting sin of young authors, is here redeemed by more sterling material. The story does not let the attention flag, but is told throughout very spiritedly: ample knowledge of the manners, &c. of the time is displayed, without the least pedantry; some of the characters are very well drawn, the elder Meredith particularly; and, as a whole, the *Fate of Graysdale* will have very sufficient attraction for the novel-reader.

The Annual Peerage of the British Empire for 1829, &c. 2 vols. 18mo. London, Saunders and Otley.

VERY great and well-conceived improvements have been made in this publication; and this, its third year, is, consequently, far superior to its preceding appearances. The volumes are beautifully got up, and the arms, occupying eighty-eight pages, engraved in the best style

—not over-laboured, but elegant and distinct. As far as we have put the letter-press to the test of examination, it seems to us to be at once ample and accurate; and by the omission of long genealogies (which can always be obtained from former editions of any peerages, and which only swell new works of this annual class with repetition), the compilers have been enabled to give much more of the existing state of families than we have hitherto found in productions of the kind. Thus we are made acquainted with collateral branches, and have a great deal of other useful information. We cordially recommend these volumes.

True Stories from the History of Ireland.

By John James M'Gregor.

A NEAT little compilation, and well adapted to the use of beginners; but with nothing of either research or style to call for more particular notice.

A VERY curious work, entitled *Mémoires, Correspondance, et Opuscules inédits, de Paul Louis Courier*, has recently made its appearance in Paris, where it has excited no ordinary degree of interest. Paul Louis Courier, who is well known in France by several satirical works, was formerly in the French artillery, in which, although a common soldier, he asserted his opinions with a boldness which could scarcely be expected in a general officer. After the battle of Wagram, in which, according to his opinion, one of the generals, Cæsar Berthier, had not conducted himself with Roman bravery, Courier, on seeing the military chest of this officer with his name inscribed in large letters, got off his horse, and having with the point of his sword erased the word Cæsar, cried out to the conductor,—"Go and tell your master that he may continue to call himself Berthier, but that I forbid him the use of the Cæsar." When in Italy, the time of Courier was alternately passed on the field of battle, and in studying Greek, or exploring libraries for manuscripts. In this way he discovered the famous fragment of the romance of Daphnis and Chloe, by Longin,—and many others. When Buonaparte became an emperor, was making kings and queens of all his dynasty, and Joseph Buonaparte had been created King of Naples, Courier, then an officer, was on service at court, of which he relates some amusing anecdotes. Among others is the following, dated in 1806: "Méot, the king's cook, is a great favourite with his majesty, who is, they say, the only person with whom he likes to converse. 'Méot,' said the king to him one day, 'you are always thrusting upon me some of your family—brothers, nieces, nephews, and cousins; you expect all to be created great lords and ladies.' 'Sire,' replied Méot, without the least embarrassment, 'it is my dynasty.'"

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, Jan. 11.

M. AUGER having terminated his days by a plunge into the Seine, has furnished a copious subject for conversation during the past week. His friends pretend that "too much learning had made him mad;" others say that he had long premeditated this act of suicide, and was in the full enjoyment of his reason when he committed it.

We have been nearly suffocated since the first of the year, not from heat, but with the dust from literary brains, which booksellers and journalists puff in every direction; it being, say they, salutary to our intellects: yet amongst

the numerous new publications which have appeared, scarcely any are worthy of notice. Genius does not draw from its own resources; therefore, until it creates instead of imitating, we shall have no original compositions.

Government, I believe, intends to favour the establishment of libraries for the use of the working classes and servants. This benevolence on its part, no doubt arises from the same motive as that which influenced Queen Catharine to supply her domestics with books, namely, to keep the d—l out of their heads.

The triumphal arch is at length terminated: the group of the restoration, on a car drawn by four horses, placed on the top of the arch, gives it a very majestic appearance, and adds much to the magnificence of the Thuilleries. The two new streets, du Trocadero and du Duc de Bordeaux, which lead into the rue Rivoli, are nearly completed; so that by degrees Paris will become habitable. Great preparations are making for a ball which is to be given to-morrow evening by the Duchesse de Berri: numbers of English are invited: she is said to be very partial to that nation.

The new bridge of *fil de fer*, I hear, rather in a trembling condition: some fears are entertained of its giving way, notwithstanding the breadth of the pillar which supports it in the middle.

Mr. Bulwer's new work, the *Disowned*, has been announced: in its comparison with *Pelham*, it is not so much lauded as a novel; but *pour l'homme qui cherche des idées profondes et des observations justes*, it will, observes the reviewer, be read with the deepest interest.

Some of the new journals have attacked Mlle. Mars for her performing juvenile characters: this, however, is scarcely fair; for let her rôle be what it may, she never fails to interest; and no young actress can in the least supply her place.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

FERNANDO PO.

A PRIVATE letter from this island, which we have seen, mentions the discovery of the tea-tree as indigenous. The young colony was in an exceedingly prosperous state; and the conduct of Captain Owen, who had assumed the civil situation of governor, had given general satisfaction, both to the natives and to those under his orders. Several slave-ships had been intercepted and captured by the boats of the Eden, now commanded by Captain Harrison, who left England as a volunteer with Captain Owen, when the settlement at Fernando Po was projected; and there can be no doubt that the anticipations founded on the situation of the island, that the inhuman traffic in slaves would thereby receive an important check, will be fully realised.

PROPOSED SETTLEMENT ON THE WESTERN COAST OF NEW HOLLAND.

HIS Majesty's ship *Sulphur*, which sailed last week from Chatham, with a detachment of troops and stores for the proposed settlement on the Swan River, has been driven into Plymouth by stress of weather, where it is understood some alterations in her arrangement will take place, with a view to the better accommodation of those embarked.

ANTEDILUVIAN BOTANY.

AT a recent sitting of the Académie des Sciences, M. Adolphe Brongniart read a very singular paper, entitled, "General observations on the nature of the vegetation which covered the surface of the earth at the various

epoch of the formation of its shell." According to M. Brongniart, vegetable fossils, studied in the order of their creation, indicate the existence of three grand periods; during each of which vegetation has preserved the same essential characters; while its characters are totally different when it passes from one of those periods to another. The first, or most ancient period, comprehends the space of time which elapsed between the earliest deposit of earthy layers of sediment, and the deposit of the formations of coal; which latter may be considered as resulting from the destruction of the primitive vegetation of the globe. The antiquity of the layers in which the vegetables belonging to this earliest period are found, proves that life began on earth with the vegetable kingdom. During the whole of that period, only animals destitute of vertebrae existed on the spots of earth which were uncovered; and it is doubtful whether there were any fishes in the sea. After this period, we begin to find a new vegetation, quite different from the former; and which continued until the period of the chalk deposits. During that period, it does not appear that there were any mammiferous animals on the earth; which was inhabited by monstrous reptiles, endowed by nature with the power of flying and swimming. The third period is that during which have occurred the last deluges of which our earth has been the scene, with the intervals which have allowed the propagation of many kinds of animals now lost, as well as of those still existing. The fossil remains of trees, such as the American fern-tree, to the luxuriance of which, warmth and moisture are necessary, belonging to the first of the above-mentioned periods, are of extraordinary size, being above double the height of that of the trees of the same species now growing; from which circumstance M. Brongniart infers, that at that period the temperature of the atmosphere was much higher, and the general humidity much greater, than at present. The paper contains a great many curious and interesting details, into which we have not space to enter.

TURKEY.

At a recent sitting of the French Geographical Society, one of the members read a report on a work by the late General Andréossy, entitled, "Constantinople and the Bosphorus in the years 1812, 1813, 1814, and 1816." In the introduction, the author sketches the vicissitudes undergone by the ancient Byzantium. To the historical description of Constantinople succeeds a brief view of the political and private conduct of the reigning sultan, Mahmoud II., to whom the author pays a tribute of praise for the ability and firmness which he has displayed since his accession to the throne, accusing him of only one error,—the treaty of Bucharest, signed on the 28th of May, 1812, the effect of which was to place Turkey in a false position with reference to its formidable adversary, Russia. The body of the work is divided into three books. The first treats of the situation of the Ottoman empire; the second is devoted to the canal of Constantinople, and its neighbourhood. The third part of the work consists of an account of the manner in which Constantinople is supplied by water, both by aqueducts and by subterraneous conduits; and General Andréossy considers the system superior to any which has been adopted in the other parts of Europe. Several of the notes at the end of the respective books are exceedingly interesting; among others, a notice of the first anatomical and medical work

printed at Constantinople, by order of Mahmoud, in 1812; and a biography of the ambassadors from France resident in the capital of the Ottoman empire, from 1535 to 1826. There is also an elaborate map of Constantinople and of the Bosphorus.

DISCOVERIES OF GOLD IN RUSSIA.

THE newspapers, some time ago, gave a long account of some discoveries of gold in the Russian empire, which were stated to be so considerable as to enable the autocrat to wage eternal war against the Turks, without the aid of the Rothschilds and Barings of other countries. The great discoverer of these treasures was said to be a M. Potau, an Englishman, of French parents, residing in London. We now find that the discovery was limited to a mass of pure gold of no very great value; and that the discoverer, M. Ponteau, and not Potau, has not had the smallest testimony of approbation from the sovereign into whose service he has entered.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, Jan. 17.—Wednesday last, being the first day of Hilary Term, the following degrees were conferred:—

Master of Arts.—Rev. J. A. La Trobe, St. Edmund Hall.

Bachelors of Arts.—G. A. Browne, All Souls' College; J. White, Queen's College; T. Dry, Merton College.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

JAN. 8.—A paper was read, entitled "On the dip of the magnetic needle in London, in August 1828; by Capt. Edward Sabine, of the Royal Artillery, Secretary."

This paper commences by noticing that the Philosophical Transactions contain the record of observations on the dip of the needle in London from the early part of the last century to the present time: that these observations all concur in shewing a progressive decrease of the dip during the whole period in question; but that they are insufficient in number and frequency, and the earlier ones particularly, in the required accuracy, to enable us to determine whether the annual decrease has been uniform or otherwise.

The author having taken much pains to obtain a correct determination of the dip in the Regent's Park in August 1821 (published in the Philosophical Transactions for 1822), repeated his observations in August 1828, at the expiration of seven years from the former determination,—an interval which he considered sufficient to throw light on the rate at which the dip is at present diminishing. In consequence of the increase of buildings in the Regent's Park, he was induced to change the place of observation to the Horticultural Society's garden at Chiswick: the distance apart is about five miles, but the direction is as nearly as possible that of the line of equal dip.

The apparatus, modes of observing, and needles employed, are fully described. The needles were four in number—one of the ordinary construction; a second fitted with Professor Meyer's apparatus for avoiding the errors arising from the non-coincidence of the centres of gravity and motion; a third, having a cross of wires attached to the axis, on the well-known plan of Dr. Mitchell; and a fourth, devised by Mr. Dollond, the middle of which is a cube perforated at right angles, so that the axis may be inserted in eight different ways.

In addition to his own apparatus and needles, the author obtained from the Colonial Department the use of a smaller apparatus, with a needle on Professor Meyer's plan, the same which was used by Capt. Franklin on his last

land expedition. The observations with this apparatus were made by Mr. David Douglas, of the Horticultural Society. The results were as follow:—

With the ordinary needle	69° 46.1
With Meyer's needle	69 47.4
With the needle having an adjustable axis	69 38.3
With Mr. Dollond's needle	69 51.7
With the smaller apparatus	69 51.4

Dip in London in August 1828

69 47 N.

From the observations of 1821 and 1828, the author finds a decrease in the dip in London of 17'·5 in seven years, or an annual decrease of 2'·5.

The average annual decrease for the century preceding 1821 appears, from the most authentic observations, to have exceeded 3'. On examining the series of observations made on the dip in Paris since 1798, by MM. Humboldt, Gay Lussac, and Arago, the author finds a corresponding indication of a recent diminution in the yearly decrease of the dip; it appearing, by those observations, that the average yearly decrease in the first half of the period between 1798 and 1828 exceeded 4'·75, and in the second half fell short of 3'. He concludes by remarking that a repetition of the observations in London, at the expiration of another seven years, and a continuation of those at Paris, will probably afford a decisive indication on this point; and notices, in case the annual change shall prove to be diminishing in this part of the world, the importance of determining the precise period at which the dip shall become stationary, and the minimum to which it shall then have arrived.

JAN. 16th.—"Observations relating to the Function of Digestion." By A. P. W. Philip, M.D. F.R.S., &c.—The author, referring to his former papers, published in the Phil. Trans. concludes that digestion requires for its due performance, both a proper supply of gastric secretion, and a certain muscular action in the stomach; the latter circumstance being needful for the expulsion of that portion of food which has been acted upon by the gastric juice. Nervous power is necessary for secretion; but the muscular action of the stomach being excited by the mechanical stimulus of the contents of that organ, is independent of the nervous power. It had already been shewn by the author, that after the removal of a portion of the eighth pair of nerves, the galvanic influence directed through these nerves will restore the secretion of gastric juice. But Messrs. Breschet and H. Milne Edwards have lately endeavoured to prove that the same effect results also from mechanical irritation of the lower portions of the divided nerves. The author points out several circumstances which appear to have been overlooked by these gentlemen, and which he thinks invalidate the conclusions they have deduced from their experiments. He states that a certain quantity of digested food will always be found in the stomach of the animal for five or six hours after the operation, and even after the lapse of ten or twelve hours, from its being less completely changed, and therefore expelled more slowly than in the natural state. The paper concluded with the recital of experiments made for the author by Mr. Cutler, in which the contents of the stomach of a rabbit, whose eighth pair of nerves, after excision, had been kept mechanically irritated, were compared with those of another rabbit in which the nerves had not been irritated, and of a third which had been left undisturbed. All those who witnessed the result of this experiment, among whom was Mr. Brodie, were convinced that the irritation of

the nerves had no effect whatever in promoting the digestion of the food, neither did it at all contribute to relieve the difficulty of breathing consequent upon the section of the nerves.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

JANUARY 22.—William Richard Hamilton, esq. in the chair. A communication was read from Mr. Frederick Madden, one of the librarians of the British Museum, respecting an account of the walling of the town of New Ross, in Ireland, in the year 1265, among the Harleian MSS., written by Friar Michael, of Kildare.

Mr. Hoffman was ballotted for and duly elected; and it was announced from the chair that the ballot for Henry Crabbe Robinson, esq. of the Inner Temple—James Gooden, esq. of Tavistock-square, and Nicholas Aylward Vigora, esq. F.R.S., of Bruton-street, would take place on Thursday, the 29th of January.

KING'S COLLEGE.

We have pleasure in allaying the apprehensions of the inhabitants of, and around, the Regent's Park, who petitioned against the introduction into the midst of them, of the learning and population of King's College, by stating that, in all probability, the eastern side of Somerset House will be the site of this structure. Mr. Smirke is actively employed in making designs; and we trust to see this fine building speedily completed for this excellent establishment. The situation is central and good.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

SATURDAY, Jan. 10. —After the presentation of several donations, and the election of several members, among whom were the Danish and Swedish ambassadors, a paper written by Colonel Briggs, on the life and writings of Ferihta, was read.

This paper was peculiarly interesting from its containing many anecdotes of the life of the celebrated author of the History of the Mahomedan Power in India, several specimens of his style, and a sketch of the outlines of his history, of which a translation, from the pen of Colonel Briggs, was announced in our last Gazette.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Views in Foreign Cities. Drawn from Nature and on Stone, by Harry Wilson.

No. I. Engelmann, Graf, Coindet, and Co. This No. contains four views: one in Ghent, one in Abbeville (Maison Grande, rue de la Tarterie), and two in Rouen—"La Grosse Horloge," and "the Shrine in which were deposited the ashes of Joan of Arc (1431)." Mr. Wilson appears to have studied Prout's manner closely; yet, though the general style and management resemble that artist, there are many parts in the lithographs before us which strongly remind us of Cuiet's Etchings of Old Houses in Chester. The subjects selected by Mr. Wilson are extremely picturesque specimens of architecture, and will form interesting additions to the portfolio of the antiquary, the architect, or the artist.

The Orphan's Prayer, and Dog Days—Companion Prints. Painted and drawn on Stone by J. and G. Foggo. Engelmann and Co.

In these prints there are more of the higher characteristics of art than the titles would lead us to expect. The simple Chantrey-like figure, and the solemn repose which pervades

the entire composition of the "Orphan's Prayer," form a powerful contrast to the animation exhibited in every limb of the joyous child, and the exciting incidents presented to us in the print of "Dog Days."

Le Souvenir. Drawn on Stone by Henry Corbould. Same Publishers.

We doubt not that this will be a very popular print, from three circumstances: first, it is whispered that the original design was made by a lady of title, which we believe to be the case; secondly, the subject of the print is a very pretty woman, with a most sentimental turn of the head; and, thirdly, her gown is cut, worked, and flounced, after the most becoming pattern. Seriously speaking, however, this lithograph is beautifully drawn and exquisitely finished by Mr. Corbould; and the printing is highly creditable, as a specimen of their art, to Messrs. Engelmann's establishment.

Album Titles. By E. Hull. Same Publishers.

We do not notice these as works of art, but with the view of doing good service to the public at large; as every one who can read, write, or draw, has now their album for the amusement of their reading, writing, or drawing friends. Here, then, "my public," are title-pages for your albums! A very pretty gipsy-girl is one, with her budget labelled, "The smallest scraps will be acceptable;" and beneath she is described, in the words of Shakespeare, as "a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles"—(Winter's Tale). Again, we have a beggar-man, worthy of Callot or De la Bella, hobbling up to us with "Scraps thankfully received," inscribed on his apron, and Shakespeare is again quoted—"A thing of shreds and patches." Then we have a most glorious display in the "Magazine of Art." Really we are determined never to design another title-page for any lady's album, when Messrs. Engelmann and Co. are ready so kindly to afford us a supply.

A Catalogue of Engravings by the most esteemed Artists, after the finest Pictures and Drawings of the Schools of Europe. Forming part of the stock of Moon, Boys, and Graves.

We cannot better explain the nature and object of this Catalogue than by extracting from the preface to it the following passage:

"The principal object to which attention has been given in the compilation and arrangement of the following Catalogue, is utility;—to unite with the easiest mode of reference the best and most desirable information as to the particulars of the respective plates and works therein contained; and accordingly, the painters being the foundation on which the engravers build, the first general division of the Catalogue is made to consist of a list of subjects, with the prices annexed, and the sizes as they appear when framed, arranged alphabetically under the names of the painters, and followed by the names of the engravers. This division is succeeded by complete lists of the plates contained in Le Musée Français, Boydell's large Shakespeare, the smaller plates to the same work, the Houghton Gallery, Tomkins', and Forster's British Galleries, Whitaker's Richmond, the Buchanan Gallery, and various other works of importance and interest. The whole is concluded with an alphabetical index of the subjects contained in the catalogue, classed under the respective heads of portraits, scriptural, historical, &c., and preceded by the announcement of many important works in progress, which, it is not doubted, when they are completed, will be found to do

honour even to the very advanced state of refined feeling which now pervades almost every class of society towards the graphic art. The stock from which the present Catalogue has been made, is that which originally belonged to the old-established house of Boydell, with the extensive additions which have since been made to it by their successors and the present proprietors: together, it forms one of the most important collections of prints ever accumulated: it comprises the best works of the modern school, amongst which may be enumerated the names of Lawrence, Wilkie, Turner, Burnet, &c., and which are receiving constant accession: the standard works of the past century, including among the painters those of Reynolds, West, Hogarth, Gainsborough, and others; and among the engravers, the best works of Woollet, Sharp, Earlom, and all the other first-rate engravers of their time: it also embraces the works of the most eminent ancient masters of the Italian, German, Dutch, Flemish, French, and English schools, formed from the most celebrated collections sold of late years. Such being the materials of which the Catalogue is composed, and the arrangement adopted, it is presumed it cannot fail to be useful to all who purchase and collect prints, whether for the portfolio, for ornament, or for use."

Autographs of Royal, Noble, Learned, and Remarkable Personages, conspicuous in English History, &c. Engraved under the direction of Charles John Smith; accompanied by concise Biographical Memoirs and interesting Extracts from the Original Documents, by John Gough Nichols. Part VIII.

FIFTY-SEVEN autographs; all of them more or less valuable—some of them eminently so. We subjoin a specimen of the admirable manner in which Mr. Nichols, in his department of this work, condenses much curious matter into a small compass:

"Elizabeth, Countess of Shrewsbury, the wife of four husbands, the builder of three palaces, and the accumulator of a vast fortune, is indeed a remarkable instance of an ambitious and an intriguing female. She was a daughter of John Hardwick, of Hardwick in Derbyshire, esq., and eventually became heir to her brother. At fourteen she was married to Robert Barley, of Barley in the same county, who died about two years after, in 1532-3, leaving his large estate settled upon her. She next captivated Sir William Cavendish, treasurer of the chamber to King Henry the Eighth, and induced him to sell his lands in the south of England to purchase others within the sphere of her own management. To him she bore a family, among whom were William, the first Earl of Devonshire, and Charles, father of the first Duke of Newcastle. Having again become a widow, this fortune-hunting lady married next, in 1559, Sir William St. Lo, captain of the guard to Queen Elizabeth, whose estates in Gloucestershire she also procured to be settled on herself; and, still rising in fortune and rank, the gallant George, sixth Earl of Shrewsbury, then the greatest peer of the realm, was her fourth successful suitor. And this was on the advantageous condition of two cross matches between their children. Yet, after all this matrimony, 'Bess of Hardwick,' as she was currently called, survived a fourth widowhood for no less than seventeen years, 'in absolute power and plenty.' 'She is said,' remarks the historian of Hallamshire, 'to have been a woman of great wit and beauty. It is certain that she was a woman of much address, had a

and admirably fitted for business, very ambitious, and withal overbearing, selfish, proud,acherous, and unfeeling: one object she pursued through a long life, to amass wealth and aggrandise her family. To this she seems to have sacrificed every principle of honour and affection, and to have completely succeeded.' At the age of eighty-six this extraordinary woman died, Feb. 13, 1607-8."

Engraved Illustrations of Ancient Arms and Armour; after the Drawings and with the Descriptions of Dr. Meyrick. By Joseph Skelton, F.S.A. Part XV.

THE first plate of the present Part of this elegant publication contains ten Champfrelius, of the times of Henry VI., Henry VII., Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Elizabeth. "Frontals, or protections for the horse's head," says Dr. Meyrick, "had been used by the Persians and Greeks of ancient time; but their earliest application in Europe seems to be the commencement of the fifteenth century." The next plate is occupied with a representation, one third the size of the original, of a curiously ornamented Spanish Target, of the year 1536. We have then a variety of two-handed swords and lances; "those apparently unwieldy weapons, yet which are so well poised as on trial to excite astonishment." The fourth plate exhibits the different pieces of which a demi-lancer's armour of the year 1535 is composed, together with a view of the complete suit. In the fifth plate are the Front of a Helmet and a Breast-plate, of the year 1510. The description of the latter comprehends the following anecdote:—"Froissart relates, that at the battle of Poitiers, Sir John Chandos, and the Lord Jean de Clermont, had upon their surcoats a Virgin Mary, or, embroidered on a field azure, accompanied with the rays of the sun argent, without its being previously known to each other, and this was the cause of a quarrel, in which the Lord de Clermont exclaimed, 'You English can invent nothing new, but take for your own whatever you see handsome belonging to others.'"—"It is hoped," adds Dr. Meyrick, with justice and humour, "that we do not now lie under this imputation, and that this work is a proof to the contrary." The rich and beautiful sword presented by Philip III. king of Spain, to Wolfgang Wilhelm, Count Palatine of the Rhine, on his succession to the duchess of Neuberg, and adoption of the Roman Catholic religion, in the year 1614, is the subject of the last plate; and the Part closes with the commencement of the preface to the complete work, which promises to contain much matter that will be highly interesting and amusing to the general reader as well as to the antiquary.

Bohemian and Saxon Scenery. From Drawings by Captain Batty, of the Grenadier Guards, F. R. S. Member of the Imperial Russian Order of St. Anne. Part IX. Jernings.

THE plates in the ninth Part of this beautiful work are, "The Watch-Tower, formerly St. Nicholas's, Copenhagen;" "The Port, Hamburg;" "Palace Church, and Gammel's Island, Copenhagen;" "Pirna, and the Castle of Sonnenstein;" and "St. Mary's and St. Peter's Church, Lubeck." The Port at Hamburg, engraved by R. Wallis, and the Watch-tower at Copenhagen, engraved by E. Goodall, are among the most picturesque. The execution of the clouds and sky in the last mentioned is exquisite. The vignette wood-cuts consist of "St. Herrville, on the Weser;" "St. Sa-

viour's Church, Copenhagen;" (the spiral exterior stair-case which winds round the upper part of the tower of which is very curious,) "Blankenese, near Hamburg;" "Palace of Rosenberg, Copenhagen, built by Inigo Jones, in the reign of Christian IV.;" and an "Old Gateway, at Lubeck."

Snow Balls. Painted by W. Kidd, engraved by J. C. Zeisler.

WE are glad to see a print of this very comic picture (in the possession of Mr. Watson Taylor), which is of a description extremely popular in our day, and executed in a manner calculated to recommend it to the amateur as well as to the less fastidious collector. Two or three boys, including a chimney sweep, are snow-balling a companion, who is as forlorn as the lamb in the engraving of the Wolf and the Lamb;—the contrast of the sweep is humorous; and the various expressions in all the countenances (not excepting the poor dog's), are characteristic and clever.

STATUE OF GEORGE III.

AT a meeting of the Graham Grand Committee, on Friday 16th inst., the late Lord Mayor in the chair, it was decided that, as the statue of the late King in the Royal Exchange was gone to decay, so as to render its removal necessary, from its having been worked in tender marble,—another should be erected in its stead; and directions were given to proceed with one, agreeable to a model submitted by Mr. J. G. Bubb, representing his Majesty in his coronation robes.

THE COLOSSEUM.

WHEN we wrote the account of the Colosseum which appeared in the last Number of the *Literary Gazette*, we were not aware (or we should certainly have mentioned the fact), that in the drawing of the panorama on the canvas the greatest advantage had been derived from the talents and knowledge of Mr. Gandy, jun., son of Mr. Gandy, the Associate of the Royal Academy. This gentleman is, we understand, still occupied on the work.

FRENCH SCULPTURE.

AT Volvic, a small town not far from Clermont, in the department of the Puy-de-Dôme, a school of sculpture has been established, the pupils of which employ their chisels on the blocks of lava with which the neighbouring volcano has filled the valley. These blocks are gray, extremely hard, of a less close grain than marble, but easily worked. The pupils, who are most of them the sons of peasants, begin to shew considerable skill. They have just completed, from models sent to them from Paris, a monument to Prince Lebrun, seven or eight (French) feet broad, and five or six high; composed of four grand allegorical bas-reliefs; the figures of which are nearly the size of life. It is to be erected in the cemetery of Père la Chaise.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE AGEDD MYNSTRELLE.

By Robertt Hesterwoods.

WYNTERR, inn alle hys terroures cladd,
Dothe onn the hylls and woldes appeare,
And Sommer, helesesse, lorne, and sadd,
Ne longerr rules the agedd yeare.

Hys cheekes are fulle off seamie scars,
Hys gryzzledd cryne bespreyntt wyth dewe,
Hys eyne two dymme twynklynge starre,
Hys vesturre eabell tyng'dd wyth blew.

¹ Helpless.

² Sprinkled.

The trees are leaffesse alle and bare,
The warrynge stormes and tempests blowe,
And, hie above the cloudes inn ayre,
The mowntaynes reare theyrscalpes off snowe.

The sylverrie streames dyd once appeare
To leapp wyth joie fromm hyll to hyll;
Butt nowe, as though congeall'dd bie feare,
Theyr songes are hush'd dand byllowes styll!

The byrddes, theire wott nott where to goe,
Butt waykynge fle fromm tree to tree:
Alas! wyth themm itt is wynterr nowe,
And wynterr nowe 't is wyth mee!

Ah! lych a ryverr's constantt tyde
Theyr ermeffull songes dyd swotelle flowe,
But nothyng nowe is heardd berryde
The voyce off wanhope² meintt wyth woe.

Butt wann the sonne returnes to erthe
Wyth hys carolyng feeres agayne,
Theyr lyttill hertes wyll daunce forr merrth,
Forgettyng care orr thote off payne.

Butt naughtt unnto the endd off dome
To themm cann joie orr rapture bryng,
Whose hopes are wraptt inn mydnyghtt gloome;
—The frostes off age ne'err thaw'dd inn sprynge.

Forr so I wott 't wyll bee wyth mee;
Sadd stryffe hath wurch'dd mee mykkle woe,
And, shypwreck'dd onn a stormie sea,
Wythoutt a home I wanderr nowe!

Mie boie hee was a gallantt youthh,
And mote have byn mie age's staid;
Butt Carnage fell, unmov'dd bie Routh,⁴
Undydd us bothe inn one darkk fraie.

Forr Ebourr's pale and unweamm'dd⁵ rose
Hee foughttand bledd att Boswourth playne,
And, meiantt amyddt the slauffter'dd foes,
Hys bothie restes where itt was alayne.

Dysorderrd regnyes throughoutt the landd,
And Selynesse⁶ in seene ne moe;
E'ean Hope and Love thatt suryl'dd so blandd,
Nowe weare the sadd aspectt off woe.

Pees, flownn beyondd the starrie skie,
Dysplayes ne moe harr snowe-whyte rode;
Butt thorow ayre dothe blauffterd⁷ fle,
Array'dd inn garmentts stayn'dd wyth blode.

Eftt⁸ onn hys harppe hys handd hee flynggs
To soothh hys tenes wyth musyk's flowe;
Butt as hee touch'dd the tremblyng strynges,
Theire alle between'dd the notes off woe!

Yett onn hys cheekes dyd eftt appeare
Joie's plaiefull lyghtt and rapture's sheene,
And forr awhyle the leven's fiere
Illoomyn'dd too hys fadedd eyne.

So o'err the drearie wastes off snowe
The feerie sonne's enamell'dd raie
Wyll forr a momentt bryghttlie glowe,
And thann as quykcklie glydde awaie.

Oppress'dd wyth fannmynn, age, and gryffe,
Hee heededd nott the lethall blastt,
Butt gladd to fyndde inn dethe releefe,
Onn the bare erthe hee breath'dd hys lastt.

SORROW.

My harp is on the willow tree!
Its voice is mute;—for ceaseless flow,
When I would wake its melody,
Upon the chords the tears of woe.

My harp is on the willow tree!
And though of grief 'twas wont to sing,
The grief that raised its minstrelsy
Expired in sighs upon the string.

³ Despair. ⁴ Compassion. ⁵ Spotless.
⁶ Happiness. ⁷ Again.

Those who once praised, now bid me lay
My hand once more upon the chord;—
By wo inspired, the wreath of hay,
They tell me, will my task reward.
Poor, poor disgraceful meed! to make
A barter of our woes—to deal
Our feeling's blood-drops out, to slake
The morbid thirst the worldly feel!
Grief bath no voices for others! where
Yon vaults a heavenly hope impart—
There, *there*, I'll strike my harp, to hear
The echo of a broken heart. H. T.

It is not so—it is not so;
The world may think me gay,
And on my cheek the ready smile
May ceaseless seem to play:
The ray that tips with gold the stream
Gilds not the depth below—
All bright alike the eye may deem,
But yet—it is not so!
Why to the cold and careless throng
The secret grief reveal?
Why speak of one who *was*, to those
Who do not, cannot feel?
No! Joy may light the brow—unknown,
Unseen, the tear-drop flow;—
'Tis the poor sorrowing heart alone
Responds—it is not so!

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

IN despite of criticism, and just criticism too, upon *Cassillon*, as a composition worthy of the dignity of tragedy, that play, as a domestic drama, continues to fill the house whenever it is performed; and if abundance of sobs and tears can compensate an author for the denial of the highest poetic crown, Mr. Walker has good reason to be satisfied with his meed. Yet his case is hard: severe criticism condemns *Cassillon* as no tragedy, and the audiences treat it as a crying sin. We see it has been published, but have not yet had time to peruse it.

ADELPHI.

At this theatre, on Thursday (a day too late for our criticism), was produced a three-act piece, by Moncrieff, entitled *Monsieur Mallet*; or, *My Daughter's Letter*; and founded on Mathews's well-known inquiry at the Boston Post-office. Suffice it to say, that Mathews never appeared to greater advantage, and the effect is "prodigious." Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Hughes, Yates, T. P. Cooke, Benson Hill, Buckstone, are all suited with admirable characters; and nothing could exceed the success of the drama.

WE see by the *Bath Herald*, that Mr. Braham has been replenishing the theatre of that city by his excellent acting in *Love in Wrinkles*, and by the powers of his unequalled voice in that and in other characters. We have noticed that the journals generally have taken up a good-humoured tone of pleasantry on Braham's displaying a highly comic vein in performing. It is true, and almost a natural consequence of the requisite difference of studies, that great singers are seldom great or even what is called respectable actors; but they must forget the *Devil's Bridge*, and several other operas, who fancy that *Love in Wrinkles* is the first piece in which our matchless vocalist has exhibited considerable histrionic abilities.

THE MELODISTS' CLUB.

THE first meeting of this Club for the season takes place at Freemasons' Tavern, on Tuesday.

We hear that H. R.-H. the Duke of Sussex has condescended to become patron of this delightful musical association, and several noblemen and distinguished commoners are vice-presidents. The whole vocal talent in the country is warmly engaged in the design, "the cultivation of national melody;" and Mr. T. Cooke, in the capacity of musical secretary, has the direction of the entertainments.

VARIETIES.

Russian Coin.—In the last year the crown mines in the the Ouralian mountains yielded above 89 pounds of gold, and above 2 pounds of platina; the private mines above 192 pounds of gold, and above 23 pounds of platina. It is the intention of the Emperor Nicolas to issue a coin of platina, of about ten shillings in value, but without peremptorily requiring that it shall be taken.

Improvements of Paris.—Notwithstanding the enormous sums already expended by enterprising capitalists in Paris, many of whom have had reason to regret their speculations, new buildings are projected in the different quarters of the capital. Some of these will be on a scale of great magnificence. The mania at present seems to be for building what are called *passages*, as most of those erected within the last three years have been found to answer tolerably well. A great portion of the *Champs Elysées* will be built upon; for which purpose the ground has been bought at high prices. The rage for speculation, however, is not confined to building; several new coach companies are projected, and even steam-coach companies are talked of.

M. Feronays took leave of the king yesterday, previous to his quitting Paris: he was borne in an arm chair by the Swiss Guards—an honour never before bestowed on a minister; three of the king's servants also followed behind, until he had reached the foot of the stairs. Poor man! it is most likely he will never return, though the physicians give him hopes that change of air will restore his health. (*Paris Letter of Tuesday.*)

Mungo Park.—We observe from Clapper-ton's Journal, that there is some probability of recovering the books, and perhaps MSS., of the late Mungo Park. They are in the possession of one of the African kings.

The largest sheet of paper ever used by a newspaper was sent forth from the press of the *Times* on Monday last. Hitherto, when there was an accumulation of advertisements, or other matter, at the *Times*' office, a supplementary sheet was printed (each sheet bearing, by virtue of a recent act of parliament, a two-penny stamp), and distributed, gratis, to the purchasers of the regular newspaper. By the new arrangement of printing the supplementary matter upon the same sheet, enlarged for that purpose to four feet in length, and a yard in width, a saving of about 70*l.* for each supplementary number will be effected; as the sheet, being undetached, will not require an extra stamp. A writer in an evening paper calculates, that in the forty-eight columns of the *Times* of Monday there are nearly 150,000 words; and a calculating correspondent of our own tells us, that in the colossal sheet in question, there were nearly as many words as in all the morning and evening newspapers which were published on the same day in the French capital.

Constantinople.—It appears by a calculation made so recently as August last, that the population of Constantinople, including all the

suburbs, which had been variously estimated at from 400,000 to 600,000,—does not exceed 380,000; and that the number of houses, of every description, is about 85,000. The number of persons capable of bearing arms in Constantinople, in proportion to the entire population, is said to be very small.

Commercial Enterprise.—During the domination of Buonaparte, sugar, coffee, tobacco, cotton-twist, &c. were sent by sea from London to Salonica (in European Turkey), whence these goods were carried on horses and mules, across Servia and Hungary, into the whole of Germany, and even into France; so that goods were consumed at Calais, coming from England, only seven leagues distant, which goods had made a circuit equivalent, as far as expense went, to a voyage twice round the world!

French and English Travelling.—A recent French writer, describing the state of travelling in France and in England, says, "In France the postillions are frequently drunk, always dirty, and the most coarse and intractable people in the world. In England the contrast is most striking; both men and cattle are always well dressed; the drivers with white cravats, good jackets, and well-napped great-coats; their horses harnessed as if for some grand ceremony. In France a postilion takes care, first of his own safety, and then of that of his horses; to him the safety of the traveller is a concern of supererogation. In England the traveller commands the driver, in France he obeys him."

Natural Philosophy.—It has been proposed to the Académie des Sciences, that henceforth two members of their body shall be appointed to attend the meeting of the lovers of natural philosophy in the North of Europe, whose last convocation was noticed in a recent No. of the *Literary Gazette*.

I suppose you have been already informed of the new imitation of diamonds (*I believe*, discovered by an apothecary when manufacturing a bolus); at least some extraordinary story is related on the subject. Diamonds are lowered here in value in consequence of this invention, as the imitation stone possesses all the properties of the real brilliant,—cuts glass, and sets off ladies' necks to equal advantage.—*Paris Correspondent.*

March of Intellect.—Among the fine-named establishments for which the metropolis is famed, there was, a short time ago, in the Hampstead Road, not far from the New Road, one of a peculiar character,—a "Dogs'-meat and Cats'-meat Bazar"!.

Gallop of Intellect.—Last week three of the second-rate jockeys at Newmarket bespoke a play at the theatre there, and styled themselves in the bills "The Juvenile Patrons of the Drama;" they presented their favourite ladies with tickets, severally accompanied with a play-bill printed on coloured satin, (each of the gentlemen having a colour of his own); and also with a bouquet of real or artificial flowers, bound with ribands of the proper colour!—This beats the march of intellect hollow.

American Bull.—A late Vandalia intelligencer, calculating the increase of the population of Indiana in the last two years, observes that, "allowing five souls to each voter, we have derived from emigration an accession of 20,000." "Five souls to each voter!" is rather more than falls to the lot of electors elsewhere.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

It is said, that the Lords of the Treasury have issued, or intend to issue, an order to the postmaster-general, permitting the free transmission to authors residing in the

any of the proof sheets of any work going through press, and which may be sent to them for correction. For this purpose the proofs are, it is said, to be sent on to Mr. Francis Freeling, who will enclose them in his post-office cover, and forward them according to the address, and perform the same on their return. This arrangement, if carried into effect, will certainly be an accommodation, as far as it goes; and we think that other important considerations to the interests of literature might be made without injury to, and even to the advantage of, the service. In France all the new publications, except those of very great weight, are forwarded by the mail coaches at a trifling expense; so that persons who reside in the provinces may receive them with the greatest possible rapidity. If at a moderate rate per pound weight new works could be forwarded from London by our mail coaches, individuals who reside at a distance from the large towns to which parcels of newly published books are sent, or even in those towns,—for it does not answer the purpose of a bookseller to have down one or two books in a parcel for a single customer,—would in such an arrangement find a great accommodation. An additional hundred weight to each of the mail coaches would be no drawback upon their speed or safety; and all new works of immediate interest might be thus circulated throughout the country. As in France the regulations alluded to was made exclusively in favour of literature, a method of preventing deception has been adopted. Persons sending books, are required to leave them open at the ends, a band with the address upon it being simply placed round the centre.

By the late French law regulating the publication of the papers in Paris, and what is called its *banquier*, which is equivalent to our bills of mortality, no paper can be published until the proprietors have deposited, by way of security for good conduct, a very large sum of money in the hands of the government. Some of the daily papers, chiefly devoted to literature, contrive, however, to evade this regulation by printing without the backs of the *banquier*, and having the copies sent, when printed, by a quick conveyance for distribution in Paris. Among these is *La Pandore*, which is printed at Senlis, a small place a few leagues from Paris. The only alteration in the appearance of the paper is, that the title, instead of being as before, *La Pandore*, is now *La Pandore à Senlis*, the latter word being put in very small characters.

Notes of the Wars of our Times, by the Author of the *Sketches of the Peninsula*, will be published about June.

A Geography is announced, entitled a Geographical and Statistical Account of the Great World, with a Voyage to several Islands, Vocabulary of the Language, &c.; illustrated by a Map.

Our Genealogies.—Mr. Berry, long Register Clerk at the College of Arms, the author of the *Encyclopædia Genealogica*, and other works upon heraldry and genealogy, has now about to publish, arranged in counties (beginning with Kent and Sussex), the Genealogies of the present noble Families, with numerous Pedigrees, from the collections of each county, and other authentic Manuscript Collections. The utility of such a work is obvious; and it is, we understand, the intention of Mr. Berry to publish two counties annually.

The *Register Bath*.—Dr. Gilney, of Brighton, has published a second edition of his work upon the use of the vapour bath, and we strongly recommend it to the perusal of those who are disposed to try that powerful, and in many cases most efficacious, remedy. As we have lately mentioned this subject, it is perhaps only necessary for us now to observe, that in proportion as a remedy is powerful and efficacious, if properly applied, it must, if injudiciously resorted to, be productive of mischief. This observation applies more particularly to vapour bathing, because it is practised by some persons merely as a luxury, without consideration and without advice, and the consequences have in many instances been serious, in some fatal.

The *Kempster Julian*.—M. Hayler has just published a new edition of the letters of the Emperor Julian, with some fragments of verse. The letters are eighty-one in number. It was M. Hayler's original intention to publish a complete edition of Julian's works, and we think he has not relinquished it.

A poem entitled *Jonas d'Arc*, by Madame de —, is highly noticed by reviewers, and the fair authoress declared worthy of a habitation on Mount Parnassus; but whatever may be the merits of the composition as to correctness of style, there is little of the poetry of thought to be met with in the work.—*Paris Letter*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

—on a Classification of Shipping, 8vo. 6s. 6d. bds.
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METEOROLOGY.

GENERAL ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR 1828.

In addition to the usual summary, I have been enabled, through the kindness of Mr. Moss, of Cheltenham, and of a Member of the London Meteorological Society, residing at Wycombe, in Buckinghamshire, to lay before your readers a general meteorological statement for the past year, at three different places, whereby, from the comparisons which may be made, the present Number will be rendered, if not to all, at least to lovers of meteorology, peculiarly interesting.

(Kept at Edmonstoun.)

Winds.	Rain.	Barometer.	Thermometer.	Month.
N.	7	30.16	52.5	January
S.	6	30.11	56.2	February
E.	4	30.09	62.2	March
W.	3	30.07	69.2	April
N.E.	2	30.05	72.7	May
N.W.	1	30.03	76.9	June
S.E.	1	30.01	78.4	July
S.W.	1	30.00	78.4	August
W.	1	29.99	78.4	September
E.	1	29.98	78.4	October
N.	1	29.97	78.4	November
S.	1	29.96	78.4	December
Year	33	29.95	78.4	Year

(Kept at Cheltenham.)

Winds.	Rain.	Barometer.	Thermometer.	Month.
N.	11	30.15	56.5	January
S.	11	30.10	60.5	February
E.	11	30.05	66.5	March
W.	11	30.00	72.5	April
N.E.	11	29.95	78.5	May
N.W.	11	29.90	84.5	June
S.E.	11	29.85	88.5	July
S.W.	11	29.80	92.5	August
W.	11	29.75	96.5	September
E.	11	29.70	100.5	October
N.	11	29.65	104.5	November
S.	11	29.60	108.5	December
Year	111	29.55	112.5	Year

(Kept at Wycombe.)

Winds.	Rain.	Barometer.	Thermometer.	Month.
N.	1	30.16	52.5	January
S.	1	30.11	56.2	February
E.	1	30.09	62.2	March
W.	1	30.07	69.2	April
N.E.	1	30.05	72.7	May
N.W.	1	30.03	76.9	June
S.E.	1	30.01	78.4	July
S.W.	1	30.00	78.4	August
W.	1	29.99	78.4	September
E.	1	29.98	78.4	October
N.	1	29.97	78.4	November
S.	1	29.96	78.4	December
Year	11	29.95	78.4	Year

The mode of keeping the above registers was as follows. At Wycombe, the thermometer and barometer are registered at 8 A. M., at 3 and 10 P. M.: the extreme cold is ascertained by a self-registering thermometer. The wind is set down from the result of the most frequent observations.

At Cheltenham, the temperature is ascertained by a self-registering thermometer, suspended about five feet from the ground, in a north-east aspect, and the observation made daily at 8 o'clock A. M. The wind and barometer are registered at 8 o'clock A. M. and 8 o'clock P. M.

At Edmonstoun, the warmth of the day is observed by means of a thermometer exposed to the north, in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground; the extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a self-registering thermometer, in a similar situation; the daily range of the barometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from 8 in the morning till 8 in the evening; the weather and direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations; the rain is measured every morning at 8 o'clock.

Edmonstoun.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1829.

January.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday ... 15	From 31. to 39.	29.88 to 29.70
Friday ... 16	38. to 30.	29.63 to 29.59
Saturday ... 17	35. to 32.	29.74 to 29.76
Sunday ... 18	19. to 32.	29.86 to 29.98
Monday ... 19	16. to 32.	30.03 to 30.07
Tuesday ... 20	15. to 33.	29.99 to 29.90
Wednesday ... 21	28. to 29.	29.87 to 29.78

Prevailing wind N. and N.E.

Except the 18th, generally cloudy: the rather severe and continued frost of the past week renders the weather more seasonable than it has hitherto been. Snow fell during the night of the 20th and morning of the 21st.

Edmonstoun.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude 51° 37' 32" N.
Longitude 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To Mr. John Moore, who asks our opinion of the expediency of "establishing a bookselling business for the sale of odd volumes of books (*only*)," we can merely say that it might, we think, as heretofore at Lackington's, be a very useful adjunct to a general trade, but would not do alone.

A concluding notice of Sharon Turner's *Modern History of England*, is unavoidably postponed.

Colossium.—We have deferred our further account of the Colossium till our next, when a very ample description of its structure, accompanied by a plate, will be given.

Many letters, &c. have reached us too late for notice.

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No. 628.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1829.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The History of Persia, from the most early period to the present time. By Major-General Sir John Malcolm, G.C.B. K.L.S. A new Edition, revised and corrected. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1829. J. Murray.

It is unnecessary now to dwell on the merits of this excellent work—a standard production of our literature: all that remains for us is to express our pleasure at seeing it in another shape and a new edition. Curious in its information, enlightened in its general views, extraordinary in its accurate picture of one of those vast monuments of bigotry and despotism, whose existence seems strange even in the East,—in the History of Persia there is “ample space and verge enough” for every theory and discussion that philosopher, moralist, and politician, might choose to erect: but perhaps we had better leave such graver matters, and content ourselves with a selection from the numerous anecdotes which abound in these pages.

“Jemshedd was the first who discovered wine. He was immoderately fond of grapes, and desired to preserve some, which were placed in a large vessel and lodged in a vault for future use. When the vessel was opened, the grapes had fermented: their juice was so acid, that the king believed it must be poisonous: he had some bottles filled with it, and poison written upon each: these were placed in his room. It happened that one of his favourite ladies was affected with nervous headaches: the pain distracted her so much, that she desired death: observing a bottle with poison written on it, she took it and swallowed its contents. The wine, for such it had become, empowered the lady, who fell into a sound sleep, and awoke much refreshed. Delighted with the remedy, she repeated the doses so often, that the king’s poison was all drunk. He soon discovered this, and forced the lady to confess what she had done. A quantity of wine was made; and Jemshedd and all his court drank of the new beverage, which, from the manner of its discovery, is to this day known in Persia by the name of *seher-e-khoosh*, or the delightful poison.”

“A Persian poet, alluding to the victories which the youthful Feridoun obtained over Zohak, and to the enchantments by which the latter was guarded, and the manner in which they were overcome by his antagonists, beautifully exclaims: ‘The happy Feridoun was not an angel; he was not formed of cloud or amber: it was by his justice and generosity that he gained good and great ends. Be then just and generous, and thou shalt be a Feridoun.’”

“Feridoun was the first monarch who ever rode upon an elephant, or brought these animals into use in war. His wisdom and goodness have been universally celebrated. His testament, addressed to his descendants, contained the following admirable lesson to posterity: ‘Deem every day in your life a leaf in your history: take care, therefore, that nothing be written in it which is not worthy of posterity.’”

There are some amusing traditions about Alexander the Great; our readers may contrast the romantic with the classical history. Respecting the cause of his disagreement with Darab II. the author relates:

“The quarrel, we are told, originated in Alexander refusing to pay the tribute of golden eggs, to which his father had agreed. ‘The bird that laid the eggs has flown to the other world!’ is reported to have been the answer of the Macedonian prince to the Persian envoy who demanded the tribute. After this, Darab sent another ambassador, whom he charged to deliver a bat, a ball, and a bag of very small seed, called *gunjud*. The bat and ball were meant to throw ridicule on Alexander’s youth, being a fit amusement for his age. The bag of seed was intended as an emblem of the innumerable Persian army. Alexander took the bat into his hand, and said, ‘This is my power, with which I will strike the ball of your monarch’s dominion; and this fowl (he had ordered one to be brought) shall soon shew what a mere morsel his army will prove to mine.’ The grain was instantly eaten up; and Alexander gave a wild melon to the envoy, desiring him to tell his sovereign what he had heard and seen, and to give him that fruit, the taste of which would enable him to judge of the bitter lot that awaited him.”

“The astrologers had foretold, that when Alexander’s death was near, he would place his throne where the ground was of iron, and the sky of gold. When the hero, fatigued with conquest, directed his march toward Greece, he was one day seized with a bleeding at the nose. A general, who was near, unlacing his coat of mail, spread it for the prince to sit on; and, to defend him from the sun, held a golden shield over his head. When Alexander saw himself in this situation, he exclaimed, ‘The prediction of the astrologers is accomplished; I no longer belong to the living! Alas! that the work of my youth should be finished! Alas! that the plant of the spring should be cut down like the ripened tree of autumn!’ He wrote to his mother, saying, he should shortly quit this earth, and pass to the regions of the dead. He requested, that the alms given on his death should be bestowed on such as had never seen the miseries of this world, and had never lost those who were dear to them. In conformity to his will, his mother sought, but in vain, for such persons: all had tasted the woes and griefs of life; all had lost those whom they loved. She found in this a consolation, as her son had intended, for her great loss. She saw that her own was the common lot of humanity.”

Our next quotations contain some striking traits of courage, wisdom, &c. in Persian emperors.

“A hundred fables are told of the birth and education of Shahpoor, whose mother is said to have been a daughter of Arduan. This princess, according to the *Rozut-ul-Suffa*, was desirous to revenge her family by poisoning Ardisheer. She was discovered in the attempt, and delivered over to a minister to

be put to death; but was secretly preserved, on her declaring herself pregnant. The child, the infant Shahpoor, was carefully reared. The minister who had ventured on this act of disobedience, afterwards revealed it to his sovereign, when he was lamenting that he had no heir. Ardisheer was overjoyed, but was desirous of trying whether he could recognise his own offspring among others of a similar age. A number of youths, among whom was the young prince, were commanded to play a match at balls before the king. In the course of the play, the ball was struck close to the throne: all the boys stood aloof, except one, (the young Shahpoor,) who went forward with confidence, and picked it up. The monarch looked anxiously at his minister; who, overjoyed at an incident displaying such superior courage, bade him embrace his son. Shahpoor appears to have been alike remarkable for wisdom, valour, and military conduct. Some of his observations have been preserved, which shew great knowledge of the human mind: ‘Words,’ he used to say, ‘may be more vivifying than the showers of spring, and sharper than the sword of destruction. The point of a lance may be withdrawn from the body, but a cruel word can never be extracted from the heart it has once wounded.’”

Baharam advanced into Persia with a large army of Arabs; but to save the blood of his countrymen, he proposed, that the crown should be placed between two furious lions, and should belong to the prince who had the courage to attack such guards. This was agreed to; and Khoosroo, the prince whom the nobles had elevated to the throne, was invited to the achievement; but the situation in which he saw the crown placed, deprived it of all its attractions in his eyes, and he declined the attempt. Baharam flew at the lions; and, though almost unarmed, soon slew both, and seized the crown, amid the shouts of his subjects.”

“Ismail Samanee’s army, after he had taken Herat, was in the most extreme distress for want of money. Ismail had given his word not to levy a contribution on that city; but his soldiers clamorously demanded that he should consider their merits and wants before a faith that had been too hastily pledged. Ismail, however, was firm; as the army became every hour more distressed and discontented, he ordered them to march away, lest the temptation to violate his word, which he had ever held sacred, should be too great. He had gone, we are told by Persian historians, but a short distance, when a ruby necklace of one of his ladies was carried away by a vulture, being from its redness mistaken for meat. The bird was watched, and seen to deposit the jewel in a dry well, which was immediately searched. The necklace was recovered; and several boxes of treasure were found lying near it, which proved to be part of the wealth of Amer, stolen by his servant, Sam, from his palace at Seistan. The monarch rejoiced at this boon of fortune. He paid his army, and bade them learn from what had happened, that God would never desert the

man who withstood temptation, and preserved his faith inviolate.

An event occurred after a victory, alike characteristic of the times, and of the hero by whom it was gained. As Shah Abbas sat on the field of battle, carousing with his chief officers and some of the principal captives, a man of uncommon stature and soldier-like appearance was led past by a youth, who had just made him prisoner. The king demanded who he was. 'I belong to the Kurd family of Mookree,' said the captive. The king happened to have an officer of the house of Mookree in his service, of the name of Roostum Beg, who he knew had a blood feud with the family of the prisoner. 'Deliver that captive to Roostum Beg,' said the king; but that chief refused to receive him. 'I hope your majesty will pardon me,' he said; 'my honour, it is true, calls for his blood, but I have made a vow never to take advantage of an enemy who is bound, and in distress.' This noble and generous speech seemed to reflect upon the king, who, in his irritation, called to the captain of the guards to strike off the head of the prisoner. The gigantic Kurd, the moment he heard this command, broke the cords with which he was fettered, drew his dagger, and darted upon Abbas. A struggle ensued; and, in the general hurry of all to aid their sovereign, every light was extinguished, and no one dared to strike in the dark, lest he should pierce the monarch instead of his enemy. After a moment of inexpressible horror, all were relieved by hearing the king twice exclaim, 'I have seized his hand! I have seized his hand!' Order was restored, and lights brought. The brave captive was slain by a hundred swords; and Abbas, who had wrested the dagger from his hand, resented himself in the assembly, and continued (according to his historian) 'to drink goblets of pure wine, and to receive the heads of his enemies, till twelve o'clock at night.'

Abbas being one day riding with the celebrated Meer Mahomed Bauker Dámád on his right hand, and the equally famed Shaikh Báháudeen Aumilee on his left, desired to discover if there lurked any secret envy or jealousy in the breasts of these two learned priests. Turning to Meer Mahomed Bauker, whose horse was prancing and capering, he observed, 'What a dull brute Shaikh Báháudeen is riding! he cannot make the animal keep pace with us.' 'The wonder is, how the horse moves at all,' said the Moollah, 'when we consider what a load of learning and knowledge he has upon his back.' Abbas, some time after, turned round to Shaikh Báháudeen, and said to him, 'Did you ever see such a prancing animal as that which Meer Mahomed Bauker rides? Surely that is not the style for a horse who carries a grave Moollah.' 'Your majesty will, I am assured,' said the Shaikh, 'forgive the horse, when you reflect on the just right he has to be proud of his rider.' The monarch bent his head forward on his saddle, and returned thanks to the Almighty for the singular blessing he had bestowed on his reign, of two wise and pious men, living at a court, and yet untainted by envy and hatred.

Abbas was led to believe that Suffee Meerza, his eldest son, a youth as remarkable for valour as generosity, had formed a design against his life, in consequence of his having put to death the nobleman who was the friend and favourite of that prince. He forgot that he was a father. He first applied to Káráchee Khan, the brave general who had defeated the Turks at Shiblee, to become the executioner of Suffee. The veteran leader threw himself on the ground, and

entreated his sovereign to deprive him of life rather than render his existence hateful, by compelling him to become the murderer of a gallant prince. Abbas did not urge him further; but he soon found a willing instrument in Beh-bood Khan. That noble, on the pretext of revenging a private injury, stabbed the prince as he was riding to the court, and took refuge in the stable of the king, who, pretending to respect a usage which renders that asylum sacred, refrained from the execution of the assassin. Such an act would, he said, bring suspicion in an affair that required deliberation; and he should therefore defer all proceedings till the infant son of Suffee Meerza was of age, and able to demand vengeance for the blood of his father. But even this thin veil was soon cast aside, and Beh-bood Khan was not only permitted to quit his asylum, but promoted to high stations. It is, however, consolatory to know, that this wretch ultimately met with a fate suited to his crime. Abbas, who, from the moment this rash act was committed, became a prey to remorse, had taken an opportunity of putting to death every one of those courtiers who had poisoned his mind against a son whom he is said to have sincerely mourned; but for Beh-bood Khan he reserved a more inhuman punishment: he commanded that obsequious lord to bring him the head of his own son. The devoted slave obeyed. As he presented the head of the youth, Abbas demanded with a smile of bitter scorn, how he felt? 'I am miserable,' was the reply. 'You should be happy, Beh-bood,' said Abbas, 'for you are ambitious, and in your feelings you are at this moment the equal of your sovereign.' Soon after the death of Suffee Meerza, the two remaining sons of Abbas were both deprived of sight by the cruel suspicions of their unnatural parent. The fate of one of these princes (if we can credit the testimony of a contemporary English writer) was attended with circumstances of the most tragical nature. This youth, whose name was Khodáh-bundáh, was as much distinguished for his courage and talents as his elder brother; but he was more cautious to avoid that attention which he feared would rouse the jealousy of his father; and he not only kept flatterers at a distance, but hated to hear the just praises which his actions obtained him. This conduct only added to that fame which constituted his danger. The first act by which Abbas shewed his suspicion, was ordering the tutor and attached friend of his son to be put to death. Conscious that the only crime of this officer was too great a regard for his master, the prince hastened to court, and in giving vent to his honest indignation, lost all consideration for his own safety. We are told that he was provoked to madness, and in the presence of his father and sovereign drew his sword. The fatal signal for his death was given; but Abbas relented so far as only to deprive him of sight. Shut out from the light of day, the prince became gloomy and desperate; nothing could give him pleasure; and his life passed in venting curses and brooding over plans of vengeance against the author of his being and of his misery. He had two children; the eldest, Fatimah, a lovely girl, was a great favourite of her grandfather, over whose mind she had acquired an astonishing influence. Abbas appeared miserable when little Fatimah was not near him, and her voice alone could soothe him when ruffled by those violent passions to which he every day became more subject. The prince learnt with savage delight how essential his daughter had become to the happiness of his

father; and seizing her as she one day came to fondle upon his bosom, with all the fury of a maniac, he in an instant deprived her of life. Her astonished mother shrieked, and told him it was his darling daughter that he was destroying. Instead of attending to her, his next effort was to seize his infant son, that he might vent his fury upon him. The child was borne from him by the distracted princess, who sent immediately to inform Abbas of what had occurred. The rage and despair into which the sovereign was thrown, gave a momentary joy to his son; glutted with his terrible vengeance, he concluded the scene by swallowing a dose of poison, which in a moment terminated his miserable life."

We purpose inserting another batch of these interesting, and, like the last, frequently painful, anecdotes, in our next.

Fifty Lyrical Ballads. By Thomas Haynes Bayly. Bath, 1829.

THERE are three fairy spells that give the heart's immortality to a song,—a sweet air to its words, a sweet voice to breathe them, and the chance of touching one of those electric associations which haunt every memory. All of these have lent their enchantment to the songs now before us; their music is familiar to every ear, and their poetry to every lip:—simple, touching, catching a thought rather than dwelling on it, making their appeal to the tender and mournful feelings which all share more or less,—many of these ballads are the very perfection of their kind. The "Beacon-light," the "Bridesmaid," "Oh no! we never speak of her," "She never blamed him—never," are as sweet as the music to which they give a language. The only fault of the collection is its being already popular in another shape. We scarcely know what to select in the way of novelty, for quotation; but even if the following two songs are not new to our readers, they will plead their own excuse.

"Oh! am I not a lover still,
In heart and soul the same
As when I sought thy bower first,
And learnt to breathe thy name?
Oh! look I not as proud of thee?
Oh! speak I not as kind?
And when I leave thee, do I not
Leave joy itself behind?
The love I offered long ago
Is but matured by time;
As tendrils round their chosen bough
Cling closer as they climb:
Then am I not a lover still,
In heart and soul the same
As when I sought thy bower first,
And learnt to breathe thy name?"

"Oh! leave me to my sorrow,
For my heart is oppress'd to-day;
Oh! leave me,—and to-morrow
Dark shadows may pass away:
There's a time when all that grieves us
Is felt with a deeper gloom;
There's a time when Hope deceives us,
And we dream of bright days to come.

In winter, from the mountain
The stream in a torrent flows;
In summer, the same fountain
Is calm as a child's repose:
Thus, in grief, the first pang wound us,
And tears of despair rush on;
Time brings forth new flowers around us,
And the tide of our grief is gone!

Then heed not my penative hours,
Nor bid me be cheerful now;
Can sunshine raise the flowers
That droop on a blighted bough?
The lake in the tempest wears not
The brightness it's slumber wore;
The heart of the mourner cares not
For joys that were dear before."

And the following verse from "Oh no! we never speak of her," as it is generally omitted in the copies of the song:

"For ah! there are so many things
Recall the past to me,
The breeze upon the sunny hill,
The billows on the sea,
The rays that deck the sky
Before the sun is set,
Ay, every leaf I look upon
Forbids me to forget."

We must say we like the comic songs the least: we doubt not they have had considerable success in society; but they want good singing, good humour, bright lamps and bright eyes, supper and champagne: they are not for quiet criticism. This volume is intended for private circulation; and we cannot but say that Mr. Bayly's friends are greatly indebted to him.

Geschichte des Kaiserthums von Trebisond.
History of the Empire of Trebisond. By
J. P. Fallmerayer, Historical Professor at
the Lyceum of Landshut. 4to. pp. 354.
Munich, 1827.

TREBISOND, on the Asiatic coast of the Black Sea, in the ancient Colchis, was governed in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries by a fugitive branch of the imperial family of Comnenas of Constantinople. The history of these emperors was but little known; and M. Fallmerayer, therefore, in elucidating their reign, has cultivated a field which had actually been deserted by historians. He found at Venice an unpublished Greek chronicle of this empire, as well as a manuscript work on Trebisond, by Bessarion, who was a native of that country. He also acknowledges in his preface his obligations to Messrs. Sacy and Hase, who communicated to him extracts from Arabic and Greek manuscripts in the library of Paris. After several chapters on the ancient history of Trebisond, M. Fallmerayer describes in an interesting manner, and with many details, the revolution which, in the year 1185, broke out at Constantinople; and compelled a branch of the dynasty of Comnenas to fly to the Black Sea, and to seek an asylum in Colchis. In the period which immediately preceded this revolution, the various factions had deluged the palace with blood, and filled the empire with disturbances. Andronicus, succeeding to a strangled empress, and having in his turn strangled his nephew Alexis, a youth of fifteen, whom he ought to have maintained in the government, took a mad and odious resolution which was very justly the cause of his fall. To rid himself of the nobles of the empire, whom he suspected, he condemned them to death in a body, under pretence of high treason. One of them, Isaac Angelus, at the moment of his being arrested in order that he might share the fate of the others, slew the emperor's confidant who had been sent to secure him, and appealed to the people for aid. The prisons in which the nobles were confined were burst open, and the revolt became general. Andronicus, having attempted in vain to negotiate with the rebels, endeavoured to escape by sea; but the vessel in which he embarked was driven into port by a tempest, and the emboldened tyrant was seized and torn to pieces. It will scarcely be believed that this Andronicus, who in other respects was about equal as most of his predecessors, is the hero, *par excellence*, of the new historian of Trebisond. He calls him "a great man, whose noble qualities have not been hitherto appreciated." On this part of his subject, M. Fallmerayer says such strange things, that the reader is tempted to fancy him utterly deficient in judgment, and even in common sense; and it is necessary to go through the whole volume to feel satisfied that he is a learned and

able man, misled by an extraordinary prejudice, solely in this history of Andronicus. He reasons at great length, with a view to impress his own conviction upon his readers; and pretends that the emperor was actuated by a great idea!! After all the important measures which he had adopted for the welfare of the empire, there was reason to fear that on his decease every thing would again fall into confusion, by the neglect of the nobles, who delighted in disturbances. "To avert this evil," says the author, "there was only one course; a course from which little minds shrink, but which the most celebrated founders of public felicity among barbarous or degenerate nations have recognised as the sole efficacious plan; namely, the amputation of the gangrenous limbs of the social body, or the massacre of the nobles. Andronicus resolved to establish this sad guarantee for the future happiness of his subjects, by destroying the greater part of the distinguished families of Byzantium." M. Fallmerayer is not aware that he is advocating a frightful theory, and a very convenient one for all tyrants. He is probably young, and has been deluded by the good qualities of this despot, who was anxious to murder for the sake of peace! Good qualities he certainly possessed. He encouraged agriculture and the useful arts; he put an end to the quarrels of the monks on points of doctrine; he maintained rigorous justice; he abolished the venality of public officers, as well as the pretended right to seize shipwrecked goods: but he was not on those accounts "a redeeming genius, a father of his people," as M. Fallmerayer terms him; since he could re-establish tranquillity only by proscriptions *en masse*, and by rivers of blood.—The branch of the Comneni who took refuge in Asia when Isaac Angelus was proclaimed Emperor of Constantinople, and who founded a throne at Trebisond; were not much wiser than the European dynasty. Their empire, which was considerably reduced by the Turkomans and the Mongols, and which perhaps reckoned two millions of souls, and could bring into the field 25,000 troops, was governed with the same weakness, and embarrassed with the same intrigues, as that of Byzantium. M. Fallmerayer considers the principal cause of this to have been the jealousy existing between the rich native families who before the arrival of the Comneni possessed the finest parts of the territory, and the Greek families of the court, who had accompanied or followed the Comneni from Constantinople, and who were the descendants of the soldiers of the palace, or the guard of the Greek emperors. These were distinguished by the appellation of *scholaria*. The scholarian faction made and unmade emperors. The nobles persecuted one another, besieged one another in their strong castles, and ravaged the lands of their enemies, precisely as was done in Europe during the existence of the feudal system. The people were as destitute of courage and energy as the Greeks of the Lower Empire. The Turkomans who infested the neighbouring countries would have subdued the empire of Trebisond with ease, had it not been protected by nature. To penetrate into it, it was necessary to pass narrow defiles, to attack hill-forts, to pierce through forests, &c. The defence of a territory so fortified is easy; and the Turkoman emirs were repeatedly repulsed: but nevertheless they laid waste the unhappy empire. Alexis the Third won the barbarians by marriages. He gave his sister, Maria Comnena, to Kouloubey, the chief of the white horde; and

Theodora, his second sister, to Hadchymir, the chief of Chalybia. He sacrificed his daughter Eudoxia, by marrying her to one of the emirs of the Turkomans. Tahartan, the grand emir of Arsinga, received from him the hand of another princess. These ladies were all beautiful. Eudoxia, whom we have just mentioned, became a widow, and was still so beautiful, that the old Emperor of Constantinople, John Paleologus, after having demanded her for his son, was so enchanted with her when she arrived in his capital, that he took her for himself. In the West, the marriages of Christian princesses with emirs would have been considered as scandalous; but in the East they were by no means so regarded; and it was thought lucky to purchase peace with the barbarians on such terms. On the approach of the Turks in 1440, the emperor, Calo-John, hastened to give Hassan, the Turkoman Sultan of Mesopotamia, his daughter Catharine, celebrated in the East for her beauty; in order that he might have in his son-in-law a protector against the Turks: but twenty years afterwards the Turkish sultan put an end to the poor empire of the Comneni. There were many monasteries and monks in the country of Trebisond; but the army and the fleet were in a sad condition. The inhabitants were capable of disputing about points of faith; superstitions of all kinds were believed; astrologers were consulted; legends were studied; but they were incapable of defending their country; they knew not either how to govern or how to obey. At the end of his history M. Fallmerayer has inserted a number of particulars with regard to the political, ecclesiastical, and literary condition of the empire of Trebisond. His commercial details are incomplete. There are in the annals of Venice and Genoa mercantile records, which appear to have escaped his notice. In other respects his work is carefully executed; and he has the merit of being the first historian of an empire almost entirely forgotten. The Royal Society of Copenhagen has honoured him with its approbation.—(*From the Revue Encyclopédique.*)

Clapperton's Second Expedition: Lander's Journal.

IN our review of this interesting volume we have only got so far as to shew that Lander, with an intelligence above his condition, and a zeal and intrepidity worthy of any condition, was cruelly balked in a resolute endeavour to make his way from Soccatoo by the much-sought-for Niger—supposing that river to be the Quorra, and ultimately to fall into the sea by Funda and Benin, under the name of the Benin or Formosa River. We confess that the map teaches us to doubt this; for Dunrore, whence Lander was carried back to Zegzeg, is (there) on the same degree of latitude with Funda; so that, supposing this theory to be true, he must have travelled nearly due south for seventeen days from Kano to a point from which he must have made a right angle and travelled due west for a fortnight to reach his destination (Funda). But as yet the mountains and rivers in this quarter seem to defy guess-work; and it will be more profitable to turn, and return to Zegzeg with Lander,—a man every way worthy of inheriting the mantle which fell upon him from his gallant and enterprising master.

Our countryman's guides were neither of the most amiable, nor, as it appears, of the most courageous character: he was so much cha-

grined, that he tells us he "cared not much whether he lived or died;" but, after all, perhaps, if he had gone a day or two farther into the adjacent country of his friend the King of Jacoba, he might have fared worse, and been made a Lander roast or stew of. As it was, he was obliged to retrace his steps northward as well as his ill-health permitted. In four days he was again at Cuttup (an ominous name), and left it by another route; and in two days more at Cokalo, a poor village, where, he says, "the chief had made a fetish; and, having roasted a dog, stewed a large snake in oil and water, and boiled a good deal of corn, invited his people to a feast, of which they partook freely. A small bowl of boiled corn, enriched with a portion of the reptile, and the liquid in which it had been dressed, was sent me from the chief's table. Supposing it to be fish on the boiled corn, I ate a mouthful or two; but there being a peculiar and not disagreeable flavour with it, I cursorily asked a person who stood by my side, what kind of fish I was eating; but on his telling me it was part of the snake, I could eat no more. Pascoe, however, was not quite so fastidious, and consumed the remainder with great relish, declaring that, in his opinion, it was much superior to dried ling." [We can well suppose it: for dried ling is an abomination any where; and in Africa must be no dainty of the Ude kind.]

Next day, June 28, the rapid and deep Coodonia river stopped the traveller's progress, and he refused to proceed. The messengers, his police-officers as it were, thereupon left him in dudgeon: and he says—"They abused me in the most insolent terms, and threatened to go immediately and inform their king of my refusal to proceed. I desired them to give my best respects to his Zegzeg majesty, and told them they were at liberty to go as soon as they pleased. They left me in great anger, cursing me as they went; whilst I slowly proceeded with my horses and asses to the village we had left in the morning. Whether the messengers did or did not go to Zegzeg I cannot tell; but they did not return till the 11th July following. I remained all that time in the village, very ill, with nothing to eat but boiled corn, not by any means relishing their roasted dogs. The inhabitants, who came by hundreds each day to visit me, were destitute of apparel of any kind, but, nevertheless, behaved in a modest and becoming manner. The men did not appear to have any occupation or employment whatever, and spent their time in loitering about the village. The women were generally engaged most of the day in manufacturing an oil from a small black seed and the guinea nut."

Except the usual distresses of African transition, nothing particular occurred between the 11th and the 22d July, when Lander entered the city of Karia, the capital of Zegzeg, through a beautiful country, rich and fertile, and principally "laid out in gardens"! The journal continues:

"23d.—Visited the king this morning, taking with me four yards of blue, and the same quantity of scarlet damask; four yards of blue and scarlet silk, a gilt chain, six prints, among which is one of his majesty, and another of the duke of York, two pair of scissors, a quire of paper, a scarlet cap, six yards of white mullin, and a blank drawing-book. This present pleased him highly; and not long after my return to my lodgings, he sent me two fine bullocks. The chief subsequently told me that the reason for his ordering me to be brought back to Zegzeg was on account of the war between Sultan Bello and the King of Funda,

who would murder me as soon as he had me in his power, for having taken presents to his powerful enemy: it was therefore doing me a great act of favour. Abbel Crème, my host, thought it necessary for me to give something to the king's eldest son: I accordingly presented him, shortly afterwards, with two yards of blue and scarlet damask, an unwritten journal-book, half a canister of powder, a quire of paper, and a gilt chain. The prince is a remarkably fine and handsome young man, about twenty-two years of age, and was particularly kind to me. As an especial mark of favour, he took me into his inner apartments to see his wives, fifty in number, who, on my entrance, were all sitting in the shade outside their huts, and industriously occupied in preparing cotton, making thread, and weaving it into cloth. The prince said, 'I have brought the Christian to see you.' They no sooner looked up than they all instantly dropped their work, and ran, or rather flew, into their coozies, and I saw no more of them. Four of these ladies reside together in one coozie. In the course of the day the prince offered me a young female slave, named Aboudah, for a wife! I accepted of her with gratitude, as I knew she would be serviceable to me on my journey, and I should also have the satisfaction of giving her her freedom on arriving at the sea-coast."

Next day he was allowed to depart for the coast, by the more beaten way of Badagry;—but why should we trouble our readers with the names of kingdoms, such as Funda, Fellatah, Bowchee, Houssa, Guarie, Tappa, Yarida, Jaboo, Kotoukara, &c. &c., when it is more than probable, that the next European who ventures thither, will either find or give new names to nearly them all? At Guarie, on the 29th and 30th, the journal is curious, as referring to the descent of various rivers towards the Bight of Benin; but there is nothing circumstantial enough to be relied upon as a certain guide. At the town of Beari, August 10th, the record tells: "Started at the same hour as yesterday, and halted in the town of Beari at 2 p. m. Instead of journeying in a south-west direction to Youri, took another road, and kept due south, having been informed that a party of merchants had been plundered, and many of them murdered, on the road I intended taking. The chief sent me a sheep, a Muscovy duck, a quantity of yams, and some beer made from Indian corn. Returned him one yard of scarlet and blue silk, a scarlet cap, and four prints, which much delighted him. As soon as one of the head men was aware of my approach to the king's residence, he blew a shrill and loud blast through a long brass trumpet, the noise of which brought all the principal male inhabitants to the spot, who entered the hut, and seated themselves in a circle round their sovereign and myself. The chief is a fine-looking man, apparently about fifty years of age, with a noble expression of countenance, and a commanding air. The coozie into which I was introduced is the largest I had ever seen in Africa, being not less, I should think, than eighty yards in circumference. A man stood by the side of the chief while I remained, who repeated to him what I had to say, and the answers were returned to me by the same individual: this singular custom is, I believe, peculiar to Beari, as I never observed it in any other town in Africa. The chief asked the usual questions about my king and country. The town is surrounded by a high wall and a deep ditch, and contains about four thousand inhabitants, some of whom had seen us before at Womba."

It was now, by selling white-paper books and needles, &c., when required, that Lander raised funds for the expenses of his journey; and near Boussa (13th Aug.), he relates:

"A man from the town, in a state of intoxication, came to my tent this evening, with a calabash of bum, and insisted, in an insolent tone, that I should come out and drink with him. Being busily engaged in packing up the articles that had been put out to dry, I did not choose to oblige him so far. When he found I had no inclination to leave the tent, he said he was determined to come in. Wishing to intimidate the fellow, I took a loaded pistol, and went to him, threatening to shoot him unless he immediately left the place; but this, instead of having the desired effect, only exasperated him the more; and flourishing a long spear he had with him over his head, as quick as lightning he made a desperate thrust at me. Slipping a little on one side, I caught the weapon in my hands, within an inch of my breast, which saved my life. I was highly incensed at this violent act, and told the people who stood by, and were spectators of the whole affair, that if they did not that moment take him from the tent, I would shoot him in earnest: half a dozen of them accordingly dragged him away. Next morning the fellow returned, and throwing himself at my feet, begged I would not inform Sultan Magie of his conduct: for if it came to his ears he would lose his head. I forgave him, on condition that he should never get tipsy again"—(which condition, if he, like Europeans addicted to drunkenness, forgets to fulfil, there is at least this much in his favour,—it is not very likely that he will again annoy any white person with his vagaries). Lander soon after cut into the route by which the party had ascended from the coast to Soccatoo: the following, however, seem to us to be desirable quotations to illustrate African manners."

At Wowow (August 29)—"The king sent me a goat, cut up into small pieces, and a large bowl of tuah, to make a *sadaeco* for my poor master:—a ceremony common in many places in the interior, on the decease of any person of consequence. The pieces of goat and the bowl of tuah are sent to the mallam, or priest, who repeats a short prayer over them: it is, however, necessary, before this can be performed, to place a gold or silver coin, or at least an article made of either of those metals, on the top of the bowl. Having no coin I could part with, I put a silver pencil-case in its stead, which was never returned me. After the prayer has been pronounced over the tuah and goat's flesh, they are sent back to the person to whom they belong, and any who is disposed comes and eats; each person, before tasting, repeating this pious ejaculation—'God send him safe to heaven!' The goat's flesh and tuah sent to me were soon consumed.—30th. Having finished cleaning the muskets and pistols, asked the chief permission to leave Wowow. The old man, smiling, told me not half my business was done; he wanted six charms, which I alone could write. These charms were to be worn on his person, and to possess the following virtues: 1st charm. If his enemies thought of making war on him, it would cause them to forget to put it in practice. 2d. If they should be on their way to his city, for the purpose of warring, it would turn them back. 3d. If they should discharge their arrows at his people, when close to the city walls, it would cause them to rebound in their own faces, and wound them. 4th. It was the province of this charm to prevent his guns

from bursting. 5th, was to preserve the person who might hold the gun from receiving any injury, should it unfortunately explode. The 6th and last charm was to make him the happiest and most successful of men.—31st. Carried the charms to the king, on which I had written scraps of old English ballads, which made him in the best humour in the world.—September 1st. The king still wished to detain me longer, and insisted on my selling or giving him my gun and pistols, the only arms I had left. I endeavoured to soften him by every means in my power; but finding him firm in his determination of having the gun, and at least one of the pistols, and knowing resistance would be ridiculous, I sent them to him, leaving it entirely to his generosity to give what he thought proper. The liberal-minded chief shortly afterwards returned 4,000 cowries (worth little more than a dollar) as a sufficient remuneration for the gun and pistol, but made me a present the next day of a beautiful little mare.—3d. Early in the morning the old chief desired to see me before I left, and obtained from me a promise to return to him after having visited my own country. He shewed me various patterns of silk for a robe I was to bring from England for him; and said, as I was going out of the apartment, 'Your countrymen may come here and build a town, and trade up and down the Niger: we know now that they are good men, but we did not think so when the white men who were drowned at Bousa were in the country.' He kept me with him till nine o'clock in the morning, when, on going to my hut, I found a party of merchants waiting for me, whom the kind old chief had detained, on purpose that they might accompany me to Khama (which had been concealed from me entirely), the roads to that city being infested with bands of robbers. Crossed the river Auli at twelve at noon. The current being very rapid, we had extreme difficulty in getting over; but no accident occurred, and we fixed our tent on the south bank of the river. In the evening the mallam, or priest of the merchants, came to my tent, and gave me the following account of Mungo Park and his unfortunate companions: 'You are not, Christian, the first white man I have seen. I knew three of your countrymen very well. They arrived at Youri at the fest of the Rhamadan (April). I went with two of them three times to the sultan. The person that appeared to be the head of the party made the sultan a valuable present on one of his visits, which consisted of a handsome gun, a cutlass, a large piece of scarlet cloth, a great quantity of beads, several knives, and a looking-glass. He was a very tall and powerful man, with long arms and large hands, as which he wore leather gloves reaching above the elbows. Wore a white straw hat, long coat, full white trowsers, and red leather boots. Had black hair and eyes, with a bushy beard and moustaches of the same colour. The Sultan of Youri advised your countrymen to proceed the remainder of the way on land, as the passage by water was rendered dangerous by numerous sunken rocks in the Niger, and a cruel race of people inhabiting the towns on its banks. They refused, however, to accede to this, observing, that they were bound to proceed down the Niger to the salt water.' The old mallam further observed, that 'as soon as the Sultan of Youri heard of their death, he was much affected; but it was out of his power to punish the people who had driven them into the water. A pestilence sucking Bousa at the time, swept off the

king and most of the inhabitants, particularly those who were concerned in the transaction. The remainder, fancying it was a judgment of the white man's God, placed every thing belonging to the Christians in a hut, and set it on fire.' It is not a little remarkable that it is now a common saying all through the interior of Africa, 'Do not hurt a Christian; for if you do, you will die like the people of Bousa.' The old man left me shortly afterwards, and I thanked him for his information thus voluntarily given.

"Sept. 9th. At half-past six in the morning continued our journey, and at noon entered the city of Khama. Went immediately to the king's residence, who, as soon as he saw me, asked how I dared to come into his town without having previously sent him a messenger to inform him of my approach. I answered I had sent one of his own men, three or four days before, to acquaint him of it. 'That is of no consequence,' he continued; 'you should have sent another this morning. Get on horseback directly, and return an hour and a half's journey the way you came: on arriving there, send me a messenger, and I will order a sufficient escort to conduct you into the city in a manner deserving your rank and respectability.' I was in the act of obeying this odd mandate, when he bawled after me: 'I forgive you this time, Christian; but never be so remiss again.' The chief is an eccentric but friendly kind of man, and regretted very much my father's death, which had been told him some days before by a merchant. He had heard the Fellatas had behaved very roughly to us, and had robbed us; but asked what business we had at Socatoo? I told him we were at Kano, on our road to Bornou, when Sultan Bello sent for us, and we were obliged in consequence to visit him. He offered to send me safely to Bornou, and said he was tributary to the sheik. I replied, that Bello had taken the presents intended for him, and that I had none left worthy so great a prince, therefore could not accept his kind offer. My present to the chief consisted of a silk sword-sash, three yards of scarlet and blue damask, the same quantity of blue silk, a red cap, two pairs of scissors, and a hundred needles. I likewise gave him my old tent, which was full of holes, and quite useless. Remained at Khama five days, during which time the queen's treatment was kind and generous, supplying us every day with excellent provisions in great abundance. The day before my departure the king gave me a strong pony; and observed that, 'if my king wished, at any future period, to send any one to Bornou, he would conduct him there by a safe route, without the necessity of going through the Fellata country.' The king of Khama is, without exception, the finest and handsomest man we had seen in Africa (far superior to Bello); and, with the exception of the king of Yariha, was most respectably dressed.

"16th. Arrived at Mossa, a town situated on the banks of a river of the same name, which divides Yariha from Borgoo. The river was overflown, and the current strong and rapid; in consequence of which the people of the town were afraid to ferry us over. No food of any kind this day. 17th. Asked the king of Khama's messenger why he was so much afraid of crossing the water, observing that I had myself swam across many larger and more rapid rivers; and among others mentioned the Niger. The man, in great trepidation, begged me, as I valued my life, not to mention the names of rivers in the hearing of the Mossa, who was a female

river, and had many rivals in the affections of the Niger, who was her husband. She had a capricious, jealous, and cruel disposition; and if I ventured to place myself in her power, she would certainly swallow me up, as I had spoken slightly of her. She was continually quarrelling with her husband, thinking he was too familiar with other rivers; and where they met, they made the 'devil's own noise' with their disputes. I roared with laughter, when the man had done speaking, at the loves of the Niger, which made him very angry, and I had much to do to pacify him. Being unable to procure provisions of any kind in the village, went to the chief, and wished to know whether he intended to starve us. The old scoundrel had a garden in which he grew a quantity of yams; but he refused to sell me any, asserting that he had none for himself. I then asked leave for Pascoe to cut grass in his garden for the horses, suspecting his yams might be hid in some part of it: this he sulkily granted. In the evening Pascoe returned with a bundle of grass, concealed in which were several yams he had had the good fortune to discover. If this had not been the case, I really believe we should all have died of hunger."

At Katunga, the capital of Yariha, "The low grounds were rendered almost impassable by reason of the rain, which fell in torrents. On our arrival I was put into the same house we occupied on our journey into the interior.—26th. The king would not let me wait on him, fearing it might wet my feet; and accordingly he visited me with five hundred of his wives (out of two thousand), and the principal inhabitants of the city. The wives welcomed my return by singing a simple and plaintive air, with much pathos and feeling: their voices were sweet and musical; and the whole had a novel and pleasing effect. Nothing could be heard but their strains, to which every one listened with the profoundest attention until the conclusion of the performance. The king expressed his sorrow for my master's death; and questioned me very minutely on the motives that induced us to go into the interior. On telling him it was to see if there was any thing worth trading for in the country, he appeared satisfied. He was richly dressed in a scarlet damask robe, and a pair of trowsers made of country cloth, scarlet ground with a blue stripe; the former ornamented with coral beads; his legs, as far as the knees, were stained red with heunah; and on his feet he wore red leather sandals. A cap made of blue damask, thickly studded with coral beads, was on his head; and silver rings hung round his neck, arms, and legs. I offered him the horse I had purchased at Kano, a fine animal, that had carried me the whole of the way from that city; and regretted my inability to make him a more valuable present; but promised, if he permitted two messengers to accompany me to the sea-coast, I would send him something else. In the evening I received a goat and a great quantity of yams from the king.—27th. The king having desired me to call on some of his head men, I waited on the master of the horse, and two others. The former gave me a goat and a bottle of honey. I remarked I was very poor, and could make him no return.—30th. I informed the king I was short of money, on which he generously sent me a duck and four thousand cowries (little more than a dollar). The eunuch, the king's head man, begged of me my remaining pistol, two dollars, and a scarlet cap, which I was necessitated to give him. He also wanted my ass to make a fetish, but this I refused to let him have. This even-

ing I sent for the ass from a neighbouring pasture, when I found the poor animal had been shot in the side with two poisoned arrows. I have no doubt but this cruel action was performed at the instigation of the disappointed eunuch. The beast became a complete skeleton, and after languishing for six days in great agony, I desired Pascoe and Jowdie to take him to a short distance, and cut his throat. When the king heard of the circumstance, he immediately ordered the carcass to be cut into quarters, and conveyed to his house. After which he ordered the meat to be dressed, and having assembled his wives and head men, they regaled themselves on it with peculiar satisfaction. Wishing to pay for so delicious a treat, the king sent me a goat and a thousand cowries for the dead ass. The people of Yariba are not very delicate in the choice of their food; they eat frogs, monkeys, dogs, cats, rats, mice, and various other kinds of vermin. A fat dog will always fetch a better price than a goat. Locusts and black ants, just as they are able to take wing, are a great luxury. Caterpillars also are held in very high estimation. The caterpillars are stewed, and ate with yams and tuah. Ants and locusts are fried in butter, and are said to be delicious. I could never make up my mind to taste any of these rich insects; Pascoe, however, is particularly fond of them, and calls them land-shrimps. It is a custom in Katunga, when the king dies, for his eldest son, first wife, and all the head men of the kingdom, to drink poison over his grave, and are afterwards buried with him. None of the king's sons ever come to the throne. After the king's death, his successor is chosen from among the wisest persons of the country; an elderly man is generally preferred. Remained at Katunga till the 21st of October, when the king gave me 4000 cowries, and some trona to sell on the road. He ordered his head messengers to accompany me, with a desire they should command the chiefs of every town through which we were to pass, to contribute, according to their means, to our support."

It must be very inconvenient to place old persons on the throne, seeing that the poisoning ceremony at their death is likely to deprive the country of all its head men. Were such the custom in England, what changes in the house of peers and in the ministry would be frequent! It might however have the effect of lessening the love of, and struggle for, high places. At Badagry the Portuguese traders tried to poison poor Lander, but he escaped. We notice the fact, as a clue to much of the jealousy and cruelty which this expedition experienced at the hands of the natives. The slave dealers at least succeeded in poisoning the minds of the Africans; and thus we have to record, independently of climate, the very fatal issue of the mission.

Burckhardt's Travels in Arabia.

MEKKA.

CONTINUING the review from our last, and the account given of the curiosities of Mekka, we must confine ourselves to a portion of what relates to the Kaaba, which stands in the middle of the great mosque Beitullah, or El Haram, remarkable only on account of the worshipped object which it encloses.

"The Kaaba stands in an oblong square, two hundred and fifty paces long, and two hundred broad, none of the sides of which run quite in a straight line, though at first sight the whole appears to be of a regular shape. This open square is enclosed on the eastern side by a colonnade: the pillars stand in a quadruple

row: they are three deep on the other sides, and united by pointed arches, every four of which support a small dome, plastered and whitened on the outside. These domes, according to Kotobeddyn, are one hundred and fifty-two in number. Along the whole colonnade, on the four sides, lamps are suspended from the arches. Some are lighted every night, and all during the nights of Ramadhan. The pillars are above twenty feet in height, and generally from one foot and a half to one foot and three quarters in diameter; but little regularity has been observed in regard to them. Some are of white marble, granite, or porphyry, but the greater number are of common stone of the Mekka mountains. El Fasy states the whole at five hundred and eighty-nine, and says they are all of marble, excepting one hundred and twenty-six, which are of common stone, and three of composition.

"Seven paved causeways lead from the colonnades towards the Kaaba, or holy house, in the centre. They are of sufficient breadth to admit four or five persons to walk abreast, and they are elevated about nine inches above the ground. Between these causeways, which are covered with fine gravel or sand, grass appears growing in several places, produced by the Zemzem water oozing out of the jars, which are placed in the ground in long rows during the day.

"The Kaaba is an oblong massive structure, eighteen paces in length, fourteen in breadth, and from thirty-five to forty feet in height. I took the bearing of one of its longest sides, and found it to be N.N.W. $\frac{1}{4}$ W. It is constructed of the gray Mekka stone, in large blocks of different sizes, joined together in a very rough manner, and with bad cement. It was entirely rebuilt as it now stands in A.D. 1627: the torrent, in the preceding year, had thrown down three of its sides; and preparatory to its re-erection, the fourth side was, according to Asamy, pulled down, after the olemas, or learned divines, had been consulted on the question, whether mortals might be permitted to destroy any part of the holy edifice without incurring the charge of sacrilege and infidelity. The Kaaba stands upon a base two feet in height, which presents a sharp inclined plane; its roof being flat, it has at a distance the appearance of a perfect cube. The only door which affords entrance, and which is opened but two or three times in the year, is on the north side, and about seven feet above the ground. In entering it, therefore, wooden steps are used—of them I shall speak hereafter. In the first periods of Islam, however, when it was rebuilt in A.H. 64, by Ibn Zebeyr, chief of Mekka, the nephew of Aysha, it had two doors even with the ground floor of the mosque. The present door (which, according to Azraky, was brought hither from Constantinople in 1633,) is wholly coated with silver, and has several gilt ornaments. Upon its threshold are placed every night various small lighted wax candles, and perfuming-pans, filled with musk, aloe-wood, &c. At the north-east corner of the Kaaba, near the door, is the famous 'Black Stone'; it forms a part of the sharp angle of the building, at four or five feet above the ground. It is an irregular oval, about seven inches in diameter, with an undulated surface, composed of about a dozen smaller stones of different sizes and shapes, well joined together with a small quantity of cement, and perfectly smoothed: it looks as if the whole had been broken into many pieces by a violent blow, and then united again. It is very difficult to determine accurately the quality of this stone,

which has been worn to its present surface by the millions of touches and kisses it has received. It appeared to me like a lava, containing several small extraneous particles of a whitish and of a yellowish substance. Its colour is now a deep reddish brown, approaching to black: it is surrounded on all sides by a border, composed of a substance which I took to be a close cement of pitch and gravel, of a similar, but not quite the same brownish colour. This border serves to support its detached pieces; it is two or three inches in breadth, and rises a little above the surface of the stone. Both the border and the stone itself are encircled by a silver band, broader below than above and on the two sides, with a considerable swelling below, as if a part of the stone were hidden under it. The lower part of the border is studded with silver nails. In the south-east corner of the Kaaba, or, as the Arabs call it, Roken el Yemany, there is another stone, about five feet from the ground; it is one foot and a half in length, and two inches in breadth, placed upright, and of the common Mekka stone. This the people walking round the Kaaba touch only with the right hand: they do not kiss it. On the north side of the Kaaba, just by its door, and close to the wall, is a slight hollow in the ground, lined with marble, and sufficiently large to admit of three persons sitting. Here it is thought meritorious to pray: the spot is called El Madjen, and supposed to be that where Abraham and his son Ismayl kneaded the chalk and mud which they used in building the Kaaba; and near this Madjen the former is said to have placed the large stone upon which he stood while working at the masonry. On the basis of the Kaaba, just over the Madjen, is an ancient Cufic inscription; but this I was unable to decipher, and had no opportunity of copying it. I do not find it mentioned by any of the historians. On the west side of the Kaaba, about two feet below its summit, is the famous Myzab, or water-spout, through which the rain-water collected on the roof of the building is discharged, so as to fall upon the ground; it is about four feet in length, and six inches in breadth, as well as I could judge from below, with borders equal in height to its breadth. At the mouth hangs what is called the beard of the Myzab, a gilt board, over which the water falls. This spout was sent hither from Constantinople in A.H. 981, and is reported to be of pure gold. The pavement round the Kaaba, below the Myzab, was laid down in A.H. 826, and consists of various-coloured stones, forming a very handsome specimen of mosaic. There are two large slabs of fine *verde-antico* in the centre, which, according to Makrizi, were sent thither as presents from Cairo, in A.H. 241. This is the spot where, according to Mohammedan tradition, Ismayl, the son of Ibrahim, or Abraham, and his mother Hagar, are buried; and here it is meritorious for the pilgrim to recite a prayer of two rikats. On this west side is a semi-circular wall, the two extremities of which are in a line with the sides of the Kaaba, and distant from it three or four feet, leaving an opening which leads to the burying-place of Ismayl.

"The four sides of the Kaaba are covered with a black silk stuff, hanging down, and leaving the roof bare. This curtain, or veil, is called *kesoua*, and renewed annually at the time of the Hadj, being brought from Cairo, where it is manufactured at the grand seignior's expense. On it are various prayers interwoven in the same colour as the stuff, and it is, therefore, extremely difficult to read them. A little

above the middle, and running round the whole building, is a line of similar inscriptions, worked in gold thread. That part of the ke-sous which covers the door is richly embroidered with silver. Openings are left for the Black Stone, and the other in the south-east corner, which thus remain uncovered. The ke-sous is always of the same form and pattern. * * * The black colour of the ke-sous, covering a large cube in the midst of a vast square, gives to the Kaaba, at first sight, a very singular and imposing appearance; as it is not fastened down tightly, the slightest breeze causes it to move in slow undulations, which are hailed with prayers by the congregation assembled around the building, as a sign of the presence of its guardian angels, whose wings, by their motion, are supposed to be the cause of the waving of the covering. Seventy thousand angels have the Kaaba in their holy care, and are ordered to transport it to Paradise when the trumpet of the last judgment shall be sounded. The clothing of the Kaaba was an ancient custom of the Pagan Arabs."

The following are also remarkable particulars; and,—considering that Mekka has never been painted by a Christian or renegade or impostor hand, that we are aware of,—possessing more than common interest.

"It is only during the hours of prayer that the great mosques of these countries partake of the sanctity of prayer, or in any degree seem to be regarded as consecrated places. In El Azhar, the first mosque at Cairo, I have seen boys crying pancakes for sale, barbers shaving their customers, and many of the lower orders eating their dinners, where, during prayers, not the slightest motion, nor even whisper, diverts the attention of the congregation. Not a sound but the voice of the imam is heard during prayers in the great mosque at Mekka, which at other times is the place of meeting for men of business to converse on their affairs, and is sometimes so full of poor hadjys, or of ~~timid~~ ^{timid} ~~personally~~ ^{personally} ~~about~~ ^{about} under the colonnade, in the midst of their miserable baggage, as to have the appearance of an hospital rather than a temple. Boys play in the great square, and servants carry luggage across it, to pass by the nearest route from one part of the town to the other. In these respects the temple of Mekka resembles the other great mosques of the East. But the holy Kaaba is rendered the scene of such indecencies and criminal acts, as cannot with propriety be more particularly noticed. They are not only practised here with impunity, but, it may be said, almost publicly; and my indignation has often been excited, on witnessing abominations which called forth from other passing spectators nothing more than a laugh or a slight reprimand. In several parts of the colonnade public schools are held, where young children are taught to spell and read: they form most noisy groups, and the schoolmaster's stick is in constant action. Some learned men of Mekka deliver lectures on religious subjects every afternoon under the colonnade, but the auditors are seldom numerous. On Fridays, after prayer, some Turkish olemas explain to their countrymen assembled around them a few chapters of the Koran, after which each of the audience takes the hand of the expositor, and drops money into his cap. I particularly admired the fluency of speech of one of these olemas, although I did not understand him, the lecture being delivered in the Turkish language. His pronunciations, and the inflexions of his voice, were most expressive; but, like an actor on the stage, he would laugh and cry in the same

minute, and adapt his features to his purpose in the most skilful manner. He was a native of Brusa, and amassed a considerable sum of money. Near the gate of the-mosque called Bab-es'-Salam, a few Arab sheikhs daily take their seat, with their ink-stand and paper, ready to write, for any applicant, letters, accounts, contracts, or any similar document. They also deal in written charms, like those current in the black countries, such as amulets, and love-receipts, called 'Kotob muhbat o kuboul.' They are principally employed by Bedouins, and demand an exorbitant remuneration. Winding-sheets (*keffen*), and other linen washed in the waters of Zemzem, are constantly seen hanging to dry between the columns. Many hadjys purchase at Mekka the shroud in which they wish to be buried, and wash it themselves at the well of Zemzem, supposing that, if the corpse be wrapped in linen which has been wetted with this holy water, the peace of the soul after death will be more effectually secured. Some hadjys make this linen an article of traffic. Mekka generally, but the mosque in particular, abounds with flocks of wild pigeons, which are considered to be the inviolable property of the temple, and are called the Pigeons of the Beitullah. Nobody dares to kill any of them, even when they enter the private houses. In the square of the mosque several small stone basins are regularly filled with water for their use; here also Arab women expose to sale, upon small straw mats, corn and durra, which the pilgrims purchase and throw to the pigeons. I have seen some of the public women take this mode of exhibiting themselves; and of bargaining with the pilgrims, under pretence of selling them corn for the sacred pigeons."

There are also many pigeons which do not fly; but of these, under the name of pilgrims, &c., we have already extracted an account: we will leave the scene of hypocrisy, credulity, and human absurdity, with one other quotation; but cannot find space for it till our next No.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

A Second Judgment of Babylon the Great; or, more Men and Things in the British Capital. By the Author of "Babylon the Great." 2 vols. London, 1829. H. Colburn.

THIS is book-manufacturing, wholesale, and not book-writing. The first Babylon was the production of a shrewd, observant person, who knew nothing of the interior and finer characteristics of the immense city about which he made a three-volumed work: his knowledge went not beyond the newspaper and the magazine—publications laudable in their way, but by no means lights to the real illumination of society. Yet the talent of the author enabled him to produce one of those publications which have their readers and their day, and are forgotten. Their merits entitle them to no sequel, and they ought to have none; and they would have none, unless book-making were a trade in which routine and system usurped the prerogatives of intelligence and genius. The volumes now before us are wearisome common-places about the law, and the Stock Exchange, and banking, and gaming-houses, and theatres, and Jews, and vestries, and other topics which are discussed in every journal that issues from the press. There is good sense enough in stringing these things together; but neither originality of observation, depth of thought, nor pointedness of language, to render them more engaging in this dully-laborious concoction. We cannot select one extract that could amuse or inform our readers. An author should live

twenty years in London before he ventures to describe it in any part. We do not believe this author had seen its outside half a year before he thought he could lift all its veils.

The Life and Times of William Laud, D.D., Lord Archbishop of Canterbury. By J. Parker Lawson, M.A. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1829. Rivingtons.

THE immense quantity that has been written and published about Laud, is a sufficient proof of the vast importance of his character and deeds to English history. We have therefore been surprised to find a very brilliant critic in the Edinburgh Review endeavouring to represent him as an imbecile, pusillanimous, and feeble personage:—the man who performed so high a part, must have had superior endowments. At the same time, we are ready to allow that Laud was a zealot, if not a bigot, narrow in his principles, and harsh and cruel in his disposition. It is of the nature of religious contention and of political struggle, to harden the hearts and exasperate the feelings of all concerned in them: and looking at this period with impartiality, it must be confessed, that oppression, tyranny, and persecution, on the one hand, was encountered by hatred, barbarity, and ruthless revenge, on the other. Laud has been identified with the high church and state party, and consequently assailed by dissenters and whigs; but the church ought to be independent of such a supporter, and the state dissociated from such an ally—though Laud and Stafford were, in bad times, obliged to be sacrificed, before the altar and the throne could be overturned. The present work is one of laborious partisanship, which may be upheld by ultra principles, and assailed by the opposite spirit, as a politico-polemical publication; but it can never take its place as authentic history. We could wish to see a good volume on the literary portion of Laud's life, in which he was truly great, and respecting which, much that is new and interesting might be procured.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

January 27th, 1839.

THE ball given by *son altesse la Duchesse de Berri* has, in some degree, given a variety to conversation; and instead of being asked, "Is it not very cold?"—"What horrid weather!" one hears a detailed account of the costume worn by her royal highness, the number of quadrilles she danced, who appeared her favourite cavaliers (for princesses are allowed a plurality), the name of the gentleman who leaned over her chair at supper, the colour of his hair, the form of his moustache, how his cravat was tied, the exact measure of his waist, the words he addressed to the duchess, her reply, and a thousand anecdotes suited to fashionable gossip. The fête was most brilliant. The walls of the palace were decorated with the richest tapestry, and the corridors lined with orange trees laden with their fruit, ever-greens, roses, and even lilies, in blossom; so that January and May were united. *L'homme le plus aimable* was his Majesty Charles X.; he, however, only remained until half-past eleven: French ladies pretend that no one is *si charmant, si galant*; for that he always forgets the king, and only remembers the courtier, when he is in society. A supper of eighteen hundred covers was served at one, and lasted until five o'clock in the morning. The entertainment, I understand, cost eighty thousand francs. The duchess sent ten thousand francs to the poor on the following day.

There are at present few decided mendi-

cants to be seen in the streets of Paris; distress, nevertheless, is greater than ever, but it reigns amidst the better classes, who "to beg are ashamed." The number of *soi-disant* gentlemen who are out of employment, and who can only live by ways and means, is incalculable: It happens also that men well-dressed often stop the passer-by to ask assistance. Now it is the fashion to write and speak of the misery of humanity; yet, I believe few, if any, care to be of service to others, though all wish to get credit for benevolence—there is no poet or prose writer of the age who does not pretend to sympathy: but one would wish to see actions instead of words, as proofs of the sincerity of the speaker.

Last night an officer of the Guards was given a cold bath by some robbers, who had previously taken his watch from him; fortunately, the part of the Seine into which they threw him was close to hot baths, and he was in consequence saved.

A restaurateur has offered to feed five hundred people for two sous a-head, by means of the vapour arising from his stews, soups, and pasties: he pretends that he can by this means live eight days without eating; and that such unsubstantial diet may equally support the poorer classes.

The theatres are tolerably well attended; few, however, go for the performances, but rather as a rendezvous to see and be seen; and, to kill time, I hear that private theatricals are to be established, that tickets are to be paid for, and the money collected to be applied to charitable purposes!!!

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION EVENING MEETINGS. THE first of these laudable meetings for the present session was held yesterday evening. Notwithstanding the severe frost and heavy snow, there could not have been fewer than five hundred members and visitors assembled and distributed throughout the numerous rooms of the Institution. During the evening the library-table was surrounded by the members and their friends, all of whom must have derived ample gratification in viewing the several interesting donations and "exhibitions" which lay on it. The former consisted of various paintings, drawings, and specimens, from India, illustrative of the mythology and the arts of that country; some arrow-heads beautifully formed of whet-stone, by the Esquimaux; Egyptian inscription on copper; fine castings in bronze by Mr. Parker, &c. &c. On the table were Finden's engraving of the King, from Lawrence; and Sievier's bust of the late Daniel Moore, a vice-president of the Institution—the expense defrayed by subscription among the members, as a testimony of posthumous regard.

At the usual hour (half-past nine o'clock) the company adjourned to the theatre. Mr. Brande then delivered the first lecture of the season: it was on the "supply of water to the metropolis." The lecturer opened his discourse (extempore) with some remarks on the great importance of pure water to the inhabitants of such a metropolis as London; took a review of the different plans by which it is at present supplied, as well as of those which have been brought forward since the question became the subject of parliamentary inquiry; he then dilated on the present *status quo*, and observed, that if the metropolis could not boast of having bronze and marble fountains, like many of the cities and towns on the continent, the supply was much more abundant; and perhaps, after all that had been

said about the impurity of Thames water, it was not so prejudicial to health as might be imagined by some. He then gave the following analysis:—

Thames Water.....		10-000.	
Carbonate of Lime	1.33	1.55
Sulphate of Lime	0.15	0.12
Muriate of Soda and Muriate of } Magnesia	0.20	0.23
		1.68 1.90
Organic Matter.....	0.07	2.02
		1.95 3.92

Speaking of the means by which London is supplied with water, Mr. Brande brought forward some curious details: it appears that the supplies are, daily, of the—

	Gallons.	Cubic Feet.	No. of Trenches.	No. of Basins.	Total Water.
New River Company.....	13,000,000	4,000,000	67,000	3 (60 + 60 + 120)	= 230
East London.....	6,000,000	900,000	42,000	4 (40 + 40 + 70 + 90)	= 240
West Middlesex.....	2,500,000	380,000	15,000	3 (77 + 70 + 104)	= 248
Chelsea.....	1,700,000	268,000	12,000	2 (69 + 70)	= 139
Grand Junction.....	2,300,000	450,000	7,700	3 (100 + 100 + 70)	= 270
Lambeth.....	1,544,000	260,000	16,000	2 (35 + 80)	= 115
Vauxhall.....	100,000	16,000	10,000	2 (45 + 30)	= 68
South-west.....	720,000	112,000	7,000	2 (45 + 30)	= 68
	20,774,000	4,217,000	177,700	51	= 1338

Mr. Brande exhibited the model of a filtering machine used by one of these companies, which was capable of filtering, in all weathers, 500,000 cubic feet of water per day: specimens of filtered and non-filtered water were also exhibited. The lecturer concluded amidst great applause.

SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF ARTS, MANUFACTURES, AND COMMERCE.

THE Society had resolved, before the Christmas vacation, that seven evening meetings should be held during the present session, specially devoted to the illustration of the arts and manufactures of the country. Accordingly, the first of these meetings took place on Tuesday last, the 27th. The subject treated of, was earthenware, as far as relates to the manufacture of bricks and tiles, and the various kinds of red pottery, from the coarsest to the finest, glazed and unglazed.

The secretary, Mr. Aikin, read a paper that he had drawn up, in which he traced the history of brick- and tile-making from the construction of the tower and city of Babel to modern times. This part of the subject was illustrated by the exhibition of bricks impressed with inscriptions in the arrow-head characters, from the Birs Nemrod, the most conspicuous of the mounds that form the ruins of Babylon; by ornamented bricks from the ruins of Gour, one of the antique capitals of India; and from Nipal, the mountainous country north of the Ganges; from the Bur-

mese country; and from China. Roman bricks, from the fortified stations of that people in Britain, were also exhibited. The secretary then gave a succinct description of brick-making as practised in the vicinity of London; pointing out the characters and principal local situations of the beds of clay, and the different qualities of the bricks and tiles that they yield.

He next treated of the art of pottery; of the potter's wheel; and of the art of tempering and mixing clays according to the required quality of the ware. The degree of proficiency attained by the ancients was shown by specimens of Etruscan or Greek vases; of Samian pottery of cups and other utensils from Herculaneum and Pompeii; of imitations of the Etruscan ware manufactured at Naples; of lamps and other articles in terra cotta from Athens, and from Martaban in Ava; and of antique Peruvian pottery made before the discovery of America by the Europeans. He then treated in detail of the manufacture of glazed and unglazed red-ware as practised in the neighbourhood of London; and concluded the subject with an account of the process of making stone-ware, illustrated by specimens from one of the principal manufacturers of it at Lambeth.

The secretary stated, that the oriental specimens exhibited were from the museum of the East India Company, the directors of which, at the suggestion of Dr. Wilkins, the librarian, had, with characteristic liberality, sanctioned the loan of them for the evening. The Greek vases were from the collection of T. Hope, esq.; and the other antiques were furnished by T. Todd, esq., T. Winder, esq., and T. Fisher, esq. The specimens of modern pottery, showing the various steps in the process of the fabric, were from the manufactories of Mr. Jones and of Mr. Wisker, at Lambeth.

Besides the specimens illustrative of the immediate objects of the meeting, a very interesting series was sent by Mr. Mawe, of the Strand, consisting of the black and the red marbles of Derbyshire, of fluor spar, of alabaster, of green arragonite, and of fibrous gypsum, all from the same county, wrought into vases, pateras, and other ornamental articles.

MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

Tuesday Evening.

EARL STANHOPE, president, in the chair. Papers were read on several medicinal plants of Cuba, and on the diuretic properties of the genus *euaisetum*, or horsetail. Donations were enumerated from the Horticultural Society of Berlin, Medical and Physical Society of Calcutta, &c. Earl Stanhope moved the reading and confirming of the minutes of a former meeting; one of these minutes had reference to the "expulsion" of Mr. Brown, the distinguished botanist. Dr. Sigmund, in forcible language, objected to the motion, and suggested the propriety of referring the matter relative to Mr. Brown's expulsion to the council. Dr. Churchill followed on the same side: the eyes of the whole scientific community were directed to the Society since Mr. Brown had been expelled; many eminent members had seceded, and it had been whispered, that Sir James M'Grigor, the late president, also had retired owing to the same cause.

The noble chairman emphatically contradicted the assertion regarding Sir James M'Grigor's leaving the president's chair; he had been assured by Sir James himself, that the circumstance of his vacating the chair was neither directly nor indirectly connected with

Mr. Brown's expulsion. He would be glad if the council could retrace its steps in reference to that business; at the same time he was bound to say that he could not see how it was to be done.

The question relative to the confirming of the minutes was again put and carried *pro forma*, with an understanding that Mr. Brown's affair was to be referred to the council.

After a few remarks from Mr. Frost upon the medical qualities of some plants on the table, the meeting broke up.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR FEBRUARY.

NOTWITHSTANDING the bleak influence of the wintry blast, which has been felt with such severity during the past month, as well amidst scowling clouds, as when the sun shone with clear yet cheerless ray, tending only to render the keenness of the air more apparent,—notwithstanding this dreariness, the sun is re-ascending his shining path, to marshal the seasons and conduct the year; and as he pursues his oblique course, still augmenting his power, before another revolution of the moon is completed, some of the early harbingers of spring will burst forth from their long concealment, and appear as sure pledges of the soft and vernal season.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
☾ New Moon in Capricornus . . .	3	14	31
☾ First Quarter in Aries . . .	10	7	23
☾ Full Moon in Leo . . .	18	7	15
☾ Last Quarter in Ophiuchus . . .	26	8	30

The moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Venus in Sagittarius . . .	1	10	45
Mercury in Aquarius . . .	4	16	30
Mars in Pisces . . .	7	23	13
Saturn in Cancer . . .	15	16	40
Jupiter in Scorpio . . .	26	18	7

12th day—Mercury at his greatest elongation, in the stream issuing from the urn of Aquarius, and visible as an evening star.

Venus, the morning star, is gradually diminishing in splendour, as she retreats from the earth, and approaches her superior conjunction.

15th day, 16 hrs.—In conjunction with Uranus in Capricornus, and south of the two stars in the horn of the Goat.

1st day, 10 hrs.—Mars in conjunction with Pictus, a star of the fourth magnitude in the ecliptic. 19th day—enters the constellation Aries.

Jupiter forms a right-angled triangle with the red star Antares and β Scorpii. The following will be the visible eclipses of the satellites:

First Satellite.	Immersion	D.	H.	M.	S.
Second Satellite.	do.	10	17	46	41

Saturn continues in the constellation Cancer, and passes the meridian at the following times respectively:

D.	H.	M.	D.	H.	M.	D.	H.	M.
1	11	7	13	10	16	25	9	27

The double ring of Saturn constantly presents ample amusement, and affords high gratification; the contemplation of its form, position, and magnitude, supplying materials for speculation on the probable purposes for which such a zone of light was ordained to circulate round the central orb.

It is worthy of remark, that this stupendous and singular system of Saturn (its orb, ring, and satellites,) had performed 190 uncounted revolutions of 29 years, 174 days, 1 hour, 51 min., 11.2 sec., through the star-gemmed zodiac—and the earth in its smaller orbit had described 3,614 circles round the sun—before this magnificent apparatus was revealed to the eye of man;—unknown to the antediluvian astronomers, though some of these had an op-

portunity of tracing the course of the planet through upwards of thirty complete revolutions;—unconceived of by those who cultivated the science in the plains of Chaldean;—equally so by the philosophers of Egypt, Greece, and Rome;—by most of the nations of antiquity—deemed dreary and uncheering in itself, and baleful and malignant in its influence on other bodies:—it was reserved for recent times to behold and investigate this beneficent display of the Creator's power and wisdom.

Till the invention of telescopes, Saturn held no particular rank in the heavens, beyond that distinction which the alowness, yet regularity of its motion, and degree of brilliancy, rendered remarkable: its singularity of appearance was first observed by Galileo, in the year 1610, who described it as consisting of three globes—one larger, with a smaller one on each side: he veiled his discovery in a Latin sentence, which he transposed, that his observation might remain secret, and yet afford him at some future time the opportunity of claiming the honour of the discovery. Huygens completed the discovery, and explained the phenomena of the ring, that, in its course round the sun, it assumed a variety of oval forms, from its being seen obliquely,—gradually contracting from a certain ellipticity to an almost imperceptible line, and again expanding till it resumed its maximum of ellipticity,—the ring being most open when the planet was in 19 deg. of Sagittarius and 19 deg. of Gemini, and appearing as a line across the disc in 19 deg. of Pisces and 19 deg. of Virgo.

So remarkable a body in the planetary train, from its dissimilarity to the others, soon excited the vigilance of the astronomers of that period, and left little to reward the research of those of the present day, beyond the task of correcting, with their exquisitely constructed instruments, its various dimensions. The following are the micrometrical observations of this planet, made at Dorpat, in 1826, by Professor Struve, with Fraunhofer's large refractor:—

External diameter of the external ring . . .	40.315
Internal diameter of the external ring . . .	36.385
External diameter of the internal ring . . .	34.379
Internal diameter of the internal ring . . .	28.748
Equatorial diameter of Saturn . . .	18.045
Breadth of the external ring . . .	3.410
Breadth of the chasm between the rings . . .	0.408
Breadth of the internal ring . . .	3.915
Distance of the ring from Saturn . . .	4.352
Equatorial radius of Saturn . . .	9.022
Inclination of the ring to the ecliptic . . .	29° 54'

It has been remarked, by several accurate astronomers, that the dark space between the orb of Saturn and the ring appears greater on the eastern than on the western side of the planet, and has been supposed by some to be an optical illusion. From the results, however, of several careful measurements, Professor Struve is decidedly of opinion that the orb is not in the centre of the ring. Both the rings are brighter than the orb, and the outer one brighter than the inner. The thickness of the double ring has been considered as incapable of measurement;—from observations by Schroter,

* The ancient name of Saturn was Chronos, time; so named from the slowness of its motion: it was also called Phœnon, shining or appearing, which denomination is rather singular, Saturn not being the most brilliant of the planets. This name may be accounted for, from the superstitious feelings of the ancients, who regarded this planet as of evil omen, from its leader hue and remote situation: their custom was to propitiate the smiles of fortune by giving flattering names to those influences they deemed prejudicial. Among the Jews, this planet is supposed to be the one referred to in the sacred writings as Chilon, or "Remphan, the star of your god." Saturn is also called Remphan in the Persian language; and among the Chinese, Tu, or Tien—earth; a reference, probably, to its inferior brightness.

it is found to be 0".125; it is also supposed that the edge of the ring is of a spherical, or rather spheroidal form. When the ring is in the plane of the eye, its surface is found not to be exactly uniform, sometimes one area entirely disappearing, at other times both being observed to be detached from the planet: these irregularities on its surface are considered as necessary for maintaining the ring in equilibrium; for if a perfectly uniform body, it would yield to the slightest attraction, which might ultimately precipitate it on the surface of the orb.

The appearance of the double ring to the inhabitants of the globe of Saturn must be inconceivably splendid and magnificent, varying in appearance according to the situation in which it is beheld. From the regions several degrees distant from each pole, the inhabitants cannot possibly see this grand spectacle—being below their horizon. In approaching the latitude of 60 deg., it must be first seen as a bright segment of a disc, just emerging above the horizon, of the brightness of the morning twilight, only more defined;—nearer the equator, as a vast luminous arch;—and when contemplated from the middle zone of the planet, a bright band would be observed crossing the zenith, and terminating in the eastern and western points of the horizon. Hence, the glory of the celestial canopy during a Saturnian night must, to that planet, indeed, be far exceeding what we behold from our earth; particularly from those places where the ring can be surveyed in its concave and convex forms, stretching across the firmament, and apparently resting on the verge of the horizon: above and beneath the arch, the same constellations which ornament our sky would be observed shining with subdued splendour;—while, at different distances and positions without the ring would be seen, gliding swiftly, the satellites of Saturn, either rising, setting, or on the meridian; others entering into the shadow of the orb, or emerging from it; each exhibiting every variety of phase—from the delicate crescent to the semi-lunar—from a gibbous to a full-orbed brightness.

Does such beauty and design beam upon a desert, and shed its radiance upon realms of solitude and silence,—to be witnessed by no intellectual eye in those vast regions, and seem only in miniature by a few individuals from this remote and comparatively minute earth? Doubtless, from such a glorious abode, the voice of gratitude and adoration continually ascends to the great Creator for such a resplendent retinue, by which its distance from the sun is so amply compensated.

But Contemplation rests her weary wings,
And stops awhile to tremble and adore.

Deptford.

J. T. B.

PLATINA COINAGE.

IN our last Number we mentioned the coinage of money in Russia of the platina found in the Oural Mountains; and we are now indebted to the polite attention of M. Smirnov (secretary to Prince Lieven) for a fine specimen of a coin of that metal, dated St. Petersburg, 1828; and of the value of three roubles, or nearly ten shillings in silver. It is about the size of a sovereign, and so beautifully executed as to do great credit to the mintage and arts in Russia. On the one side is the Russian eagle, admirably emblazoned, with its honourable shields and bearings; and on the reverse, a central inscription, stating the amount of the piece, and round the border the words "2 Zol. [quasi Zolotniks] 41 parts of pure Oural Platina." The edge is

handsomely milled; and, altogether, the money is, as we have said, a curious and beautiful specimen of metallic currency.

It is a circumstance perhaps worthy of attention, and recalled to our memory by this subject, and by the recent paper of Dr. Wollaston explaining the malleability of platina, that some years ago a plan was submitted, through our means, to Lord Liverpool, for alloying the coinage of this country with that metal. The object proposed was to prevent the disappearance of our gold when the exchanges happened to be against us; for the platina being of a proportionate intrinsic value would render it a losing process to submit the guinea or sovereign, of which it formed a part, to the crucible. We know not what became of this project, but remember that we considered it to be extremely ingenious and feasible at the time. We have only to add, that the Russian *Two Zolotniks* weighs more than a sovereign, and not quite so much as a sovereign and sixpence.

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

ON Monday the British Gallery will be opened with a collection of works by British artists; and it affords us great delight to announce (from a private view of it) that it is not only equal to any former exhibition of the kind, but, in our judgment, superior to any of its predecessors. There are, it is true, few pictures in the highest walk of art; but there is also far less of mediocrity or inferiority than we have hitherto seen. The rooms are rich in landscape; in smaller classic productions; in familiar life both pathetic and playful; in humorous subjects; in architectural interiors and exteriors, animated with figures; in fanciful or poetical compositions;—and, indeed, in all the pleasing varieties of pictorial creation. To this pleasing result many of our first-rate artists have contributed; and we are also happy to observe that the younger professors rising into fame, have fully confirmed the expectations built upon their preceding exertions.

To these we shall in due time pay, as usual, the tribute of separate notice: at present we will mention no names, and avoid that invidious course by bestowing a most hearty and well-deserved eulogy upon the whole.

THE COLOSSEUM.

WE proceed to redeem the pledge which we gave our readers in our 626th Number, namely, that we would take an early opportunity of detailing the architectural structure of the Colosseum, and of endeavouring by a plate to communicate some notion of the curious contrivances which were resorted to, and the serious perils which were incurred, in the production of the beautiful panorama which forms the principal ornament of the interior of that fine and magnificent building.

The Colosseum was commenced in 1824, and completed (as far as regarded the external building) in 1826; from the designs, and under the superintendence, of Mr. Decimus Burton. It is a polygon of sixteen faces, each twenty-five feet in length. Attached, on the west side, is a noble Grecian-Doric portico, of six columns, occupying three of the faces of the polygon. The order of the portico is continued round the entire building: the entablature being supported by antæ, or pilasters placed at the angles.

A massive step, which, with the plinth line, forms two risers, each two feet six inches high,

and similar to those of the portico, is continued round the building: evidently with a view of adding to its simplicity and solid effect, and of forming a grand basis for the whole structure.

Upon the entablature is an attic, from which springs a dome, having three gradini, or steps, at bottom, and a moulding and parapet at the summit; behind which is a gallery, formed for the purpose of viewing the surrounding scenery. The upper portion of the dome is glazed, giving it the appearance of one vast skylight, seventy-five feet in diameter: the rest of the dome is covered with copper, and painted.

The greatest external diameter of the polygonal building is one hundred and thirty-two feet: the greatest internal diameter is one hundred and twenty-six feet. The height of the walls is, externally, sixty-four feet; internally, seventy-nine feet, and to the sky-light one hundred and twelve feet.

The example of the Parthenon appears to have been followed in the proportions of the columns and architectural members of the portico; but they are of larger dimensions than those of the Parthenon; the diameter of the columns being six feet two inches and a half, and their height thirty-five feet six inches.

The roof of the portico is seventy-five feet in extent: the flank is fifty-three feet six inches.

The portico and the walls of the Colosseum are built of brick, and stuccoed with the Portland-stone cement.

The walls are three feet thick at the bottom, and diminish to one foot ten inches above the roof-plate.

At sixty feet above the footings spring the principal ribs of the dome. They are forty-eight in number, and are formed with six thicknesses of inch-and-a-half plank; at bottom, fourteen inches deep. At top, there are only four thicknesses, all securely bolted and spiked together, and the heading joints every where alternately. They are fastened to cast-iron shoes at bottom, secured to a strong plate, which, in the manner of a hoop, binds the whole together. There are eleven tiers of intermediate hoops, or entablatures; and the whole of this framing is filled in with strong diagonal bracing. The ribs abut at top against a strong circular curb; and a perfect equilibrium has been maintained throughout.

The metal astragals of the sky-lights are above the ribs and timbers, and form part of the false external dome, which, to add grace to the outline of the structure, is made to spring at fifteen feet higher than the principal dome: the construction of the ribs, &c. being similar, but the scantlings less. This external dome is boarded and covered with copper, from the attic as high as to the sky-light, which extends fifteen feet beyond the gallery before mentioned. The portion, therefore, of the dome which is glazed exceeds three thousand feet. In addition to these two domes there is an internal one, formed of slight-framed ribs, lathed and plastered, and constituting the ceiling, which blends with the canvass of the panoramic picture at the horizontal line; thus enabling the artist, as we mentioned in our former notice, to avail himself of its spacious superficies for the sky,—an improvement which, we understand, has in no other case been attained.

The visitors enter from the portico into a vestibule which is lighted from the roof, and is divided into three compartments. Its dimensions are seventy feet long, by fourteen wide; forty feet high in the centre compartment, and twenty feet high on the staircases at each end. The right-hand staircase is for the visitors pay-

ing the larger price; and descends to a lobby under the entrance, and thence by a corridor to the spiral staircase which leads to the lowest of the three galleries for viewing the picture. Unconnected with the intermediate gallery, there is a communication from the lowest gallery to the highest; and thence to the refreshment-rooms and the exterior of the dome. From the corridor on the ground-floor there is also a communication with a grand circular saloon, for the reception of the company, previous to, and after, the ascent; and from a lobby, connected with this room and the corridor, the visitors may enter the small circular chamber to which we adverted in our last notice, and be raised by machinery to the level of the first or lowest gallery. The staircase on the left, on entering the vestibule, leads to the second-price gallery; in the first place descending to a lobby and corridor, the ascent from which is by a spiral staircase, under those which have been already mentioned.

The central erection, in which these staircases and the ascending-room are contained, is of timber, framed in the strongest manner. The principal uprights are twelve in number; seventy-three feet high; one foot square; set upon a circular curb of brick-work; hooped round with iron; and further secured by close diagonal bracing, and by two other circular curbs; from the upper one of which rises a cone of timbers thirty-four feet high, supporting the upper refreshment-rooms, the original ball and the imitation of the cross* taken down from St. Paul's, the crow's nest in which Mr. Horner made the original drawings for the panorama, and the staircase to the exterior of the building.

Another circle of upright timbers, twenty-four in number, is constructed at seven feet outside that already described; and between the two circles the staircases wind. The fronts of the galleries are planned with pilasters and an entablature in the lower one, and piers supporting arches in the second. These produce an architectural character, and at the same time tend materially to assist the pictorial effect of the panorama, which is thus viewed through the several openings; the piers, entablature, &c. forming, as it were, so many frames, and enabling the visitor to contemplate separately and uninterruptedly any particular portion of the extensive scene before him.

Having thus given a succinct, but, we trust, a clear, account of the construction of an edifice which is allowed by every body to be at once one of the most simple and one of the most noble ornaments of which London can boast, we have only to subjoin an explanation of the plate, illustrative of the various devices invented for the purpose of facilitating the execution of the picture. It must be obvious that all scaffoldings, &c. for a large painting require, in the first place, as much steadiness as can be imparted to them; in the second place, as much security, not only real, but apparent, as can be obtained (artists being generally unused to, and incommode by, any flights, except those of fancy); and, in the third place, the use of as few planks, poles, ropes, and other materials, as possible; their intervention preventing the progress of the general effect of the work from being adequately observed—a circumstance of the utmost importance. To the difficulties attendant

* In our former notice we were in error in stating that both the ball and the cross here placed were the ball and cross taken down a few years ago from the top of St. Paul's.

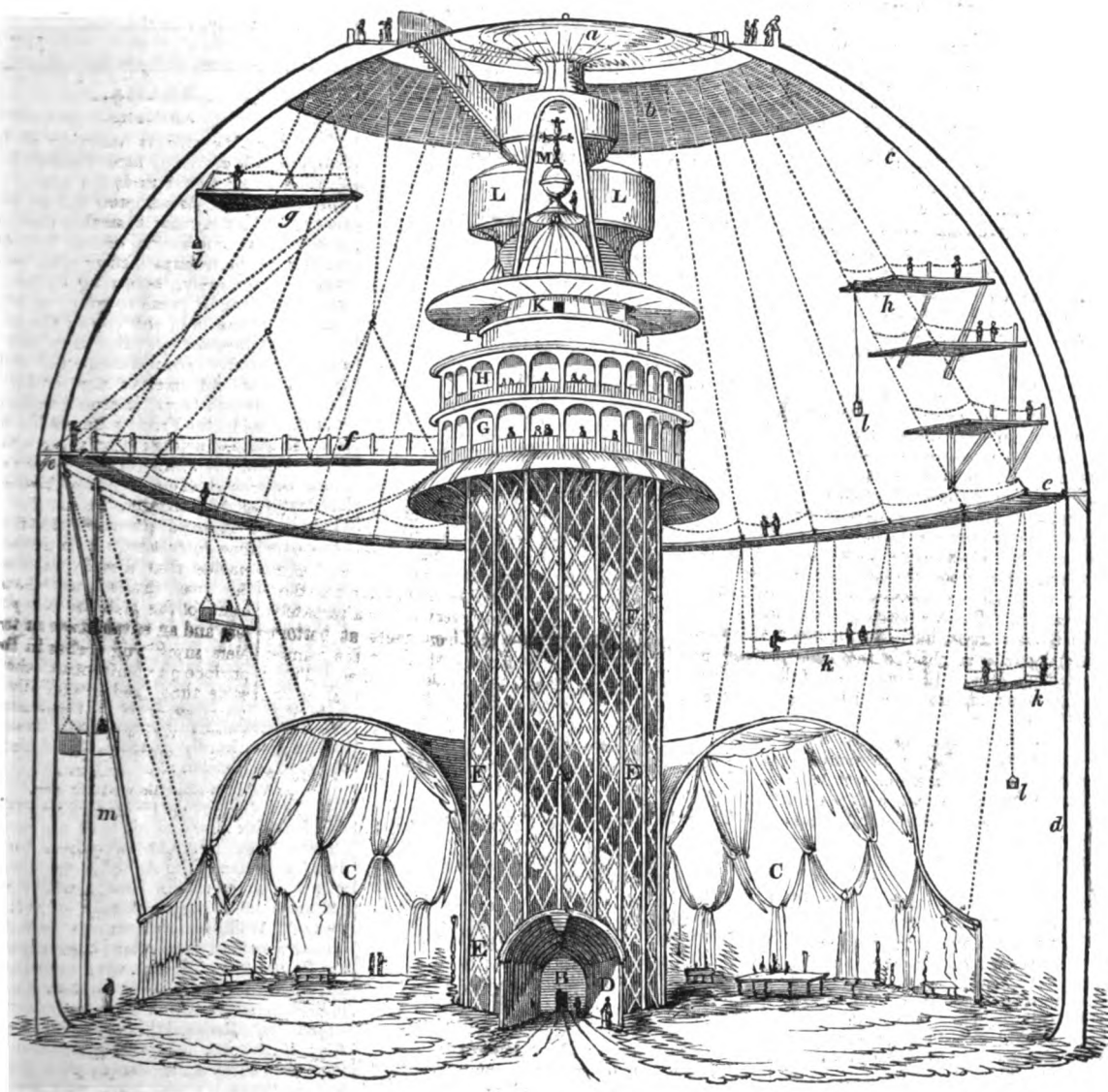
upon ordinary cases, were superadded, in the present instance, the difficulties which arose in consequence of the form of the upper part of the building; the diameter of the dome of which exceeds by thirty feet the diameter of the dome of St. Paul's.

Table of References to the Plate.

A. Column or Tower in the centre of the building, for supporting the Ascending-Room, &c.
B. Entrance to the Ascending-Room.

C. Saloon for the reception of works of art.
D. Passage leading to the Saloon, Galleries, and Ascending-Room.
E. F. Two separate Spiral Flights of Steps, leading to the Galleries, &c.
G. H. I. Galleries from which the Picture is to be viewed.
K. Refreshment-Room.
L. Rooms for Music or Balls. The effect of either is delightful.
M. The Old Ball from St. Paul's Cathedral.
N. Stairs leading to the Outside of the Building.
a. b. Sky-lights. c. Plaster Dome, on which the sky is painted. d. Canvass on which the part of the picture up to the horizon is painted. e. Gallery, suspended by

ropes, used for painting the distance, and uniting the plaster and the canvass. f. Temporary Bridge from the Gallery G to the Gallery e, from the end of which the echo of the building might be heard to the greatest advantage. g. One of Fifteen Triangular Platforms, used for painting the sky. h. Platforms fixed on the ropes of the Gallery a, used for finishing and clouding the sky. k. Different methods for getting at the lower parts of the canvass. l. Baskets for conveying colours, &c. to the artists. m. Cross or Shears: formed of two poles, from which a cradle or box is suspended, for finishing the picture after the removal of all the scaffolding and ropes.



LITERARY AND LEARNED.

Oxford, Jan. 24.—On Thursday last the following degrees were conferred:

Doctor in Medicine.—J. Alderson, Magdalen Hall.
Masters of Arts.—W. L. Nicholls, Queen's College; Rev. I. King, Christ Church; Rev. H. B. Wilson, St. John's College.
Bachelors of Arts.—G. Phillimore, G. C. Lewis, St. John's; J. E. Robinson, W. H. Hitchcock, Christ Church.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

To bring up our arrears of proceedings, we refer back to 26th November, 1828, when a paper was read, entitled "An Account of some Experiments on the Torpedo," by Sir Humphrey Davy, Bart., F.R.S., &c.

The author, after noticing the peculiarities discovered by Walsh in the electricity of the torpedo, and the opinion of Cavendish that it resembles the action of an electrical battery weakly charged, adverts to the conjecture of Volta, who considered it as similar to that of the galvanic pile. Being on the coast of the Mediterranean in 1814 and 1815, the author, desirous of ascertaining the justness of Volta's comparison, passed the shocks given by living torpedos through the interrupted circuit made by silver wire through water, but could not perceive the slightest decomposition of that fluid; the same shocks made to pass through a

fine silver wire, less than one-thousandth of an inch in diameter, did not produce ignition. Volta, to whom the author communicated the result of these experiments, considers the conditions of the organs of the torpedo to be best represented by a pile of which the fluid substance was a very imperfect conductor, such as honey, and which, though it communicated weak shocks, yet did not decompose water.

The author also ascertained that the electrical shocks of the torpedo, even when powerful, produced no sensible effect on an extremely delicate magnetic electrometer. He explains these negative results, by supposing that the

motion of the electricity in the torpedinal organ is in no measurable time, and wants that continuity of current requisite for the production of magnetic effect.

January 29th, 1829. The president in the chair.—The reading of a paper on the appearances of the "Aurora Borealis in Scotland" was resumed and concluded.

Professor Antoine Laurent de Jussieu, member of the Academy of Sciences of Paris, and nephew to the celebrated Jussieu, was elected a foreign member.

Professor Nobili, author of several treatises on electricity, exhibited some specimens of metals which had been subjected to galvanic influence in a peculiar manner. A plate of steel that had been acted upon in this way, and divided into symmetrical compartments, displayed great iridescent beauty: it was presented to the Society by the professor.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

THURSDAY, 29th January, 1829. William Hamilton, esq. in the chair.—A paper, by Mr. Crofton Croker, was read, describing a great variety of specimens of Roman pottery discovered by him last autumn, in an excavation made under the war bank, in the vicinity of Caesar's camp, on Keston Common, near Bromley, in Kent (see *Literary Gazette* of the time). From the immense variety of pottery found during the excavation, exceeding 200 specimens, not only of an ornamental, but also of a culinary description, together with quantities of human bones, stone coffins, and coins, and also the walls of a Roman temple which were uncovered,—there are strong reasons for believing that the city of Noviomagus was situated in the immediate vicinity of the war bank. The entrenchments of Caesar's camp, on the neighbouring hill, may be accurately traced throughout; and a visit to these interesting remains is well worthy of the attention of the lover of antiquarian research. Mr. Croker's paper was accompanied by a set of masterly drawings; the same size, and coloured in exact imitation of the original specimens, from the pencil of Mr. W. H. Brooke, the artist, a fellow of the Society, and liberally presented by him.—A paper on ancient playing-cards, or tablets, was also read; together with an unpublished letter of Queen Elizabeth. Messrs. Robinson, Gooden, and Vigors (as announced last week), were severally balloted for, and declared duly elected.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LINES TO THE AUTHOR AFTER READING THE SORROWS OF ROSALIE.*

One of those gifted ones that walk the earth,
Like angels in their beauty, and the while
The air is filled with music from their wings.

Love's thoughts are writ on rose-leaves, but with tears;
And those are what she taught her charmed lute,
Looking herself the loveliest she sung.

THEY tell me, lady, that thy face

Is as an angel's fair,

That tenderness is all the trace

Of earth thy features wear;

That we might hold thee scarp still,

But sighs with smiles unite,

And that thy large dark eyes will fill

With tears as well as light.

* Having the wholesome fear of the Bayad and Medea before our eyes, we rarely admit compositions addressed to particular persons into our columns. The present exception is made, because it has delighted us to see one of the greatest female ornaments of Britain's poetic page, devoting a ray of her brilliant genius in giving a generous welcome to a new sister of the song; and because the talents of L. E. L. have shed a general interest over the subject, which divests it of all individuality, and renders it worthy of public regard.—*Ed. L. G.*

They tell me that thy wit when gay

Will turn to sad again—

The likeness of the lightning ray,

That melts in summer rain;

And that the magic of thy words

Is even as thy song—

The sweetness of the sea-shell chords

The night-winds bear along.

I well believe all they can say

Of fairy charm is thine—

My lips are murmuring now thy lay,

My tears on thy last line:

I've drank the music, sweet and low,

Waked by thy graceful hand;

I must speak of thee—I am now

"Beneath the enchanter's wand."

I dream thee beautiful and bright,

Amid the festal crowd,

With lip and eye of flashing light,

Thy own self disavowed.

They see the loveliness that burns,

The splendour round the shrine—

But not the poet-soul which turns

Thy nature to divine.

I dream thee in thy lonely hour,

Thy long dark hair unbound,

The braiding pearl, the wreathing flower,

Flung careless on the ground;

The crimson eager on thy cheek,

The light dark in thine eye—

While from thy parted lips there break

Sweet sounds, half song, half sigh.

A tale of feminine fond love,

The tender and the tried,

The heart's sweet faith, which looks above,

Long after hope has died.

Even as the Spring comes to the rose,

And flings its leaves apart,

So what should woman's hand unclose?—

The page of woman's heart.

The song is sad which thou hast sung:

Is sad!—how canst thou know—

The loved, the lovely, and the young—

A single touch of wo.

Ah, yes! the fire is in thy breast,

The seal upon thy brow,

Life has no calm, no listless rest,

For such a one as thou;—

Thou, bleeding in thy harp and heart

The passionate, the wild,

The softness of the woman's part,

The sweetness of the child;

With feelings like the fine lute-strings,

A single touch will break;

With hopes that wear an angel's wings,

And make the heaven they seek.

The stern, the selfish, and the cold,

With feelings all repeat—

The many cast in one base mould,

For them life yields her best:

They plod upon one even way,

Till time, not life, is o'er;

Death cannot make them colder clay

Than what they were before.

But thou—go ask thy lute what fate

May for thy future be,

And it will tell thee tears await

The path of one like thee:

Too sensitive, like early flowers,

One unkind breath to bear,

What in this weary world of ours,

But tears can be thy share?

Yet little would I that such words

Of prophecy were sooth:

I am so used to mournful chords,

To me they sound like truth.

And if Fate have one stainless leaf,

That page to thee belong:

Sweet lady, only dream of grief,

And let the dream be song.

I pity those who sigh for thee,

I envy those who love;

For loved thy nature's formed to be,

As seraphs' are above.

I fling thee laurel offerings,

I own thy spirit's spell,

I greet the music of thy strings—

Sweet lady, fare thee well.

L. E. L.

DRAMA.

ADELPHI.

MONSIEUR MALLET is carrying all before him, and this charming little theatre fills to an overflow every night; as if the English (who, Monsieur says, "do not know ven dey are beat enough") did not know when they were amused enough. It is indeed a capital little drama, uniting much natural feeling with much of national peculiarity, bordering on burlesque. This is a difficult game to play: to laugh on one side of the face, and cry on the other, is no easy achievement. But it is here fairly and delightfully accomplished; and Mathews shews himself a master of the quickly alternating smile and tear. His personation of the old exiled noble, the Frenchman, and the father, is a fine piece of acting; and those who have thought that his extraordinary powers of imitation were his chief qualifications for the stage, had better see him in *Monsieur Mallet*. But, as we slightly noticed last week, all the parts are cast with a force that would support the first of our comedies. Mrs. Yates, touching, graceful, and charming, converts the simple character of *Adelaide*, the daughter of M. Mallet, into an exhibition of first-rate *paucité* and pathos—she is just what the child of such a parent should be. Then comes Yates himself, the prince of "Niggers," the black Roscins of the Back Lane of the Boston Private Theatricals: full of life and animation, his servile fears hardly restrain this sable hero-of the sock and buskin:

"Let Yecules himself do what his may,
De dog vill mew, de cat vill bark all day;"

and both his mew and his bark are excessively entertaining. Were he any where but in his own happy home, the Adelphi, we would suggest to him to take a benefit with the representation of a Nigger parody of "Shake-a-spear." Wilkinson, whom we formerly and unjustly omitted to mention, is greatly small in the *Footmaster of Boston*, whose reading of the directions (and of the insides) of letters is quietly ludicrous, and tells, as all quiet humour does, effectively. Benson Hill is a landlord, colonel, &c.; Backstone, a Kentucky attorney, legislator, and dealer in log-wood; Mrs. Hughes, a back-settlement young lady, very desirous of being otherwise settled by marriage with this Kentucky sweetheart; Butler, a Boston merchant; Hemmings, the lover of Mlle. Mallet; and T. P. Cooke the genuine Uncle Ben, of German extraction, and gifted with a remarkable poetical vein:—and what more could be desired, with a smart dramatic frame-work, to make one of those pieces which delight every body? So it is at the Adelphi; and till their season ends, we will venture to predict, unless M. Mallet likes crowds, he will enjoy no repose.

On Monday, an interlude, entitled *Too Late for Love*, was performed with perfect success. If we remember rightly, it is abridged, and otherwise but little altered, from *The Girl*

Midi—a force of older times, when such beings existed. In its revival, Mrs. Edwin is much distinguished as a votary of a school of art of which we see too little on the modern stage. The compliment will be understood, if we state that her acting in this piece made us think of Mrs. Davenport, and still more of Mrs. Gibbs: it was truly comic and excellent, and was deservedly applauded throughout (including an encored song). Mathews, in a hot (Captain) Curry, threw much fun into the scene. Miss Daly, at short notice (*pro* Miss Graddon, with a bad cold), acquitted herself very cleverly; and Mr. Sinclair, who had too little employment, sang most sweetly, and in a dualling way proved himself equal to all kinds of sharps—and flats.

At the larger theatres during the last eight days there has been a repose upon successfully established pieces; so that we have only to intimate the note of preparation for novelties next week: namely, a new opera, the words and music by Bishop; a new comedy, in three acts, by Lunn, and powerfully cast; and a farce from the mirth-making pen of Peake.

In the way of dramatic gossip, we may notice that Kean has definitively quitted Covent Garden, in consequence of the results of his late sudden illness; and that Liston met with an accident in stepping from his carriage, by which his shoulder was dislocated, but, being speedily replaced, the bad effect has not been so severe as to prevent him from continuing to perform.

We observe that the licenser, Mr. Colman, has been most officiously and vexatiously interfering with the Oratorios, which, under the able direction of Mr. Hawes, promised to begin with great taste and spirit last night. He, it seems, has forbidden the performance of Mehul's "Joseph and his Brethren," because it was not licensed—no fees paid. Mr. Hawes was thus compelled to substitute another oratorio; and he had the courage and good sense to meet this oppressive act by a public appeal. Indeed, the licenser has been far too long permitted to annoy the drama, by the puerile and absurd obstacles which he is continually imposing.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

On Saturday last, the pupils of the Royal Academy of Music, under the patronage of his Majesty, commenced a second series of operatic performances for three nights at the English Opera House, with the *Barber of Seville*. The cast of parts was the same as before, and Dr. Began directed the whole with his wonted art and spirit.

The *Melodists' Club* had its first meeting on Thursday, at Freemasons' Tavern, where the attendance was numerous, and the musical entertainment delicious. His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex was announced as patron, and several noblemen as vice-presidents: we will give some account of the meeting in our next Number.

VARIETIES.

Tapestry.—In the present exhibition at Paris of porcelain, tapestry, &c., a copy, manufactured at the Gobelins, of a picture by M. Van der Schuer, "Charles the Fifth visiting the church of St. Denis," is spoken of by the Parisian connoisseurs as a masterpiece of harmony and propriety.

Mr. Shield.—This celebrated composer, the father of English melody, died on Sunday last at a very advanced age. No man was ever

more popular in his day, and many of his delightful compositions will continue to charm generations yet to come.

The French Scientific Expedition to Egypt.—Letters have been received in Paris from different persons who form part of this expedition, to the middle of November; but we do not find that they contain accounts of any new discoveries of interest. In addition to the letters already published in this country, some of the French papers contain communications of less pretension, from other gentlemen, who appear to have been equally struck with the wonders of Egypt. It would seem, from their description of Cairo, that the gaieties and amusements of the French Palais Royal fall far short of the festivities of the Egyptian city.

Extremes of Heat and Cold.—The longest duration of cold, during the night, ever known at Berlin, was in 1823, from the 30th of December to the 10th of January, when the thermometer, during the twelve nights, was 10 degrees below zero of Réaumur; and in the year 1776, from the 25th January to the 2d February, the thermometer, for the ten nights, stood at the same point. In 1823, even during the day, the thermometer was constantly below zero of Fahrenheit. The greatest duration of heat was in 1826, from the 5th to the 10th of July, when the thermometer was, during the day, above 25 of Réaumur (upwards of 83 of Fahrenheit); and it was the same in 1802, from the 21st to the 25th of August. The greatest cold known in St. Petersburg was in the year 1772, when the thermometer was 35·7 below zero of Fahrenheit; and the greatest heat was in 1788, when the thermometer stood at 26·7 of Réaumur—91·4 of Fahrenheit. At Berne, in Switzerland, however, the extremes of heat and cold have occasionally been more intense than in St. Petersburg. In the year 1789 the thermometer stood, at Berne, at 24 below zero of Réaumur; and in the year 1807 the heat was, at one time, 29 of Réaumur, or 95·25 of Fahrenheit. At Montpellier, in the year 1823, the heat was so great, that for two or three days the thermometer marked more than 100 of Fahrenheit. In the year 1795 the extreme of cold at Paris was 18·8 below the freezing point of Réaumur, or 8·68 below the freezing point of Fahrenheit; and the extreme of heat in 1793 was 30·7 of Réaumur, or 99·6 of Fahrenheit.

Frederick Von Schlegel, the celebrated German lecturer and poet, died a few days ago at Vienna.

Freedom of Education.—Several Societies in Paris have combined to offer a prize of 1,600 francs for the best essay in favour of freedom of education. The principal topics to which they wish the competitors to direct their attention are, the right or expediency of the legislative, the executive, or any other public authority intermeddling with education; the necessity for any precautions or regulations upon the subject; the evils which such supposed necessity has hitherto occasioned; and the best means by which those evils may henceforth be avoided.

Yellow Fever.—A physician at Viana, in Navarre, of the name of Pagés, observed there during the last year several cases of sporadic yellow fever; which is the more remarkable, as Viana is situated amidst mountains, more than forty leagues from the sea, and as the absence of all maritime commerce excludes any idea of the importation of the malady. It did not shew itself to be contagious.

Chemistry.—The report of a committee of the Académie des Sciences, to whom the sub-

ject had been referred, speaks in terms of strong commendation of a paper by M. Serullas, respecting a new compound of chlorine and cyanogen, or perchlorate of cyanogen, cyanic acid. It is said that the facts which this chemist has discovered are of the highest importance, and that he is entitled to admiration for the courage with which he exposed himself to the serious dangers that attended his various investigations and experiments.

Vaucluse.—The lovers of romance will regret to hear that the neighbourhood of this celebrated fountain has been much deteriorated by time and the progress of society. A large paper-mill occupies the place where once stood the venerable castle of the lords of the soil. The Sorgue, formerly so poetical, is become an industrious stream, and gives motion to a number of manufactories of various kinds.

Optics.—M. de Loche, a member of the Academical Society of Savoy, has published an account of an optical phenomenon, on which he bestows the name of "apparent translucidity," because it consists in giving the effect of transparency to an opaque body interposed between one of the eyes of the observer and a distant object, in such a manner that the details of that object are projected on the surface of the opaque body, and that the two images are seen in superposition.

New Thermometer.—A horizontal thermometer has been invented at Paris, of which report speaks highly. A letter from M. de Humboldt characterises it as an admirable instrument.

Homography.—Such is the name (implying that the representation is derived directly from the object represented,) which the inventor of a new mode of lithography devoted to the representation of plants has given to his invention. The Académie des Sciences has referred the consideration of it to a committee.

Egyptian Cubit.—M. Jomard has lately published a letter on a new cubit, recently found at Memphis by M. Drovetti, comparing it with the various measures of the same description hitherto known; and with which it appears to agree in essential respects, although it differs from them in minute particulars.

A Tough morsel.—A French writer, speaking of the relative situation of England and Ireland, says that the larger island devoured the smaller, but has never been able to digest it!

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

A second edition is preparing of an *Itinerary of Provence and the Rhone*, made during the year 1819, by John Hughes, A.M. of Oriel College, Oxford, and illustrated by views from the drawings of De Wint, and engraved by W. B. Cooke, G. Cooke, and J. C. Allen, uniform with Batty and other European scenery.

Mr. Valpy is now publishing a series of School and College Greek Classics, with English notes, in a duodecimo form; the *Medea* and *Hecuba* of Euripides, as well as the *Œdipus* of Sophocles, are ready; and *Thucydides*, *Hærodotus*, *Xenophon*, &c. are to follow in succession.

Mr. Atherton announces the second volume of his poem entitled the *Fall of Nineveh*, for March next.

The extensive historical work by Sir James Mackintosh, so long expected, is now so nearly ready for the press, that the first volume will, we are assured, appear in the early part of the ensuing season. Contemporaneously with this work, Sir James has been induced to prepare for the Cabinet Cyclopædia a *Popular History of England*, forming three volumes of that publication. Such a sketch of English history has been long a desideratum in our literature.

The *Natural History* of several new and beautiful Living Objects for the Microscope, with the Phenomena presented by them under observation, &c. illustrated by coloured engravings, from drawings of the actual Living Subjects, by C. R. Goring, M.D. and Andrew Pritchard, will shortly appear in Paris.

Miss Isabel Hill is about to publish a volume of *Holyday Dreams*, or *Light Reading in Poetry and Prose*. This authoress six years ago made a favourable impression on the literary world by a drama called the *Foot's Child*; *Constance*, a prose tale; and *Zephaniah*, or the

Amulet, a poem;—and has since contributed to some of the *Annals*, and other periodical works.

French Voyage of Discovery.—The voyage round the world performed by Captain Duperrey, in the *Coquille*, during the years 1822, 1823, 1824, and 1825, is now in a course of publication at Paris. This work will be in four divisions: 1. Zoological; 2. Botanical; 3. The History of the Voyage; 4. Hydrographical and Physical. The Zoological division (two volumes 4to., with an atlas of about 140 coloured plates), edited by Messrs. Lesson and Gaimard, will be in twenty-six Numbers, eight of which are now on sale. The Botanical division (one volume 4to., with an atlas of about 115 plates, twenty-six coloured), edited by Messrs. Bory de Saint-Vincent and Adolphe Brongniart, from the materials collected by M. Durville, the botanist of the expedition, will immediately follow: four Numbers of it are on sale. The History of the Voyage (two volumes 4to., with an atlas of sixty coloured plates), to which are annexed vocabularies of savage languages, will be published concurrently with the Zoological division: two Numbers are on sale. The Hydrographical, Nautical, and Physical division (one volume 4to., with an atlas of fifty coloured plates) will be published in the course of the year.—Judging from the Numbers which have appeared, this will be a publication of great value. The History of the Voyage will be the more interesting, as the navigators had the opportunity of successively visiting and comparing the two opposite coasts of South America; and, farther, of comparing New Zealand and New Holland, as well as Oceania with Polynesia. The numerous vocabularies will afford abundant matter for philological study. The zoological and botanical Numbers which have appeared are exceedingly curious; and the plates are splendid.

In the Press. Part I. of a Catalogue Raisonné of the Works of the most eminent Dutch, Flemish, and French Painters, with a copious description of their principal Pictures, the prices they have at various times been sold for on the Continent and in England, and a reference to the Galleries and Private Collections in which a large portion of them are at present,—the names of the artists by whom they have been engraved, with other incidental observations; by John Smith, picture-dealer, Great Marlborough Street.—A second edition of Mr. Derwent Conway's *Society Walks through Many Lands: A Personal Narrative of a Journey through Norway*, &c. by the same author, is to form an early volume of Constable's Miscellany.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Winstanley on the Arts, &c. 8vo. 5s. bds.—Jennings' *Paris*, Part I. 4to. 5s.; India paper, 10s.—Treatise on Surveying and Plan Drawing, 8vo. 6d. bds.—Lady's Library, Part I. 2s. 6d. sd.—*Flowers of Amboise* and *Wit*, 18mo. 5s. bds.—*Old Ways and New Ways*, folio, 6s. sd.; coloured, 12s. sd.—*Westall's Great Britain*, Part I. 4to. 5s.; India paper, 10s.—*Q's First Spelling Book*, 18mo. 2s. 6d.; coloured, 3s. 6d. bds.—*Tales of Passion*, by the Author of *Gilbert Earl*, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d. bds.—*The Living and the Dead*, *Stanzas*, series, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—*Pratt's Laws relating to Property*, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—*Anglo-Saxon Grammar*, Vol. VII. 4to. 11s. 6d. bds.—*Tales*, by the Author of *Antiquities to Mummies*, 18mo. 6s. bds.—*Cicero's Prose of Cato*, 8vo. 6s. 6d. bds.—*Libes Scholasticus*, an Account of Fellowships, &c. 18mo. 6d. bds.—*Stegall's Manual for Apothecaries' Hall*, 18mo. 5s. bds.—*Horne's Manual of Parochial Psalmody*, 18mo. 1s. 6d. canvas; 4s. fine, black calf.—*Henshaw's Psalm and Hymn Tunes for Horne's Manual*, 6s. sd.—*Mémoires du Maréchal Suchet*, Vol. I. 8vo. 10s. 6d. sd.—*A Second Judgment of Babylon the Great*, 9 vols. post 8vo. 11. 1s. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1829.

January.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 22	From 19. to 29.	29.73 to 29.62
Friday .. 23	19. — 21.	29.56 — 29.50
Saturday .. 24	18. — 27.	29.57 — 29.55
Sunday .. 25	19. — 26.	29.58 — 29.61
Monday .. 26	22. — 34.	29.06 — 30.12
Tuesday .. 27	34. — 41.	29.12 Stationary
Wednesday 28	31. — 42.	29.98 to 29.51

Wind variable, prevailing S.E. and N.E.
Generally cloudy, mowing frequently during the 26th: a heavy shower of rain on the morning of the 27th.
Edinburgh. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Latitude 51° 37' 33" N.
Longitude 0 31 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

As anxious to give our readers, and especially those distant from London, as perfect an idea as we could of that most extraordinary work the Colosseum, we have this week devoted a considerable space to its illustration, owing to which we are rather cramped in other parts, and obliged to abridge and defer many things intended for publication. Should any further references to, or explanations of, our plate appear to be necessary, we shall return to the subject next week.

We cannot yet approve of C. A. sufficiently for insertion: nor of J. B. of Trinity College.

We must negative Warkworth.
Much as we admire P. A.'s subject, we are sorry to say we think his lines want regularity and originality.—T. M. also declined.

To Virgil Vernon: we are not in the habit of inserting extracts from unpublished poems.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

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Literary Distress (involving an Author of great Learning and Virtue, and a numerous Domestic Circle), having been divulged in the hope of Aid, where circumstances rendered that Aid impossible, the noble example of the benevolent Fostate at the Head of the *Standard List* has led to a voluntary Subscription, which promises to fulfil all the good proposed by it; but which this public means is taken to promote, in consequence of the time lost, and inconvenience experienced, in seeking private Contributions.

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John Beane, Esq.	5	Esq.	5
H. Colburn, Esq.	5	Editor of "Literary Ga-	10
The Rev. W. Little Bowles	5	zette"	10
Messrs. Drummonds	5	J. Murray, Esq.	5
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Rev. G. Croly	5	The Hon. G. Agar Ellis	5
L. d. C.	5	Messrs. Hoare	10
The Rev. C. Hare Townshend	5	S. at, ditto	5
T. H. S. (at Mr. Scripps)	1	A Friend to Literature (as a	5
		Loss)	5
			500

The receipt of this generous aid has rendered it necessary to repeat this advertisement only once more in the journals, by which it is believed that the further sum required (not more than a similar amount), will be obtained.
Subscriptions will be received by Messrs. Hoare, Bankers, Fleet Street; and by Mr. Scripps, at the "Literary Gazette" Office.

BATH AND WEST OF ENGLAND SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF AGRICULTURE, ARTS, MANUFACTURES, AND COMMERCE.

At the Annual Meeting of the above Society, held Tuesday, Dec. 9, 1828.

WM. DICKINSON, Esq. M.P., V.P., in the Chair.

The following Premiums were offered:
1. To the individual in any part of Great Britain who shall, in the most satisfactory manner, discuss the question, whether, as a national object, it is desirable to Great Britain to raise such a supply of fine carding wool as may limit, or supersede, the necessity for foreign importation?—a premium of 50s.
2. For a satisfactory account of the advantages derived from giving salt to not fewer than 50 sheep; to cattle not fewer than six; and to horses not fewer than four;—a premium of Twenty-five guineas.

3. For the best Essay on the improvements in agriculture that have been successfully introduced into this kingdom within the last fifty years,—an honorary reward proportioned to merit.
4. For a clear and explicit account of any new experiment in husbandry which the writer has himself made, and which the Society shall deem of an interesting nature,—an honorary reward proportioned to merit.

5. For the best Treatise, showing where any crop may be beneficially introduced between crops now commonly cultivated, either as a food for animals on the land, or on lands incapable of sustaining animals, by ploughing to or otherwise to ascertain if an addition can be made to the existing produce of arable land, at stages when it would be otherwise considered unproductive,—a premium of 10s.
6. To the person who shall ascertain the cause, and suggest the best mode of prevention and cure, of scouring in cattle, observable by their feeding on different pastures; and more particularly in those depastured during the summer months on lands lying under beds of the blue lias, in the marsh districts of Somersetshire.—10s.

7. To the person who, in the year 1831 shall give the most satisfactory account of the cause and cure of barrenness in fruit-trees, including a practical examination of the opinions and experiments which have been published by Mr. Lyeon, on the subject of barking trees as a remedy for this defect.—10s.

8. For the best practical Treatise on the means of converting vegetable food, comprehending all the natural and artificial grasses, hay, roots, and green vegetables, into animal,—to embrace the subject of selling, the economy of manure, and any other information which may promote the object of this premium.—Twenty guineas.

9. For the best practical Essay on the better management and improvement of parish roads.—5s.

By Order, B. LEIGH LYE, Sub-Treasurer and Sec.

10. Essays in claim of the Premiums to be awarded this year to be sent to the Secretary on or before the 1st of September 1829.

To the Nobility, Clergy, and Literary Public.

W. STRONG, BOOKSELLER, BRISTOL.

TOL, begs to announce, that he has purchased the Business, together with the whole of the well-known and valuable COLLECTION OF BOOKS, formed with great care for nearly half a Century, by the late Mr. GILBERT DYER, Bookseller, Exeter, and to which many rare and important Works have been added by his Son and Successor.

W. H. flatters himself that from the possession of the above important Stock and Business at Exeter; in addition to his Bristol Collection, and from his exclusive attention to the Bookselling Business, he shall be able to afford Collectors an opportunity of enriching their Libraries with many singularly curious and valuable Books which are of rare occurrence, and which have not appeared in modern Catalogues. And to the Universities, Public Libraries, and Institutions, a similar opportunity will be afforded of making their Libraries more complete.

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Part II. will be published with all possible speed, and will contain Foreign Theology.
Libraries purchased and Books exchanged.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, FALL

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The Gallery for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British Artists, including the Pictures of His late Majesty presenting the Sword to Earl Howe, on board the *Queen Charlotte*, after the Victory of the First of June, 1794; and Lord Nelson bearing the *Victory*, off Cape St. Vincent, presented by the British Institution to the Royal Hospital of Greenwich, will be opened on Monday next, Feb. 2d, and continue open daily, from Ten in the Morning until Five in the Evening.
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No. 629.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1829.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

A History of England from the First Invasion by the Romans, &c. By J. Lingard, D.D. Vol. VII. 4to. pp. 636. London, 1829. Baldwin and Craddock; and B. Fellowes.

THIS, the penultimate volume of Dr. Lingard's great work, carries on his History from the establishment of the Commonwealth, 1649, to the year 1673; the remainder of the reign of Charles, and that of James, being intended for the concluding volume. Like those which have preceded it, the present portion of Dr. L.'s labours is very ably written; and, speaking of it simply in a literary point of view, is deserving of a high eulogium. Whether the author is partial, whether he suppresses or mistakes, we leave it to critics who have more leisure for inquiry and comparison to determine: it is enough for us to observe, that great talents are evident throughout, that the style is good, and that the reader is borne along by the narrative in a very agreeable manner; while the foot references shew that the author has not been sparing of research. Considering, perhaps, that, as a Roman Catholic, Dr. Lingard must have strong feelings towards *epo sile*, and, it is now than probable, proposed to himself to advance the cause and the cause of his religion by this History,—it is but just to confess, that there is an apparent fairness in his statements, which is well calculated to obtain belief for them, and which could only be shaken by such arguments and proofs as have been brought against some of his former quotations and assertions. We enter no farther into the question; but proceed to notice the principal features developed in the volume before us, as a specimen of its other and more general characteristics.

In 1609, it is said, Dr. Heylin's History of the Reformation shook "the credulity" of James, the Duke of York, and led to his re-stabilisation with the Church of Rome:—

"He was not blind," it seems, "to the dangers to which such a change would expose him; and he therefore purposed to continue outwardly in communion with the established church, while he attended at the Catholic service in private. But, to his surprise, he learned from Symonds, a Jesuit missionary, that no dispensation could authorise such duplicity of conduct: a similar answer was returned to the same question from the pope; and James immediately took his resolution. He communicated to the king in private that he was determined to embrace the Catholic faith; and Charles, without hesitation, replied, that he was of the same mind, and would consult with the duke on the subject in the presence of Lord Arundel, Lord Arlington, and Arington's confidential friend, Sir Thomas Clifford. Of these three, the first was a known Catholic; the other two had hitherto professed themselves Protestants, but more for fashion's sake, than through any real attachment to the *shined* creed. They, like most others in the higher circles of society at that period, had, in

the language of James, 'their religion still to choose.' The meeting was held in the duke's closet. Charles, with tears in his eyes, lamented the hardship of being compelled to profess a religion which he did not approve, declared his determination to emancipate himself from this restraint, and requested the opinion of those present, as to the most eligible means of effecting his purpose with safety and success. They advised him to communicate his intention to Louis, and to solicit the powerful aid of that monarch. Here occurs a very interesting question,—was Charles sincere or not? That of the two churches he preferred the more ancient, there can be no doubt. Both the Duke of Ormond and Daniel O'Nial had seen reason to suspect him of a secret leaning towards the Catholic worship about the time of the conferences at the Pyrenees; and he had recently avowed the same to Arlington and Clifford. But the king's religious belief was of his own creation."

Now, however, the secret negotiation with Louis proceeded with great activity; and that infamous treaty of 1670, alluded to by Mr. Fox in his Life of James II., but the existence of any copy of which has been doubted, was the result. Of this bargain, Dr. L. remarks:

"Though much was afterwards said, little was certainly known. All the parties concerned, both the sovereigns and the negotiators, observed an impenetrable secrecy. What became of the copy transmitted to France, is unknown: its counterpart was confided to the custody of Sir Thomas Clifford, and is still in the keeping of his descendant, the Lord Clifford of Chudleigh. The principal articles were: 1. That the King of England should publicly profess himself a Catholic at such time as should appear to him most expedient; and subsequently to that profession should join with Louis in a war against the Dutch republic, at such time as the most Christian king should judge proper: 2. That to enable the King of England to suppress any insurrection which might be occasioned by his conversion, the King of France should grant him an aid of two millions of livres, by two payments, at the expiration of three months, and six months after the ratification of the treaty; and should also assist him with an armed force of six thousand men, if the service of such a force should be thought necessary: 3. That Louis should observe inviolably the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, and Charles be allowed to maintain that treaty in conformity with the conditions of the triple alliance: 4. That if, eventually, any new rights on the Spanish monarchy should accrue to the King of France, the King of England should aid him with all his power in the acquisition of those rights: 5. That both princes should make war on the United Provinces, and that neither should conclude peace or truce with them without the advice and consent of his ally: 6. That the King of France should take on himself the whole charge of the war by land, receiving from England an auxiliary force of six thousand men: 7. That by sea Charles should fur-

nish fifty, Louis thirty, men of war; that the combined fleet should be placed under the command of the Duke of York; and that, to enable the King of England to support the charge of the naval armament, he should receive every year of the war the sum of three millions of livres from the King of France: 8. That out of the conquests which might be made during the war, his Britannic majesty should be satisfied with Walcheren, Sluys, and the island of Cadzand; and that, in separate articles, provision should be made for the interests of the Prince of Orange, so that he might find his advantage in the war: 9. And that, to unite more closely the interests and affections of the subjects of both crowns, the treaty of commerce already commenced should be speedily concluded."

Some curious and disgraceful political manoeuvring ensued, one of the chief objects of which was to mystify the Duke of Buckingham, and his colleagues Aahley and Lauderdale. Dalrymple, whose Memoirs are the most statesman-like and sagacious of any published relative to the period, is referred to for the fact, that Buckingham, "the dupe, had the satisfaction of concluding a treaty, of which he vainly deemed himself the author, but which in reality was a mere copy of the former, with the sole omission of the article respecting religion."

Who were the cheaters, and who the cheats, it is not easy to decide at this late hour: it was a time of utter profligacy and prostitution; and it is hardly uncharitable to surmise, that the principal actors generally were a set of selfish and unprincipled scoundrels. During epochs of long repose and political tranquillity, men have few temptations to tempt them to swerve from honesty and tolerable consistency; but this is circumstance—not human nature. When struggle comes, when interests clash, when sudden and violent transitions take place, as in all cases of revolution, whether ministerial or national, the baser principles invariably rush into play, and the baser persons acquire the most notorious ascendancy (for where virtue exists, it seeks refuge in retirement); and we witness such scenes as the English commonwealth and the French republic exhibited, to the dismay and regret of all lovers of true liberty. Nay, were we to look no farther back than the last twelve months of our own history, what a frightful aspect of trimming and tergiversation would meet our eyes—in a hundred barefaced instances; a stain upon the boasted independence and honour of the British character! Men following servilely that which they bitterly opposed; supporting that which they swore their lives were pledged to resist; and, more contemptible and miserable still, vacillating this way and that, in a disposition not unworthy of the profligate days of Charles, till they can ascertain which creed, political or religious, it will best suit their interests to choose. But let us return to our historian of older date, for a pattern,—

"To all an example, to no one a pattern"—he continues from our last extract:

"To this farce was added another. When the first instalment became due, Louis inquired of his good brother, whether he was yet prepared to make the declaration of his Catholicity? Charles replied, that he thought it advisable previously to consult the pope, and to obtain such conditions as might render the change less objectionable to his people. This answer was approved; and, in consequence, a vigorous attempt was made to induce him to join in the war first, and publish his conversion afterwards. But the king was inflexible, and to a second requisition replied, that he could discover no person fit to be trusted with so delicate a negotiation. Louis offered the bishop of Laon, whose services were accepted; but, in a few days, it occurred to Charles that the reigning pontiff was old and infirm, and that it would be more prudent to wait till the accession of his successor: next, he determined to employ an Englishman, and spent some time before he named the president of the English college at Douai; then he contrived to obtain a delay of three months, under pretence of framing and amending the instructions to be given to this envoy; and at last honestly declared that existing circumstances compelled him to postpone the execution of his design to some more favourable opportunity. A year later Louis returned to the same subject, and Charles objected religious scruples, which made him desirous of consulting some celebrated theologian, but a theologian also skilled in chemistry, that the subject of their conversations might be supposed to be his favourite science! Soon afterwards he determined to make the celebration of mass in English, and the administration of the sacrament under both forms the indispensable conditions of his conversion. But Louis was then satisfied: he had obtained his purpose of drawing the king into the war, and therefore ceased to call for a declaration, which must have rendered him a useless and burdensome ally."

Upon this picture of chicanery, why should we dwell? We only append, in the form of a note, the second article of the secret treaty, as given us by Dr. Lingard, on the authority of the original, in the possession of Lord Clifford; it is a memorable and extraordinary document.

"Le Seigneur Roy de la Grande-Bretagne étant convaincu de la vérité de la religion Catholique, et résolu d'en faire sa déclaration, et de se réconcilier avec l'Eglise Romaine, aussy tost que le bien des affaires de son royaume luy pourra permettre, a tout sujet d'espérer et de se permettre de l'affection et de la fidélité de ses sujets qu'aucun d'eux, mesme de ceux sur qui Dieu n'aura pas encore assez abondamment répandu ses grâces pour les disposer par cet exemple à l'auguste et se convertir, ne manqueront jamais à l'obéissance inviolable que tous les peuples doivent à leurs souverains mesme de religion contraire; n'antmoins, comme il se trouve quelques fois des esprits brouillons et inquiets, qui s'efforcent de troubler la tranquillité publique, principalement lorsqu'ils peuvent couvrir leurs mauvaises desseins du prétexte plausible de religion; sa majesté de la Grande-Bretagne, qui n'a rien plus à cœur (après le repos de sa conscience) que d'affermir celui que la douceur de son gouvernement a procuré à ses sujets, a cru que le meilleur moyen d'empêcher qu'il ne fust altéré, seroit d'estre assuré en cas de besoin de l'assistance de sa majesté très-chrétienne, laquelle voulant en cette occasion donner au Seigneur Roy de la Grande-Bretagne des preuves indubitables de la sincérité de son amitié, et contribuer au bon succès d'un dessein si glorieux, si utile à sa majesté de la Grande-Bretagne, mesme à toute la religion Catholique, a promis et promet de donner pour cet effet au dit Seigneur Roy de la Grande-Bretagne la somme de deux millions de livres tournoises, dont la moitié sera payée trois mois après l'échange des ratifications du présent traité, en espèce à l'ordre dudit Seigneur Roy de la Grande-Bretagne à Calais, Dieppe, ou bien au Havre de Grace, ou remis par lettres de change à Londres au risque, péril, et frais, dudit Seigneur Roy très-chrétien; et l'autre moitié de la mesme manière dans trois mois après; et en outre ledit Seigneur Roy très-chrétien s'oblige d'assister de troupes sa majesté de la Grande-Bretagne, jusqu'au nombre de six mille hommes de pied, s'il est besoin, et mesme de les lever et entretenir à ses propres frais et dépens, tant que ledit Seigneur Roy de la Grande-Bretagne jugera en avoir besoin pour l'exécution de son dessein; et ledites troupes seront transportées par les vaisseaux du Roy de la Grande-Bretagne en tels lieux

et ports qu'il jugera le plus à propos pour la bien de son service; et du jour de leur embarquement seront payées, ainsy qu'il est dit, par sa majesté très-chrétienne, et obéiront aux ordres du dit Seigneur Roy de la Grande-Bretagne, et le temps de ladite déclaration de Catholicité est entièrement remis au choix dudit Seigneur Roy de la Grande-Bretagne."

Tales of a Voyager to the Arctic Ocean.
Second Series. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1829.
Colburn.

WHERE will our novel-writers go next for *matériel*?—Jew and Gentile, east and west, high and low, have been already depicted: the Hottentots seem the only people whose manners, customs, &c. have not been illustrated by a novel. Our Arctic Voyager had all the advantage of an unknown country and a sounding title: they ushered him into society, and his reception has been such as to induce a second appearance, to which we are well inclined to give a cordial reception. Two of the stories are excellent of their kind: the one, Letitia, of fearful involution, turns upon a mysterious murder; the second, the T-man, has much humour, and in one part excites even intense interest: the others are about the common standard of magazine tales—rather amusing, but inferior to their competitors. The two which we have mentioned as our favourites occupy each nearly a volume, and detached parts would give little idea of their sustained effect; we will therefore recommend them very deservedly, and take a few chance leaves from our Voyager's diary.

"A young seal became my guest, after receiving, or fancying itself to have received, the contents of a fowling-piece in its body. This animal, by a little attention and coaxing, grew placid enough to eat and grunt, a degree of good humour not frequently exhibited by a captive phoca. It fed with a good appetite upon raw flesh and fat, upon 'grout,' or boiled oatmeal, and upon bergoo, or oatmeal stirred with hot water to the consistence of hasty pudding; and it took great delight in swallowing lumps of ice and pellets of snow, by way of dessert. When brought out of its kennel to be washed, it shewed all possible inclination to return to its former state of freedom, and snapped at any one who offered to interrupt its hasty career towards the sea. But when the deck was covered with snow, it exhibited the joy of a horse let loose into a field; it snorted and pranced about to the best of its ability, and rolled upon its back, and extended its limbs, to increase the genial impressions of its couch, with that serene gratification of look expressed by a fat sow made happy by a bed of mud. At other times, scratching its head and back was a sure way to win its approbation; and it demonstrated its pleasure at the attention, by accommodating its position to the hand, and expanding its hide to facilitate the operation, while its flippers moved mechanically, as if to assist in the performance. All persons, however, were not equally well received, even as flatterers and back-scratchers—a fact which seemed to shew that poor 'Bonze' possessed some powers of discrimination; for, although the most harmless and interesting of seals, he had a great number of enemies among the crew."

The sailors being blocked in by ice, resort to the following charm:—

"The spell consisted in thrusting pins into the heart of a small animal, such as a gull or a mallehneck, and afterwards throwing it, thus transfixed, into the fire, there to remain till it was consumed. The reader will be disposed to doubt my sincerity, when I tell him that this ridiculous mummery was actually

performed 'betwixt decks' by part of our crew. Another of these magic agencies in the capture of whales, ought to have been mentioned when the spanning of harpoons was described, as it formed part of the ceremonies used during that preparation for the fishery. This is the insertion of various pieces of riband between the strands of the foreganger, or rope immediately connected with the harpoon, which are supposed to confer luck on the instrument thus adorned. Small silver coins are sometimes appended to the ribands to increase their power; but when the garters of the fair, presented by their own hands to the amorous whale-fisher, can be affixed by the favoured lover to his line, the hopes attached to his boat are still more auspicious, and he wields his weapon with confidence proportioned to its augmented merits."

A walk on one of the floes (large bodies of ice) would seem almost to realise the old nursery song of,

Sliding on the ice all of a summer's day.

"The water was like glass, clear and smooth, and reflecting the heavens, and the images of a thousand elevations and grotesque variations of the marble shore. Not a breeze played over its brilliant surface, nor did a wave ripple beneath the hollow margin of the floe. We could perceive medusæ trailing their scarlet fibrils deep within the transparent element, while the tongues or jutting bases of the ice were seen extending out from the main body in magnificent expansions, 'full fathom five' below the spectator. The awful depth to which the sight can penetrate by the assistance of these irregular projections, is a source of the sublime to be found only in these regions of grandeur and peculiar beauty. Under a bright clear sky, the alabaster whiteness of the tongues reflects the light, though buried far beneath the surface of the water, and the visual faculty seems to acquire power as it descends from shelf to shelf, and from point to point, into the profound abyss of the ocean."

"When the sea is but faintly coloured, its tints are most evident while flowing over the projections of the flaw; and the beauty of a sapphire liquid, foiled by a sheet of snowy ice, is transcendent. Green-tinted water affords a sight less pleasing; but a splendid medusa, sailing slowly above the marble rock, glitters like a brilliant jewel composed of a thousand gems. As we continued our progress along the floe, the heat of the sun, reflected from its surface, became oppressive. Forgetful of my former condition, I first threw off my coat, and next flung open my vest, to admit the refreshing atmosphere to my bosom. I felt as thirsty as if I were toiling along a dusty road, copious perspiration bedewed my limbs, my back seemed to burn in the noon-tide rays; and I looked around on the wild realm of ice, and the wide expanse of water, half doubting that I was in the latitude of Spitzbergen."

"On the present occasion, our Zetland improvisatori were particularly animated in their extemporaneous effusions, and ran round the capstern rapidly, to words signifying their hope of soon sharing an allowance of spirits; a luxury of which our prudential regime had deprived them whilst we remained beset, occasionally varying their exclamations with anticipations of the other benefits they expected to obtain by the deliverance of the vessel from her icy fetters. The limit of the choral expression is always marked by the velocity with which the leader of the band, that is, the individual who first gives out the stave, completes a *drap-en*

the look as he hovers round his har, and he resumes his chant at the same spot at which it was begun. Hence, when the circulations of the performers are quickened by the yielding of the obstruction to the wind-ing in of the warp, and the velocity of the turns will not allow of the repetition of the canticle first set up, the quize break into some other more brief outcry, suited to their movement; and at times, especially when reinforced by an action of hands, they whirl round the cap-stern with the utmost swiftness, shrieking, laughing, dancing, and flinging out their heels, like a company of savage revellers capering about some object of convivial worship with extravagant demonstrations of mental and bodily excitement. Such was the glee and glad-ness upon of our Highlandmen, when they found the Leviathan, so long immovable, and consequently unprofitable, now gliding onward with increasing speed towards freedom and the possibility of exercising her whale-capturing functions. No sooner had they got the ship under way, and felt her yield to the impulse of their warp, as if she gradually awoke from a deep lethargy, and slowly resumed her sus-pended family of motion, than they began their song, one of them striking up, seemingly with the first idea that entered his imagina-tion, while the others caught at his words, and repeated them to a kind of Chinese melody; the whole at length uniting their voices into one chant, which, though evidently the out-putting of a jovial spirit, had, from its un-erased tone and constant echo of the same ex-pression, a half-wild, half-melancholy effect upon the ear. The foreign accent of the sing-ers (for the Shetland natives have a strikingly peculiar twang in their pronunciation) con-tributed not a little to invest their music with a strange imposing character; while the strong contrast between the import of their exclamation and its somewhat dirge-like accompani-ment of voice, gave their stave a serio-comic air, well illustrated by the ludicrous display of angry feelings depicted on the habitually grave and simple countenances of the performers. As the vessel advanced, gathering swiftness from the increased efforts of the capstern heavers, and to the momentum she had received from their previous exertion, and the strain upon the warp, yielding rapidly to the increasing resistance of the wen, allowed them to run ahead with their haws at a pace more soul-stir-ving than their first movements had afforded, and they grew fast and furious. It had begun with 'Yah! yah! here's a full ship for the wren, and a full panikie for Peattie Peyster-son, le lalle, le lalle, le lalle'; but this soon, after many repetitions, was changed for one of briefer duration and more expressive import, as they courged after each other with increasing rapidity; their steps grew frolic-some, and their voices were elevated till they rose with energy; they shouted, shrieked, and sang; and at length they wanted no-thing requisite to make them true representa-tives of a troop of roving bacchanals, but the drummers perched upon the drumhead of the wren, and some of that good liquor whose consumption had thus inspired them with quick spirit.

After some ornithological descriptions, the author says—

"Another kind of bird at this time began to attract my attention by its lively motion, its wild and singular cry, and the vast flock it formed in the mornings and evenings of the days we passed near the coast of Green-land. This was the roach or roach, (also alle, or

little auk,) a bird of the size of a dove, but shaped more like a duck or a dabchick, pos-sessing a quick eye, and a facility of diving which often enabled it to avoid the contents of a fowling-piece, though the shot flew direct to the spot it had occupied. Its call, resembling in some degree a sudden burst of shrill quaint laughter, or more closely the instrumental music from a piece of tin beat double over a strip of ribbon, with which Punch summons a congre-gation to view his antics in the streets of Lon-don, was heard on every side, and every piece of ice and hole of water was visited by numerous groups of these active little animals, whose oft-repeated note and unceasing restlessness pro-duced an agreeably animated effect amidst the scenery they frequented. Indeed, they became great favourites with me, especially after I learnt that a sea-pie was improved by the addition of several of them to its other contents, and I never let an opportunity slip of procuring a supply for this especial purpose. The roach appears to feed only on shrimps and water-in-sects, and together with the loom, a bird ap-proximating closely to it in plumage and con-figuration, though considerably larger, forms the ordinary game of these seas; for filmars and the gull tribe are never eaten, except when short allowance, or weariness of the ship's pro-visions, renders them palatable. The other feathered inhabitants of the Greenland ocean, though eatable and esteemed as delicacies—the elder duck, the dovekie, the snow bunting, &c. are too seldom met with in sufficient abundance to constitute a source of food; but their absence I considered well supplied, in a reflective point of view, by the myriads of roaches that offered themselves to our palates."

The pleasures of the arctic regions may be surmised from the following:—

"We chiefly had a continuation of thick weather, with repeated showers of rain, and alternate calms and gales. Every substance that could imbibe moisture became literally soaked with fluid, either poured down upon it from the clouds, or condensed upon it from the mists that penetrated into the recesses of our vessel, while whatever delights I had experienced amongst these regions of splendid beauty were equalled by the miseries which ac-cumulated round me now. It would, indeed, be beyond the powers of imagination to conceive the dismal aspect that presents itself on all sides, and in all situations, to the Arctic voy-ager, during this portion of his wanderings. On deck, he sees his ship moored almost con-stantly to a sheet of ice, whose dull white mar-gin is just perceptible beneath the skirts of a murky cloud, which hangs like a cumbrous cur-tain over the floe. Above him, the slackened cordage, half hidden in mist, gathers a heavy load of moisture, which it lets fall in sudden showers upon his head, as the vessel rolls and heaves lazily upon the sullen tide. Close around him, the damp fog spreads its shilling wreaths, as if wrapping him in a wet embrace. He feels his warmth abstracted, while the drizzly at-mosphere clings coldly to his frame, seeming to penetrate his garments, and apply itself immedi-ately to his skin. He hears nothing but the dreary echoes of the sea, swelling up beneath the hollowed edges of the ice, and breaking in monotonous and regularly repeated murmurs amongst its labyrinths; or if, occasionally, sounds of animation strike his ear, they are but the sudden dropping of a malleum unseen into the water, and its succeeding noisy paddling towards him, to discover what food may be obtained in his vicinity. Below, all is dulness, gloominess, and want of cheer. He still finds

the cold, dank air around him, even at the fire-side; he sees its heavy charge deposited on the walls or bulkheads of his retreat, and trickling down in countless streams towards the deck or floor; he hears nothing but the endless and sad forebodings of the discontented whalefishers, and, unless he can inspire them with hope and liveliness, or engage them in some interesting recital, he must retire to his bed-cabin, to read in peace and warmth, or sit by the stove and keep chime with the forlorn knell of disap-pointment tolled out by his associates.

"For the sailors there was occupation, in the cleansing of bears' and seals' hides,—a task performed by first spreading a thick layer of saw-dust over the skin, and rolling it up tight-ly, then enclosing it, thus prepared, in a stout bag, filled also with saw-dust, and subjecting it either to long-continued threshing with a flail, or to a perpetual slow revolution, produced by treading upon it with the feet. For this latter purpose, the operator is placed between two ice-poles, fixed horizontally at a proper height for him to support himself upon his hands, whilst he walks backwards, kneading the sack containing the bear's skin and saw-dust with his heels, as he steps heavily in a retrograde direc-tion. The object of these processes is to excite a degree of heat in the hide that will melt out its grease, which the saw-dust absorbs, as it repeatedly shifts its position round the felt during the motion to which it is subjected. Dressed in this manner, a bear or seal's skin loses its stiffness, its oiliness, and its dingy hue, and becomes soft and supple to the feeling, and glossy in appearance."

The chief faults of our author are, "spin-ning his yarn" somewhat too lengthily, and a taste for doing fine and philosophical in the way of description: but, take them all in all, these are very amusing volumes, and will, we think, be popular among a large class of readers.

The Living and the Dead. By a Country Curate. Second Series. Vol. II. 12mo. pp. 311. London, 1829. H. Colburn.

MR. ERSKINE NEALE, the author of these volumes, is, we believe, a curate at Liverpool, and a relative of the late Mr. Archibald Constable. In consequence of the latter circum-stance, it is probable he obtained that informa-tion about the Byron family, Joanna Baillie, Archdeacon Daubeny, and other literary per-sons, which excited a considerable stir when his first performance appeared; and for the par-ticulars of which we beg to refer to our Nos. 529, 532, (March 10th and 31st, 1827.) We then spoke of Mr. Neale as of a spirited and clever writer, whose chief fault was the close juxtaposition of the facetious and serious; but whose work altogether was possessed of much interest and powers of entertainment. The same remarks apply to his second attempt—the touching and rational is generally praise-worthy; the sportive and satirical by no means equally successful. We shall, for these reasons, follow our own example, and repeat our course, by extracting a sufficient number of miscel-laneous quotations to justify our criticism, and to illustrate the character of the production before us.

The first paper, or rather the frame-work, is entitled "A Country Curate's Pilgrimage," and describes the various "noticeable" people in the cures to which the historiographer was called: thus, at Hornchurch we have the por-trait of a widow lady:—

"Mrs. Dysart was 'a woman of parts.' She aspired to this character, and did her best to support it. 'I'm no French scholar,' was her

daily exclamation, 'and I scorn deceit. Education has done nothing for me. I'm a *literal* woman. But Providence has blessed me with parts, and I feel I can use them.' Often did I wish, and hundreds, I can vouch for it, have done the same, that she had not been quite so literal, and that education had done more for her. She would ask such excruciating questions, and talk at times, notwithstanding her parts, such ineffable nonsense, that it was almost martyrdom to listen to her. She was fond of asserting that the climate of Devonshire and India was 'much the same,' and that she had 'a brother who died at Torquay, on the fifth of February, of a *coup de l'isle*.' 'So you were born at Morpeth,' said she to a gawky Northumbrian; 'pray did you know my father?' 'No.' 'Well! I am amazed! Why, he was the encumbrance of the living for upwards of forty years!' Moreover, she had the most unfortunate memory imaginable. Any family misfortune, mis-alliance, divorce, elopement, any blot in a noble escutcheon, any event or occurrence, death or duel, which, from its nature or consequences, was better forgotten, was faithfully treasured up in her memory, and produced, 'time, place, and occasion fitting.' Thus I heard her ask a Mr. Shirley whether it was true that Earl Ferrers was hung in a silken cord, and went in his own coach to Tyburn? because, 'as one of the family, you must know; so do tell me all about it.'—'Marlow! Marlow!' said she, on being introduced to a gentleman of that name; 'why, there was a Lady Marlow that went off with a Colonel Clavering: a very pretty woman she was; and mightily was the affair canvassed at the time. Pray, sir, are you any relation?' She was addressing the son.—'Manesty! Manesty!' said she, at a large dinner; 'I've heard that name before I'm sure.' She looked full in the face of the unfortunate man who owned it. 'I have some recollection connected with that name, if I could but hit upon it.' Oh! I have it. Manesty—ay, it is no common name. There was a very s-h-o-c-k-i-n-g fellow of that name at Cambridge in my brother's time. He used to cry fire at one o'clock in the morning, in the midst of the quadrangle, and alarm the master and fellows of his college beyond measure. Then as to his principles, no girl who had any pretensions—but, however, he was rusticated.' Coughs went round the table. Every body seemed on a sudden to have taken cold. But the woman of parts elevated her voice, and proceeded: 'He was rusticated twice, and finally expelled. Pray, sir, can you give me any intelligence as to what ultimately became of him?—not that any family would care to own him!' The unhappy object of her inquiries, with a face the colour of scarlet, and in a state of the most pitiable confusion, fronted her."

Here is another trait of character:—

"Mr. Halford, a very worthy Devonshire squire, sent for Mr. Green, the civil engineer, from Exeter, and desired that he would forthwith widen the main entrance to Hembury House. 'The passage is too narrow. I have felt it to be so for years. It must be widened; it shall be widened; and that immediately. Survey the premises: make a plan: let the thing be set about at once.' 'Nothing can be easier,' was the engineer's reply. 'Take down this wall, and a few inches will.' 'What! take down the wall of my kitchen? No; that's what I'll never allow to be done while I am above ground. My kitchen is small enough already. I never have company but my ears are stunned with my cook's complaints of its

size. No, sir; some other expedient must be hit upon;—think again. 'Well, friend, then suppose we take down the other wall, and remove it a few feet.' 'The deuce you would! Pray, sir, do you know what wall that is? That's the wall of my study. I can scarcely swing a cat in it as it is; and by reducing it as you propose, you would leave me a room I could not by possibility breathe in—three feet by three for a man of my size! Pray, sir, do you wish me to be smothered in my own house? Monstrous!' 'Friend,' said the engineer, waxing warmer than Quakers, even wet ones, usually do, 'thy conduct deserves that epithet, not mine. Thou sendest for me, at a distance of twenty miles, to widen the passage to thy house, which thou affirmest *must positively be done*. I propose taking down one wall; thou objectest. I then suggest the removal of the other; thou peremptorily refusest. How dost thou intend thy wish to be accomplished, and what object can be served by my coming? Thou hast abundance of money, but surely lackest common sense.'"

The next division is a tale of Lord Llanberis, and one of striking effect; but we pass it for more manageable matter.

"My next sphere of duty was Yarmouth in Norfolk: a parish whose population amounted to nineteen thousand, and whose duties were proportionably heavy. In this large and laborious cure I had happily a colleague: he was an extraordinary being. Poor Theakstone! with him it was throughout *fronti nulla fides*! Under a careless, blunt, and clownish exterior, he concealed the most sensitive feelings that man was ever cursed with. With a mind highly cultivated, stored with classical allusion and sportive repartee, he rarely touched on any topic that was not strictly professional. Active and energetic beyond example when roused, his natural habits were those of the most determined sluggishness. Two-thirds of his existence were spent in bed; and when reproached for his indolence, he would invariably reply, with a sigh and an air of melancholy conviction that was utterly overpowering, '*Sleep with me is a disease*.' He had, too, one of the most singular methods of writing his sermons that man ever devised or practised. He would on the Monday fix on a text. Upon this he would muse and meditate, dream and doze, till Friday. He would then, on the cover of a letter—for he despised the dull, formal 'practice of spoiling sheet after sheet of good paper,' and his MS. when complete was a bundle of shreds and scraps, which, on one occasion, flew round the pulpit like Sibylline leaves—carefully note down his divisions; and on Saturday night, at nine, after his third cup of tea, 'three and no more,' he would set to work in earnest, and finish at eleven: revise once, and the process was ended. Its result was an able, earnest, highly original, and very powerful sermon. But he was also a very efficient parish priest. There was a sincerity, a straightforwardness, a manliness of thought and action about him, that convinced the veriest gainsayer that his heart was devoted to his profession. He was deservedly popular where he most wished to be known, and where he alone cared to be loved, among the children of want and victims of sorrow. His time, his exertions, his purse, all were at their command. And though they might smile, and, in truth, often did smile, at his many peculiarities, his cordial sympathy won their affections, while his self-denial and consistent life commanded their respect. My sketch of him would be unpardonably defective were I to omit all allusion to his style. This,

though it might be deprecated at Belgrave Chapel or the Foundling, was admirably adapted to the mixed and motley congregation among whom it was his lot to minister. A few of his originalities occur to me. 'Do you come to the house of God to have your ears tickled with eloquence, and your proud hearts flattered by the accents of entreaty and persuasion? 'The wages of sin is death.' 'The soul that sinneth, it shall die.' I tell you *Truth*. She stands in no need of these artificial decorations. *Come then to the house of God not as CRITICS, but as SINNERS*.—You lead the most careless lives, and set your offspring the worst of examples, and then feel infinite mortification and chagrin that they turn out idle, disobedient, worthless characters. Like produces like. Pray, did you ever hear of two black people who had a white child? Be rational in your expectations. Learn to be virtuous yourselves, if you wish your children to grow up so. Form them by your own example; or expect not that while you openly prove to them you honour not your God, they will ever learn to honour you, their father and mother.—The Jews have a legend, that when Titus had destroyed Jerusalem, God Almighty, to be avenged on the enemy of his people, sent a copper fly for his punishment, which crept up his nose, and fed upon his brain till it had killed him. Such then, according to their belief, was the end of this mighty and successful warrior. Alas! how often do the objects toward which we look, and to which we cling for happiness, prove sources of the most exquisite misery! Like the mule of Absalom, they flee from us when we appear to need them most. Rachel cries, 'Give me children, and I die!' The babe is sent; and, lo! Benjamin the son of her wishes, becomes Benoni the son of her grief, and her soul departs from her! The commencement of his sermons was, at times, no less extraordinary. He was preaching on one occasion before a mariners' association, and this was the opening of a discourse, in other respects unexceptionable, and abounding in passages of power and pathos, which no man but himself could have written.—'The first maxim in navigation is to give danger a wide berth.' At another time he deemed it proper to notice the career and end of an individual, well known in the parish, who had in another county paid the forfeit of his life to the laws of his country. He commenced thus—'Lillyman, the incendiary, was hung last week at Northampton.' It was in these occasional sermons that he excelled. The most happy effects did in many instances attend them. And I should be guilty of great injustice to his memory were I to withhold my conviction that his labours were singularly crowned and blessed by that Omnipotent Being whom he devotedly served."

We conclude for this No. with an anecdote of public interest. At the retired church of Ashbourne is "a remarkable monument by Banks to the memory of a very lovely and intelligent little girl, a baronet's only child. It bears an inscription which, to use the mildest term, as it contains not the slightest reference to Christian hopes, should have been refused admittance within a Christian church. To the sentiments

* In a recent Number we had occasion to advise a *lay* author now and then to look into his Bible; and that such advice should have been necessary in his case was not perhaps very strange; but we do confess we are somewhat surprised to find it quite as much called for in the person of a *clerical* writer, and one, too, belonging to a class of men generally having the credit of especial assiduity in that respect. Yet such is the fact: for the quotation to which we have affixed an asterisk, is not only incorrectly cited, but is, besides, sheer nonsense. When we last read that holy book, we found the passage thus: "Give me children, or else I die."—Ed. L. G.

in truth, Paine himself, had he been alive, could have raised no objection. The figure, which is recumbent, is that of a little girl; the attitude exquisitely natural and graceful. It recalls most forcibly to the recollection Chantrey's far-famed monument in Lichfield Cathedral; for the resemblance, both in design and execution, between these beautiful specimens of art is close and striking. I was assured that, previous to his executing that most magnificent yet most touching piece of sculpture, which alone would have sufficed to immortalise his name, Chantrey was, at his own request, locked up alone in the church for two hours. This fact may be apocryphal; at least I cannot vouch for it. But the following I do affirm most confidently. When I hinted to the venerable mason who shews the monument, and who, being a retainer of the Boothby family, feels their honour identified with her own, that Chantrey's was by far the finer effort of the two, and that I wished I had that yet to see; and my companion added, that though the design of the Boothby monument was good, the execution was coarse and clumsy in the extreme, compared with the elaborate finish of the Robinson's. 'Humph,' said the old lady, with a most vinegar expression of countenance, with a degree of angry hauteur, an air of inimitable dignity that Yates would have travelled fifty miles to witness; 'the like of that's what I now hear every day. Hang that fellow Chantrey, or Cante, or what you call him; I wish he had never been born!' The Ashbourne people are naturally proud of the monument. With them it is a kind of idol, to which every stranger is required to do homage. Among others, when Prince Leopold passed through Ashbourne, and inquiries were made by some of his royal highness's suite as to the 'lions' of the neighbourhood—'We have one of our own, sir,' was the ready reply; 'a noble piece of sculpture in the church.' To the church the mourner was on the very point of repairance, when Sir Robert Gardiner suddenly interrupted the description to which the sculpture question belonged. 'It is a monument, sir—no one passes through without seeing it; for it is not to be met with in England—it is a monument to an only child, whose mother died.' 'Not now,' said the prince faintly; 'not now. I too have lost—' and he turned away from the carriage in tears.—Nor in speaking of Ashbourne, as connected with art, must mention be omitted of a portrait of Dr. Johnson, in the possession of a gentleman no less distinguished for the ability and impartiality with which he discharges the functions of a county magistrate, than for his private worth and excellence as a man. No cursory visit will do this noble picture justice. To be appreciated, it must be minutely examined and thoroughly studied. The colouring is fine and true to a degree, and the expression of countenance milder and more pleasing than any portrait of our great moralist that I am acquainted with. It has been pronounced by the Rev. Holwell Carr—himself no puny critic, and no mean authority in matters relating to the arts—to be the finest portrait of the great lexicographer extant. It may be observed, too, by the way, that to Ashbourne we owe Mr. Canning was remarkably partial. For it lived a female relative to whom he was warmly attached, and under whose roof many of his happiest hours were spent. It is stated, in a little poem, entitled 'A Spring Morning in a Parsonage,' one of the earliest efforts of his pen, is still in existence; and I have good reason for knowing, that but a very few weeks

previous to his death, he stated, in conversation, what delight he should feel in 'going into that neighbourhood, and revisiting haunts which to him had been scenes of almost unalloyed enjoyment.' I could scarcely believe, so exquisitely tranquil is the scene,—the very murmur of the stream which flows around seems to soften itself in unison with the stillness of the landscape—that Ashbourne had ever been other than the abode of rural peace and comfort; and yet I was assured that during the war there was scarcely any limit to the bustle and gaiety which pervaded it.*

* At Mayfield, near Ashbourne, is a cottage where Moore, it is stated, composed *Lalla Rookh*. "For some years this distinguished poet lived at the neighbouring village of Mayfield; and there was no end to the pleasanties and anecdotes that were floating about its coteries respecting him; no limit to the recollections which existed of the peculiarities of the poet, of the wit and drollery of the man. Go where you would, his literary relics were pointed out to you. One family possessed pens—and oh! Mr. Bramah! such pens! they would have borne a comparison with Miss Mitford's; and those who are acquainted with that lady's literary implements and accessories will admit this is no common-place praise—pens that wrote 'Paradise and the Peri' in *Lalla Rookh*! Another shewed you a glove torn up into thin shreds in the most even and regular manner possible; each shred being in breadth about the eighth of an inch, and the work of the teeth! Pairs were demolished in this way during the progress of the 'Life of Sheridan.' A third called your attention to a note written in a strain of the most playful banter, and announcing the next 'tragic-comedy meeting.' A fourth repeated a merry impromptu; and a fifth played a very pathetic air, composed and adapted for some beautiful lines of Mrs. Ople's. But to return to Mayfield. Our desire to go over the cottage which he had inhabited was irresistible. It is neat, but very small, and remarkable for nothing except combining a most sheltered situation with the most extensive prospect. Still one had pleasure in going over it, and peering into the little book-room, to catch the 'Poet's Den,' from which so much true poetry had issued to delight and amuse mankind. But our satisfaction was not without its portion of alloy. As we approached the cottage, a figure scarcely human appeared at one of the windows. Unaware that it was again inhabited, we hesitated about entering; when a livid, half-starved visage presented itself through the lattice, and a thin, shrill voice discordantly ejaculated—'Come in, gentlemen, come in. Don't be afraid! I'm only a tailor at work on the premises.' This villainous salutation damped sadly the illusion of the scene; and it was some time before we rallied sufficiently from this horrible desecration to descend to the poet's walk in the shrubbery, where, pacing up and down the live-long morning, he composed his '*Lalla Rookh*.' It is a little confined gravel-walk, in length about twenty paces; so narrow, that there is barely room on it for two persons to walk abreast: bounded on one side by a straggling row of stunted laurels, on the other by some old decayed wooden paling; at the end of it was a huge haystack. Here, without prospect, space, fields, flowers, or natural beauties of description, was that most imaginative poem conceived, planned, and executed. It was at Mayfield, too, that those bitter stanzas were written on the death of Sheridan. There is a curious circumstance connected with them: they were sent to Perry, the well-known editor of the *Morning Chronicle*. Perry, though no stickler in a general way, was staggered at the venom of two stanzas, to which I need not more particularly allude, and wrote to inquire whether he might be permitted to omit them. The reply which he received was shortly this: 'You may insert the lines in the *Chronicle* or not, as you please: I am perfectly indifferent about it; but if you do insert them, it must be *verbatim*.' Mr. Moore's fame would not have suffered by their suppression: his heart would have been a gainer. Some of his happiest efforts are connected with the localities of Ashbourne. The beautiful lines, beginning

'Those evening bells, those evening bells,'

were suggested, it is said, by hearing the Ashbourne peal; and sweetly indeed do they sound at that distance, 'both mournfully and slow;' while those exquisitely touching stanzas,

'Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb
In life's happy morning hath hid from our eyes,'

were avowedly written on the sister of an Ashbourne gentleman, Mr. P.—B.—. But to his drolleries. He avowed on all occasions an utter horror of ugly women. He was heard, one evening, to observe to a lady, whose person was pre-eminently plain, but who nevertheless had been anxiously doing her little endeavours to attract his attention, 'I cannot endure an ugly woman. I'm sure I could never live with one. A man that marries an ugly woman cannot be happy.' The lady observed, that 'such an observation she could not permit to pass without remark. She knew many plain couples who lived most happily.' 'Don't talk of it,' said the wit; 'don't talk of it. It can't be.' 'But I tell you,' said the lady, who became all at once both plucked and positive, 'it can be, and it is. I will name individuals so circumstanced. You have heard of Colonel and Mrs. —. She speaks in a deep, gruff bass

Burckhardt's Travels in Arabia.

MEKKA.

AGREEABLY to the promise in our last, we now conclude our Review of these *Travels*, with a further description of the Kaaba, its officers, hadjys, &c.; and again express our high opinion of the talents of the learned editor, to whom we are indebted for the publication of the many curious and novel descriptions of Arabian manners and customs contained in this interesting volume.

"The first officer of the mosque is the Nayb el Haram, or Hares el Haram, the guardian who keeps the keys of the Kaaba. In his hands are deposited the sums bestowed as presents to the building, and which he distributes in conjunction with the Kadhy: under his directions, also, the repairs of the building are carried on. I have been assured, but do not know how truly, that the Nayb el Haram's yearly accounts, which are countersigned by the Sherif and Kadhy, and sent to Constantinople, amount to three hundred purses, merely for the expenses of the necessary repairs, lighting, carpets, &c., and the maintenance of the eunuchs belonging to the temple. This officer happens at present to be one of the heads of the three only families descended from the ancient Koraysh who remain resident at Mekka. Next to him, the second officer of the mosque in rank is the Aga of the eunuchs, or, as he is called, Agat el Towashye. The eunuchs perform the duty of police officers in the temple; they prevent disorders, and daily wash and

voice; he in a thin, shrill treble. She looks like a John Doree; he like a dried alligator. They are called Bubble and Squeak by some of their neighbours; Venus and Adonis by others. But what of that? They are not handsome, to be sure; and there is neither mirror nor pier-glass to be found, search their house from one end of it to the other. But what of that? No *unwholesome reflections* can, in such a case, be cast by either party! I know them well; and a more harmonious couple I never met with. Now, Mr. Moore, in reply, what have you to urge? I flatter myself I have overthrown your theory completely.' 'Not a whit. Colonel — has got into a scrape, and like a soldier puts the best face he can upon it.' Those still exist who were witnesses to his exultation when one morning he entered Mrs. —'s drawing-room, with an open letter in his hand, and in his peculiarly joyous and animated manner exclaimed: 'Don't be surprised if I play all sorts of antics! I am like a child with a new rattle! Here is a letter from my friend Lord Byron, telling me he has dedicated to me his poem of the Corsair. Ah, Mrs. — it is nothing new for a poor poet to dedicate his poem to a great lord; but it is something passing strange for a great lord to dedicate his book to a poor poet.' Those who know him most intimately feel no sort of hesitation in declaring, that he has again and again been heard to express regret at the earlier efforts of his muse; or reluctance in stating, at the same time, as a fact, that Mr. M. on two different occasions endeavoured to repurchase the copyright of certain poems; but, in each instance, the sum demanded was so exorbitant, as of itself to put an end to the negotiation. The attempt, however, does him honour. And, affectionate father as he is well known to be, when he looks at his beautiful little daughter, and those fears, and hopes, and cares, and anxieties, come over him which almost choke a parent's utterance as he gazes on a promising and idolised child, he will own the censures passed on those poems to be just: nay more—every year will find him more and more sensible of the paramount importance of the union of female purity with female loveliness—more alive to the imperative duty, on a father's part, to guard the maiden bosom from the slightest taint of licentiousness. It is a fact not generally suspected, though his last work, 'The Epicurean,' affords strong internal evidence of the truth of the observation, that few are more thoroughly conversant with Scripture than himself. Many of Aethes's most beautiful remarks are simple paraphrases of the sacred volume. He has been heard to quote from it with the happiest effect—to say there was no book like it—no book, regarding it as a mere human composition, which could on any subject even 'approach it in poetry, beauty, pathos, and sublimity.' Long may these sentiments abide in him! And as no man, to use his own words, 'ever had fiercer enemies or firmer friends'—as no man, to use those of others, was ever more bitter and sarcastic as a political enemy, more affectionate and devoted as a private friend, the more deeply his future writings are impregnated with the spirit of that volume, the more heartfelt, let him be well assured, will be his gratification in that hour when 'we shall think of those we love, only to regret that we have not loved more dearly, when we shall remember our enemies only to forgive them.'

sweep, with large brooms, the pavement round the Kaaba. In times of rain, I have seen the water stand on the pavement to the height of a foot: on such occasions many of the hadjys assist the eunuchs in removing it through several holes made in the pavement, which, it is said, lead to large vaults beneath the Kaaba, though the historians of Mekka and of the temple make no mention of them. The eunuchs are dressed in the Constantinopolitan *kaouk*, with wide robes bound by a sash, and carry a long stick in their hands. The engraving of their dress given by d'Ohsson is strikingly correct; as are, in general, all the representations of costume in that work, which I had an opportunity of comparing with the original. The number of eunuchs now exceeds forty, and they are supplied by Pashas and other grandees, who send them, when young, as presents to the mosque: one hundred dollars are sent with each as an outfit. Mohammed Aly presented ten young eunuchs to the mosque. At present there are ten grown-up persons, and twenty boys; the latter live together in a house till they are sufficiently instructed to be given in charge to their elder brethren, with whom they remain a few years, and then set up their own establishments. Extraordinary as it may appear, the grown-up eunuchs are all married to black slaves, and maintain several male and female slaves in their houses as servants. They affect great importance; and, in case of quarrels or riots, lay freely about them with their sticks. Many of the lower classes of Mekka kiss their hands on approaching them. Their chief, or Aga, whom they elect among themselves, is a great personage, and is entitled to sit in the presence of the Pasha and the Sherif. The eunuchs have a large income from the revenues of the mosque, and from private donations of the hadjys; they also receive regular stipends from Constantinople, and derive profit from trade; for, like almost all the people of Mekka, and even the first clergy, they are more or less engaged in traffic; and their ardour in the pursuit of commercial gain is much greater than that which they evince in the execution of their official duties, being equalled only by the eagerness with which they court the friendship of wealthy hadjys. Most of the eunuchs, or Towashyeh, are negroes; a few were copper-coloured Indians. One of the former is sometimes sent to the Soudan countries, to collect presents for the Kaaba. The fate of a eunuch of this description is mentioned by Bruce. Some years since a Towashyeh obtained permission to return to Soudan, on presenting another person to the mosque in his stead. He then repaired to Borgo, west of Darfour, and is now the powerful governor of a province. Whenever negro hadjys come to Mekka, they never fail to pay assiduous court to the Towashyehs. A Towashyeh, after having been once attached to the service of the Kaaba, which confers on him the appellation of Towashyeh el Neby (the prophet's eunuch), can never enter into any other service.—In the time of Ramadhan, (the last days of which month, in 1814, I passed at Mekka,) the mosque is particularly brilliant. The hadjys, at that period, (which happened to be in the hottest time of the year,) generally performed the three first daily prayers at home, but assembled in large crowds in the mosque for their evening devotions. Every one then carried in his handkerchief a few dates, a little bread and cheese, or some grapes, which he placed before him, waiting for the moment of the call to evening prayers to be allowed to break the fast. During this period of suspense, they

would politely offer to their neighbours a part of their meal, and receive as much in return. Some hadjys, to gain the reputation of peculiar charitableness, were going from man to man, and placing before each a few morsels of viands, followed by beggars, who, in their turn, received these morsels from those hadjys before whom they had been placed. As soon as the Imam on the top of Zemzem began his cry of 'Allahou Akbar,' (God is most great!) every one hastened to drink of the jar of Zemzem water placed before him, and to eat something, previous to joining in the prayer; after which they all returned home to supper, and again revisited the mosque for the celebration of the last evening orisons. At this time the whole square and colonnades were illuminated by thousands of lamps; and, in addition to these, most of the hadjys had each his own lantern standing on the ground before him. The brilliancy of this spectacle, and the cool breeze pervading the square, caused multitudes to linger here till midnight. This square, the only wide and open place in the whole town, admits through all its gates the cooling breeze; but this the Mekkawys ascribe to the waving wings of those angels who guard the mosque. I witnessed the enthusiasm of a Darfour pilgrim, who arrived at Mekka on the last night of Ramadhan. After a long journey across barren and solitary deserts, on his entering the illuminated temple he was so much struck with its appearance, and overawed by the black Kaaba, that he fell prostrate close by the place where I was sitting, and remained long in that posture of adoration. He then rose, burst into a flood of tears, and in the height of his emotion, instead of reciting the usual prayers of the visitor, only exclaimed, 'O God, now take my soul, for this is Paradise!'—The termination of the Hadj gives a very different appearance to the temple. Disease and mortality, which succeed to the fatigues endured on the journey, or are caused by the light covering of the ihram, the unhealthy lodgings at Mekka, the bad fare, and sometimes absolute want, fill the mosque with dead bodies, carried thither to receive the Imam's prayer; or with sick persons, many of whom, when their dissolution approaches, are brought to the colonnades, that they may either be cured by a sight of the Kaaba, or at least have the satisfaction of expiring within the sacred enclosure. Poor hadjys, worn out with disease and hunger, are seen dragging their emaciated bodies along the columns; and when no longer able to stretch forth their hand to ask the passenger for charity, they place a bowl to receive alms near the mat on which they lay themselves. When they feel their last moments approaching, they cover themselves with their tattered garments; and often a whole day passes before it is discovered that they are dead. For a month subsequent to the conclusion of the Hadj, I found, almost every morning, corpses of pilgrims lying in the mosque; myself and a Greek hadji, whom accident had brought to the spot, once closed the eyes of a poor Mogrebeyn pilgrim, who had crawled into the neighbourhood of the Kaaba, to breathe his last, as the Moslems say, 'in the arms of the prophet and of the guardian angels.' He intimated by signs his wish that we should sprinkle Zemzem water over him; and while we were doing so, he expired: half an hour afterwards he was buried. There are several persons in the service of the mosque employed to wash carefully the spot on which those who expire in the mosque have lain, and to bury all the poor and friendless strangers who die at Mekka."

Sir J. Malcolm's History of Persia.

THE general outlines and the history of Persia are so well known, or can be so easily gathered from any gazetteer or geographical grammar, that we consider it to be our most judicious course, to continue our illustrations of this sterling work, by extracts which exhibit national manners and feelings. These, with curious and characteristic anecdotes, out of the multitude with which Sir J. Malcolm enlivens his historical details, form, in our opinion, a very striking picture of this remarkable people.

"Nadir Kooli himself never boasted of a proud genealogy: even his flattering historians, though he informs us that the father of his hero was a man of some consequence in his tribe, reveals the truth by a metaphorical apology for low birth, saying, that the diamond has its value from its own lustre, not from that of the rock where it grew. We learn from other sources, that he earned his livelihood by making coats and caps of sheepskins. Nadir often spoke of his low birth; and when the pride of the royal house of Delhi required that his son, who was to marry a princess of that family, should give an account of his male ancestors for seven generations, the conqueror exclaimed: 'Tell them that he is son of Nadir Shah, the son of the sword, the grandson of the sword, and so on, till they have a descent of seventy instead of seven generations!' " "A Persian MS. in my possession relates an anecdote of Nadir, which shews how he understood the feelings of the most ignorant and the wickedest of his subjects. A native merchant, travelling from Cabool, had been robbed in a plain near Nishapore, and carried his complaint to the sovereign. 'Was there no one near but the robbers?' said Nadir. 'None,' was the reply. 'Were there no trees, or stones, or bushes?' 'Yes,' said the man, 'there was one large solitary tree, under whose shade I was reposing when I was attacked.' Nadir, on hearing this, affected great fury, and ordered two executioners to proceed and flog the tree every morning, till it either restored the lost property, or revealed the names of the thieves. The mandate of a king of Persia is always law; that of Nadir was as irrevocable as fate. The executioners went; and the tree had not suffered flagellation above a week, when all the stolen goods were found one morning at its root. The alarmed robbers, who soon heard of the extravagant severity which inflicted such blows on an inanimate substance, trembled at the thought of the horrible punishment that awaited them, if they were ever discovered. When the result was reported to Nadir, he smiled and said, 'I knew what flogging that tree would produce.' " "The contempt of Nadir for the arts by which the dervishes and other religious mendicants imposed on the credulity of his countrymen, was shewn on every occasion. Many believed that the holy Imam Reza, who is interred at Meshed, continued to work miracles; and this belief gave rise to number of impositions. Persons, pretending to be blind, went to his tomb; and, after long period of prayer, opened their eyes, and declared that their sight had been restored to the holy Imam. One of these was seated at the gate of the sacred mausoleum when Nadir passed. 'How long have you been blind?' said the monarch. 'Two years,' answered the man. 'A proof,' replied Nadir, 'that you have no faith. If you had been a true believer, you would have been cured long ago. Recall my friend, if I come back and find you as y

are, I will strike your head off.' When Adir returned, the frightened fellow pretended to pray violently, and all at once found his sight. 'A miracle! a miracle!' the populace exclaimed, and tore off his coat in small pieces, as relics. The monarch smiled, and observed, 'that faith was every thing.'"

"Kerrem Khan often repeated an anecdote of his early life, which shewed a feeling very uncommon among men of his condition. 'When I was a poor soldier,' said he, 'in Nâdir Shah's camp, my necessity led me to steal from a saddler a gold embossed saddle, sent by an Affghan chief to be repaired. I soon afterwards learnt that the saddler was in prison, and sentenced to be hung. My conscience smote me, and I replaced the saddle exactly in the place whence I took it. I watched till it was discovered by the saddler's wife: on seeing it, she gave a scream of joy, fell down on her knees, and prayed aloud that the person who had brought it back might live to have a hundred gold embossed saddles. I am quite certain,' Kerrem used to add, smiling, 'that the honest prayer of the old woman has aided my fortune in attaining that splendour which she desired I should enjoy.' * * * It is the usage with the king of Persia to devote a number of hours every day to hear the complaints of his subjects. An anecdote is related of Kerrem Khan, which, while it shews the confidence reposed in his temper and justice, admirably illustrates the consideration and feeling with which he performed this important duty. He was one day retiring from his judgment-seat, harassed and fatigued with a long attendance, when a man rushed forward in apparent distraction, calling out in a loud voice for justice. 'Who are you?' said Kerrem. 'I am a merchant,' replied the man, 'and have been robbed and plundered by some thieves of all I possess.' 'What were you about,' said the prince, 'when you were robbed?' 'I was asleep,' answered the man. 'And why did you sleep?' exclaimed Kerrem in a peevish and impatient tone. 'Because,' said the undaunted Persian, 'I made a mistake, and thought you were awake.' The irritation of the royal judge vanished: he was too much pleased with the manly boldness of the petitioner to be offended at the reproach. Turning to his vizier, he bade him pay the amount of the merchant's losses from the treasury. 'We must,' he added, 'try to recover the property from the robbers.'"

"I find in one of my manuscripts a remarkable anecdote of Aga Mahomed Khan's conduct on one occasion. The meerza or secretary of Looft Ali was made prisoner, and brought before him. He demanded how he had dared to write firmans or mandates to him who was a sovereign? 'I wrote them,' said the man, 'by the order of my master, Looft Ali: my fear of him when present was greater than my dread of you who were at a distance.' 'Strike off his hands, and tear out his eyes!' exclaimed the enraged monarch. The savage order was instantly obeyed. Next day he sent for the son of the man whom he had so inhumanly treated, and said: 'Tell your father that the prophet has upbraided me in a dream for my cruel usage of him: what can I do to repair the injuries I have done?' 'He will desire, if he lives,' said the youth, 'to pass the remainder of his days at the tomb of the holy Ali, at Najaf.' The king immediately directed that mats, tents, and every necessary equipment, should be furnished for his journey. He also sent him a present of three hundred tomans (about three hundred pounds sterling), and en-

treated the young man to solicit his father to forgive him, and to remember him in his prayers."

"Joseph Emin, a brave and venturesome Armenian, furnishes us with many curious facts relating to the condition of Georgia. He gives no very favourable character of any class of its inhabitants; and he expresses his opinion of the nobles in this very odd but emphatic manner: 'They were born twenty-four hours before the devil!'"

"Aga Mahomed often related an anecdote which displays his feelings while he was a prisoner in the hands of Kerrem Khan, and gives an insight into his extraordinary character. 'I had no power,' he said, 'of declaring openly that revenge which I always harboured against the murderers of my father, and the despoilers of my inheritance; but while I sat with Kerrem Khan in his hall of public assembly, I often employed myself in cutting his fine carpets with a penknife which I concealed under my cloak, and my mind felt some relief in doing him thus secretly all the injury I could.' When Aga Mahomed Khan mentioned this, the carpets that he had tried to destroy were become his own; and he used to add, 'I am now sorry for what I did: it was foolish, and shewed a want of foresight.'"

Speaking of the Georgians: "Slavery was the state to which many of these had been doomed from their birth: and, if we except the great misfortune to which the younger captives* were exposed, of being educated in a different religion from their parents, their lot was not unhappy. The females, from their superior beauty, became in general the favourites of their harams, and some of them were married to their masters: while the males, according to the usage of the country, were treated with kindness and partiality. They almost invariably obtained their liberty when they embraced the religion of their conquerors; and as they grew up, were either enrolled as soldiers, or retained as domestics. In the former case they frequently rose to high command and station; in the latter they were always favoured and confidential servants; and their children, being born in the house, were considered almost as relations of the family."

Aga Mahomed's "contempt of luxury was shewn on all occasions; and his policy made him seize every opportunity of giving his leaders and troops a pride in those hardships and privations to which their profession doomed them. After a march, or when fatigued with hunting, he would seat himself on the ground, and share with his officers in any repast that was brought. It happened one day, as he was eating some of the hard black bread and sour milk which form the common fare of the Persian soldier, that one of his principal ministers, who was seated near him, began to eat of the same food. The monarch instantly commanded him to desist. 'Eat as much as you like of your rich pillows and fine sweetmeats,' said he; 'but never again let me see a fellow of a secretary, like you, touch the food of my soldiers.' The minister, with an inward smile, heard himself condemned to eat none but good and delicate viands, while the military chiefs and soldiers that sat around felt it as a distinction to live on a coarse diet which their sovereign shared, and

* * * Numbers of those who had attained the age of maturity preserved their own religion, and among them many females. An affluent merchant told me he had offered marriage to a beautiful Georgian, whom he had purchased from a soldier, if she would become Mahomedan, but in vain: and 'she prays so prettily,' he added, smiling, 'to her little images, that I have been half tempted myself to become an idolater.'

from the very taste of which he had just debarred one of the first civil officers in the realm. * * * From the habit of amassing riches, he became at last avaricious in a degree hardly to be believed. We are informed by one writer, that having overheard a poor man, whose ears he had ordered to be cut off for some trivial offence, offer a few pieces of silver to the executioner if he would take off only a part of them, the king called to the man, and told him, that if he would give him double the amount he had just offered to his servant, his ears should not be touched. The peasant threw himself on the ground to return thanks, and was going away, deeming the demand for money a mere plesantry; but he was recalled, and soon convinced that his pardon depended on his instantly satisfying the mean avarice of the monarch. From another account we learn, that Aga Mahomed actually combined with an artful religious mendicant to obtain money from his courtiers. The man met him at a place appointed, when surrounded by officers of state. Apparently struck by his appearance and story, the king ordered a large amount to be given to him, and recommended the holy man to equal attention from others. The example of the sovereign was followed by the whole court; and the mendicant received a considerable sum. It was late at night before the impatience of Aga Mahomed revealed the secret. 'I have been cheated!' he exclaimed to his minister; 'that scoundrel of a mendicant, whom you saw this morning, not only promised to return what I gave him, but to give me half of what he received from others!' Horsemen were sent in every direction, but the wily fellow evaded all pursuit; and the courtiers secretly rejoiced in the disappointment of their monarch's cupidity."

"In one of my Persian manuscripts on the Soofees, is the following curious account of Shaikh Mohyudeen Abdool Kauder, of Ghilan, who was born A. H. 471, and died in 561. His mother declared that, when he was at the breast, he never tasted milk during the holy month of Ramzan: and in one of his works he gives the following account of himself. 'The day before the feast of Araf I went out into the fields and laid hold on the tail of a cow, which turned round and exclaimed: 'Oh Abdool Kauder, am I not that which thou has created me?' I returned home and went up to the terrace of my house: I saw all the pilgrims standing at the mountain of Arafât, at Mecca. I went and told my mother I must devote myself to God: I wished to proceed to Bagdad, to obtain knowledge. I informed her what I had seen, and she wept: then taking out eighty deenars, she told me that, as I had a brother, half of that was all my inheritance. She made me swear, when she gave it to me, never to tell a lie; and afterwards bade me farewell, exclaiming, 'Go, my son, I give thee to God. We shall not meet again until the day of judgment!' I went on well till I came near to Hamadan, when our kâfilâh was plundered by sixty horsemen. One fellow asked me what I had got? 'Forty deenars,' I said, 'are sewed under my garment.' The fellow laughed, thinking, no doubt, I was joking him. 'What have you got?' said another. I gave him the same answer. When they were dividing the spoil, I was called to an eminence where their chief stood. 'What property have you, my little fellow?' said he. 'I have told two of your people already,' I replied; 'I have forty deenars sewed up carefully in my clothes.' He desired them to be ript open, and found my money. 'And how came you,' said he with

surprise, 'to declare so openly what has been so carefully hidden?' 'Because,' I replied, 'I will not be false to my mother, to whom I have promised that I will never conceal the truth.' 'Child,' said the robber, 'hast thou such a sense of thy duty to thy mother at thy years; and am I insensible, at my age, of the duty I owe to my God? Give me thy hand, innocent boy,' he continued, 'that I may swear repentance upon it.' He did so. His followers were all alike struck with the scene. 'You have been our leader in guilt,' said they to their chief, 'be the same in the path of virtue;' and instantly, at his order, they made restitution of their spoil, and vowed repentance on my hand.' Mohy-u-deen arrived at Bagdad in A. H. 488, and, consequently, when this event happened, must have been sixteen or seventeen years of age. His learning and virtue are spoken of with rapture. According to the author I write from, God granted all his requests; and the divine vengeance fell on those he hated. In A. H. 521 he began his public lectures. High Soonee authorities, of the sect of Shaffei, report many of his miracles. He himself gives the following account of his fasting, previous to his becoming a disciple of his teacher. 'I was eleven years in a *burj* (tower); and when there, I declared to God I would not eat or drink till some one caused me to do so. I remained forty days; after which a person brought a little meat, put it before me, and went away: my life was nearly springing out at the sight of the victuals, but I refrained; and I heard a voice from within me call out, 'I am hungry, I am hungry;' at that moment Shaikh Aboo Syud Mukzoomee (a celebrated Soofee) passed, and hearing the voice, exclaimed: 'What is that?' 'It is my mortal part,' I replied; 'but the soul is yet firm, and awaits the result.' 'Come to my house,' he said; and went away. I resolved, however, to fulfil my vow, and remained where I was: but ~~he~~ came and told me to follow the Syud, whom I found at his door waiting. 'You would not comply with any wish,' said he, 'till it was enforced by Elias.' After this he gave me meat and drink in plenty, and then invested me with a *khirkâ*, (or sacred mantle,) and I became his confirmed friend and companion."

Another paper of these entertaining anecdotes will close our selections from this interesting and valuable history.

Scriptorum Veterum nova Collectio, à Vaticanis Codicibus. Edita ab Angelo Maio, Bibliotheca Vaticanae Praefecto. Tomus III. Romae, 1828. 4to. pp. 800.

THIS third volume, in Greek and Latin, contains, besides the editor's preface, 1. The lives of all the Caesars, till Michael VIII. Paleologus; a history which embraces 1300 years, written in 10,410 Greek iambs by Efreminus, and translated into Latin by the editor. The last part of this history gives us also the catalogue of the patriarchs of Constantinople during the above period. 2. A treatise by Metodius, a monk, against schism, in Greek, with a Latin translation by the editor. 3. The commentaries of Caius Marcus Victorinus, on the letters of St. Paul to the Galatians, to the Philippians, and to the Ephesians. 4. An essay, by the same Victorinus, in defence of the Christian religion against the natural philosophers. 5. A description of various Cassinese codices, and of the learned works of the celebrated Joseph Simon Assemani. 6. A letter, or rather a treatise, of Fernando Diaconus against the Arians, from a Cassinese codex.

7. A prologue, by the editor, respecting the publication of discourses and commentaries taken from very ancient palimpsests. 8. An ancient commentary on the Gospel of St. Luke. 9. Very ancient sermons, with ample annotations by the editor; to which are added, some liturgical fragments of equal antiquity. 10. A fragment against the Arians. 11. A letter of Florus Diaconus respecting the emendation of the Psalter. 12. A prologue of St. Isidore, prefixed to an edition of the Psalter by him. 13. The Gospel of St. Matthew according to a most ancient MS. 14. Julius Paris, abridger of Valerius Maximus. 15. Januarius Neposianus, another abridger of Valerius Maximus. 16. An ancient epitome of the books of St. Augustine upon music. 17. Four ancient homilies. 18. Two Greek orations of Theodulus; one on the duties of the king towards the people, the other on the duties of the people towards the king. 19. Four new Greek Sibylline books, of above 1000 Greek hexameters. The frontispiece of the volume is adorned with a fac-simile engraving of ancient writing.

Classicum Auctorum à Vaticanis Codicibus editorum Tomus I., complectens Ciceronis de Republica quae supersunt, Gargilii Martialis de Arboribus Pomiferis, Sallustii Historiarum, et Archimedis Fragmenta: cum quinque tabulis aeneis. Curante A. Maio, Bib. Vat. Praef. Romae, 1828. 8vo. pp. 518.

THIS is a new series of authors strictly classical. The first is Cicero on the Republic, as far as it has been possible to recover it in our times, by taking it from a codex rescriptus, and adding the various fragments quoted by known authors. The editor has revised his first edition both of the text of Cicero and of his own notes, and has added various inedited fragments of the Greek Proclus, which illustrate the Republic of Plato in passages parallel with those of Cicero. The next is an inedited piece by Gargilius Martialis, de Arboribus Pomiferis, taken from a palimpsest at Naples, and divided into four sections, *de amygdalâ, de persico, de cydonio, de castaneâ*. Then follows a valuable fragment of the third book of the lost histories of Sallust, well and correctly engraved on three plates. The preceding editions of this fragment have been extremely bad. Two very ancient parchments in the Vatican have at length restored it in its real merit. The volume is concluded by some theorems in Greek, from the work of Archimedes on bodies floating in water, which was published in Latin by Commandini; but the Greek text perished without seeing the light—for that of the Frenchman Rivalt is of his own composition. Of this lost Greek text we here recover some fragments.

Classicum Auctorum, &c. Tom. II. 8vo. pp. 553. Romae, 1828.

IN this second volume, which is as interesting as the first, the editor offers to the public all the new writings of Cicero which, besides the Republic, have been recently discovered by him, and some also by others, besides an ancient and learned inedited commentator on Cicero's orations. Lastly, a great part of the orations against Verres, from an admirable palimpsest, which very frequently differs from the printed copies. The new parts of Cicero's orations are, pro Flacco, in Clodium et Curionem; de aere alieno Milonis, de rege Alexandrino, pro Scauro, pro Tullio, pro Milone, pro Fonteio, pro Rabirio: gems for all of which we are indebted to the study of the pa-

limpsests. The classical commentator illustrates twelve of Cicero's orations, and is full of erudition and good sense, with an elegant style, and affords important information to antiquaries and philologists; and the text of the orations against Verres, as now published, will undoubtedly be adopted as the most authentic in future editions, since the codex from which it is taken is so near the age of its author; of the writing of which, as well as of the above-mentioned commentator, a copious specimen, engraved on copper, is given.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Reginald Trevor; or, the Welsh Loyalists. By Edward Trevor Anwyl. 3 vols. 12mo. New-man and Co.

BATTLE, murder, and sudden death, love and difficulties—all terminating in that *summum bonum* of novelists, marriage—compose a novel at least as good as the generality of its brethren, and peculiarly entitled to regard, as relating to a theme not too much hackneyed—Welsh scenery and manners.

William Montgomery; or, the Young Artist By Mrs. Blackford, Author of "the Eskdale Herd-Boy," &c. Pp. 311. London. Hurst, Chance, and Co.

A VERY pleasing production for the use of young people; and the last tale, though by a different hand, is well worthy of the attention of our juvenile friends.

Montmorency; a Tragic Drama. By W. H. Montague. London, 1828. Joy.

THE first of a series of historical and other dramas, written with a considerable portion of spirit: and the leading character, the brave and unfortunate Montmorency, might be made very interesting in the hands of an efficient actor. Perhaps compression is what we should principally advise our young author to study.

Specimens of a Translation of the Henriade of Voltaire. 8vo. pp. 38. London, 1828. George Swire.

ONE of the best specimens of translation we have seen;—enough to make us recommend a more original exertion of his talents to the author. The *Henriade*, however well translated, would be matter of indifference to most English readers; and those capable of appreciating its beauties would prefer it in its native dress. We cannot but think its translator capable of something more attractive.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, Jan. 23.

THERE is no place, perhaps, where transitions from gay to grave are more frequently experienced than in this city. Last week the royal *château* was the theatre of pleasure and feasting; and, but a few days since, its walls were hung with black in memory of the assassination of the unfortunate Louis XVI. It is impossible to contemplate the palace of the Tuileries on that day, without feeling an indescribable sensation of awe and melancholy: the leaflessness of the trees which surround it, the silence of the sentinels, the deserted walks, the rigour of the season, all combine to inspire gloom,—for Nature herself seems to sympathise with the horrors of which it was the consummation.

Towards the evening of the memorable 21st of January, a remarkable circumstance took place in the Tuileries' gardens: three gentlemen, the eldest of whom appeared to have counted four score years, walked for more than an hour up and down the centre

ally, and seemed, by the movements of his hands, and some broken sentences which were gathered from his conversation, to be recalling past events, and tracing with memory's pencil scenes of blood and misery. He wept violently, and gave at least one example, in this age of *oubli*, of the constancy of attachment. I could not discover the name of the aged stranger; but on leaving the gardens he looked towards the king's apartments, and, raising his hands, exclaimed, "*Malheureux Français!*"

The Parisian surgeons and physicians are much enraged at the assertions of certain English writers; namely, that at the hospitals in this capital they despatch their patients in double-quick time, for the purpose of dissection. *As la vie pique surtout*, the whole *Æsculapean* body are up in arms, and a great slaughter is to be expected.

Another magnificent ball is to be given in a day or two by her grace la Duchesse de Berri:—I suppose as a digestive to sorrow, and a contrast to the gloom which prevailed a few days ago. The French have so much *sensibilité*, they require to be *distrain*!

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

FRIDAY evening, Jan. 30.—The subject for this evening was, "Observations, original and select, on Vegetable Metamorphoses," by Mr. Burnet.

The lecturer briefly adverted to the metamorphoses of the poets, as founded upon the regular changes which the substance of plants undergoes when influenced by vegetable life; and also to the absurd theories relative to metamorphoses entertained by early and even by more recent philosophers. He then took a view of the interesting and extraordinary changes which are common in the vegetative process; and detailed a series of them which can be effected by art, whereby one part of a plant is made to perform the functions of another;—the branches to become roots, and the roots branches;—the leaf-buds to become flower-buds (producing fruit), and the flower-buds leaf-buds. Mr. Burnet next noticed the extraordinary change which takes place in the aspect, weight, bulk, and general character of plants when subjected to careful cultivation. *Lz. gr.*: the cauliflower originally weighed only a quarter of an ounce; in like manner the weight of the common cabbage, prior to cultivation, was about half an ounce: specimens of that esculent were now to be found weighing sixty pounds each! "These metamorphoses," said Mr. Burnet, "are of the highest importance, because they give man a certain degree of command over the produce of the seed obtained from the soil." The observations were well received. At their close Mr. Faraday stepped forward and said, that a future occasional remarks would be made on any scientific donations which might be placed on the library-table: this intimation was received with hearty plaudits. Mr. Faraday then directed the attention of the audience to several specimens of steel plates prepared by Signor Nobili, of Modena, and called by him *metallo-chrome*, from the beautiful series of colours exhibited upon them: "these colours," said Mr. F., "are produced by the precipitation of very thin films of metal upon the steel under the influence of the voltaic pile, and form part of the general series of colours exhibited by the same plates, and described by Newton." Signor Nobili has, it appears, the power of giving a great variety of tints to these designs, thereby rendering them

highly ornamental. Mr. Faraday explained the general principles of the process from the lecture-table.

Besides Signor Nobili's plates, there were exhibited various models of Hindu manufacturing implements, lent by the Asiatic Society, and also some finely illuminated Hindu mythological drawings. An improved reflecting telescope by Mr. Cuthbert was also on the table: it is only half the usual length of a reflecting telescope of equal power, and possesses great steadiness and portability: the stand is so constructed that the telescope can be instantly moved in any required direction, independently of the screws: thus affording a great saving of time and trouble in the making of observations on celestial bodies.

There was a good attendance of members and visitors during the evening: amongst the latter we noticed the Countess of Glengall and one of the Ladies Seymour: several noble lords were also present during the delivery of Mr. Burnet's lecture.

LINNÆAN SOCIETY: 45TH SESSION.

Nov. 4.—A paper was read, entitled, a "Description of a new species of the genus *Phalangista*, from New Holland," by Thomas Bell, esq. F.R.S. and L.S.

Dec. 2.—An account of a new species of Pheasant, by Mr. Benjamin Leadbeater, F.L.S. Two living specimens of this splendid bird, which is originally from the mountains of Cochin China, were presented by the King of Ava to Sir Archibald Campbell, and by him to the Countess Amherst. Her ladyship succeeded in bringing them both alive to England; but they unfortunately died soon after their arrival.

Nov. 18.—On the nature and origin of the ligulate rays in *Zinnia*, and on a remarkable multiplication observed in the parts of fructification of that genus, by Mr. David Don, Lib. L.S. Notices of several land and freshwater Shells, new to Great Britain, with occasional observations; in a letter addressed to Lewis Warton Dillwyn, esq. F.R.S. and L.S., by J. G. Jeffreys, esq.

Dec. 16.—Observations on some species of the genera *Tetrao* (grouse) and *Ortyx*, natives of North America; with descriptions of four new species of the former, and two of the latter genus, by Mr. David Douglas, F.L.S. Specimens of these birds were exhibited to the meeting, and some of the grouse were of great beauty, especially one, named *Tetrao urophasianus*, about the size of the wood-grouse (*Tetrao urogallus*), which it may be considered to represent in the new continent.

Jan. 20.—Descriptions of new genera and species of the class *Compositæ*, belonging to the Floras of Peru, Mexico, and Chile, by Mr. David Don, Lib. L.S.

Feb. 3.—Some observations on the common Bat of Pennant; with an attempt to prove its identity with the *Pipistrelle* of French authors, by the Rev. Leonard Jenyns, M.A. F.L.S.

At this meeting, Mons. Bonpland, the celebrated companion of Humboldt in his travels in South America; Mons. Brisseau Mirbel, of the French Academy; Professor Meckel, of Halle; Professor Say, of Philadelphia; and Dr. Wahlenberg, of Upsal, were proposed as foreign members of the Society.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

Wednesday Evening.

WILLIAM TOOKE, esq., vice-president, in the chair. The large silver medal was awarded, by ballot, to Mr. Carey, for his mode of pre-

venting rot in ships' timbers, by means of charcoal and a solution of salt.

The Secretary read the minutes of a former meeting, relative to the discontinuing of the practice of distributing the Society's annual prizes, at the King's Theatre. Martin Stapleton, esq. moved that the re-consideration of the question be postponed to an extraordinary general meeting of the members. After a very protracted discussion, in which the expediency of returning to the Society's house with the annual distribution, and of discontinuing the King's Theatre, was tolerably evident, Mr. Stapleton's motion was put, and negatived by a considerable majority. The minutes stand for confirmation at next meeting.

NATIONAL REPOSITORY.

ALL specimens sent to the National Repository for the ensuing exhibition (which it is intended to open this month), are to remain under the control of the Board of Management until the close of the exhibition, when, unless sold for their benefit, they will be re-delivered to the owners.

The models and specimens intrusted to the Repository are carefully preserved; but the board of management is not responsible for any damage that may arise by accident: and artisans and manufacturers who may be desirous of bringing productions of their skill and industry before the public at the exhibition, are invited to send their names and addresses, and the prices of the various articles to the Secretary.

The gallery is now open daily for the reception of novelties, and no charges are made for the benefit of exhibition.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

At the annual general meeting of this Institution, held on the 20th Jan., a most gratifying report was laid before the members by the council, to whom the interests of the Society are committed, and who are annually elected from the class of ordinary members. In this report, besides a favourable financial statement, the institution is congratulated on the accession of twenty-three new members during the last year. In the present year, eight new members have been proposed.

The evening conversations commenced on the 27th ultimo. The first of these meetings was honoured by the presence of an active honorary member, the President of the Royal Society. The questions discussed, were, on "the best method of preserving iron from rust," and on "the best method of improving turnpike roads." Among the valuable remarks induced by the first question, the President of the Institution minutely described the process adopted for the preservation of the iron-work used in the Menai bridge.

On the latter question, Mr. Nimbo, whose experience is acknowledged in that particular branch of engineering, entered into an accurate detail of his method of forming roads over bogs: he gave sections, dimensions, and even the technical terms used for every part of such works, as executed by him in Ireland. The fruits of many years' experience, enhanced in value by the judicious comments of the better informed members, are thus offered in the form of conversation, with a liberality which is a pleasant, and perhaps a novel, feature of this Institution.

LA PEROUSE.

We could hardly have imagined, after the conclusive account given in our *Gazette* of the 12th of April last, together with an engraving of the

arms* of Colignon, the naturalist, who accompanied La Pérouse, which, on comparison with the arms belonging to that name in works of French heraldry, proved that the articles found at Manicolo, must have belonged to the expedition whose catastrophe had been so long a subject of mystery—we could hardly have imagined, we say, that after these circumstances were published, any doubt could remain on the question, or any later claim be set up to the merit of having solved it. It appears, however, that though Captain Peter Dillon, in 1826, obtained such intelligence as to induce him, under the auspices of the East India Company, to return in September, 1827, to Manicolo (or Vanicolo), and there ascertain the facts we have stated, obtaining five brass guns, a mortar, ships' knees, a frigate's rudder, &c., bells, plate, (including the candlestick alluded to,) and other articles of French manufacture, and stamped with *feurs-de-lis*,—it is now alleged that Captain d'Urville, of the *Astrolabe*, assisted by the inhabitants of Tucopia, who had previously accompanied Captain Dillon, made this discovery in March 1828, i. e. at the very time we were publishing throughout Europe those particulars which entirely set the matter to rest. We cannot but consider this attempt as very unfair towards Captain Dillon and towards our Indian government, which so liberally promoted the inquiry, whether carried on by French or English navigators. *Palma qui meruit ferat*, is a just motto, and we trust it will be immediately awarded in this instance by the Savans, and Literary and Scientific Institutions, as well as by the King of France, to whom, we understand, Captain Dillon has proceeded with the relics which he procured at Manicolo. We beg to refer them to our Journal of the date above quoted; and we have no doubt but our countryman will receive the honour and the reward so justly due to his enterprise.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, Jan. 31.—On Wednesday last the following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—Rev. W. Palmer, Magdalen Hall; F. H. Gresswell, Fellow of Brasenose College; Rev. H. Freeman, Wadham College; R. C. Dallas, Oriel College.
Bachelors of Arts.—C. W. Fuller, Christ Church; C. M. Newbold, G. D. Grundy, Brasenose College.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

NOVEMBER 27th.—A paper was read, entitled, "A Description of a Microscopic Doublet," by D. H. Wollaston, M.D., V.P.R.S.

The author, considering that in all microscopes distinct vision is impeded instead of being assisted by whatever light may be thrown upon the object beyond what is fully commanded by the object-glass, obviates this evil by collecting the admitted light to a focus in the same as the object to be examined. For this purpose he employs a plane mirror to direct the light, and a plane convex lens to collect it; the plane side of the lens being towards the object to be illuminated. Availing himself of the property possessed by that form of eye-piece for astronomical telescopes called the Huygenian, of correcting both chromatic and spherical aberration, the author conceived that, by applying to a microscope the same combination reversed, he might obtain similar advantages. The construction he employed resembles two thimbles fitted one within the other by screwing, and with a perforation at the extremity of each. In these perforations are fixed two suitable plano-convex lenses, which may thus have their axes easily brought into the same

line by means of their plane surfaces, while their distance from each other may be adjusted by screwing, so as to produce the best effect of which they are capable. The best relative proportion of the foci of the two lenses appears, from the trials made by the author, to be that of three to one. The distances between their plane surfaces should in general be about 1.4 of the shorter focus, but should be varied by trial till the utmost possible degree of distinctness has been attained. The lenses must be fixed in their cells with their plane sides next to the object to be viewed. The exterior cell of the compound magnifier should be formed with a flanch, so that it may rest upon the piece that receives it. The plane convex lens by which the object is illuminated is enclosed in a tube about six inches long, blackened in the inside, and having a circular perforation below of about three-tenths of an inch in diameter for limiting the light reflected from the plane mirror. The centre of this aperture must be in the common axis of the lenses; and the image of the perforation formed by the large lens must be brought, by proper adjustment of the distance of that lens, into the same plane as the object to be examined. With a microscope so constructed, the author has seen the finest striae and serratures upon the scales of the lepidians and podura, and the scales upon a gnat's wing, with a degree of delicate perspicuity not attainable with any other microscope he has tried. In consequence of the plane surfaces of the lens being next to the object viewed, the microscope of Dr. Wollaston possesses the important advantage of having its action undisturbed by the contact of a fluid under examination.

January 29th.—A paper was read on a definite arrangement and order of the appearance and progress of the Aurora Borealis, and in its height above the surface of the earth; by the Rev. James Farquharson, minister of the parish of Alford, in Aberdeenshire. Communicated by the president.

The results of the numerous observations of the author on the Aurora Borealis, which on several occasions were made under very favourable circumstances, had already been announced in a short paper published in 1823 in the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal; and it was concluded from them that the Aurora Borealis has in all cases a determinate arrangement and figure, and follows an invariable order in its appearance and progress; that the pencils of rays or streamers, as they are called, generally make their first appearance in the north, and as they rise from the horizon assume the form of an arch, extending from east to west, and having its vertex in the plane of the magnetic meridian; the arch itself being at right angles to the plane. While the arch is near the horizon, its breadth from north to south is considerable, and the streamers of which it is composed appear to be nearly at right angles to the general line of the arch, their directions converging to a point a few degrees to the south of the zenith. As the arch moves forward towards the south, its lateral dimensions appear to contract, the intensity of its light increases, and the direction of the streamers, still tending to the same point in the heavens, approaches more nearly to parallelism with that of the arch. When it has passed the zenith, and arrived at the above-mentioned point, a little to the south of the zenith, the arch is seen as a narrow belt, three or four degrees only in breadth, and with well-defined edges. In its further progress southwards it again enlarges in breadth, and exhibits in a reverse

order the same succession of changes as before. Hence the author concludes that the streamers have individually a position nearly vertical or parallel to the magnetic dip; and they form a thin fringe, stretching often to a great distance from east to west, at right angles to the magnetic meridian, and that the movement of the fringe from north to south takes place by the extinction of streamers at its northern side, and the formation of new ones contiguous to its southern side.

From a variety of observations which were detailed in this paper, the author infers, in opposition to the opinion of Mr. Dalton, that the region occupied by this meteor is above, but contiguous to, that of the clouds, or at least to that in which aqueous vapour is condensed, so as afterwards to appear in the form of clouds. The height of this region he estimates as in general about two thousand feet above the surface; and he is of opinion, that while such is the height of the lower ends of the vertical streamers, their upper ends may have an elevation of two or three thousand feet more.

February 5th.—The president in the chair. A paper by Dr. Wollaston, on a Differential Barometer, was read. A model of this curious instrument, constructed by the doctor himself, was exhibited. This barometer is designed for the purpose of ascertaining the different pressure of the atmosphere in various situations on the earth's surface.

Mr. Walker's third nautical paper, on the Stability of Compound Vessels, was also read.

ORIENTAL TRANSLATION FUND.

We understand that the progress of this Fund is beyond all hopes. The committee have several volumes nearly ready to place in the hands of the subscribers, and are about to put very many others to the press. They are likely to draw within their focus all the Oriental works in Europe; and if properly supported, they promise to be one of the most powerful literary bodies hitherto established in any age or country. Their publications also possess another quality calculated to make them exceedingly valuable, from their title-pages being beautifully illuminated, and bearing the name of the subscriber highly emblazoned; thus rendering each work a distinguished heirloom, which may be preserved in every great family of the kingdom.

THE GRECIAN DILEMMA.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,—In the Morning Chronicle of the 18th ult. appeared an article containing a celebrated question, to which I now propose to give an answer, and which article I here quote.

"The Dilemma retorted; or, the Master outwitted by his Scholar.—It appears that the ancient lawyers were not less versed in the subtleties of logic than their successors, the gentlemen of the long robe at present. We have been favoured with the following instance of special pleading in the courts of Athens:—Euathlus promised Protagoras a reward when he had taught him the art of pleading; and it was to be paid him the first day that he gained any cause in the court. After a considerable time, Protagoras goes to law with Euathlus for the reward, and uses this dilemma:—'Either the cause will go on my side or on yours: if the cause goes on my side, you must pay me according to the sentence of the judge; if the cause goes on your side, you must pay me according to your bargain; therefore, whether the cause goes for me or against me, you must pay me the reward.' But Euathlus retorted this dilemma thus:—'Either I shall gain the cause or lose it: if I gain the cause, nothing will be due to you according to the sentence of the judge; if I lose the cause, nothing will be due to you according to my bargain; therefore, whether I gain or lose the cause, I will not pay you; for nothing will be due to you.'"

Reid, in his examination of Aristotle's Logic, gives a full account of this dilemma; and from him I extract what follows. "Euathlus bound himself to pay Protagoras as soon as he should plead a cause before the judges and gain it. But Euathlus, having been taught to plead, shewed no desire to exercise the art, and consequently none to pay Protagoras. The latter seeing this, goes to law, and speaks thus: 'O most foolish

* These arms appeared on a plated candlestick, discovered, together with arms, pieces of money, &c. in the possession of the natives.

ring man! do you not see that in any event I must gain my point? If the judges give sentence for me, you must pay by their sentence; if against me, the condition of our bargain is fulfilled, and you have no plea left for your delay, after having pleaded and gained a cause." But Eschinger, retorts thus: "O most wise master! do you not see that whatever sentence the judges pass, I am safe? If they give sentence for me, I am acquitted by their sentence; if against me, the condition of our bargain is not fulfilled, by my pleading a cause, and losing it."

According to Reid, the judges were so perplexed by this dilemma, that they declined giving sentence. Reid himself does not attempt to solve it. Laharpe, in his *Cours de Littérature*, does attempt, but fails—for he exists the knot instead of untying it. Nor am I aware that a solution has been given by any other author.

In deciding, the judges necessarily either annul or respect the bargain made by P. and E. If they annul it, they avoid the dilemma; for the dilemma cannot exist if the bargain is annulled. If they respect it, they encounter the dilemma; for the dilemma exists of necessity if the bargain is respected.

I. Suppose the judges to annul the bargain. The case is now clear and simple, and divested of all logical intricacy—as the dilemma does not exist. If they decide for P., E. must pay; as he has no ground left by which to avoid paying, the bargain being annulled. If they decide for E., P. cannot come to him for payment; as he cannot now urge the terms of the bargain, that being annulled.

II. Suppose the judges to respect the bargain. The case is now difficult and perplexing, and involved in logical intricacy—so the dilemma does exist. Let us, for convenience, divide the case into two parts:

1. If the judges decide for P., E. cannot be compelled to pay; as he avoids paying by the terms of the bargain, that being respected. But how, it may be asked, can the bargain protect him against the decision of the judges? In this way: he brings a second action to compel P. to fulfil the bargain; and in this he gains the cause, the judges deciding that P. shall fulfil the bargain. But do not the two decisions, it may be asked, involve a contradiction in terms? Do they not say and unsay the same thing? By no means. In the first trial the point at issue is—shall P. receive a sum of money? &c. &c. shall he receive money absolutely, unconditionally, independently on the bargain? In the second trial the point at issue is—shall P. fulfil the bargain? &c. &c. shall he receive money relatively, conditionally, dependently on the bargain? The first trial is not founded on the bargain, and has no reference to it; the second trial has reference to the bargain, and is founded on it. The judges therefore may, consistently with logic, decide for P. in the first trial, and against him in the second; the trials turning on different points.

2. If the judges decide for E., P. can compel him to pay; as he cannot now urge the terms of the bargain, that being respected. But how, it may be asked, can the bargain protect him against the decision of the judges? In this way: he brings a second action to compel E. to fulfil the bargain; and in this he gains the cause, the judges deciding that E. shall fulfil the bargain. But do not the two decisions, it may be asked, involve a contradiction in terms? Do they not say and unsay the same thing? By no means. In the first trial the point at issue is—shall E. pay a sum of money? &c. &c. shall he pay money absolutely, unconditionally, independently on the bargain? In the second trial the point at issue is—shall E. fulfil the bargain? &c. &c. shall he pay money relatively, conditionally, dependently on the bargain? The first trial is not founded on the bargain, and has no reference to it; the second trial has reference to the bargain, and is founded on it. The judges therefore may, consistently with logic, decide for E. in the first trial, and against him in the second; the trials turning on different points.

The dilemma has no concern with the query, Which is he fault, P. or E.? The answer to this query must be found in the ordinary way, being determined by the nature of the case. Suppose it to be known which is the guilty person, then, and not till then, can the dilemma come into operation. The tendency of the dilemma is to prevent punishment from falling on the guilty, by opposing the decision to the bargain and the bargain to the decision, and thus making them neutralise each other. In short, the dilemma tends to save the guilty from being punished, not from being known.

1. Suppose the judges to be satisfied that P. meant to defraud. If they annul the bargain, i. e. if they avoid the dilemma, they should decide against him: if they respect the bargain, i. e. if they encounter the dilemma, they should decide for him, to enable E. to come upon him by means of the bargain.

2. Suppose the judges to be satisfied that E. meant to defraud. If they annul the bargain, i. e. if they avoid the dilemma, they should decide against him: if they respect the bargain, i. e. if they encounter the dilemma, they should decide for him, to enable P. to come upon him by means of the bargain. And as, according to the story, E. was the person who meant to defraud, the judges should have acted on the second plan.

Having thus given my solution of this dilemma, I shall feel obliged by your inserting it in your popular periodical—I am, Sir, &c. JOHN ROGERS.
13, New Road, Finsbury, Jan. 9, 1829.

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH GALLERY.

In our last we paid a just tribute of praise to the interesting Exhibition which has been

opened to the public at the Gallery of the British Institution. In one point of view, however, the number of clever works which that Exhibition contains is a subject of painful contemplation; and that feeling is increased upon reading the following advertisement, which the directors of the Institution (evidently with the kindest intentions) have prefixed to their Catalogue, and by which it appears that they have been compelled to reject, for want of room, not only performances of an inferior character, but even pictures "of considerable merit."

"Many more pictures having been sent to the British Institution this year for exhibition than usual, the directors have been obliged to return several works of considerable merit, lamenting that the limited space of their gallery precluded the possibility of admitting them."

This superabundance of production must lead to the most melancholy results. What Canova said of the young sculptors of Italy in his day, is but too applicable to the young artists of England at the present moment:—"Now that Italy and all Europe are full to repletion of works of art, what can all these young students expect?" In many, we fear in most, cases, only a life of severe struggle and bitter disappointment. It is with reluctance that we thus express ourselves; but we feel the force and honesty of Mr. Fuseli's sentiment in one of his lectures—"it is better to deter than to delude."

We proceed, in fulfilment of our promise, to particularise some of the most prominent and beautiful of the works which compose the Exhibition.

No. 62. *Battle of St. Vincent*. G. Jones, R.A. No. 156. *His late Majesty presenting a Sword to Earl Howe*. H. P. Briggs, A.R.A.—These two pictures, which were painted for the British Institution, for the purpose of being presented to Greenwich Hospital, may not inaptly be considered as representing cause and effect, service and reward. If, in some respects, they are not exactly what could be wished, allowance must be made for the difficulties under which an artist labours to whom subjects of such a nature are prescribed.

No. 474. *Satan*. J. Partridge.—A single figure, exhibiting great simplicity of composition and vigour of character: it is also finely coloured.

No. 109. *Mary Magdalen*. T. Barker.—In the purely historical style of Domenichino.

No. 276. *A View of part of Cyrene*. H. Beechey.—Exceedingly sublime, and reminding us strongly of some of the finest pictures of the two Poussins.

These works struck us as among the foremost of the high and classical character in art. We now turn to more familiar subjects.

No. 166. *The Disconsolate*. G. S. Newton.—An artist who has given abundant proof that he can paint the face, and paint it well, may hide it without dishonour; and indeed may, as in the present instance, excite a more intense feeling by the concealment. There is exquisite pathos in this fascinating little picture; and nothing can exceed the grace and beauty of the composition, or the richness and harmony of the colouring.

No. 52. *A Turk*. R. P. Bonington.—An additional reason for lamenting the premature fate of this highly-gifted young artist.

No. 57. *The Hall of Cedric; Ivanhoe*. Jos. West.—On first looking at this beautiful little work, we thought that there had been some mistake, and that it was a sketch by one of the old masters, probably Paul Veronese, which had been left on the wall from the last Exhibi-

tion. We do not recollect having before seen the name of the able artist; but we offer him the tribute of our hearty and sincere commendation.

No. 32. *Italian Boy and Monkey*. A. Morton.—Mr. Morton has here reached the climax of excellence in this class of painting subjects, and may challenge competition with any of the productions of Flemish art. It is impossible to look at the arch countenance of the young vagabond (whose face is familiar to us) without cheerful feelings.

No. 55. *The Young Artist*. Mrs. W. Carpenter.—One of the happiest efforts of Mrs. Carpenter's happy pencil. The expression of the principal figure (a girl at that delightful age immediately preceding the pollution and distortion which the passions too frequently occasion) is full of taste, sweetness, and delicacy; and the whole picture is chastely and beautifully coloured.

No. 3. *The Prisoner*. No. 4. *A Foraging Party routed*. No. 156. *The Modern Diogenes*. T. Webster.—We suspect that Mr. Webster must himself have been a very naughty boy; he seems so thoroughly conversant with all the mischievous tricks of naughty boys, and with all the discipline which those tricks draw down on their perpetrators. If so, however, it only shows that a very naughty boy may make a very good painter; perhaps, there is more in the hypothesis than appears at first sight,—the naughty boy, the better the painter!

No. 150. *Auld Robin Gray*. T. Knight.—Why place so clever a picture as this so truth below the eye? Often as the subject has been treated, it has never been handled with more skill. The reluctance of the yottig lassie, the assiduity of the old lover, and the anxiety of the parents, are all highly expressive. The style of execution is perfect;—forming the happy medium between too hard and too loose, too broad and too minute, too careful and too slowly.

No. 50. *Love at Naples*. T. Uwins.—Love any where is a very agreeable kind of pastime; but at Naples it seems to be absolutely luxurious. We are rejoiced to find Mr. Uwins profiting so much from his studies in Italy. This is a beautiful composition, richly and powerfully executed.

No. 54. *The Bandit's Home*. T. V. Barber.—A picture which, although hung at an elevation most injurious to its effect, appears to us to be possessed of great merit.

No. 116. *Jan Steen's Proposal*. J. N. Wright.—This is a very pleasing and satisfactory example of the facility with which our artists can imitate the Flemish school.

No. 78. *The Hookah-bearer*. H. W. Pickersgill, R.A.—All that could be done with such a subject has been accomplished by Mr. Pickersgill. The character is very fine, and the colouring powerful and harmonious.

No. 51. *Cottage Children going to Bed*. Sir W. Beechey, R.A.—A rich and playful recreation of Sir William's masterly pencil.

No. 53. *Italian Boy and Organ*. F. Simonau.—Powerfully deceptive.

No. 178. *Sketch from Nature*. F. R. Lee.—Too modest a title. It is a study from nature, and a beautiful study too.

No. 21. *Autumn; Beech-trees, with Cattle*. F. R. Lee.—A charming composition; full of truth and picturesque quality.

No. 95. *Head of an Old Lady*. J. Boaden.—A masterly portrait.

(To be continued.)

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Portrait of the Marchioness of Wellesley.

WE lately noticed one of a very fine series of portraits engraved for La Belle Assemblée, with great praise; and have now equal pleasure in bestowing a still higher meed on the fiftieth of the class; viz. that of the Marchioness of Wellesley, painted by Robertson, and engraved by Dean. There is considerable interest attached to this noble lady, for many reasons; and we fancy this representation of her beauty will tend, in no small degree, to increase that feeling. As a production of art, it is a perfect gem,—firm yet soft, graceful, clear, and spirited.

Portrait of Louis Eustache Ude, Author of the French Cook. Drawn by D. M'Clise. Engraved by Deane. J. Ebers and Co.

AT length the interesting, intellectual, and immortal countenance of the illustrious Louis Eustache Ude has received due portraiture; and his many admirers—ourselves among the number—can now possess an excellent likeness of his culinary majesty. The costume is admirably characteristic of the man. He reposes on the luxurious and tasselled pillow of his easy chair, in fur-collared coat *brodée*; rings—cameo and diamond—glitter on his hands, which rest upon the baton of office; the muslin frill—the brooch—all proclaim the ton supreme which pervades the *tout ensemble* of the Ude. Who would not be a cook? we are tempted to exclaim: but no—every cook is not a Ude! Ude is by no means, as Mr. Crofton Croker very justly observes, the black-muzzled person represented in a former lithographic portrait.* His face is light, lustrous, and laughing—"a fellow of infinite jest,"—as merry as Mathews in the *May Queen*, and withal *rempli du talent*; redolent of quickness, sagacity, and penetration. Well as Mr. D. M'Clise has executed this portrait, we are again tempted to exclaim—every cook is not a Ude—why has not Sir Thomas Lawrence painted, and Finden engraved, the first of living cooks?—But this we hope yet to see: in the mean while, the present excellent portrait is not unworthy of being hung over the fire-place of every dining-room where a good table is kept.

Lodge's Portraits of Illustrious Personages.

Harding and Lepard.

THE second monthly No. of this work has appeared at the prescribed time, and fully justifies the confidence reposed in the conductors of the undertaking. It is stated in a prefix, that more than two thousand subscribers have given their names towards its reward; and that in consequence the engravers have been obliged to finish a fourth set of plates. This is as it should be—merit in a production of national value and gratifying public patronage. We have no doubt but that several editions after this fourth will be called for, and that we shall witness the curious circumstance of seeing a good many more than four sets of plates in progress at the same time for the same publication.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO A LADY,

Who persisted in her intention of writing Receipts in a Book better calculated for Poetry.

By the Author of the "Sorrows of Rosalie."

AND wilt thou, lady, on so fair a page,
Write dirty butchers' bills and dull receipts?
Wilt thou those delicate Bath sheets engage
With the account of weekly loaves and meats?

* See the second volume of "Legends of the Lakes of Killarney," by Mr. Croker.

Lady, forbear! while yet 'tis time, forbear!

If thou hast written but a single bill,
Oh! quickly from the book the venom tear,
And leave its pages unpolluted still!

But no! thou art determined. Thus we find
(Materials the richest and the best)

Some young, warm heart—some gentle, guileless mind—

Spoilt by cold, calculating interest.

Deep in the core, those sordid thoughts become
More dark and black on each succeeding day;

And, like *your ink*, where once they find a
No after years can wash the stain away!

MODEST ASSURANCE.

"Ah! could we only feel but sure!"—Anon.

I SHOULD not mind pulling the nose
Of the biggest O'Rooke on the Shannon;
Or taking my noon-day repose
Inside of a jubilee cannon.

Not the tithe of a pin should I care
To have a turn-out with old Boney;
Nor to go, just to change this damp air,
For the summer, to Sierra Leone.

I should not much mind being made
A part of a South Afric mission;
Nay, I should not be greatly afraid
To encounter—a learned physician.

Were I stopp'd by a night-prowling prig,
I would not e'en bawl for assistance—
The fact is, I don't care a fig
For the whole of my present existence!

For if this poor life should get lost,
Which I got from my father and mother,
The Insurance-office is forced
To provide me at once with another!

Ah! I wish I could only insure
My houses, hopes, children, and wife,
And be sure that they all would endure
As long as this lachrymose life!

My expectancies—(that's a good sum!)
For I give all my fancies full scope—
And my legacies—"yet for to come"—
Should all be insured at the "Hope."

My head goes of course to the "Crown"—
(My head! they can't give me a worse
one!);

The "Protector," and all in the town,
Must protect all the rest of my person.

At the "Phoenix" I'd mind and have "done"
My dear interesting young flock;
But my Billy should go to the "Sun"—
His cradle, of course, to the "Rock."

All my *signal* services, too,
Should soon be insured at the "Beacon";
—But why do I idly pursue

A subject so worthless to speak on!

Why, why, do I value all these,
And fear so devoutly to lose 'em?
When I can't know a moment of ease
By insuring the heart in my bosom!

For every fire-office confess'd,
Though engines and floods it supplies,
It could not insure my poor breast
From the widow M'Gill's merry eyes!

South Britain,
Jan. 20th, 1823.

SIMKINS SIMKINS.

MUSIC.

THE MELODISTS' CLUB.

ON Thursday in last week, as mentioned in our preceding No., the first meeting of this Club for the season took place at Freemasons' Tavern, when above forty sat down to dinner, after hearing a very brief, but very beautiful, grace chanted, for the first time, by

Mr. Braham, Mr. Leete, Mr. Cooke, Mr. Parry, Mr. Watson, Mr. Clifton, and other eminent professional gentlemen. At the conclusion of the meal, "Non Nobis" was also finely given by the same admired-singers; and in the course of the evening the following were the musical entertainments. By Mr. Braham, Planche's stirring air of "The King, God bless him!" sung in a style that defies description, and enthusiastically encored; Mr. Code's charming glee for the Dublin Beef-steak Club, set by Sir J. Stevenson; a sweet song by Mr. Bianchi Taylor; a glee, Horsley's *chef-d'œuvre*, led by Mr. Watson, and delightfully performed; an instrumental piece on the piano-forte, from Rossini's opera of the *Siege of Corinth*, by Mr. Schutz, in which this young artist, yet under 17 years of age, displayed the most masterly skill, taste, and execution; a noble sea-song by Braham, as altered from Carter by T. Cooke; the Widow Mahony, a humorous Irish ditty, by Mr. Blewitt, sung with much comic effect and the genuine brogue; a song by Mr. Gould, an amateur; a chant in the minor key, given in consequence of the memory of Mr. Shield being proposed as a toast; two glees, the last a charming composition of T. Cooke's; a mock Italian song by the same clever and versatile musician himself, with the most laughable accompaniments on the piano and violin; the Death of Nelson, superbly sung by Braham, who never was in higher voice; a duet of great merit by Messrs. Bedford and Stansbury; beside other varied and pleasing contributions to the social and harmonious enjoyments of the occasion. It need scarcely be added, that the company were delighted with a treat, such as can rarely be procured in the musical world—so much talent being congregated, and every individual being emulous to afford the utmost pleasure in their power to the applauding auditors around them.

The grand object of this association being to cultivate National Melody,—that simple ballad style, which is so deservedly beloved by all—whether the perception has been improved by cultivation, or the ear is left to its natural sense—it is unnecessary for us to say much on the less important matter, the toasts and speeches of the day. The latter had the merit of great brevity, so that the harmony was little interrupted; and the principal matters stated were, that H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex had condescendingly agreed to become patron of the Club, and to dine with it several times during the season; that Lords Blessington, Bristol, Saltown, and other noblemen and gentlemen of high rank, had consented to be vice-presidents; that the musical direction at the dinners was confided to the abilities of Mr. T. Cooke; that nine new members were elected and admitted on the occasion; and that numerous applications for admission were upon the books. Altogether, the prospects of the Club seemed to be of the fairest order; and we have little doubt that, besides being a resort of no common enjoyment to the lovers of music, it will speedily operate very favourably in promoting the cultivation of English melody,—a branch hitherto far too much neglected, or almost left to chance and accident.

LES TROIS TROUBADOURS.

ON Monday last, and during the week, there has been a change in the performances of these agreeable musicians, whose entertainment is calculated to pass away an hour very pleasantly. The leader of the little band is obviously an accomplished composer, and plays upon many (it is said ten) instruments in a superior style.

He varied the guitar music and the singing by pieces on the violin and violoncello, in which such execution was shown; but the chief treat is in the *chansons à la Troubadour*, which are given with great sweetness, elegance, and finish, by the principal singer. Of these, Bayard, Encore un Mot, and le Mot d'Amour, are much and deservedly applauded.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

THE King's Theatre opened on Saturday night last, and, contrary to general expectation, without a serious disturbance. A few persons in the gallery commenced hissing the moment the overture began; but their sibilations were soon drowned in the applause that rose from the other parts of the house,—and the performance passed off with great spirit and universal approbation. The fact is, that the pit-ites were most pleasantly disappointed by finding that their accommodation had been attended to in a very great degree, and that the introduction of a few stalls more than last season was amply compensated for by the unquestionable improvements in the other part of the pit, which is now the best in England. With regard to the squabble between M. Laporte and the musicians, we regret, in common with all who love good music, the absence of such men as Dragonetti, Lindley, &c.; but if their multifarious engagements prevent them from properly attending to the rehearsals, and interfere so much as has been represented with the general business of the theatre, we cannot be surprised that M. Laporte, who has been wound up (we think most illiberally) to an excessive rent, should endeavour to secure an independent orchestra, and diminish in some degree the many anxieties of his responsible situation. The slight want of *ensemble* which was now and then perceivable, on Saturday evening, will, we have no doubt, speedily disappear; and, much as we admire talents, we cannot say we are sorry when great men, or ladies either,* are taught the wholesome lesson that they may be spared, and the scene not absolutely stand still in consequence. M. Laporte has unfortunately connected himself with a person exceedingly obnoxious to the musical world, and whose reputation as a man is not of such unsullied brightness as to dazzle the observer of his conduct as a director. "Tell me whose company you keep, and I'll tell you who you are," is an old proverb which we are sorry M. Laporte did not remember. As his sincere friend, we advise him to take the earliest opportunity of cutting the connexion, and we shall then have no doubt of his reaping the reward of his spirit, intelligence, and activity.

Of the new performers we are happy to be enabled to speak in terms of the most unqualified praise. Madame Pisoni is probably the most finished singer ever heard in this country, and an admirable actor to boot; though, really, as to limbs and face, rather extraordinary than shapely and beautiful.† Signora Monticelli, who bears a striking resemblance to Ronza de Begnis, possesses an agreeable voice, and is a good musician; and Donelli is the most spirited and effective of tenors:

* We take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Hawes for his spirited conduct respecting Miss Byfield. That young lady, as our readers are aware, stands high in our opinion. We consider her, after Miss Paton and Miss Stephens, the best singer on the stage, and we consequently regret that she should be silly enough to care where her name was placed in the bill. We trust she will benefit by this salutary warning, and earnestly recommend all managers to follow up the sensible example set them by Mr. Hawes.

† Of this lady, whatever success may attend her, and whatever conquests she may make, it can truly be sung—

"Oh, no! 'twas neither shape nor feature."

the first half dozen bars he sang, stamped him in the favour of the audience; and, with the exception of our own Braham, we have not for many years heard any trusical hero with such unmixed satisfaction. On Tuesday, one of the most republican things ever done at a King's Theatre, was perpetrated:—Curioni being afflicted with catarrh, the unhappy king (by no means, as it seems, a necessary character in the opera) was totally omitted. Scribe's admirable ballet, *La Somnambule*, followed the opera; and though the acting of Pauline as the heroine will not bear comparison with the performance of Monteu, the original and inimitable supporter of the part, it was highly creditable to her, and gratifying to the spectators, who evidently enjoyed the appearance of an entertainment so superior to the unmeaning diversissements which have been too long dignified by the name of ballets at this theatre. Mr. W. Grieve, of Covent Garden Theatre, has painted the scenery for *La Somnambule*: we need scarcely add, that here is another subject of congratulation. We have some hopes now of seeing the King's Theatre what an establishment patronised by the nobility of England ought to be—the first in the world.

COVENT GARDEN.

A COMIC piece in three acts, entitled *The Widow's Bewitched*, was produced here on Tuesday last, and went off with considerable applause. *La Quarantaine*, a one-act vaudeville, by Scribe and Mazères, has furnished Mr. Lunn with that part of his plot which relates to the loves and stratagems of Captain Frankly (Green), and the handsome young widow Delamore (Mrs. Chatterley); with which has been woven a Catherine-and-Petruchio sort of story, in which a certain Captain of the Blues (C. Kemble) woes, wins, and tames another widow (Miss Chester), in the character of his own brother. The dialogue of the piece is lively and natural; and, though we think there is hardly matter enough in it for three acts, we should imagine the pleasant acting of Kemble, Green, Power, Bartley, and Meadows, Miss Chester and Mrs. Chatterley, would, were it compressed into two, carry it merrily through the season.

The opera of *Yelva*, brought out on Thursday by Mr. Bishop, as dramatist, poet, and composer, was, we regret to say, an utter failure. There is some pretty music; but the whole piece is insufferably dull, and was deservedly condemned to oblivion.

Miss Smithson has made an engagement with the managers of Covent Garden: Sontag has re-appeared in Paris.

THEATRICAL ARCHITECTURE.—We were last week gratified with the sight of a remarkable set of drawings, designs, measurements, &c. of the Parisian Theatres, by M. Schlick, a Danish artist, brought to this country under high auspices, and certainly of singularly minute and finished execution. We can compare them to nothing so much as to the exquisite illustrations of ancient misals; though they are upon a considerable scale, and enter into every possible minutiae of the edifices, whether external or internal. The diligence in collecting the materials, and the labour in drawing and colouring these examples, must have been immense; and many useful hints, both as regards structure and embellishment, may be obtained from their examination. Several of our leading dramatic proprietors, and most celebrated scene-painters, as well as other individuals fond of the drama and the arts, enjoyed a

high treat in looking over these productions of M. Schlick, who, we have no doubt, will soon be better known by the British public,—for fame must attend his talents and exertions.

VARIETIES.

Académie des Sciences.—At a recent election of a corresponding member of the Academy, Mr. Barlow obtained the majority of votes.

Institute for the Blind in Copenhagen.—An institution for the blind was established at Copenhagen about seventeen years ago. In the first year the number admitted was only twelve, and the income was only 1,500 dollars banco. In 1828 there were 80 inmates, and the income in the year was 54,000 dollars banco.

Zoological Society.—Such of the animals in the gardens of the Society in the Regent's Park as were unable to endure the severity of our wintry weather, have been temporarily removed under cover to stables in Camden Town. We believe that the question between Mr. Maberley and the Society, respecting the site and height of the buildings belonging to the latter, is by no means decided, as has been stated in the newspapers.

A letter from Berlin states that the celebrated traveller, Baron Alexander de Humboldt, is making preparations for his journey to the Caucasus. The Emperor of Russia had sent him an invitation to visit the mountains of the Ural, at the expense of his government, and to communicate to the imperial cabinet his views upon the working of the mines in that country, and the amelioration of which it is susceptible. The baron accepted this invitation, and will, at the same time, proceed to the Caucasus, to study minutely every thing remarkable presented by that ancient and interesting country. He will be accompanied by several persons versed in geography and natural philosophy.

We see, from a report of his anniversary meeting in the Newcastle paper, that the Antiquarian Society of that place proceeds in its career with great energy and success; though among its recent losses it had to lament Bewick and Mr. Baron Selon, who died in Sweden while pursuing his diligent researches into the Runic antiquities.

A girl has been sleeping some few months near Cambridge, which has kept the Philosophical Society of that town wide awake all the while. The facts appear to be well authenticated; and there is no saying how long the wench may remain inanimate, and the Society active.

Croydon Palace.—In a recent Number we stated that this venerable relic of our ancestors had been sold by auction, for the purpose of demolition. We find that we were misinformed; and that though put up for sale, it was not disposed of, but is at present in the market—offering a fine opportunity to any public-spirited individual disposed to possess and preserve so universally admired a specimen of ancient architecture.

Botany.—Extensive experiments have been recently made by Dr. Goepppard, a German botanist, with hydrocyanic (prussic) acid in plants and seeds. On twenty-four plants of different kinds, submitted to the action of this poison, both in the fluid and vapour, the same destruction of life ensued as in the animal creation: the seeds so treated were entirely deprived of the power of germination. In the plants from which prussic acid is obtained in the greatest quantity, viz. the laurel, the bird cherry, and the dwarf almond, the same effect was produced as on the others.

Windsor.—A curious subterranean passage has been discovered on the north side of the terrace at Windsor Castle: it is cut through the solid rock for about sixty feet, and is, at the entrance (thirty feet below the surface of the earth), six feet high and five feet wide.

It appears, from a recent barometrical admeasurement by Cambessedes, the botanist, that the height of the Puy de Torrelas, in Majorca, is about 4,400 English feet above the level of the sea.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Military Memoirs of Four Brothers, natives of Staffordshire, engaged in the service of their Country, in the New World, Africa, and on the Continent of Europe, is announced by the Survivor.

The celebrated Barras, who acted so conspicuous a part in the French Revolution, died last week in Paris, at the age of 72. He has left Memoirs of his life and times, which, it is stated, are to be published.

A translation of Washington Irving's Life of Columbus, and also a translation of the works of Cooper the American novelist, have been published in Germany.

Lithographic engravings of Retzsch's well-known Outlines in illustration of Goethe's Faust, have recently been published at St. Petersburg, and several thousand copies were readily disposed of.

Prince Augustus of Ansbach has just added to his splendid collection the celebrated picture by Paul Petter, which was formerly one of the most distinguished ornaments of the gallery formed by Lucien Buonaparte.

A new novel from the pen of Mr. Galt, entitled, *My Landlady and her Lodgers*, is announced: the MS. is on its way from Canada.

The games at chess played between London and Edinburgh are about to be published.

The northern capital gives very little note of preparation in respect to other publications.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Cooper (Sir A.) on the Breast, Part I. Imperial 4to. 11s. 6d. bds.—Clarke on the Teeth, 8vo. 5s. bds.—*Germany on the Dry Rot*, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—*Encyclopædia Metropolitana* (Pure Sciences), Vol. 1. 4to. 2s. 2d. bds.—*Greek Extracts* used at the Edinburgh Academy, 12mo. 6s. 6d. bds.—*Huntingford's Testimonies*, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—*Daffin on Deformity of the Spine in Females*, 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—*Feld's Practical Perspective*, royal 8vo. 18s. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1829.

	Thermometer.	Barometer.
January.		
Thursday ... 29	From 30. to 28.	29.53 to 29.46
Friday ... 29	— 29. — 28.	29.46 — 29.76
Saturday ... 31	— 29. — 27.	29.02 — 30.34
February.		
Sunday ... 1	— 28. — 35.	30.33 — 30.42
Monday ... 2	— 14. — 32.	30.40 — 30.48
Tuesday ... 3	— 14. — 30.	29.46 — 29.81
Wednesday ... 4	— 15. — 41.	30.34 — 30.17

Wind variable, prevailing N.E.
Generally clear and frosty, except the 4th instant, when it was raining.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Latitude 51° 37' 32" N.
Longitude 0 5 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To The Literary Gazette.—Having again to notice unavoidable omissions and postponements in this Number, and being anxious that our Journal should continue to be a complete record and epitome of the Literature, Science, Arts, and Improvements of the time, we have arranged to present our subscribers, gratuitously, with an extra half-sheet, as occasion may require. We could only by this means be enabled to supply that important intelligence which is embraced in our new plan,—of giving all the proceedings of all the great public Institutions in London, the space occupied by reports of which must either have been taken from branches already too much cramped, or thus voluntarily offered at our expense to our friends and the public. We propose to begin next Saturday.

We have a hundred excuses to offer to a hundred correspondents: want of time to attend to so many as daily require answers from us,—indisposition,—sometimes vexation at being needlessly occupied,—the pressure of never-ending novelties in all the branches embraced by our Journal, will plead for us with the intelligent and friendly.

T. M.'s compositions do not suit us.
J. H.'s favour as early as possible. E. O. ditto.
A correspondent recommends an action at law to try the validity of *fagging* at public schools: we recommend the law as a remedy for nothing, whatever the evil may be. Mr. Reynnolds's work, and Mr. de Roquet's, shall not be postponed longer than we can help.

We thank Inquirer, but could not use his communications.

is very pretty, but we can say nothing decidedly to him.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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No. 630.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1829.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Remarks on the Practical Effect of Imprisonment for Debt, and on the Laws of Insolvency. By Henry Dance, Provisional Assignee of Insolvent Debtors in England. 8vo. pp. 16. London, 1829. Ridgway.

HAD Mr. Henry Dance been a Chinese, instead of a good honest Englishman, we have no doubt but that an exposition so useful and valuable as the present would have raised him to, at least, the dignity of a minister of two gold buttons and a peacock's feather; since his majesty of the celestial empire is obviously so much of the same way of thinking, that in a proclamation issued a few years ago, and called forth by the multitude of provincial appeals which distracted his government, he ordered "strict search to be made to ferret out all lawsuit-eating blackguards; and when found, to punish them most severely." But as Mr. Dance lives in a litigious and lawsuit-loving land, it is probable that his reward will not be so great; albeit he deserves the thanks of every humane, sensible, and worthy person in these realms.

The question which he agitates and discusses with so much of information, and ability, in a pamphlet of only sixteen pages, is one which more generally and more nearly affects the wealth and happiness of the people of Britain than any other whatever;—more than political economy, the currency, education; i. e. the state of intellect, or even Catholic Emancipation. There is no rank too high, and there is no station too low, not to feel the effects of our legal system; its abuses and oppressions penetrate and prevail over the palaces of princes and the hovels of paupers; it runs into the core of public institutions, and it runs into the distresses of private misfortune. A bankruptcy is to this monster a glorious banquet, at which hungry creditors look sadly on; particular losses and disappointments are its daily food; it darts upon the stricken deer; and it delights to make the slight and curable wounds of society mortal, that it may live on the blood of its victims. Thus our crowded jails are alike a disgrace to policy and morals, to civilization and Christianity, to humanity and religion. And what can be said of the system of a country and of its legislature, that the crime of owing forty shillings is as readily punished as any offence short of a capital felony; and where a power is given to oppress over his fellow-subject, inconsistent with every principle of justice (not to speak of mercy), but calculated to create and cherish the violent passions in the depraved heart of man,—the lust of tyranny, petty malice, and malignant revenge? Such is the picture drawn by Mr. Dance in considering the practical effect of imprisonment for debt, and its consequences, the law of insolvency, which turns the well-meaning and unfortunate, while it transfers impunity on the fraudulent contractor, the swindler, and the villain. And Mr. Dance is not only a competent authority

on these points,—he is the best authority in England; for his interests are involved in the opposite side, and his situation as provisional assignee of insolvent debtors has afforded his intelligent mind more insight into the actual evils of the practice than any other individual could attain. We therefore look upon his testimony as irresistible; and we cordially say, that there is not a merchant, tradesman, or mechanic, in the kingdom, who may not acquire the clearest views, and reap the soundest advice, from the perusal of his patriotic production.

"Imprisonment for debt (he observes) is of so very ancient a date, that until lately it has seemed as if the policy of its continuance might hardly admit of question. But the force of circumstances has at last opened the consideration of this point, and it has become evident, that, rooted as the system appears to be, the time approaches when its permanency, its modification, or its abolition, must depend on argument and reason, in preference to prescriptive claim. An arrest for debt is the only instance in which one subject holds the liberty of another in his own power without the previous control of any tribunal whatever: the sole condition is, that he shall make oath of a debt being due to him, amounting to at least twenty pounds. It is needless to inquire how this power originated, or has been maintained; my present question is, ought it to continue? It must be granted me, that the object of this extraordinary power can be no other than to enable creditors to recover their just debts with more certainty and expedition, and at a less expense, than they otherwise could. I think I may safely say, that I have had during the last nine years the best possible opportunity for impartial observation on this subject; and it has impressed me with a most sincere conviction that none of these requisites are attained; but that, on the contrary, the results are—uncertainty, delay, and increased expense."

And how can it be otherwise? Without going into the country—swarms who subsist on the wrecks of poverty, misery, and accident,—who, if they did not aggravate losses, and press on uncertainty and want of ready preparation, could not subsist at all,—let us only look at the state of London, divided as it were into districts and portions to be preyed upon by a class altogether unproductive to the community. In a calculation recently published from authentic records, it appears that in London alone there are three thousand one hundred and five lawyers, barristers, special pleaders, attorneys, &c.; with comparatively few exceptions, men who live in the enjoyment of every luxury, and the accumulation of prodigious wealth—remembering, moreover, that the lowest and poorest do infinitely more mischief, and create far greater havoc and wretchedness among their fellow-creatures, than the more elevated and rich;* for

* It is fearful, however, to calculate the enormous mass of wretchedness that must be inflicted by one attorney in great practice in common law—such as are in the

in the administration of our laws, the gratings are more multitudinous and fatal than the tigers' bites. "Let us (says Mr. Dance) trace the usual progress of a single case, and consider the effects produced. We will suppose a tradesman possessing a small capital, invested in his business, and having debts due to and from him; we will also suppose that the regular profits of his trade, if realised, are just sufficient to enable him to maintain himself and his family, of course allowing a moderate annual average for losses by bad debts. So long as this average is not exceeded, all is well; but the moment it increases, the derangement of his affairs commences, and he becomes unable to make his payments with his former regularity. In this situation, it generally happens that some one of his creditors takes, or threatens to take, legal proceedings against him. To save his credit and avoid a prison, he is obliged to make a sacrifice in some way or other, so as to procure ready money, and discharge the demand; but, whatever means he adopts, the diminution of his resources must be greater than the aid he obtains. The consequences cannot be obviated, and they follow sooner or later, as he becomes less able to satisfy succeeding claims. Arrests multiply; he procures bail, and so gains time, though at a frightful expense; but after paying several of his most severe creditors twenty shillings in the pound, with the addition of their costs and his own, he can pay no longer. The next arrest takes him to prison; there he becomes not only an unproductive member of the community, but an actual encumbrance; and so he must remain, or apply for his release under the act for relief of insolvent debtors. After what has happened, it is almost certain that his estate cannot pay more than a very trifling dividend (if any at all) on his remaining debts, and he is left in total beggary to begin the world again. The case I have here drawn, represents a much larger class than is generally imagined; and in reviewing it, we must observe, that those creditors who forbear to sue, lose their whole debts; while of the severe creditors, some obtain twenty shillings in the pound, and others lose not only their debts, but the costs they have incurred for the chance of recovering them. Thus it is evident that a most unequal distribution of the debtor's property takes place, though at a very considerable expense. The loss of the many is caused by the severe conduct of the few. The law alone is in fault here; for the law does not afford an honest man, who finds himself insolvent, the power to cause an equal distribution of his property among his creditors at a moderate expense. Common sense tells us that, as soon as a man is really insolvent, the law (which should be impartial) ought to interpose, and prevent any of his

city, making perhaps their 10,000*l.* a-year. Before this sum can be cleared, he must every day of his life doom a fellow-creature to the loss of liberty, and families to distraction and ruin; he must violate the bed of sickness, and blast the hopes of thousands; he must make the hope of industry desolate, and destroy for ever the characters of many a worthy member of society.

creditors (for they cannot be impartial) from obtaining an undue proportion of the property. But instead of this, the law, as it now exists, invites every creditor to press forward in a race of preference for himself, at a sacrifice of the general interest. It is quite bad enough that any should be paid in full, when all cannot; and it is yet worse, that the only legal mode of obtaining this preference should include a necessity for lessening the general fund still more by the addition of costs; but costs are far from being the whole of the mischief induced by this state of the law, for, heavy as they are, they do not equal the expenses and losses consequent on such proceedings. Many of these are, for obvious reasons, kept out of sight by one party, and not challenged by the other. Such are the expenses of obtaining ready money by illegal discounts, by pawning, and, above all, by sales of property out of the usual course of trade.* Such are, also, the expenses of procuring bail, of living at lock-up houses, and (in country cases) of travelling to London to surrender in discharge of bail; and, lastly, the difference between the value of stock or furniture, and more particularly of fixtures, when available for the purposes of the owner, either for trade or for household use, and when sacrificed under legal process. I wish creditors in general could be impressed with the fact, that all these expenses, however disguised, do, in truth, come out of *their own pockets*; I wish they would also reflect, that the destruction does not end with the case to which they intend it to be limited. In the multitude of insolvents' schedules which I have examined, I have often seen the names of men as detaining and opposing creditors, whom I have afterwards observed as insolvents themselves, and attributing their ruin to losses by bad debts and excessive law expenses. It is true, that those whose system is to proceed strictly, may often recover both debts and costs, when, by forbearance, they would have lost them; but they cannot always be foremost in a race where their competitors are unknown to them. The first creditor by whom any debtor is arrested, begins his ruin; but that creditor can never be certain that he is not thereby striking the first blow of a series, the last of which is to destroy himself. All these considerations lead me to the conclusion, that the law of arrest and imprisonment for debt, is actually *prejudicial to the interests of the very creditors on whose behalf it is pretended to be upheld*; and that means ought to be devised for enabling them to obtain a just division of the property of their debtors, at the smallest expense possible."

The good sense of this extract forbids comment: it must convince every judgment, and does great honour to the writer. But the counsel it gives, though most beneficial to all else, would, if followed, be the ruin of a considerable proportion of our *three thousand one hundred and five*: say of two thousand of the harpies! and suppose they only earn 1000*l.* a-year each, (we

* "It may not be generally known, that there are houses established for the express purpose of purchasing goods, and of removing them in a few hours, without limitation as to their nature, quality, or bulk. They are paid for in ready money, but, of course, at a rate which is intended to leave an enormous profit to the buyer; and, as it necessarily follows that he must again dispose of them below their real value, the transaction inflicts a still greater loss on the creditors of the seller. Many extensive frauds originate in the facilities afforded by these establishments, into whose receptacles it often happens that large quantities of goods, obtained from the manufacturing districts on credit, are removed immediately after their arrival in London, and sold for half, or less than half, the invoice prices. I do not state all this from report merely—I know it to be true, and so do many others; but I wish it to reach those quarters whence a remedy may be obtained."

believe it would be nearer the truth to estimate them at 2000*l.* per ann.—for few of the greedy rogues can exist upon less than one,) and you have 2,000,000*l.*!!! a year saved in the metropolis alone, and chiefly levied upon indigence, difficult circumstances, temporary embarrassments, necessity, and utter desolation. Whether contemplated all together, or in detail, this is a grievous and monstrous state of things. But let us again hearken to Mr. Dance:—"I have hitherto (he says) considered this subject only as it appears to affect the pecuniary interests of creditors; but I cannot overlook the argument on the score of humanity. Whoever doubts its claims to consideration on this ground, ought to take a few opportunities of inspecting the interior of the prisons, more especially about the times appointed for the admission and departure of visitors. Let him then attentively examine the general appearance and behaviour of the wives and children seeking access to, or taking leave of, their husbands and fathers; and when this fails to produce conviction, farther reasoning would be wasted. . . . The more honest and the more unfortunate a debtor is, the more he feels his situation; and, therefore, the greater is the degree of punishment inflicted on him by imprisonment. This is a curious fact, which I leave the admirers of the system to digest at their leisure. I shall only add to it, that of the many cases referred to me for examination, the most glaringly fraudulent were those of two men, at different periods, both of whom, I afterwards had occasion to learn, refused to come before the court for their final hearing, lest, by any means, they might be discharged from prison, in which they had determined on remaining."

After some just and pertinent remarks on regular and irregular trading, in both of which, owing to the state of our laws, the "good are made to pay for the bad," our author continues:

"The destruction of this irregular credit seems to me of itself almost a sufficient motive for the repeal of the law. . . . Fraud ought undoubtedly to be punished—in many cases, perhaps, more severely than it now is; but my objection is, that at present we commence by imprisoning a debtor, and make the proof of his honesty the condition of his discharge, instead of making the proof of his fraud the condition of his imprisonment. It is not until after this has been done, that he should receive the sentence of the court, which should then be really carried into effect, and not remain subject to the caprice or the collusion of a creditor, who may enforce or abandon it without control."

But Mr. Dance's pamphlet would have been very incomplete, if, having so honestly and ably exposed the mass of ills under which we labour, he had not also indicated some remedy for the disease. This he has done with equal talent and discretion:—

"There are," he writes, "many existing prejudices to be overcome, which I am willing, to a certain extent, to respect in others, though I cannot entertain them myself; I will therefore suggest (as an experiment for a limited time only, if it be thought better so), that any debtor, without being in custody, shall be permitted to declare himself insolvent, and give up his property to his creditors, and thereupon shall receive a protection from arrest or imprisonment for debt, for such reasonable time as will allow of his case being brought to a hearing. That the examination, and all other proceedings, shall be had as at present, and that sentences of imprisonment, in cases of

fraud, shall be strictly carried into execution, subject to mitigation, only at the discretion of the court. Of course it will be necessary to provide, that whenever a debtor has been previously arrested, and has procured bail, they shall be exonerated when he gives up his property. The improvements which I expect will be attained by this measure, will be easily perceived, from what I have already stated. It will be, in a word, a law for the honest and unfortunate; and those who believe, as I do, that there are many such, must certainly advocate the proposition for its positive good; while those who believe them to be few, must admit that, if they are right, such a regulation would prove comparatively inoperative, and therefore nearly harmless."

Such a reform might restore this enlightened nation; this nation which so loudly boasts of its institutions as being superior to all others in the world; this nation which so loudly preclaims its love of freedom, and incarcerates thousands of its people for the most paltry debts; this nation, blessed with the march of intellect, and the schoolmaster abroad; this nation, an example for every nation on the face of the earth;—might restore it, we repeat, to something of a level with the barbarians of heathen, Mahometan, and unilluminated regions.

"The Eastern merchant (says Mr. Burckhardt) seldom enters into hazardous speculations, but limits his transactions to the extent of his capital. Credit to a great amount is obtained with difficulty. Failures are, therefore, of rare occurrence; and when a man becomes embarrassed, either from an unsuccessful speculation or inevitable losses, his creditors forbear to press their demands, and are generally paid after a few years' patience; thereby saving the merchant's credit, and preventing the consequences of bankruptcy." What fools these people must be, when compared with those in that happy land of liberty, Old England! Under similar circumstances here, after a period of long struggle and long suffering,—the race being who shall pounce first upon the unfortunate victim, whose difficulties shall have been made insurmountable by the process,—the gentle aid of the law shall be evoked, the docket shall be struck, he shall be ruined in credit, and he shall go to prison; a host of attorneys shall bestow upon his spoils; assignees, and commissioners, and counsel, shall participate in his estate; his goods and chattels shall be sold at less than half their value; and, on paying some two or one-and-sixpence in the pound, he shall be given back to society, an impoverished and broken-hearted being, disgraced and unnerved, and unfit for any exertions which could ever make him a useful member of the body from which he had been so unnecessarily and so cruelly cut off. The rotten branch can never add to the vigour and beauty of the tree again.

Here, then, we conclude: but let us not be supposed, in our observation on the law and its ministers, to intend a sweeping censure on the latter. Many of them are an honour to human nature, and the more because they resist the overwhelming temptations to be otherwise, which are too strong for the immense majority of their professional brethren. We know and appreciate men of this description, who, instead of inflaming, repress litigation, and who earn a noble and elevated subsistence by the performance of those numerous legal duties and offices which are absolutely necessary to the motion and order of the social machine. These men are benefactors to their country; and we call

upon them to consummate their high character by their aid in producing those reforms which would weed them of noxious associates, under the laws a blessing instead of a curse, and relieve the population of Great Britain of a land which presses more severely upon it than national debt, taxes, tithes, and poor-rates, all combined together!

The Token; a Christmas and New Year's Present. Edited by N. P. Willis. 12mo. pp. 348. R. J. Kennett, London; S. G. Goodrich, Boston. 1839.

INFERIOR certainly to our own splendid *Annual* in the expense and beauty of engravings, which could only have been produced and patronised when art and luxury were at their height, but in all else fully their equal,—we greet with great cordiality the arrival of the first American *Annual*. It is a very charming little volume, and says much for the taste and talent diffused through American society; for the minds which can produce and appreciate the elegancies of literature, must have before progressed through its rougher paths:—our literary taste grows on our literary cultivation. There are in the *Token* some very pretty tales, which blend the humorous and pathetic well together. “The Son of a Gentleman,” “Retrospections,” “The Ruse,” “The Emigrants,” and “Otter-Bag,” possess a degree of freshness and originality which too many of their English competitors want; for a family-likeness in their features—deaths, marriages, &c.—is the besetting fault of a great many of our English *Annual* story-tellers.

The following sketch of a New England family has pleased us much:—

“I think, sir,” said the artist, “that the New England people are naturally of a cool temperament, sensible, wary, and calculating; but when once their imaginations or passions are thoroughly excited, you cannot turn them from the heat of their humour, or convince them they have mistaken their own interest. You may as easily direct the whirlwind, or stay the course of a torrent with the rushes on its bank.” “We are rather obstinate, I confess, when our opinion is formed,” said Erskine. “Yes; and we think nothing you determine on impossible in performance or attainment,” replied the artist. “I have seen many of your Yankees, who come here with their families almost as docile as Adam when he was banished from Eden; and yet they were expecting to amass the wealth of princes, and attain the highest honours of the state. This enthusiasm is shared, too, by the women, and even little children. I never saw a finer illustration of the ‘Pleasures of Hope’ than I witnessed a few weeks since. I spent a month last summer wandering over the Alleghany hills; and during my rambles, I fell in with a family who were removing from Connecticut to Ohio. I saw them first at noon-day, as they were about to rest for an hour or two. The horses were loosed from the waggon; but here,—I can show you a sketch of the scene; I took it at the time, and have since removed some pains to retouch and finish it. Indeed, I think I succeeded tolerably well in giving the spirit, the peculiar character, of the individuals to their respective pictures, and that is the perfection of our art.” “Yes; but to impart the character of a person to his picture, is necessary, I presume, that you know something of his history,” said Mr. Erskine. “Exactly so,” returned the artist. “But I had a fine opportunity for that. I passed a day with this family, and rendered them some trifling

assistance, and was repaid by a communication, unreserved, I think, of all the changes and chances they had experienced. I never in my life saw a more interesting family. They appeared so good, so devoted to each other, so ardent in their expectations of success, and so unpractised in the deceptions of the world. But look at my sketch. This old man told me he was descended, by the mother’s side, from the noted Mr. Hooker, the Connecticut divine so famed for his courageous piety, that he trembled not at ‘spirit of health or goblin damned.’

And truly, when I saw this old man walking with a firm and vigorous step, though he bore the weight of seventy years, and heard him conversing with the cheerfulness of youth on his future plans and prospects, though always with reference to the will of God, I thought the descendant did not shame the progenitor. I drew him as I first saw him, watering his horses at one of those bright rills that, when swelled by recent rains, come leaping down the mountain from their hiding-places among the rocks and shrubs. There is his wife, with such a humble and resigned countenance, mingled with that deep affection, which seems, like the rill, to gather strength in its descent to her posterity. She has her little grand-daughter at her knee—by the way, the loveliest creature I ever beheld. Her auburn hair, clustered in natural curls all over her head, and her blue eyes were so bright with joy and innocence, that I could not look at her without thinking of heaven. Oh! she will be too fair a flower to bloom in our solitary wilds! Beside the old lady sits her son: he was a very handsome man, and his countenance indicative of an excellent disposition; but there was little of that energy about him which usually distinguishes the emigrant from the East. I thought him very amiable, but that he was not in his proper element—that to have tilled his small farm beside the soft-flowing Connecticut would have been more congenial to his mind, than to explore the pathless forests and mighty rivers of our Western country. But he had a fine, active boy, a lad of eight, perhaps, who looked as if he would delight to ramble over the whole earth. His face beamed with rapture, and his eye with inquiry, at every strange object he saw. He resembled his mother; and I could not do justice to her. She was one of those creatures of spirit and feeling who ‘would move heaven and earth,’ were it possible, to serve those she loved. Ambitious she was as Semiramis; and yet it was an ambition that hardly had reference to self. See! with what a queenly air she is looking around, over the boundless valley of the Ohio, then just opening before her. She was a very beautiful woman; but there was at that moment something in her countenance much dearer than beauty. It was the conjugal, the maternal expression of triumph and affection, that seemed to say, ‘here my husband will be distinguished, and my children rich and happy.’ She was, in truth, the presiding and animating spirit of the party. I found she wedded for ‘pure, pure love,’ as the old song says, and against the advice and wishes of her friends, who had provided one they deemed a better match for her. But Cupid delights in thwarting human prudence; and he had smitten with mutual passion the daughter of the rich merchant and the son of the poor farmer—and so they married. I do not think the young woman regretted her choice; but I believe she was disappointed in the degree of felicity she had expected to enjoy. How could it be otherwise, when she had, doubtless, pictured a Paradise of domestic bliss? The old lady told me her

daughter-in-law made an excellent wife, but that she was never quite contented with their little farm; and so, to please her, they were removing to a country where they could obtain more land. In short, I found, to compare small things with great, that it was the same cause which made the proud triumvir lose a world, namely, the influence of a woman, that had induced this prudent and peaceful family to quit the hearth and the altar of their childhood and old age, and set out on a pilgrimage to the wilderness of Ohio.”

We should think there was great truth in the annexed passage. “I was going to say, that the white men of Europe, and I might have said of America also, have exceedingly false and absurd notions of what they call Indian eloquence. The language of a red orator is nothing. You see speeches every day that pass for Indian oratory,—speeches that are imitated by all who desire to give others an idea of Indian oratory; and yet, sir, I assure you that I do not know of a speech in the world, nor of a single paragraph I might say, decidedly characteristic of the native Indian—the serious, proud, uncorrupted Indian of the back-woods. His language is remarkable for sobriety, for a severe and familiar plainness—not for bold ornament or metaphor. It abounds with short, strong phraseology, and abruptness, but not with such abruptness, I will say that for the Indian orator, as we see every where now in the reported speeches of the red men. The very few ornaments—and very few they are, whatever people may suppose, that occur in the speech of a red man—are not so much his ornaments as they are the ornaments of his tribe or people. They are a part of the very language he speaks, and are, after all, but few, and meagre enough, considered as conventional poetry or metaphor, though important as a part of the language. They are never the poetical combinations nor the rhetorical embellishments of the individual. His thoughts are eloquent, but never in the way that ours are, with beauty of speech—they are so with a sort of barbarous candour and straightforwardness. They are full of passion, full of energy,—but they are never what they are represented to be; they are never beautiful, they are never charged with tropes, nor capable of being tortured into mere poetry. His imagery is a sort of household, every-day imagery; and, I am rather inclined to believe, the fragments of another language—a language older than that in which he speaks now, whatever that may be, or derived from the barbarous poetry of some earlier and mightier people; for the idiom is peculiar, the phraseology and the thought foreign—that is, unlike the body of the language in which these little fragments are found, as it were, imbedded, like so many bright shells or gems of beauty, in a dull, fixed medium of earth.—And, what is much more wonderful, sir, in my view, these peculiar turns of speech and figurative combinations are, if not precisely alike, much more alike in every language of North America than perhaps any other part of any other two languages that prevail here. Thus, go where you will, you hear the red men talk of burying the hatchet, of smoking the pipe of peace, of planting the tree of peace in the rock, or of keeping the chain of peace for ever bright; of the land of souls, and of hearts growing soft with fear: but while you encounter these particular forms of speech, with a multitude more, among all the tribes of America, among those who dwell hundreds and hundreds of leagues apart, having no knowledge of one another, they always appear to be unlike the great body of the lan-

* This refers to one of the engravings.

guage in which they are found. Cases have occurred where two wild men have met; neither of whom understood a syllable of the other's tongue; and yet, by means of a few of these beautiful strange fragments, of what I take to have been a very old and rich language, aided by looks and gesture, they have been able to understand each other;—"Which goes to shew, my dear sir, that, after all, poetry is a sort of universal language, if not in Europe, at least here—here among the mighty woods and waters of America." He drew a long breath, and proceeded. "Perhaps the best specimen of Indian oratory that we have now, is the speech of Logan, the Mingo chief; and yet Mr. Jefferson, to whom we are indebted for it, knows very well, that instead of being a true speech, or the translation of a true speech, is altogether untrue." "Indeed!" "Altogether untrue, sir; and as for the speeches that are generally put forth in America, or published by authority, after there has been a war, a treaty of cession, a talk, and a great council, they are positively mere trash and counterfeit—considered, I mean, with regard to the peculiarity of style or thought of the speaker; and about as much like the speech of a true Indian orator, as a bad imitation of bad poetry would be like the speech of a man of business, thoroughly at home with his subject, and full of good sense; or about as much like the truth as the poetry of Ossian would be like the speech of a thoughtful, brave man, who had a bargain to make with a foe. The interpreters—the doers of these things into English—are sad fellows, to be sure; a set of audacious blockheads nineteen times out of twenty—without a common share of the commonest education; whose meagre knowledge of the Indian dialect has been picked up any how, while they were trading for beaver; and are generally a patch-work of all the fine phrases they may happen to remember, about pipes and hatchets, great talkers and good fathers, and great spirits and war-clubbers."

Before we advance to the poetry, we must observe that it is preceded by a very pretty rose-coloured presentation-page, just fit for some very graceful inscription to some very fair lady: a little Cupid has made a boat of his bow, an arrow crosses the light veil which serves for a sail, and a torch is the mast; and a wreath of flowers is in the hand of the young god, who is sailing in triumph over the globe.

The following poems will speak for themselves.

"What is that, Mother?"

What is that, mother?

The lark, my child!
The moon has but just looked out and smiled,
When he starts from his humble grassy nest,
And is up and away, with the dew on his breast,
And a hymn in his heart, to you pure bright sphere,
To warble it out in his Maker's ear—
Ever, my child, be thy morning lays
Tuned, like the lark's, to thy Maker's praise.

What is that, mother?

The dove, my son!
And that low sweet voice, like a widow's moan,
Is flowing out from her gentle breast,
Constant and pure, by that lonely nest,
As the wave is poured from some crystal urn,
For her distant dear one's quick return—
Ever, my son, be thou like the dove,
In friendship as faithful, as constant in love!

What is that, mother?

The eagle, boy!
Proudly careering his course of joy!
Firm, on his own mountain vantage relying,
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt dashing—
His wing on the wind, and his eye in the sun,
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on—
Boy! may the eagle's flight ever be thine,
Onward, and upward, and true to the line!

What is that, mother?

The swan, my love!
He is floating down from his native grove;
No loved one now, no nestling nigh,
He is floating down by himself to die;

Death darkens his eye and unplumes his wings,
Yet his sweetest song is the last he sings—
Live so, my love, that when death shall come,
Swan-like and sweet, it may waft thee home!"

"Psyche, before the Tribunal of Venus."

Lift up thine eyes, sweet Psyche! What is she,
That those soft fringes timidly should fail
Before her, and that spiritual brow
Be shadowed as her presence were a cloud?
A loftier gift is thine than she can give,
That queen of beauty. She may mould the brow
To perfectness, and give unto the form
A beautiful proportion; she may stain
The eye with a celestial blue—the cheek
With carmine of the sunset; she may breathe
Grace into every motion, like the play
Of the least visible tissue of a cloud;
She may give all that is within her own
Bright census—and one silent look of thine,
Like stronger magic, will outcharm it all.
Ay, for the soul is better than its frame,
The spirit than its temple. What's the brow,
Or the eye's lustre, or the step of air,
Or colour, but the beautiful links that chain
The mind from its rare element? There lies
A talisman in intellect, which yields
Celestial music, when the master-hand
Touches it cunningly. It sleeps beneath
The outward semblance, and to common sight
Is an invisible and hidden thing;
But when the lip is faded, and the cheek
Robbed of its daintiness, and when the form
Matches the sense no more, and human love
Falters in its idolatry,—this spell
Will hold its strength unbroken, and go on
Stealing anew the affections.

Marvel not,
That Love leans sadly on his bended bow:
He hath found out the loveliness of mind,
And he is spoli for beauty. So 'twill be
Ever—the glory of the human form
Is but a perishing thing, and Love will droop
When its brief grace hath faded. But the mind
Perisheth not; and when the outward charm
Hath had its brief existence, it awakes,
And is the lovelier that it slept so long—
Like wells that, by the wasting of their flow,
Have had their deeper fountains broken up."

We cannot but observe, both with reference to the volume now before us, and other productions of the American muse, how very much the writings of L. E. L. have given their tone to Transatlantic poetry; their style is modelled on the school of which she is the founder: the same vein of metaphysical sentiment; the same wish to give inanimate nature our own feelings, making a sympathy between them, sometimes fanciful, but oftener touching; the same desire to exalt the humanity of love by the refinement of sorrow; the short sketches in blank verse; and much, too, of that carelessness of diction, and neglect of action in the narratives, which are among her faults. The earlier American Souvenirs are chiefly composed of selections from her writings; and now that they have brought their own talents to the work, and are giving their Annuals a national character, the same influence is still perceptible; though, we must say, amid her many imitators, they are the only ones that have also their own original features:—if the spirit of song has been awakened by strange music, it awakes to revel in a new and beautiful world of its own.

Researches into the Origin and Affinity of the principal Languages of Europe and Asia.
By Lieut.-Col. Vans Kennedy, of the Bombay Military Establishment. 4to. pp. 338. London, 1828. Longman and Co.

THE affinity of languages has for nearly two centuries excited great curiosity in Europe, and much diversity of opinion has been expressed on this subject. It must, however, be confessed, that the extremely injudicious manner in which inquiries into the derivations and relationships of languages have frequently been conducted, have rather injured than benefited the study—it having produced an impression on the public mind, that an ingenious etymologist, by apparently arbitrary permutations, ad-

ditions, and contractions, can prove the identity of almost any two words of almost any two languages, and can do this in utter disregard of, or opposition to, their proper sound, primary meaning, or grammatical form.

Although such is the public feeling in relation to etymological investigations, yet as it is almost universally allowed, that those investigations, conducted on correct principles, shed light on the early history and migrations of nations, as well as elucidate language, it is very desirable that so useful a study should be rescued from its, perhaps well-merited, state of disrepute, by a clear demonstration of the fact, that there are principles by which the connexion or non-connexion of languages may be firmly established. Colonel Kennedy has laid down these principles, and illustrated and applied them in his *Researches*; and it is fortunate for the cause of literature that the task should have been undertaken by a man so eminently qualified by his immense acquirements and long study of the subject, and executed in a manner that is, generally, very satisfactory.

The idea that fragments of the language that was spoken before the dispersion at Babel exist in most parts of the world, has been zealously advocated by M. Klaproth in his *Asia Polyglotta*, and by Mr. Sharon Turner in the first volume of the *Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature*. It is also the basis of a work published at Karlsruhe in 1826, entitled *Synglosse oder grundsätze der Sprachforschung*, von Junius Faber; of which a French translation was printed at Paris in 1828, in the name of Baron de Merian, as an original work. We suspect, however, that M. Klaproth is intimately acquainted with an individual who owes paternal care to both these publications.

While these and some other writers plead for the existence of vestiges of the antediluvian language, others, in opposition to the Biblical account of the confusion of tongues, have insisted on its present existence in nearly its original state. Goropius Becanus's opinion, that Dutch was the language spoken in heaven, and by Adam and his posterity, is universally known, from its pre-eminent absurdity; and Webb attempted to prove that Chinese was the primitive language: but the majority of writers on this very difficult subject have assumed that it was Hebrew. Kennedy, however, differs from them, in thinking "that the primitive speech of mankind was abolished at Babel, and various distinct languages created by the same power by whom the former was originally communicated to mankind;" and "that geography, chronology, and history, demonstrate the impossibility of Hebrew being the primitive tongue, from which all other languages are derived; for the land of the Hebrews was bounded on all sides by countries in which a kindred language prevailed, and with the people beyond which they never had, in earlier times, any intercourse whatever—as is fully proved by their own history; nor could the few individuals of Abraham's family, or the slaves of the Egyptians who afterwards became the Hebrew people, have possibly communicated their language, even if they preserved a peculiar one, to other nations. The argument, *a priori*, being consequently so irrefutable, it becomes unnecessary to enter into any examination of the Hebrew language itself: and I shall therefore merely observe, that I have carefully examined the lexicons of Buxtorf and Castell, and that I have not been able to discover in them a single word which can be identified with any term in Sanscrit, Greek, Latin, Persian, German, or English."

Most of our readers will, we imagine, consider the concluding part of this extract to be nearly as erroneous as the assertion in the *Annual Register*,* "that the ancient Celtic is Hebrew itself;" or Biblelander's opinion, that there is a great affinity between Greek and Welsh!

On the very interesting subject of the various distinct languages created at Babel, Colonel Kennedy is nearly silent; although, we think, he might have added to Sir W. Jones's enumeration of them some others besides the Mongol, and one or two more that are incidentally mentioned. It appears, for instance, to us that some difficulty would be found in attempting to trace Chinese to either Sanscrit, Arabic, or Tartar; although De Paaw derives it from Mongol, and Webb makes it the parent of Greek.

The following quotation is given because it contains the author's ideas on a primitive language, and an explanation of the general object of his very erudite researches:

"If language was invented by man, the theory of its formation proposed by Adam Smith is certainly the most clear and satisfactory; but this theory, it is evident, can apply to one people only, for it attempts not to explain the causes which have occasioned that variety of names which are given by different nations to one and the same object. This difference the Mosaic history ascribes to a miraculous interposition of the Supreme Being; and had mankind ever spoken only one language, such a miracle seems alone adequate to account for there now no longer existing any trace of this primitive tongue in the different languages of the world; for no instance occurs of a language which has once existed becoming entirely extinct; and, consequently, had this primitive tongue remained in use, some identical terms, and particularly some similarity of grammatical structure, must still be discoverable in every dialect of Asia and Europe: but not a single word or grammatical inflexion, as far as I am aware, has ever been discovered, or can be discovered, which exists equally in Sanscrit, Arabic, and Tartar. Apply this test to the various languages that have been derived from them, and it will be immediately observed that although similar words may be found in all of them, still every term that is contained in each cannot be traced through all the dialects that belong to the same family. In all such examinations, the etymologist is obliged to confess, that the more the subject is investigated, the more improbable becomes the conjecture, that all languages have been derived from one and the same origin; for at every step that he prosecutes his researches, this supposed identity gradually diminishes, until it entirely disappears, long before he attains the end of his pursuit. But he finds, without the least research, numerous words in all known languages which bear no resemblance to each other, and the system of which it is impossible to discover or to trace to a parent tongue. It cannot, however, be denied, that cognate and identical terms and similarity of grammatical structure, are discoverable in several languages; and this affinity, if it does not prove the derivation of one from the other, must at least establish that they were all derived from some one common source. The object, therefore, of the following *Researches* is not to investigate the origin of speech, or to attempt to reduce the various languages of the world to one pri-

mitive tongue; but merely to exhibit the striking affinity that exists between the Sanscrit, Greek, Latin, Persian, and Gothic languages. As, however, mere etymological and grammatical disquisitions can afford little interest, I have also entered into an inquiry respecting the causes to which this affinity ought to be attributed. The relation that these languages bear to each other has already excited much attention; but I am not aware that any person has yet undertaken to investigate the subject fully, or to support his opinions by any extended list of the similar words that occur in them. As, therefore, the only satisfactory proof in all etymological inquiries is identity of terms, I now produce a collection of 900 Sanscrit words which exist either in Greek, Latin, Persian, German, or English. All these words are primitives, or uncompound; and when it is recollected that these form a small proportion of the words contained in any language, it must appear the more surprising that so many of the Sanscrit primitives can still be discovered, after the lapse of ages, in languages now so widely separated."

The extremely unsatisfactory modes of reasoning employed by many etymologists, and the manifest falsehood of their deductions, have proved that it is not only necessary to shew an unforced identity of many words in two languages, before adopting the conclusion that an affinity exists between these languages, but that it is also necessary to prove that an affinity exists in their grammatical structure. Indeed, similarity of grammatical structure is a much stronger proof of common origin or derivation than verbal resemblances are. For, as the author of the *Researches* remarks—"the grammatical structure of a language must have been coeval with its origin, and is so indispensably requisite for its distinct existence, that whenever the grammatical inflections of one language are found in another, no possible causes can be assigned for such a similarity, except that the one language was derived from the other, or that they both sprang from the same common source. Could, therefore, any words be produced from the Arabic class of languages which corresponded in sound and meaning with those of other tongues, still the peculiar grammatical structure of the Arabic would evince that these words must have become common to the two languages from some accidental cause, and would consequently be no proof that any affinity whatever existed between them."

Again: "It is singular that etymologists have not adverted to the remarkable difference which exists between the grammatical structure of Hebrew and that of Sanscrit and Greek; for various causes might have occasioned the passing of single words from one original language into another, and such terms therefore would be no proof of the affinity or common derivation of these two languages. The grammatical structure, on the contrary, is peculiar to each distinct tongue, and even to each cognate dialect of the same language, and must have been coeval with the origin of each. If, therefore, Sanscrit and Greek were derived from Hebrew, in what manner did these languages acquire the numerous inflections which give their nouns and verbs such precision and variety, when the alleged parent tongue possesses scarcely any inflections? In what manner did the daughters learn to luxuriate in the compound terms to which they are indebted for such elegance and beauty, when the mother abhors the ornament of composition? In short, to what causes shall be ascribed the copious

richness of Sanscrit and Greek, if they owe their origin to a language which has always been remarkable for its irremediable poverty?"

Baron William Humboldt, in a paper on the Affinities of Oriental Languages, lately read to the Royal Asiatic Society, and which is to form part of the second volume of that Society's *Transactions*, expresses precisely the same idea, in the following terms: "All research into the affinity of languages which does not enter quite as much into the examination of the grammatical system as into that of words, is faulty and imperfect; and the proofs of the real affinity of languages, that is to say, the question whether two languages belong to the same family, ought to be principally deduced from the grammatical system, and can be deduced from that alone; since the identity of words only proves a resemblance such as may be purely historical and accidental."

As the absolute identity of ideas contained in these quotations would appear to warrant the conclusion that Baron Humboldt had copied from Colonel Kennedy, we state, on the authority of Baron Humboldt himself, that he had not even looked into Colonel Kennedy's *Researches* before his attention was called to this remarkable coincidence.

These principles will, we imagine, be approved by every philosophical linguist; and it is by attention to the grammatical structure of languages, in connexion with the sound and meaning of words, that Colonel Kennedy has come to the conclusion, that a striking affinity exists between the Sanscrit, Greek, Latin, Persian, and Gothic languages.

Alexander I. of Russia.

DURING the last fifteen years of his life, the mind of the late Autocrat of all the Russias was more than gently swayed by religious fervour. Many of his public acts during that period, either originated in a spirit of enthusiastic piety, or may be referred to its influence. Few, indeed, were the individuals to whom this fact was known; and the few to whom that knowledge was imparted, felt that the multitude would hail it with a taunt or a sneer,—and were silent. Until the present moment, therefore, we have had much that is of considerable interest as regards that monarch, withheld from us; but the companion and guide of his hours of religious exercise and meditation has now become their chronicler; and the minister of the Gospel, to whom Alexander confided the pangs and throes of his heart, now relates the events of his closing years, at the risk of all evils which may await his revealings. He thus speaks of the scenes or sentiments to the truth of which he bears evidence:—

"In the earlier part of his career, Alexander, being raised to a station whence he could command every luxury or enjoyment of the western or eastern world, lent himself with ardour to a life of extravagance and debauchery. At a maturer age he confessed, that, amidst all his carousings, pleasures, and dissipation, he felt an internal void; and in spite of his utmost efforts to shake the feeling off by renewed and redoubled excesses, he could never succeed in silencing the 'still, small voice' that spoke within him. He repeatedly resolved upon changing his mode of life: the resolution was formed, but the hour of execution put off to 'the morrow.' There had always been a tendency to religious feeling lurking in his breast, and he gradually acquired a deeper relish for the society of those whose conduct bespoke the existence of a similar impulse in their own.

*Vol. xlviii. p. 287; cited in Higgins's Celtic Druids. The author of the last-named work asserts that the Celtic and Sanscrit languages are the same: pp. 62, 64.

In the year 1812 he was in Baden, and sought the companionship of *Stilling*; but neither was the heart satisfied, nor the wounded spirit healed; for there is no real peace, where both are not in a state at least of partial reconciliation with their divine original.

"As his youthful years dropped away, Alexander's character, day by day, assumed a deepening tinge of seriousness. He strove to acquire the mastery of his passions; he fought hard to put away the irritability with which he encountered any opposition to his will; and pondered over the page of Scripture, which became his inseparable companion. He had derived partial relief from this source, when the year 1813 called him beyond his own frontier, to seek his adversary on the soil of Germany. A lady in Riga, who was acquainted with the religious turn his mind had taken, recommended him to study the 91st Psalm; and a letter to Mademoiselle de Stourdza gave him the first impression of confidence in Madame de Krüdener, who had written to him previously, and awakened an expectation, that she would succeed in allaying the internal oppression under which he was suffering.

"The campaign of 1815 brought him to Heilbronn in Württemberg. On the 4th of June, a lady was announced as desirous of waiting upon him; and this lady proved to be the identical person whom he had so long been anxious to consult. She was instantly admitted to his presence: she found him so perfectly prepared, that, even in this first interview, she endeavoured to persuade the emperor to begin the task of self-examination, to inquire into the vicious character of his past life, and to ascertain the treachery of the principles on which he had built his attempts at amendment:—'Be assured, sire,' she added with earnest energy, 'that you have not yet approached the throne of mercy with that humility which becomes a sinner suing for forgiveness; nor have you yet received pardon at the hands of that Being, who, and who alone, is of power to remit earthly transgressions. You are still in a state of sinfulness, and have yet to cast yourself in deep humility before your Saviour! You have yet to exclaim with the repentant publican, 'Lord! be merciful to me a sinner!' This is a state which prevents you from living in peace. Harken to the voice of one who was herself a hardened offender, but has found mercy and forgiveness at the foot of the Cross!'

"The interview was of three hours duration. The emperor was at first surprised, then convinced; and to conviction succeeded a sense of his weakness, and fervent humility. He acknowledged her words to be keen as a two-edged sword, but full of truth and balm. When she had closed her exhortations, and came to entreat his forgiveness of the strong language in which she had indulged, he replied, 'You need feel no alarm; every word you have uttered has found an advocate in my own breast; and you have enabled me to discover much within me, of which I have never hitherto been conscious. I thank God for this; and am sensible how greatly I need a frequent repetition of these admonitions. I implore you, therefore, not to abridge me of their benefits.' She promised to follow him to his headquarters at Heidelberg; where she hired a small house on the left bank of the Neckar, in which it was his custom to devote three or four hours every evening to religious conversation and the study of the Scriptures. Neither these interviews, nor their subsequent inter-

course at Paris, had any other object in view,—much less political speculations.

"Alexander observed, some time afterwards, that whatever might be the pressure of his other occupations, whether in camp or in the field, he had been long in the habit of reading three chapters of the Bible daily; one out of the Old Testament, one out of the Gospel, and the third out of the Epistles; nor would he suffer even the roar of cannon to interrupt his reading. In spite of this exemplary custom, and the benefit he derived from regular prayer, he did not feel reconciled to his own misgivings; but took frequent opportunities of praying in private with those who had similar predispositions with himself.

"He said that the thirty-fifth Psalm quieted every apprehension he had entertained as to the result of the campaign of the allied powers in France; and in speaking of this circumstance he gave expression to sentiments worthy of being written in gold:—'*I pray without ceasing for my enemies, and I feel that I can love them, even as we are bidden by the Gospel.*' Some days afterwards, intelligence reached us that the allies had been worsted; and there was not a soul amongst us who was not dismayed and crest-fallen, except Alexander himself, who instantly threw himself on his knees, read the thirty-seventh Psalm, and, as if he had acquired strength and inspiration from this act of piety, rose and hastened to the allied leaders, re-kindled their sinking courage, shewed them the advantages of an immediate assault upon the enemy, and bade them be confident of victory. The result justified his representations, and called forth a fresh expression of his deep sense of the Divine mercy. After the allies had entered Paris as conquerors, nothing appeared to afford him higher gratification than that his second entrance into it had not been stained by bloodshed.

"He fully believed that the eye of God watched over his days; and he was not only an ensample of mildness and benevolence to all around, but was earnestly solicitous that others should act, like himself, from the influence of the religion of the heart. The following may serve to corroborate this 'good report':—Being informed that a number of Prussian officers were eagerly looking for an opportunity to take a desperate vengeance for the injuries which the French had heaped upon their native country, he sent for them, addressed them in the language of a brother in arms and fellow-soldier; and endeavoured to inspire them with more kindly feelings. Their violence and thirst for retaliation gradually gave way to his benevolent remonstrances; and, perceiving the happy effect which he had produced, he dismissed them with this noble injunction: 'You called yourselves Christians, and seek to be avenged? Dare a Christian use such language? Oh! let me entreat you not to follow in the steps of those by whom you have been wronged. Be it yours to set them an example of forgiveness: this, and this only, is the revenge befitting Christians.' The parties thus addressed are said to have foregone their vindictive design.

"It was indeed his own custom to return good for evil wherever the occasion permitted it. More than once has he been heard to say, 'I am Christ's disciple, and keep his Gospel ever before me: willingly would I walk two miles if any one forced me to walk one, and readily would I add my mantle were I robbed of my coat.' Many will deem that he pushed this principle to a needless extreme on the subsequent occasion. He was in the practice of

passing many of his evening hours in company with Madame de Krüdener and the writer, who occupied a house near the Elysée Bourbon, which was his residence when he last abode in Paris,—and was invariably accompanied by Joseph, a confidential valet of Prince Wolkonski. On one of these visits he roughly reprimanded his attendant, as he entered an ante-chamber, for neglect of some order he was to have executed previously; and then going into Madame de Krüdener's drawing-room, he had scarcely had time to answer her inquiry after his health, when he suddenly apologised for his abruptness, left the apartment, ran up to the astounded Joseph, and was not satisfied till he had solicited and obtained his forgiveness of the harsh language he had used: he then returned, with a smile of self-satisfaction on his brow, to the religious meditations and exercises which were the objects of his visits.

"A sense of heartfelt thankfulness towards the Supreme, was not only the moving impulse with him in ordering his troops to celebrate a religious festival at Vertus, in Champagne, but was the immediate cause of the conclusion of the so much-abused 'treaty of Holy Alliance.' Its origin was gratitude—its object was 'peace and good will towards man.' Both have been slandered by the Jacobin, the regicide, and the atheist! It was drawn by his own hand, and Madame de K. and the writer* were consulted upon it; but neither of them suggested or modelled it, as has been insinuated.

"The same high sense of Christian duty which thus ennobled Alexander's character, directed his subsequent conduct at Moscow, Aix-la-Chapelle, and Verona, and hallowed his parting hour with its consolations, when he resigned his earthly crown in the Crimea."

Sermons, Doctrinal and Practical, for Plain People. By the Rev. G. R. Gleig, M.A. M.R.S.L. London, 1829.

No sort of book issuing from the press stands so fair a chance, in the present day, of being entirely overlooked as a volume of sermons. This fact (well known to all persons conversant with the mysteries of publishing and selling books) does not, we would fain hope, prove so much against the religious and moral feelings of the age as at first it might appear to do. It is, however, notorious, that unless the name of the author be of sufficient celebrity to form a passport to public notice, a volume of sermons is pretty sure to pass quietly to oblivion, unblamed, unpraised, and, we fear, unread.

We are free to confess, that it was the name of the accomplished author that attracted our attention to the sermons which are the subject of this article. We had heard that Mr. Gleig was rated highly by his friends as a sound and even learned theologian; but to us he was known only as a writer, of great and varied powers, on subjects purely secular; and we felt no slight curiosity to see whether those powers, which give such extraordinary interest to his other writings, would stand the author in good stead in his sermons. We ventured to hope well, and we have been any thing rather than disappointed. Though these sermons are excellently suited to the class of persons to whom they are addressed, we will venture to assert that no man, even of the most cultivated mind, will read them without pleasure. In truth, the singularly nervous language with which Mr. Gleig so easily and naturally clothes his

* H. L. Empétyas, author of the Notice sur Alexandre, Empereur de Russie—Geneva, 1868; from whose recent publication this paper is extracted.

thoughts, and the fervent imagination which dwells and dwells with his subject, without being carried away by it, have told with remarkable advantage in these discourses.

Many of them are on doctrinal subjects, and the sermons of that class invariably contain clear and candid expositions of the all-important truths to which they relate.

We transcribe, but do not select, a few extracts: in fact, there is no attempt in the book at writing fine passages, and we think there are no indifferent ones. The author is speaking of heathen believers in a future state.

"Who, in a matter which involves the whole of his future welfare—a matter of life or death, of wealth or poverty, of joy or sorrow, of ease or pain—who loves to depend upon a probability, a conjecture, a hope, an expectation, gathered from mere guesses and surmises? No one: and hence it is that even those anxious aspirants after immortality give a thousand proofs, in what they have left behind them, that the persuasion was not so surely grounded in them as to be in any degree enlivening or consolatory. If such, however, were men's notions respecting the existence of the soul in a state separate from the body, we cannot by any means wonder if the idea of a resurrection of the body itself is never once hinted at or spoken of by any ancient volume besides the Bible. Only think of the thing for one moment. What is the body when taken apart from the soul? A lump of matter arranged after a particular fashion—put together like a clock or watch, or any other machine, but having no life in it but that which springs from the soul or immaterial principle. Consider, too, what the process is which the human body undergoes after the soul has left it; rapidly it decays, falls to pieces, moulders away—becomes earthy, surely undistinguishable from the soil in which it is laid. And what more? Like all other earths or soils, it shoots itself forth again in the shape of grass, weeds, it may be plants or trees. Of the grass thus produced, other animals eat; they are killed and eaten in their turn; and thus, that which five hundred years ago was a moving man, is now we know not what—its parts are all scattered and dispersed over the universe, and other animals have since out of them and fallen again. That I am not telling you what is incorrect, you may be at once convinced, when you are assured, as the experience of your own senses may assure you, that there is not in the whole world one man more of matter now than there was when the world was first created. Matter has changed its shape and its forms over and over again, but in quantity it is exactly the same—neither increased nor diminished—as when the universe began to be. When you consider all this, I say, you will not wonder when you are told, that it is in the Sacred Scriptures of God alone that we may look, I say not for the assurance, but for the remotest hint or reference to a resurrection of the body."

A serious man hardly passes a day, and never a week, without meeting some warning to his conscience; something to call to mind what his great object ought to be through life. The more we live, too, the more serious and the more striking these warnings become. That the old tale, the dropping into the grave of a friend, or relative, or acquaintance, or neighbor—any thing be better calculated to put in mind of the utter worthlessness of all earthly pursuits, and the extreme uncertainty of our own lives. Does it not remind us, when we choose to consider it with attention, that we know not of which we hear so much,

are not things far away, but close at hand, soon to be made known to us by means of our own senses; and that those everlasting destinies, concerning which we are too apt to speculate as matters not to be settled for these many years, may, in our own cases, as in the case of others, be settled before to-morrow. Yet with this knowledge brought so continually before us, we venture, day after day, to commit sin. But it may be said, the events are not in our minds when we fall into those sins. So much the greater pity; so much the greater pity it is, that events so serious and so important should ever cease to have some weight upon a rational soul. Besides, the fact that our lives hang by a hair, is so frequently repeated to us, and the examples of that truth so constantly before our eyes, that I fear we never can forget either the one or the other without an exertion. We drive away the image from our minds, and then say we could not see it, and that it had no influence over us. This is a very sinful neglect of God's warning voice; perhaps to the full as heinous as is the particular act of guilt by which some one of his divine commands has been set at defiance."

The Living and the Dead.

IN concluding our review of this publication, we may mention, that Mr. Neale is decidedly one of the evangelical party in our national church; and throughout the volume before us supports that cause both by argument and caricature. We are not sure that some of his pictures are calculated to do the church, generally, any service.

"My next station was Cornwood: its rector a Mr. Grayburn. Mr. Grayburn was a hale, handsome, hearty-looking man of about fifty; who for the last ten years had been in a dying state." His existence was most precarious! He could hardly count upon its continuance from one hour to another. He laboured—such was his account of himself at our first interview—under "a complication of disorders." His medical men, indeed, had told him that the functions of his liver were most materially deranged; that he was threatened with epilepsy, and that an attack of elephantiasis was by no means improbable; but he had arrived at a very different conclusion. He had long been persuaded that his mesenteric glands had ceased to perform their office, and that the coat of his stomach was entirely worn away. A pigeon-pie which stood beside him in its last agonies, and a bottle of Madeira nearly empty, which had constituted his lunch, seemed, he thought, to give a kind of practical lie to his theory; but his case was beyond me: so I bowed, and was silent; while Mr. Grayburn sighed, and proceeded. 'It was painful,' he remarked, 'to revert to the past; but he had received a shock about ten years ago, from which his constitution had never rallied! It was a most mysterious business; he did not feel equal to give me the particulars.' What they were, I could never learn. Miss Grayburn occasionally alluded, in her rapid, sketchy manner, to this 'unexpected shock'; but when pressed, she likewise felt herself unequal to enter into particulars; but invariably concluded by expressing her conviction that 'her dear brother would never recover it.' I trust I do not do him injustice; but if I was to die for it—I may be wrong—I'm sure I've no wish to belie him—but I do verily believe the shock consisted in his unexpectedly finding himself heir to an estate of six thousand per annum. Since that very deplorable incident, which had so entirely deranged his system, he had been

unable to do his duty. Assistance was indispensable. There was a something, a feeling, a sensation, an obstruction, which invariably overpowered him if he attempted the discharge of his professional engagements. He had consulted every man of eminence in the country. In fact, he had been a fortune to all the medical men within his reach; and his own body-surgeon had built a house, solely, as he was frank enough to declare, upon the capacity of Mr. Grayburn's swallow! While his neighbourhood overflowed with medical men, all of whom felt satisfied they could relieve him!—Did a new medicine come out? at all hazards he would try it! Was a new name announced in the medical world? he went up to town forthwith. The gentleman might be able to throw 'some light upon his case.' Mr. Abenethy he had seen once, and once only. 'Would that my state of health had permitted my giving Mr. A. my opinion of him!' 'Sir, he committed an outrage, I can call it nothing less, upon me! I mentioned incidentally, while I was detailing to that gentleman the history of my case, *seriatim*, (from a memorandum-book that I always carry in my left pocket, with my name, age, profession, and residence, written legibly in the first page, in order that, should my sufferings terminate suddenly in the street, the bystanders may be at no loss respecting me, and that I may be treated with that respect which my station and character require.)—I mentioned, I say, incidentally, that I was a county magistrate. Only conceive my feelings, my nerves—what a revulsion—the blow—the shock! Place yourself in my frail and feeble condition; suppose yourself for one instant in my dilapidated state, when he came forward with a hop, skip, and a whistle—and—recommended me—a turn in the tread-mill!' It was after the commission of this outrage that Mr. Grayburn resolved on adding a resident surgeon to his establishment. For this '*gentle sinecure*,'—in giving Mr. G.'s history I have mainly adhered to his own phraseology,—he selected a Mr. Gotham Lillycrop. The terms of their agreement were somewhat of the drollest. Mr. Lillycrop's salary received a sensible addition every year that Mr. Grayburn lived. I was told he was a very stout, rosy, robust young fellow when he entered upon his duties as Mr. G.'s constitutional curator. I could scarcely believe it; for when I saw him he was as thin as Lord Durham, had a complexion like a Swedish turnip, complained desperately of want of appetite, and seemed worn to a shadow. In fact, his was no '*sinecure*.' Temper, time, patience, all were in perpetual requisition. Mr. Grayburn's demands were endless. Never was a man so painfully possessed of the fear of death. He succeeded in keeping every one about him in an incessant fever of anxiety. Night after night did Mr. Lillycrop sit up by the bedside of Mr. Grayburn, who would affirm it was utterly impossible he could live till morning, *only to watch his patron's slumbers*; for, among other extraordinary symptoms of Mr. Grayburn's case, was this—that, when he was at the worst, he was sure to sleep like a ploughboy! Again and again did poor Mr. Lillycrop hint that his own health was giving way, and that he feared he should be obliged to resign his post. 'I can't last much longer. If you remain with me till the close, you will find a most grateful remembrance of you in my will. Do as you please; but by deserting me you will forfeit an independence. I have left you, Mr. Lillycrop, affluence for life. Would you desert me when it is clear my very hours are numbered? God help me! I shall not be

many days longer a burden to any one! I repeat it, do as you please; but if you *do* abandon me in my extremity, you will find you have relinquished—I will not say what! And poor Mr. Lillycrop wasted away.”

The author's first and only love had married another, and left him not to be consoled: we quote the following passage, as an example of the bad taste we have condemned in a clergyman's writing:—

“I now approach a most painful part of my history. Would to God I had it not to record! years have passed away since its occurrence; and the sorrows of poor Adela have long since been hushed in the grave: yet, when the sad detail passes in review before me, my grief is as poignant as ever; and—and—there are some wounds which defy the power of Time to heal. I was in London on business relating to the affairs of Lord Llanberria, and after a long and fatiguing day, devoted to the perusal of papers and parchments, was returning through Piccadilly to a late dinner, when, as I passed Burlington House, a faint low voice murmured, ‘Mr. Barnard!—do I see Mr. Barnard?’ I involuntarily turned round, then feeling convinced I had been mistaken, quickened my pace, when the words, uttered in wilder accents, reached me—‘What! don't you know me? Arthur—Arthur Barnard! O God! he too deserts me!’ Haggard as were the features, tawdry as the dress, and wretched as the whole appearance of this deserted being seemed to be, those tones—that voice—I should have recognised it even amidst the thrill of the last trumpet.”

Such ambition of a striking and powerful style, approaching so elegantly to profanity, needs no comment. The next may be read as a variety:—

“The besetting sin of the age—Mr. Irving says it will end in 1848—from its wickedness it well deserves it—is the subjection of every object to the standard of UTILITY! *Cui bono?* is the motto of a numerous class, which has not been unaptly styled the Chrestomathic School; a sect whose principles and practice too frequently produce the most lamentable and irreparable consequences. The rules of calculation and traffic are by them constantly brought to bear upon every subject, whether the object of consideration comes within their province or not. Be it a work of art or an object of nature—be it a picture or a statue—a venerable ruin or a beautiful grove—it is the same thing to them. *Cui bono?* is still applied as the test and measure of utility. ‘Of what use is it?’ is the question uniformly asked. In other words, ‘What will it fetch if brought to the hammer?’ This is the bed of Procrustes, upon which every thing, however unassimilated to it in its nature, is tortured and sacrificed to the purposes of gain. If its stature be beyond the measure of their standard, they, like the Athenian freebooter, lop it without mercy; if within it, they stretch it to the required extent with the same savage unconcern. The pursuit that leans not to their theory is ‘nothing worth;’ like the

mathematician, who having been persuaded by a friend to read *Paradise Lost*, returned it to the lender, who was anticipating his expressions of delight, with the remark—‘it was pretty, but it proved nothing!’ If the spirit of calculation affects the imaginative arts and artists, the objects of taste and art are in no less danger from the thousand-and-one projects, which are frequently held out for the purpose of entrapping some unwary speculator, and of deforming the face of the country. I reflect with complacency on the panic of 1826, since, in consequence, some most wild and extravagant schemes have descended with hisses into the gulf of oblivion; and by their timely explosion many a venerable park and sequestered valley will now escape the intrusion and annoyance of rail-ways and canals—many a sylvan glade retain its leafy honours inviolate. We of the hills could once look with pity and self-congratulation upon the level districts threaded in all directions by canals, rail-ways, and turnpikes. Trusting in the impracticability of mountains, the antiquary and lover of the picturesque could there fancy himself secure from intrusion. But he has long since learnt to lament the fallacy of his calculations. Canals, his utter abomination, have been introduced into his most hallowed retreats. The very fastnesses of the mountain are no longer a protection from the hand of scientific daring and commercial speculation. If a channel cannot be carried along its precipitous side, a murky tunnel is driven through its marble centre. The most inaccessible districts are no longer secure, since road-making, rail-ways, and canals, have been brought to their present perfection. Science and commerce arm their ministers and their votaries against the beauties of nature and the relics of antiquity; and the most interesting features of both are too often recklessly and wantonly disfigured by their operations. What escapes the mattock of Telford, does Green destroy; and what escapes the pick-axe of Green, does M'Adam destroy. One improver regards a straight line as the line of beauty, since he discovered that it is the shortest possible distance between any two points. With him, therefore, a love for direct lines is the ruling passion. He plans a new road a few yards in length; and, in order to complete it, blows up some beetling crag, gray with time and hung with ivy! If it be crowned with some venerable ruin, so much the better. ‘Capital! excellent! the stones of both crag and castle will be at hand to make the road; and the Trust will save three pounds thirteen and ninepence in carriage and labour.’”

Most heartily do we, in spirit, concur with all the paper, “the Modern Moloch,” whence the foregoing extract is made; but we must conclude, and with only one other specimen. From “My Predecessors” we have the following:

“A noted affector of quaint and extraordinary texts was Mr. Newlight. His first sermon was from Ezra, i. 9. ‘Nine-and-twenty knives.’ He held that every word of Scripture was capable of being spiritualised, or *improved*, as was his favourite term; and he therefore ‘cultivated especially those parts of the field’ of sacred lore, which were usually passed over as barren and unproductive. This memorable discourse he divided into nine-and-twenty heads—thus making the divisions of his subject correspond to the number of knives mentioned by the sacred chronicler. He referred to the different kinds of knives to be found in holy writ—the knife which Abraham took to slay his son—the knife as sharp as a razor, which Ezekiel was com-

manded to use—the knife to be set to the throat of a man given to gluttony—the knives with which the prophets of Baal lacerated themselves at the sacrifice on Mount Carmel—and so on to the end of twenty-nine. The preacher then proceeded to shew that these twenty-nine knives, as part of the sacred furniture of the temple, were designed to represent the methods by which the elect were cut off from all dependence upon self.—Can such extravagancies tend to the everlasting welfare of man, or to the honour of the Almighty? Mr. Newlight evinced, on all occasions, the most marked contempt for human learning. He vaunted his own total want of acquaintance with the learned languages, and his admittance into holy orders without the expense, and, he might add, advantage, of a college course. His most valued brother and correspondent, William Huntington, S.S., ranked with him above all the D.D.'s and S.T.P.'s in both universities; and yet Mr. Newlight subsequently condescended to *purchase* a St. Andrew's degree! He could read God's word, he would argue, in his mother-tongue. That was sufficient to enable any man to learn the way of salvation if he were one of the elect;—if he were not, even had he the gift of tongues, it would be unavailing! With such means for commenting upon Scripture, it will not be surprising to find that Mr. Newlight's glosses were of the most extraordinary kind. That most beautiful and impressive illustration of a benignant and ever-watchful Providence over the minutest concerns of his creatures, ‘The very hairs of your head are all numbered,’ was thus tortured and mangled by Nicanor: he contended that it was meant by the Saviour to prove that the ‘*heirs of immortality*,’ the elect, were all numbered, and that consequently salvation was confined to a chosen few! Such were the commentaries and criticisms of Mr. Nicanor Newlight.”

We have scarcely any occasion to repeat our praise of the author's talents, for our extracts must have exemplified them; nor, perhaps, our censure of his entering too much into the privacies of life and personalities, for we fear that this fault also has been but too evident in our selections. It is, indeed, the sin of the age, and the bane of our literature.

Sir J. Malcolm's History of Persia.

WE are almost sorry to be brought in a third paper to an end of these characteristic and interesting extracts: but even the Persian empire must come to an end.

“The mountain of Alwund, near Hamadan, is supposed to produce some plants that are essential for finding the philosopher's stone; hence many persons in that city waste their life in the pursuit. A few years ago one of its rich inhabitants was assured by a poor man that he had made the glorious discovery: ‘But,’ said he, ‘if I, who am known to be poor, should suddenly become rich, my secret will be guessed, and I shall be seized and tortured till I reveal it. Now, if you possessed it, there could be no such danger. So I will trust you with my discovery; and if you are satisfied, after repeated experiments, that I have told the truth, you can give me a small portion of the wealth you must acquire, and I will go and end my days in devotion at the shrine of the holy Ali; for, that being under the Turkish government, I shall be safe from the danger to which my good fortune continually exposes me.’ The whole statement appeared so reasonable, that the hearer granted a ready belief. He was made acquainted with all the materials put into the

* “The fate of Gotham is memorable. I left him at Cornwood in attendance on Mr. Grayburn as usual, but indisputably the greatest invalid of the two. He continued at intervals to press his dismissal; but was invariably answered—‘Now really, Gotham, when you know my constitution so well,—when you possess such a thorough and intimate acquaintance with my peculiar malady, a proposition of this nature is cruel. My end cannot be distant. It is well worth your while to await it. Still, if your determination is inflexible, take the consequences.’ Mr. Grayburn died at last, without warning, suddenly, and alone. The expectations held out by him to his medical attendant were not falsified. He bequeathed Gotham five hundred a year, which he enjoyed exactly nine weeks!”

crucibles except one, termed 'the earth of Bâdeos': but this, his instructor assured him, was not only obtained at the mountain of Alvand, but in several other parts of Persia, and, being useful for many purposes, was to be found in most markets. He was, however, requested to send his servants to inquire into the correctness of this statement. They went, and brought back some of the earth, having purchased it at a very moderate rate. When every thing was ready, the experiment was made, and gold was produced. The merchant was rejoiced; but, to prevent deception, it was repeated, and with the same result. All doubts were removed; and he was only anxious to pay the purchase-money, and get rid of his partner. The man was contented with two thousand tomâns, and proceeded to the Turkish province of Bagdad. The merchant, after he was gone, determined to begin making more gold; but the shopkeepers, who had sold the earth of Bâdeos, were gone. He thought it possible, however, that, though that essential ingredient was not in Hamadan, it might be found, as his friend had told him, in other cities. His correspondents at Shiraz, at Teheran, and Isfahan, received letter after letter, desiring them to discover and purchase all the Khâk-e-Bâdeos they could. No person had ever heard of its name. The rage of the merchant soon led to a detection of the fraud. The cunning fellow who had duped him, had filed down thirty or forty pieces of gold into some baskets of earth, which he had dignified with a fine name, and given to some accomplices to sell. He was, however, beyond the reach of justice; and the merchant, in addition to his pecuniary loss, had to bear the ridicule of every one acquainted with the story.

"In the winter of 1800 almost every person in our mission became blind, from the glare of the snow. The recovery was certain, but tedious: so when blind myself, I listened with delight to a message from the lady of a chief in whose house I was a guest, that she knew a certain and speedy remedy, provided I would permit her servants to apply it. I expressed my readiness to do so: a large vessel full of snow was put before me, and I was desired to place my face near it; a red-hot stone was then thrown into the vessel, and the sudden dissolution of the snow caused a very great perspiration, which was increased by a cloak being pulled at the same moment over my head. This remedy (which was administered twice), though very disagreeable, proved efficacious, and my sight was completely restored."

"When the British mission, some years ago, was in Irak, they saw a few pieces of bread, covered with oil, which were laid upon a rock, as an offering to a saint; and were told that these pieces of bread might enable them to ascertain the number of the sick in the black tents that were pitched near; as this offering was the usual, and almost the only, effort made to get rid of any disease that attacked them."

"The chiefs of a tribe among the mountains between Persia and the pachalic of Bagdad, assert that they possess a power, descended through many generations, of curing the ague, a common complaint in that country, by beating the patient in a very unmerciful manner. Their success is said to be great. Those who are skilled in medicine must determine how far this rude treatment can have the effects ascribed to it."

"I visited Kerrund twice: in 1800 and 1810. The first time, the chief of that place, Hedâyet Kooli Khan, saw one of the gentlemen of the mission lying in the tent, ill

of a quartan ague: he begged I would allow him to cure him; and, being asked what was his remedy, said he would beat him with sticks till he was well. The invalid declined the experiment; at which the chief was not a little offended, and brought a number of his followers to swear that they had been recovered by his blows. When I last visited this place, Hedâyet Kooli was dead. He had left ten sons; the eldest, Mahomed Ali Khan, was chief of the tribe. I asked him if he had inherited his father's knowledge of medicine. 'My practice,' he said, 'is equally successful. I tie them up by the heels when the cold fit is on, and bastinado them most severely, scolding them at the same time, so as to produce heat and terror, instead of a cold fit.' 'And you succeed?' 'Always.' 'Have you any patients but your own followers?' 'A few: those in the neighbourhood who have any sense, come to me when they are ill of the ague.' 'Can any of your brothers cure fevers?' 'No, no!' replied he, quickly; 'that is a gift or privilege confined exclusively to the head of the family.'

"There is, perhaps, no country where the inhabitants live so much upon sweetmeats as in Persia. The finest is the guzangabeen, made of the honey of the guz, or tamarisk tree, mixed with some flour and sugar. This honey is produced by an insect or small worm, which resembles a white thread. It lies on the leaf of the tree, and appears inert. During forty days in summer the insects are brushed off the leaves every three days, and they always collect again in astonishing numbers. The guzangabeen is chiefly found in Irak. I received the above description of it from an English gentleman, who saw the insect on the tree when travelling through that province."

"On my return from Teheran in 1800, I fell into company with an astrologer, who insisted upon my taking my horoscope, and foretelling my destiny. After the usual forms and calculations, he told me, that on my voyage to India I should meet with a violent storm; and after escaping it, should be made a prisoner. I observed, it was fortunate I had no belief in his skill; otherwise I should be unhappy in looking forward to misfortunes, from which I concluded there was no escape. There I was mistaken, he said; and, to satisfy me of the manner in which misfortune was to be averted, he would tell me a story: 'When Jesus was sitting at the gate of Jerusalem, he saw a wood-cutter pass out of the city, carolling as he went along. 'How ignorant man is of his destiny!' said the Son of Mary to his disciples. 'That poor fellow, who appears now so happy, will to-day perish in the wood.' When evening came, however, the man returned, singing louder than before. The disciples looked at each other and at their master. Jesus, reading their thoughts, said, 'O ye of little faith! you doubt my knowledge; but know, that the man whom you see carried only one small loaf of bread for his dinner; and when entreated by a person in distress to relieve him, he gave him half his loaf. God was pleased with this act, and saved his life. But go, and examine his bundle of wood, and you will find there the very snake which was appointed to cause his death.' They went, and saw the snake as Jesus had told them. 'You see,' said the astrologer, 'how it is possible to avert the decrees of the stars.' I could not refuse that trifling reward to his ingenuity which I had been prepared to deny to his pretended skill."

"A poet, who came fifty miles from Shiraz to welcome me with a complimentary ode, beau-

tifully written upon ornamented paper, was told that the person he had so praised could hardly comprehend his lines, and had no taste for such compositions. 'I must tell him a story, then,' said he, 'which will shew him how unnecessary the knowledge and taste he wants is to the fulfilment of my object. Some years ago, when the Affghans had possession of Persia, a rude chief of that nation was governor of Shiraz. A poet composed a panegyric upon his wisdom, valour, and virtues. As he was taking it to the palace, he met a friend at the outer gate, who inquired where he was going. He told him his purpose. His friend asked if he was insane, to offer an ode to a barbarian, who hardly understood a word of Persian.' 'All that you say may be true,' said he; 'but I am starving, and have no means of livelihood but making verses. So I must proceed.' He went and stood before the governor with the ode in his hand. 'Who is that fellow?' exclaimed the Affghan; 'and what is that paper which he holds?' 'I am a poet,' replied the man; 'and the paper contains some poetry.' 'What is the use of poetry?' said the chief. 'To render great men, like you, immortal,' he replied, making a very profound bow. 'Let us hear some of it.' The poet began to read his composition aloud; but he had not finished the second stanza, when he was interrupted. 'Enough!' exclaimed the governor; 'I understand it all. Give the poor man some money; that is what he wants.' The poet received his present, and retired quite delighted. He met his friend at the door, who accosted him again. 'You are, no doubt, now convinced of the folly of carrying odes to a man who does not understand a word of them.' 'Not understand!' he replied; 'you are quite mistaken. He has, beyond all men I ever met, the quickest apprehension of a poet's meaning.'

"The art of printing is unknown in Persia; beautiful writing, therefore, is considered a high accomplishment. It is carefully taught in the schools, and those who excel in it are almost classed with literary men. They are employed to copy books; and some have attained to such eminence in this art, that a few lines by one of these celebrated penmen are often sold for a considerable sum."

"The Persians have always been famed for their hospitality to strangers; but the chiefs of the warlike tribes are beyond all others remarkable for it. The khan of the tribe of Karagozooloo had prepared for the British mission his own house in the town, and removed to a country-seat at some distance. To this he one day invited the whole party; and, at his particular desire, every person, from the highest to the lowest, went. The train of the English envoy was increased by that of a Persian ambassador and his suite, who were proceeding to India. The cavalcade reached the khan's abode at an early hour, and stayed till near midnight. Nothing could exceed the magnificence of the entertainment. They were not, however, aware, till they had taken leave, of the extent of the attention they had been treated with. When they mounted to return home, they were informed, that while they had been at dinner, a sudden and severe frost having come on, every horse and mule of the party, amounting to nearly two hundred, had been rough shod, to prevent any accident occurring to the guests of the khan."

"I have known seven pounds given for four lines written by Derveish Muejed, a celebrated penman, who has been dead some time, and whose beautiful specimens of writing are now scarce."

The following is a singular custom at the weddings among the tribes:—

"On the morning that the bride is to be conveyed to the house or tent of the bridegroom, her friends assemble. If she is the daughter of a chief or of an elder, she is accompanied by all the horsemen whose attendance he can command: the party proceed, accompanied by dancers and music; and if the place of their destination is near, they take a circuitous road to it, that this part of the ceremony may be prolonged. When they appear at a distance, the bridegroom mounts his horse, and, attended by his friends, proceeds to meet the cavalcade. He holds an apple or an orange in his hand, and when sufficiently near to be certain of his aim, he throws it at her with considerable force, it being deemed fortunate to do so. All is silent attention from the time that the parties come near each other till this act, which is the signal for general uproar and confusion. The bridegroom wheels his horse round, and rides at full speed to his place of abode. Every horseman of the bride's party endeavours to seize him; and he that succeeds, has his horse, saddle, and clothes, as a reward. This, however, is only the case where the party is wealthy: among the poorer a few pieces of silver are paid as a fine to the successful pursuer. The bridegroom, however, is not often taken; for, as it is a point of honour to escape, he rides the fleetest horse of his tribe, and his friends endeavour by every means to favour his retreat."

We find we must yet defer till our next a sketch of how the King of Persia passes his time, with which we will really conclude our extracts from this amusing work.

Burckhardt's Travels in Arabia.

WE had concluded all we intended to do by way of illustrating this volume, though greatly tempted to accompany the author to Medina and Yembo, when our notice was attracted by the following singular statement, No. II. of the Appendix, which speaks of customs so extraordinary that we cannot refuse it a place.

"The route of the Kabsy pilgrims lies wholly along the mountains of the Hedjaz and Yemen, having the Eastern plain on one side, and Tehama, or the sea-coast, on the other. The road often leads through difficult passes on the very summit of the mountains. Water abounds in wells, springs, and rivulets: the entire tract of country is well peopled, although not every where cultivated, enclosed fields and trees being only found in the vicinity of water. There is a village at every station of the Hadj: most of these villages are built of stone, and inhabited by Arab tribes, originally of these mountains, and now spread over the adjoining plains. Some are very considerable tribes, such as Zohran, Ghamed, Shomran, Asyr, and Abyda, of whom each can muster from six to eight thousand firelocks: their principal strength consists in matchlocks. Horses are but few in these mountains; yet the Kahtan, Refeydha, and Abyda tribes, who likewise spread over the plain, possess the good Koheyl breed. This country produces not only enough for the inhabitants, but enables them to export great quantities of coffee-beans, corn, beans, raisins, almonds, dried apricots, &c."

Most of the Arab tribes south of Zohran belong to the sect of Zeyd: they live in villages, and are chiefly what the Arabs call Hadhar, or settlers, not Bedouins; but as they keep large herds of cattle, they descend, in time of rain, into the Eastern plain, which affords rich pasturage for cows, camels, and sheep."

Before the Wahabys taught them the true Mohammedan doctrines, they knew nothing more of their religion than the creed, *La ilaha illa Allah, wa Mohammed rasoul Allah* (there is no God but God, and Mohammed is the prophet of God); nor did they ever perform the prescribed rites. The El Merekede, a branch of the great Asyr tribe, indulged in an ancient custom of their forefathers, by assigning to the stranger who alighted at their tents or houses, some female of the family to be his companion during the night, most commonly the host's own wife; but to this barbarous system of hospitality young virgins were never sacrificed. If the stranger rendered himself agreeable to his fair partner, he was treated next morning with the utmost attention by his host, and furnished, on parting, with provisions sufficient for the remainder of his journey: but if, unfortunately, he did not please the lady, his cloak was found next day to want a piece, cut off by her as a signal of contempt. This circumstance being known, the unlucky traveller was driven away with disgrace by all the women and children of the village or encampment. It was not without much difficulty that the Wahabys forced them to renounce this custom; and as there was a scarcity of rain for two years after, the Merekedes regarded this misfortune as a punishment for having abandoned the laudable rites of hospitality practised during so many centuries by their ancestors. That this extraordinary custom prevailed in the Merekede tribe, I had often heard during my travels among the Syrian Bedouins, but could not readily believe a report so inconsistent with our established notions of the respect in which female honour is held by the Arabs; but I can no longer entertain a doubt on the subject, having received, both at Mekka and Tayf, from various persons who had actually witnessed the fact, most unequivocal evidence in confirmation of the statement. Before the Wahaby conquest, it was a custom among the Asyr Arabs, to take their marriageable daughters, attired in their best clothes, to the public market, and there, walking before them, to cry out, *Men yashkery el aadara*? "Who will buy the virgin?" The match, sometimes previously settled, was always concluded in the market-place; and no girl was permitted to marry in any other manner."

Constable's Miscellany, Vols. XXXI. XXXII.

History of the Rebellions in Scotland, under the Marquess of Montrose and others, from 1638 till 1686. By Robert Chambers, author of the "History of the Rebellion in 1745." Edinburgh, Constable and Co.; London, Hurst, Chance, and Co.

WE know not how these very interesting volumes have lain so long neglected: if acknowledgment will amend the fault, we frankly make it, and do advise our readers to be less dilatory than we have been,—for amply do these pages repay the perusal. They contain a most animated picture of those strange times when political and religious fanaticism went hand in hand, and when it is difficult to say whether Covenanters or Royalist were the greater enthusiasts. Mr. Chambers has preserved throughout a strict impartiality of detail; but we think all his readers will unite in his sympathy for the brave but most ill-fated Montrose, whose whole history is very beautifully told. As the general outline of events is well known, we shall endeavour rather to make our review a gleanings of the many curious anecdotes here collected.

It is singular how very zealous the fair sex seem to have been when the new Liturgy was

attempted to be introduced. "The most outrageous were observed to be women, and these chiefly serving-maids, who were then in the custom of bringing movable seats, and keeping them for their masters and mistresses. Some cried, 'Wo, wo! for this doleful day that they are bringing in popery among us!' Others, less delicate, called out to the dean, in allusion to some unrecorded circumstance of his life,—'Ill-hanged thief! gif at that time when thou wastest to court, thou hadst been well-hanged as thou wast ill-hanged, thou hadst not been here, to be a pest to God's church this day!' And he was also saluted with the title of 'a devil's gett (child), and one of a witch's breeding.' After a great deal of abusive language had been expended, an old woman, Janet Geddes by name, hearing the bishop call upon the dean to proceed with the collect of the day, exclaimed, in a voice loud enough to be heard above the hubbub,—'Deil coo! the wame o' ye!' and aimed at the head of the dean the small movable stool on which she sat. A shower of clasp Bibles followed, to the amount, says one chronicler, of 'whole pock-fulls.' Providentially, Mrs. Geddes's 'rickest of remembrance,' as a merry annalist of the period terms it, did not take effect, the dean having the wisdom 'to jouk,' that is, to crouch, before it reached him, so that it passed over his head.

"A circumstance took place at this time within the church, which is so characteristic, that it can upon no account be omitted. An old woman, who had endeavoured to get out with the rest of the non-conformists, but without succeeding, took up her station in a remote corner of the cathedral, where she began to read her Bible, and endeavoured to stop her ears against the polluting sounds of the Service Book. As she was thus engaged, a young man, who sat behind her, happened to pronounce the word *amen* so audibly at the close of one of the prayers, as to disturb the strain of her devotions. Quite enraged at the near presence of what she esteemed so vile an abomination, she started up from her seat, gave the offender a severe blow with both her hands on the face, and thundered into his astounded ears, 'Fausse thief, is there nae other part o' the kirk where ye may say your mass, but ye maun say't at my lag (ear)!'"

"The Archbishop of Glasgow, at the convocation of his synod, in the end of August, caused one of his clergy to preach in favour of the Service Book, with the view of mollifying the people; but it was found that in that city the new doctrines had made no better progress than in Edinburgh. The preacher, Mr. William Annon, on his leaving the church was assailed with the most violent reproaches by a numerous band of devout females; and in the evening he met with a still more unequivocal manifestation of popular disapprobation. About nine o'clock, after supper, on his stepping out into the street with three or four ministers, with the intention of visiting the archbishop, he was no sooner observed, than he was surrounded by a multitude of the same viragoes, who proceeded, in the first place, to batter him with their fists, with sticks, and with pieces of peat; then rent off his cloak, hat, and ruff, and finally gave him what may be called in vulgar phrase a sound beating. The poor man roared lustily, which soon brought a number of the neighbours to their windows with lights; and the street being thus illuminated, the fair assaulters quitted their victim, for fear of their faces being recognised. No inquiry could be made into this riot, be-

case it was feared that the better orders of the people were chiefly concerned in it. * * *

"The mob of Edinburgh one day observing each pass down their principal street, which they supposed to contain the Viscount Aboyne, and conceiving that that young nobleman took this method of openly expressing his contempt for them, attacked the vehicle, stopped, overturned, and finally broke it. It happened, instead of the person they expected, to contain the Earl of Traquair, with some other officers of state. However, as they bore no good will to that nobleman, on account of his present open adherence to the king, they proceeded to bestow the abuse upon him which they had intended for another. He was violently hauled forth from the coach, beat almost to death by the fists of the 'devout women,' and, finally, as a mark of condign ignominy, they broke the white wand of office which was carried before him by his servant. On getting himself extricated from their hands, he applied to the magistrates of the city for redress; but the only solatium he got from that quarter was a present of a new white stick; which occasioned the cavalier wits to remark, that they seemed to value the affront put upon majesty in Traquair's person at only sixpence. * * *

"Amidst the multitude which flocked down from the city to Leith, there was an individual whose appearance excited unparalleled surprise, and perhaps scarcely less unparalleled ardour.—this was the dowager Marchioness of Hamilton, mother of the commander of the fleet, a stern old dame, who derived her predilections in favour of Presbytery from no less pure a source than her father, the celebrated Earl of Glencairn, who had been one of the chief Lords of the Congregation. Mounted on horseback, and with two pistols at her saddle-bow, this venerable lady rode down to Leith, like another Elizabeth at Tilbury Port, declaring to the crowd around her, that she would be the first to fire at her son, if he dared to set an inimical foot upon his native country."

We beg leave to say we quote as

"To all an example, to no one a pattern."

Our next selection will be from the many singular facts illustrative of Montrose's campaigns.

Military Directions.—"To a great body of Highlanders, who had no weapons at all, he gave these orders: 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'it is true you have no arms; your enemies, however, to all appearance, have plenty. My advice therefore is, that as there happens to be a great abundance of stones upon this moor, every man should provide himself, in the first place, with as stout a one as he can well manage, rush up to the first Covenanter he meets, beat out his brains, take his sword, and then, I believe, he will be at no loss how to proceed.' * * * Their victory was complete."

Speaking of the Irish who accompanied him:—"An anecdote has been preserved regarding one of these gallant fellows, which is at once valuable as shewing their spirit on the present occasion, and curious as a proof that the Irish national character was then precisely the same as at the present day. A cannon ball having shot off the leg of this brave man, so as only to leave it attached by a small piece of flesh or skin, and he perceiving that his comrades were somewhat affected at the sight, instead of

showing the slightest symptom of vexation or pain himself, he cried out—'Never mind, my lads; if I can serve no more on foot, my lord marquis must just put me among the horse;' and deliberately pulling out a clasp-knife, he cut the limb fairly off, and handed it to a comrade 'for burial with the rest of the dead.'"

The march to Inverlochry is thus described:

"The tracks he pointed out had hitherto been traversed almost exclusively by the wild deer, or by the scarcely less wild adventurers who hunted them. The heights which it skirted or overpassed were as desert and lonely as the peaks of primeval chaos. The vast convulsed face of the country was as white and still as death, or only darkened in narrow black streaks by the irregular and far-extending lines of the marching soldiery. It must have been a scene of the greatest sublimity, to see these lonely human beings, so diminutive when compared to the wildernesses around them, hurrying and struggling on through hill and vale, and bank and pass; their arms either glancing fitfully and flickeringly under the low winter sun, or their persons obscured to a visionary and uncertain semblance by the snow-storm or the twilight; and all the while, the bloody purpose which animated them, and which gleamed in every face and eye, contrasting so strangely, in its transitory and unimportant nature, with the majestic and eternal solemnity of the mighty scene around them."

Some extraordinary personal feats are recorded.

"It happened that Deans or George Mac-Alaster, the brave man who had commenced the battle, was also the last to give up the chase. He was toiling up a steep hill-side, in pursuit of two recreant Campbells, when they, observing that he had left his fellows far behind, took heart of grace, and resolved to rush back upon and despatch him. His situation being thus all at once changed from that of a triumphant pursuer to the condition of an over-matched antagonist, he seemed to be in such danger, that a companion who was straining a good way behind him, could not help exclaiming, as he rushed forward to his rescue, 'Oh! the brave man is lost! the brave man is lost!' George, however, who had already killed no fewer than twenty-one of the enemy in active conflict, with his own hand, was not destined to fall a sacrifice at last to a pair of craven fugitives. Long before his friend came up, he had killed his opponents with two successive blows of his sword; though such was his excessive fatigue, or such the anxiety of his mind on the occasion, that he dropped down in a swoon almost at the same moment with the last of his antagonists. When the chase was over, and all the men had returned to the camp, it became necessary that they should look about for the means of solacing themselves with the breakfast for which they might then be supposed to have acquired so good an appetite. Having accordingly got a certain quantity of food scraped together, and being provided with a few pots from the neighbouring hamlet, they were all busily engaged in cookery, a small party seated in expectation around every separate fire, when a man came up, and, addressing one of these parties, preferred a request that they would resign their pot in favour of Major-General Alaster Mac-Col, who, it appeared, had somehow failed to procure one of these indispensable articles, though he was quite as anxious for his breakfast as any individual in the army. The men naturally demurred at a request which threat-

ened them with the loss of their much-wished-for meal; yet, as they entertained the warmest respect for Mac-Col, and were afraid, moreover, to disoblige a man so high in command, they were on the point of yielding up their pot. There was, however, one person in the party who had the hardihood to oppose so mean a concession. This was a man of the name of Robertson, of the family of Calvine in Athole, and by trade a blacksmith; a man of singularly athletic powers, a first-rate swordman, and one who could use his weapons with prodigious effect; who, it also afterwards appeared, carried, under a boisterous external manner, a soul of the greatest and most genuine modesty. Robertson exclaimed loudly against the proposal to surrender the pot, and even vowed that he would keep it in spite of both his companions and Mac-Col. 'Tell the general,' he cried, addressing the messenger, 'that it was I who prevented you from getting the pot. What!' he added, turning in jest to his companions, 'if he killed twenty men to-day, I killed nineteen. If two more had come in my way, I believe I would have beat him. As it is, I think I am very nearly as good as he.'

"The reader will scarcely fail to be surprised when he is thus informed that three individual soldiers in Montrose's army slew sixty men in battle with their own hands. But when the prodigious strength and spirit of these men is seriously considered, and in contrast with the irresolution of the Campbells, his wonder will in a great measure cease. To convince him of the credibility of the fact, it may be mentioned, as a well-remembered peculiarity of Mac-Col in particular, that he never required to strike an enemy twice. He always fought with an immense two-handed sword; and such were the skill and strength with which he wielded his weapon, that one blow was quite sufficient to bring down any ordinary man. Upon the principle of '*exceptio firmat regulam*,' it may even be recorded, that there is one instance known by Highland tradition, of his favouring an enemy with a second stroke, and that was at this very battle, in the case of a peculiarly strong Macgregor, who had happened to espouse the Argyle interest. If one stroke, however, failed in this particular case, tradition has been careful to observe, that the second proved far more than sufficient."

"Mac-Col had been originally induced to command the Marquis of Antrim's men in Scotland, mainly by a desire of avenging by their means certain injuries which his family and himself had sustained at the hands of the Campbells. The feeling of hostility which he bore to that tribe had been rather increased than diminished since his arrival in Scotland; for, to mark their indignation at his conduct under Montrose, a party of them had seized his nurse, at her house in the Western Islands, and, with peculiar brutality, cut off one of her breasts, telling her that such was no more than she deserved, for having suckled so infamous a traitor. By their means, moreover, his father, Col Keitoch, and two junior brothers, were, at this very moment on their way to Edinburgh from the Hebrides, to be delivered up to the mercy of the Scottish Estates. It seems to have been under the influence of an intense feeling of revenge, consequent upon these atrocities, that he charged with such inconsiderate enthusiasm, and fought with such deadly effect, on the day of Inverlochry; and it will be seen from a deed which he committed after the heat of battle was passed, and which remains to be

* * * It was reported at the time, and the report is not improbable, that she had provided herself with a couple of gold bullets for this purpose, perhaps thinking that the premier nobleman of Scotland, and the representative, pro tempore, of majesty, was entitled to be shot with a better metal than ordinary lead."

recorded, that this dreadful passion was not stilled in his bosom by all the carnage he had that day achieved and witnessed. Soon after the close of the fight, a party of men who had pursued the chase for a considerable distance, brought up before their major-general a prisoner of no less distinction than Campbell of Auchinbreck, the experienced old soldier whom Argyle had called over from Ireland to take a part in the war, and to whom he had that day committed the command of his men, when he himself retired on board the galley. The unfortunate gentleman, on being brought into the presence of MacCol, thought proper to address him in a soothing strain, and mentioned in particular the degree of relationship in which they stood in regard to each other, hoping, it would appear, by leading the conversation into that channel, always so agreeable to a Highlander, to divert his captor's thoughts from any recollection of their former differences, and, as a matter of course, to procure the better treatment from him in his present unhappy circumstances. MacCol, who at once saw his drift, and resolved not to be carried away by it, replied to Auchinbreck's genealogical references, that, if they had time, he doubted not they might find a great deal to say upon that subject, and to some purpose too. 'In the meantime,' he added, 'as I know you to be a gentleman, both by family and profession—*Tigharm* [laid or proprietor] of Auchinbreck in Scotland, and of Dunlir in Ireland—I mean to confer a compliment upon you.' Auchinbreck uttered a profusion of acknowledgements, and eagerly inquired in what that compliment was to consist. 'Co dhìu's far lat d'chroche no n'chur dhìot?' thundered out MacCol. 'Which of the two will you prefer—to be hanged, or to have your head cut off?' 'Alas!' answered the unfortunate Campbell, 'Dà dhìu, gun a'n noen.' 'Two bads, without one choice;—a saying which has continued ever since proverbial in the Highlands. The words were scarcely uttered, when Alaster MacCol, with one sweep of his huge sword, sheared off the whole of his prisoner's head above the ears, and Auchinbreck lay a lifeless corpse upon the ground. It is invariably added by tradition, that Auchinbreck had, by his previous conduct towards MacCol, justified this violent and dreadful act of revenge, so far as such an act may be esteemed capable of justification."

The narrative of Montrose's death, however touchingly depicted, is beyond our limits. We must choose one from among his gallant companions in arms:—

"When brought to the scaffold, young Murray, malignant as he was, gained a higher degree of esteem among the spectators by his intrepid conduct, than Tulliebardine had done by the Roman virtue which he had just exerted in their own behalf. There was something in his last speech which even touched the hearts of that rude and stern multitude. 'I hope, my countrymen!' he exclaimed, 'you will reckon that the house of Tulliebardine, and the whole family of Murray, have this day acquired a new and no small addition of honour, inasmuch as a young man, descended of that ancient race, has, though innocent and in the flower of his age, with the greatest readiness and cheerfulness, delivered up his life for his king, the father of his people, and the most munificent patron and benefactor of that family from which he is sprung. Let not my honoured mother, my dearest sisters, my kindred, nor my friends, lament the shortness of my life, seeing that it is so abundantly recom-

pensed by the honour of my death. Pray for my soul, and God be with you!'"

The following letter of Oliver Cromwell to his wife must have a place:—

"Dunbar, 4th September, 1650.

"My Dearest,—I have not leisure to write much, but I could chide thee, that in many of thy letters thou writest to me, that I should not be unmindful of thee and my little ones. Truly, if I love you not too well, I think I err not on the other hand much. Thou art dearer to me than any creature; let that suffice. The Lord hath shewed us an exceeding mercy. Who can tell how great it is? My weak faith hath been upheld. I have been in my inward man miraculously supported. I assure thee I grow an old man, and feel infirmities of age marvellously stealing upon me. Would my corruptions did as fast decrease! Pray on my behalf in the latter respect. The particulars of our late success, Henry Vane or Gil. Pickering will impart to thee. My love to all our dear friends.—Thine, O. CROMWELL."

We must also mention a curious item in the accounts of the English commissioners, that during the short stay of the Scottish army they consumed 80,000*l.* worth of cabbage.

We most cordially recommend not only these volumes, but the whole Miscellany of which they form an interesting part. Prettily got up, neatly printed, and very moderate in price, we know of no literary collection more worthy of public patronage.

Liber Scholasticus; or, an Account of the Fellowships, Scholarships, and Exhibitions, at the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge; by whom founded, and whether open to Natives of England and Wales, or restricted to particular Places and Persons; also of such Colleges, Public Schools, Endowed Grammar Schools, Chartered Companies of the City of London, Corporate Bodies, Trustees, &c., as have University Advantages attached to them, or in their Patronage. With appropriate Indexes and References. London, 1829. Rivingtons. 12mo, pp. 500.

We have copied this title-page at full length, because it helps us to indicate the design of one of the most useful works of its class, to which the industry of our time has been turned. A guide-book, of so much interest to parents looking forward to the successful education of their children, cannot be put into their hands; and, with regard to local rights and endowments, it is of the utmost value. The thousand corruptions* which the lapse of years has introduced into many beneficial provisions for the instruction of designated parties (thence well devised to spread through a people) are beginning to be exposed, and we trust removed; but, not to look at this part of the subject at all, the utility of this publication is great, simply in pointing out where privileges exist, and the means of acquiring them. Every county has its bequests and endowments; and who is there in the middle ranks of life who would not desire to know, that by placing his son at A. instead of B., he affords him a good chance of that sort of education, which not only enlarges the mind, but offers the noblest objects of ambition as prizes to the emulous and enlightened? The "*Liber*" sets out with the University of Oxford, its Colleges, and their

* All the deviations from original intents are not, however, corrupt. Heirs, and the representatives of heirs, fall before the aithe of death; corporations, religious institutions, and other seemingly everlasting bodies, cease to exist; and even the objects specified become impossible. In all such cases there ought to be a rational adjustment agreeable to the spirit of the age, and not a perversion.

several scholarships; Cambridge follows in the same way; and we have next similar details respecting public schools, such as Eton, Westminster, &c. The succeeding division is worthy of much attention: it states the endowed grammar-schools, arranged by counties, which have University advantages attached to them; and this is followed by an equally desirable description of the fellowships, exhibitions, &c. in the patronage of London and other corporate bodies, trustees, &c. throughout the kingdom. An ample index concludes the whole, and renders the work, for reference, still more valuable. Altogether, it supplies an important desideratum in our literary and scholastic records; and we trust to see many future editions of it, improved, enlarged, more explanatory, and no less judiciously compiled.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

The Flowers of Anecdote, Wit, Humour, Gaiety, and Genius. With Etchings by T. Landseer. London, 1829. Tilt.

A COLLECTION from hundreds of publications, so as to make a very fair modern Joe Miller, though with more of anecdote and story, and, of course, less of wit, than its immortal prototype. It is, however, taken altogether, one of the best things of its class with which we have met,—various, brief, entertaining, and unsoiled by any taint of ribaldry. We cordially recommend it to the lovers of jokes at the same time piquant and inoffensive. It is ornamented by some smart etchings by T. Landseer.

NIEBUHR, the well-known historian, has lately brought out the first volume of his historical and philological works, which, as a collection of most valuable detached pieces, chiefly on classical literature, will, no doubt, be a welcome present to European scholars. The lovers of the curious and paradoxical will find in it a sufficient portion of both; but few will, perhaps, agree with the author, that Plato was not a good citizen, and that Xenophon was a radical (*ein grundscholechter bürger*). There are, of general interest, in this volume: 1. An excellent biography of his father, Carsten Niebuhr, the oriental traveller. 2. An introduction to his lectures on Roman history. 3. General view of Roman historiography, together with the character of the Roman people and state. 4. The history of the rise and decline of the ancient city of Rome, and the restoration of the modern city. 5. The earliest state and condition of the streets in Rome.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

GEOLOGY: FRANCE.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,—In turning over some numbers of the *Literary Gazette* for the year 1827, I met, under the date of August 8th of that year, a review of the Geology, &c. of the Central Parts of France. It states, that "the central provinces of that kingdom were known to have been the theatre of very extensive volcanic agency at some distant era, yet comparatively recent with regard to the formation even of the upper series, which constitutes the present crust of the earth." It also states, "that as yet those matters have only been partially noticed, in different unconnected publications, either by French or by English geologists."

Now, sir, with respect to the first quotation from Mr. Scrope, it is known that there is extant a document which proves the date of great volcanic agency in the fifth century. This document consists of a letter from Sidonius Apollinaris, who was Bishop of Cler-

mont in Auvergne, sometime in the fifth century (for he was born in 430, and died in 487), to Mamertus, Bishop of Vienne in Dauphiné, requesting from him a copy of the form of rogations used by the latter on the irruption of the northern hordes, who entered France by that route, to avert the evils of that event; "for a more dreadful calamity had befallen parts of his diocese, from the breaking out of a creeping fire, which was consuming the surface of a considerable district in those parts, particularly in Velay and in Vivarais." This letter is preserved in one of the public libraries at Rome; but the circumstance itself is ascertained by Dupin, in his Ecclesiastical History of the Fifth Century. It is curious that this is the only record of so important and so recent an event in the volcanic history of Europe.

With respect to the second point, there is in existence, in the library of a gentleman in this county (Down, Ireland), a folio work, with very fine engravings, brought over by the Earl of Bristol when Bishop of Derry, *sur les Volcans éteints du Vivarais*, by a M. Faujas de St. Fond; which treats very extensively upon that subject—containing views and sections of a great variety of volcanic remains, as well as of several ranges of basaltic columns. This copy is, I should suppose, the only one in Great Britain or Ireland. As it is so scarce, then, it is not surprising that it should have escaped Mr. Scrope's notice.

Being in possession of these facts, I thought it but proper to communicate them through the medium of the *Literary Gazette*, which has afforded me so much information and amusement. I remain, sir, &c. C. D.—s.

M. Faujas de St. Fond is mentioned in the *Bacon de Grimm's* Memoirs, as a scientific man, and having written an excellent Natural History of the Mountains of Vivarais.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Friday Evening, Feb. 6.

MR. B. R. GREEN "on the Study of Ancient Coins in connexion with History."

The lecturer, in his exordium, pointed out some of the reasons which he conceived had retarded the cultivation of this study; these he stated to be—the difficulty of obtaining coins, the engravings in the early medallic works being calculated to misguide the student, unnecessary fear of pedantry, and the deficiency of works in which the system has been methodised. After enumerating a few of the advantages to be derived from a cultivation of numismatics, and its sources of amusement, he exhibited the gradual progress of the art, by a representation of the early coins on a diagram board: he then pointed out the importance of chronology in the study of history, and the great assistance afforded by historical charts. The lecturer concluded by directing the attention of his auditors to the coins of the Greek kings, comprehending those of Macedon, Sicily, Asia Minor, Egypt, Syria, Parthia, &c. Mr. Green retired amidst considerable approbation.

On the library-table for the evening were the cosmopheres and cosmographically mounted plates of Major Muller. The inventor was present, and explained the facility with which problems can be resolved by these globes: he also pointed out the number of questions they were capable of answering, beyond those to

which the globe mounted in its ordinary manner is applicable.

The exceedingly delicate galvanometer constructed by M. Nobili was also upon the table. Several hundred turns of the multiplying wire are, in this instrument, made to act at one time upon the needles, so that the weakest current of electricity passing through them is at once rendered evident. It was with this instrument that M. Nobili was able to demonstrate the current of electricity passing between the nerve and muscle of a frog. Those who examined it on the table could also discern another great proof of its delicacy, in the deflection of the needles by the silver multiplying wire alone. It is uncertain whether this effect, first discovered by M. Nobili, is due to the possession of magnetic power by the silver itself, or to a minute quantity of iron in it or upon its surface. Several other interesting subjects and presents were upon the table.

SOCIETY OF ARTS—SECOND MEETING—NEW SERIES.

ON Tuesday the second meeting of the new series was held; Sir P. Duckett, Bart. V.P., in the chair. The subject of this evening's illustration was the manufacture of fayence, porcelain, and the finer kinds of ornamental and table earthenware.

The secretary, Mr. Aikin, commenced his discourse by stating that the ancient Greeks and Romans appear to have been unacquainted with vitreous glazes for pottery; and that the invention of such glazes, whether opaque or transparent, seems to have originated in China. The invasion and conquest of this empire by Zenghis Khan, in 1212, was probably the event that made known to the rest of Asia, and to Europe, the art of glazing earthenware. Lacked tiles were employed in the internal decoration of some of the apartments of the Alhambra, built by one of the Moorish sovereigns of Granada, in 1280; and, nearly about the same time, in the external decorations of the tomb of Sultan Mohamed Khoda-Bendeh, at Sultanieh, in Persia. In the fifteenth century, the same species of ornament was employed in the construction of the painted mosque in the now ruined city of Gour in India; specimens of which, from the East India Museum, were laid before the meeting.

The Secretary then proceeded to the subject of fayence, which he defined to be a body of common earthenware, covered by an opaque vitreous glaze, and ornamented by designs in enamel colours. He gave an historical sketch of this art, as practised in Italy from the time of Lucadella Robbia, at the end of the fourteenth century; and exhibited an extremely fine series of plates of fayence, containing designs from Raffaello, from the collection R. H. Solly, Esq.; and two interesting specimens, the one of painted, and the other of embossed fayence, belonging to F. Winders, Esq. He then traced the progress of this art to the Netherlands, where it assumed the name of delft-ware; and from which country it passed into England, about two hundred years ago, in consequence of a small colony of Dutch potters having settled at Lambeth. Within the last fifty years, however, the potters, at this latter place, have substituted the manufacture of stone-ware for delft, being beat out of the market by the far superior earthenware, for table use, now made in Staffordshire. The process of the manufacture of delft-ware, as carried on by Mr. Wiaker, the only Lambeth potter at present engaged in it, was described and illustrated by specimens.

The Secretary next entered on the subject of porcelain. He discussed the opinion first professed by Joseph Scaliger, whether the Murine cups, which were first seen at Rome in the triumph of Pompey over Asia and Pontus, were Chinese porcelain. He then noticed the importation of porcelain from China by the Portuguese, in the latter half of the sixteenth century—described the process of the manufacture as carried on in China, from the memoir of the Père d'Entrecolles, and other authorities; and illustrated this part of the subject by the exhibition of various splendid and curious specimens, furnished by H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex, President of the Society—by D. Pollock, Esq., one of the Vice-presidents,—and by C. Copland, R. C. Sidney, M. H. Solly, and W. Brockedon, Esqrs. He then treated of the porcelains in imitation of the oriental ones made at Dresden, at Paris, at Berlin, and in England; and exhibited characteristic specimens of each, furnished by the gentlemen above mentioned, by J. Yatea, Esq., A. Barry, Esq., Mr. Lemann, and J. Morrison, Esq.; by Messrs. Pellatt and Co., More and Co., and Davenport and Co. He also shewed several very fine specimens of transparencies executed in porcelain biscuit, sent by Mr. Brady.

The ornamental and table earthenware of Staffordshire, and other parts of England, were last treated of. The Secretary began by a review of the immense improvements made in this art by the late Mr. Wedgwood, and illustrated them by the exhibition of specimens furnished by J. Wedgwood, Esq., and by a perfect copy of the Portland Vase, executed in black and white by Mr. Wedgwood, now in the collection of Mr. Pellatt. He then gave a summary detail of the various processes of the manufacture; and illustrated the several varieties by a very fine and instructive series, sent by Messrs. Davenport and by Mr. Pellatt.

At the usual meeting of the Society on Wednesday evening, the minutes of a former meeting—discontinuing the use of the King's Theatre for the annual distribution of prizes, and of returning to the Society's house—were confirmed.

COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

ON Monday evening, the first meeting or conversazione for the season was held in the spacious hall of the College in Pall Mall East. In the absence of Sir Henry Hallford, Bart., the president, the chair was filled by Dr. Maton.

Two papers were read by Dr. Macmichael; one of the late Dr. Baillie, containing some additional observations of that eminent physician upon a peculiar form of palsy; the other was the Report, drawn up by Dr. Gregory, of the experience of the Small-Pox Hospital for the last year. Notwithstanding the number of cases of small-pox admitted into that hospital during the past year, and some reported cases of failure of vaccination, it was very gratifying to hear that not one of these cases of failure could, in any instance, be traced to the national vaccine establishments; it is, therefore, to be presumed, that the apparent want of protection was caused, in many cases, by some imperfection of the mode in which vaccination had been performed.

After Dr. Macmichael had left the rostrum, the refreshment-rooms were thrown open. The company, which comprised almost every person of eminence connected with the medical and scientific circles now in town, did not separate till past eleven o'clock.

* Though our literary interest in the subject illustrated in this letter is some months in the wane, it throws so much light upon a remarkable phenomenon, that we cannot resist the temptation to publish it, and shall (as we now) be glad to see it in the hands of the writer whenever convenient.

FRENCH SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION IN EGYPT.

ANOTHER letter from M. Lenormand, dated from the Nile, near Syout, November 8, 1828, has just been received in Paris. M. Lenormand announces that he has prepared a full description of the grottos of Beni-Hassan; and that on examining them, he was much struck with the painting, which appears to him to have been executed in the ninth century, before our era, at which time the art of painting in Egypt had arrived at about the same degree of power as painting in France in the middle age, just before the time of John Cousin. Whilst the painters and draftsmen attached to the expedition were busy in the grottos, M. Lenormand made several excursions in the vicinity. After a few days fruitlessly employed, he discovered a large ravine, which appears to have afforded him ample scope for observation. He says, "A number of little rooms were cut in its sides. My heart began to beat at seeing several doors architecturally decorated. I first entered a tomb, the paintings on which were unfortunately effaced; and then a suite of apartments, on the door of which I recognised Alexander's cartouche, but I did not at first understand its destination; at last I reached a façade, composed of eight enormous pillars, on two lines. The large religious bas-reliefs which I saw upon the wall, plainly indicated that it was a subterranean temple, dedicated by King Maudonée, one of the ancestors of Sesostris, to Bubastis, the goddess of cats. Bubastis was to the Greeks the same as Diana; and the place adjoining the temple is called in the itineraries the grottos of Diana. What is more, the Egyptian name of this place, which is found in the inscriptions of the temple, was Abennu; whence it follows, that the modern name of Beni-Hassan, in spite of its Arabian construction, is, like almost all those of Egypt, nothing but an ancient Egyptian name corrupted. I understood next day, from the calmacan of Beni-Hassan, that many mummies of cats were found in the environs; and this was an additional motive for me to put myself in activity. To my great astonishment, the calmacan first conducted me into the midst of the sandy plain which separates the Nile from the mountain; and, instead of a sort of museum, where I thought I should find the cats properly classified, shewed me a large hole, shaped like a funnel, and the bones of the cats were to be taken from the earth by raking it with the hands. We then directed our steps towards the mountain, and though we did not go the same way as on the preceding evening, I discovered that the route led to the temple. We soon reached the door ornamented with Alexander's cartouche, and our men began to rake up the ground with their hands and take out the cats. These animals were wrapped up by dozens in pieces of embalmed linen, and placed upon clean matting; but they were very much reduced in size. The dogs were not less numerous than the cats; and I recognised amongst them several heads of that beautiful species of greyhound, the representation of which I had admired in the most remarkable tombs of Beni-Hassan. When the light pierced through the suite of rooms, whose destination I could not understand the previous evening, I saw an enormous quantity of cats' bones piled upon the earth, which left no doubt that this was the last resting-place of cats of high life. I also took up a bone, which, at my return, the naturalist of the Tuscan expedition said he thought had belonged to a

lion or a tiger; in fact, Bubastis, whose temple is in the vicinity, and who is well known to be the goddess of cats, is represented in his temple, and on the door of the subterranean edifice, with the head of a lioness or tigress. It appears from this, that, by a feeling in conformity with scientific information, the ancient Egyptians confounded all animals of the feline race. I afterwards discovered, that the pits which I had remarked in the plain were destined, as Herodotus has stated, to the purpose of macerating all the animals together, so that they should not occupy so much room in the lower sepulture at the feet of the aristocratic *Mnemonium*."

M. Lenormand then proceeds to describe the village of Beni-Hassan and its inhabitants. This village he states to be surrounded by a plantation of date-trees, each of which is taxed at rather more than sixpence English. Besides this tax, the cultivator is compelled to dispose of his dried dates at an arbitrary price fixed by the pasha, and upon that the calmacan takes a profit for his own benefit. The distress and misery of these poor inhabitants is feelingly described by M. Lenormand. The letter then goes on to say—"We had the pain of finding Antinoë razed to the ground, and Achmounin, Antaeopolis, and Elephantine, destroyed to procure lime. *Lousgor* is sold to a salt-petre manufacturer. The theatre, the two large streets with porticoes, and the triumphal arch of Antinoë, have disappeared. The colossal portico of Achmounin has been transformed into the locks of a canal and a sugar-refinery. You may judge of the impression which our visit to Antinoë made upon us. As to Achmounin, we would not even descend there; for we were too sure of the irreparable loss which archeology and the arts had suffered. But God had reserved a consolation to us for the evening. There exists on the right bank of the Nile, about two leagues to the south of Antinoë, a Pharaonic city, whose streets, houses, and edifices, are quite entire: its inhabitants abandoned it for an unknown reason. This city, like the whole of ancient and modern Egypt, is built upon a uniform system, with plain bricks dried in the sun, but whose antiquity is discoverable from the dimension, and the care taken in the formation, of every piece. With such fragile matter the Egyptians, favoured by their climate, have constructed immense and indestructible monuments, such as the sacred enclosure of Sals, which we saw at Cairo. There is also at Painsaula (the ancient name of the Egyptian Pompeii) an enclosure of bricks, where there was a temple, which has been entirely destroyed. What seemed most curious, and deeply attracted my antiquarian attention, were the remains of the interior ornaments of several houses, and particularly the traces of painting round several rooms, as fresh as if it had just been traced. These walls, of dried bricks, were merely washed with lime, in the Arabian manner. The painting was traced upon this plaster rather thickly, and has remained entire. They form a sort of tasty Greek fringe, which looks well, in spite of the smallness of the enclosures which they were intended to decorate."

We are glad to state that M. Lenormand gives a most satisfactory account of the state of health of all the members of the expedition.

Paris, February 6.

LETTERS of a recent date were received yesterday from the French literati and artists now in Egypt. Those of M. Champollion, jun. are dated from Thebes, Nov. 24, 1828.

They contain highly interesting details relative to the antiquities of Beni-Hassan, Antinoë, Lycopolis, Antaeopolis, Saeopolis, Protomais, Dendera, Coptos, Apolinopolis, Parva, and Thebes. We shall immediately publish extracts from these letters. All the travellers were in perfect health, and on their way to Syene and Nubia.

Paris, 30th January.

M. H. VIDAL, late secretary and chief interpreter to the French consulate at Bagdad, and now attached in the same capacity to that at Alexandria, has just arrived at Paris. This learned traveller has traversed several times, and in various directions, Mesopotamia, Armenia, Babylonia, Arabia Deserta, Persia, Kourdistan, &c. The Geographical and Asiatic Societies expect with impatience the valuable information which M. Vidal has been so kind as to promise to communicate to them. It relates chiefly to Ecbatana and the Aqueduct of Semiramis. These documents are extremely interesting, and we hope that we shall shortly be able to lay them before our readers.

AFRICA, EGYPT, NUBIA: TRAVELS OF M. RIFFAULT.

M. JOMARD has communicated to the Geographical Society a letter which he has received from M. Tordouzan, at Marseilles, recommending to him M. Riffault, a traveller in Egypt and Nubia, who, after having stopped for a year at Marseilles, has now arrived at Paris. M. Jomard, on presenting M. Riffault to the Society, announced that he had brought with him an immense number of drawings, and that he thinks the Society will be interested in the examination of those performances.

M. G. Barbié du Bocage said, that M. Riffault had brought to their meeting a part of his collection of drawings as a specimen: he read the following sketch of the results of M. R.'s travels:—

"M. Riffault, he said, whose return to Europe has been announced by several journals, left France in 1807. He has passed twenty years in visiting Spain, the islands in the Mediterranean, Turkey, Egypt, and Nubia: he has formed numerous collections in all the branches of natural history, of antiquities, arts, and manufactures, and taken a multitude of notes during his travels. During thirteen years he has been constantly engaged in travelling, exploring, and excavating the soil of Egypt and Nubia. The number of drawings which he has brought home may be stated at 6,000. The cases containing his collections will be shortly at Paris.

"This collection of drawings consists of 500 plants, coloured, with all the details of their flowers and fructification; many hundred drawings of fish, shells, and insects, with the figure of the skeletons of the former; 1000 drawings of quadrupeds, birds, reptiles, and insects, of Egypt and Nubia; likewise with drawings of the skeletons: the drawings of antiquities also are innumerable, and executed with the most minute attention. We are indebted to M. Riffault for the discovery of seventy statues, several of which now adorn the museums of Tunis, Rome, Florence, London, Munich, &c. He has also discovered and cleared six temples and monuments at Thebes. Two hundred and sixty Greek, Latin, and hieroglyphic inscriptions have been copied and transcribed by himself. The geography and topography of those countries are enriched by maps, plans, and views, also taken by him. Seventy drawings represent the ornaments of female dress. There are

the drawings of 230 surgical instruments used in these countries. Agriculture and the instruments it employs, meteorology, music, art, and manufactures, all have a place in this rich collection.

"All these are accompanied with more or less extensive notes, which alone fill fourteen volumes. We have only to regret, that the traveller has not been able by astronomical, geological, and trigonometrical observations, to connect his own geographical and topographical remarks with the great works already mentioned."

SUGAR FROM BEET-ROOT.

THE French appear to be very sanguine of complete success in the production of sugar from beet-root, so as to do without foreign sugar altogether. It is stated in a French paper, upon the authority of the evidence given before the Commercial Commission of Inquiry, that there are now in France nearly a hundred manufactories for the fabrication of sugar from beet-root; and that it is calculated that in the course of the present year the quantity of raw sugar made from this root will be at least 4,000,000 kilogrammes (rather more than 10,000,000 pounds), which is double the quantity of last year. It is believed, says the French journalist, that at no very distant period the production of sugar in France will equal the consumption, and that the competition which will arise out of this circumstance, added to the perfection introduced into the mode of fabrication, will undoubtedly contribute towards a considerable fall in the price.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Half's New General Atlas. Part XII.

Longman and Co.

EXCELLENT maps of Africa, so interesting to modern geography; of Egypt; and of Chile, La Plata, Bolivia, and Upper Peru, are the contents of this Part; of which we need only say, that it is as ably and handsomely executed as any of its predecessors.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

Oxford, Feb. 7.—On Thursday last the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelors of Arts.—G. Dawson, Fellow of Exeter College; Rev. F. Drake, Worcester College.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. J. Scott, Exeter College, Grand Compendium; H. Vaughan, Scholar, W. N. Snowe, Worcester College; T. Page, Magdalen Hall; F. Powell, Christ Church; W. P. Vyner, University College; C. Whist, Wadham College.

CAMBRIDGE, Feb. 6.—The late Dr. Smith's annual prize of £25 each, to the two best professors in mathematics and natural philosophy among the commanding Bachelors of Arts, were on Friday last adjudged to Mr. Cornish, of Trinity College, and Mr. Philpott, of Catherine Hall, the second and first Wranglers.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

NOVEMBER 27th, 1828.—A paper was read entitled, "on the Stability of Canoes," by W. Walker, Master R.N.; communicated by the president.

The author having, in a former paper, endeavoured to shew that the longitudinal axis of a ship rolls, by the force of the wind on her sails, does not pass through the common centre of gravity, but always coincides with the plane of flotation, proceeds, in the present memoir, to the demonstration of his second proposition, namely, that the stability of a floating body is a maximum when the part immersed in the fluid is equal to half its magnitude; or, which is the same thing, when its total weight is half that of the fluid which it would displace by complete submersion. For this purpose he investigates the case of a canoe, supposed to

have no stability in itself, and connected by an outrigger with a balance-boat at a certain distance; and shews that the power of such a boat in preventing the oversteering of the canoe, by the action of a horizontal force applied to the sails, is greatest when its weight is exactly the half of that of an equal volume of the fluid. Boats with outriggers, he observes, are admirably adapted for velocity, for they are enabled to carry a press of sail without ballast; they displace little water, and they move near the surface, where the resistance is less than at a greater depth. The application of a ballast-boat by an outrigger has, however, the disadvantage of tending to turn the prow of the canoe towards the wind; an inconvenience which the experienced Indian obviates by constructing his canoe with one side nearly a plane, so that the oblique influence of the fluid on the prow is balanced by the resistance of the boat; and the flat side of the canoe being always turned to leeward, presents great resistance to lee-way, and very little to going a-head.

The author then notices the case of a double canoe, or one composed of two equal and similar canoes joined together by one common deck; and shews that the same general proposition respecting the conditions of the maximum of stability applies to the double as well as to the single canoe.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

THE meetings of January 21 and February 4 were not very numerously attended, and no papers were read. On Wednesday (4th) the president, the Bishop of Salisbury, was in the chair, and the business consisted chiefly in the reception of books, &c. presented, the ballot for members, and the proposition of others.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

Saturday, Feb. 7.

THE president, the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, in the chair. A paper was read, entitled, "an account of the Cave Temples of Adjutah in Berar;" by Lieut. Alexander, of the 16th Lancers, M.R.A.S.

The first ballot for the admission of a member of the Bombay Literary Society into the Asiatic took place, and terminated in the unanimous election of the party. Professor Adeling, of the Oriental Institute of St. Petersburg; Professor Schmidt, of the same city; Professor Grotefend, of Hanover; and Père L'Amiot, one of the Catholic missionaries in China—were severally balloted for, and elected foreign members.

Sir Alexander Johnston and others made several donations to the Society. An original portrait of the late Col. M'Kenzie, surveyor-general of India, attended by two Brahmins who had acted as *aides-de-camp* to the colonel, was presented by Sir Alexander Johnston, and was much admired for the fidelity with which it was executed.

NUMISMATICS.

THE rich collection of Greek medals formed in the Levant, and with long researches in Europe, by the late Allier de Hauteroche, has acquired great and merited celebrity in the learned world. The heirs of that distinguished antiquary have resolved to offer it for sale; and the description of this cabinet has just been published, at Paris, by M. Dumersan (employed in the cabinet of medals of the King's Library), in one vol. 4to., with sixteen plates. We find, from this catalogue, that the number of medals, in all kinds of metal, amounts to more than 5,000; none of these are of lower value than eight or ten francs; at least a third are valued

at fifty or sixty francs each: among the others are found the rarest medals, the prices of which exceeding 200 francs, is for some of them 1,000, 1,500, 2,000, and 2,500 francs. These two last prices are those of the Ptolemy Evergetes I., and of the Berenice, in gold. We observe nearly forty cities new to numismatical geography; and the number of inedited medals belonging to known cities constitutes nearly one third of the collection. The rarest of them are represented on beautiful plates. The uncommon merit of this cabinet recommends it to the learned of all countries, and to governments which patronise the historical sciences. The complete description affords ample information.

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH GALLERY.

No. 10. *Highlanders returning from Deer-stalking*. E. Landseer, A.R.A.—An improvement even upon the very fine picture of the same subject which we noticed last year.

No. 39. *Village near a River; Showery Weather*. J. Linnel—Admirable. We question if the figures in the foreground are not injurious.

No. 41. *Sunshine; Storm coming on*. R. Farrier.—A pictorial pan! The sunshine is the innocent dalliance of a loving young couple; and the storm coming on is the threatening gesture of a crabbed old mother, just making her appearance.

No. 173. *The Deserter*. R. Farrier.—Evidently a companion to "Who'll serve the King?" of last year. The reduplication of the subject in the background is well imagined.

No. 29. *The Dead Bird*. No. 43. *The Mask*. W. Gill.—Mr. Gill has adopted a style of singular sweetness and delicacy. These are delightful specimens of it.

No. 56. *Moors rising over a wild mountainous Country*. No. 67. *Sunset*. F. Danby, A.R.A.—Highly poetical works. We prefer the former.

No. 104. *Fruit*. G. Lance.—At this season of the year, when gratification is impossible, it is hardly fair in Mr. Lance to make our mouths water with such a delicious assemblage. As a work of art, nothing can surpass it.

No. 155. *A Native of Missolonghi, painted at Rome*. T. Hollins.—Highly creditable to Mr. Hollins's talents. It is curious to remark the approximation in hue of most of the pictures recently painted in Italy by English artists. Is it, among other things, attributable to the use of some peculiar pigment?

No. 180. *The Combat*. J. Perez.—Composed with great skill, and highly picturesque.

No. 181. *Waiting for an Answer*. P. C. Wonder.—Although perhaps deficient in some respects, Mr. Wonder views nature with a feeling very similar to that of De Hooze. He has imparted great character to his figures.

No. 208. *The Tea-cup*. T. Clater.—A medical cynic might say of this subject, which is fortune-telling by the grounds of tea, "Is it not enough that this vile herb is to debilitate the physical system of our women, but must it also weaken their minds by leading to a miserable superstition?" The picture is, however, cleverly painted. The contrast between the credulous young female and the artful old crone is well maintained; and the execution of the accessories is very creditable to Mr. Clater's talents.

No. 255. *A Dutch Girl*. G. S. Newton, A.R.A.—If this graceful and lovely gem of the mantle has been really painted from a Dutch girl, we think that the females of Holland are

much indebted to Mr. Newton for rescuing the character of their beauty from the graphic aspersions of their countrymen, Rembrandt, Teniers, Jan Steen, Ostade, &c.

No. 256. *The poor Dog*. E. Landseer, A.R.A.—Few historical painters can infuse so much of character and sentiment into their works as Mr. Landseer imparts to his pictures of animal life. What can be more affecting than this representation of a faithful and heart-broken creature, contemplating the grave of his beloved master? The subject must have been suggested by kindly feelings, and genius alone could have invested it with the solemnity of effect so accordant with the occurrence.

No. 223. *Securing a Deserter*. H. P. Parker.—Whatever skill may be displayed in the composition, expression, and execution of a work of art, if the subject of it be so treated by the artist as to violate the feelings of a good member of society, and to excite sympathy for an offender, and aversion towards those by whom offence is justly punished, it appears to us that his powers are misapplied.

No. 355. *The Chapel of the Virgin Church of St. Pierre, at Caen*. D. Roberts.—We have always recognised qualities of a very superior order in the works of this able artist; but, whether it proceeds principally from the magical management of the light, the rich splendour of the colouring, or the singular facility of the handling, we know not, there appears to us to be in this interior a union of excellences surpassing that in any of his former productions. We would express the same opinion of No. 160, *Utrecht*; by G. Jones, R.A.

No. 222. *A Public Breakfast*. E. T. Parris.—This is the first time that any of the enamel-works of this artist have been so placed as to give an opportunity for a fair inspection of them; and we are happy in being enabled to speak as highly of his talents when the exhibition of them is thus confined within the compass of an ordinary-sized picture, as we lately did when we described their display over whole acres of canvass, at the Colosseum. In addition to his other qualities, Mr. Parris seems to possess as rich a vein of humour as we have observed since the days of Hogarth. This is a production which shews the singular versatility of his powers; and it must place him high in the estimation of those who can enjoy a graphic joke, and the true delineation of character in the humbler classes of society.

No. 232. *A Subject from Ovid's Metamorphoses*. W. Etty, R.A.—The subjects on which Mr. Etty usually exercises his talents require grace of form and beauty of colouring; and he is eminently successful in the production of those qualities. He also avails himself very judiciously of the beau ideal to be found in the antique gems and statues; and, like the artists of the olden time, evidently considers his draperies as intended for show rather than for use.

No. 233. *The Ruse*. J. Inskip.—What kind of stratagem it may be which this pretty, arch-looking creature is meditating, we know not—but we are sure that she is no true woman if she does not succeed in it.

No. 340. *The Happy Man*. G. Clint.—A quiet, domestic scene, forming an admirable contrast to No. 365, *The Drunkard*, by the same artist, which called forth our praises in the last Exhibition at Somerset House. Pictures like these speak volumes.

No. 338. *Landscape*. Mrs. Terry.—This lady's performances are attractive, not from any garish and strongly-opposed display of colours, but from the simplicity which prevails through-

out them; a simplicity, however, which is far from excluding adequate variety. The style she has adopted in No. 45, *View near St. Boswell's Green*, resembles the silvery tone of the pencil of Teniers, in some of his most valued works.

No. 275. *The young Prisoner*. T. Uwins.—A more striking contrast cannot be conceived than is afforded by Mr. Uwins's *Love at Naples*, and his *Young Prisoner*; the former containing all that it is delightful, the latter all that it is fearful, to contemplate. The innocence of the sleeping infant, the pity of the bandit's wife, and the gloomy scowl and blood-stained knife of the bandit himself, furnish materials of interest, of which the artist has availed himself with great success.

No. 328. *Yea or Nay*. L. Cosé.—Yea, "for a ducat;" if there is any meaning in female blushes. The subject, a proposal of marriage from one "friend" to another, has been treated by Mr. Cosé in perfect accordance with the primitive simplicity of the sect. There is little or no display of the picturesque, little or no decoration of any kind; it is plain-dealing throughout. Our curiosity is excited to ascertain whether or not this little picture will find a purchaser among those whose appearance and manners it so faithfully represents. We have before had occasion to remark, that the "friends" are frequent visitors of our Exhibitions. An excellent opportunity is here afforded them of shewing their friendship for the arts in a more substantial shape.

(To be continued.)

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

View of the Palais Royal, drawn in October 1827. View of the Palais Royal, as it will appear after the Completion of the Improvements. Drawn and engraved by W. Daniell, Esq. R.A. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

Knows one who has visited Paris—and who has not?—is well acquainted with the extraordinary and splendid concentration of business and dissipation known by the name of the Palais Royal. These two fine prints, which are of considerable size, and which are executed in aquatinta with such facility and looseness of handling, and coloured with such skill and taste, that they have all the effect of productions of the pencil, convey an excellent idea of that once royal residence. They are dedicated to the Duke of Orleans, in whose family the property of the building is vested, and whose approbation of the original drawings, we believe, induced Mr. Daniell to transfer them to copper.

Select Views of Windsor Castle and the adjacent Scenery. Drawn and engraved by W. Daniell, Esq. R.A. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

THIS is a still more interesting publication than the one which we have just noticed. As the prospectus justly observes, "the royal and chivalric recollections which even a distant view of Windsor Castle immediately revives, the venerable regal college of Eton, the peculiar beauty of the surrounding woodlands, with the rich and varied scenery of the Thames, are too well known and admired to need any description." It appears that it was at the suggestion of one of the canons of Windsor that Mr. Daniell undertook the publication of a series of views which should be illustrative of this majestic castle and its magnificent domains, on such a scale as the interest and importance of the various objects demanded. When completed, the series will consist of twelve plates. Eight have already appeared, viz. "Windsor

Castle, from near the Brocas Meadow;" "Windsor Castle, from the S.E.;" "Windsor Castle, from Eton;" "View from the Round Tower, Windsor Castle;" "Glen in Windsor Park, near Bishopsgate;" "The Long Walk, Windsor Park;" "Eton College;" and "Scene on the Virginia Water." They are all beautiful; and the Views of Windsor Castle from Eton, and near the Brocas Meadow, the Long Walk in Windsor Park, and the Scene on the Virginia Water, transcendently so. The style of execution is similar to that of the "Views of the Palais Royal;" and the remark which we made on those views, namely, that they had all the effect of drawings, is still more applicable to the "Views of Windsor Castle." We understand that the four remaining plates will be published in March.

London Characters. By George Cruikshank. Joseph Robins.

If we may say of characters too apt to be suspicious (i. e. suspected) and bad, that they are good, we may say so of these representations of coachmen, watchmen, dustmen, chimney-sweepers, &c. &c. by Cruikshank. They originally appeared in the "Album" 1827; and are now (a dozen of them) published without letter-press. They are very clever, and deserve the portfolio as much as in their pristine form they lent credit to the literary melange which they adorned.

The Inconstant. A Chasing in Silver: from the Design of Stephanoff. Widowson, goldsmith, Fleet Street.

THE publication of this gem-like performance has for its object the revival and preservation of a character of art formerly in great request, particularly for ornamenting and embellishing snuff-boxes, watch-cases, and other trinkets formed of the precious metals. The art of chasing, like that of painting, appears to have reached its highest excellence in Italy, as may be seen in the works of Benvenuto Cellini, many of which are preserved in the cabinets of the curious, and form a no less valuable than interesting part of their collections. The liability to injury by friction of the above-mentioned costly ornaments, soon divested them of the sharpness and beauty of their execution; and but for the casts which remain of some of them, scarcely any idea would be acquired of their truly exquisite finish. Fortunately, we have now before us casts from chasings by the hands of the late Moser, Paye, Gomme, &c. (artists of our own country) that may vie in execution with some of the finest antique cameos, and which enable us to speak in terms of unmeasured panegyric of the talents and skill employed in this way more than fifty years ago. The specimen now under notice is not only a pleasing and elegant production of art, but the means of its preservation; for it is so managed as to be framed and glazed like a picture for a chimney ornament. Yet here we must observe, that instead of copying from painting or drawing, originality of subject or design ought rather to be added to the merit of the performance, to give it full claim to the attention of the artist and the amateur.

WE have great satisfaction in recording another instance of his Majesty's enlightened patronage of the fine arts, and of individual merit. "The King has been graciously pleased to nominate and appoint Samuel Prout, esq. to be Painter in Water-Colours in ordinary to his Majesty." When we consider that painting in water-colours is almost exclusively an English art, and remember how much Mr. Prout has

sketch it by his pencil, we feel the more gratified by this mark of royal distinction and honour, not only as it regards the individual, but as it encourages the school.

PICTURE-PRICES.

THE splendid cabinet of paintings of M. Dantot, of Brussels, was, a few days ago, sold by auction in that city. The sale was numerously attended by amateurs and connoisseurs, among whom were several Englishmen. Many of the paintings brought high prices. A small marine subject, only fourteen inches by twelve, by Claude Lorrain, was sold for 13,500 florins. The celebrated picture by Teniers, of Bow-shooting, but generally known among connoisseurs as the *Diamond*, fetched 10,200 florins. A cabinet picture, by Paul Veronese, 4,500 florins. Murillo's Beggar-Boy, 3,500 florins. A beautiful portrait of Rembrandt, painted by himself, 9,500 florins. The Rape of the Salmes and its companion, 14,000 florins. The Flight into Egypt, by the same painter, 8,200 florins. A large Landscape by Teniers, 4,000 florins; and a small picture by William Van de Velde, 4,000 florins. The total amount of the sale was 136,600 florins. Most of the valuable pictures were obtained by Englishmen; and it was stated in the sale-room, that the beautiful *bijou* by Claude Lorrain was purchased on account of Mr. Peel, the Home Secretary.

HERCULANEUM.

THE excavations now in progress at Herculaneum and Pompeii daily lead to the most important results, and authorise the most brilliant hopes. The workmen are engaged in uncovering a magnificent dwelling-house at Herculaneum, the garden of which, surrounded with colonnades, is the largest that has yet been discovered. Among other mythological subjects are the following:—Perseus killing Medusa, by the aid of Minerva; Mercury drawing Argus into a sleep, in order to carry off from him the beautiful Io (a subject which is exceedingly rare in the monuments of art); Jason, the Dragons, and the three Hesperides. But the greatest curiosities in this house are some bas-reliefs of silver, fixed on elliptical tablets of bronze, representing Apollo and Diana. A vast number of other articles, furniture, utensils, &c. of the most exquisite workmanship, add to the interest which the discovery of this rich and beautiful mansion is well calculated to excite.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LINES ON NEWTON'S PICTURE OF THE DISCONSOLATE.

The present is the painter's—never words
Could be so eloquent of wretchedness
As are that bowed-down form, that hidden face,
Which bent to look on file the eyes with tears:
But in the past the poet has his part,
For memory is the music of the lute.
What is thy history, lady?—may I give
Thy sorrow language?

THE room was hung with pictures, and the tints
Of a rich sunset touched them as with life;
The crimson varied o'er each cheek—the light
Was tremulous within the azure eyes—
The tumbled auburn hair was waved with gold—
And she who gazed looked not more actual life
Than did her pictured likeness; only tears
Revealed the sadness of reality.

There were six paintings; all were very fair,
And of resembling beauty—chestnut curls,
A sunny autumn on the brow of youth,
But of that blue which lights the violet
When rain-drops hang upon it, and each cheek
Was as a rose-leaf crushed on ivory.

The maiden paced the gallery, and wept;
She thought how each familiar voice was mute,
How she had watched, day after day, the rose
Wasting its colours in a hectic flush,
Till it grew pale for ever—how those eyes,
The blue, the bright, were closed in their long sleep.

Of those sweet sisters she was now the last.
She thought o'er instances of daily love,
That rise so bitterly to memory
When the dark grave has shut out all return
Of hopes which they had mingled,—tears they shed,

But pleasant ones, together—laughing schemes
Of festival, snatches of favourite songs
Now never sung.—“There surely is a curse
Upon our house, that thus the young should die—

Alas, my sisters!”—Heavily the tears
Fell from the desolate girl: she turned to where
The open casement brought the summer wind,
As if to soothe her:—green the park beneath
Girdled its own bright river, and the deer
Had gathered on its banks—the ancient oaks
Waved their Ionian foliage.—In each copse
The hawthorn was in blossom—and the limes,
Hung with pale yellow flowers, filled the air
As if with incense. Suddenly a horn
Rung from the old dark avenue of beech—
A white steed came in sight—it cleared the lawn
As if its speed were in its rider's will—
That graceful rider—o'er his glossy hair
The white plumes waved, like his own spirit's light;

The falcon on his wrist had not an eye
More flashing in its brightness:—as he past,
He plucked a handful of the hawthorn flowers,
And flung them to his sister. “Emily,
Come, for my hunter's toil is done, and now
I'll play the poet with thy lute and thee;
Come, for already has the young pale moon
Risen, though colourless, by yon bright west;
Come, for I must not have one fall of dew
Unloose thy curls.” A pang shot through her heart:

His eyes how very bright! and on his cheek
There burnt too clear a red for exercise.

—That night beheld her at the Virgin's feet,
That night was witness to her vow; no more
The lady Emily joined in the dance,
Or wreathed white pearls around her whiter brow;

No more she waked the lute;—and on the day,
The last worst day, her youngest sister died,
She knelt before her father, and implored
A blessing on his consecrated child,
And said the cloister was her destiny.
In vain were prayers, reproaches,—forth she went;

Her heart had dwelt upon this sacrifice
Until it seemed accepted; and her tears,
Her vigils, at the lonely midnight hour,
Her youth resigning even its sweet self,
Would surely plead with Heaven, and win its boon,
And that dear brother would be spared to make
His aged father happy. And this hope
Haunted her prayers until it grew to faith.

A year had passed since last her auburn hair
Was loosed to catch the sunbeams and the breeze;—

A year had passed since in that lonely cell
Her knees had worn away the cold, dark stone:
Austerity and anxious orisons
Had made the paleness of her cheek more clear;
Her face was even as an angel's face—
Eyes that have looked to heaven till they are filled

With light, the element of those pure skies;—

Still she was well and happy. Oh! the heart
Makes its own happiness, perchance the best,
When consecrate to one engrossing love!

Two years had past away;—but once again
She is to stand within her father's hall;
Her vows dispensed with just for one brief day,
Her brother had besought so earnestly
Her presence when he wed the Lady Blanche.
He said no other hand but hers should give
The bride her orange flowers; for Emily
Would bring a blessing with her.

'Twas early morning when that youthful nun
Gazed once again on her forgotten face.
How strange the mirror seemed! Again her hair

Was gathered up with pearls on each dark
Once more the silken robe, the silver veil,
Beseeemed the Baron's daughter:—but she turned

From the fair glass, and knelt with lifted hands
Before the Virgin's image; while her eyes
Swam with sweet tears of earnest gratitude.
She thought upon her brother and his bride—
Of her old father's joy;—and if one thought
Had crossed her when she saw her own sweet face—

How fair the world she had for aye resigned—
That thought had past like some unholy thing,
Which found her heart too pure a resting-place;
And tenderest hopes, and gentle thankfulness,
And self-forgetfulness, filled up the soul,
Whose earthly love but bore it on to heaven.

The shade fell darker from the clustering vine,
Whose green boughs twined the lattice like a wreath;
The lark had ceased the musical glad laugh
With which he hails the morning; note by note

The matin song had died upon the wind;
The dew which hung upon the cypresses
Had turned to sunshine on the waving leaves;—
Yea, came her father not for Emily.—
How vain it is to say we reckon time
By hours or minutes! Time is in the mind,
And counted but by the events it brings:
Its length is in our feelings. Heavily
It past to her whose hopes were on the wing.

At length a step sounds in the corridor—
It is a letter—but her eye has caught
The dark seal on it, and the hand is strange.
She dropped the scroll—it told her brother's death!

“My God! my sacrifice has been in vain—
My father desolate in his old age!”

L. E. L.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

PECULIAR NOTICE.

ADMIRERS as we are of the fine arts,—lovers
Of the sciences,—adorers of genius,—devotees
To literature,—friends of talent,—allies of every
kind of improvement, be it in metaphysics,
aerostatics, education, mechanics, transcendental philosophy, pneumatics, medicine, architecture, ship-building, hydraulics, hydrostatics, arithmetic, statistics, political economy, gastronomy, gymnastics, phrenology, the march of intellect, the spread of knowledge, or the spirit of the age,—we are yet at a loss under what denomination we ought to review a publication which has recently been sent to us for notice in the *Literary Gazette*.

That it belongs to literature, the fine arts, the elegancies and refinements of life, we see from the volumes announced, and from an accompanying plate; and that it is equally dear to the sciences, we have no reason to doubt.

It is, in short, "the Report of the present Fashion, as communicated by E. Minister, Inventor and Teacher of the Art of Cutting," i. e. of cutting clothes, not persons; which latter was a few years ago the subject of a separate treatise in one volume, by another, and—alas, for the fame of authorship!—now forgotten hand.

There is a very silly saying, that it takes nine tailors to make a man; whereas the truth is, that one first-rate tailor* not only makes many men, but, what is more essential, many fashionable men! Were it not for Creators of this class, what a set of nincompoops would the present race of dandies be! Strip them of their clothes, and they are mere nothings; grubs, destitute of the pith, sense, and other qualities of humanity. But view them in their perfect or butterfly state; how beautiful the insects are, fluttering about full of animation and life, admiring themselves and admired of others,—displaying their exquisite forms and splendid tints, till we are apt to exclaim with Shakespeare, "What a piece of work is man!"

From ancient to modern times, from the date of the fig-leaf to our days, the science of clothing has justly occupied the largest share of the attention of the human kind. The purple garments of Tyre, the coat-armour of chivalrous ages, the importance of the clothiers of England at a later era, and now this *magnum opus* of Mr. Minister, are but periodical glimpses of a subject which has engrossed the universal energies of the world throughout all ages. Ignorance may confound or confuse us in tracing these circumstances, but it is impossible to shut our eyes to the general truth. What was Solomon in all his glory, but a *fashionable Jew* monarch? What were knights and warriors, but persons rendered stout-hearted and gallant by wearing coats of mail? What is the church, be it of Rome or of the Reformation, but a class of individuals known as members of the cloth? though the satirical Dean of St. Patrick's says—

Men of their cloth should be minding their prayers,
And not among ladies to give themselves airs.

But the love of dress is still more—it is the first great inherent principle in our natures, the only certain innate idea implanted in our bosoms. Not to speak of Misses with their earliest fine shoes or frocks, look at the boy first breeched. Does not that event constitute the proudest moment of his life? far prouder than is boasted by orator when his health is drank or he receives a vote of thanks, and, forgetful of the truly proudest epoch in his existence, idly and erroneously attributes it to a later glory. Nay, is it not a longing and unconquerable desire in the softer sex to wear this honoured garment which leads to that eternal struggle and competition that fills up the measure of life? And the satisfaction, the exultation, with which, when it is won, it is worn! The world holds no higher felicity.

The effects of dress upon the mind are no less obvious and important than they are upon the body; the whole being is altered by the mere outward habiliments. Observe a fellow with coat of antique cut, unbrushed, slovenly; the knot on his cravat not to be called a tie; his waistcoat not only possessing a bottom button and button-hole, but absolutely buttoned all the way down; his pantaloons more or less than an inch and a half above the

ankle;—he has no manners, no gentility,—he is regardless of himself and of those around him; his voice is loud, his language is coarse, his carriage is unseemly,—and he neither looks, walks, stands, nor sits, like a creature endowed with the divine image on earth. Much of the rudeness and vulgarity which now prevail in places of public resort, and even in private companies, is to be attributed to laxity in point of apparelling. Men in boots or gaiters do what men in pumps and silk stockings would be utterly ashamed of; and coloured neckcloths, we have no doubt, have led the way to so many atrocities, (gradually descending in the scale from carelessness to ill-breeding, from ill-breeding to vice, and from vice to crime), that the halter has often been the consequence of the flash Belcher or sporting stock.

Seeing, on these grounds, that prodigious social and moral evils result from inattention to dress with all its niceties, and that it is the grand distinction between civilisation and savage life; it follows that it ought to be the chief, and, as it is among the superior orders to which we have alluded, almost the only concern of rational creatures.

So far, therefore, from our author being thought a mere "Minister" to the vanities of man and coxcomb, we must consider him as a distinguished philanthropist and reformer. Without such tailors to invigorate and maintain our national character, make us respectable and respect ourselves, as fit to be seen as well-dressed subjects of a well-dressed king, George IV., whom Heaven bless!—how soon might we exclaim, literally, metaphorically, and politically, with Henry VI.,

"Of England's coat one half is cut away!"

Deeply as we have devoted ourselves to the study of this all-interesting subject, it would, perhaps, be tedious to some, were we to enter upon all the minutiae of the evening dress coat, the waistcoat, the pantaloons, the trowser, the breeches, the frock coat, the morning lapel coat, the riding coat, the shooting jacket, the driving coat, the cloak, the gaiter, and all the varieties of length, breadth, angle, square, colour, pattern, button, binding, lining, skirt, flap, turn, fall down, edge, pocket, welt, garter, cape, collar, cuff, sleeve, frog, tassel, gather, &c. &c. &c. For these particulars we had better refer to our author, in whose various works they will be found accurately detailed and amply described.*

It strikes us, that the *arbitri elegantiarum* of former days would cut but a poor figure by the side of an author of this eminence, and an artist who measures men, as if he were a geographer and astronomer, by quadrants, sextants, theodolites, and other complex instruments, but all simple to his superabundant ingenuity. It is with infinite regret we have to confess that our means do not enable us to afford our readers any idea of the pictures which illustrate Mr. Minister's labours, nor of the patterns in cloth, silk, satin, and velvet, which

accompany them. In the former, the individuals are distinguished for correctness of costume, untroubled with a crease or wrinkle: none of Nature's journeymen could make such matchless creatures. A fool-dressed exquisite in silk hose and shorts, seated on a chair, is complacently contemplated by an equally glorious being, who happens to be standing up. And there is a cloaked gentleman, very like an Irish fortune-hunter; and a great-coated gentleman, very like a flash thief, or ditto thief-taker. Two little boys are inconceivably genteel; and more easy personages, with guns, whips, and switches, display the wonderful variety and sublime beauties of our species—when dressed *comme il faut*. We gaze at the production with intense admiration; we pause, and a sigh, almost a groan, escapes us, when we reflect how few of the great race of mankind, as it covers the surface of our globe, can, by possibility, be thus adorned! Alas, we say, as if apostrophising the want of education, ignorance, slavery,—alas, that some grand and powerful institution were but formed to promote the spread of well-cut clothes among the dark and hapless nations of the universe; that missionaries, properly instructed by Mr. Minister, might go forth to Africa, and India, and Australia, and the distant islands, to new-rig the ill-dressed, and cover the nakedness of the savage! What renown would it not be to Britain, thus to eclipse the chief and ancient fame of France, as the fountain of taste and fashion! We implore our ministers to think of it: when Catholic Emancipation is completed, they will have little else to do,—and where could they direct their mighty intelligence and stupendous energies to a cause so vitally and immortally connected as this with the improvement of mankind? We speak with no disrespect of other associations, for comparisons are odious; but a glance (and neither reasoning nor reason are here required) will demonstrate the incomparable superiority of an undertaking such as that which we now, with all due humility, venture to recommend.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

MR. PEAKE's new farce, *Master's Rival, or a Day at Boulogne*, was produced on Thursday last, too late in the week for us to enter into criticism or a detail of the plot, which turns mainly on the rogueries of two brothers, *Peter* and *Paul Shack*, (Messrs. Jones and Liston,) whose schemes are frustrated by an adroit chambermaid, enacted with her usual talent by Mrs. Orger. All the performers, indeed, evinced great zeal. Mr. Liston, in particular, towards the close of the piece, was remarked, notwithstanding his late accident, to be playing with almost too much spirit. It was given out for repetition amid considerable, if not unmingled, applause.

Farces seldom take full possession of the public on their first representations.

ADELPHI.

We are delighted to have it once more in our power to bestow unqualified praise upon a new dramatic production; and our gratification is any thing but lessened by the said production's having appeared at this our favourite little theatre. Mr. Ball, the author of the *Flying Dutchman*, and the adapter of the *Pilot*, has succeeded very happily in transferring the most effective situations in Mr. Cooper's novel of the *Red Rover* to the stage of the Adelphi; and his efforts have been admirably seconded by the capital company (we were about to write crew) of this

* Not one of those bungling rascals of whom the poet says,

"Give him a single coat to make, he'd do't;
A vest or breeches, singly; but the brute
Could never contrive all three, to make a suit."

* These works are: Treatises on the Art of Cutting, viz. a New and entirely Original System of Cutting Coats, price 10s. 6d.; a New and Improved System of Cutting Breeches, Pantaloons, and Trowsers, price 5s. 6d.; a New and Improved System of Cutting Waistcoats, price 5s. 6d.; a New and Complete System of Cutting Ladies' Habits and Pelisses, price 10s. 6d.; or in one complete work. Also his first publication on the Art of Cutting Coats, on a half-inch scale, two very large copperplate engravings, and three hundred and one calculations on the proportionate parts; price two guineas. Two very large copperplate engravings, with seventeen patterns, and equally adapted for Coats, Waistcoats, Jackets, Spencers, &c. price one guinea and a half. The whole cost of these invaluable works is, therefore, only five pounds five shillings and sixpence.

establishment. Yates's *Red Rover* is a very spirited performance; indeed the best original character in which we have seen him. T. P. Cooke's *Fid* rivals his *Long Tom Coffin*. Greater praise cannot be bestowed upon any acting. Mr. Hemmings renders *Wilder* a more important personage than the author could have anticipated; and Paulo, the best clown in London, proves that, like his great prototype Grimaldi, he can wring from our eye tears of sympathy as well as tears of laughter. His "Guinea nigger" is a most interesting and natural picture of "God's image cut in ebony." The ladies, Mrs. Edwin and Mrs. Hughes, have but little to do,—but they do that little well; and the same may be said of Mr. Saunders, the two Smiths, and all the rest of the *dramatis personæ*. We had almost forgotten Wilkinson, the most fearful and funny of all Yankee tailors; and we should never have forgiven ourselves such a piece of injustice. The nautical scenery and machinery is, as usual here, perfect. The last scene of the first act, particularly, is as real a picture of a vessel getting under weigh, as the stage is capable, we should imagine, of producing. We wish the proprietors joy of the success of this their "annual nautical," as Yates called it; and have no doubt but *Monsieur Mallet* and the *Red Rover* will cram the house to the end of the season.

RIGHTS OF DRAMATIC AUTHORS.—It is stated in a French paper, that the sum received by M. Scribe, the French dramatic writer, for performance of pieces written by him, amounted, during the year 1828, to 122,000 francs (rather more than 5000*l.* sterling). In France, the author of a dramatic production receives, in addition to the sum which is, in the first instance, paid to him by the manager of the theatre at which his piece is brought out, and the amount for which he may dispose of the copyright to a bookseller, a fixed sum for every night on which it may be played in any part of France; so that at the end of ten years, as well as during the novelty of the production, it may yield a handsome sum to the author. The managers of country theatres are bound to pay into an office established for the purpose, the amount of the sums so due; and they are afterwards paid over to the author, who, from day to day, can examine the books, and ascertain the extent of his profits. [This example ought to be followed in England.]

THE Chester committee are already making great exertions towards the arrangements for the grand musical festival which is to take place in September. Braham, H. Phillips, and Miss Paton, are engaged. The latter lady has been singing at the Chester theatre with her usual eclat, since her return from a very lucrative engagement at Dublin. During the present week she has performed at Liverpool to crowded houses, and is expected in town about the middle of the next; soon after which, she will make her appearance at Covent Garden, as *Adelice*, in Rossini's new opera, *Normans and Saracens*. The story of the piece is taken from Sir W. Scott's novel of *Ivanhoe*, in which Phillips is to take the part of the Jew of York.

F. RES.—The long-expected opera of this well-known musician, called *Die Räuberbraut* (the Robber's Bride), was performed at Frankfort-on-the-Main, in October last. Nearly every piece of the opera, say the German papers, was received with the most flattering applause; and after the first act the composer

was called. Notwithstanding this, the opera has never been given since; from which it is obvious, that in the German theatres, as in the English, cabal and intrigue are not altogether strangers.

FRAULEIN MARIANE BERNER.—The hitherto unsurpassed violin-player Paganini, has found, as appears from a Leipzig journal and a letter from Carlsbad, a potent rival—in a young (at least unmarried) lady of the above name, a native of Mitau, in Courland. The editor of *Die Elegante Welt* calls her "the most finished violinist of the present time;" and for particulars as to her style, he refers to a poem of Rudolph, written in compliment of her extraordinary talent.

VARIETIES.

Monkeys.—A paper on the anatomical structure of the American monkeys has been presented to the French Academy by M. Saint Hilaire. Among other things, this paper contains a description of a new race, exhibiting certain characters which have hitherto been supposed to belong exclusively to the monkeys of the old continent.

Remarkable Echo.—A person standing against the houses on the north side of Tavistock Square when the bell of St. Pancras Church is tolling, will hear the sounds reverberated from the houses on the south side of the square, in tones more loud and distinct than those immediately from the bell. This delusion of sound excites more surprise when the same person walks to the corner of Upper Woburn Place, where the direct sound from the bell comes full and clear, and the echo is lost.

Prussia.—A Mr. von Zedlitz, in his latest statistical account of the Prussian monarchy (Berlin, 1828), not only gives the average state of the population, viz. 2,435 to a German square mile, the number of villages and market-places (60,000), of towns, &c., but goes so far as to state the number of buildings in the whole monarchy to be 3,267,000. In 1825 the number of schools in Prussia was estimated at 21,623, with 22,261 school-masters and mistresses.

Berlin.—According to Gädicke's newest guide through this capital, it contains 294 streets, 32 open places, 7330 houses, and 220,000 inhabitants. The garrison is calculated to be rather less than 12,000 men. Every house where a great man has died is specially mentioned.

Sound Navigation.—The number of vessels which passed the Sound in 1826, was 11,065; and in 1827, 13,006. Among these were, in 1826, English ships 3,730, Prussian 2,621, American 158; and in 1827, English ships 5199, Prussian 2035, American 192. There was no Spanish vessel in either year. Of these 13,006 vessels, 6537 were from the German Ocean, and 6465 from the Baltic.

Musical and Dancing Education.—A new vocal and dramatic institution, for instruction in singing, combining the dramatic requisites to qualify for the orchestra and theatre, with an exclusive department to accomplish for the ballet, similar to the foreign conservatories, has been projected. It is proposed that the vocal department shall consist of two hundred pupils or more, under the superintendence of eminent professors; to be scientifically educated in singing in the Italian and English styles, and instructed in the English and Italian languages, elocution, dramatic action (with theatrical practice), and the necessary accomplishments of dancing, fencing, exercises, &c.;

and that the age of admission shall be, males, seventeen years (if voice is set) and upwards; females, fifteen years and upwards. To pay a premium, and to be articulated generally for seven years. The pupils to fulfil all engagements made for them by the institution, in the United Kingdom, whether as principals or otherwise; and the institution to receive one-third of the profits of every engagement of the pupils during their articles.

Frosts.—In 1709, the frost in Paris endured 37 days in succession, and the thermometer fell to 18½ degrees (Réaumur). In 1783, there were 69 days frost; in 1795, 42 days. In 1776, the thermometer fell below 15 degrees; the sea between Caen and La Hève was frozen, and although the mouth of the Seine is about 9,000 yards in breadth, it was covered with ice from one side to the other. In 1433, a frost began at Paris on the 31st of December, and lasted three months, wanting nine days; it recommenced towards the end of March, and lasted till the 17th of April. In 1607, the Port of Marseilles was completely frozen over. From the end of November 1670 to the end of February 1671, the frost was so severe, that the rivers of Provence and Languedoc were covered with ice of such thickness that waggons heavily loaded passed along them.

New Gas.—A company has been formed at Berlin of chemists and capitalists, to supply that city with gas procured from the excremental matters of every description, which are now taken to the environs and used as manure. The government have not yet given their permission for the commencement of the undertaking; but they have promised to do so, on the company being answerable that no offensive smell shall be allowed to escape from their gas-pipes.

Population.—A German paper (*Gemeinsame deutsche zeitschrift für Geburtskunde*) contains an account of a birth of five twin children, three boys and two girls, all of whom were born alive, but died within three days. They were from fifteen to seventeen inches in length, and weighed little more than half the weight of healthy new-born children. The mother did not suffer much during her pregnancy, and recovered rapidly after delivery.

A Shetland Boat.—"It was a small boat, or canoe, pointed at each extremity, similarly to the 'cazy boats' that ply round the Greenland vessels in the Sound; but it bore an aspect of ruder workmanship, mouldered by the lapse of years, and quaintly repaired with strange adaptations of mechanism and materials. The hands that first wrought this simple structure had evidently long ceased to toil; for their work bore witness that it had lived through many courses of mortality, and the successive traces of many generations were left in the patches that shewed where time and service had made breaches in its original frame. Even the short paddles, which enabled it to skim the wild lake with which it seemed coeval, were composed of several pieces; but the most peculiar and the most picturesque of its accompaniments were, a number of living plants springing from the interstices between its ribs and the planks that sheathed them, and spreading their blossoms to the sun. These flowers belonged (as well as I remember, for I forgot, or rather hesitated, to gather specimens,) to a species of *arenaria*, probably the 'rubra,' and their tiny red petals, blushing amidst their pale-green slender stalks and leaves, gave a charm to the antiquated and patchwork skiff which no gorgeous decoration could have be-

stowed."—*Tales of a Voyage to the Arctic Ocean.*

Bull.—A writer in a northern provincial paper charges the Catholic Association with having cruelly drained the *pockets* of their unfed and unclothed countrymen!

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Thursday, 12th Feb.

THE President in the chair. A paper was read, entitled, "on the Reflection and Decomposition of Light, at the separating Surfaces of Media of the same and of different Refractive Powers," by Dr. Brewster, F.R.S. &c.—George Evelyn, Esq. of Wootton Park, a lineal descendant of John Evelyn, one of the earliest members, if not one of the founders, of the Royal Society, was elected a Fellow. The Rev. H. Coddington, author of several works on optics, was also elected. On the library-table lay a curious ancient eastern astrolabe, purchased by the late Major Hutchinson from Syed Housain, accompanied by an oriental descriptive MS. Amongst the donations, the first part of Robinson's *Vitruvian Britannicus*, containing an account of Woburn Abbey, with engravings by Le Keux, in imperial folio, was much admired. Several other presents lay on the table.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

THURSDAY, 12 February, 1829. Hudson Gurney, esq. M.P., in the chair.—A communication was read from Mr. James Logan, addressed to the Earl of Aberdeen, president, relative to the origin of ancient coat-armour. From various researches made by Mr. Logan, he gave strong reasons for believing that coat-armour, badges, and banners, were derived from the ancient Celts. An extract from the Harleian papers was also read, relative to the wardrobes of King Henry VIII. in his various palaces; together with a catalogue of about 150 pictures, or, as they were then styled, tables, belonging to Henry, and a number of maps, chiefly upon stained linen cloth.

On Thursday the 5th:—The translation of an Italian letter was read, dated from Constantinople the last day of February 1596, from Mahomet III. to Queen Elizabeth. The letter commenced with an endless string of compliments to her Majesty, couched in a style of hyperbolic bombast, so ridiculous to our modern ears, that even the gravity of president, secretary, and members, was disturbed, and downright hearty laughter produced, such as, we fear, in the olden time, would have been thought insulting the Porte. The purport of the letter was relative to the siege of Agra, in which the Turk boasts of having slain 120,000 *infidels*, having caused the river to run blood three days,—of the difficulties he had overcome, as a swamp lay between the armies, such as that which separates heaven from paradise, &c. Mahomet hoped and expected the queen would order the guns to be fired throughout her empire, in honour of his success. The letter concluded with his hearty congratulations for the great victory which her Majesty's troops had achieved in Spain.

Mr. P. F. Robinson's magnificent folio, entitled *Vitruvian Britannicus*, was presented to the Society by the author; as also several other interesting publications.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.—Whenever the great Wizard of the North is known to be at work, public curiosity is excited to learn what he is about; and we are always glad when we can gratify that popular feeling. *Impressio*, there is forthcoming a great edition of the *Waverley*

Novels, in monthly volumes, which series is to commence in the ensuing summer (the Prospectus states June 1st). In this revised edition we are to have copious notes and introductions by the author—a rare occurrence, for we do not remember an example in literature of so voluminous a writer living to explain and illustrate his own productions. We observe from the Prospectus, of which a copy has reached us, that the work is inscribed, by permission, to the King, and is to be embellished with frontispieces and vignette titles, from designs by distinguished artists: (indeed, we have seen or heard of some by Wilkie [a portrait], Leslie, Newton, Kidd, Landseer, J. Burnet, and others, of which we will make mention in our next). After noticing the nature of the alterations he has made and is making,* Sir Walter informs us, "The general Preface to the new edition, and the introductory notices to each separate work, will contain an account of such circumstances attending the first publication of the Novels and Tales, as may appear interesting in themselves, or proper to be communicated to the public. The author also proposes to publish, on this occasion, the various legends, family traditions, or obscure historical facts, which have formed the groundwork of these novels, and to give some account of the places where the scenes are laid, when these are altogether incidents founded on fact; together with a more copious glossary, and notes explanatory of the ancient customs and popular superstitions referred to in the *Romances*." This, we think, must be extremely interesting, especially as we understand that the preface to *Waverley* will be, in fact, an autobiography of the author, so far as regards these celebrated novels, and will have appended to it some of his early productions in prose, now for the first time given to the public. We are also told, that the notes to *Waverley* are very curious in a historical point of view; while the introduction to *Guy Rannier* furnishes a sketch of the story as originally planned, but which was changed as the writer proceeded. The Antiquary is enriched with a striking account of the *Blue-gowns* or *Bede-men*, on whom the character of Edie Ochilstone is founded. Upon the whole, we look forward with high expectations to this publication, and shall rejoice to add to our collection a handsome two-volume *Waverley*, with all this new matter and four charming engravings, for ten shillings; and to follow it up by *Manning* and the rest.

Anne of Guirstein, the new Chronicle of the Canonage, will, we believe, be out next month, or early in April. The subject is entirely novel.—So that, altogether, our literary friends in Edinburgh are not so idle as we surmised in our *Gazette* of the 7th.

Interesting Manuscripts.—The Chelmsford Chronicle states that a parcel of manuscripts has come into the possession of Dr. Forster, of Boreham, including the original MS. of Locke's Essay concerning Human Understanding, with numerous corrections and emasures; Original Letters from Locke (partly dated from Amsterdam, during his exile), on various political, religious, and miscellaneous subjects; some original familiar letters of Algernon Sydney, Lord Shaftesbury, and others; correspondence of Toupe, author of *Emendations in Suidas*; of the late Mr. Richard Gough, the antiquary; a curious MS. work on colms, by Stukely; some critiques of the history of Sir John Hawkwood, of Sible Hedingham, by Gough;—and a large correspondence between the Hon. Thomas Pitt, first Lord Camelford, from Naples, and the late Benjamin Forster, resident at Broomfield, in Chelmsford. There is also a MS. relating to the origin of the Abbey of St. Neots in Cornwall; a Syriac MS.; and other miscellaneous papers. But what is most remarkable is, that it seems evident from a passage in one of Locke's letters, that he has somewhere left an unpublished metaphysical work on Cause and Effect, entitled, "On Perceiving all Things in God," which has either been lost or suppressed.

Walter Scott in Denmark.—His writings are read, and translated, and admired, in every corner of the civilised world; but there is no race of readers or admirers among whom his muse has become the object of such fervent idolatry as our neighbours of Denmark. One single Number of the Address Avis contains three several advertisements of three several translations of one of his works; and it will scarcely be credited that a professor of divinity even goes so far as to recommend his pupils to study the *Waverley Novels*, as the surest path to the acquisition of that sublimity of knowledge with which no clerical wanderer can dispense. And to this exhortation succeeds an appeal to the study of the Holy Scriptures, with the exception of the Apocalypse! Little did our worthy countryman dream that his Discourses of a *Legman* would raise him to such eminence in the temple of theological fame; and it is probable that were the biographer of Napoleon to gladden his Danish followers with his goodly presence, he would scarcely fail to receive their homage as a second Odin! Imitators and plagiarists abound among them; but as to *riquiry*, he may leave his apprehensions behind him at Abbotford. To facilitate the reading of his novels in the original, a dictionary of the Scottish idiom, by Motherby, has been published at Königsberg, in Prussia.

* "These consist in occasional pruning where the language is redundant, compression where the style is loose, infusion of vigour where it is languid, the exchange of less forcible for more appropriate epithets—slight alterations; in short, like the last touches of an artist, they contribute to heighten and finish the picture, though an inexperienced eye can hardly detect in what they consist."

Captain Hall's Travels in the United States is in the press, and is expected about May.

Mr. Butler is about to publish an entirely New Set of Coloured Maps, as an accompaniment to the Geographical and Biographical Exercises of his late father, Mr. William Butler.

In the last session of the Academy of Sciences at Petersburg, 10,000 rubles were granted for the first year, to defray the expenses of an archaeological journey through Russia; to commence the beginning of this year, under the chief direction of Counsellor Strojew.—*Halleische Zeitung.*

Of the eighty periodicals which are published at present in Denmark, seventy are in the Danish, six in the German, and two in the Icelandic language. The liberty of the press is maintained to be as great as in England.

Mr. Kendall is engaged upon a full and general History of America, from the landing of Columbus to the present time. The work embraces the particular histories of all the Settlements and States in North and South America and the West Indies; and also a preliminary discourse upon the name, discovery, geography, natural history, aborigines, and antiquities of the Western Continent and its Islands.

Italian Literature.—M. Panisai, as we see from a prospectus, commences his lectures on Italian literature, at the University of London, on Tuesday next. In this course, the Professor, whose taste and talents are so highly esteemed, is to give a short historical review of the ages of chivalry, tracing some of the various stories of the Romanesque poets to their first sources.

The first monthly No. of a work, to be entitled, *The Gardens and Menagerie of the Zoological Society delineated; being Descriptions and Figures in illustration of the Natural History of the living Animals in the Society's collection*,—is announced to be published with the authority of the Council, under the superintendence of the Secretary and Vice Secretary of the Society. The work is to be printed by Whittingham; and the numerous engravings executed in wood by Branson and Wright, from drawings by Harvey.

In the Press.—The second and concluding Part of Cressy and Taylor's Illustrations of the Architecture of the Middle Ages at Pisa, accompanied by Historical Accounts, &c., and determining the much-controverted question, to what period the ornaments in the pointed style, attached to the Baptistry and Campo Santo, are to be assigned.—Margaret Coryton, a novel, by Leigh Cliffe, Esq. author of the *Knights of Ritsberg*.—*Pargana*, the Bride of the Sea, &c.—*A Companion to the Theatre*, and *Manual of the British Drama*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Carverth's History of the English Church, 3 vols. 8vo. 12. 6s. bds.—Pollok's London Pharmacopoeia, 12mo. 6s. bds.—Chitty's Collection of Statutes, Part II. royal 8vo. 12. 16s. 6d. bds.—Spanheim's Ecclesiastical Annals, by Wright, 8vo. 16s. bds.—Parry's Voyages, Vol. VI. 18mo. 4s. bds.—Hartshorne's Medical Tables, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Forster on Disorders of Health, 8vo. 7s. bds.—Cantley's (al) *Leisure*, Prose and Verse, 8 vols. 12mo. 12s. bds.—Bookbinder's (the) Manual, 18mo. 2s. 6d. bds.—Heber's Sermons preached in England, 8vo. 6s. 6d. bds.—Bernay's German Poetical Anthology, 12mo. 8s. 6d. bds.

METHEOLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1829.

February.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 5	From 39. to 46.	30.06 to 30.25
Friday... 6	32. — 43.	30.24 — Stat.
Saturday... 7	32. — 46.	30.02 — 30.00
Sunday... 8	39. — 38.	30.16 — 30.23
Monday... 9	27. — 46.	30.26 — Stat.
Tuesday... 10	34. — 40.	30.38 — 30.35
Wednesday 11	34. — 48.	30.24 — Stat.

Wind variable, prevailing N.W. and W. Generally cloudy, raining on the 7th and 8th. Rain fallen, .325 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Latitude..... 51° 37' 32" N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51' W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

✉ We have this day the pleasure of carrying into effect the first proof of our promise respecting our occasional enlargement of the *Literary Gazette* during the season when much of interesting matter pressed for insertion. We are thus enabled to bring up all arrears, and to start again with greater novelty and spirit, as we trust our succeeding Numbers will show. The importance of our reports of all the great National Institutions must be felt as an increased recommendation of the *Gazette* to every member of the great republic of letters; especially as they have rendered these expensive additions necessary, in order not to confine our page in its other general and approved features. That we offer this gratuitously to our readers, is not by way of boast; but to show that we are resolved to maintain that character which has obtained for us the most extensive favour ever enjoyed by a literary and scientific Journal.

Owing to their arriving late, the Reports of the last Proceedings of the Royal Society and Society of Antiquaries are out of their proper place, towards the end of our sheet.

We cannot enter upon W. H.'s paper to prove Lord Byron not an infidel.

His poem is too long for us: he will find it under c e at our office.

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T. C. HOFLAND, Secretary.

Further Particulars may be known by application to the Secretary, 23, Newman Street.

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The Amateurs of the Fine Arts are respectfully informed, that a large Collection of Framed Drawings, by the celebrated Russian Artist, Orlovsky, has just been received from St. Petersburg.

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The Journal of a Naturalist. 12mo. pp. 403. London, 1829. J. Murray.

THE study of nature is ever pleasing to the human race: to the most informed it opens never-ending sources of pleasant emotions; and the most unthinking being that walks the face of the earth is unconsciously gratified by its mere external, but always varying features. Grandeur, beauty, motion, change, are ingredients in this innocent Circe's cup, whose exquisite intoxication is as harmless as its slightest sip. At a moment like the present, too, of great and stormy political agitation, it has seemed to us even more than usually grateful, to lose ourselves in the quiet contemplations which a literary production belonging to this class is sure to afford. Gilbert White's *Natural History of Selborne*, and other works, appears to have awakened similar feelings in the present author; and we cordially recognise in him a worthy successor of that intelligent and amiable writer. His *Journal*, indeed, contains much entertaining and interesting matter, and in a form which cannot fail to be agreeable to readers: and our task is simply to offer a few selections, as specimens to demonstrate this truth.

Our naturalist describes himself as the resident of a village on the ancient road from Bristol to Gloucester; and he gives a general picture of the broad estuary of the Severn, and of the great lime-stone ridge which here crosses the country, respecting a portion of which he tells the following anecdote:—

"I may here mention an incident that occurred a few years past at one of our lime-kilns, because it manifests how perfectly insensible the human frame may be to pains and afflictions in peculiar circumstances; and that which would be torture if endured in general, may be experienced at other times without any sense of suffering. A travelling man one winter's evening laid himself down upon the platform of a lime-kiln, placing his feet, probably numbed with cold, upon the heap of stones newly put on to burn through the night. Sleep overcame him in this situation; the fire gradually rising and increasing until it ignited the stones upon which his feet were placed. Lulled by the warmth, he still slept; and though the fire increased until it burned one foot (which probably was extended over a vent hole) and part of the leg, above the ankle, entirely off, consuming that part so effectually, that no fragment of it was ever discovered, the wretched being slept on! and in this state was found by the kiln-man in the morning. Insensible to any pain, and ignorant of his misfortune, he attempted to rise and pursue his journey, but missing his shoe, requested to have it found; and when he was raised, putting his burnt limb to the ground to support his body, the extremity of his leg-bone, the skin, crumbled into fragments, having been charred into lime. Still he expressed no sense of pain, and probably experienced none, from

the gradual operation of the fire and his own torpidity during the hours his foot was consuming. This poor drover survived his misfortunes in the hospital about a fortnight; but the fire having extended to other parts of his body, recovery was hopeless."

Speaking of the cultivation of his happy village, where there is abundant employment and consequent comfort for the poor, he observes—

"We find here, as is usual with other vegetable varieties, that after a few years' cultivation, the sorts lose their original characters, or, as the men say, 'the land gets sick of them,' and they cease to produce as at first, and new sets are resorted to."

This is the case with all kinds of corn, and we believe fruits brought into a country to be naturalised, if we may use the term;—they invariably undergo great alterations in the course of a few years. But our author, in continuation, gives us a curious and extremely interesting history of the potato itself. "A summary of the perusal of multitudes of volumes, papers, treatises! The sweet Spanish potato (*convolvulus batatas*), a native of the East, was very early dispersed throughout the continent of Europe; and all the ancient accounts, in which the name of potato is mentioned, relate exclusively to this plant, a *convolvulus*: but our inquiry at present regards that root now in such extensive cultivation with us, which is an American plant (*solanum tuberosum*). Perhaps the first mention that is known concerning the root is that of the great German botanist Clusius, in 1588, who received a present of two of the tubers in that year from Flanders; and there is a plate of it among his rare plants. The first certain account which I know of by any English writer is in Gerard, who mentions, in his herbal, receiving some roots from Virginia, and planting them in his garden near London as a curiosity, in the year 1597. All the multifarious tales which we have of its introduction by Hawkins, shipwrecked vessels, Raleigh, and his boiling the apples instead of the roots, are merely traditional fancies, or modern inventions, with little or no probability for support. There is some possibility that Sir Walter Raleigh might have introduced the potato into Ireland from America, when he returned in 1584, or rather after his last voyage, eleven years later; but if so, it was much confined in its culture, and slowly acquired estimation, even in that island; for Dr. Campbell does not admit that it was known there before the year 1610, fifteen years after Sir Walter's final return. In England it seems to have been yet more tardy in obtaining notice; for the first mention which I can find, wherein this tuber is regarded as possessing any virtue, is by that great man Sir Francis Bacon, who investigated nature from the 'cedar that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall: he spake also of beasts, and of fowls, and of fishes, and of creeping things,' in his history of 'Life and Death,' written, probably in retirement after his disgrace. He observes, that 'if ale was

brewed with one-fourth part of some fat root, such as the potato, to three-fourths of grain, it would be more conducive to longevity than with grain alone.' It was thus full twenty-four years after its being planted by Gerard, that the nutritive virtues of this root appear to have been understood: but with us there seems to have been almost an antipathy against this root as an article of food, which can scarcely excite surprise, when we consider what a wretched sort must have been grown, which one writer tells us was very near the nature of Jerusalem artichokes, but not so good or wholesome; and that they were to be roasted and sliced, and eaten with a sauce composed of wine and sugar! Even Philip Miller, who wrote his account not quite seventy years ago, says, 'they were despised by the rich, and deemed only proper food for the meaner sorts of persons;' and this at a time when that sorry root the underground or Jerusalem artichoke (*helianthus tuberosus*) was in great esteem, and extensively cultivated. And we must bear in mind the disinclination, the prejudice, I might almost call it, that this root manifests to particular soils. Most of our esculent vegetables thrive better—are better flavoured, when growing in certain soils, and under different influences; but the potato becomes actually deteriorated in some land. And every cultivator knows from experience that the much-admired product of some friend's domain, or garden, becomes, when introduced into his own, a very inferior, or even an unpalatable root. Potatoes will grow in certain parishes and districts, and even remain unvisited; but the product will be scanty, as if they tolerated the culture only, and produced by favour; whereas in an adjoining station, possessing some different admixture of soil, some change of aspect, the crop will be highly remunerative. These circumstances, in earlier days, when their value, and the necessity of possessing them, were not felt, counteracted any attempt for extensive cultivation, or probably influenced the dislike to their use. However locally this *solanum* might have been planted, yet it appears, after consulting a variety of agricultural reports, garden books, husbandmen's directions, &c., down to the statements of Arthur Young, that the potato has not been grown in gardens in England more than one hundred and seventy years; or to any extent in the field above seventy-five. At length, however, as better sorts were introduced, and better modes of dressing found out, it became esteemed; and the value of this most inestimable root was so rapidly manifested, and the demand for it so great, that we find by a survey made about thirty years ago, that the county of Essex alone cultivated about seven-tenth hundred acres for the London market. I know not the extent of land now required for the supply of our metropolis, but it must be prodigious. Amidst the numerous remarkable productions ushered into the old continent from the new world, there are two which stand

pre-eminently conspicuous from their general adoption; unlike in their natures, both have been received as extensive blessings—the one by its nutritive powers tends to support, the other by its narcotic virtues to soothe and comfort, the human frame—the potato and tobacco; but very different was the favour with which these plants were viewed: the one, long rejected by the slow operation of time, and perhaps of necessity, was at length cherished, and has become the support of millions; but nearly one hundred and twenty years passed away before even a trial of its merits was attempted: whereas the tobacco from Yucatan, in less than seventy years after the discovery, appears to have been extensively cultivated in Portugal, and is, perhaps, the most generally adopted superfluous vegetable product known; for sugar and opium are not in such common use. Luxuries, usually, are expensive pleasures, and hence confined to few: but this sedative herb, from its cheapness, is accessible to almost every one, and is the favourite indulgence of a large portion of mankind. Food and rest are the great requirements of mortal life: the potato, by its starch, satisfies the demands of hunger; the tobacco, by its morphine, calms the turbulence of the mind: the former becomes a necessity required; the latter a gratification sought for. Many as the uses are to which this root is applicable—and it will be annually applied to more; if we consider it merely as an article of food, though subject to occasional partial failures, yet, exempted from the blights, the mildews, the wire-worms, the germinations of corn, which have often filled our land with wailings and with death, we will hail the individual, whoever he might be, who brought it to us, as one of the greatest benefactors to the human race, and with grateful hearts thank the bountiful Giver of all good things for this most extensive blessing."

The account of the teasel is also, to us, novel and striking:—

"Our second crop (continues the author) which some years we grow largely, is the teasel (*dipsacus fullonum*), a plant which is probably not native of this country, but like woad, canary-grass, &c., originally introduced by some of the numerous foreign artisans who have at various times sought refuge here, or been encouraged to settle in England. Our woollen manufactory could hardly have made any progress without this plant: the constant continental wars in the earlier part of our monarchy, and the rival jealousies of foreign nations, would have impeded, or prohibited, the necessary supply of teasels, and thus rendered the domestic cultivation of this indispensable plant a primary object. The manufactory of cloth was certainly carried on in England during the reign of Richard I., perhaps in his father's reign; but it was probably not until after the tenth of Edward III. that the teasel was cultivated to any extent with us; for about that time the exportation of English wool was prohibited, and the wearing of foreign cloth opposed by government. Flemish artisans were encouraged to settle in this country, and carry on their trade, with every liberty and protection; a regular mart was established, and the tuckers, or woollen weavers, became an incorporated body; particular towns began to furnish peculiar colours—Kendal its green, Coventry its blue, Bristol its red, &c.; and from this period, I think, we may date the cultivation of the teasel in England. Hudson, in considering this species as indigenous, directs us to hedges for our specimens; but though the teasel is certainly found

a wilding in some places astray from cultivation, yet it is singular, that with us it does not wander from culture: though the seeds are scattered about and swept from the barns where the heads are dried into the yard, and vegetate in profusion on the dung-heaps and the by-ways where dropped, yet I have never observed it growing in the surrounding hedges. Teasels are cultivated in some of the strong clay lands of Wilts, Essex, Gloucester, and Somerset. The latter county is supposed to have grown them earliest. The manufacturers rather give the preference to those of Gloucester, as lands repeatedly cropped are thought not to produce them so good in some respects. Strong land, thrown up as for wheat, and kept dry, affords the best teasels. Weeding, draining, and other requisites, demand a constant labour through great part of the year; and hence a certain expense is incurred; but remuneration, loss, or great profit, circumstances must determine; nor, perhaps, is there any article grown more precarious or mutable in its returns. The teasel throws up its heads in July and August; and these are cut from the plant by hand, with a knife particularly formed, and then fastened to poles for drying: the terminating heads are ready first, and called 'kings': they are larger and coarser than the others, and fitted only for the strongest kinds of cloth, and are about half the value of the best. The collateral heads then succeed, and receive the name of 'middlings,' and are the prime teasels. Should the season prove moist, great injury ensues; but exposure to wet for any length of time ruins the head, which, by its peculiar construction, retains the moisture, and it decays. We cannot stack them like corn, as pressure destroys the spines, and a free circulation of air is required to dry them thoroughly; and we seek for barns, sheds, and shelter of any kind, crowd the very bed-rooms of our cottages with them in dripping seasons, and bask them in every sunny gleam that breaks out: this is attended with infinite trouble; and as few farmers, who have so many other concerns on their hands, like to encounter it, they become the speculation of the most opulent class of cottagers. When dry, they are picked and sorted into bundles for sale, ten thousand best and small middlings making a pack; nine thousand constitute the pack of kings. If there be a stock on hand, and the season favourable, there is a sufficiency for the demand, and the price low: if adverse weather ensue, the price becomes greatly advanced, and we have known them in the course of a few months vary from 4*l.* to 22*l.* the pack! but from 8*l.* to 7*l.* is perhaps the average price of this article. This variation in value affords the growers a subject for constant speculation—a source of rapid wealth to some, and injury to others;—and we most emphatically call teasels a 'casualty crop.' Our manufacturers occasionally import teasels from Holland and France, when the price is high in England: this they can do when the home price exceeds 8*l.*

"This plant seems to be known in many countries by a name expressive of its use. Old Gerard has recorded several of these names. Its old English name was the carding teasel; the Latin name, *carduus veneris*; the French call it, *chardon de foulon*; the Danes and Swedes, *karde tidsel*; the Flemings, *karden distel*; the Hollanders, *kaarden*; Italy and Portugal, *cardo*; the Spaniards, *cardencha*, &c. I believe that the teasel affords a solitary instance of a natural production being applied to mechanical purposes in the state

in which it is produced. It appears, from many attempts, that the object designed to be effected by the teasel cannot be supplied by any contrivance—successive inventions having been abandoned as defective or injurious. The use of the teasel is to draw out the ends of the wool from the manufactured cloth, so as to bring a regular pile or nap upon the surface, free from twistings and knottings, and to comb off the coarse and loose parts of the wool. The head of the true teasel is composed of incorporated flowers, each separated by a long, rigid, chaffy substance, the terminating point of which is furnished with a fine hook. Many of these heads are fixed in a frame; and with this, the surface of the cloth is teased, or brushed, until all the ends are drawn out, the loose parts combed off, and the cloth ceases to yield impediments to the free passage of the wheel or frame of teasels. Should the hook of the chaff, when in use, become fixed in a knot, or find sufficient resistance, it breaks, without injuring or contending with the cloth; and care is taken by successive applications to draw the impediment out; but all mechanical inventions hitherto made use of offer resistance to the knot; and, instead of yielding and breaking, as the teasel does, resist and tear it out, making a hole, or injuring the surface. The dressing of a piece of cloth consumes a great multitude of teasels—it requiring from 1500 to 2000 heads to accomplish the work properly. They are used repeatedly in the different stages of the process; but a piece of fine cloth generally breaks this number before it is finished, or we may say that there is a consumption answering to the proposed fineness—pieces of the best kinds requiring one hundred and fifty or two hundred runnings up, according to circumstances."

Trees next occupy the attention of the writer; and his descriptions of a large oak and a wych elm are extremely agreeable; but we pass to some rather philosophical remarks.

"Trees in full foliage have long been noted as great attractors of humidity, and a young wych elm in full leaf affords a good example of this supposed power; but in the winter of the year, when trees are perfectly denuded, this faculty of creating moisture about them is equally obvious, though not so profusely. A strongly marked instance of this was witnessed by me, when ascending a hill in the month of March. The weather had previously been very fine and dry, and the road in a dusty state; but a fog coming on, an ash-tree hanging over the road was dripping with water so copiously, that the road beneath was in a puddle, when the other parts continued dry, and manifested no appearance of humidity. That leaves imbibe moisture by one set of vessels and discharge it by another, is well known; but these imbibings are never discharged in falling drops: the real mystery was, the fog in its progress was impeded by the boughs of the tree, and gradually collected on the exposed side of them, until it became drops of water; whereas the surrounding country had only a mist flying over it. Thus, in fact, the tree was no attractor, but a condenser; the gate of a field will in the same manner run down with water on the one side, and be dry on the other; as will a stick, or a post, from the same cause. It is upon this principle that currents of air will be found under trees in summer, when little is perceived in open places; and the under-leaves and sprays will be curled and scorched at times, when the parts above are uninjured. The air in its passage being stopped and condensed against

the foliage of the tree, it accordingly descends along its surface or front, and escapes at the bottom, where there are no branches or leaves to interrupt its progress. In winter there is little to impede the breeze in its course, and it passes through; consequently, at this season the air under a tree is scarcely more sensibly felt than in the adjoining field. It may be observed, that in the spring of the year the herbage under trees is generally more vivid and luxuriant than that which is beyond the spread of the branches: this may be occasioned, in some instances, by cattle having harboured there, and the ground becoming in consequence more manured; but it will be found likewise manifestly verdant and flourishing where no such accessory could have enriched it, and is, I apprehend, in general chiefly owing to the effects of the driving fogs and mists, which cause a frequent drip beneath the tree, not experienced in other places, and thus in a manner keep up a perpetual irrigation and refreshment of the soil.*

The observations on the love of flowers are beautiful, and at this season peculiarly appropriate.

"The love of flowers seems a naturally implanted passion, without any alloy or debasing object as a motive: the cottage has its pink, its rose, its polyanthus; the villa its geranium, its dahlia, and its clematis; we cherish them in youth, we admire them in declining days; but, perhaps, it is the early flowers of spring that always bring with them the greatest degree of pleasure, and our affections seem immediately to expand at the sight of the first opening blossom under the sunny wall or sheltered bank, however humble its race may be. In the long and sombre months of winter our love of nature, like the buds of vegetation, seems closed and torpid; but, like them, it unfolds and reanimates with the opening year, and we welcome our long-lost associates with a cordiality that no other season can excite, as friends in a foreign clime. The violet of autumn is greeted with none of the love with which we hail the violet of spring; it is unreasonable; perhaps it brings with it rather a thought of melancholy than of joy; we view it with curiosity, not affection: and thus the late is not like the early rose. It is not intrinsic beauty or splendour that so charms us; for the fair maids of spring cannot compete with the grander matrons of the advanced year; they would be unheeded, perhaps lost, in the rosy bowers of summer and of autumn: so; it is our first meeting with a long-lost friend, the reviving glow of a natural affection, that so warms us at this season: to maturity they give pleasure, as a harbinger of the renewal of life, a signal of awakening nature, or of a higher promise; to youth, they are expanding being, opening years, hilarity, and joy; and the child, let loose from the home, riots in the flowery mead, and is

* Monarch of all he surveys.

There is not a prettier emblem of spring than an infant sporting in the sunny field, with its over-basket wreathed with butter-cups, orchids, and daisies. With summer flowers we seem to live as with our neighbours—in harmony and good-will; but spring flowers are cherished in private friendships.

The continuation is reserved for our next Number.

Lays of Leisure Hours. By Maria Jane Jewsbury, author of "Letters to the Young." 12mo. pp. 189. London, 1829. Hatchard and Son.

THE production of elegant and cultivated taste, rather than of original genius, these *Lays* shew at least that leisure so employed both refines and elevates the mind; and we recommend this little volume cordially to our readers, as awakening serious thought and gentle feeling, for a spring morning's companion, associating somewhat of sad but pleasant reflection with every leaf and flower around. We like the following much:—

"I am come back to my bower,
But it is not as of yore,—
Withered every glowing flower,
And the leaves are green no more;
Winter winds are sighing
Where summer breezes strayed;
Winter mists are lying
Where the sunbeams played;
Hope, the spirit that gladdens,
Flees upon the blast;
Memory, that but saddens,
Lingers to the last.
Telling of the roses,
Telling of the joys,
That life in spring discloses,
Its waning time destroys.
I am come back to my bower,
'Tis precious as of yore,
Though withered every flower,
And the leaves are green no more;
Though mute the lark and linnet,
And still the humming bee,
Affection dwell within it,
A summer world to me;
Though leaf and blossom perish,
And zephyrs pass away,
The glory that I cherish
Will never so decay:—
Hearts to whom no weather
Change or blight can bring,
These love on together,
In winter as in spring."

Poetical Portraits.

"Being of beauty and of grief!
Thy portraiture should be
Written in burning words and brief—
Tears, tears for thee!
A rose that by a lonely tomb,
Hangs whitening in the sun,
The phantom of its former bloom
Yet lingering on:—
A rill once by a mountain side,
Companion blithe and boon,
Till scorching suns its sweet depths dried,
And quenched its tune:—
A violet that no sheltering leaf
Hides from the strong rain's swell:—
Being of beauty and of grief,
These thy fate tell!
Desolate in each place of trust,
Thy bright soul dimmed with care,
To the land where is found no trace of dust,
Oh! look thou there!"

There are some sacred poems which deserve commendation; and altogether this is a most pleasing collection.

The London Review. Edited by the Rev. Blanco White. No. I. Saunders and Otley.

"AND they said: This one fellow came in to sojourn, and he will needs be a judge!" Such was the text which involuntarily occurred to us when we heard under whose auspices the *London Review* was to be conducted. And the more we reflect on the subject, the more strange does it appear. Who could have thought it possible that a foreigner could be competent to sit in judgment on the idiomatic delicacies of English composition; that a Spaniard, the native of perhaps the least advanced country of Christian Europe, could be deeply versed in English literature; that an ecclesiastic, bred up among the prejudices and the *difficiles nugæ* by which the faculties of a Catholic priest are both confined and wasted, could be able, not merely to survey the whole field of human knowledge, but to supply the omissions, and

rectify the errors, and clear away the prejudices, of writers who have enjoyed a British education? Those, however, who are acquainted with the writings of the eminent person to whom we are alluding, who have observed the simplicity and vigorous warmth of his style, the quiet humour with which he has painted the foibles of mankind, and the eloquent indignation which he has poured out on their impostures and oppressions, and the variety of the sources whence he has drawn his arguments and his illustrations, must be aware that, so far as knowledge and talent are concerned, few men can be more fit to fill the highest seat in a literary tribunal.

We turn, however, from the editor to the Review, of which the first No. has just appeared; and it is our practice to hail the *début* of any new and important contemporary in the pleasant and useful, though laborious and uncertain, walk of periodical literature. The first article, if it can be called an article, for it is rather a preface, contains a parallel between ancient and modern periodical literature, and proclaims the principles on which it is proposed to conduct the *London Review*, which are moderate and safe in the middle course. The next paper reviews eight of Sir Walter Scott's novels, from *Peveril of the Peak* to the second series of the *Chronicles of the Canongate*, inclusive. This is, perhaps, an encroachment on our peculiar province. Our readers, unless they have the wisdom to confine their reading to our pages, must be aware that the *soi-disant* reviews have long ceased to review. They are amusing collections, of often able essays, but have abandoned to us and to our imitators the task of stating the contents, and appreciating the merits and defects, of the books which they use as their "pegs." In this undignified situation they have placed even Sir Walter Scott. The article which we are now considering is, strictly speaking, a review, and contains less episodic matter than is usually seen in a composition of such length. The third article is on pamphlet-writers on church reform. But we have no desire to go through a Review as if it were an original volume; and we have said enough to introduce our new-born brother (a fine, stout child!) to the acquaintance of the public.*

A Treatise on the Laws of Literary Property.

By Robert Maugham, Secretary to the Law Institution, &c. 8vo. pp. 246. London, 1828. Longman and Co.

THE subject of this book is one of great importance; and to ourselves, who necessarily feel a deep interest in every thing that concerns the interests of literature, it is more particularly so. The work proceeds from the pen of a gentleman in that class of life wherein, generally speaking, little leisure is found from the active exertions of business for the pursuits of science and letters; and it is on that account the more valuable. He is, we understand, an eminent solicitor, and he comes prepared to his task, doubly armed with the powers of a lawyer and a gentleman of literary attainments; and with these he seems to combine a love of the subject on which he treats.

* The remaining nine reviews are on the *Palace Anecdotes of Napoleon*, by De Baumes, from 1805 to 1814; on our *Criminal Laws*, and the *Colony of New South Wales*; on *Diet* (Dr. Paris); on the *Greek Theatre*; on the *Comparative View of Social Life in England and France*; on *Insanity* (Dr. Burrows and others); on the *Com Law* (Mr. Jacob's Second Report); on *Pollak's Course of Time*; and on the *Police Reports of England*, and *Code Criminelle of France*. Of these, all we can observe is, that they contain much sterling matter and much sound criticism.

It will not, therefore, be surprising that with such qualifications he has produced a work delightful and useful, as well to the scholar as to the lawyer; and we would fain express a hope that these pages may meet the eye and excite the attention of some of our legislators able and willing to assert the rights of literature, and to obtain for it the full and fair justice to which it is entitled.

The Treatise has two great divisions: in the first, the history and the law of copyright is discussed; in the second, the library tax, or the claim of the British Museum, Universities, &c. to copies, is canvassed.

The right of an author to the proprietorship of his own works seems, on the bare mention of it, to be so well founded in justice, in equity, and in common sense, — so self-evident to every one, — that it cannot but appear a strange anomaly to those not previously conversant with the matter, to be informed of the fetters and restrictions imposed upon it by act of parliament.

“Not only is its duration limited to the short period of twenty-eight years, but it is taxed for the benefit of wealthy corporations to an amount always burdensome, and frequently destructive of all the remuneration it would otherwise afford. Indeed, the impolicy, as well as the injustice, of the existing laws, must be admitted by every one who is in the least degree acquainted with the subject, and possessed of the smallest share of impartiality. Even the Universities acknowledge (as well they may) that the limitation of the term is grossly unjust; and all classes must pronounce the imposition of eleven copies of all kinds of publications, to be contrary to every principle of equity.”

Our author shews incontestably that by the common law the copyright of a work ought to be, and actually was, vested in the author; and he then traces down its history through the various rescripts and decisions which he cites, to the passing of the act of parliament of the 8th of Queen Anne, cap. 19, by which the first restriction as to the term for which an author should enjoy his copyright is enacted. But even subsequent to the passing of this statute, several decisions took place in which this restriction was disregarded; and it was only in the year 1774 that the full effects of the unjust clause were first discovered and acted upon.

In 1769 the subject matter was argued with regard to Thomson's Seasons, in the celebrated cause of Millar v. Taylor: there was then a difference of opinion: Lord Mansfield and Judges Aston and Willis were in favour of the plaintiff's copyright, and Judge Yates alone was against it. On the 9th of February, 1774, this cause came by appeal before the House of Lords, and it was ordered that the judges should be directed to deliver their opinions upon the following questions: —

“1. Whether at common law an author of any book or literary composition had the sole right of first printing and publishing the same for sale, and might bring an action against any person who printed, published, and sold the same, without his consent? — Of eleven judges, there were eight to three in favour of the right at common law.

“2. If the author had such right originally, did the law take it away upon his printing and publishing such book or literary composition; and might any person afterwards reprint and sell for his own benefit such book or literary composition, against the will of the author? — There were seven to four of the

judges who held that the printing and publishing did not deprive the author of the right.

“3. If such action would have lain at common law, is it taken away by the statute of 8th Anne? And is an author by the said statute precluded from every remedy, except on the foundation of the said statute, and on the terms and conditions prescribed thereby? — On this question there were only five judges who were of opinion that the action at common law was not taken away by the statute, and there were six of the opposite opinion. It was well known that Lord Mansfield adhered to his opinion, and therefore concurred with the eight upon the first question, with the seven upon the second, and with the five upon the third (which in the latter case would have made the votes equal). But it being very unusual, from reasons of delicacy, for a peer to support his own judgment upon an appeal to the House of Lords, he did not speak. It was finally decided, that an action could not be maintained for pirating a copyright after the expiration of the time mentioned in the statute.”

From the date of this decision, therefore, an author ceased to have that property and estate in his written and printed works which he may have in nearly every thing else that can be called property. In July 1814 was passed the act by which the law of copyright, as it stands at present, is principally regulated, and by its provisions an author has twenty-eight years of copyright; and if he should be living at the expiration of such term, then it is confirmed to him for his life.

The *Literary Gazette* is not a work accustomed to enter into controversial disquisitions; but the real hardship of the case upon English authors is so great, and is so universally and justly complained of, that we cannot refrain from giving a few of the arguments adduced by Mr. Maugham in support of the right of copy. The work abounds with them, and we almost extract at random.

“It will not be necessary to enter into any elaborate consideration of the arguments on the origin of property. There seems no rational ground for creating a distinction between literary and any other species of property. The rights of each are equally entitled to protection. Such a distinction cannot be founded upon the degree of labour bestowed in the acquisition of other objects of property. Even the right to the possession of land has been acquired as often by good fortune as by merit, and is frequently retained without the bestowment of labour. The property in a literary work may be acquired in the same way. The first thought may have been accidental, which labour has enlarged and improved. The descendants of those who have produced intellectual treasures are as well entitled to inherit them as the posterity of the accumulators of land or money. To say, that the definition of property in the old legal authorities does not include the property in question, can be nothing to the purposes of justice. If it does not include it, the definition is a bad one, because it is not sufficiently comprehensive. Besides, if literary works possess none of the usual characteristics of property, according to its present technical description, let them form a class of themselves. Injustice should not be done for the sake of preserving consistency in verbal or metaphysical distinctions, which have nothing but their antiquity to support them. It is held by all the law authorities, that an author possesses a strictly legal property in his literary labours, whilst they remain in manuscript. There can

be no real distinction in the nature of the property, in the sentiments or ideas and language, before and after publication. The law which prohibits the publication of his manuscript without his consent, should also protect the printed copy, and prevent the appropriation of the profit of publication by any other person than the author.”

Mr. Maugham discusses with great acumen, and, we think, with great fairness and impartiality, the various objections to a perpetuity of copyright: the principal are reduced to seven heads. 1. That although the invention and labour by which literary compositions are produced, entitle the author to the exclusive use of his manuscript, the right cannot be extended to ideas, because they are not objects of property. 2. That every monopoly, trenching on man's lawful employment, is a restraint upon the liberty of the subject. 3. That as others may arrive at similar conclusions, it would be difficult to ascertain the right owner, and inconveniently increase litigation. 4. The composition is the property of the writer, whilst in MS.; but the act of publishing gives it to the world. 5. The patentees of mechanical inventions possess but a limited term. 6. That it would prolong the power of the owner to deal with the public as he chose; and that he might either suppress a valuable work, or put an exorbitant price upon it. 7. The advocates of limited copyright farther contend that glory is the reward of science; and those who deserve it, scorn all meaner views.

To these, we think, might fairly be added the inconvenience which in many cases might arise to the world, from the impossibility, after the lapse of a series of years, of discovering the actual proprietors of some valuable work which required reprinting for the public, — the descendants from the author could not, perhaps, be traced; yet a fear that such exist, would deter a new publisher from the venture. Provisions might, however, be made by law to obviate this.

It would be impossible for us, in the limited extent of our weekly sheet, to do full justice to the several arguments by which the foregoing seven objections are ably and successfully combated. We can do no more than refer our readers to the work itself, as a production obtaining that celebrity to which the value of the subject and its own intrinsic merits so justly entitle it. We trust we have said enough to call the general attention to the book and to the hardships which it discusses; and we close our account with hearty commendations, and a wish that the author may enjoy his copyright for the eight and twenty years now allowed by law, and then live to see his hopes gratified by the alterations in that law which he so ably advocates.

The Italian Confectioner; a complete Economy of Desserts, according to the most modern and approved Practice. By G. A. Jarrin. 4th edition, with Bills of Fare for the Dessert, and other additions. Ebers and Co.

THE absurd price set upon this volume seems hitherto to have prevented its enjoying the extensive circulation to which it was entitled as being an excellent work, and the only one of authenticity extant on the fruitful subject of which it treats. The present publishers have, we are glad to see, reduced it greatly both in size and cost, so as to make it a comely and not immoderate book; and as, from the circumstances we have mentioned, this treatise is not so generally known as it should be, we shall

permit Mr. Jarrin himself to inform our readers what he has done for their delectation.

"This work treats of sugar, of the numerous candies and bon-bons, as they are made in France; of the imitation of vegetables, fruits, and other natural objects, in sugar, and of a great variety of drops, prawnings, &c. &c.; of the best mode of preparing chocolate and cocoa; of syrups, marmalades, jellies, fruit, and other pastes, and of preserved fruits, including directions for preserving fruit without sugar, according to the method of M. Appert; with hints respecting the construction of ovens and stoves, and a table of the various degrees of heat adapted to the different articles of confectionery. It will also be found to contain receipts to make tablets and rock sugar; the various compotes; the French method of preparing comfits; the best manner of making creams and ices, with some important hints respecting the latter, upon which their excellence entirely depends; how to preserve fruits in brandy; to make and arrange pièces montées, confectionery paste, and the mode of producing picturesque scenery, with trees, lakes, rocks, &c.; lozenges and jellies; cool drinks for balls and routes; cakes, wafers, biscuits (particularly those of Italy), rich cakes, biscotini, macaroons, &c. &c."

Besides the above, the important subjects of distillation, modelling, and moulding, have each their respective sections, worthy of all elegant housewife attention. We shall conclude with Mr. Jarrin's observations on ice-wells, which are exceedingly to the purpose.

"To obtain a good ice-well, you should choose a spot looking towards the north, the soil either sand, gravel, or chalk, wherein you can easily build a well which will drain itself, the water soaking into the soil by a waste well made under the other. An ice-well should be larger round than it is deep, for it is a common error to imagine that the deeper a well is, the better; on the contrary, we know that the water naturally runs toward the depth, and, drawing towards the wells, penetrates through the brick-work, and produces a humidity that melts the ice. To avoid this, a good well should be built with double walls, at the distance of eighteen inches or two feet apart, and the interval between filled up with ashes, or any other matter of an absorbent quality. The well must be built with a domed top (like a wasp-tureen), and a hole in the centre left to receive the ice. Over the dome of brick-work there should be a covering of earth, at least six feet in thickness, upon which a plantation may be formed, to keep off the sun's rays: the hole in the centre of the dome should have a neck (like a large chimney-pot), secured with a strong cover of iron, running up through the superincumbent earth three or four feet, and should be kept always well covered with soil, and turfed over, as soon as the well is filled, to prevent any access of air in that direction. At the side of the well, upon a line with the bottom of the dome, an entrance must be made to take out the ice: it should consist of a porch with double doors, the outer of which must be covered with straw, or thatched, and every crevice in both doors stopped up and made as air-tight as possible. A dry time ought to be chosen for filling the well; the ice should be broken as small as possible, in order that it may reunite in the interior; and three or four men should be employed in levelling and pounding it, till the well is filled to the very top: if a long frost ensues, it should be filled up from time to time, as the ice first introduced will diminish considerably in bulk as it forms itself

into a compact mass, by freezing in the well. When the ice is taken out, every precaution should be adopted to prevent the rush of a volume of air into the well upon the opening of the doors. At first the ice must be taken out as it comes to hand, until the mass sinks to a level with the door; but afterwards, by means of a ladder, it must be taken from the sides of the well, all round quite down to the bottom, leaving the centre to the last, which will be found solid and compact even in the midst of summer: if, on the contrary, the ice is first taken away from the middle, you disturb the body, and the air which introduces itself will destroy more than you consume. The first object, it must be always recollected, in preserving the ice in a well, is to keep it dry; and if unfortunately the well is placed in a soil that will not permit it to drain itself, a pump must be fixed on the outside to draw off the water accumulated in the waste well."

We ought to add, that this edition, besides other additions, contains, as the title announces, several new bills of fare for the dessert.

Sir J. Malcolm's History of Persia: concluded.

In our last we promised to finish this (for us) long review, of a very interesting and standard work, with a sketch of the royal method of killing time in Persia. Who would not be a despotic king?

"His religious duties, which no king of Persia can openly neglect, require him to rise early. As he sleeps in the interior apartments, which no male is allowed to approach, his attendants are either females or eunuchs. After he is dressed with their aid, he sits for an hour or two in the hall of the haram, where his levees are conducted with the same ceremony as in his outer apartments. Female officers arrange the crowd of his wives and slaves with the strictest attention to the order of precedence. After hearing the reports of the persons intrusted with the internal government of the haram, and consulting with his principal wives, who are generally seated, the monarch leaves the interior apartments. The moment he comes out, he is met by officers in waiting, and proceeds to one of his private halls, where he is immediately joined by some of his principal favourites, and enters into familiar conversation with them: all the young princes of the blood attend this morning levee, to pay their respects. After this is over, he calls for breakfast. The preparing his meals is superintended by the nazir, or chief steward of the household. The viands are put into dishes of fine china, with silver covers, and placed in a close tray, which is locked and sealed by the steward. This tray is covered with a rich shawl, and carried to the king, when the steward breaks the seal, and places the dishes before him. Some of the infant princes are generally present, and partake in this repast. The chief physician is invariably in attendance at every meal. His presence is deemed necessary, the courtiers say, that he may prescribe an instant remedy, if any thing should disagree with the monarch: but this precaution, no doubt, owes its origin to that suspicion which is continually haunting the minds of such as exercise despotic power. When his public duties are performed, he usually retires to the haram, where he sometimes indulges in a short repose. Some time before sunset he always makes his appearance in the outer apartments, and either again attends to public business or takes a ride. His dinner is brought between eight and nine, with the same precautions and cere-

monies as at breakfast. He eats, like his subjects, seated upon a carpet, and the dishes are placed on a rich embroidered cloth spread for the occasion. Some of the former kings used to indulge openly in drinking wine; but none of the reigning family have yet outraged the religious feelings of their subjects by so flagrant a violation of the laws of Mahomed. Bowls filled with sherbet, made of every species of fruit, furnish the beverage of the royal meals; and there are few countries where more pains are bestowed to gratify the palate with the most delicious viands. After dinner, the king retires to the interior apartments, where it is said that he is often amused till a late hour by the singers and dancers of his haram. It is impossible, however, to speak of his occupations after he passes the threshold of his inner palace. He is there surrounded by a scene calculated, beyond all others, to debase and degrade the human character. He sees only emasculated guards, and their fair prisoners. He hears nothing but the language of submission or of complaint. Love cannot exist between beings so unequal as the monarch and his slave; and vanity must have overcome reason, before the fulsome adulation of pretended fondness can be mistaken for the spontaneous effusions of real affection. The harams are governed by the strictest discipline; and this must be necessary to preserve the peace of a community, where the arrogance of power, the pride of birth, the ties of kindred, the intrigues of art, and the pretensions of beauty, are in constant collision. The usual routine of the king's life is often interrupted by urgent public affairs, and sometimes by amusement. The reigning family has hitherto disdained those enervating and luxurious habits which led the last Seffavean monarchs to confine themselves to their harams. They not only attend personally to public business, but are continually practising manly exercises, and engage in field-sports with all the ardour of a race who cherish the habits of their Tartar ancestors. The present king is an expert marksmen and an excellent horseman: few weeks pass without his partaking in the pleasures of the chase. The king has always a historiographer and a chief poet. The one writes the annals of his reign; the other, who has a high rank at court, composes odes in his praise, and, with grateful ardour, celebrates the munificence of his patron. A giant and a dwarf were at one period of the present reign part of the royal establishment; and it is never without a jester, who enjoys an extraordinary latitude of speech, and, both in his dress and manner, assumes the habit and appearance of folly. It is usual to laugh at the vitiations of these jesters, even when they are the most severe; and the sovereign himself respects their privilege. The tribe to which Kerrem Khan belonged, speak a language which, from its rudeness, is denominated 'the barbarous dialect.' As this prince was one day sitting in public, he commanded his jester to go and bring him word what a dog, that was barking very loud, wanted. The courtiers smiled at this sally of their monarch. The jester went, and, after appearing to listen for some time with profound attention, returned, and said with a grave air, 'Your majesty must send one of the chief officers of your own family to report what that gentleman says: he speaks no language except 'the barbarous dialect,' with which they are familiar, but of which I do not understand one word.' The good-humoured monarch laughed heartily at this jest,

and gave the wit a present. This anecdote, to which many similar might be added, shews that there is little difference between the office of jester at the modern court of Persia, and that which some centuries ago existed at every court in Europe. A resemblance even in trifling forms merits attention, as it may lead to conclusions on the progress of knowledge and the condition of society; and, from the character of their amusements, we may perhaps judge as correctly as from their more serious occupations, of the degree of civilisation which a people has attained. In the court there is always a person who bears the name of 'story-teller to his majesty;' and the duties of his office require a man of no mean acquirements. Though passionately fond of public exhibitions, the Persians have none that deserve the name of theatrical entertainments: but, though strangers to the regular drama, their stories are often dramatic; and those whose occupation is to tell them, sometimes display so extraordinary a skill, and such varied powers, that we can hardly believe, while we look on their altered countenances and listen to their changed tones, that it is the same person, who at one moment tells a plain narrative in his natural voice, then, speaks in the hoarse and angry tone of offended authority, and next subdues the passions he has excited by the softest sounds of feminine tenderness. The art of relating stories is attended both with profit and reputation. Great numbers attempt it, but few succeed. It requires considerable talents and great study. None can arrive at eminence except men of cultivated taste and retentive memory. They must not only be acquainted with the best ancient and modern stories, but be able to vary them by introducing new incidents, which they have heard or invented. They must also recollect the finest passages of the most popular poets, to add the impression of the narrative by appropriate quotations. The person whose office it is to amuse his majesty with these stories is always in attendance. It is equally his duty to beguile the fatigue of a long march, and to soothe the mind when disturbed by the toils of public affairs; and his tales are artfully made to suit the disposition and momentary humour of the monarch. Sometimes he recites a story of the genii; at others he speaks of the warlike deeds of former sovereigns, or of the love of some wandering prince. Often the story is of coarser materials, and the king is entertained with low and obscene adventures. In no court is more rigid attention paid to ceremony. Looks, words, the motions of the body, are all regulated by the strictest forms. When the king is seated in public, his sons, ministers, and courtiers, stand erect, with their hands crossed, and in the exact place belonging to their rank. They watch his looks, and a glance is a command. If he speaks to them, you hear a voice reply, and see the lips move, but not a motion or gesture betrays that there is animation in any other part of the frame. The monarch often speaks in the third person: 'The king is pleased,' 'The king commands.' His ministers usually style him 'The object of the world's regard.' They are as particular in forms of speech as in other ceremonies; and superiority and inferiority of rank, in all their gradations, are implied by the terms used in the commonest conversations."

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

A Grammar of General Geography. For the Use of Schools and Young Persons: with Maps and Engravings. Corrected and modernised by the Rev. J. Goldsmith. 18mo. pp. 191. London, 1829. Longman and Co.

Geography illustrated on a popular Plan, &c.; with thirty-five Engravings. 12mo. pp. 740. Same Publishers.

WE have given just and ample praise to a number of works devised at this time of extraordinary exertion to render the best instruction easy and permanent for the youthful mind. The ingenuity and knowledge which have been directed to this important object could not escape a tribute from the *Literary Gazette*, whose own great end and purpose was, and is, to diffuse a love for information, and to make intellectual enjoyments a want to the many, through the initiatory means of the entertaining and interesting. And in this view we can safely say that no two books have ever afforded us greater satisfaction than this Grammar and Popular Geography. We really are not aware of any thing that a first-rate geographical scholar could tell us which is not clearly expounded in their pages. For education in this branch of science, it is impossible, we think, to improve upon them; for they embrace every thing essential to be understood and remembered. It is almost a hardship to be obliged to confess, that, what cost us years to learn, may here be acquired (by the aid of system and intelligence) in less than an equal number of months; but such is the truth. The advantages of the rising race of students are, indeed, real miles gained on the march of intellect; and we could almost envy the facilities. These volumes are treasures; and as handsomely illustrated as they are in themselves excellent. We have forgotten who it is that now occupies the popular name of Goldsmith; but whoever he is, his plans, his carefulness, and his abilities, render him a worthy successor to the highest name, and a great benefactor to every young person in the British empire.

Restalrig; or, the Forfeiture. By the Author of "St. Johnstown, or John Earl of Gowrie." 2 vols. 12mo. Edinburgh, 1829, MacLachlan and Stewart: London, Simpkin and Marshall.

THIS work by no means fulfils the promise of its predecessor. The plot has too many improbabilities, and too little interest. The historical personages introduced, appear to be introduced merely because they are historical; and, in short, as a tale of the Waverley school, it is a plaster cast, without the life and spirit of the original.

The Olio. Vol. II. from July to December 1828, and Nos. for January and February 1829. J. Shackell.

THIS is one of the healthy and growing literary shrubs which vegetate weekly, makes a nice monthly bouquet, and are at last gathered into annual wreaths, much to the credit of their cultivators, and much to the edification and amusement of the public. The *Olio* is a various and entertaining miscellany, adorned with clever wood-cuts (one for every week)—so clever indeed that nothing but a large sale could tempt the proprietors to disburse the attendant expense. The selection is made judiciously, and it is hardly possible to dip anywhere without being attracted by the matter to read on. This is exactly the character which such a work ought to possess.

Memoirs of Vidocq. Written by Himself: Paris. Translated in 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1829. Hunt and Clarke.

THIS life of a French rogue, but now, according to his own account, a respectable man, furnishes some curious details of the modes of swindling, robbing, prison-breaking, galley-slavery, and other circumstances, as they are endured or practised among our neighbours across the Channel. Like all great autobiographers, M. Vidocq is a perfect hero, the object of plots and conspiracies; but his adventures are amusing, without being more coarse than was to be expected from the nature of his career; and the French language is happily adapted to soften even these impurities. There is, besides, a good deal of piquancy and spirit in the narrative. The English version seems to be very well executed, considering the number of flash words and phrases, and of difficult allusions in the original.

Constable's Miscellany. Volumes XXXIII., XXXIV., and XXXV. Edinburgh, Constable and Co.; London, Hurst and Co.

HAVING in our last No. noticed at length the preceding volumes of this publication, we shall only say of these three volumes, that the *Revolutions in Europe* form an interesting sequel to the *Rebellions in Scotland*. The narratives are very various, and the whole collection well made. Vol. XXXVI., which has just appeared, is the first of *Cochrane's remarkable Travels*.

An Attempt to remodel the Art of Stenography on new and more primitive Principles than the Systems now in use. By Charles Latham. London, 1828. Hessey.

Brevi esse laboro, seems to be the studied maxim of the ingenious author of this little book; and its syllogistic form for instructing the pupil in stenography, is admirably calculated to imprint the lesson on his memory, and by its simplicity to keep it there. Indeed, the plainness of the characters and rules evince that kind of mind in the author best fitted for the study of the grammar of any language, even for that of symbolic grammar. Since 1602 (the first year when any work on the subject of this essay made its appearance), nearly 100 printed treatises have been published; and yet, hitherto, the systems are as diverse as the publications are numerous. This is more owing, we think, to the want of concert among the teachers of stenography, than to any serious difficulty in the way of a more fixed and general system. Each master has exhibited his caprice by a change of character; or, too confident of his own, has declined to consult the opinion of others. The consequence is, that the popularity of the art has been checked, its improvement retarded; and the student, like the religionist, out of a number of creeds, has been at a loss for some settled principles to guide him.

Of late years, however, these defects have been felt by the most eminent judges of stenography, and there has been some approximation to a more uniform system; but it has been chiefly among themselves—so that to all visible improvement the science has remained fixed and stationary. We think that Mr. Latham, as far as he has gone, has done much to remedy these imperfections; and he is certainly entitled to much credit both for the neatness of his signs (or characters), and the grammatical accuracy of his arrangements.

Sermons preached in England. By the late Bishop Heber, &c. 8vo. pp. 392. London, 1829. Murray.

SIXTEEN sermons, with the popular name of Bishop Heber to them, need no reviewers' commendation to insure them a favourable public reception. We have therefore only to say of this volume, that it breathes the pious feelings and kindly humanity of its departed author; and that its editor, his widow, promises at some future period a selection of sermons preached in India, and of earlier parochial sermons preached at Hodnett, of which Dr. Heber was rector.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, February 7.

THE Opera balls commenced on Saturday, to the infinite pleasure of all classes and all ages. Ladies, in particular, enjoy these amusements, as it is only *sous masque* they ever dare to speak truth, or discover to you their *façon de penser*. The rôle of gentlemen at these reunions is not quite so agreeable; for as the anecdotes they hear of themselves seldom tend much to their honour, many of them try to shield their *amour propre* from the coups de lancettes of disguised nymphs by pasteboard noses highly varnished. A *ci-devant jeune homme* adopted this mode of defence the other night, taking also the further precaution of mounding a light curly wig: but neither of these deceptions were sufficient to screen the wearer from the scrutinising regards of his last discarded love. She recognised the "gay deceiver's" false teeth and painted eye-brows (which it seems had left indelible impressions on her memory); and, enraged at his late desertion of her, she tore away his borrowed feature and fair locks; so that he who but a few moments before swagged with all the pretensions of one-and-twenty, "stood confessed" an old marquis of sixty-seven: a riot would have ensued had not the despoiled gentleman made his exit. Formerly, what are termed *des dames* came *à fast* never honoured these balls by their presence, fearing the contamination of plebeian society; but English ladies, who, *dit-on*, inherit a larger portion of the original sin than those of other nations, made the *premier pas*, and were quickly followed by *les Parisiennes*, who were jealous of being out-done even in curiosity. According to the opinion *à-la-mode*, these Opera balls are *charmant*! and *est* it said to be right and left. Hitherto, however, its flight has been too rapid for my weak perception; and though there may be much amusement in walking to and fro for five or six hours, swallowing a volume of dust, being *coudoyé* by a thousand elbows, and assailed by hundreds of looks, yet I could not discover it; nor can I imagine even the luxury of telling truth sufficient to indemnify for the numerous evils one must encounter on the occasion.

The Académie Française assembled yesterday for the purpose of choosing a successor to the late M. Picard. The votes decided in favour of M. Arnaultpère. M. Augur's disappearance (for it seems he is not dead) leaves also a place of honour vacant; but the Academy must wait five years ere they elect a successor to him. I suppose, should his wife not hear tidings of him during the same space of time, she will be allowed to engage herself in new chains—at least this seems but just.

The first edition of the *Dernier Jour d'un Condamné*, by the celebrated Victor Hugo, was entirely sold in two days: it is a *chef-d'œuvre*. The second edition of *Orientales*, by the same

author, appeared to-day. This latter work is severely criticised.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Friday, Feb. 13.

THE subject for this evening was "an account of Mr. Brown's discovery of active molecules existing in solid bodies, either organic or inorganic;" delivered by Mr. Faraday.

The lecturer, by the aid of drawings and specimens, traced the progress of Mr. Brown's investigations since their commencement in June 1827, to the present period. The object of these investigations was to ascertain the mode of action of the pollen of phænogamous plants upon the pistillum in the impregnation of the ovula; and whilst looking for a pollen whose particles having a determinate shape might be traced through their course, Mr. Brown found them to have peculiar motions when placed in contact with water, and examined by a powerful microscope, the motion consisting both in change of place and in a quick, short vibration. Following up the views which successively arose in his mind, Mr. Brown was led to believe that living and dead, animal and vegetable substances, metal, rocks, and all solid bodies, in turn produced particles capable of similar motion. The particles generally appear round, but angular ones have been seen in motion, their size varying from the $\frac{1}{1000}$ to the $\frac{1}{100}$ of an inch in diameter, and very probably to still smaller dimensions, but it is difficult to perceive them!

Mr. Faraday, in a very able and perspicuous manner, commented upon the vague opinions that had gone abroad relative to Mr. Brown's meaning; and stated the reasons why no satisfactory account of the motion as produced by known causes had been given: he also pointed out the manner in which these newly discovered facts as regarded inorganic matter, nullified the large portion of physiological reasoning which had been put forth at various times, relative to the impregnation of the vegetable ovulum, and the existence of organic molecules in the structure of plants. He also touched upon the supposed connexion of the subject with molecular or atomic philosophy in general, and recommended great reserve and caution in this branch of the inquiry, seeing that some gross and ludicrous blunders had already crept into what is considered the philosophy of atoms, from hasty conclusions, and the use of terms and names not in exact accordance with their received and acknowledged import. It is unnecessary to add, that Mr. Faraday's observations drew forth frequent and hearty marks of approbation.

In the library was an ancient British torque of pure gold, weighing between five and six ounces, worn in former times by the chief of the Britons only. It was found in a turf-bog in Merionethshire. Also, views in China, painted in oil by the natives, containing very good effect and perspective, both architectural and aerial. There were also paintings in water-colours of the trades and costumes of the Chinese, executed by native artists: together with various specimens of Singalese fire-arms, mechanical contrivances, and presents of books.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

Tuesday evening.

THE president, Lord Stanley, in the chair:—A continuation of Mr. Don's interesting paper on the new genera and species of the class Composita, belonging to the Floras of Peru, Chili, and Mexico, was read. Several new

members were balloted for and elected. The secretary announced to the meeting that the Society had agreed to purchase the collection and library of Linnaeus, together with those of Sir J. E. Smith, its late revered president, for the sum of three thousand guineas.

The Bishop of Bath and Wells, and several other distinguished Fellows of the Society, were present.

ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

ON Friday week the anniversary meeting of this Institution took place, at the Society's house, in Lincoln's Inn Fields; Mr. Herschel, the President, in the chair. The gold medal was presented to the Rev. W. Pearson, for his work entitled, "an Introduction to Practical Astronomy." Another gold medal was presented to Professor Bessel, for his "Zone Observations," made at the Royal Observatory of Königsberg. A third was presented to Professor Schumacher, for important services rendered by him, both to practical and historical astronomy, by the publication of his various astronomical tables.

COLLEGE OF SURGEONS.

ON Saturday last the 10th Hunterian Oration was delivered in the Hall of the College, Lincoln's Inn Fields, by Mr. J. P. Vincent. Mr. Thomas, sen. Vice-President, took the chair, in the absence of Sir Anthony Carlisle, the President. The hall was crowded to excess. Amongst the distinguished persons who sat near the chairman, were the Presidents of the College of Physicians and Royal Society; several M.P.'s were also present.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

FEBRUARY 3d.—The question, "on the best method of preventing rust in iron," was resumed; and the minutes of former conversations relative to the subject were read by the secretary. Mr. Simpson stated a method of preventing the oxidation of iron water-pipes, when in constant use, by the application of lime: the discoloration and unpleasant odour contracted by water in its passage from the reservoir, are thus effectually obviated. The results of an experiment, on coating the mould of a casting, were communicated, and appear to open a new and productive field for philosophical research. Many instances were adduced, in the conversation, of the rapid decomposition of iron subjected to the joint action of the atmosphere and moisture, particularly the more exposed machinery of steam-boats;—all tending to prove, that efficacious protectors of such inestimable importance to the arts are still among the desiderata of science.*

At the close of the discussion, Mr. Jopling explained the properties of an instrument which he considers newly invented, or at least revived. This instrument describes the true Ionic spiral of the elliptic character, and, by a separate adjustment, the wave between the spirals, exactly accordant with all the specimens of Grecian Ionic capitals to which Mr. Jopling has had access in this country.

February 10th.—Mr. Turrel read a paper, proposing to the Institution a full consideration of the methods of obtaining, forging, and manufacturing iron. The subsequent discussion principally related to the properties of steel. Mr. Maudeley gave an account of certain experiments, made by order of the East India Company, to ascertain the capability of

* We have seen it stated that hamlock prevents the oxidation of iron, even under water. Some experiments on this (if true) might lead to useful results.—Ed.

forging and manufacturing the steel termed wootz, and in which he perfectly succeeded.

The death of Mr. Tredgold, communicated to the Institution by his friend Mr. Donkin, is an event deeply to be regretted, both on account of his professional celebrity as an author, and of the anticipations indulged by the members of the Institution, whose secretary he had been appointed. The numerous and excellent publications of Mr. Tredgold will long hold the first place among the elementary compendiums of civil engineering, and must ever ensure him the lively gratitude of the cultivators of general knowledge.

ANCIENT AND MODERN EGYPT.

Fifth and Sixth Letters (incorporated) from M. Champollion.

Beni-Hassan, 5th, and Montfaucon, 8th Nov. 1828.

I HAD reckoned upon being at Thebes on the 1st of Nov. This is the 5th, and I am still at Beni-Hassan. This is, in some measure, the fault of those who have already described the hypogeums of this neighbourhood, and have given so mean an idea of them. I thought to have done with these grottos in one day: they have taken fifteen, which I do not regret. But I must resume my narrative a little further back.

My last was dated from the great pyramids, where I remained encamped three days; not for the sake of those enormous masses, which produce so little effect when close to them, but to examine the sepulchral grottos in the vicinity. One of them, that of a certain Eimai, furnished us with a series of bas-reliefs, very interesting for the knowledge of arts and trades of ancient Egypt; and I shall take particular pains in searching for monuments of this kind, which are as much parts of history as the great paintings of battles in the palaces of Thebes. I have found about the pyramids several tombs of princes (kings' sons) and great men; but very few inscriptions of any particular interest.

I left the pyramids on the 11th of October, to return across the desert to our old encampment at Sakkarah, and then to our fleet, which lay at anchor at Bedrechein. We set sail for Upper Egypt; and on the 20th reached Minieh; whence we immediately set out again, after visiting the manufactory of cotton-yarn, in which European machinery is employed, and purchasing some necessary provisions. We then steered towards Saouadeh to visit a hypogeum of the Greek-Doric order, which has been already described. Hence we sailed towards Zaouyet-el-Maïetin, which we reached on the 20th, in the evening. There are here some hypogeums, adorned with bas-reliefs relating to civil and domestic life. I had copies taken of every thing interesting; and we did not leave it till the evening of the 23d, to proceed to Beni-Hassan, which a brisk gale enabled us to reach before midnight the same day.

At break of day, some of our young men having been to visit the neighbouring grottos, brought word that little was to be done there, because the paintings were almost effaced. I, however, went at sunrise to visit these hypogeums, and was agreeably surprised on finding a wonderful series of paintings, perfectly visible, even in the minutest details, on being damped with a sponge, and removing the fine dust which covered them, and which had deceived my companions. We immediately set to work, and, by means of our ladders and sponges, gradually discovered the most ancient series of paintings in the world, all relating to civil life, the arts and trades, and, what was quite new, to the military caste. I have made

an immense harvest in the first two hypogeums; yet a still richer one awaited us in the two more distant tombs towards the north. These two hypogeums have the peculiarity (as well as some small tombs in the neighbourhood), that the entrance is preceded by an open portico, hewn in the rock, and forming columns which closely resemble at first sight the Greek-Doric of Sicily and Italy: they are fluted, with round bases, and nearly all of beautiful proportions. The interior of the last two hypogeums was, or still is, supported by similar columns. We all recognised in them the true type of the ancient Greek-Doric; and I affirm this without fearing to found my opinion on the Roman times; for these two hypogeums, which are the finest of all, bear the date and belong to the reign of Osortasen, second king of the 23d dynasty, and consequently are as old as the 9th century before Christ. I will add, that the most beautiful portico, yet untouched, that of the hypogeum of a chief governor of the eastern districts of the Heptanomide, called *Nehothph*,—is composed of these Doric columns, without a base, as at Pæstum and in all the finest Greek-Doric temples. The paintings of the tomb of *Nehothph* are real water-coloured drawings, of remarkable delicacy and beauty of design.—I have not yet seen any thing in Egypt to equal them: the animals, quadrupeds, birds, and fish, are painted with so much elegance and truth, that the coloured copies which I had taken of them resemble the tinted engravings of our finest works of natural history. We shall need the testimony of the fourteen witnesses who have seen them, to induce people in Europe to believe in the fidelity of our drawings, which are perfectly correct. In this hypogeum I found a most interesting picture: it represents fifteen prisoners, men, women, and children, taken by one of the sons of *Nehothph*, and presented to this chief by a royal scribe, who offers at the same time a roll of papyrus, on which is written the date of the capture and the number of prisoners, which was thirty-seven. These captives, who are tall, and of a very peculiar physiognomy, most of them with an aquiline nose, were fair compared to the Egyptians, since the flesh has been painted with yellowish red, to imitate what we call flesh-colour. The men and women are clothed in very rich stuffs, painted (especially those of the women) like the tunics of the females of the Greek vases in the antique style. The head-dress and sandals of the female captives resemble those of the Greeks of the old vases; and I discovered on the robe of one of them the twisted ornament so well known by the name of *Grecque*, painted in red, blue, and black, and traced vertically. These details will excite the curiosity and awaken the interest of our archaeologists, especially that of our friend M. Dubois, whom I regret here more than ever not to have by my side, because our opinion on the progress of the arts in Egypt here finds *archi-authentic* proofs. The male captives, with pointed beards, are armed with bows and arrows, and one of them holds in his hand a Greek lyre in the antique style. Are they Greeks? I firmly believe they are; that is, Ionian Greeks, or some people of Asia Minor living near the Ionian colonies, and participating in their manners and customs. It would certainly be very curious to have Greeks of the ninth century before Christ, accurately painted by Egyptian artists. I have had this long picture copied in colours: there is not a stroke of the pencil which is not in the original.

The fifteen days spent at Beni-Hassan have been monotonous, but productive: at sunrise we went to the hypogeums, to draw, to colour, and to write; allowing an hour, at the most, to a frugal repast which was brought to us from the boats. Sunset, which is beautiful in this country, gave the signal for retreat: we returned to the bark to sup, lie down, and begin again the next day.

This abode among the tombs has produced a portfolio of drawings, perfectly executed, strictly accurate, and which already exceed 300 in number. I venture to say, that with these acquisitions alone my journey to Egypt would have already attained its object,—except with regard to architecture, which I attend to only in places not hitherto visited or known. The following is a sketch of them:—

1. *Agriculture*.—Drawings representing tilling the ground with oxen or by hand; sowing; treading the ground by rams, and not by hogs, as Herodotus says; five sorts of ploughs; the use of the pick-axe; the reaping of wheat, the gathering of flax, the putting these two kinds of plants into sheaves, the carrying to the mill, the threshing, measuring, storing in the granaries; two drawings of large granaries on different plans; the flax carried by asses; a number of other agricultural operations, among them, the gathering of the lotus, the culture of the vine, the vintage, its carrying home; two presses, one worked by the hand, and the other by mechanism; the putting the wine into bottles, or jars, carrying it to the cellar, &c. &c. Horticulture, the gathering of figs, &c. cultivation of the onion, irrigation, &c.; the whole, as in the following pictures, with explanatory hieroglyphic inscriptions: also the intendant of the country house, the secretaries, &c.

2. *Arts and trades*.—A collection of pictures, for the most part coloured, in order to determine the nature of the objects, and representing the sculptor in stone, the carver in wood, the painter of statues, the painter of architecture, furniture, and cabinet-work of all kinds; the painter with his easel, painting a picture; scribes and clerks of all descriptions; masons conveying blocks of stone; the art of pottery, with all the operations; the cutting of wood; makers of oars, carpenters, cabinet-makers, sawyers, carriers; the staining of common leather and morocco; the shoe-maker; spinning; weaving; the glass-worker and all his operations; the goldsmith, jeweller, smith, &c.

3. *The military caste*.—The education of the military caste and all their gymnastic exercises, represented in above 200 pictures, shewing all the positions and attitudes of two skilful wrestlers attacking, defending, retreating, advancing, standing, thrown down, &c. You will see by these whether the Egyptian artists were contented with figures in profile, the legs joined, and the arms pinioned against the side. I have copied the whole of this series of soldiers wrestling together, and also sixty figures representing soldiers of all arms, a siege, the *tortoise*, the *ram*, the military punishments, a field of battle, and the preparations for a military repast; lastly, the manufacture of lances, bows, arrows, clubs, battle-axes, &c.

4. *Singing, music, and dancing*.—A picture representing a concert of vocal and instrumental music: a singer, accompanied by a musician on the harp, is supported by two choruses, one of four men, the other of five women, the latter heating time with their hands. It is a complete opera; players on the harp, of both sexes;

players on the German flute, flageolet, on a sort of shell, &c.; dancers, forming various figures with the names of the steps which they dance. Lastly, a very curious collection of drawings representing the female dancers of ancient Egypt, dancing, singing, playing at tennis, and performing various feats of strength and address.

5. A considerable number of drawings representing the rearing of cattle, the herdsmen, all kinds of oxen, cows, calves, milking, the manufacture of cheese, butter—goatherds, ass-drivers, shepherds with their sheep, scenes relative to the veterinary art; lastly, the poultry-yard, containing numerous species of geese and ducks, and a kind of swan which was domestic in ancient Egypt.

6. The foundation of the Ichnographic collection, containing the portraits of the Egyptian kings and great men. This collection will be completed in the Thebaïd.

7. Drawings relative to games, exercises, and diversions. Among them are the *Mora*; the drawing straws; a kind of hot cockles; the mall; the game of piquets planted in the ground; the hunting of the fallow-deer, a picture representing a grand chase in the desert, in which are depicted between fifteen and twenty species of quadrupeds; pictures of the return from the sport—the game is carried dead, or led alive; several pictures of catching birds with nets—one of these drawings, which is of a large size, is tinted with all the colours, and in the same manner, as the original; lastly, drawings, on a large scale, of the several snares for catching birds: these instruments of the chase are painted separately in some hypogeums; several drawings relative to fishing—as with the angling-rod, with the trident or bident, with nets; likewise the preparation of fish, &c.

8. Domestic justice.—I have collected under this head fifteen drawings of bas-reliefs, representing offences committed by servants—the arrest of the offender, his accusation, defence, his trial by the intendants of the household, his sentence, and the execution, which is confined to the bastinado, the account of which is delivered with the documents of the proceedings into the hands of the master by the intendants of the household.

9. The household.—I have collected in this series, which is very numerous, every thing that relates to domestic or private life. These drawings, which are very curious, represent, 1. several Egyptian houses, more or less sumptuous; 2. vases of different forms, utensils, and movables, all coloured, because the colours invariably indicate the materials of which they are composed; 3. a superb palanquin; 4. a kind of room with folding-doors, carried on a sledge, which served the great men of Egypt, in former days, for carriages; 5. the monkeys, cats, and dogs, which formed part of the domestic establishment, as well as the dwarfs and other deformed individuals, who fifteen hundred years, and more, before the Christian era served to dispel the spleen of the Egyptian noblemen, as well as they did that of our old barons of Europe fifteen hundred years after the Christian era; 6. the officers of a great household, intendants, secretaries, &c.; 7. the servants, carrying provisions of all kinds, and servant-girls, likewise carrying provisions; 8. the manner of killing oxen, and of cutting them up for the use of the family; 9. a series of designs, representing cooks preparing various kinds of provisions; 10. the servants carrying the dressed meat to the master's table.

10. Historical monuments.—This collection

contains all those inscriptions, bas-reliefs, and monuments of every kind, that I have hitherto seen, bearing royal legends, with a date expressed.

11. Religious monuments.—All the images of the various divinities, drawn on a large scale, and coloured after the most beautiful bas-reliefs. This collection will be prodigiously increased in proportion as I advance in the Thebaïd.

12. Navigation.—A collection of designs representing the building of vessels and barks of various kinds, and the games of the mariners, which exactly resemble those that take place on the Seine on great holidays.

13. Lastly, zoology.—A series of quadrupeds, birds, insects, reptiles, and fish, designed and coloured with entire fidelity, after painted bas-reliefs, or pictures in the best preservation. This collection, which already amounts to above two hundred specimens, is extremely interesting: the birds are splendid—the fish painted with extreme perfection; and these will give an idea of what a handsome Egyptian hypogeum was. We have already collected drawings of above fourteen different species of dogs—house dogs, hounds, &c., from the harrier to the spaniel. I hope that Messrs. Cuvier and Geoffroy St. Hilaire will thank me for bringing them the natural history of Egypt in such good order.

I hope to complete and to extend in a proper manner these series, since I have not yet seen, as I may say, any Egyptian monuments. The great edifices begin, in fact, at Abydos, where I shall not be in less than ten days from this time.—[After reading these details, may not we well exclaim with the wisest of men, "There is nothing new under the sun!"—Ed. L. G.]

I passed, with grief of heart, opposite to Asch-Mounen, regretting its magnificent portico, which has been very recently destroyed. Yesterday Antinoë presented us only a heap of ruins; all its edifices have been demolished; nothing remains but a few granite columns, which could not be moved.

I was comforted a little for the loss of these monuments by discovering a very interesting one, which nobody has hitherto mentioned. We found, in a desert valley of the Arab mountain opposite to Beni-Hassan, El Aamar, a little temple excavated in a rock; the decoration of which, begun by Toutmôsis IV., was continued by Mandonê, of the eighteenth dynasty. This temple, ornamented with beautiful bas-reliefs, is dedicated to the goddess Pascht or Pepsascht, who is the Bubastis of the Greeks, and the Diana of the Romans. Geographers generally place at Beni-Hassan the position named Speos Artemidos (the grotto of Diana); and they are in the right, since I have just discovered the temple, excavated in the rock (the speos of the goddess); and this monument, which represents only images of Bubastis, the Egyptian Diana, is surrounded by several hypogeums of the sacred cats, the animal of Bubastis; some excavated in the rock; one, among others, erected in the reign of Alexander, son of Alexander the Great. Before the temple, under the sand, is a great bank of mummies of cats, wrapped up in mats, together with some dogs. Further on, between the valley and the Nile in the desert, there are two great dépôts of mummies of cats in packets, two feet below the sand.

Seventh Letter from M. Champollion.

Thebes, Nov. 24, 1828.

It was on the 10th of November that I

* How did these cats become dogs to the later Diana?!

quitted Es Siout, after having visited its hypogeums, which are accurately described by Messrs. Jollois and Devilliers, of whose extreme correctness I have daily proofs at Thebes.

On the 11th, in the morning, we passed before Can-el-Rebir (Anateopolis), and my bark passed full sail over the site of the temple which the Nile has swallowed up, without leaving the slightest trace of it.

I visited on the 12th some ruins at Ekehmin, and was so fortunate as to discover a sculptured block, from which I learned the date of the temple, which is of the time of Ptolemy Philopator; and obtained the image of the god Pan, who is no other, as I had already shewn, than the Ammon generator, of my pantheon.

We set out on the 13th, and at noon passed Ptolemais, where there is now nothing remarkable. At four o'clock, passing along the Djebel-el-Assefat, we perceived the first crocodiles. There were four of them lying on a sandy islet, and great numbers of birds were flying about them. Soon after, we landed at Girgeh. On the 15th the wind was faint, and we made but little progress; but our new companions, the crocodiles, seemed disposed to indemnify us. I counted twenty-one of them together upon one islet; and a discharge of muskets loaded with ball, fired pretty close to them, had no other effect than to break up this assembly. They threw themselves into the Nile, and we lost a quarter of an hour in getting our boat afloat; for it had gone too near the island.

At length, on the evening of the 16th, we arrived at Dendera. The moon shone with unclouded splendour, and we were only a league from the temples. How could we resist the temptation? We took a hasty supper, and set out. At length we came in sight of the temples; and I shall not attempt to describe the impression made upon us by the grand propylæum, and, above all, by the portico of the great temple: one may measure it, indeed; but to give an idea of it is impossible: it is grace and majesty combined in the highest degree. We passed two hours there in ecstasy, traversing the great halls, and endeavouring to read the external inscriptions by the light of the moon. We did not return to the boat till three o'clock in the morning, to go back to the temple at seven, where we passed the whole of the 17th. What was magnificent by moonlight, was still more so when the beams of the sun enabled us to distinguish all the details. I immediately perceived that I had before me a master-piece of architecture, covered with sculptures in the very worst style. Be it said without offence to any one, the bas-reliefs of Dendera are detestable; and this could hardly be otherwise; for they are of an age when the art was in its decline. Sculpture had already degenerated; whereas architecture, less subject to vary, had remained worthy of the gods of Egypt, and of the admiration of all ages.

The following are the dates of the several parts. The most ancient is the outer wall, at the extremity of the temple, on which are represented, of colossal size, Cleopatra and her son Ptolemy Caesar. The upper bas-reliefs are of the time of the emperor Augustus, as well as the external lateral walls of the naos, with the exception of some small portions which are of the age of Nero. The pronaos is entirely covered with imperial legends of Tiberius, Caius, and Nero; but in the whole of the interior of the nave, as well as in the chambers and in the edifices erected on the terrace of the

According to Rudbeck, the cat was sacred to Frey, the Diana of the northern mythology.—Ed. L. G.

temple, there is not a single sculptured cartouche. They are all empty, and nothing has been effaced: but all the sculptures of these apartments, as well as those of the whole interior of the temple, are in the worst style, and cannot be older than the time of Trajan or Antoninus. They resemble those of the propyleum of the south-west (*quere*—of the south east?), which is of the reign of this last emperor, and which, being dedicated to Isis, led to the temple of that goddess, placed behind the great temple, which is certainly that of Athor (Venus), as is proved by the thousand dedications with which it is covered; and not that of Isis, as the commission of Egypt has believed. The great propyleum is covered with images of the emperors Demitian and Trajan. As for the typhonium, it was decorated under Trajan, Adrian, and Antoninus Pius.

[We are sorry to postpone any portion of these very interesting communications; but the length of them leaves us no alternative.]

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

Oxford, Feb. 14.—On Thursday last the following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—T. S. Salmon, Brasenose College, Grand Compounder; R. Pocklington, Rev. J. Day, Exeter College.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. Johns, Brasenose College, Grand Compounder; J. Mills, H. Roberts, C. Elliott, St. Edmund Hall; J. Hill, Brasenose College; J. Phelps, Jesus College; T. Shann, Scholar of University College; H. C. Morrell, Christ Church; R. S. Holford, Oriel College.

Cambridge, Feb. 14.—At the congregation on Wednesday last the following degrees were conferred:—
Doctor in Divinity (by royal mandate).—Rev. W. H. Mill, M.A. Trinity College, Principal of Bishop's College, at Calcutta.

Honorary Master of Arts.—Hon. J. C. Dundas, Trinity College.

Masters of Arts.—G. Coster, Archdeacon of Newthunderland, F. Grant, W. H. R. Bayley, St. John's College; E. O. Martin, Fellow of Calus College; J. Streetfield, Christ College.

Bachelor of Arts.—J. Mainwaring, Cates College.
At the same congregation, Philip Whitcombe, B.A. of Brasenose College, Oxford, was admitted *ad eundem* of this University.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

5th Feb. 1829.

A PAPER was read, entitled, "on a Differential Barometer," by the late William Hyde Wollaston, M.D. F.R.S. Communicated by Mr. Warburton.—The instrument described in this paper is capable of measuring, with considerable accuracy, extremely small differences of barometric pressure. It was originally contrived with the view of determining the force of ascent of heated air in chimneys of different kinds; but as its construction admits of any assignable degree of sensibility being given to it, it is susceptible of application to many other purposes of more extensive utility. A glass tube, of which the internal diameter is at least a quarter of an inch, being bent in the middle into the form of an inverted syphon, with the legs parallel to each other, is cemented at each of its open extremities into the bottom of a separate cistern, about two inches in diameter. One of these cisterns is closed on all sides, excepting where a small horizontal pipe opens from it laterally at its upper part; while the other cistern remains open. The lower portion of the glass tube is filled with water or other fluid, to the height of two or three inches; while the remaining parts of the tube, together with the cistern, to the depth of about half an inch, are filled with oil; care being taken to bring the surfaces of water in both legs to the same level, by equalising the pressure of the incumbent columns of oil. If the horizontal pipe be applied to the key-hole of a door, or any similar perforation in a partition between portions of the atmosphere in which the pressures are unequal,

the fluid in the corresponding half of the instrument will be depressed, while it is raised in the opposite one, until the excess of weight in the column that is elevated will just balance the external force resulting from the inequality of atmospheric pressures upon the surface of oil in both cisterns. This, however, is equal only to the difference between the weight of the column of water pressing on one side, and that of an equal column of oil which occupies the same length of tube on the other side: this difference, depending upon the relative specific gravities of the two fluids, will, in the case of olive oil and water, be about one-eleventh of the weight of the column of water elevated. But the sensibility of the instrument might be increased at pleasure, by mixing with the water a greater or less quantity of alcohol, by which the excess of its specific gravity over that of the oil may be reduced to one-twentieth, one-thirtieth, or any other assignable proportion. The instrument may be converted into an areometer, by closing both the cisterns, and by applying to the upper part of each a trumpet-monthed aperture, opening laterally.

Feb. 19. The President in the chair.—A paper was read, entitled, "Considerations of the objections raised against the geometrical representation of the square roots of negative quantities," by the Rev. J. Warren, M.A. of Jesus College, Cambridge; communicated by Doctor Young. Charles Tennyson, Esq. M.P., was balloted for and elected a fellow. Some interesting presents were made to the Society.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Thursday, Feb. 19.

HUDSON GURNEY, Esq., M.P. V.P., in the chair.—A communication was read respecting two documents among the Lansdowne MSS. The first, a petition from "three or four thousand poor persons in Cardiganshire" against the cess levied by the ragier of Cardigan, which had occasioned a suit in the Court of Exchequer. The paper was endorsed by Lord Burleigh.—The second, a certificate relative to the repairs of Dover Castle in July 1578. Among the items were estimates for repairing—

The Armory Tower	£	s.	d.
The Duke of Suffolk's Tower	28	13	4
The Monk's Tower	53	6	8
The dry ladder	20	0	0
Four watchmen's houses upon the walls	34	0	0
The scutery	10	0	0
The lodgings in Arthur's Hall	16	13	4
The most bulwark under the cliff	8	13	4
To put the Queen's lodgings in reasonable good case, about	11	6	8
	400	0	0

Auditors were named for auditing the accounts to December 31st: we wish to see these published, with a statement of the income and expenditure: where there can be nothing to conceal, we can see no reason why the members should be kept in the dark, when all are equally interested. Notice was given that the ballot will take place next Thursday for Christian Jorgenson Thomson, Secretary for the preservation of Antiquities, Copenhagen; and C. C. Rafen, Professor of Philosophy in the Royal Society of Northern Antiquities, Copenhagen.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

The President, Bishop of Salisbury, in the chair.—On Wednesday, after receiving presents of works, and communications from Professor Von Hammer and other distinguished literati, a paper on Ancient Cycles was read, of which we purpose to give an epitome in a future No.

WESTERN LITERARY INSTITUTION.

A CONVERSAZIONE was held at this Institution on Saturday evening, the 14th instant, and was numerously attended. Among other curiosities, were exhibited two mummies of the Guanche species,* in excellent preservation; and in the course of the evening, a short but ingenious lecture on Phrenology was delivered by Mr. De Ville.—*Anonymous Correspondent.*

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH GALLERY.

No. 230. *Hamoaze, from Tor-point, near Mount Edgcumbe.* P. H. Rogers.—If a picture of perfect calm can produce a correspondent effect on the mind, it is this skilfully executed performance.

No. 320. *Boulevard Italien, from the Rue de la Paix, Paris.* O. R. Stanley.—In a similar way is this gay and lively scene calculated to raise ideas of a pleasurable kind. Those who have visited Paris, and those who have not, must take an interest in its sunshine and mirth.

No. 330. *The Sceptic.* J. Inskipp.—Carrying on the train of ideas connected with the effect of works of art on the imagination, what can we say of this figurative representation, this thing of partial light and deep gloom, but that, although an ingenious mode of embodying the conception of doubt and desolation of mind, it is, nevertheless, a subject of painful contemplation.

No. 283. *Christ and the Women of Samaria.* J. Linnell.—This performance is one of those striking examples of chiaroscuro and colour in which the character of the subject is for the most part lost in the more prevailing qualities of the picture.

No. 301. *Deer drinking.* H. Briggs.—Of the last-mentioned property of art this is also an excellent specimen.

Near this place hang several of the beautiful cabinet pictures painted for the Annals by Stephanoff, Leslie, and Cooper; prints from which have already come under our notice. We are happy to have an opportunity of observing the entire justice generally done by the engravers to their admirable prototypes.

No. 395. *The Mountain-Glen.* J. A. O'Connor.—A romantic scene, well calculated to figure in description, as preparatory to the introduction of some wild character, some spectral figure, or savage robber.

No. 397. *Mathematical Abstraction.* T. Lane.—A piece of graphic wit by the lamented artist, which claims the meed of praise, if not for its execution, for its thought and character. It is a fit companion for his "Enthusiast."

No. 427. *Psyche enamoured of Cupid.* J. Wood.—Mr. Wood has introduced his forms of grace and beauty in a style worthy of the classical character of his subject. Colouring and effect are happily brought in aid, to render the performance in every way deserving of attention.

No. 435. *The Trial of King Charles the First in Westminster Hall.* J. Ramsay.—Beside being the trial of Charles, this is a trial of skill in the historical department of art; and, with the exception of a few passages, which are rather monotonous and bare, its general character entitles the painter to a most honourable judgment.

No. 450. *Entrance of Fecamp Harbour, Normandy.* J. Wilson.—We consider this as one of the most successful of Mr. Wilson's very clever

* We dare say those of which we gave a description in the *Literary Gazette* about two years ago, when they arrived from Teneriffe.—Ed.

productions. Whether in respect to the character of the agitated water, the gleamy light, or the deep and portentous gloom which pervades the distance, it is altogether worthy of the pencil of any master in that class of art to which it belongs.—[To be continued.]

ROYAL ACADEMY.

On Monday evening Mr. Westmacott delivered his first lecture on Sculpture.

At the outset of the lecture, he strongly enjoined the study of the antique, without paying, however, an indiscriminate attention to every thing Greek. A constant communication with nature, as forming the basis of the immortal works of the ancients, was then inculcated, by which might be drawn forth and nurtured that faculty of seeing and attaching his mind, not by mere imitation, but with lofty conception and appropriation of affinities. The elementary principles of sculpture and painting, said Mr. Westmacott, are the same; the application of these principles, however, is materially different. The sculptor cannot imbue his mind too strongly with the antique; it is equally necessary for the painter to retain and recur to its forms, but he must forget the statue. The powers of the sculptor, again, are limited; of the painter, indefinite. He may indulge in all the luxury of invention, call in all the machinery of perspective, chiaro-scuro, or colour; he may, indeed, employ every vehicle within his grasp to assist in the great object of his endeavour,—which is illusion. The sculptor, on the other hand, is circumscribed by his material; few accessories are allowed him; his art is positive and determinate: even in basso-relievo, the greatest license which can be permitted in sculpture, the attempt at two planes has never been satisfactorily accomplished. Illusion is not, however, wholly beyond the reach of the sculptor; the charm of harmony acts so powerfully on the mind, that by the concentrated unity of the parts or elements of his composition, by creative fancy and judicious concealment of the mechanism of his art, he may not only make the spectator yield to its influence,—he may rouse his sympathies, excite his admiration, or even his ambition; he may fire his imagination, bid work upon his passions, until he forgets the marble.

The lecturer then cautioned the students against "mannerism;" described style as opposed to fit, and observed that style pervades works of opposite characters, as in the Discobolus of Myron, the fighting and dying gladiators, fauns, heroes, Mercury and his class, Hercules, and the Apollo: most of these are distinct, as far as style of school is considered, though each possesses qualities common to all in belonging to a class. Mannerism, said the lecturer, arose from a distorted view of nature; the result of a defect, or too often the absence, of education. Imitation was equally to be guarded against, as a vice even of a worse character. Mr. Westmacott illustrated this position by reference to the ridiculous fashion of Berni and his followers, in the seventeenth century, which, with the exceptions of Rysbrack and Roubiliac, formed the prevailing taste of the French school. In conclusion, he followed up his subject with a succinct and comprehensive history of his art, since the earliest period, (about 1500 years B.C.), and illustrated it by models and drawings of rare specimens: copies, in particular, of two Indian dancing girls, in their costume, made at the Mauritius, from original drawings, by an officer, (son to the lecturer,

we believe), afforded a striking accordance of lines with the early Greek compositions. The lecture was received with merited approbation. Sir Thomas Lawrence, the President, was in the chair; and several other distinguished R.A.'s were present during its delivery.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Portrait of the King: Engraved by Finden, from a painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

FREQUENTLY as works of the first quality in art come under our notice, we have seldom seen any to which the term "magnificent" can be more justly applied than to the one which gives the title to our present article. It is also magnificence of the best and truest kind. It does not arise from gorgeous costume or splendid decorations. Our gracious and beloved Sovereign is not represented with all the emblems of regal dignity; but meets our view in the familiar and condescending habits of his ordinary life; and yet, such is the majesty of his natural deportment, and such is the happiness with which it has been depicted by the elegant pencil of the President, that no one who looks at this fine print but must immediately feel that the illustrious original is

"—every inch a King."

In the engraving we recognise all the properties which belong to the perfection of the burin: the care and finish of an Edelink and a Wilke, without the metallic glitter and hardness which sometimes injure the effect of their works. It is with engraving as with painting—a style is required appropriate to the character of the object represented. For instance, much as we admire the excellent qualities displayed in the engravings of Gerard Audran, Jackimo Frey, Nicholas Dorigni, Wagner, and Bartolozzi, we by no means think them suitable to the character of portrait; while, on the contrary, the works of Strange, Ryland, Sharp, and James Heath, present the finest and purest examples in that class of art. It is this variety which constitutes one of the great charms in an extensive collection of prints. The noble size of the engraving of which we are now speaking is likewise a strong recommendation of it. Exquisitely delicate and beautiful as are many of the gem-like embellishments in our Annuals, the scale on which they are executed will not always admit, without crowding, or other injury to the effect, all that may be found in the original, whether painting or drawing; and, though as book-prints nothing can exceed them, yet it is not to be denied, that to performances of greater magnitude must be intrusted the proud duty of endeavouring to maintain the national superiority of the British school of engravers. In this point of view we are looking forward with confident expectation and hope to the series of line engravings about to be produced from the pictures in the National Gallery.

We repeat, that we consider this portrait of his Majesty, from its subject, and from the manner in which that subject has been treated, both by Sir Thomas Lawrence and by Mr. Finden, as one of the most superb prints which have appeared in our time; and as highly deserving a place in the portfolio of every loyal Englishman, and every lover of the fine arts.

The Raising of Lazarus. Engraved by John Vendramini, from the celebrated painting by Sebastian del Piombo, in the National Gallery.

THE character of this highly esteemed picture,

which has long been considered by the best judges, artists as well as amateurs, as among the most distinguished even of its class in the world, is too well known to render it necessary for us to speak in detail of its excellences. The subject has exercised the powers of the greatest painters, ancient and modern, as being one admirably calculated to combine exalted expression with the representation of the deepest and most pathetic emotions. Of Sebastian del Piombo's production it ought not to be forgotten that it was executed at a period when the talents and fame of Raphael and Michael Angelo (to the latter of whom Sebastian is said to have been somewhat indebted) were at their meridian; and when, by the genius and skill of her artists, Italy was placed in the foremost rank among the nations of Europe. M. Vendramini has more than faithfully transmitted the qualities of this admirable performance to copper; and his work holds a distinguished place among the few historical prints of the present day. The style of execution is open and free; and brings to our recollection that of N. Dorigni, whose engraving from Raphael's Transfiguration stands more highly in the estimation of the collector than any other from that celebrated picture. Indeed, so few engravings in this highest branch of the art, and upon so large and striking a scale, have been produced in England, that we must look upon the present as almost an epoch, lifting us out of the usual run of portrait and familiar life. And when we have used the terms that the engraver has "more than faithfully" performed his task, we should point out what we desire to be understood by this praise. In the picture, time appears to us to have wrought considerable changes, and among these the obvious one of imbrowning the brightest tints throughout the foreground, even on the countenances of the principal figures; so that the priest's head-gear in the distance has at length become, contrary to all rules of colour and perspective, the whitest spot on the canvass. M. Vendramini has shewn great skill and judgment in restoring that to its place which the painting has failed to preserve—a just distribution of the lights. By a careful examination and copy of the parts, he has discovered where the pigments had lost their brilliancy; and thus, we are free to express our opinion, by following what the picture was, rather than what it is, produced a print in many respects superior to the grand effort whence it is taken. In short, considered altogether, we look upon this performance to be an honour to our national school, and a very distinguished honour to the hand by which it has been executed, with great labour and industry, as well as with great taste, ability, and talent.*

FINE ARTS IN SCOTLAND.

OUR last No. of the *Edinburgh Evening Post* and *Scottish Literary Gazette*, contains an account of the annual opening of the Royal Institution for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts in Scotland, and of its rival (for we are sorry to say a rather bitter rivalry does exist

* It is worthy of a note to mention, that the group on the right, including Lazarus and the men who are releasing him from his death-bindings, is given out to be (as we think it is) the work of Michael Angelo, in whose noblest style it is conceived. It is also deserving of record, that being injured on its way from France, Mr. West (the late president) repainted the body and nearly all the limbs of Lazarus,—a fact so little understood, that Fuseli, in one of his academical lectures, unluckily fixed upon this very part as an illustration of the force of the ancient master's colouring!

† We do not speak, however, very advisedly on this point; but merely as we gather the fact from the first Report of the Council of the Academy, recently sent to

in the Northern Athens,) the Scottish Academy. To the former his Majesty has graciously sent Wilkie's Penny Wedding; and Allan, Colvin Smith, Graham, Watson Gordon, Thomson, J. F. Williams, Simson, Duncan, Lander, Geikie, Fairman, J. B. Fraser, Gibb, and the Nasmyth family, are all mentioned as contributors of great merit and promise. In sculpture, Gott, A. Fletcher, and Macdonald, are also named with praise.

The Academy is adorned by Etty's grand picture of Holofernes; and Martin's Deluge is promised. The elder and younger Watsons, Shiels, Nicholson, Syme, H. Pidding, Joseph, and A. Fletcher, are spoken of as the chief supporters of this exhibition.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE CLOUDS.

"Clouds—now softly sailing
Along the deep blue sky—now fixed and still."
Miss Mitford.

THE clouds, the clouds! they are beautiful
When they sleep on the soft spring sky,
As if the sun to rest could lull
Their snowy company;
And as the wind springs up, they start
And career o'er the azure plain;
And before the course of the breezes dart,
To scatter their balmy rain.

The clouds, the clouds! how change their forms

With every passing breath,—
And now a glancing sunbeam warms,
And now they look cold as death.
Oh! often and often have I escaped
From the stir of the noisy crowd,
And a thousand fanciful visions shaped
On the face of a passing cloud!

The clouds, the clouds! round the sun at night

They come like a band of slaves,
Who are only bright in their master's light,
And each in his glory laves.
Oh, they are lovely—lovely, then!
Whilst the heaven around them glows;
Now touched with a purple or amber stain,
And now with the hue of a rose.

The clouds, the clouds! in the star-lit sky,
How they fly on the light wind's wings!
Now resting an instant, then glancing by,
In their fickle wanderings:
Now they hide the deep blue firmament,
Now it shows their folds between,
As if a silver veil were rent
From the jewell'd brow of a queen.

The clouds, the clouds! they are as the lid
To the lightning's flashing eye;
And in their fleecy rolls lies hid
The thunder's majesty.
Oh! how their warring is proclaimed
By the shrill blast's battle song;
And the tempest's deadliest shafts are aimed
From the midst of the dark clouds' throng.

The clouds, the clouds!—My childish days
Are past—my heart is old;
But here and there a feeling stays
That never will grow cold:

And the love of nature is one of these
That Time's wave never shrouds,
And oft and oft doth my soul find peace
In watching the passing clouds.

Worton Lodge,
near Isleworth.

MARY ANN BROWNE.

SIGHTS OF LONDON.

THE MARCH OF INTELLECT: LEARNED CATS.

In preceding and darker ages, ponies, pigs, sparrows, and dogs, have had their day of fame, elephants have displayed considerable wisdom, monkeys happy talents in the arts, and mice ingenuity in mechanics: but never till now have we witnessed "the greatest wonder in England" of them all—the exploits of "learned cats"—not blues of the tabby kind, but real, genuine pussys of the feline genus. We have always entertained a feeling of regard for these useful and abused animals, and have valued their nine lives as if they had been but one. It is therefore a pleasure to us to see them raised in the scale of intellect, and again placed, by their cultivated abilities, in that station of respect which they seem not to have enjoyed since they were worshipped in ancient Egypt, or were, owing to their sagacity, the sworn companions of old witches in our own country. Their restoration to rational functions is the best proof we have yet met with of the progress of education and the march of mind.

The schoolmaster who has come from abroad with the cats whose feats give rise to these remarks, is a Signor Capelli; and on Monday he introduces his pupils to the public, at their academy in Regent Street, next door to the Argyll Rooms: as patrons of literature and talents* of every kind, we have been indulged with a private interview.

The *corps dramatique* whom we saw yesterday, consists of four red-and-white cats, mother, sons, and daughter; and one lady of colour, namely, a jet-black and maternal-looking negress. Of the former, three are French by birth, and one Italian: the latter is French. The mamma of the party-coloured family is of the mature age of six years and a half: her eldest offspring and heir-apparent is about half the age of his venerable parent. Much as we were, naturally, interested in their rehearsal—for they had not performed for some weeks, and were, consequently, a little in want of prompting—we had only time to witness a few instances of their intelligence and abilities, such as ringing bells, working a machine to grind rice, hammering on an anvil, and drawing a bucket up and down from a well, which last is amazingly well done. But the most remarkable part of the exhibition is the conduct of the animals; their attention and apparent consideration of the word of command, before they work, stop, resume, and retire, &c. Upon the whole, there was much of novelty in their instruction and manœuvres; and if they can be taught music, we think they will become powerful rivals to their neighbours, the *genuine* Bohemian Brothers. As food for zoological speculation, and even for parallel reasoning concerning the human species, we are sorry to have to record that our black friend neither possesses the intellect, sensibility, nor disposition to labour, of her red-and-white associates.

LADIES' ORNAMENTS: NEW FASHION.

We have been much pleased with the ingenuity of a foreign artist, a Sicilian, of the name of

* *Quere, talons?—Printer's Diabolus.*

Coniglio, (now residing at No. 27, Duke Street, Piccadilly,) who has devised the production of bracelets, rings, boxes, necklaces, brooches, &c. from a material hitherto unemployed in that way, and yet possessing several qualities well calculated to recommend it. We allude to the *Coquilla* nut, which is not only everlastingly durable, but, whether of the brown or black shell, rich in colour and effect. Out of these our artist carves the articles we have enumerated, in a variety of devices; and we have no doubt, but when this description of ornament is generally seen, it will obtain friends among our fair lovers of the novel and the curious.

MUSIC.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Discovery of a Theory of Music, susceptible of rigid Mathematical Demonstration. By D. C. Hewitt. London. Schwabe.

It has ever been lamented, by those who have studied most to make themselves acquainted with the principles and laws of musical harmony, and who, in consequence, have become best qualified to judge of the true state of that science, that all the theories yet advanced are either built upon mere hypothesis, or else, where an attempt is made to deduce them from certain demonstrable facts, the inferences drawn from those facts, as well as the cases applied to them, are so forced and unnatural, as to render the whole system utterly destitute of that satisfactory and indubitable kind of evidence which has been deemed requisite for the establishment of the principles of other sciences.

We therefore hail with pleasure the publication of a work in London, entitled *New Analysis of Music*, &c. written by Mr. D. C. Hewitt, wherein the theory of music is established upon purely scientific principles, susceptible of rigid mathematical demonstration, ultimately resting for its basis upon certain incontrovertible, though hitherto unknown, facts, and in universal accordance with the practice of the greatest masters:—and the more so, since there can be no question but that the difficulties and obscurities so much complained of in the study of harmony and modulation, are in a great measure to be ascribed to the assumption of *false* principles, adopted upon partial views, during the infancy of the art, and supported by improper modes of induction. In page 5 of Mr. Hewitt's work we perceive that he has discovered a *third* "MODE" in music, which, in contradistinction to those of the major and minor, he has very properly denominated the "PATHETIC." Mr. H. has given some very beautiful illustrations of this newly-discovered mode, both from ancient and modern masters, although themselves evidently unconscious of its existence. But the work is altogether of too abstruse and scientific a nature to be understood without reference to scales, plates, illustrations, &c.;—we must therefore content ourselves with indicating its existence, and referring the inquisitive to it for information.

The Alpine Bride. Sung by Miss H. Phillips; the Poetry by Miss Landon. Composed by C. T. Martyn. Callcott.

THIS is a very sweet composition, and displays great taste. It is almost the only one of L. E. L.'s lyrics which we have yet seen well set to music. The accompaniment is pretty, and the symphony would almost form a little rondo of itself.

us from Edinburgh. Hence we learn that the council having applied to Mr. Peel for a charter of incorporation, were refused, on the ground that the Royal Institution rendered such a measure uncalled for; and consequently that they were much displeased with the lord advocate for opposing them, and not quite delighted with the institution for having anticipated them in regard to chartered privileges. The pamphlet is, it should be stated, written temperately, and in respectful language.

The Sylphs of the Flowers. By F. E. Lacy. Luff.

Extremely pleasing and light-strained ballad; the music at once sweet and lively, and the words as good as the generality of songs, with this advantage—that they express a new and pretty poetical idea.

The Elf King, a Glee. By G. Hargreaves. Callcott.

THIS trio deserves great praise, for it is very beautifully composed; and what is rather uncommon in a glee, the poetry is excellent to the end.

Ah! Fly me not, a Song. By José Melchor Gomis; the words by the Author of "Gomez Ariza," &c.

SIGNOR GOMIS is a professor of singing, and, to judge by this song, a very able and captivating master. The music, with the Italian words particularly, has great charms for our ear. They have more tender pathos than the English or Spanish; but nevertheless the air is good with any language.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE: SATURDAY.

PISARONI continues to delight the musical world. She is really a wonderful woman. Naturally repulsive in person, she contrives, despite of the eye, to enchant the ear, and make us forget her physical defects. The bursts of *bravos* (the English-Italian mode of cheering a lady!) she occasionally elicits from the pit, materially tend to remove the libel on the land, that the English "hear with their eyes," and look for an accomplished singer only in the face. Indeed, such demonstrations of delight must be highly gratifying to the lady herself, who has "neither shape nor feature" to help her to a "hand." To contrast her with Pasta, would be like drawing a comparison between Kean and Kemble: the parallel cannot be preserved. The one is "every inch" a queen; the other is "curtailed of her fair proportion." Pasta may be said to be the Lady Macbeth of music; Pisaroni the crook-back Richard. The lower tones of this lady are superior to those of Pasta, they are less veiled; but the upper notes of the latter are not only infinitely fuller than those of the former, but are consequently more susceptible of producing that light and shade which the Italians justly denominate "colouring of tone." Pasta, on the whole, has more volume of voice, and, throughout her compass, possesses more equality of tone; but in skill and science as a vocalist she must yield to Pisaroni. The latter, like Velluti, in concerted pieces, appears to guide and govern the whole; yet not to consider solely her own powers, but the best mode of producing the general effect. Not so with Pasta: in part music she is frequently astray; nor does she sufficiently modulate her voice to harmonize it with those of a thinner and weaker quality. This is always injudicious, and we fear, too often proceeds from a selfish desire of personal display. Again, Pisaroni never risks a *roulade* which she cannot accomplish with the nicest precision; nor can the most delicate ear detect any thing bordering upon false intonation. From these defects Pasta is not always free. In recitative Pisaroni is unrivalled: her energetic enunciation in this species of musical oratory (if we may so phrase it) is perfection itself; and it is saying no little in this lady's praise, that in declamation we think she even surpasses Pasta. With the exception of these two great and gifted

vocalists, we know no artist, male or female, on the Italian stage, whose recitative is worthy of any other denomination than that which has been jocosely termed *wretched declamation*. The more we hear Donzelli, the more we like him.

We are glad to perceive Dragonetti in his place, and that Mori considers it not a degradation to serve under Spagnoletti. We have also to congratulate the manager on the return of the two Gambati.

As no fewer than three performers were on the sick-list this evening, viz. Monticelli, Castelli, and De Angeli, (for all of whom printed excuses were made), we had Miss Bellchambers, and a gentleman unknown, to supply the places of two of the invalids, while the part of the third, Castelli, was dispensed with altogether, and what is extraordinary, in the opera was never missed. We had only, therefore, to lament the "spasmodic pain in her stomach" as it affected the individual, and not as a public disappointment. Of Miss Bellchambers we would say little, as she was suddenly called upon, and was evidently unprepared, if not unfit, for the task assigned to her. As for the gentleman unknown, speaking according to his inches (about eighty, we guess, French measure), though evidently cut out for a long part, it is quite clear he never could do justice to a short one of any kind, either as actor or singer.

On Tuesday evening, Rossini's comic opera of *L'Italiana in Algeri*, was revived at this theatre; the parts of *Mustapha*, *Isabella*, and *Linder*, being respectively filled by Signor V. Galli, Madame Pisaroni, and Donzelli. Perhaps never was the power of dress more completely exemplified than on this occasion: Madame Pisaroni, by the aid of a plain brown silk frock and a fashionable white hat, looked, — in comparison with her appearance in *Malcolm Grange*, — literally, almost handsome; at least not so plain as to bring the taste of the admiring *Mustapha* into complete disgrace. Her singing was delightful, and her acting full of animation. In the scene where she at first fails to cajole the Turk *Mustapha*, to give her command over her own lover *Linder*, her sudden transition from conciliation to ungovernable rage, was very amusing, and she thundered out the *Andate dunque al diavolo!* with great humour and effect. Her most successful air was *Qual piacer*, which was enthusiastically encored. Galli has a tolerable bass, with a good commanding eye; and, by comparison with his predecessors in his line of parts, an excellent person. In some of his scenes, particularly in that where, *Thadeo* being *un de trop*, he tries to sneeze him off, he was very effective. His defect is monotony. Donzelli is excellent in every thing he undertakes; but, perhaps, the present part does not afford so much scope for the variety of his talents as some that might, and no doubt will, be selected. He, however, fully confirmed our first high impression in his favour.

Some portion of the audience did not seem to be particularly well pleased with the efforts of Signor de Angeli, in the part of *Thadeo*; and seemed to be mentally instituting comparisons between him and his predecessor, De Begnis: but the manner of the Signor plainly implying that the part was not assumed by him in compliance with his own wishes, but with the necessities of the management, might have deprecated censure, and awakened a more generous sentiment. To us he appeared much above mediocrity.

The pit was uncommonly full, and the boxes very good. The ballet of the *Somnambule* fol-

lowed: — none but those who have seen her performance can have any idea of the excellence of that beautiful creature *Pauline*, in the part of the *Sleep-walker*. Dancers, in general, are a cold, factitious race; but, *rara avis in terris*, here is one at last that can express the very intensity of feeling and passion. It is the perfection of ballet-acting, and a treat that every one should go and see.

Camporese is about to return to this country; and we hear that Laporte has it in contemplation to engage her, as well as the celebrated Blasia. Velluti is also expected in England about the middle of March.

ADELPHI.

BUMPER houses to *Mallet*, and an overflow every night to the *Red Rover*, is all we have to record of this most attractive little theatre.

VARIETIES.

Caduceus. — A bronze caduceus, in perfect preservation, has been discovered at Chambéry. It is supposed to belong to a statue of Mercury, which there are hopes of finding.

Mr. H. Dunnage. — On the 1st of January died, at Palermo, that promising young architect, Henry Dunnage, author of a recent work on the Palace at Eltham. He had completed very accurate measurements of the buildings in Sicily, and was taken ill whilst employed with his fellow-traveller, Charles Laver, at Segesta. We have only to add, that there were few such indefatigable labourers for the profession, and that much was expected from his journey, thus so fatally terminated.

Ancient Circus. — M. Mongez lately read to the French Academy a lecture, entitled, "Inquiries with respect to the animals exhibited or killed in the circuses of ancient nations." The learned author entered into some curious details with respect to the various methods resorted to by the ancients to take the most savage animals without destroying them. He adverted to the skill of the men who were known by the name of *manseuarii*, in taming the wildest animals to such a degree as to succeed in making them go through certain exercises, with a docility which appears incredible in the present day. In the circuses of Rome, elephants frequently traced letters with their trunks, danced the *pyrrhica*, and even walked on the tight rope.

Fossil Bones. — In a cave situated at the western extremity of the department of Gard, in the South of France, a number of the bones of antediluvian mammiferous animals have recently been discovered, bearing a great analogy to those of the celebrated cavern of Gay-leureuth, in Germany. Some of them have been submitted to the inspection of M. Cuvier, who, on the first examination, recognised several bones belonging to a lost species of bear.

At the sitting of the Academy of Sciences in Paris, on the 9th inst. an account was given of the discovery of a cave in the small town of Bire, in the department of the Landes, containing the remains of antediluvian human and animal bones. The cave is situated in one of the calcareous Jura Mountains. The fossil bones were found both in a stony concretion, and in the black lemon-tree. Those found in the black lemon-tree differ essentially from the fossils observed in the caves of Germany, England, Lunel Viel, in the alluvial territory of Val d'Arno, the mountains of Perrier, Pezenas, and others of the same kind. What is very remarkable is, that human bones were found buried both in the midst of the bones of

extinct animals, which are to be met with in the lemon-tree, and among those which, by their mixture with the beds of calcareous concretions, constitute an actual osseous deposit. Some remains of earthenware, and terrestrial shell animals which no longer exist in the country, and some shell-fish, were also found.—At the same sitting, an account was given of the discovery, near Bogota, in Colombia, of a species of tapir hitherto supposed to have been extinct. At Suma Paz, in a situation of great elevation, two tapirs were killed, which were found to be of the same species as that described by the old writers.

Sulphuric Acid.—The committee of the Académie des Sciences, to which the paper of M. Sarullas on "the action of sulphuric acid on alcohol, and the products resulting from it," was referred, have made a very favourable report upon its merits, and ascribe considerable importance to its details.

Ingenious Test in Manufactures.—An experiment to ascertain the presence of cotton in woollen stuffs was lately described to the Academy of Sciences at Metz; and consists of boiling the cloth for two hours in a solution of one ounce of pure alkali in half a pound of water. The caustic entirely dissolves the animal substance, wool, but acts only partially on the vegetable substance, cotton; so that by the residuum the fact is readily ascertained.

York Minister.—In clearing away the rubbish of the late fire, a number of curious coins have been found imbedded in sand and oak saw-dust, under the seats of the choir. Some thimbles and pieces of glass have also been buried.

The Art of Flying.—A correspondent of the *Mechanic's Magazine*, in the paper of last Saturday, states, that he has perfected an apparatus "far excelling in the requisite qualities of strength and lightness, any thing produced by nature," and with which it is possible for men to sustain and move themselves in the air. He offers a fourth part of the honours and emoluments of his discovery to any person who will advance 1500*l*.

Irish Rhetoric.—The resolution for putting an end to the Catholic Association is worthy of the land of bulls, it being resolved, "That the Catholic Association, at its rising this day, do stand totally dissolved!"

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.—In our last No. we gave a sketch of the forthcoming novelties from the pen of Sir W. Scott; upon which subject the little further information we promised (not having time, then, to put it together), will, we are sure, be agreeable to our readers. As a specimen of the notes in the new edition of the novels, we may quote one on "the Kind Gallows of Crief," mentioned in *Waverley*. "This celebrated gibbet was, in the memory of the last generation, still standing at the western end of the town of Crief, in Perthshire. Why it was called the kind gallows, we are unable to inform the reader with certainty; but it is alleged that the Highlanders used to touch their bonnets as they passed a place which had been fatal to many of their countrymen, with the ejaculation:—'God bless her main sell, and the Tell tamn you!' It may therefore have been called kind, as being a sort of native or kindred place of doom to those who suffered there, as in fulfillment of a natural destiny."

With regard to the embellishments, we believe their management has been intrusted to Mr. H. Graves (of the house of Moon, Boys, and Graves); and certainly the taste and skill exercised on those we have seen of them (finished or in a state of progress), reflect great credit on his judgment. To set out with *Waverley*, we have a picture, by Stephano, engraved by Robert Graves, of Flora Melver and Waverley. It is a spirited and graceful composition: she is striking the harp with enthusiasm, while he listens with wonder and admiration. Two female figures in the background, and a landscape, complete this group. Our next sketch is from the feeling pencil of Newton, and engraved by C. Rolls. It represents the Baron of Bradwardine reading the church service to his soldiers, and Sanders Sanderson, with the colours in his hand, acting as clerk: it is happily serious, with the slightest

tinge of the comic, from the costume and spectated nose of the hardy baron. Edwin Landseer furnishes a vignette, engraved by W. Radford; Davis Gellishy, with the "two dogs," Ban and Buscar—horsemen, &c. in the far distance;—a very clever composition. The introduction of Waverley to Bradwardine is the other vignette: it is by Stephano, and R. Graves; characteristic, and picturesque as the gateway to the castle could make it.

We now come to Guy Mannering, where we find Donnie Sampson *solus* among his books, but "prodigious" from the easel of Leslie, and the burin of A. Duncan. W. Kidd, who supplies two of the other illustrations to this justly popular tale, has done more than sustain his rising fame by a superb representation of High Jinks (engraved by J. Mitchell), where the jovial convives are in various attitudes of social fun. His other performance is a vignette of Jock Jabs lighting Mannering on horseback—a free and excellent sketch. The last of the Mannering four we have not seen in any state—it relates to the deaths of Dirk Hatterick and Gilbert Glosin, by Cooper, who also contributes a capital vignette, for the Antiquary, of Little Davie run away with by the pony, engraved by A. Warren, which we have seen and admired; and further our ocular inspection goeth not. We may, nevertheless, mention the embellishments which are in progress to complete the series, from the commencement of which we have derived so much pleasure. For the Antiquary, Stephano is engaged on a picture, the subject, to us, unknown; and for the same, Stanfield has produced old Mucklebackit mending his boat after the death of Steinnie, now engraving by Phelps; and E. Landseer is doing a vignette.

Rob Roy has enlisted Leslie (and Ambrose Warren engraver) to Die Vernon leaning on the arm of Sir Richard Vernon, as she appeared to Frank Osbaldistone in the library;—Chalon (Shenton engraver) to a vignette of Frank leaving the account of his ancestry;—Kidd (Davenport engraver) to Rob in Glasgow gaol, discovered by Baillie Nicol Jarvie; and Cooper, to the said baillie hanging, *Ake the golden fleece*, by the skirts of his coat, and engraved by Radford.

For Old Mortality we imagine Wilkie's head of its immortal author will be the frontispiece; and we hear that this great artist has promised a vignette for the same admirable novel. Here Cooper, too, is at home in the encounter between Bothwell and Burley on horseback—a subject which has often warmed his fancy. A vignette from the veteran Stothard, when, we rejoice to hear, has begun a second and a vigorous youth in the arts, will complete these illustrations.

On the Heart of Mid Lothian, Kidd, Fraser, Burnet, and Farrier, are employed: we have only seen a charming sketch, by Burnet, of old Deans and his daughter Jeanie in their utmost distress. The Bride of Lammermuir (in our opinion the most imaginatively beautiful and deeply touching of all Sir Walter's works) engages Richter, Stephano, and other eminent artists. On the whole, we have to repeat, we anticipate much gratification from this new edition, which, in a letter to one of the painters requested to adorn it, the second author compares, in his own delightfully colloquial way, (but untruly!) to an elderly beauty, who requires the aid of painting and art to make her as passable in society as she was in her youthful prime.

University of Leipzig.—From the official "Notice of the Lectures to be delivered during the winter session 1828-9," we observe that in Philology and Languages there will be given 24 distinct courses; in History, 12; in Philosophy, 84; in Statistics, 10; in Mathematics and Astronomy, 7; in Natural Science, 11; in Agricultural Science, 5; in Theology, 53; in Jurisprudence, 68; and in Medicine and Surgery, 60. One portion of the two last consists of lectures, and the other of what are termed *exercitiae*, examinations, and controversial exercises.

A proposal is in circulation for erecting a monument to the memory of the celebrated Italian letterato and poet, Vincenzo Monti, in one of the most conspicuous parts of the city of Milan, the place of his residence for thirty years, to the time of his death.

The second No. of Dr. Thompson's Zoological Researches and Illustrations is nearly ready for publication. It will contain a Memoir on the Luminosity of the Ocean, with descriptions, illustrated by four plates of some remarkable species of luminous animals (*Pyrosoma pigmaea*, and *Sapphirina indicata*), and particularly of the four new genera, *Noctiluca*, *Cynthia*, *Lucifer*, and *Podopis*, of the *Shizopoda*.

The prospectus of an Oxford Literary Gazette, in 8vo., has been sent to us. It, like many others, promises more than can by possibility be performed, were it to publish three sheets a week: instead of one—being, as we have found, insufficient for the due record of the living literature of the day, and quite incapable of containing also long essays, common-place criticisms, and retrospective dissertations. Still, however, there is much of good in the Oxford plan (though inconsistent with the promised "critical examination of all works of interest and merit as they issue from the press"—this, alone, being more than any weekly journal can accomplish); and we, from long experience, recommend to the projectors to stick more closely to "the department of retrospective reviewing, which opens so extensive a field to the curious inquirer," and to the "classical occasional notices of book rarities, as well manuscript as printed, of which Oxford possesses rich and hitherto unexplored treasures." "The most simple and accurate university intelligence" is also another feature which might greatly recommend such a publication.

A volume of tales, under the title of *Sketches of Irish Character*, from the pen of Mrs. E. C. Hall, the editor of

the *Juvenile Forget-Me-Not*, is announced for publication in April.

Mr. W. Carpenter, author of the *Scientia Biblica*, &c., has in the press *Popular Lectures on Biblical Criticism and Interpretation*.

Mrs. Hegdland, late Isabella Kelly, the author of many popular novels, (and her daughter,) have in the press an *Epitome of General Knowledge*, with Derivations, Illustrations, and Historical Extracts; compiling instruction with amusement. This work, in two volumes, is to be published by subscription; and we are sure we need hardly enforce the claim of so old a public favourite.

Mr. W. Jones, author of the *History of the Waldenses*, &c., has in the press a *Christian Biographical Dictionary*, comprising the lives of such persons in every country, and in every age, since the revival of literature, as have distinguished themselves by their talents, their sufferings, or their virtues.

British Museum: Libri Desiderati.—Within these few days back a parchment book has been most properly introduced to the reading-rooms of the Museum, for the purpose of receiving the titles of any literary productions not already contained in the library. In order, no doubt, that the want may be supplied; to this book all the students or persons having the entry to the reading-rooms, have access: its contents already fairly warrant the conclusion, that those persons who have written in it entertained rather too poor an estimate of the noble collection of books in the Museum; for against three of every four entries of works supposed by the *ante* writers to be wanting, the officer has written, in characters laughably legible—"in the library." Persons writing in this book ought to sign their names.

In the Press.—He is Misen; an *Easter ode*, inscribed to the Governors and Masters of Christ's Hospital.—The *Votive Wreath*, and other Poems, by Samuel Walter Burgess.—A third edition of *Dr. Mead's Good on the Study of Medicine*.

Notice.—The notice of Dr. Foster's work is an advertisement; and we can admit seriously of that kind under this head, which is truly, not only, and impartially, devoted to the mass of literary and scientific news which is likely to interest the public. What is individual, individuals must advertise in the usual manner: our part is to collect diligently and amply for general information.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Kirby and Spencer's *Entomology*, 2d edition, 4 vols. 8vo. 4*l*. 6*s*.—Pearson's *Astronomy*, Vol. II. royal 4to. 3*l*. 13*s*. 6*d*.—Warren on Disorders of the Head, 8vo. 5*s*. 6*d*.—Morgan and Addison on Poisons, 8vo. 5*s*.—Cullen's *Practice of Physic*, new edition, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l*. 4*s*.—Atkinson on Conveyancing, 2 vols. 8vo. 2*l*. 5*s*.—Burckhardt's *Travels in Arabia*, with Map and Plans, 4to. 8*l*. 12*s*. 6*d*.—*Tales of a Voyager*, Second Series, 3 vols. port. 8vo. 1*l*. 11*s*. 6*d*.—Suchet's *Mémoires*, French, Vol. II. 8vo. 10*s*. 6*d*.—Wilber's *Reference Testament*, 12mo. 3*s*. 6*d*.—Shuttleworth's *Apostolical Epistles*, 8vo. 12*s*.—Climo's *Last Hours of Eminent Christians*, 8vo. 12*s*.—Hutton's (George) *Theory and Practice of Arithmetic*, 12mo. 3*s*.—*Abridged for Ladies*, 18mo. 2*s*.—Pinnock's *Geography made Easy*, 18mo. 1*s*. 3*d*.—Wentworth's *Executors*, by Jeremy, 8vo. 16*s*.—*Conversations on Intellectual Philosophy*, 2 vols. 12mo. 16*s*.—*Manual* (the) for Invalids, 12mo. 9*s*.—Restaur, or the Fortitude, 2 vols. port. 8vo. 1*l*. 1*s*.—Johnston's *Public Charities of France*, 8vo. 15*s*.—Christian (J. M.) *Miner's Journal*, 12mo. 6*s*.—G. 6*s*.—Strawbridge's *Text-Book*, 8vo. 7*s*.—Hough's *Letters on the Neighborhood*, 8vo. 6*s*.—Hansard's *Debates*, Vol. XIX. royal 8vo. 1*l*. 11*s*. 6*d*.—1*l*. 11*s*. 6*d*.—Thompson's *Visit to Guatemala*, 8vo. 12*s*.—Isaacson's *Life and Death of Bishop Andrews*, 8vo. 6*s*.—Jewell's *Apology for the Church of England*, with a Preliminary Discourse, in Reply to Charles Butler, 3d edition, 8vo. 10*s*. 6*d*.—1*l*.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1829.

February.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 12	From 37. to 47.	30.16 to 30.21
Friday .. 13	39. to 47.	30.06 to 30.07
Saturday .. 14	37. to 46.	30.06 to 30.06
Sunday .. 15	38. to 53.	30.04 to 30.60
Monday .. 16	40. to 52.	29.96 to 29.63
Tuesday .. 17	35. to 49.	29.72 to 29.63
Wednesday 18	34. to 41.	29.63 to 29.76

Prevailing wind S.W.
Except the 12th and 13th, generally clear; a little rain on the 16th.

Rain fallen, 45 of an inch.
Edmonton.
Latitude..... 51° 37' 33" N.
Longitude.... 9° 3' 51" W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The extraordinary interest attached to M. Champollion's letters from Egypt, and the want of any extraordinary interest in the new publications of the week, has encouraged one portion of our Journal at the expense of Review.

Our time forbids compliance with the wish expressed by J. H. G.

ERRATA.—Page 110, col. 2, line 3, for "his," read "her;" p. 111, col. 3, line 4, for "Erangelica," read "Erangelica."

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No. 632.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1829.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

A New System of Geology; in which the great Revolutions of the Earth and Animated Nature are reconciled at once to Modern Science and Sacred History. By Andrew Ure, M.D., F.R.S., M.G.A.S.L., &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 680. London, 1829. Longman and Co.

THE author of this work—very favourably known in the scientific world by many original researches published in the Philosophical Transactions and the Journals of Science, but particularly by his Dictionary of Chemistry—has now commenced a higher career, having undertaken to solve the problem, equally interesting and intricate, of the mighty revolutions which the earth and its organic beings have anciently undergone. And whatever modifications future discovery may make on his geological views, there can be no doubt that he has thrown a new light on the former constitution of the globe; and has very happily applied his skill in chemical physics to explain the crisis of our climates in those antediluvian eras.

In studying the writings of the English geologists, Dr. Ure seems to have imbibed the temperate spirit characteristic of their school; and is therefore neither dogmatic nor visionary. His principles and methods of research lead spontaneously to a development of the phenomena, in accordance with the Mosaic narrative of the Creation and Deluge. Every thing falls naturally into its historical place, without any appearance of art or effort; and indeed his simple exposition leaves nothing for theologians to wish for in reconciling sacred history and geology: or rather, we should say, in dispelling certain bugbears which hypothesis had conjured up between them. He has also condescended to give a kind of dramatic interest and historical unity to his descriptions of secondary formations, by running a parallel between geological epochs and the actual lapse of time. The book becomes in this way much more available than one could have conceived of a treatise of geology, without, however, losing any of its philosophical precision, since the author is at all times careful to distinguish hypothesis from induction.

We shall now present a general outline of the system, with such specimens, indiscriminately taken, as may enable the public to judge of its execution.

In the first two sentences of his brief preface, Dr. Ure candidly avows what his readers may expect: "The author does not profess, in the following pages, to furnish the geological student with descriptions of new forms of granitic rock or mineral superposition; nor, if he possessed any such store of original observation, would he have deemed this the fitting occasion to display it. His leading object has been to distribute the most interesting and well-established truths illustrative of the structure and revolutions of the earth, in the order of their physical connexions and causes, whence certain general inductions might be legitimately

The Introduction occupies nearly fifty pages, printed in a somewhat smaller type than the body of the work. Here he comments with merited severity on the false methods of research pursued by ancient and modern cosmogonists; and he traces the rise of a right spirit of inquiry to the beginning of the present century, when the labours of Mr. William Smith and the Geological Society of London first gave a truly practical form to this branch of natural science. The systems of Hutton and Werner are reviewed with a philosophical eye; and, without entering into technical details, he shews their absurdity on general principles, which are presented in a lively and conclusive manner. He gives a short analysis of the volcanic school of Buffon and Cordier, and adduces a few facts demonstrative of its idealism.

"Two motives," says the author, "have engaged me to undertake the present work. First, a desire to lay before the world a view of certain intrinsic sources of change in the constitution of the earth, which seem to have escaped the observation of philosophers, but which appear to me deducible from modern physical and geological discovery. Second, a wish to lead popular students of philosophy to the moral and religious uses of their knowledge."

After some seasonable remarks relative to the diffusion of science among the people, he proceeds to open up the subject of his work in the following way:—

"Geologists have begun of late years to survey the structure of the earth in more minute and patient detail than their dashing predecessors; to compare, by map and section, its most interesting provinces; to contemplate individual facts directly, and not through the dark and distorting medium of a master's cosmogony; and to examine, with zoological skill, the organic inscriptions of its different strata. In thus studying to decipher the volume of its shelly records, they have explored many mysteries inscrutable by Werner, Hutton, and the early fanatics of their schools, to whom the very alphabet of the language was unknown. In this new field of knowledge the English nation stands pre-eminent; against no mean rivalry, however, of the naturalists of France. Emulation has here produced the happiest effects; for while the mineral superpositions of England have received admirable illustration, from the sagacity of Smith, Greenough, Macculloch, Conybeare, Phillips, Buckland, De la Bèche, Webster, Winch, and several other members of the London Society, Brogniart and Von Buch have revealed many wonders in French, Swiss, and Italian geology; and the two Cuviers, Blainville, Lamarck, and Deffrance, have thrown surprising light on the zoology of fossils. By directing his profound knowledge of comparative anatomy to antediluvian osteology, Sir Everard Home has gathered fresh laurels; nor have the German and Italian mineralogists been forgetful of their fame in this difficult career. The joint labours of all these philosophers have been embodied by a master's hand, along with his own unrivalled

studies, in the *Ossemens Fossiles* of Baron Cuvier—a magnificent production, of which it is difficult to say whether the science, eloquence, or candour, be most worthy of admiration."

Dr. Ure has distributed the exposition of his System into three books; the first, entitled the *Primordial World*, includes five chapters. In chap. 1, we have *general observations on the forms of matter*, where the action of heat on the terrequeous spheroid is described in a striking manner.

"When first the calorific energy was made to actuate the body of the earth, a mighty change would ensue. The central mass, composed most probably of the metallic bases of the earths and alkalies, as volcanic phenomena seem to attest, would fuse; the exterior parts would oxidise into the crust of mineral strata; and the outermost coat of all, the fixed ice, would melt into the movable waters."

Chap. 2. is dedicated to light, and seems to have been elaborately compiled. Dr. Ure adopts the undulatory theory, as recently expounded by Young, Fresnel, and Arago; and we must do him the justice to say, that his is the most intelligible account of the doctrine hitherto offered to English readers. Chap. 3, on the atmosphere, contains a good abstract of meteorology, in reference especially to the modifications of climate ancient and modern. The *primæval separation of the land and waters* occupies his next chapter; including a sketch of the constitution and functions of water. Here the chemical teacher appears to advantage. Chap. 5, on *primæval formations*, is a judicious compend of this department of geology.

Book II. *The Antediluvian Period*, comprehends all secondary formations, or such as contain organic remains, from graywacke to the upper freshwater marls and millstones. In the following introductory remarks to this book our readers will recognise the vein of moral feeling which pervades Dr. Ure's inquiries into the ancient structure of the earth.

"In Book I. we have seen the dry land upheaved out of the circumfluent waters, clothed with vegetation, and stocked with animal life. The primordial mineral strata, which we afterwards considered, are void of organic forms. Those which we now proceed to examine, present distinct remains, more or less abundant, of living beings. Here, therefore, we should pause in solemn meditation, on the most marvellous phenomenon which Nature, full of wonders, can possibly exhibit to the eye of man; the dawn of organization; the mystical transition from the blank of eternity to the fullness of time; from the inertia of the first matter, to the self-movement of life; the first-born of earthly creatures; records of the Creative Spirit, traced in imperishable characters, which every peasant may read, and no sophist can falsify. Here the rudiments of vitality lie embalmed in enduring mausoleums. An ancient catastrophe has rendered these primeval vaults accessible, enabling us to behold the eldest progeny of nature, which display even in their exuvie the perfect

workmanship of the Deity. The infinite void that separates death from life yawns before us, the inscrutable pathway between nonentity and existence, which an Almighty Being alone could traverse. Thus, even these elemental organic forms are infallible documents of that Eternal Wisdom which willed a world into being. The erection of the subaqueous strata into the primitive mountains and plains, was evidently accompanied with universal disruption. Innumerable fragments of both the upborne and uphearing rocks were tossed about, and washed down into the congregated waters, along the precipitous shores, and over the bed of the primeval ocean. These shattered fragments becoming agglutinated by their own pulverulent cement, soon recomposed continuous strata, which bear internal evidence of the violence that gave them birth. Thus were formed the *transition* rocks of geologists, mineral masses which denote the passage between the upright primitive and the horizontal secondary strata, between those of inorganic and organic evidence. These rocks are called conglomerate, or fragmentary, from their aspect and composition. In the course of the consolidation and re-union of their parts, a few of the organic forms with which the sea was beginning to teem, falling into their crevices, became imbedded in their substance. Hence we see how some vestiges of animal existence appear in the oldest conglomerate, or graywacke formation. The convulsions, which after a long interval caused the deluge, have also dislocated many of these conglomerates, so that strata of rounded pebbles assuredly aggregated in a horizontal position, are now found standing in upright walls."

The following are the titles of the chapters of this Book:—1. *General view of secondary rocks.* 2. *Submedial or transition strata.* 3. *Medial or carboniferous strata.* 4. *Supermedial strata, including the chalk.* 5. *Tertiary strata.* In this book, the doctor has fully justified the expectations raised by the preface.

Indeed, as he tells us, he has "diligently availed himself of the ample means accumulated in the Ossements Fossiles of Baron Cuvier, the Philosophical and Geological Transactions, &c. of enlivening the dark catacombs of the earth, by interspersing among his descriptions of its mineral planes, an account of their ancient tenants. By transferring to his pages systematic exemplars of the analytical science displayed by the great naturalist of France, in restoring antediluvian zoology, he expects to make them peculiarly attractive to the English reader."

It is the Third Book, however, entitled *the Deluge*, which will excite most interest, both in the scientific and religious worlds, by the development of his new views concerning the ancient state of our globe, and the causes of the great catastrophes which have remodelled its surface. This book is distributed into seven chapters, which constitute altogether about one-half the reading of the volume. Chapter first, *physical records of a universal deluge, which new-modelled the earth*, describes the universal distribution of diluvial gravel, the operation of streams on the strata, valleys of denudation, &c. The second chapter treats of the *causes of geological catastrophe*, under the two sections of volcanic action and basaltic eruption. Chapter third, entitled, *the constitution of the primeval world*, opens with a brief detail of M. Fourier's conclusions concerning the proper or intrinsic heat of the earth. As our author's plan of procedure is strictly inductive, we find some difficulty in exhibiting, within our limits, such a portion of his chain

as may convey a just view of his argument; but, at all events, must reserve this most important branch of his reasoning till next week.

Narrative of an Official Visit to Guatemala from Mexico. By G. A. Thompson, Esq. &c. &c. 12mo. pp. 528. London, 1829. Murray.

MR. THOMPSON was Secretary to the Mexican Commission of Messrs. Hervey and Ward; and after the treaty between Great Britain and Mexico was concluded, he proceeded, as a commissioner, to Guatemala, in order to report to government the state of that republic. When the capacious mind of Mr. Canning turned towards that mighty measure, the recognition of the New World among the political existences of the earth, it was to be expected, from his prudence and sagacity, that he would seek for information respecting the real condition of the various reorganised parts, from sources on which he might rely; hence the mission of Mr. Thompson, the able translator of Alcedo's Dictionary,* and on that account, no doubt, selected by the pure and patriotic minister—to whom his country's service was ever paramount to all claims of party or interest—to visit the least known of the young transatlantic states, and make its relations the subject of actual inquiry and observation, for his guidance.

We find, accordingly, that the most important portions of this volume are those which unfold the *status quo* of its rulers, its parties, its establishments, its numbers, its public feelings, and its capabilities. Of these we shall, as we proceed, take a concise, but sufficient, notice; and, in the meantime, deem it more consistent with our usual course to accompany the author in his journal, which is slight, sketchy, and amusing; and extract from it such matters as their novelty and character recommend for adoption into our miscellaneous page.

Having left the capital of Mexico (April 21, 1825), Mr. Thompson, with some travelling associates, servants, and an escort of ten soldiers, proceeded to Acapulco, where he embarked in the Tartar frigate, and was conveyed to Sonsonate, a port of Guatemala. Of the over-land part of this journey we shall say little, as we have often had accounts of Mexican travelling, and are more desirous of coming to fresher ground. The following brief passages may, however, be quoted. As they approached the Tierra Caliente, towards the coast, Mr. T. remarks:—

"The first notice I perceived of the change of climate was the effect it had upon our poor animals. The mule I rode was a little thick in the wind, and I believe very old; but she was, nevertheless, a fine animal; and I was surprised to find her, towards three o'clock in the afternoon, after having travelled about twenty miles, come to a stand-still. She was what they here call *soleado*, or sun-stricken. About two leagues further on, we halted. One of the soldiers proposed to bleed her for me; and picking up a bit of stick, he cut it with his sword into a sharp point, and thrust it up the poor animal's nose. A moderate flow of blood from the nostrils, perhaps half a pint, was the consequence. After this, he took a quarter of a pint of brandy and poured it into the animal's ears, which seemed to distress or to please it, I could hardly tell which, exceedingly. He then let go her head, which she stooped and shook violently; and then remarking to me, 'está buena,' she is all right, he was about to

replace the bridle and saddle, which, however, I would not permit, but left her to come on with the baggage, which was behind us a small distance on the road. This animal never suffered any inconvenience during the rest of the journey. The phlebotomy used upon the occasion was, it appears, as efficient as it was calculated for the contingencies which travellers are likely to experience in a country so thinly peopled. The application of the brandy in the ear I was the less surprised at, as it is used in Mexico as a constant, and, I believe, specific remedy for the most violent pains in the head, especially those arising from toothache. In this case it is inserted by a syringe, or more frequently by the mouth of the operator, into the ear opposite to that side of the face where the pain lies, and is suffered to remain in till the pain leaves the patient, which I have always perceived it to do, however violent the attack may have been, in the course of three or four minutes: the whole effect is doubtlessly produced by what is called counteraction."

On reaching a place called Zopilote, we are informed: "Zopilote is the name of a vulture: we saw about 2000 of these dull birds sitting on the trees, as a sort of advanced guard of the place which so properly bears their designation, since they were the only living things that were to be seen in it: like other watchmen, they were, for the most part, fast asleep!"

At Acapulco, it is stated,—"The troops at this station are composed of the most abandoned portion of the Mexican population. Most of those we met with on the road, when the officer was so strenuous in defence of their honour, were convicts, who were coming to replenish the ranks of the hopeful band who were on the parade. There was scarcely a man of them, I was told, who had not committed crimes worthy of death. One of them, a fair, slight-made man, about twenty-three, with light hair, was particularly pointed out to me as known to be one of the greatest desperadoes that ever had human form: he is said to have bragged that he had committed thirteen murders and assassinations, amongst which his father was one of the victims. These are dangerous materials with which to ensure the safety of a town, by intrusting the garrison and all the strong places in their hands."

Here we must also select another local anecdote:—

"Whoever has read Anson's Voyage will remember the delight which his poor sailors experienced when they could, at length, put their foot ashore: they are described as reviving at every step they took upon terra firma. The delight they experienced in leaving the sea for the dry land could not have been greater than that which I felt in leaving the land to plunge into the sea. I never enjoyed a bath so much in my life; but I was, accidentally, inconvenienced in the operation, in a manner which I could not have foreseen. I had hung my shirt on a nopal shrub on the beach, which was in a flowering state, and emitted from its buds myriads of little prickles,

"This cure of toothache is afterwards more particularly described in its human application: 'The patient must lie down, with the head reclined on the side on which the pain is seated: the operator pours a little spirit, rum is the most approved, into the ear which lies uppermost: about a table-spoonful is sufficient, and it must be allowed to remain there till the pain is gone, which is generally the case in the course of three or four minutes. The sensation to the patient is by no means distressing: it resembles the whirling experienced on the immersion of the head under water, but is much more astounding; and I am not quite sure if, upon the only occasion on which I found it necessary to undergo the operation, it was not attended with a slight, though momentary, feeling of syncope: but, be this as it may, it is certainly not dangerous; and those who will submit to it experience infinite relief.'"

* Five vols. 4to.

the whole of which were transferred to my body. My agony, added to the intense heat of the climate, was excruciating; it was in vain to attempt to pick them out, for even if I had had the patience to do so, the thing was impracticable, for they had adhesion enough to keep their hold, whilst the slightest attempt to withdraw them broke them short off on the surface of the skin. This incident, trifling as it may appear, caused the night, which was excessively hot, and the following day, to pass most miserably.

"The *napal*," our readers should be informed, "is a plant consisting of little stem, but expanding itself into wide thick leaves, more or less prickly according to its different kind: one or two of these leaves being set as one plant, at the distance of two or three feet square from each other, are inoculated with the cochineal, which, I scarcely need say, is an insect: it is the same as if you would take the blight off an apple or other common tree, and rub a small portion of it on another tree free from the contagion, when the consequence would be that the tree so inoculated would become covered with the blight: a small quantity of the insects in question is sufficient for each plant, which, in proportion as it increases its leaves, is sure to be covered with the costly parasite. When the plant is perfectly saturated, the cochineal is scraped off with great care. The plants are not very valuable for the first year: it appeared that they might be estimated as yielding after the second year from a dollar to a dollar and a half profit on each plant. Indigo is described as a substance of a deep blue colour, containing about fifty per cent of pure colouring matter: the analysis of indigo, says Brande, in his *Manual of Chemistry*, page 49, where he proposes to ascertain the proportion of colouring matter, which varies much in different samples, may be performed by the successive action of water, alcohol, and muriatic acid. One hundred parts of Guatemalan indigo thus treated, afforded to water twelve parts, to alcohol thirty, to muriatic acid ten, to residue of pure indigo forty-eight. This analysis would seem to prove that the indigo of Guatemala is superior to that of any other country."

We will now go to the latter, and exhibit some other of its most novel features. Acajula is a few miles from Sonsonate:—

"There is a carriage-road the whole way from the port to the town, principally over a fine green sod, and through avenues intersecting a thick wood, which in the summer time is so umbrageous as hardly to leave the route, where the road should be, distinguishable. This wood is infested by a small tiger, which is very fierce, but seldom attacks a man, unless affronted: he does not require the same provocation to assault the herds, especially the calves and young mules. The bulls are so well acquainted with his malicious intentions, that, forgetting their mutual animosities, they sometimes aggregate for the general protection, in which case the tiger frequently gets the worst of the battle. The guaco, with its parasitical tendrils, clinging to the gigantic trees which girt the path, assures us of the presence of the most noxious serpents: for, wherever these are found, the natives tell you that the guaco, the remedial antidote to all their poisons, is also at hand. The root and branches of this plant, which greatly resembles the vine devoid of its foliage, are equally effective; and its power is so instantaneous and astonishing, that, had not the stories of its efficacy been repeated by persons of veracity who have tried

its effect on themselves, I could hardly credit them. Some of the snakes here are so venomous that the person bitten generally dies in the course of twenty minutes: if, however, he be provided with the guaco, he bites a bit, and applies the saliva to the part: he also swallows the saliva arising from the mastication for a few hours, and he need have no further apprehension; he is quite well. A young man of the name of Rascon, who accompanied me to England, and of whom I shall hereafter speak, told me that he has taken up in the palm of his hand that dreadful little viper called the tamaulpas, the bite of which is instant death, and that the reptile became instantly inert and torpid, because he had in his hand a small piece of this wonderful plant. Another person, whose servant had been bitten by the same kind of snake, was dying of a mortification which had taken place in his arm: a strong decoction of the root in brandy was poured down his throat, and also applied to the part affected: he was cured, and never afterwards felt any effect from the wound. Might not this wonderful remedy be applied to cases of hydrophobia? Not to speak of its beneficial qualities in cases of agues, dysentery, fever, and generally all those maladies which are peculiar to the human constitution in the places where it is found, I can answer for its being of a very harmless nature, for I took it by the advice and after the example of the English gentlemen, almost daily, with a view of preventing sickness; and must conclude it had the effect, never having suffered from indisposition whilst residing at Sonsonate, or other places where the climate is considered to be prejudicial to European constitutions."

Travelling on to the capital of Guatemala, we have the following:

"The tree which I had seen in my route to Acapulco, bearing cherries, without leaves, was here very common: my companion informed me that it was called *picara*. How this term applies, which means *rogue*, with all its variety of senses, as applied either to the offender at the Old Bailey, who is sometimes forgiven after the commission of the act, or to the transgressor in the coteries of the *Mesdames Vitula* and *Lubentia*, who feels that he is forgiven whilst he commits it,—I cannot, I confess, conceive: perhaps, however, it meant that the fruit was piquant: in truth, it was very sour. The next natural curiosity we met with was the *xopilote*. About fifty or sixty of these birds were standing in state round a dead mule, whilst one, distinguished by a tuft or civic cap upon his head, was perched upon the carcase, and contemplating it with a hurried air of dignity and satisfaction: he leered into each morsel, first with one eye and then with the other, as a gentleman surveys a well-loaded table with his quizzing-glass. When I last saw a portion of this extraordinary community, they were taking their siesta, or sleeping after dinner; they were now in watchful expectation of the moment when they might commence that repeat. Don Simon told me that the bird who was playing so conspicuous a part was the one who had had the good fortune to find the mule, and was consequently considered the *alcalde*, or lord mayor; whilst the others, who had kindly congregated to help him to eat it, were *senadores*, or common-council-men. Indeed, it looked very like it,—for, after a reverent bow of the head on the part of the *alcalde*, which might be compared to a short grace, this worshipful and worshipping company flew, helter skelter, upon the repeat. We

waited some time to see the end of it—but despairing of doing so, proceeded on our route."

It may be worth observing, that the small black cherry is with us called *piccaroon*; or, as the cockneys say, *biggeroons*. Did they come from America?

The approach to the capital is very picturesque.

May 17th. "The country began, from this place, to take the appearance of some considerable degree of civilisation. Gates and enclosures manifested the division and estimation of property. As we approached still nearer to the city, we passed some small country villas and gardens, with tracts cultivated with cochineal, and surrounded by small dikes or mud walls. It was about four in the evening, the air was fresh and balmy, the climate resembling a bright English day in the beginning of June. The tract over which we passed was varied with hill and dale: the turf, green and tender, seemed sprouting under our feet as we advanced. In the front lay the city, with its white domes and spires glittering in the sun, and appearing larger than it really was by the interspersing of the shade and foliage of the fine trees with which it was on all sides intersected and environed. On the right were shaded groves, and cultivated slopes, and knoll-ed hills, rising upon each other in progressive grandeur, till their summits became, as it were, the base of the tender gray streak which marked the distant outline of the Andes;—whilst on the left the country was a series of table lands and valleys, formed by wide and bold undulations, and terminating with the three mountains, clad with foliage to their summit, and looking like gigantic warriors upon the pigmy multitudes by which they were surrounded. The sight was so beautiful and replete with interest, that I had stopped behind to enjoy the contemplation of it alone and at leisure. As I was taking up my reins to continue my route, I saw a fawn sporting on a rising ground within ten yards of me. It stamped its foot, advanced, stopped short, frisked, then stopped short again, and stared at me. I had, mechanically, drawn one of my pistols from the holsters, and had cocked it whilst I was witnessing these manœuvres. The little animal still stood staring at me with its large black eyes, innocent and unsuspecting, and its little black glossy nose and chin perked out in impudent defiance. It stamped its foot again, as offering wager of battle, gave another frisk, and darted off."

We, too, must follow its example, stamp, frisk, and be off—for a week, at least.

The Collegians. A Second Series of Tales of the Munster Festivals. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1829. Saunders and Opley.

THE work now before us is one of which a limited review can give little idea; detached portions do but scant justice to a narrative whose fearful interest is gradually worked up to an almost painful degree; and as for anticipating the *dénouement*, it is a literary foretelling which we hold in a degree of dislike that ought to do us no small credit among that class of novel-readers whose usual ejaculation is, "Oh, don't tell me the end, or you'll spoil all my pleasure!" We shall content ourselves with stating, that we have not for some time met with so powerfully written a tale; and rest satisfied with extracts that will illustrate the style rather than the story. The following is the first appearance of the hero:—

"His attitude, as he kept one hand on the

rudder, and his eye fixed upon the foresail, was such as displayed his form to extreme advantage. It was erect, composed, and manly. Every movement seemed to be dictated by a judgment perfectly at ease, and a will that, far from being depressed, had caught a degree of fire and excitement from the imminent dangers with which it had to struggle. The warm and heroic flush upon his cheek could not be discovered in the pale and unequal light that shone upon him; but the settled and steady lustre of his large dark eye, over which not even the slightest contraction of the arched brow could be discerned; the perfect calmness of his manner, and the half-smiling expression of his mouth (that feature which of all others is most traitorous to the dissembling coward), bespoke a mind and heart that were pleased to encounter danger, and well calculated to surmount it. It was such a figure as would have at once awakened associations in the beholder's mind of camps and action, of states confounded in their councils, and nations overrun by sudden conquest. His features were brightened by a lofty and confident enthusiasm, such as the imagination might ascribe to the royal adventurer of Sweden, as he drew his sword on his beleaguers at Belgrade. His forehead was ample and intellectual in its character; his hair 'coal-black' and curling; his complexion of that rich deep gipsy-yellow, which, showing as it did the healthy bloom beneath, was far nobler in its character than the feminine white and red. The lower portion of his physiognomy was finely and delicately turned, and a set of teeth as white as those of a young beagle, gave infinite vivacity to the expression of his lips. The countenance was such a one as men seldom look upon; but when once beheld can never be forgotten. On a seat at the weather side sat a young girl, her slight person wrapped in a blue cloak, while her eyes were raised to the cheerful face of the helmsman, as if from him she derived all her hope and her security. The wind had blown back the hood from her shoulders, and the head and countenance which thus 'unmasked their beauty to the moon' were turned with a sylph-like grace and lightness. The mass of curly hair which was blown over her left temple seemed of a pale gold, that harmonised well with the excellent fairness and purity of her complexion; and the expression of her countenance was tender, affectionate, and confiding.

"Mind your hand, Mr. Hardress," said the boatman, in a careless tone, "we are in the tide." It required the hand of an experienced helmsman to bring the little vessel through the danger which he thus announced. An immense overtopping billow, capped in foam, came thundering downward like an avalanche upon her side. In spite of the precautions of Hardress, and the practised skill with which he timed the motion of the wave, as one would take a ball upon the bound, or a hunter on the rise—the bowsprit dipped, and cracked like a withered sapling, a whole ton of water was flung over the stern, drenching the crew as completely as if they had been drawn through the river. The boat seemed to stagger and lose her way like a stricken hart, and lay for a moment weltering in the gloomy chasm in which the wasted wave had left her. A low and smothered scream was breaking from the female, when her eye again met that of Hardress Cregan; and her lip, though pale and quivering, was silent. "That was right well done, sir," said Danny Mann, as the boat once more cleft the breakers on her landward course. "A minute sooner, or a minute later, up with the

hand, would put it all into her." "A second would have done it," said Hardress, "but all is well now. A charming night this would be," he continued, smiling on the girl, "for beaver and feathers." This jest produced a short hysterical laugh in answer, which was rather startling than agreeable to the person who addressed her. In a few minutes after, and without any more considerable disaster, the vessel dropped her peak, and ran alongside the rocks in safety.

"At the time of Lord Halifax's administration, Lowry Looby, then a very young man, held a spot of ground in the neighbourhood of Limerick, and was well to do in the world; but the scarcity which prevailed in England at the time, and which occasioned a sudden rise in the price of beef, butter, and other produce of grazing land in Ireland, threw all the agriculturists out of their little holdings, and occasioned a general destitution, similar to that produced by the anti-cottier system in the present day. Lowry was among the sufferers. He was saved, however, from the necessity of adopting one of the three ultimates of Irish misery, begging, listing, or emigrating, by the kindness of Mr. Daly, who took him into his service as a kind of runner between his farms,—an office for which Lowry, by his long and muscular legs, and the lightness of the body that encumbered them, was qualified in an eminent degree. His excellent honesty, one of the characteristics of his country, which he was known to possess, rendered him a still more valuable acquisition to the family than had been first anticipated. He had, moreover, the national talent for adroit flattery, a quality which made him more acceptable to his patron than the latter would willingly admit, and every emulation of this kind was applied under the disguise of a simper, which gave it a wonderful efficacy. 'Ha! Lowry,' said Mr. Daly, 'well, have you made your fortune since you have agreed with the post-master?' Lowry put his hands behind his back, looked successively at the four corners of the room, then round the cornice, then cast his eyes down at his feet, turned up the soles a little, and finally straightening his person, and gazing on his master, replied, 'To lose it I did, sir, for a place.' 'To lose what?' 'The place as postman, sir, through the country westwards. Sure there I was a gentleman for life, if it was'n't my luck.' 'I do not understand you, Lowry.' 'I'll tell you how it was, master. After the last postman died, sir, I took your recommendation to the post-master, an' axed him for the place. 'I'm used to thravelling, sir,' says I, 'for Mister Daly, over, and—' 'Ay,' says he, takin' me up short, 'an' you have a good long pair o' legs I see.' 'Middling, sir,' says I, (he's a very pleasant gentleman) 'its equal to me any day, winther or summer, whether I go ten miles or twenty, so as I have the nourishment.' 'T'would be hard if you didn't get that, any way,' says he; 'well, I think I may as well give you the place, for I do'n' know any gentleman that I'd sooner take his recommendation than Mister Daly's, or one that I'd sooner pay him a compliment, if I could.' 'Well, and what was your agreement?' 'Ten pounds a-year, sir,' answered Lowry, opening his eyes, as if he announced something of wonderful importance, and speaking in a loud voice, to suit the magnitude of the sum, 'besides my clothing and shoes throughout the year.' 'T'was very handsome, Lowry.' 'Handsome, master! 'Twas wages for a prince, sir. Sure there I was a made gentleman all my days, if it was'n't my luck, as I

said before.' 'Well, and how did you lose it?' 'I'll tell you, sir,' answered Lowry: 'I was going over to the post-master yesterday, to get the Thrale mail from him, and to start off with myself on my first journey. Well an' good, of all the world, who should I meet, above upon the road, just at the turn down to the post-office, but that red-headed woman that sells the free-stone, in the streets? So I turned back.' 'Turned back, for what?' 'Sure the world knows, master, that it is'n't lucky to meet a red-haired woman an' you going of a journey.' 'And you never went for the mail-bags?' 'Faiks, I'm sure I didn't that day.' 'Well, and the next morning?' 'The next morning, that's this morning, when I went, I found they had engaged another boy in my place.' 'And you lost the situation?' 'For this turn, sir, any way. 'Tis luck that does it all. Sure I thought I was cock-sure of it, an' I having the post-master's word. But, indeed, if I meet that free-stone crathur again, I'll knock her red-head against the wall.' 'Well, Lowry, this ought to shew you the folly of your superstition. If you had not minded that woman when you met her, you might have had your situation now.' 'T'was she was in fault still, begging your pardon, sir,' said Lowry, 'for sure if I didn't meet her at all this would'n't have happened me.' 'Oh,' said Mr. Daly, laughing, 'I see that you are well provided against all argument. I have no more to say, Lowry.'

The Daly household make an exquisite family picture; and the death-scene is as touching as it is natural. The chief fault of the book is, that the principal plot, whose interest is rivetting, is sometimes broken in upon by Irish stories, sketches of character, &c.—good enough of their kind, but still interruptions. This, however, comes of our modern novelists being universalists, and doing statistics, description, anecdotes, &c. all under one head. Yet, there is quite talent enough to justify us in ranking these volumes among some of the best productions of the soil.

The Ruined City: a Poem. By G. P. R. James, Esq. 12mo. pp. 32. London, 1828.

SOME ONE beautifully says of Greece—"her very tombs are altars;" and it is by their side the poet would choose his most efficient stand when he combats the worldly wise, armed with systems and pamphlets, who question the utility of poetry, and would have the world of imagination merged in the active and actual one. Many soils are as much summer's favourites; all her natural advantages, green wood and shining river, are to be found even lovelier in other lands; but what country has a name that at once goes from the ear to the heart, and calls up all that is elevated in our nature—the noble hope of the patriot—the aspiring dream of the bard, who paints earth with the hues of heaven, for he draws from his own consciousness of immortality,—what country has so intellectual a memory as Greece? And to whom does she owe this mental eternity but to her poets? For her historians, her philosophers, were poets too; and every noble thought, every generous deed recorded of the past, stirs the feverish and troubled waves of the present as with an angel's wing, that heals and purifies wherever it touches. Nay, even the dark record of guilt has its benefit, startling our thoughtless to-day, like a warning such as was given by the skeleton at the Egyptian feast—at once sad and fearful. No marvel that a young poet, on visiting such a land, should find his thoughts, like the fountains of the fairy tale, leap forth

in *man*. The author says: "A few years ago, a party of English gentlemen, travelling in the Morea, conceived the idea of visiting some of the ruins of ancient Greece by moonlight. This was executed accordingly, during one of the most splendid nights of eastern summer; and an account of the effect produced, given by one of the travellers to the author, suggested the following little poem." Poetry was the only language which could speak of such scenes; and what praise do we not give Mr. James when we say he was worthy to have seen them? We frankly own we have been delighted with this little poem: the elegant versification, which gives fitting utterance to thoughts touched with the beauty they seek to embody—the melancholy musing—the mingled memory of a glorious past, broken in upon by the striking realities of the present—the vein of half sad and half bitter philosophy,—speak the truly poetic mind—one on whose lips alone should the name of Greece ever rest. But let our readers use their own judgment.

"Parent of contemplation! Night sublime!
Thou equal sharer in the throne of time,
I court thy friendly shade. Let man delight
In glittering sunbeams and in noisily light;
To courts and crowds I willingly resign
The gaudy day: be night's calm alms mine.

Meanwhile, the sun's pale sister calmly shone
On those memorials of the ages gone,
Looking so placid on that soulless scene,
So calmly sweet, so pensively serene,
It seemed as if she mark'd a world's decay,
Not feelingless; but poured her lucid ray
Upon the remnants of the past, and drew
Some comment, sweet and solemn, from the view.
Beneath were columns, sepulchre, and bust,
Prostrate once more in their primeval dust:
The melancholy records left alone
Of thousands honour'd, and of thousands gone.
Before my steps a nation's dwellings lay—
The earth I trod upon, a nation's clay—
And here and there the lettered stone would show
Some long-lived monument of short-lived woe,
Telling how Dion died, how Ulysses wept,
Where Iliad rotted, or where Simo slept;
For the first steps within that city led
Among the mansions of its ancient dead."

How true the next extract!

"We are mad gamblers in this world below,
All hopes on one uncertain die to throw,
How vain is man's pursuit, with passion blind,
To follow that which leaves us still behind!
Go! clasp the shadow, make it all thine own,
Place on the flying breeze thine airy throne;
Wave the thin sunbeams of the morning sky;
Catch the light April clouds before they fly;
Chase the bright sun unto the fading west,
And wake him early from his golden rest;
Seeking th' impossible, let life be past,
But never dream of pleasure that shall last.

"Oh in my infancy, when joys were young,
And Hope! thy siren voice most sweetly sung,
O'er the green meadow and the April plain
I've chased the varied bow of heaven in vain—
Followed its hues, transparent as they shone,
And woo'd its fleeting splendour for mine own.
In after years, when beauty's fairer beam
Rose to my eyes in loveliness supreme,
Beauty I followed, and as fondly too
As e'er I chased yon arch of painted dew.
Next came the love of glory, and the dream
Of winning fame; I felt my bosom teem
With thoughts and feelings deep, and such as lead,
When rightly taught, to honour's shining meed;—
No matter now what might such dream destroy,
Hope! 'twas like all thy gifts, a gilded toy,
Such splendid trifle that thou hang'st in air
As to man's fancy but a glittering snare:
Thyself the Iris of life's changeful skies;
And still man follows where the rainbow flies.
But shall he yet, when often thy deceit
Has taught astray to roam his weary feet,
Believe the lying vision he has proved,
That fix his eyes on things in vain beloved?
Yes, even so! To life's remotest gleam,
The transient still shall chase thy flying beam;
Through the vale of death, in glory bright,
The star of hope be fixed before his sight;
No transient beam, no evanescent ray,
But the full brilliance of eternal day."

Though we do not agree with the following,
We like it.

"Let man's epitaph be writ on hearts;
Let his scutcheon when his soul departs;

The widow's sorrow his emblazonment;
The orphan's woe his funeral monument;
The good man's pity and the poor man's tear
The noblest trophies that adorn his bier.
Oh! when th' inevitable hour be come,
And 'midst past things men delve my latest home,
Let me be mourned by gratitude and worth,
And fond affection lay me in the earth;
Place o'er my lowly grave no haughty pile;
Write on my unstained tomb no flattery vile;
I would not men should come and scoff to read
One doubtful record of my life or deed.
No! rest my name in memory alone,
A purer tablet than the Parian stone.
Let friends remember me! when these are not,
Or I forgotten—let me be forgot!"

We cannot neglect the annexed exquisite sketch.

"Such once I knew; from cold earth past away,
A flower that bloomed and withered in a day;
Her voice was music, and a magic wife,
Born in the sweet persuasion of her smile,
Stole to the heart, like those bright summer beams
That fill the bosom with enchanted dreams;
And as she moved, the graces round her thrown
Might have called blushes from the Phidian stone.
Her eyes, as April's morning skies, were blue,
As soft, as pure, and once as playful too;
Young melody delighted in her sigh;
Her lip was love, her soul was harmony.
Much was her joy to mark the opening spring,
And list while birds its welcoming would sing;
Or wander through the forest's budding shade,
'Midst youthful boughs in tender green arrayed,
What time the young pale flow'rs early bloom,
And rise like spirits from their wintry tomb.
But when the earth upheld the golden sheaf,
She'd mourn to see her much-loved summer leaf
Fall to the autumn ground, and fading flowers
Drop their light honours 'neath the passing hours;
For shadowed forth through nature she would see
Prophectic lines of human destiny.
Yet much delighted she in every shade
By the world's variegated robes displayed;
For infant poetry possessed her heart,
Which scarce herself would own, and knew not to impart.

But yet at times a something more than thought,
Like a dark cloud o'er summer landscape brought,
Would hang upon her; and with silent glance
She'd gaze upon the blue sky's deep expanse.
It seemed as if her soul had taken flight
To wander in its realms of native light;
To sojourn for a space in joy on high,
Then sorrowing leave its dwelling in the sky—
And then a glistening tear, uncalled, would fill her eye.

She was not made for earth, a thing so fair
Seemed formed a higher destiny to share."

It is perhaps a stretch of prerogative to make a work printed for private circulation the subject of public criticism; but we expect from our readers thanks; and to Mr. James we can only say, that poetry, like mercy, "is twice blessed, it blesses him that gives and him that takes." The bard were no true poet who "did but wake his music for himself."

Londiniana; or, Reminiscences of the British Metropolis. &c. &c. By E. W. Brayley, F.S.A. 4 vols. 12mo. London, 1829. Hurst, Chance, and Co.

SELECTIONS and compilations of this kind can hardly fail to be acceptable if put together with any thing like common taste and judgment; and when done with the knowledge, talent, and research, which belong to Mr. Brayley, it may well be believed that such a work must be both entertaining and instructive. His *Londiniana* is indeed a very interesting miscellany, in which the historian, the antiquary, the topographer, and the man of letters, will find ample and various sources to gratify each his peculiar appetite. Many volumes have been ransacked, and some rare tracts sought out, to enrich this new picture of our mighty metropolis, or rather of many of its features—for a full-length would require fifty times as large a publication. What we have is, however, ably executed; and between the literary matter and the illustrations, prints, reprints, plans, fac-similes, &c. &c., we can truly give a high character of Mr. Brayley to our readers. Since Malcolm's very amusing book,

nothing at all to be compared to the present has appeared on the subject; and it is one which deserves to be revived in a new form at least every quarter or half century.

It will readily be apprehended, at the same time, that the immense mass and diversified nature of its contents must render the idea of an adequate review quite futile. We must, therefore, content ourselves with warm general praise, and with very brief quotations to exemplify the editor's good qualities.

The following is striking, as contrasting the old feelings of London on the Catholic question with the present hour.

"*Ceremony of Burning the Pope.*—*The Green Ribbon Club.*—It was mentioned in the preceding volume, that after the discovery of the pretended meal-tub plot, in 1679, the people became so indignant against the Catholics, that the annual solemnity of burning the pope in effigy was celebrated with additional ceremonies of mock grandeur. The proceeding itself arose in Queen Elizabeth's reign, and it was occasionally observed on the anniversary of her birth, (viz. November the 17th,) till after the commencement of the last century, although not always with a similar degree of pomp and uproariousness. In the latter part of Charles the Second's reign, these anti-papistical solemnities were employed as engines to excite 'the popular resentment against the Duke of York and his religion,' and they were performed with great state and expense. The most famous of these processions were those of 1679, 1680, and 1681; to which Dryden thus alludes at the conclusion of his *Epilogue to Cædipus*:

Yet as weak states each other's pow'r assure,
Weak poets by conjunction are secure,
Their treat is what your palates relish most,
Charm! song! and show! a murder and a ghost!
We know not what you can desire or hope,
To please you more, but burning of a pope.

The following account of the tumultuary procession in the year 1679, was extracted (with a few verbal alterations) from a very scarce pamphlet, intitled, 'The Burning of the Pope at Temple-bar, in London,' &c., and an equally rare broad-side, quoted by Sir Walter Scott, in the sixth volume of his edition of Dryden's Works. Upon the 17th of November the bells began to ring about three o'clock in the morning in the city of London, and several honourable and worthy gentlemen, belonging to the Temple as well as to the city, (remembering the burning both of London and the Temple, which was apparently executed by popish villany) were pleased to be at the charge of an extraordinary triumph, in commemoration of that blessed Protestant queen, which was as follows:—In the evening of the said day, all things being prepared, the solemn procession begun from Moorgate, and so to Bishopsgate-street, and down Houndsditch to Aldgate, through Leadenhall-street, Cornhill, by the Royal Exchange, through Cheapside, to Temple-bar, in order following:—1st. Marched six whiffers, to clear the way, in pioneer caps and red waistcoats. 2d. A bellman, ringing his bell, and with a doleful voice, crying all the way, 'Remember Justice Godfrey.' 3d. A dead body representing Justice Godfrey, in the habit he usually wore, (a decent black habit) and the cravat wherewith he was murdered about his neck, with spots of blood on his wrists, breast, and skirt, and white gloves on his hands, his face pale and wan, riding upon a white horse, and one of his murderers behind him, to keep him from falling, in the same manner as he was carried to Primrose-hill. 4th. A priest came next, in

a surplice, and a cope embroidered with dead men's skulls and bones and skeletons, who give out pardons very plentifully to all that would murder Protestants; and proclaiming it meritorious. 5th. Then a priest alone, with a great silver cross. 6th. Four Carmelite friars, in white and black habits. 7th. Four gray friars, in the proper habits of their order. 8th. Six Jesuits, carrying bloody daggers. 9th. Four wind-music, called the waits, playing all the way. 10th. Four bishops, in purple, with lawn sleeves, with golden crosses on their breasts, and croziers in their hands. 11th. Four other bishops, in *pontificalibus*, with surplices and rich embroidered copes, and golden mitres on their heads. 12th. Six cardinals, in scarlet robes and caps. 13th. Then followed the pope's chief physician,* with Jesuit's powder in one hand, and an urinal in the other. 14th. Two priests, in surplices, with two golden crosses. Lastly, the pope himself, in a lofty glorious pageant, representing a chair of state, covered with scarlet, richly embroidered and fringed, and bedecked with golden balls and crosses. At his feet, a cushion on state, and two boys in surplices, with white silk banners painted with red crosses, and bloody consecrated daggers for murdering Protestant kings and princes, with an incense-pot before them, censuring his holiness, who was arrayed in a splendid scarlet gown, lined throughout with ermine, and richly daubed with gold and silver lace: on his head a triple crown of gold, and a glorious collar of gold and precious stones, St. Peter's keys, a number of beads, Agnus Dei's, and other Catholic trumpery. At his back, his holiness's privy-counsellor, the degraded seraphim, (*Angiſe* the devil,) frequently caressing, hugging, and whispering him, and oft times instructing him aloud to destroy his majesty, to forge a Protestant plot, and to fire the city again, to which purpose he held an infernal torch in his hand. The whole procession was attended with 150 flambeaux and lights, by order; but as many more came in volunteers as made up some thousands. Never were the balconies, windows, and houses more numerous lined, or the streets closer thronged with multitudes of people, all expressing their abhorrence of popery, with continual shouts and acclamations; so that 'tis modestly computed that, in the whole progress, there could not be fewer than two hundred thousand spectators. Thus, with a slow and solemn state, they proceeded to Temple Bar, where, with innumerable swarms, the houses seem to be converted into heaps of men and women and children, for whose diversion there were provided great quantities of excellent fire-works. Temple Bar being, since its rebuilding, adorned with four stately statues, viz. those of queen Elizabeth and king James on the inward or eastern side fronting the city, and those of king Charles the 1st, of blessed memory, and our present gracious sovereign, (whom God, in mercy to these nations, long preserve!) on the outside, facing towards Westminster, the statue of queen Elizabeth was, in regard to the day, provided with a crown of gilded laurel, and in her hand a golden shield, with this motto inscribed: '*The Protestant Religion and Magna Charta*,' and flambeaux placed before it. The pope being brought up near there-

unto, the following song, alluding to the posture of those statues, was sung in parts, between one representing the English cardinal,* and others acting the people.

Cardinal Norfolk.
From York to London town we come,
To talk of popish ire,
To reconcile you all to Rome,
And prevent Smithfield fire.

Plebeians.
Cease, cease, thou Norfolk Cardinal,
See, yonder stands Queen Bess,
Who saved our souls from popish thrall:
O Queen Bess, Queen Bess, Queen Bess!
Your popish plot and Smithfield threat
We do not fear at all;
For lo! beneath Queen Bess's feet,
You fall, you fall, you fall!
'Tis true, our King's on t'other side,
A looking towards Whitehall;
But could we bring him round about,
He'd counterplot you all.

Then down with James, and up with Charles
On good Queen Bess's side,
That all true Commons, Lords, and Earls,
May wish him a fruitful bride.†
Now God preserve great Charles our King,
And eke all honest men;
And traitors all to justice bring:—
Amen, Amen, Amen.

Then the thronging spectators were entertained for some time with ingenious fire-works; and a vast fire being prepared, just over against the Inner Temple gate, his holiness, after some compliments and reluctances, was decently topped from all his grandeur into the impartial flames; the crafty devil leaving his infallibility in the lurch, and laughing as heartily at his ignominious end as subtle Jesuits do at the ruin of bigotted lay Catholics, whom themselves have drawn in, or as credulous Coleman's abettors did, when, with pretences of a reprieve at last gasp, they had made him vomit up his soul with a lie, and sealed his dangerous chops with a halter.‡ This [act of] justice was attended with a prodigious shout, that might be heard far beyond Somerset-house,§ and 'twas believed the echo, by continued reverberations, before it ceased, reached Scotland, (the duke was then there) France, and even Rome itself, damping them all with a dreadful astonishment."

Should occasion offer, we shall hereafter transcribe a few of the most striking accounts with which this work is richly endowed: for the nonce, this single extract must of necessity suffice.

NUBIA.]]

From the MS. Journal of G. B. Brocchi.

"AFTER a long and tiresome sojourn of nearly five months at Chartum, I set out for Sennar with that sort of hilarity which a man feels when released from 'durance vile.'

"For nearly eight months of the year the country around Sennar wears an aspect of the most frightful sterility; realising, in every sense, the ideas we are apt to form of the regions of the torrid zone. Immense plains, which extend further than the eye can reach, present an unvarying expanse of arid sands, strewn with withered plants; or, should a scanty vestige of verdure occur, it consists of

* Philip Howard, third son of Henry, Earl of Arundel, and brother to the Duke of Norfolk. He was made a cardinal in 1675.

† The barrenness of Catherine of Braganza, Charles the Second's consort, may be regarded as one of the proximate causes of the revolution of 1688.

‡ Coleman was secretary to the Duke of York, and had been convicted in 1687, for carrying on a traitorous correspondence with Père la Chaise, the French king's confessor.

§ Somerset-house was, at that time, the queen's residence.

|| This paper is gleaned from very long details in two recent Nos. of an Italian Journal.

mere thistles and *oshar*. The forests wear an equally melancholy appearance. In the months of April and May, when our own country is clothed in renovated verdure, it remains dead and lifeless under the sky of these climes; whilst the trees are quite as naked, and their branches quite as leafless, as during the winter season with us, unless, indeed, a solitary leaflet may here and there be seen struggling into existence. No sooner, however, does the rainy season set in, than the scene undergoes a complete metamorphosis; and one or two falls of rain are sufficient to produce it. The sands of the desert, which, to all appearance, were insusceptible of vegetation, smile with their carpets of verdant brilliancy, and are not excelled in beauty by our gayest pastures. The plains are covered with a variety of grasses, which afford an ample and acceptable subsistence to the flocks; the soil, from which every living thing had been banished, is at once instinct with life; the woods array themselves in all their splendour, and afford their refreshing shelter to herds of oxen and camels; the cultivated fields are clothed with crops of grain in every direction.

"The rains of a European summer not only renovate vegetation when sinking under the effects of excessive drought, but impart new life and vigour to the human frame. The fresh and elastic temperature of the air reanimates our bodily and mental faculties; the atmosphere, rich with the perfume of the glade and garden, draws us from our dwellings with its voluptuous breath; the heavens become serener, a fine morning ushers in a more delicious evening, and our whole soul is knit with greater festivity, and energy, and activity. Never do we enjoy existence so thoroughly as at such a moment as this. An effect, the very reverse of this picture, takes place under the Nubian sky. The first impressions which the novelty of the scene has excited are quickly succeeded by indifference and disgust. A damp, oppressive wind blows from the south without cessation, during the rainy season: our appetite fails us, our strength succumbs, and our mind is stultified, as if blasted by its malignant breath. A state of absolute torpor takes possession of our every sense. However heavy may have been the shower, the heavens never entirely recover their serenity, but murky clouds flit across their face, threatening a fresh descent. * * The great variableness of the temperature destroys the equilibrium of health;—the broiling sun of the mid-day is the harbinger of a piercing breeze: the atmosphere, surcharged with moisture, keeps our clothes and furniture in a state of constant humidity; and thence proceed stoppage of the circulation and rheumatic affections.—A thick stratum of viscid mud puts an end to all intercourse with the adjacent parts; and the camel himself, whom nature seems to have created for the peculiar use of these climates, becomes, for the moment, a useless encumbrance, though he is the only beast of burthen. Innumerable swarms of noxious insects—flies of every form and size—gnats and ants of various species, arise, gorged with a green-coloured liquid, from the slime of this universal marsh, as if they had been generated by putrescence; and they cover every hole and corner of the houses. Add to this, the roofs being composed of mud, on the appearance of an impending shower, the whole family is in a state of daily and nightly uproar, in their anxiety to provide against any forcible entry of the descending enemy.—And with all these miseries, the season affords no set-off, like our autumns, of multifarious fruits, smiling and

* "Sir George Wakeman. He was a Catholic, and physician to Charles the Second's queen. Being implicated in the popish plot, he was tried for his life; but the credit of the witnesses was blasted by the dying declarations of those who suffered; and he had the good fortune to be acquitted."

diversified pastures, the varied produce of the vegetable garden, or any of those useful productions, which render a southern autumn so delightfully attractive.

"Being at Sennar at the commencement of the rains, I quitted it to pass the remainder of the season at Chartum. The rains of the former place are heavier, of more frequent occurrence, and of greater duration; and are accompanied by a storm of wind from the south, which drives the rain with prodigious fury before it. So soon as the shower approaches the earth, it is dispersed and rebounds, whilst the wind tosses up the rain-drops, grinding them into such minute particles, that the ground appears covered with a layer of dense fog. These pluvius storms are waited upon by thunder, lightning, and sometimes hail; the latter, however, is a phenomenon unknown at Chartum. The clouds frequently descend and cover the surface of the ground; but at Chartum, which is close upon the skirts of the pluvial zone, the rains are later, nor are they so abundant, or so continued. The first of them fell this year on the 18th of July; and from that time until this day (the 31st of August), the fall of the thermometer remained constantly stationary between the 26° and 28° of Réaumur; nor did it rise, during that space, for more than three days to 30°, nor for more than one single day to 31°. Before the rains came on, and during the preceding months, it had risen every day to 33° and 34°. It must be regarded as a rare occurrence, that when the rainy season is at its height, namely on the 2d of August, the thermometer, as Bruce relates, should rise to 116° of Fahrenheit, which corresponds with 37° of Réaumur. It is remarkable, that at sunrise, and during the rainy season, the thermometer should have maintained nearly the same elevation of 21° and 22°, which it usually maintains in the hottest weather at the same hour. The cause I should assign for this fact, is the calmness which pervades the atmosphere during the night: it was seldom interrupted by the smallest breath of wind.

"Throughout these countries there are not more than three or four species of plants, though the magnificence, brilliancy, and verdure of the carpets with which nature temporarily endows them, would lead the observer to infer that they were the effect of a great variety of species:—these are confined to the *trianthes pendula*, the *boheravia repens*, and the dwarf *compoluvulus*, bearing a little white flower."

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

A New System of Treating the Human Teeth, &c. &c. By J. Paterson Clark, M.A., Dentist. 8vo. pp. 163. London, 1829. Longman and Co.

It is a strange thing, that the human teeth, apparently the most indestructible organ of our whole frame, should be the cause of more suffering, and perhaps of more mortality, than any other member with which Providence has furnished mankind. The ear, with all its fine mechanism—the eye, with all its fragile delicacy—say, the stomach, with all its complication and heavy business in the economy of life,—none of these give us so much trouble as the hard, compact, and well-guarded teeth. In childhood their growth is often fatal—in infancy their change is painful and disfiguring—in riper years they are almost to every individual sources of accident and agony—and towards the close of our earthly pilgrimage, the miserable skeleton remains of the once well-arranged

corps, continue to annoy the slippered Pantaloon still anxious to preserve a specimen of his useful, though tormenting auxiliaries. Under such circumstances, we turned with much curiosity to Mr. Clark's New System, especially as it professed to develop a discovery made by him of a certain mode of curing that "hell of a' diseases," as Burns calls the toothache, and also that dreadful disorder the *tic douloureux*. We accordingly perused this book with great attention, and we were struck by the absence of all quack pretention, and by the reasonableness of the arguments in support of the new mode of treatment. This was much in favour of its author; but—and there is always a *but*! It has been our principle, since the establishment of the *Literary Gazette*, to take nothing for granted which was susceptible of proof, and consequently to give nothing to the public with the weight of our authority (whatever that might be worth), the truth of which we had not previously ascertained by every, the best, means in our power. On this ground we have acquired that general confidence which we will never abuse; and it may be granted to us that we have not failed in the present instance. We immediately instituted an inquiry into the results of Mr. Clark's practice, and we even sent parties to him in order that we might form our own judgment of the effect of his discovery and mode of practice. It affords us pleasure to say, that the investigation has been perfectly satisfactory; and, in the very worst cases, conviction of the efficacy of both carried home to us in spite of the teeth. The chief secret seems to be the use of a particular cement in stopping decay, before employing gold or other materials as a permanent preservative; and also, another secret, not less sensibly felt by patients, that of easing the pain of toothache generally, in a few minutes—certainly not as done in South America (see our review of Thompson's *Guatemala*). These are great achievements, and well deserve the attention of individuals subject to these racking tortures, which are sufficient to embitter every enjoyment of life. What we farther like in Mr. Clark is, that he is rather prone to retain and not to wrench out the peccant tooth; he tries to make the bad tenant of the mouth a good one, and does not employ force to eject him, which is too frequently done, as we see from the prodigious numbers of deplorable-looking teeth which are usually displayed in the windows of dentists, of which a walk across the courts from St. Martin's Lane to Henrietta Street will afford abundant and disgusting evidence. Altogether, we look upon this as a very important discovery, which medical men will treat with great regard, and the heads of families hail with delight.

Deutsche und Englische Gespräche, &c. German and English Dialogues. By J. F. Reymann. 12mo. pp. 411. London, 1829. Treutzel, Würtz, and Co.; Dulau and Co.; Longman and Co.

THE study of the German language is daily becoming, as it deserves to be, more general in England; and as we are now well awakened to the value of the authors of that country, our sense of its utility is gradually increasing. This work is one of the numerous helps that have lately been put forth to facilitate the acquisition of the German tongue; and we are bound to say that the dialogues are numerous and ample, and comprise a great variety of subjects. The list of idiomatic expressions is also copious; and the whole is well calculated to forward the student in his

pursuit. Having, however, said thus much in just praise of the publication before us, we feel ourselves equally bound in justice to exhibit and reprehend the disingenuous and culpable conduct of its compiler. On looking over M. Reymann's work, it struck us that many parts of it were familiar to our minds; and we turned back to his preface for the acknowledgments which, in candour and honesty, we expected to find respecting the sources whence he had drawn his materials. But "there is no such thing;" and, on the contrary, only a statement that the present work was needed in consequence of the errors, expensiveness, and irregularities of preceding teachers. Now, considering how much M. R. has availed himself of the labours of others, we must say that this is a very unhandsome and unfair proceeding. We remembered, about 1825 or 1826, noticing, with high approbation, *The Linguist*, which appeared in weekly Nos., and was afterwards collected into two 8vo. vols. by Mr. Daniel Borleau, also the author of several other excellent elementary books; and we referred to these for some lights to guide us on the present occasion. Our surprise was certainly great when we discovered to what an extent M. Reymann had plumed himself in borrowed feathers. A more gross instance of barefaced plagiarism and thankless book-making never offended our tribunal. As the master of a "Literary Institution," M. Reymann, it appears to us, ought to have been ashamed to pillage a more modest individual engaged in the private practice of teaching, without paying him that public tribute which was due to his philological abilities; and especially from one so much indebted to them as M. R. has been. It is gratifying for us to render him that justice; and we need scarcely add to its effect, by saying that both parties are alike unknown to us, and equally indifferent, except on the pure score of merit.

It is not our purpose, nor is it called for, to trace M. Reymann throughout his unconfessed borrowings: a short sample will serve for the whole. His introduction sets out verbatim with the words of Borleau's little key, published by Boosey in 1825; and the rest of the sentence is from Borleau's *Linguist*, page 15. The next two periods are entirely from the same *Linguist*, page 8. In short, from the first sixteen 8vo. pages of M. Boileau's *Linguist* we find more than one half torn, to constitute an equal portion of M. Reymann's "Introduction to German Grammar;" which he with jocular truth calls an "*Easy*" Introduction, since, indeed, it must have been wondrous easy to him!

In all grammars and exercises it is evident that the grammatical remarks and the examples must possess a strong resemblance; but M. Reymann has transgressed every legitimate bound in his wholesale mode of plundering. And this is the more amusing to us, as we observe that, among the other peacocks he has stript, he has not spared Wendeborn, whose well-known grammar has run through many editions; and, what augments the humour of the transaction, has the names of Longman and Co., and Black and Co., also upon its title-page, as publishers. We dare say these gentlemen were not aware, when they consented to take a share in Reymann's work, that they were only agreeing to resell good slices of their own property in another shape. *Ex. gr.* from 233 to 256 of the former is, with a few slight interpolations, literatim from the latter.

We have deemed it to be our duty to offer

these remarks, sorry as we are to wound individual feelings; but in literature, as in every thing else, honesty is the only true policy; and we cannot knowingly shrink from reproaching the opposite course when distinctly in proof before us. Anger or ill-nature—the concomitants of disappointment and malice—are no ingredients in the *Literary Gazette*; the principle of which is the kindly encouragement of talent of every description; and it is only when influential individuals take what we consider to be an erroneous course, or when (as in this instance) the path of candour and even-handed justice is forsaken, that we, from the same principle, think it incumbent upon us to expose the offender.

German Poetical Anthology; or, Select Pieces from the principal German Poets: accompanied with Notes for the Use of Students, &c. By A. Bernays. 12mo. pp. 358. London, 1829. Treuttel and Co.

WE have elsewhere had occasion to mention the growing popularity and the high value of German literature in this country; and it gives us much pleasure to have to speak of so excellent an aid to the attainment of the language, and the love of the best authors, as this volume. Preceded by a clever, historical sketch of German poetry, a list of the most distinguished poets, and concise but pointed notes respecting those from whom the selections are made, Mr. Bernays has in every way earned our thanks and approbation. We are not acquainted with so pleasant and useful a book to put into the hands of students, nor a more agreeable miscellany for the advanced scholar.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris.*

IT was with much difficulty that I obtained a ticket for the opening of the Chambers, which is a *coup d'œil* truly imposing and interesting. At one o'clock the firing of cannon announced the approach of his majesty, who ascended the throne amidst acclamations of *Vive le roi!* He was dressed, as is customary, in the full uniform of a general officer. Nothing could be more kingly or graceful than his deportment as he saluted the assembly, which rose on his entry, and remained in a standing position until he invited the peers to resume their seats, which he did in the following words: "*Messrs. les pairs, asseyez-vous.*" The chancellor then gave a similar invitation to the deputies, in the king's name; and, after a pause of a few minutes, his majesty pronounced his discourse, which was frequently interrupted by enthusiastic applauses. The *côté libéral*, in particular, was loud in its marks of approval. The Dauphin and the Duc de Chartres sat on the king's right hand, and on his left the Duke of Orleans, who, *par parenthèse*, looks more like an Englishman than a Frenchman; the Duchesses d'Angoulême, Berri, and Orleans, occupied the tribune of the dauphine; and *les enfans de France* were between their royal aunts and mother. The Duc de Bordeaux wore the uniform of a cuirassier: to be obliged to stay quiet seemed not at all to accord with his lively disposition, for he yawned, whispered to his sister, and appeared more inclined to play than to contemplate the serious physiognomies of *messieurs les députés*. The galleries were chiefly filled with personages of high rank and ladies who were dressed in courtly splendour, which

much enlivened the scene. I observed several English women of extreme beauty, who attracted the regards of grave diplomatists; even Talleyrand now and then turned his eyes towards the fairer part of the audience, and seemed by no means insensible to the pleasure of contemplating their charms. This prince is considered superiorly ugly; yet never was wit so strongly traced on human countenance. The French say, *que c'est l'esprit du diable*: if such be the case, his sulphuric majesty must be a very captivating personage.

The second ball given by the Duchesse de Berri is said to have eclipsed the former one. Her highness was dressed as a sultana, as were also the young Princesses of Orleans; their ladies of honour were the Duchesse de Rauzan, d'Istria, the Countess de Vogüé and d'Avaray, who were in blue and yellow costumes. Dancing continued until five o'clock. Supper was served at midnight; but the ladies only were seated, the gentlemen *debout*. This custom is peculiarly favourable to ambulatory lovers, who have more than one string to their bows; as, instead of stupidly sitting during the whole of the repast by the side of one lady, they may make the tour of the table, and share tender sighings, compliments, and *des belles phrases*, amongst at least half a hundred. Time is precious to Cupid's votaries; and an evening passed at Paris, whether by an English or French fashionable, would be termed lost, if the list of his victims did not swell beyond the decimals!

The English public in Paris, that is to say the lady part of society, are up in arms against a celebrated queen of song, Madame Malibran, who a fortnight since gave a concert, to which none were invited, *dit on*, save those who could boast of having bent the knee before the throne of royalty. With regard, however, to this accusation, the fair melodist is innocent: foreigners of all nations were received at her musical *soirée*, amongst whom were several who had never even breathed courtly air. As for the second offence laid to the charge of Madame Malibran, it is of a graver nature,—*she*, in fact, not to be redeemed or forgiven; for who can pardon ridicule?—and it appears that the imprudent vocalist ventured to play with this weapon, having amused her audience with a burlesque imitation of English singing. This latter crime I fear I can neither refute nor palliate. I understand that a petition is forthwith to be despatched to the manager of the London Opera-house, to entreat, implore, and pray of him to decline for the future all further engagements with the ungrateful Signora.

Yesterday a grand vocal and instrumental concert was given at the Salle de l'Ecole Royale de Musique, in memory of Haydn. Very few attended it, pleasure being too much on the wing at this period of the year to admit of fashionables or fashionableness devoting a couple of hours to the enjoyment of harmony. The music of *Pierre et Catherine*, by Mr. Adam, is much praised by the connoisseurs of song: perhaps it may be very divine, but its beauties were lost on my ear; and had it not been for the noise of the numerous instruments in the band, I should have fallen asleep at the first representation.

Notwithstanding that the tribunal of exquisites or fashionables have decreed it *mauvais ton* to visit the *beaux arts* on Sunday, I went this morning to see the exhibition of paintings at the Luxembourg: the galleries were thronged by the tag-rag and bob-tail classes, consequently the odour of snuff, tobacco, and bad blacking, prevailed over that of *eau de*

Cologne and *otto de rose*. This substitute would have been insupportable, were not English noses corrected of their fastidious sensibility by their sojourn in this capital; but on *s'habitué à tout*.

I observed there were very few paintings added to the former collection: as usual, Cupids and Psyches abounded; Love on canvass, *à ce qui paroit*, indemnified for its absence in the heart; in the same manner as using the word *honneur*, dispenses from the necessity of practising it. The only Psyche which at all realised the idea, was that by M. Gérard: though perfect in form and beauty, it is tame with regard to expression, and the tint of the complexion rather of the jaundice hue. The crowd appeared solely attracted by the dying scene of the Duc de Berri: this subject, however, seemed neither to inspire sympathy for the sufferer nor horror at the criminal. On the contrary, most revolting *plaisanteries* were uttered by some of the spectators. The artist has admirably depicted the feelings of the different personages represented in this picture; the attitude as well as the expression of countenance given to the Duchesse d'Angoulême is most natural; she looks as if every sensation were paralysed, in fact, as though emotion were so powerful that "feeling seemed almost unfeeling."

Tout le monde is preparing for Lent, by laying up a plentiful store of sinning, which are all to be fasted away by devouring turbot, soles, salmon, with every species of exquisite sauce. It would be edifying, as well as amusing, to discover what kind of self-denial is practised by feasting on the luxuries of the ocean, instead of those of the land or air.—The grand mode at present with regard to evening entertainments, is to invite fifteen hundred people, when your apartments can barely contain half the number. A foreigner of some rank and large fortune gave one of those *grandioso* balls a few evenings since; but as the worshippers of pleasure deem every moment lost which is not dedicated to enjoyment, *Monseigneur* dined in town with a party of *bons vivans*, intending to be at home at ten to receive his numerous guests. The rites of Bacchus, however, were not terminated until eleven, when he set out for his hotel; but found it impossible to pass the long file of carriages which were occupied by shivering ladies who waited admittance. In vain the donor of the fête assured the *gendarmes* that he was M. le Comte D—. He was obliged to take his rank according to the law, "first come first served," and only reached his inhospitable door at three o'clock in the morning. There were twelve *couvert*s stolen at this same entertainment, fifteen shawls, ten hats, five mantles, and several ladies lost their bracelets, owing to the squeezing, pressing, and confusion.

Tout est héro, jusqu'aux ânes—for *les Mémoires d'un Âne* is announced as a work replete with interest; and, as biography is the order of the day, no doubt we shall have the whole quadruped race figuring in print.

I believe the law will pass against duelling; if so, what will become of poor honour?

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Friday evening, Feb. 20.

MR. AINGER delivered some observations "on pendulums, and the modes of compensation for temperature."

On the table of the library were specimens of ancient armour; an apparatus for making certain experiments on sound; presents of

* The first portion of this letter has been delayed for several weeks; but as its interest appears to us to be rather more permanent than the fleeting topics of the day, we have decided on inserting it, though late.—Ed.

metals chrome by Signor Nobili; of calcedony or hawk by the Rev. Mr. Cater; and also several contributions in literature.

COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

On Monday evening the second *réunion* for the season took place, Sir H. Halford, Bart. the president, in the chair. A paper was read on sudorific remedies, by Dr. Holland; afterwards the President read a communication which he had received from a medical gentleman (a Mr. Tollidge, if we heard aright) settled in the Azores, on the climate of St. Michael's: in this paper the writer states the superiority of St. Michael's over Madeira as a residence for invalids, on account of its more settled and agreeable temperature (never varying more than four degrees in the course of the twenty-four hours), goodness of roads, locality, &c.

The memoirs read at these assemblies will, in future, not only embrace the observation and experience of eminent physicians settled in our own country; but the contributions of the various members of the profession scattered over the face of the globe will also be received and read, thus making the College of Physicians the centre, as it were, of medical science.

MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

The Bishop of Bath and Wells, V.P., in the chair.—A paper was read "on the *Prunus Cerasifolia*," by Professor Tenoco, of Naples; in which the author states that the plant had been successfully used in the Two Sicilies as a substitute for the Peruvian bark. The right hon. the vice-chancellor was elected a member; certificates in favour of other candidates were read; one in favour of a medical gentleman who had been *black-balled* at a former meeting, was again read, and ordered to be suspended in the meeting-room, previous to a new ballot.

Dr. Churchill, in reference to this certificate, said that the "party" who had *black-balled* the gentleman in whose behalf it was written, had acted in a most disgraceful manner; that party had *black-balled* him merely because—*Cries of order! order!*

The right rev. prelate in the chair, with great composure, quelled the growing disturbance; and as there appeared to be no regular business before the meeting, declared it to be adjourned.

A good deal of acrid dialogue took place after the bishop retired: as it did not occur during the sitting of the meeting, it would be travelling out of the way to notice it farther.

There has been another meeting since, more pacific; of which a report in our next.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR MARCH.

20th day, 8 hrs. 37 min.—the sun passes from the southern to the northern hemisphere, and in equality of day and night prevails all over the globe,—the commencement of the vernal season to the regions north of the equator, and of the autumnal to those of the south. The sun, as seen from the earth, is in the constellation Pisces; and the earth, as supposed to be seen from the sun, appears between the stars α and β Virginis. 30th day—the earth at its mean distance from the sun.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

• New Moon in Aquarius . . .	D. H. M.	
• First Quarter in Taurus . . .	11 21 49	
• Full Moon in Virgo . . .	30 1 51	
• Last Quarter in Sagittarius . . .	27 19 19	

The moon will be in conjunction with

Venus in Capricornus . . .	D. H. M.	
Mercury in Aquarius . . .	4 10 8	
Mars in Aries . . .	8 17 45	
Jupiter in Cancer . . .	14 30 15	
Saturn in Scorpio . . .	26 3 45	

30th day—the moon will be eclipsed in the left wing of the Virgin, invisible to the British isles. Digits eclipsed $4^{\circ} 29'$.

13th day—Mercury stationary. 19th day—ascending node. 27th day—at its greatest elongation, and visible a short time before sunrise. Venus still continues a morning star. Mars shines with a feeble light in the constellation Aries.

4th day, 9 hrs. 30 min.—Jupiter in quadrature. 31st day—stationary.

Eclipses of the satellites.

First satellite	D. H. M. P.	
	8 16 35 48	
	34 14 51 9	
Second satellite	31 16 44 43	
Emersion	17 8 56	
Immersion	14 17 16 30	
Third satellite	3 15 7 59	
Emersion	3 17 25 55	

The diameter of the first satellite is a little larger than the second, the fourth is next in magnitude to the first, and the third appears under a greater angle than either: the light of the fourth is inferior to the other three, and at times very faint.

28th day—Saturn stationary. It requires an excellent instrument to see all the satellites of Saturn; five may readily be distinguished, the sixth only occasionally; the existence of the seventh has been doubted—great vigilance and an excellent instrument having been insufficient to detect it. The fourth satellite appears as a small disc $3''$ in diameter. When the fifth satellite is at its western elongation it is very bright, but disappears at its eastern elongation. The satellites have been observed as beads on the ring; when the plane has been in the direction of vision, the ring appearing then as a line of light, which beautiful phenomenon is a proof of its thinness, unless it be supposed that there is an atmosphere on its upper and under surface, which, by a double refraction, elevates and depresses the satellites.

Deftford.

J. T. B.

ANCIENT AND MODERN EGYPT.

Mr. Champollion's *Seventeenth Letter*: concluded.

On the 18th, in the morning, I left the boat and hastened to visit the ruins of Keft (Coptos), where there is nothing entire. The temples have been demolished by the Christians, who employed the materials in building a large church, among the ruins of which are found numerous portions of Egyptian bas-reliefs. I found there the royal legends of Nectenebo, Augustus, Claudius, and Trajan; and further on, some stones of a small edifice built under the Ptolomies. Thus, the town of Coptos contained but few monuments of high antiquity, if we may judge by what still remains on the surface of the ground.

The ruins of Kous (Apollinopolis Parva), where I arrived on the next day, the 19th, are much more interesting, though nothing remains of its ancient edifices but the upper part of a propyleum, half buried in the sand. This propyleum is dedicated to the god Arëris, whose images, sculptured on all the sides, were adored on that side which looks towards the Nile—that is to say, on the principal front, the most ancient and sculptured, by Queen Cleopatra Cooce, who assumes the name of the goddess Philometore, and by her son, Ptolemy Soter II., who also takes the title of Philometor. But the back-front of the propyleum, looking towards the temple—which is covered with sculpture, and finished with much care—bears every where the royal legends of Ptolemy Alexander I., written at full length. He, too, takes the surname of Philometor. As for the

Greek inscription, the restitution of $\Sigma\Theta\Upsilon\Phi\epsilon\zeta$ at the commencement of the second line, proposed by M. Letronne, is indisputable; for we still read very distinctly $\Theta\Upsilon\Phi\epsilon\zeta$; and that on the principal front, upon which are the images and inscriptions of Cleopatra Cooce, and of her son Ptolemy Philometor Soter II.

M. Letronne has incorrectly restored $\Sigma\Theta\Upsilon\Phi\epsilon\zeta$, where there should really be $\Lambda\Phi\Theta\Upsilon\Phi\epsilon\zeta$, the exact transcription of the Egyptian name of the god to whom the propyleum is dedicated; for we still read very distinctly in the Greek inscription $\Lambda\Phi\Theta\Upsilon\Phi\epsilon\zeta$. I also found in the ruins of Kous the half of a stela, dated the first of Paoni, and the sixteenth year of the Pharaoh Ramses Meiamoun, and relative to his return from a military expedition. I shall have a good cast of this monument, which is too heavy for me to think of carrying away.

On the morning of the 20th of November the wind allowed us to land at Thebes. This name was very great in my imagination—it has become colossal since I have visited the ruins of the ancient capital, the oldest of all the cities of the world. For four whole days I have been running from one wonder to another. On the first day I visited the palace of Kourna, the colossus of the Memnonium, and the pretended tomb of Osymandias, which bears no other legends than those of Rhamess the Great, and of two of his descendants. The name of this palace is written on all its walls: the Egyptians called it the Ramesseion, as they called the Memnonium the Amennophion, and the palace of Kourna the Mandouëion. The pretended colossus of Osymandias is an excellent colossus of Rhamess the Great. The whole of the second day was passed at Medinet-Abou, an astonishing assemblage of edifices, in which there are propylaea of Antoninus, Adrian, and the Ptolemies; an edifice of Nectanebo, and another of the Ethiopian Tharaca; a small palace of Thoutmes III. (Mœris); and an enormous and massive palace of Rhamess Meiamoun, covered with historical bas-reliefs.

On the third day I went to visit the old Theban kings in their tombs, or rather palaces, excavated in the mountain of Bilan-el-Molouk. There, from morning to evening, by torch-light, I wearied myself in passing through suites of apartments covered with sculpture and paintings, most of which are astonishingly fresh. There I collected facts highly interesting to history; there I saw the tomb of a king defaced with a hammer from one end to the other, excepting those parts on which are sculptured the images of the queen his mother, and of his wife, which have been religiously respected, as well as their legends. This, without doubt, is the tomb of a king condemned by a sentence after death. I have seen a second tomb, that of a Theban king of the most ancient times, which was subsequently usurped

* M. Letronne has already said whence his error arose. In his explanation of the inscriptions in the collection of M. Vieux, pp. 12 and 13, he expresses himself as follows: "As for the name of the divinity (of the temple of Apollinopolis Parva), Mr. Hamilton had read $\Lambda\Phi\Theta\Upsilon\Phi\epsilon\zeta$; but as the drawing by M. Jomard distinctly bears the inscription of $\Sigma\Theta\Upsilon\Phi\epsilon\zeta$, I of course preferred that reading; for how could it be imagined that a person would take the pains to make a minute copy of an inscription, in order to insert a word in it which does not exist! Thus I have again been wrong in preferring M. Jomard's copy to that of Mr. Hamilton. The original, without any doubt, has $\Lambda\Phi\Theta\Upsilon\Phi\epsilon\zeta$. And I must add here, that M. Guignart, who has paid great attention to ancient mythology, has long since expressed to me his doubts on the reading $\Sigma\Theta\Upsilon\Phi\epsilon\zeta$. From the name of Apollinopolis, which the city bears, he did not hesitate to believe that the word was $\Lambda\Phi\Theta\Upsilon\Phi\epsilon\zeta$. The fact has justified his conjecture."—Note by the French Editor.

by a king of the nineteenth dynasty, who has caused the ancient cartouches to be covered with stucco, in order to substitute his own; and thus to appropriate to himself the bas-reliefs and inscriptions intended for his predecessor. I must say, however, that the usurper caused a second funeral-chamber to be excavated to receive his own sarcophagus, in order not to displace that of his predecessor. With the exception of this tomb, all the others belong to kings of the eighteenth, nineteenth, or twentieth dynasties: but we do not find the tomb of Sesostris, nor that of Meris. I say nothing here of a multitude of small temples and edifices scattered among these great things; I shall only mention a little temple of the goddess Athor, dedicated by Ptolemy Epiphanes, and the temple of Thoth near Medinet-Abou, dedicated by Ptolemy Evergetes II. to his two wives. In the bas-reliefs of this temple, the same Ptolemy makes offerings to all his male and female ancestors, Epiphanes and Cleopatra, Philopator and Arsinoë, Evergetes and Berenice, Philadelphus and Arsinoë. All these Lagides are represented on foot, with their Greek surnames, translated into Egyptian, outside of their cartouches. This temple, however, is of very bad workmanship, on account of the era in which it was built.

On the fourth day (yesterday, the 23d) I quitted the left bank of the Nile to visit the eastern part of Thebes. I first saw Luxor, an immense temple, preceded by two obelisks nearly eighty feet high, of rose-coloured granite of the most exquisite workmanship, accompanied by four colossi of the same substance, and about thirty feet high; for they are buried up to the breast in sand. This also is of the time of Rhamses the Great. The other parts of the palace are of the kings Mandouei, Horus, and Amenophis-Memnon: there are also repairs and additions made by Sabaco the Ethiopian, and by some of the Ptolemies, with a sanctuary built entirely under Alexander, the son of the conqueror. I at length went to the palace, or rather the city of monuments, at Karnac: I here beheld all the magnificence of the Pharaohs, the grandest productions ever conceived and executed by man. All that I had seen at Thebes, all that I had admired with enthusiasm on the left bank, appeared miserable in comparison with the gigantic conceptions with which I was surrounded. I shall take care not to attempt to describe any thing; for either my description would not express the thousandth part of what ought to be said when speaking of such objects, or, if I drew a faint sketch of them, I should be taken for an enthusiast, or perhaps for a madman. It will suffice to add, that no people, either ancient or modern, ever conceived the art of architecture on so sublime and so grand a scale as the ancient Egyptians: their conceptions were those of men a hundred feet high; and the imagination which in Europe rises far above our porticoes, sinks abashed at the foot of the hundred and forty columns of the Hypostyle Hall of Karnac.

In this marvellous palace I viewed the portraits of most of the ancient Pharaohs, known by their great actions: and they are *real portraits*, represented a hundred times on the bas-reliefs of the outer and inner walls. Each of them has his peculiar physiognomy, different from that of his predecessors and successors. Thus, in colossal representations, the sculpture of which is lively, grand, and heroic, more perfect than can be believed in Europe,—we see Mandouei combating the nations hostile to Egypt, and returning triumphant to his coun-

try. Farther on, the campaigns of Rhamses Sesostris; elsewhere, Sesonchis (Shishak) dragging to the feet of the Theban trinity, Ammon, Mouth, and Khous, the chiefs of thirty conquered nations, among which I found, as was to be expected, written in letters at full length, Joudahamalek, the kingdom of the Jews, or of Judah. This is a commentary on the fourteenth chapter of the first book of Kings, which relates the arrival of Shishak at Jerusalem, and his success: thus the identity which we have established between the Egyptian Scheschonk, the Sesonchis of Manetho, and the Sesac or Schishak of the Bible, is confirmed in the most satisfactory manner. I found round the palace of Karnac a multitude of edifices of all ages; and when, after my return from the second cataract, for which I set sail to-morrow, I shall come to reside for five or six months at Thebes, I expect an immense harvest of historical facts; since, in running through it, as I have been doing for four days, without seeing even one of the thousands of hypogeums excavated in the Libyan mountain, I have already collected very important documents.

I subjoin the translation of a chronological part of a stele which I saw at Alexandria; it is of great importance for the chronology of the last Saïtes of the twenty-sixth dynasty. I have also copies of hieroglyphic inscriptions engraved upon rocks on the road to Cosséir, which give the express duration of the reigns of the kings of the Persian dynasty. I omit a multitude of other curious results: I must pass my whole time in writing if I would detail all my new observations. I write what I can in the moments when the Egyptian ruins allow me to breathe in the midst of all these labours and of these enjoyments, which would be really too poignant if they were to be repeated elsewhere as at Thebes.

I collected at Beni-Hassan many fossils for M. de Ferrussac: I have also found some very fine ones at Thebes.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

Oxford, Feb. 21.—On Thursday the following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—Rev. H. W. White, Fellow, Jesus College; Rev. W. S. H. Abraham, Lincoln College; R. C. Sewell, Demy, Magdalen College; J. Priestley, Trinity College.

Bachelors of Arts.—Lord H. G. Vane, Oriel College, Grand Compounder; R. Barney, Brasenose College; J. Wilson, H. Dyke, Wadham College; Rev. J. M. Turner, M.A. Christ Church.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

FEB. 5th.—A paper was read, entitled, “on the stability and capacity of rectangular floating bodies,” being a continuation of a former paper, by William Walker, Master R. N., communicated by the president.

The author having shewn in the former part of this paper, that the stability of compound vessels (see *Literary Gazette*, No. 630,) in as far as depends upon their form, is a maximum when the displacement they produce by immersion in a fluid is equal to half their magnitude, purposes in the present communication to prove that the same theory is true of all rectangular vessels, whatever be their dimensions; and also the following proposition, namely, that when either the length or breadth, or the length and depth are given, the maximum of stability takes place when the ratio of the depth to the breadth is as one to two. He enters at some length into the mathematical investigation of both these propositions: he observes, however, that in the actual construction of ships, many considerations should be attended to, independently of the attainment of stability,—such as velocity of motion; to obtain which

condition it is necessary to give the vessel as much stability as possible, consistently with the least displacement, so that the resistance to the direct passage of the vessel through the fluid may be reduced to a minimum. When the quantity of materials for building a ship of a given length are given, the maximum of capacity will be obtained when her breadth is double her depth. When the breadth is given by increasing the relative depth, the ship will, when immersed to half her magnitude, carry less sail at small angles of inclination, and *vice versa*.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

THURSDAY, February 26th.—Hudson Gurney, Esq., M.P., V.P., in the chair.—Mr. Ellis communicated a certificate of decays and repairs of the castle and town of Carlisle, dated 1563, and curious as illustrative of the state and equipments of a frontier castle.

Messrs. Thompson and Rafen, of Copenhagen, were duly elected honorary members of the Society.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

On Saturday last a very interesting meeting of this Society was held, the Right Hon. Sir Gore Ouseley, Bart., V.P., in the chair. Several new members were balloted for and elected; amongst them was Professor J. R. Eerde of Groningen. A paper by Dr. Bernhard Dorn was read: it was a description of the Astronomical Globe in the Society's museum. In his communication the doctor states it to be his opinion, that the Mahomedan Arabs carried the knowledge of the science of astronomy into Persia, whence the Greeks obtained their knowledge of it. Dr. Dorn then observes, that there are only three Mahomedan astronomical globes known to be extant, all manufactured about the same period; the first was made in Egypt, 622 of the Hegira, and is at present in the museum of the late Cardinal Borgia, at Velletri; the second was manufactured at Maragha (the court of Halagun Khan), in A. H. 680, and belongs to the Astronomical Museum at Dresden, where it is deposited; the third was made at Moosul, in A. H. 674, and formed the subject of Dr. Dorn's essay.

Sir Alexander Johnstone presented to the Society a set of forty-eight maps and charts of the island of Ceylon and its coasts; these, together with a number formerly presented by Sir Alexander, form the most complete collection of ancient and modern maps of that island extant. Several literary and other donations were also made. His excellency the American ambassador, and several other distinguished persons, were present.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

On Monday evening Mr. Westmacott delivered his second lecture on sculpture. He began by detailing the early history of Greek sculpture, and alluded to the discoveries of our countrymen Cockerell and Forster at Egina. Speaking of the marbles discovered by these gentlemen, the lecturer said, that whether they were contemplated for the light they throw on the state and style of sculpture at the period they were executed—for the information they afforded, both to sculpture and architecture, on the mode adopted by the Greeks in the decoration of their temples, or to the antiquary,—they must be considered as acquisitions of the highest interest, as supplying the lost link in the chain of art from the Archaic to the Phidias period. The lecturer then referred to the period between the Egina marbles and the age

of Phidias, an example of which may be seen in a statue of Apollo, in the British Museum: this, together with the descriptions left us by Pausanias and others, afford a fair idea of the style of that period. Mr. Westmacott then made an inquiry into what might be defined the essence of the Hellenic art, and into the causes which contributed to, or rather constituted, its charm. He next observed, that although the execution of Greek sculpture be frequently inferior, the whole displayed a grandeur of character which marked even productions of an inferior order;—in the higher examples, the uniting of action to expression, and of form to purpose, was so happily illustrated, that whether it be an Apollo or a Satyr, a Hercules or an Adonis, a Juno or a Venus, a Hebe or a Hebe—the personification is at once allowed as being not only the most agreeable to our conceptions of these poetical deities, but we feel that any other adaptation of form or character would dissolve the illusion. Touching upon the happy study and application of nature by Greek sculptors, the lecturer was peculiarly felicitous:—in the youthful and elegant tenderness, in the soft expression of feature and luxuriance of hair, the sculptor recognised Adonis; in the more vigorous proportions of maturity was found the Theseus; and from the inflexible neck and mighty shoulders of the Pancratiast was formed the Hercules. The image of Diana was seen in the clean limbs and activity of the Spartan girls; the ivy-crowned nymphs of Marathon dancing around the young Iacchus supplied the Bacchantes, whilst in the mysteries of Bacchus themselves were found both ample form and character to supply the god and the ministers of his unbridled orgies. The lecturer concluded by taking a view of metal casting, as practised by the ancients: he also noticed the history of bronze sculpture amongst the Romans. Mr. Westmacott illustrated his subject by drawings taken from the east pediment of the Temple of Egina, a cast of the Colossus of Phidias, also one of the head of the Juno Ludovici, and several others.*

BRITISH GALLERY.

No. 451. *A View of the Islands in the Regent's Park.* Miss H. Gouldsmith.—But half a dozen years ago, who would have imagined that so plain and unornamented a surface would have been thus suddenly converted into gardens and plantations, decorated with splendid villas, watered by extensive lakes, and transformed into every variety of beauty and grandeur which the pencil of the artist could desire? Miss Gouldsmith has here availed herself, with her usual talent, of one of the highly picturesque scenes which the Regent's Park now presents.

No. 484. *A Scene in Devonshire.* F. C. Lewis.—We cannot sufficiently admire this able artist's choice of subjects, or his felicity in the execution of them. His scenes have a grandeur and a solemnity, united with a freshness of tone and a vigour of pencil, which communicate to them great originality. They would impart a valuable variety to any collection into which they might be introduced.

No. 505. *Smugglers at Cards.* H. P. Parker.—At all times, and in all countries, robbers and smugglers have afforded choice materials for the pencil. The banditti of Salvatore take a high ground; they are positively classical, both in character and in costume; and, compared to them, the banditti of modern Italy, with their spoils and trinkets hanging about

them, are no better than so many dandies. Your English smuggler, however, is rugged enough, from stem to stern; and Mr. Parker has availed himself with great skill of the picturesque qualities of this amiable class of persons.

No. 509. *Banditti of Kurdistan assisting Georgians in surprising and carrying off Circassian Women.* G. Hayter, M.A.S.L.—Although by no means advantageously hung, this performance exhibits talents of a very superior order, and is worthy of Mr. Hayter's deservedly high reputation.

No. 513. *Part of a Village in Kent.* F. R. Lee.—There are few subjects more attractive to the artist than the English cottage or farm. We have already spoken of the talents displayed by Mr. Lee in his studies of forest scenery; we here find him exhibiting equal powers in the representation of that of the village.

Two of the small but beautiful pictures by Mr. Webster, which were mentioned in our last notice of the British Gallery, viz. No. 3, *The Prisoner*, and No. 4, *A Foraging Party routed*, were painted expressly for his Majesty; and No. 476, *A Society of Antiquaries*, by the same artist, was painted for the Marquess Conyngham.

We understand that we were misled by the Catalogue of the British Institution, in attributing No. 116, *Jan Steen's Proposal*, to Mr. Wright; for that, instead of being, as we supposed, only a happy imitation of the Flemish school, it is a *bonâ fide* Flemish picture, painted by P. Kremer, an artist now living at Antwerp.

No. 270. *View on the Thames near Putney.* C. Deane.—Although the pencil of this artist has been frequently and successfully employed on subjects of more extensive range, of gayer hues, and of greater variety of incident, this performance shews that he is equally qualified to represent the calmer and less obtrusive scenes of nature.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Princess Victoria. Engraved by T. Woolnoth, from a picture painted by Anthony Stewart. Ackermann.

A COUNTENANCE at once ingenuous and dignified, and in parts strongly reminding us of the late lamented Princess Charlotte. Mr. Anthony Stewart has shewn his usual taste and delicacy in this attractive and interesting little portrait; and it has been sweetly engraved in stipple by Mr. Woolnoth. The print is dedicated, by permission, to H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent.

The Passes of the Alps. No. IX.

By William Brockedon.

THE Passes of the Bernardin and the Splügen furnish the subjects for the illustration of the present Number. The former was begun, and, notwithstanding the interested opposition of the Austrians, completed, by the spirit and activity of the authorities of the canton of the Grisons; and the latter was subsequently executed under the orders of the Austro-Lombard government; so that the canton of the Grisons enjoys the advantages of two great roads across the Alps. "Ten carriage roads," observes Mr. Brockedon, "are now completed across the Alps, and others are in the course of formation; and over those barriers which were formerly considered impassable without danger, are now formed some of the best roads in the world. The Alps are unchanged; but man, by rising above his prejudices, has risen superior to their obstruc-

tions." The plates contained in this Number are: "the Verloren Lock in the Via Mala," "Coire," "the Summit of the Bernardin," "the Fall of the Moesa," "the Castle and Valley of Misocco," "Scene from the Descent of the Splügen," "Lugano," and "Covered Bridge on the Hinter-Rhin at Splügen." They are full of picturesque beauty; and, if need were, would render this excellent work more popular than it is. There is also, as usual, a map of the routes.

England and Wales. From Drawings by J. M. W. Turner, Esq. R.A. With Descriptive and Historic Illustrations by H. E. Lloyd, Esq. No. V. Jemmings.

THE four views which ornament the fifth Number of this national work are, "Entrance to Fowey Harbour," "Okehampton," "Lancaster Sands," and "Knaresborough." They have all the powerful characteristics of Mr. Turner's style, in composition and effect; and are admirably engraved by Messrs. W. R. Smith, J. Willmore, R. Brandard, and T. Jeavons.

Fisher's Illustrations of England, No. I. Fisher's Illustrations of Ireland, Nos. I. and II.

THESE are two more of those pleasing publications which the invention of engraving on steel furnishes the means of bringing out at a very moderate expense. Every Number contains four views; and it is intended that the whole work shall comprise an extensive series of representations of the cities, towns, public buildings, palaces, abbeys, castles, seats of the nobility, sylvan and river scenery, shipping, docks, streets, churches, monuments, &c. of the British empire; accompanied by historical and topographical descriptions. The literary department of the English publication is by W. H. Pyne, Esq.; the drawings are by Messrs. George Pyne, Charles Claude Pyne, Austin, Allom, &c.; the engravings by Mr. Robert Wallis, and under his superintendence. The literary department of the Irish publication is by G. N. Wright, Esq.; the drawings are by George Petrie, Esq., &c.; the engravings under the superintendence of Mr. Edward Goodall. The plates which have already appeared, with one or two exceptions, afford a very satisfactory earnest of the respectability of the work.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

STREET SKETCHES.

No. I.—*The Ballad-Singer.*

"As if the Streets were consecrated ground,
The City one vast Temple—dedicate
To mutual respect in thought and deed."—Wordsworth.

The dewy spirit of a summer rain
Falls not with fresher magic on the flower
Than flows sweet music through the soul of man:

The heavens were hung in melody; the Sea
Weaves music when she rolls her full-voiced waves;

The cloud-born thunders sound an organ-peal;
And every breeze hath music in its breath!
What wonder then, while Nature hymns
around,

That music is a sympathy to souls,
The bloom of exquisite delight?—From lips
Of beauty, like aroma from the mind
Exhaling forth,—or in the hoary aisle
Of dim cathedral dying slow away,—
Or, in some dream-built palace of the night,
Where angel-whispers make the spirit glow,—

* Προῦλὸς τῷ μύτρῳ ἐν Θεῷ ἀρμονία γὰρ τῆς
ἰστίης καὶ τοῦ ἰκονοματοῦ καὶ ἰσχυρίσιν.—Longin. Frag.

* Not being honoured with a card, we were not aware of Mr. Phillips's lecture at the Royal Academy.

How sweet is Music! — with the Light twin-born.

And thy sad voice, poor Minstrel of the street!
Hath sweetness in its sorrow; wild thine air,
And dim the meaning of that mournful eye;
Oh, yes! cold poverty hath made thee droop,
And nipped the health-bloom of thy once-fair cheek;

Pale-lipped thou art, and Charity may read
Upon thy face the story of thy life:
The damp night-gust, the stony bed, the gripe
Of famine, and that fever of a soul
That not a smile hath visited through years
Of deep despair, — hast thou not felt them,
maid

Of many sorrows? yet so sweetly flows
The tide of music in thy homely song
Of tenderness, that when I hear thee sing,
As in a vision, thou art beautified above
Thy lot; and, tripping o'er the green-dewed
hills [morn,

When young birds pipe their anthem to the
Like some bright creature whom the wood-gods
love,

I see thee, in thy youth's elysian prime.

That voice — oh, was it born of Misery?
Or, breathed by Happiness into thy soul,
When, hand in hand, o'er far, remember'd fields,
Down briery lanes, by margins of clear brooks
And chiming streams, she led thee in her love?
Hast thou not hallowed oft with cottage hymn
Some happy evening hour, and flushed the smile
Of holiness upon thy father's cheek,
As flowed his kindled feelings in thy song
Of adoration? — Minstrel of the street!
Whate'er hath been thy lot, thy ballads breathe
Of summer days to me; and from each strain
My heart can gather echoes, which have wings
To bear it downward into years, where lie
The buried joys that will not bloom again!

London, Feb. 14, 1829. R. MONTGOMERY.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

CHEROKEE NEWSPAPER.

WE have now upon our table one of those curiosities of literature, which, though slight in themselves, establish memorable epochs in the history of mankind: it is a copy of a newspaper (No. 34, October 22, 1828) of the nation of *Cherokee Indians* (*Arkansas*). It was but the other day, to speak in familiar terms, that the whole race of red men on the great American continent were illiterate barbarians, in a savage state; and now, within the compass of our own memory, we see a prominent portion of them not only lifted into civilisation, but affording that marked instance of its progress, a love of intelligence and literature—the publication of a newspaper.

Considering this document to be as curious in its way as that first* English journal which contained accounts of the Spanish armada, and was sent forth by the sagacious ministers of Elizabeth, to inform the public mind and allay the public fears, we trust our readers will be interested in a description of its leading features. It is called *Cherokee Phoenix*, edited by Elias Boudinott, and published "for the Cherokee nation" at New Echota. Subscribers who can read only the Cherokee language have the journal at a smaller price than those who can read English: the *Phoenix* is accordingly printed in both languages, and among the agents for the paper at New York, Utica, Poughkeepsie, and elsewhere, is mentioned "Mr. Thos. R. Gold (an itinerant gentleman)."

The first article, after the advertisement

* In the year 1598. We believe this first newspaper is preserved in the British Museum.—*Ed.*

giving these hints, is a Report of the "General Council of the Cherokee Nation," commencing with the "Message of the Principal Chiefs." It opens thus:—

"Fellow Citizens.—In addressing you on this momentous occasion, we cannot, in justice to our feelings, forbear a solemn pause, and with grateful feelings meditate on the many blessings which a kind Providence has conferred on us as a people. Although we have had trials and tribulations to encounter, and in some instances the sad effects of intemperance have been experienced within the circle of our citizens, yet there is every reason to flatter us in the hope, that, under wise and wholesome laws, the preponderating influence of civilisation, morality, and religion, will secure to us and our posterity an ample share of prosperity and happiness. Occupying your seats by the free suffrage of the people, under the privileges guaranteed by the constitution, the various subjects requiring your deliberation the present session will necessarily be important. The organisation of the new government, the revision and amendment of the old laws, so as to make them in unison with the principles of the constitution, will require your attention; and it cannot escape your wisdom that the laws should be short, plain, and suitable to the condition of the people, and so be well executed. The judiciary system demands your serious deliberation, and the mode for conducting suits in courts should be free from all complicated formalities, and no other form should be required than to let both parties know distinctly what is alleged, that a fair trial may be had."

Europe might derive some benefit from attending to similar improvements. We pass over other points in the Message, to observe that it recommends "suitable provision to be made for the erection of a *National Academy* at New Echota!" and fifteen miles square of land is proposed to be leased out, to create a revenue in support of this school-fund! The Message next adverts to some claims of Georgia for the cession of parts of the Cherokee territories, which are indignantly repelled; and we learn that a portion of the Cherokee people have been induced to emigrate and settle on the west of the Mississippi, as colonists of the United States, being bribed by "a rifle-gun, a blanket, a steel trap, a brass kettle, and five pounds of tobacco," each Indian.

On the 13th of October the national committee under the newly organised constitution met, and the members for Chickamauga, Chattooga, Coosawattee, High Tower, Hickory Log, Tahquohee, Aquohee, and A-mo-hee (two for each of the eight districts), proceeded to business. We quote the following as specimens of the rules least resembling those with which we are familiar in legislative assemblies.

"6. When a communication is received by the Committee from the Principal Chiefs or Council, all debate shall be discontinued until the bearer leaves the Committee-room.

"7. Each member that absents himself fifteen minutes after the time appointed (by adjournment) for meeting, shall forfeit twenty-five cents, and for every half-hour thereafter twenty-five cents more, unless a good excuse be made, which shall be adjudged by the Committee."

N.B. The principal chiefs, or council, seem to be equivalent to a House of Peers.

The following are also rather curious examples of the acts of the Cherokee Parliament—*de die in diem*.

"John Ross and George Lowrey were elected Principal Chiefs of the Cherokee Nation for the term of four years."

"A petition from George Candy was read, praying the National Council for a grant of a set of blacksmith tools, in accordance with a provision made Oct. 30th, 1820. Fifty-seven dollars and twenty-five cents was appropriated for the benefit of the petitioner."

"A resolution from the lower House imposing a tax of eight dollars on persons introducing shows in New Echota during the session of the General Council, was laid before the Committee, and adopted."

"On motion it was resolved, that the pay of the Judges of the Supreme Court be four dollars per day, and that their sessions be limited to three weeks in each year."

The National Council was organised October 15th, and *Going Snake* appointed Speaker! The number consists of twenty-four; namely, three for each of the divisions we have already enumerated, and singular to us from the following names of its members being mixed with others common to English and Scottish patronymics,

viz. *Sleeping Rabbit*, *Ten Nung-gee*, *Bark*, *Laughing Mush*, *White Path*, *Da-ye-ake*, *Ne-gah-we*, *Walking Stick*, *Turtle*, *Chuleo*, *Slim Fellow*, *Matoy*, *Cricket*, *Nah-hoo-lah*, *Si-too-wa-gee*, *De-geh-le-luo-gee*, *Robert Musk Rat*, and *Deer-in-the-water*!

Going through the Journal, the leading articles contain a letter from a Captain Rodgers, an address of Washington to the Cherokees in June 1794, extracts (foreign news) from English newspapers of August, and extracts from U. S. Journals relative to Turkey, Greece, literary matters, quotations from books, reviews, &c.; altogether, a very judiciously selected miscellany. Two advertisements close the third page, and the fourth opens with Poets' Corner, the rest being filled with further selections. The paper is about nineteen inches long, and twelve wide; in five columns, and correctly printed in a good type. About a column and a half is in the Cherokee character, of which, as a curiosity, we give a fac-simile, being entirely guiltless of knowing its meaning; so that if it be high treason, we trust to be acquitted on the plea of ignorance.†

MUSIC.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

THE first of these annual concerts, which have now uninterruptedly existed for nearly twenty years, took place on Monday last, before a crowded assembly of nearly 600 subscribers.‡ Whether conscious of the justness of reproach for last year's neglect, when in the possession of the first talent in the kingdom, and of the means for procuring any performer of eminence from foreign countries, the managers had evidently taken pains to make amends; and the gentlemen composing the orchestra exerted themselves more than on former occasions. The excellent direction of the two Messrs. Cramers also largely contributed to furnish the audience with a great treat.

As for the symphonies,—which, by the by, are always the standard pieces of these performances,—the Philharmonic might as well be called the Concert of Ancient Music; inasmuch as the same symphonies of Mozart, Beethoven, and Haydn, have for many years had almost an exclusive right of being performed here. The symphony in C minor of Beethoven, with which the concert opened, is, for grandeur and effect, especially in the last movement, quite unequalled; and any thing else succeeding this giant, unless it be an exquisite vocal piece, executed in a masterly style, as was the "Ah! si, per voi," by Donzelli, is lost, like a drop in the ocean. A double quartetto, for four violins, two violas, and two violoncellos—an entirely new species of composition by Spohr—did not please; nor would it have done so if the performers, Messrs. Weischel, Watts, Moralt, Lindley, Oury, Griesbach, Lyon, and W. Lindley, had been a little more inspired with it than they were. The accuracy of our former observations, that Spohr's music had better be left in the country whence it comes, was sufficiently proved on this occasion. It is learned and elaborate; but it is sombre, and will never be popular.

* In comparing these names with our own Houses and circumstances, we might suppose *Sleeping Rabbit* and *Deer-in-the-water* to take a strong interest in the discussions on the game laws; *Walking Stick* and *White Path* to be eligible for gold and silver rod; *Bark* to represent an English home county; *Turtle* and *Slim Fellow* to be apt to pair off; and *Musk Rat* to be a little entitled to political confidence as persons we could mention nearest London, with higher names and titles.—*Ed.*

† The example of the type not being ready, we shall give this specimen next week.

‡ The precise number of this year's subscribers is said to be 606, which is six more than the allowed quorum.

her. Respecting the two first violins, Messrs. Weichel and Oury, we might say—the one six years ago, the other as many years hence. Mr. Weichel has been too long out of, and Mr. Oury not long enough in, such first stations. Onslow's overture, "Le colporteur," was deservedly much applauded. Onslow is the only English composer whose works in the higher departments of composition, such as overtures, quintets, quartets, and trios, are highly appreciated in Germany and France, as is proved by the number of publishers who have brought them out. Haydn's symphony T (E flat) being rather antiquated, we pass on to Mozart's cantata, "Non temere," by Madame Stockhausen, accompanied on the piano-forte by Mr. Cramer. Madame Stockhausen is one of those singers who do not spoil any place; yet we like her better in her Swiss airs than in grand cantatas. Mr. Cramer's elegant accompaniment was extremely admired. M. Tolbecq, a French musician, played a concerto on the violin, made up of his own and Kreutzer's ideas, with considerable talent. Good bowing peculiarly belongs to the Parisian school; but their tone has not body enough for our ears. The composition was very uninteresting, and received a great relief from Beethoven's tertetto, "Tremate empj tremate," by Madame Stockhausen, Donzelli, and Philippa. The concert finished with Winter's beautiful overture, "Calypso."

THE MELODISTS' CLUB.

The second meeting of the Melodists' Club on Thursday was fully attended, the singing and music most delightful, and the whole went off with great éclat.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

The opera of *Il Itakana in Algieri* was repeated on Tuesday evening: the house was full and fashionably attended; and we were agreeably surprised to see the large assemblage of ladies in the pit. We amused ourselves with counting heads, not hats—for the ladies had the good taste to leave their monstrous umbrellas behind, and we found the majority in favour of the fair.

The beautiful ballet of *La Somnambule* continues to banish ennui from the boxes; the sleep-walker, in fact, keeps every body awake but herself. We think the band would be improved by the addition of two bass viols and two tenor violins; a better flute would also contribute to the general effect. We throw this out merely as a hint to the manager. Indeed, he appears to be deficient in instrumental as well as the vocal bass.

Il Conte Orti, so frequently mentioned in our Parisian correspondence, is announced for today.

DRURY LANE.

A MELO-DRAMA produced in 1808 at the Ambigu Comique, and translations of which have been performed at two of our minor theatres (Sadler's Wells and the Coburg), has suddenly, in consequence of the miserable spirit which characterises modern theatrical management, become the bone of contention between the two royal houses of Bow-street and Brydges-street. We have already so strongly expressed our opinions on this subject, that we shall not trouble our readers with their repetition. Our only consolation, and a melancholy one it is, lies in the conviction that this detestable practice brings with it its own due but certain punishment—ruin! ruin!

ruin! To proceed, therefore, to the play of *Peter the Great*, produced at Drury Lane on Saturday evening last. The above-mentioned melo-drama, *La Bataille de Pultowa*, mingled with another piece (we believe *Pierre le Grand*), has, by the tact and talent of Messrs. Morton and Kenney, two of our best living dramatists, been worked up into a very spirited and entertaining three-act play, which, if divested of all but two of the pieces of music, and some exceedingly gross *doubles ententes*, not at all softened down in their delivery by the fair lady to whose lips they were intrusted,—ought to become popular, and we hope will do so, were it only for the admirable performance of Young as *Peter Alexowitz*: he is "every inch a king," and the king he is intended to represent—bold, jocular, ingenious, violent, noble, and generous,—the monarch, the ship-carpenter, the hero, the architect, and the boon companion! — Like Henry IV. of France,

"Ce diable-à-quatre
A le joli talent
De boire et de battre,
Et d'être un vrai gallant!"

Ay, and to sing a capital song into the bargain, which we could go every night to hear. His bearing amongst the conspirators was extremely fine. His accosting the astonished ringleader,—"Koriat! we have rather a large assemblage of friends here," was enough to have paralysed the boldest rebel, by the quiet decision of the tone, and the eagle-glance that accompanied it. In contradistinction to this, was his good-humoured remark to the master of the dock-yards, in the previous scene,—"Now, don't be obstinate." But, indeed, every part of the character was equally well sustained; and we beg Mr. Young to accept our best thanks for the unmingled gratification his performance afforded us. The part of *Charles XII.* in this play, is neither as prominent nor as characteristic as its predecessor in the drama of that name. The scene in which the rival sovereigns meet, is the only opportunity afforded to Mr. Cooper, and he did as much with it as could be expected of him: Farren delighted us with an admirable portrait of an old faithful soldier; and Liston was as whimsical as usual in the very extravagant part of *Jasper Addlewith*. Miss Tree and Mrs. C. Jones sustained the trifling parts allotted to them with great spirit. Miss Love had little to do, except to sing, and, unfortunately, none of her songs were worth singing: two of them (the "Povera Signora," of Auber, from *Le Concert à la Cour*, and the pretty little air, "Petit Blanc, que j'aime," were entirely spoiled by the arranger. Mr. Vining was a little too noisy, and Mr. Aitkin a little too tame; but they are both sensible actors, and the former particularly useful. Our stage is sadly in want of young men who can be trusted with any thing above the delivery of a letter. The dresses and scenery, though not wholly new, were passably good, and effective. We must except, however, the red table-cloth worn by Mr. Younge, as *Prince Mensikov*, whose whole attire, indeed, was out of all keeping with the rest of the picture. The play was well received throughout, and announced for repetition amidst great and general applause.

The *Battle of Pultowa*, at Covent Garden, is a rather close translation of the aforesaid French melo-drama, got up in great haste, and totally unworthy of the talent which has been pressed into its service. There are, however, strange complaints of treachery. It is said that Morton, with a high salary as reader and judge of pieces presented at Covent Garden, had taken the hint from a piece submitted to

him, and brought out its likeness at the other house. In exposure, the managers at Covent Garden exhibited the naked drama on the night after its production at Drury Lane. With theatrical disputes we take no concern; but wherever treachery is committed, we would put a whip into every honest hand to lash it.

COVENT GARDEN.

THE Queen of Song, Miss Paton, returned to this theatre on Tuesday evening, we are happy to say, in excellent health and voice, and was welcomed with cordial cheering for several minutes by one of the greatest audiences of the season. *Oberon*, the last and finest work of that true musician Weber, was revived for her appearance, and she was admirably supported by Madame Vestris and Mr. Wood. A better *Elf-king* than Mr. Henry, and a livelier *Theramin* than Mr. Russel, are, however, indispensable. Neither of these parts have ever yet found fitting representatives. Mr. Bland was not equal to *Oberon*. Fawcett, the original *Theramin*, acted it, of course, well; but he was too old for the lover of Vestris, and he could not sing the music. Penson did little with it, and Duruset was less effective than Fawcett in the acting, and than Penson in the singing; yet (though it may seem paradoxical) was altogether the best of the three. The characters of *Roshana* and the *Emir of Tunis*, are (and, indeed, were always, except while Cooper was in the latter part) performed in the most slovenly style. These, though subordinate characters, are exceedingly important to the plot of the piece; the interest of the third act entirely hinges upon them: and we take the liberty of hinting to ladies and gentlemen placed in this and similar, it may be unpleasant, but necessary situations, that if it be worth their while to take their salaries every Saturday, it is their duty to execute the parts allotted to them to the best of their abilities. It is not because an author writes a bad or a dull part, that Mr. A. or Mrs. B. are to show that they think it so, or make it worse and duller by their neglect. We have seen the safety of many a fair drama jeopardied, and the effect of hundreds lessened, by the impertinence (for there is no other word for it) of actors or actresses showing the audience that they considered the parts unworthy of their talents.

This week, Mr. William Macready, the celebrated tragedian, has favoured his early friends here with the exhibition of his matured talents. Since his previous appearance at our theatre, he has reaped great fame and profit, both in America and France. On Monday he performed *Macbeth*; and on Wednesday *Virginia*. This evening his engagement closes with *William Tell*. His personification of the tyrant usurper may, perhaps, be equalled; but his representation of the two patriot fathers is unrivalled. The theatre has never been so well attended this season before. Mr. M. performed at Shields on Tuesday and Thursday.—*Newcastle Courant*.

VARIETIES.

Cabriolets have been recently established in Paris, in which the fares are paid at so much per minute; for a quarter of an hour 60 centimes, about 6d. English, are charged; and for every minute over, 2½ centimes, about one farthing. Dials are placed in each cabriolet, to prevent disputes about time.

The Colosseum.—Some great revolutions have taken place in this property, and a crisis in its affairs, which has for some time been

apprehended, in consequence of recent circumstances, has at length arrived. It is now, we believe, in the hands of creditors, to whom it has been assigned; and until projected arrangements are made, legal executions occupy and possess the whole painted capital of England. We are glad, however, to hear that the committee have agreed to finish this extraordinary picture.

A letter from Rome states that M. Chateaubriand is causing excavations to be made in the environs of Torre Vergata, under the direction of the Chevalier Visconti. The remains of an ancient edifice have already been discovered, which, judging from the fragments of marble, porphyry, coloured stuccoes, &c., that have been dug up, seems to have been of extraordinary magnificence. The noble vicount being present on the first day of the excavations, saw a block of fine statuary marble taken up, of which he has given orders for a bust of Poussin to be made, to adorn the monument which he is causing to be erected to the memory of that celebrated artist.

Longevity.—The French papers contain an account of the death, in the hospital at Lausanne, of a widow named Beaucou, aged 115 years. She is stated to have had good health until within a few days of her death, and to have walked about the streets of Lausanne without difficulty. The old lady was married to her late husband in 1814, being then 100 years of age.

Surgical Operations.—*La Clinique* contains an account of more than 400 operations performed by M. Dupuytren, the celebrated French surgeon, in the hospital of l'Hôtel-Dieu, in Paris, during the year 1827.

Theatrical Costume.—In representing *Cain* at the theatre of the Ambigu, the costumes are skins of beasts lined with white silk,—a mode of dress, we should imagine, totally out of character, particularly as the climate of Eden was rather too warm to support furs, and also seeing that, even in Cain's time, men and animals were on tolerable terms.

The *Clinique* recommends a very economical mode of purifying hospitals, prisons, and other places in which the air is infected: instead of using, as hitherto, the chloruret of lime, or soda in solution, it is to be reduced to vapour, with which water is to be saturated. Two pounds of oxide of manganese, and the same quantity of hydrochloric oxide, will, it is said, produce more than fifty gallons of gas, which are sufficient to saturate forty gallons of water. The expense, including fuel and labour, is under three francs.

Population of Russia.—January 1, 1828. The synod has just published the bills of mortality of the Russian empire for the year 1828. (It is to be observed, that these tables include only those who profess the Greek religion, as established in Russia.)

	Males.	Females.	Total.
Births.....	652,673	592,106	1,244,779
Deaths.....	600,162	577,689	1,177,851
Excess of births.	326,511	314,217	640,728
Number of marriages.....			386,377

Among the deaths of men there are the following:—

From 95 to 100	1,644	From 190 to 195	31
100 — 105	904	195 — 200	16
105 — 110	141	200 — 205	4
110 — 115	104	205 — 210	4
115 — 120	46	210 — 215	1

The table of the ages of women has not yet reached us.

The Largest Village in Europe.—In an extensive valley, about eighty miles from Pesth, lies *Czaba*, which, though indisputably the largest village in Europe, has not met with the

attention it deserves at the hands of modern geographers. It dates its origin from the year 1715; and, as John von Agoston, a Hungarian writer, informs us, contained, in the year 1826, the number of 20,187 inhabitants, all of them Slavonians, and, with few exceptions, of the Protestant faith; 1,923 houses, and 620 farms. It comprises a district of more than thirty square miles; its ecclesiastical edifices consist of one Catholic and two Protestant churches; and the majority of its population derive their livelihood from husbandry and breeding cattle.

Sculpture.—Mr. Allan Cunningham, it is stated, has remarked, that if the instrument by which marble busts, &c. are modelled after the clay, be placed in inverse or other positions, it may still be used, and with this advantage,—that it will alter the attitude of the bust or statue, and make it look any way, instead of being always the same in a hundred copies.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

It is a singular circumstance that at this moment each of the four academies of which the French Institute is composed has a vacancy, and all the academies will have to elect a member at the same time: such an occurrence has not taken place before since the creation of the Institute.

The *Casket*, a Miscellany, consisting of Original Poems, is announced for early appearance. It is to be published by subscription, for the relief of a family that has seen better days; and we are therefore anxious to recommend it to attention. But, indeed, it can hardly fall of great success, as it boasts of contributions of almost every name of note in our poetical sphere; including Joanna Baillie, Bowles, Colman, Crabbe, the Ettrick Shepherd, Hemans, Hook, L. E. L., Milman, Milford, J. Montgomery, Moore, Ople, Præd, Planché, the Porters, the Smiths, Dr. Richards, Rogers, C. Sheridan, Sotheby, C. H. Townshend, Twiss, Wordsworth; and also from unpublished works of Barbauld, Byron, Canzani, Heber, &c. &c.

The first great sale of books for the season is, we observe, announced in our advertising columns to-day. It consists of valuable foreign books and manuscripts, selected from the continental libraries of Mayans, Iriarte, La Serna, &c., and will last for four days. Some of the articles are extremely rare and curious.

Mr. Mill's Analysis of the Phenomena of the Human Mind, on which he has been employed for years, is now nearly ready for the press.

We understand that the Rev. Dr. Wait, of Cambridge, is about to commence a *Repertorium Theologicum*, or Critical Record of Theological Literature; in which dissertations on theological antiquities, the state of the text, and other subjects of necessary inquiry, will be contained; in which, also, foreign works on divinity will be condensed, so as to form a complete work of reference to the biblical scholar.

Dr. Robinson, of St. Croix, announces a Practical Treatise on the Superior Efficacy of the round-leaf Cornel in cases of primary or secondary Debility of the Digestive Organs, and for general Weakness attendant on Age, or from the enervating effects of the too free use of spirituous liquors and a tropical climate, &c.

The *Strasbourg Controversy*.—We understand that the Rev. F. C. Huenbesh, who lately translated the Bishop of Strasbourg's Answer to the Rev. G. S. Faber's Difficulties of Romanism, is on the point of publishing a Reply to that gentleman's Supplement; being a vindication of the Bishop by the Rev. F. C. Huenbesh.

Miss M. A. Browne, the author of *Mont Blanc*, *Ada*, &c. &c. is about to publish a small volume of Sacred Poetry.

Allan Cunningham is, we hear, diligently employed upon Lives of British Artists, Hogarth, Gainsborough, &c. &c.; to appear periodically, like Constable's Miscellany, the *Waverley Novels*, and other works.

The History of the Huguenots during the 16th Century, by W. S. Browning, Esq., is announced for early publication.

Dr. Lempiere has in the press a second edition of his Popular Lectures on Natural History; to which will be added, two Lectures on the Mammiferous Animals.

The system of gaming in the French capital, which has ruined so many English gentlemen, is, we understand, about to be unveiled in a novel announced under the title of *Ecarts*.

The Naval Officer is, we hear, written by a post-captain, and is, if report goes true, tolerably severe in shewing up the author's associates and the service.

In the Press The Protestant's Companion; being a Choice Collection of Preservatives against Popery.—A novel, entitled, the *Sectarian*, or the Church and the Meeting-House.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Lindley's British Flora, 12mo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Picture of London, 1829, with Views, &c. &c. with Maps, 6s. sheep. Longbellow, a Country Tale, 3 vols. post. 8vo. 11. 4s. bds.—Essay on Classical Instruction, 12mo. 2s. 6d. bds.

Classical Instruction, Ovid's Metamorphoses, 12mo. 2s. 6d. bds.—Spirit of the Church of Rome, 12mo. 2s. 6d. bds.—Crooby's Builder, 1829, 4s. sewed.—Morrison's Mercantile Precedents, 4to. 10s. sewed.—Home (the) Book, 12mo. 5s. bds.—Home (the) Account-Book, 4to. 4s. 6d. bds.—Illustrations to Heber's Journal, 4to. 16s. 1s. preface, 11. 1s.; India, 11. 5s. canvass.—Graham's Chemical Catechism, 8vo. 16s. bds.—Conversations upon Knowledge, &c. 12mo. 2s. 6d. sewed.—Notices of the Life and Works of Titian, royal 8vo. 12s. cloth.—Price on the Physiology of the Inhabitants of Great Britain, 8vo. 6s. bds.—Journal of a Naturalist, 8vo. 18s. bds.—Collections (the), 3 vols. post. 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d. bds.—Wick's (Rev. S.) Sermons on the Lord's Prayer, 8vo. 6d. bds.—Stephens on Obstructed Eternity, 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Segur's History of Russia and Peter the Great, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1829.

February.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday.. 19	From 32. to 48.	29.65 to 29.69
Friday.... 20	— 35. — 46.	29.65 — 29.69
Saturday.. 21	— 39. — 51.	29.25 — 29.11
Sunday.... 22	— 36. — 44.	29.06 — 29.30
Monday.... 23	— 32. — 40.	29.46 — 29.48
Tuesday.. 24	— 29. — 40.	29.42 — 29.48
Wednesday 25	— 32. — 43.	29.23 — 30.01

Prevailing wind N.E.
Generally cloudy, raining on the 21st and 25th, and a little snow on the 25th.

Rain fell, .525 of an inch.

Edmonton.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37' 38" N.

Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

Extracts from a Meteorological Register kept at High Wycombe, Bucks, by a Member of the London Meteorological Society. January 1829.

Thermometer—Highest.....	43.00
Lowest.....	8.75
Mean.....	30.36200
Barometer—Highest.....	30.07
Lowest.....	28.75
Mean.....	29.61510

Quantity of rain and melted snow in inches and decimals, 1.08125.

Number of days of rain or snow, 15.
Winds.—1 East—2 West—8 North—11 South—14 North-east—1 South-east—1 South-west—6 North-west.

General Observations.—The month was colder than in 1827 or 1828, and the quantity of rain and melted snow was considerably less than in January 1827, and not a fourth part of that in 1828. The mean of the barometer lower than for the last seven years. Snow fell on six different days: the whole quantity about an inch and three quarters in depth. A beautiful lunar halo observed on the 17th, about 11 p.m. The evaporation 0.06125 of an inch.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ The overflow of temporary and interesting matter, and a desire not to postpone till they are stale the favours of our advertising friends, induce us, thus early, again to present our readers with an extra half-sheet, *gratis*, on Saturday. Yesterday in Ireland, the *Naturalist's* Diary, *Use's* Geology, Letters from the French Egyptian Expedition, Account of the Sioux Juveniles, with many other new and striking articles, and the reports of the proceedings of ALL the great Public Bodies now actively employed in London, are intended for this enlarged No.

The subject of J. W.'s communication has occupied our attention, and he ought not to be surprised that we have not, at the moment, publicly addressed ourselves to it. To produce a weekly paper of the variety and research of the *Literary Gazette*, is, we speak it humbly, no light task; and when we are called upon to check the declension of English literature, by exposing the manufacturing system of publication and quackery now so injuriously carried on, we think we have a right to time for deliberation before we take up the question. We shall certainly apply ourselves to it strenuously; for the evil is great, and we request the aid of our correspondents, and of others who observe that the taste of the age in literature is undergoing a worse change, in consequence of the rubbish pushed into notice, and the exclusion of what is sterling and valuable, than has been experienced even by the stage. We pledge ourselves to make a stand in the common cause.

The suggestion of a Constant Reader has often been offered to us, and we would cheerfully comply with it; but, in the first place, we are not always aware of the prices of the books we review; and, in the second place, a stamp duty of 7s. would, we believe, be charged on every such statement at the head of our notices. Our weekly lists and advertisements always supply the information.

Blunder!—Had the following happened to say one else, we should have had a laugh: as it is, we can only confess its appearance in our own columns, and hardly cry. A paragraph found its way into our last week's *Varieties*, respecting some fossil remains discovered near Birl, in France; in which, on once meeting the original French account in *Le Globe*, we discover that the following ludicrous error of translation has been committed:—"A *black* nolk, black mud, or slime, is *exactly* rendered, a 'black' nolk tree"—a tree certainly new to us, but which we allowed to pass, not having the original statement before us, and as, perhaps, there might have been such things before the flood!

ADVERTISEMENTS

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

BIBLIOTHECA MAYANSIANA.

MRS. WHEATLEY and ADLARD will sell by Auction, at their Office, 191, Piccadilly, London, on Tuesday, March 16th, 1852, and on following Days, a supplementary Collection of FOREIGN BOOKS and MANUSCRIPTS, received from the Continent; selected from the Libraries of Mayan, Isidoro, La Serna, &c.

First Day.

Manuscripts and Lexicographical, among which will be found, *Arabic*, at the Office of the Editor, 191, Piccadilly, London, on Tuesday, March 16th, 1852, and on following Days, a supplementary Collection of FOREIGN BOOKS and MANUSCRIPTS, received from the Continent; selected from the Libraries of Mayan, Isidoro, La Serna, &c.

Second and Third Day.

Spanish Poetry, among which are, octavo—Padilla Romanos, Madrid, 1808; Tesoro de Varas Fomias, ib. 1807; Romanos de Sepúlveda, ib. 1808; Barbon's Collection of Copies, Madrid, Valadolid, 1808; Cancionero de Montemayor, Madrid, 1808; Oro Arca domado, Madrid, 1808. Quarto: Romanos general, Madrid, 1804, ib.; Segunda Parte, Valladolid, 1803, of the same party; Padilla, Epilogos, Pastoriles, Sevilla, 1803; Poemas de Culla, Madrid, 1803; Barbon's Collection of Copies, Madrid, 1808; Cancionero de Montemayor, Madrid, 1808; Oro Arca domado, Madrid, 1808. Folio: Obras de Ausias March, Valencia, 1808, first edition, of the greatest rarity; Dante, de Villages, Burgos, 1815. Curious Poetical MSS. comprising unpublished Works of celebrated Authors.

Fourth Day.

A Collection of Spanish Dramatic, comprising an unique Set of the Comedias de Lope de Vega, in 20 volumes, Madrid, &c. 1606 to 1647; El Bressi Reduendo, an original unpublished Autograph Comedy, and 18 other Autograph Comedies of Lope de Vega; Comedias de Tirso de Molina, 6 vols. Madrid, &c. 1627-1636; Comedias de los Pastores, 9 vols. Valencia, 1608-1616; Comedias de Calderon, Merito, Rouse, &c.; Comedias Escogidas, &c. 40 vols. Madrid, 1638-1704; all the Works of Quevedo, comprising 140 Articles never printed; Cervantes' Don Quixote, Madrid, 1608-1615; Autograph Letters of Father Isla, Barriel, Barriel, &c.; Escenas Nuevas de Geographia, Sevilla, 1819, the first Book in Spanish which speaks of America; Ordo Conica de la India, Sevilla, 1805; an original Will of Charles V.; a most extraordinary and interesting Volume of Papers relating to English History, including Philip II.'s original Private Instructions to the Duke de Medina Sidonia, when in command of the great Armada; a complete Collection of Documents relating to the projected Marriage of Charles I. with the Spanish Infanta; the Secret Correspondence of the Courts of Rome and Spain, from 1570 to 1585, relating to their Projects to restore Catholicism in England. These documents are of the greatest importance as they contain the secrets of their Authenticity to doubt whether can be raised, being the identical deciphered Copies of the Despatches presented to Philip II., with Remarks in his own Handwriting.

Catalogues will be ready on the 24th of March, and may be had of the place of sale, or of Messrs. Deighton, Cambridge; and of Mr. Tall, Edinburgh.

TO LADIES visiting the Metropolis only

For a short time, and wishing to embrace the advantage of such Lessons in Drawing and Painting (in Oil or Water Colour) as would enable them to continue their Practice in the Country without the Assistance of Masters—a Lady having a few hours unemployed during the week, would be happy to devote them to advancing rapidly as possible the Progress of Pupils. Address, post-paid, R. W. X. A. St. Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury.

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IN ITALY, at about Half-price. A Picturesque Tour of Italy, Illustrative of the Travels of Addison, Boswell, Ferris, and others, from Drawings made by James Hakewill, Esq. and J. M. W. Turner, Esq. R.A. embellished with Thirty-five Engravings by Messrs. Deighton, of the Great Russell Street, and J. H. & Co. of St. Paul's Churchyard, London. Price, 10s. 6d. Published at 10s. 6d. by Messrs. Deighton, of the Great Russell Street, and J. H. & Co. of St. Paul's Churchyard, London.

M. A. Nottall having purchased the few remaining Copies of the above Work, is induced to offer them, for a short period only, at the following reduced price:

Royal 8vo. cloth, &c. Published at 7s. 10s.
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The Sixty-Three Plates to the above, on India paper, in a handsome Portfolio, price 6s. 6d.

Nottall's Catalogue of Old Books for 1820, 1821, &c.

Just published, THE DEAD PHEASANT. Engraved by Henry, after a Picture by Mr. G. Lucas. Prints, 3s. 6d. Each Part. London: Published by Messrs. Bohn, and Graves, 6, Pall Mall.

Wolter's Nobels Defeated, Companion to the Noble's Nobels, Farrer's School Boy; and Sunday Evening, engraved by Henry.

This day is published, Number III. of VIEWS in LANCASHIRE; forming Part of the Grand National Improvements, and Picturesque Illustrations of the British Empire in the Nineteenth Century.

The Publishers regret that owing to unexpected disappointment No. VII. of Views in Dublin cannot appear till the 14th of the month.

Price, 4s. 6d. per Vol. 10s. 6d. per Set. All Bookellers.

Improved Short-Hand.

This day is published, price 5s. 6d.

AN ATTEMPT to REMODEL the ART of STENOGRAPHY, on new and more primitive Principles than the System of SHORTHAND.

By CHARLES LATHAM.

London: Published for the Author, by A. Hooley, Fleet Street. *Exerts* case laborious seems to be the studied maxim of the ingenious author of this little book; and its syllabic form for instructing the pupil in Stenography, is admirably calculated to imprint the lesson on the memory, and, by its simplicity, to keep it there. Indeed, the plainness of the characters and rules evince that kind of mind in the author best fitted for the study of the grammar of any language, even for that of symbolic grammar. It is certainly entitled to much credit, both for the neatness of his signs, (or characters) and the grammatical accuracy of his arrangements. — *Literary Gazette*, Feb. 31st.

MUSIC.

New Music.

Just published, by R. Hack, 4, Gray's Inn Passage, Red Lion Square.

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for the Piano-Forte, composed and arranged in an elegant pleasing Style, by T. A. HUGHES, for the express purpose of rendering the Practice that Instrument a source of Amusement, rather than a Toil, by blending Pleasure with Improvement. In Numbers, 1s. each; or Six Numbers, One Book, 6s.

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and to have, by slow aggressions, encroached considerably on the land. To prevent the repetition of the first of these inconveniences, and to check the progress of the second, the people of Gwaelod had built the stony rampart, which had withstood the shock of the waves for centuries, when Gwythno began his reign. Gwythno, like other kings, found the business of governing too light a matter to fill up the vacancy of either his time or his head, and took to the more solid pursuits of harping and singing; not forgetting feasting, in which he was glorious; nor hunting, wherein he was mighty. His several pursuits composed a very harmonious triad. The chase conducted to the good cheer of the feast, and to the good appetite which consumed it; the feast inspired the song; and the song gladdened the feast, and celebrated the chase. Gwythno and his subjects went on together very happily. They had little to do with him but to pay him revenue, and he had little to do with them but to receive it. Now and then they were called on to fight for the protection of his sacred person, and for the privilege of paying revenue to him rather than to any of the kings in his vicinity,—a privilege of which they were particularly tenacious."

While enjoying himself in his palace, the king, who was not fond of the sea, intrusted the charge of his coast to lieutenants; and the hint of our martello towers might have been taken from his policy.

"Watch-towers were erected along the embankment, and watchmen were appointed to guard against the first approaches of damage or decay. The whole of these towers, and their companies of guards, were subordinate to a central castle, which commanded the sea-port already mentioned, and wherein dwelt Prince Seithenyn ap Seithyn Saidi, who held the office of *Arglwyd Gorwarheidwad yr Argae Breninawl*, which signifies, in English, Lord High Commissioner of Royal Embankment; and he executed it as a personage so denominated might be expected to do; he drank the profits, and left the embankment to his deputies, who left it to their assistants, who left it to itself. The condition of the head, in a composite as in a simple body, affects the entire organisation to the extremity of the tail, excepting that, as the tail in the figurative body usually receives the largest share in the distribution of punishment, and the smallest in the distribution of reward, it has the stronger stimulus to ward off evil, and the smaller supply of means to indulge in diversion; and it sometimes happens that one of the least regarded of the component parts of the said tail will, from a pure sense of duty, or an inveterate love of business, or an oppressive sense of ennui, or a development of the organ of order, or some other equally cogent reason, cheerfully undergo all the care and labour, of which the honour and profit will redound to higher quarters. Such a component portion of the Gwaelod high commission of royal embankment was Teithrin ap Tathral, who had the charge of a watch-tower where

the embankment terminated at the point of Mochres, in the high land of Arddidwy. Teithrin kept his portion of the embankment in exemplary condition, and paced with daily care the limits of his charge; but one day, by some accident, he strayed beyond them, and observed symptoms of neglect that filled him with dismay. The circumstance induced him to proceed till his wanderings brought him round to the embankment's southern termination in the high land of Caredigion. He met with abundant hospitality at the towers of his colleagues, and at the castle of Seithenyn; he was supposed to be walking for his amusement; he was asked no questions, and he carefully abstained from asking any. He examined and observed in silence; and when he had completed his observations, he hastened to the palace of Gwythno."

Not obtaining access to the king—a matter difficult at all times—Teithrin sought out his son, Prince Elphin, whose misfortunes confer a title on this work. But, previous to relating their proceedings, we ought to state that both king and prince had been mysteriously warned to "beware of the oppression of *Gwen-hidwy*," i.e. *Gwen-hudw*, the white alluring one—the name of a mermaid, but used figuratively for the elemental power of the sea. This premised, it may be continued that Elphin, informed by Teithrin, thought it expedient to pay a visit of inspection to the worthy lord high commissioner Seithenyn (for brevity's sake we omit the rest of his unpronounceable name). Their reception is a capital display of the character of that exalted and jovial functionary.

"The sun had sunk beneath the waves when they reached the castle of Seithenyn. The sound of the harp and the song saluted them as they approached it. As they entered the great hall, which was already blazing with torchlight, they found his highness, and his highness's household, convincing themselves and each other, with wine and vassal, of the excellence of their system of virtual superintendence; and the following jovial chorus broke on the ears of the visitors:

"The Circling of the Mead-Horns.

Fill the blue horn, the blue buffalo horn:
Natural is mead in the buffalo horn:
As the cuckoo in spring, as the lark in the morn,
So natural is mead in the buffalo horn.

As the cup of the flower to the bee when he sips,
Is the full cup of mead to the true Briton's lips:
From the flower-cups of summer, on field and on tree
Our mead-cups are filled by the vintager bee.

Seithenyn ap Seithyn, the generous, the bold,
Drinks the wine of the stranger from vessels of gold;
But we from the horn, the blue silver-rim'd horn,
Drink the ale and the mead in our fields that were born.

The ale-froth is white, and the mead sparkles bright:
They both smile apart, and with smiles they unite:
The mead from the flower, and the ale from the corn,
Smile, sparkle, and sing, in the buffalo horn.

The horn, the blue horn, cannot stand on its tip:
Its path is right on from the head to the lip:
Though the bowl and the wine-cup our tables adorn,
More natural the draught from the buffalo horn.

But Seithenyn ap Seithyn, the generous, the bold,
Drinks the bright-flowing wine from the far-gleaming gold:
The wine in the bowl by his lip that is worn,
Shall be glorious as mead in the buffalo horn.

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The horns circle fast, but their fountains will last,
As the stream passes ever, and never is past:
Exhausted so quickly, replenished so soon,
They wax and they wane like the horns of the moon.

Fill high the blue horn, the blue buffalo horn:
Fill high the long silver-rim'd buffalo horn:
While the roof of the hall by our chorus is torn,
Fill, fill to the teems, the deep silver-rim'd horn.

"Elphin and Teithrin stood some time on the floor of the hall before they attracted the attention of Seithenyn, who, during the chorus, was tossing and flourishing his golden goblet. The chorus had scarcely ended when he noticed them, and immediately roared aloud, 'You are welcome, all four.' Elphin answered, 'We thank you: we are but two.' 'Two or four,' said Seithenyn, 'all is one. You are welcome all. When a stranger enters, the custom in other places is to begin by washing his feet. My custom is, to begin by washing his throat. Seithenyn ap Seithyn Saidi bids you welcome.' Elphin, taking the wine-cup, answered, 'Elphin ap Gwythno Garanhir thanks you.' Seithenyn started up. He endeavoured to straighten himself into perpendicularity, and to stand steadily on his legs. He accomplished half his object by stiffening all his joints but those of his ankles, and from these the rest of his body vibrated upwards with the inflexibility of a bar. After thus oscillating for a time, like an inverted pendulum, finding that the attention requisite to preserve his rigidity absorbed all he could collect of his dissipated energies, and that he required a portion of them for the management of his voice, which he felt a dizzy desire to wield with peculiar steadiness in the presence of the son of the king, he suddenly relaxed the muscles that perform the operation of sitting, and dropped into his chair like a plummet. He then, with a gracious gesticulation, invited Prince Elphin to take his seat on his right hand, and proceeded to compose himself into a dignified attitude, throwing his body back into the left corner of his chair, resting his left elbow on its arm, and his left cheek-bone on the middle of the back of his left hand, placing his left foot on a footstool, and stretching out his right leg as straight and as far as his position allowed. He had thus his right hand at liberty, for the ornament of his eloquence and the conduct of his liquor. Elphin seated himself at the right hand of Seithenyn. Teithrin remained at the end of the hall; on which Seithenyn exclaimed, 'Come on, man, come on! What if you be not the son of a king? you are the guest of Seithenyn ap Seithyn Saidi! The most honourable place to the most honourable guest, and the next most honourable place to the next most honourable guest; the least honourable guest above the most honourable inmate; and, where there are but two guests, be the most honourable who he may, the least honourable of the two is next in honour to the most honourable of the two, because they are no more but two; and where there are only two, there can be nothing between: therefore sit, and drink. *Gwin e eir: wine from gold.*"

We cannot quote so eloquent a speech as this, without recommending it to the study of many friends of ours, who are in the habit of emitting similar convivial sallies at taverns; its logic is undeniable, and it may serve as a model: but to our story. The prince having made some remarks on the insufficiency of the embankment, is thus answered by his host; and the application of the satire is too evident to need a comment:—

"Prince Seithenyn," said Elphin, "I have visited you on a subject of deep moment, Re-

ports have been brought to me, that the embankment, which has been so long intrusted to your care, is in a state of dangerous decay.' 'Decay,' said Seithenyn, 'is one thing, and danger is another. Every thing that is old must decay. That the embankment is old, I am free to confess; that it is somewhat rotten in parts, I will not altogether deny; that it is any the worse for that, I do most sturdily gainsay. It does its business well: it works well: it keeps out the water from the land, and it lets in the wine upon the high commission of embankment. Cup-bearer, fill. Our ancestors were wiser than we: they built it in their wisdom; and if we should be so rash as to try to mend it, we should only mar it.' 'The stone-work,' said Teithrin, 'is sapped and mined: the piles are rotten, broken, and dislocated: the floodgates and sluices are leaky and creaky.' 'That is the beauty of it,' said Seithenyn. 'Some parts of it are rotten, and some parts of it are sound.' 'It is well,' said Elphin, 'that some parts are sound; it were better that all were so.' 'So I have heard some people say before,' said Seithenyn; 'perverse people, blind to venerable antiquity: that very unamiable sort of people, who are in the habit of indulging their reason. But I say, the parts that are rotten give elasticity to those that are sound: they give them elasticity, elasticity, elasticity. If it were all sound, it would break by its own obstinate stiffness: the soundness is checked by the rottenness, and the stiffness is balanced by the elasticity. There is nothing so dangerous as innovation. See the waves in the equinoctial storms, dashing and clashing, roaring and pouring, spattering and battering, rattling and battling against it. I would not be so presumptuous as to say I could build any thing that would stand against them half an hour; and here this immortal old work—which God forbid the finger of modern mason should bring into jeopardy!—this immortal work has stood for centuries, and will stand for centuries more, if we let it alone. It is well: it works well: let well alone. Cup-bearer, fill. It was half rotten when I was born, and that is a conclusive reason why it should be three parts rotten when I die.' The whole body of the high commission roared approbation. 'And after all,' said Seithenyn, 'the worst that could happen would be the overflow of a spring-tide, for that was the worst that happened before the embankment was thought of; and, if the high water should come in, as it did before, the low water would go out again, as it did before. We should be no deeper in it than our ancestors were, and we could mend as easily as they could make.' 'The level of the sea,' said Teithrin, 'is materially altered.' 'The level of the sea!' exclaimed Seithenyn. 'Who ever heard of such a thing as altering the level of the sea? Alter the level of that bowl of wine before you, in which, as I sit here, I see a very ugly reflection of your very good-looking face. Alter the level of that: drink up the reflection: let me see the face without the reflection, and leave the sea to level itself.' 'Not to level the embankment,' said Teithrin. 'Good, very good,' said Seithenyn. 'I love a smart saying, though it hits at me. But whether yours is a smart saying or no, I do not very clearly see; and, whether it hits at me or no, I do not very sensibly feel. But all is one. Cupbearer, fill.' 'I think,' pursued Seithenyn, looking as intently as he could at Teithrin ap Tathral, 'I have seen something very like you before. There was a fellow here the other day very like you: he stayed here some time; he would not talk;

he did nothing but drink: he used to drink till he could not stand, and then he went walking about the embankment. I suppose he thought it wanted mending; but he did not say any thing. If he had, I should have told him to embank his own throat, to keep the liquor out of that. That would have posed him: he could not have answered that: he would not have had a word to say for himself after that.' 'He must have been a miraculous person,' said Teithrin, 'to walk when he could not stand.' 'All is one for that,' said Seithenyn. 'Cupbearer, fill.' 'Prince Seithenyn,' said Elphin, 'if I were not aware that wine speaks in the silence of reason, I should be astonished at your strange vindication of your neglect of duty, which I take shame to myself for not having sooner known and remedied. The wise bard has well observed, 'Nothing is done without the eye of the king.' 'I am very sorry,' said Seithenyn, 'that you see things in a wrong light; but we will not quarrel, for three reasons: first, because you are the son of the king, and may do and say what you please, without any one having a right to be displeased; second, because I never quarrel with a guest, even if he grows riotous in his cups; third, because there is nothing to quarrel about; and perhaps that is the best reason of the three; or rather the first is the best, because you are the son of the king; and the third is the second, that is, the second best, because there is nothing to quarrel about; and the second is nothing to the purpose, because, though guests will grow riotous in their cups, in spite of my good orderly example, God forbid I should say that is the case with you. And I completely agree in the truth of your remark, that reason speaks in the silence of wine.'"

In the midst of this discussion, the sea breaks in, the towers fall, the fertile land is inundated, Seithenyn leaps into the flood; while his visitors, his beautiful daughter Angharad, his bard, and some of his household, escape along the ridge of the embankment.

"King Gwythno had feasted joyously, and had sung his new ode to a chosen party of his admiring subjects, amidst their, of course, enthusiastic applause. He heard the storm raging without, as he laid himself down to rest; he thought it a very hard case for those who were out in it, especially on the sea; congratulated himself on his own much more comfortable condition; and went to sleep with a pious reflection on the goodness of Providence to himself. He was roused from a pleasant dream by a confused and tumultuous dissonance, that mingled with the roar of the tempest. Rising with much reluctance, and looking forth from his window, he beheld in the moonlight a half-naked multitude, larger than his palace thrice multiplied could have contained, pressing round the gates, and clamouring for admission and shelter; while beyond them his eye fell on the phenomenon of stormy waters, rolling in the place of the fertile fields from which he derived his revenue. Gwythno, though a king, and his own laureate, was not without sympathy for the people who had the honour and happiness of victualling his royal house; and he issued forth on his balcony full of perplexities and alarms, stunned by the sudden sense of the half-understood calamity, and his head still dizzy from the effects of abruptly-broken sleep, and the vapours of the overnight's glorious festival. Gwythno was altogether a reasonably good sort of person, and a poet of some note. His people were somewhat proud of him on the latter score,

and very fond of him on the former; for even the weak part of those homely virtues that draw the memories of 'husbands kind and fathers dear' in every churchyard, are matters of plebeian admiration in the persons of royalty; and every tangible point in every such virtue so located, becomes a convenient peg for the suspension of love and loyalty. While, therefore, they were unanimous in consigning the soul of Seithenyn to a place that no well-bred divine will name to a polite congregation, they overflowed, in the abundance of their own griefs, with a portion of sympathy for Gwythno, and saluted him, as he issued forth on his balcony, with a hearty *Duw cadw y Brenin*, or God save the King, which he returned with a benevolent wave of the hand; but they followed it up by an intense vociferation for food and lodging, which he received with a painful shake of the head."

Gwythno's kingdom is thus submerged and ruined, and himself and family reduced to a meaner subsistence on the fish of the river, a small mountain track, and the attachment of a few surviving subjects. Elphin, however, espouses Angharad, and they have a lovely daughter: about the same time a male child is found in a coracle in the fishing weir of the river, who turns out to be the famous bard Taliesin. Speaking of him, the author draws a humorous picture of the olden times, contrasting them with our improved and enlightened epoch. We can only select parts.

"As Taliesin grew up, Gwythno instructed him in all the knowledge of the age, which was of course not much, in comparison with ours. The science of political economy was sleeping in the womb of time. The advantage of growing rich by getting into debt and paying interest, was altogether unknown: the safe and economical currency, which is produced by a man writing his name on a bit of paper, for which other men give him their property, and which he is always ready to exchange for another bit of paper, of an equally safe and economical manufacture, being also equally ready to render his own person, at a moment's notice, as impalpable as the metal which he promises to pay—is a stretch of wisdom to which the people of those days had nothing to compare. They had no steam-engines, with fires as eternal as those of the nether world, wherein the squabbling many, from infancy to age, might be turned into component portions of machinery for the benefit of the purple-faced few. They could neither poison the air with gas, nor the waters with its dregs: in short, they made their money of metal, and breathed pure air, and drank pure water, like unscentific barbarians. Of moral science they had little; but metals, without science, they had about the same as we have. They had a number of fine precepts, partly from their religion, partly from their bards, which they remembered in their liquor, and forgot in their business. Political science they had none. . . . Still they want to work politically much as we do. The powerful took all they could get from their subjects and neighbours; and called something or other sacred and glorious when they wanted the people to fight for them. . . .

There was no liberty of the press, because there was no press; but there was liberty of speech in the courts, whose persons were inviolable, and the general motto of their order was *y Gwir ydychyd*—the truth against the world. If any of them, instead of acting up to this splendid profession, chose to advance their personal fortunes by appealing to the selfishness, the passions, and the prejudices, of kings, nobles,

and the rabble, our free-press gentry may afford them a little charity out of the excess of their own virtue.

The laws lay in a small compass; every bard had those of his own community by heart. The king or chief was the judge; the plaintiff and defendant told their own story; and the cause was disposed of in one hearing. We may well boast of the progress of light, when we turn from this picture to the statutes at large, and the Court of Chancery; and we may indulge in a pathetic reflection on our sweet-faced myriads of 'learned friends,' who would be under the unpleasant necessity of suspending themselves by the neck, if this barbaric 'practice of the courts' were suddenly revived.

"As the people did not read the Bible, and had no religious tracts, their religion, it may be assumed, was not very pure. The rabble of Britons must have seen little more than the superficial facts, that the lands, revenues, privileges, and so forth, which once belonged to Druids and so forth, now belonged to abbots, bishops, and so forth, who, like their extruded precursors, walked occasionally in a row, chanting unintelligible words, and never speaking in common language but to exhort the people to fight; having, indeed, better notions than their predecessors of building, apparel, and cookery; and a better knowledge of the means of obtaining good wine, and of the final purpose for which it was made. They were observant of all matters of outward form, and tradition even places among them personages who were worthy to have founded a society for the suppression of vice. It is recorded in the Triads, that 'Gwrgi Gwrlwyd killed a male and female of the Cymry daily, and devoured them; and on the Saturday he killed two of each, that he might not kill on the Sunday!' This can only be a type of some sanctimonious hero, who made a cloak of piety for oppressing the poor.

"When any of the Romans or Saxons, who invaded the island, fell into the hands of the Britons, before the introduction of Christianity, they were handed over to the Druids, who sacrificed them, with pious ceremonies, to their goddess Andraste. These human sacrifices have done much injury to the Druidical character amongst us, who never practise them in the same way. They lacked, it must be confessed, some of our light, and also some of our prisons. They lacked some of our light to enable them to perceive, that the act of coming in great multitudes, with fire and sword, to the remote dwellings of peaceable men, with the premeditated design of cutting their throats, ravishing their wives and daughters, killing their children, and appropriating their worldly goods, belongs not to the department of murder and robbery, but to that of legitimate war, of which all the practitioners are gentlemen, and entitled to be treated like gentlemen."

Shall we be excused, after whetting the appetites of readers with these provoking allusions, if we leave the rest of the banquet to be partaken at the original hostelry? Yes, we must leave many pieces of pleasing poetry suggested by the ancient bards; we must leave the adventures of many British kings; we must leave Arthur and his court; we must leave the feasts of Yule, and other glorious feasting; we must even leave the resuscitated hero of them all, the bibacious Seithenyn, and all the laughable scenes in which he figures supreme,—to be enjoyed over the Misfortunes of Elphin. All that we shall add is, that some sweet, though brief, touches of picturesque description give

variety to one of the most amusing volumes which we have perused for a long, long time.

Yesterday in Ireland. By the Author of "Today in Ireland." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1829. Colburn.

It is a curious fact, that as history in the present day furnishes materials for the novel, so in a few succeeding years the novel may give many a useful hint for history. This is especially the case with those whose scenes and events are laid in Ireland; and the work before us is acceptable as belonging to this class. It is a clever picture, and we should think as impartially drawn as is possible for one who is himself interested in the subject; but this view of it we leave to the political critic, and content ourselves with doing justice to its literary merit. In minute portraiture of character; in analysis of those slight circumstances which are yet so powerful when they act on the feelings; in occasional observations, often as neatly turned as they are shrewd—our author is among the happiest of his brethren: in the conduct of his story he is less so—it wants what an artist would call foreshortening. The first, Vandeleur, is by far the best. Perhaps the following love-tale will be as acceptable to our readers, and shew the writer's style as well, as any specimen we could choose from the lighter parts:—

"When O'Mahon arrived in France, and had been placed by the interest of Lord Lucan in the body-guard of the king, the sudden change from the solitude of Corramahon, and the society of serfs or barbarians, to the brilliant and seductive court of Versailles, could not but have its natural effect upon one so young. The scene seemed unreal, so bright was it, so happy, so gay! The metamorphosis seemed a dream; and not the more permanent, but the fantastic realisation of some of the most gorgeous pictures of the Arabian Nights, would scarcely have produced a more bewitching and intoxicating illusion. When the imagination is thus heated, the heart is most susceptible, and less guarded from the attack of wild and ambitious passion by the sober whisper of reason. The young *garde*, or page,—for he was no more,—too, shone in all the beauty and health of Irish high birth and rustic breeding. His race and caste had not then sunk, as since, into vulgarity and self-neglect. It was yet the companion of monarchs, and of a monarch's followers; and in the still-upheld balance of parties, the old Irish Catholic families had not so utterly sunk into insignificance and servitude as they had since been driven. At least, the effect of this had not time to shew itself upon themselves and their children. No marvel, then, that bright eyes were attracted to bestow a passing glance upon young O'Mahon; less marvel that he should return them, and that glances so meeting and so exchanged betwixt the lovely and the young, should call forth mutual blushing, which should serve as little mementos; and thence, recurring to the thought, should be laid hold upon as stuff wherewith fancy might form a hero or a mistress, or whereon she might build a fair fabric in the air. It was after this manner that the image of Lady Susan Talbot had been impressed upon the vision of young O'Mahon, and had continued the object of his reveries. A year had elapsed and advanced him in growth and services, ere circumstances allowed him to approach the mistress of his thoughts, to address to her the words of politeness and of gallantry, then and there anonymous. This forced silence and brooding

served to stamp deeper the precocious passion of the youth. The lady was either a grand-niece or grand-daughter of Lord Tyrconnel, who had been James's favourite, his lord-lieutenant in Ireland, and his companion in exile. In rank, in short, and state,* she was a star far above the cadet of a fallen Irish family, a mere body-guard in the service of the French king, who himself had often honoured Lady Susan with his attentions and smiles. She was lovely, indeed, as the imagination of youth, for once truth-telling, depicted her to young O'Mahon. In addition to these many and obvious causes of impediment and hopelessness was, that the lady was his elder; not very many years certainly; but still as we ascend the hill of life, whereon all look forward, at most on each side of them, but never revert their gaze, a few steps in advance is a greater separation than treble the interval upon life's summit or decline. Nevertheless, with the ardour and defiance of either probability or consequence that distinguishes an Irishman's daring, whether in love or in ambition, the stripling O'Mahon hoped, and dared, and even spoke. The latter probably he would not have ventured, but upon some provocation, some sparkling smile, which, though it might have been half excited by his audacity, appeared to him, naturally enough, a flattering though not unjust appreciation of his sincerity and warmth. The youth was eloquent—he was impassioned; and his earnestness and feeling spoke for him beyond his years. The lady listened, and listened, as she could alone listen to such a suitor, in secret. She was at the moment heart-free and suitor-free, and she replied to the youth's passion with a warmth that satisfied him, and with words that raised him to the paradise of his age. To both the hour was sweet—with him it was a lasting sweet. The intoxicating thought of being loved, brought, every hour he pondered longer upon it, still deeper, still more rapturous enthusiasm. With the lovely and mature Lady Susan it was otherwise. She was of that age when, indeed, prudence, mere worldly prudence, that of vanity or ambition, is often sacrificed at the shrine of passion; but she was also of the rational age and time when passion and all else is sacrificed to a fear of ridicule; and loving a boy was ridiculous. She therefore, having elevated poor Roger O'Mahon to the fool's paradise, and having rocked him there a given time to the most luscious of dreams and slumbers, roused him rather abruptly and cruelly from it, by espousing, one bright morning, in the chapel of St. Germain, Lord Auchinleck, a young Jacobite noble, who had preserved a considerable portion of the wreck of his fortunes, and who was prepared to devote both them and his zeal to the cause of the Stuarts. This was a dreadful blow to young O'Mahon, who fell senseless on the news; was taken with a fever in consequence; was long confined and in danger; interested the whole court when the story became known; and started from his illness with such notoriety, and such a character for sensibility, that could he have mustered up heart and courage for gallantry afresh, he might certainly have succeeded with the proudest and the fairest of Versailles. Roger O'Mahon, however, was vastly ashamed of his thus acquired celebrity. He regretted it, though it advanced him; for he was instantly appointed to a favoured regiment. Less honourable causes of promotion have been attended to; but at the same time

he felt that it communicated to him an air of burlesque that he could not shake off. He was too chivalrous to hate the sex; he, however, all but hated it. He dreaded it, and kept his heart, for a long time after, mailed against all its fascinations. He did not indeed fly society; the officer of an active corps has neither leisure nor opportunity for misanthropy. He mingled as before, was as gay, as gallant, and was not the less agreeable or the less sentimental for the little ordeal he had passed. On the contrary, it made him free of many secrets, and gave him a talisman to make his way into the good graces of many; himself secure, it taught him to extract the sweet, and defy the poison."

The lady's consolation after long absence is characteristic, and we pick it out as one of the best bits.

"A boyish passion, in which the disappointment that was natural and unavoidable must have awakened in you a world of sad and tender melancholy pleasures, that else you had not known. Without that cross, my friend, you had scarcely known what love was; for want of the bitters, you had never prized its sweets. Success would have ruined thee, sealed up the fountains of your heart, and made you one of those pert and idle coxcombs whose heads have been addled, and their hearts hollowed, by facile and early conquest."

One or two chance observations, and we have done.

"It is by no means, as wise moralists have said, in sorrow that we need friend or consolation. Grief may be indeed diverted by the expressing of it; the telling of it; but this is an unworthy trick; and the true feeling of sorrow would never allow of such alleviation. It is rather in the first moments of recovery from sadness that we need a friend,—that the ideas take the road to the tongue,—that we demand society or can enjoy it."

"There is for me little to admire in the over-ornamented environs of a wealthy or capital town. The crowded villas, the trim enclosures, the spruce knots of ever-greens and exotics—every object too fine and orderly for Nature—the very grass too green, its over-luxuriance suggesting not its beauty, but its filthy and artificial cause—all these, whatever be the natural beauties of the thickly planted and tenanted circle, fail utterly in inspiring one idea of the rural picturesque. The view of wealth thus overflowing, thus assuming shape, and manifesting itself in pride, is doubtless not without its charm; it may gratify patriotic, or even philanthropic feelings; and the beholder may gladden at these tokens of human happiness and comfort. To me, however, the stamp of selfishness is on all this display. The current of wealth seems collected in tanks, and rivulets, and ornamental ponds, instead of being poured forth abroad to spread general fertility. Ideas of pettiness, and inutility, and narrowness, and of that meanest part of urbanity, called cockneyism, are connected with it;—and, in short, neither the poet, nor the novelist, nor even the simple sentimentalist, can make use of it."

"The free and easy manners of that day, still savouring of the times of the merry Charles, rendered a coffee-house, or other place of public entertainment, a kind of free or neutral port, where strangers laid aside at once the hostility of etiquette, and met on terms of friendship and good will—a state of society very different from that which exists in our days, when not to know a man seems tantamount to despising him, and when persons look upon the honour

of their acquaintance in some such light as maidens do that of their chastity, guarding it with a prudery all as scrupulous and strict. The better bred, nay, even the butterfly fops of those days, such as we find depicted in Wycherley and Farquhar, did not esteem their gentility so perishable as, like the hues of an insect's wing, to be brushed away by the slightest contact. The town, a term synonymous with society, was open to all, whether men of fashion or intruders; and the former felt no fear of being confounded in the vulgar crowd, secure of distinction in the inimitability of their lounge, dress, air, and oaths. In our days, if fashionable writers are to be believed, there exists a 'similar free-masonry of fashion, and the secrets of the 'gentle craft' are, it is vaunted, 'a marvel and a mystery' to the uninitiated. Perhaps so: but certes, those invisible fences must be found sadly inefficient, since they impart no more ease to external and mixed life, and since, even with their aids, we stand in need of the closer protection of our grim looks of mutual defiance."

We believe Mr. Crowe, the author of the English in Italy and France, is also author of the one we now dismiss in the belief that it will be almost as successful as its predecessors; and we have only further to remark, that in book titles, as in some other things, Ireland seems to be retrograding. Who but an Irish author would ever have published *Yesterday in Ireland*, after, and as a sequel to, *To-day in Ireland*? No one; but it belongs to the manufactory-school of publication. *To-day* was rather popular; therefore the trade is tried on, and *Yesterday* is spun out—only a rather inferior fabric; because it is impossible to continue a product of equal value from the refuse of the raw material which was wrought out in the first instance. Now, if *Yesterday* can be sold with a profit, the next tissues would be *Tomorrow in Ireland*, or *A Fortnight since*, or *A Month hence*, till patience was exhausted, and Time no more.

The Poets of Russia.

WE are indebted to M. Pletueff, a native writer, for a disquisition on the Russian poets, whose merits are briefly touched upon in the subsequent sketch.

"The frigid barriers and debasing suberviency to the false refinement of the upper ranks of society, by which the Gallic Parnassus is shackled, could not long comport with the independent spirit of the Russian muse. Love of country awakened and attuned the lyre of Lomonosoff; and the muse withdrew from the haunts of refined life to the still scenes of domestic bliss. It is her misfortune that her wooers should be their own critics, and sit as judges and plaintiffs and defendants in their own cause; she must continue to suffer under this evil ed. ng as Russia remains destitute of the means by which the critical mind can be reared and cultivated. The prevailing use of the French language among the higher ranks has confined the efforts of the dramatic muse; tragedy has been stricken with bombast, and comedy with vulgarity. Yet Osteroff takes an eagle's flight when his pinions are unloosed; then his tragedy becomes admirable: but lyrics are his forte—genuine feeling, depth of thought, an animation full of nerve and nature, and an imagination replete with power and energy, characterise his muse, whenever he bursts the trammels of conventional refinement. Der-schawin's lofty enthusiasm, independence of feeling, and strength of expression, fit him to

* This is pretty phraseology, and emblematic of the rapidity of the steam system.

had the van among Russian poets; it is he who has called the modern dialect of Russia into existence, and shed a halo of literary glory on the age of Catherine the Second. Kapnist, inferior to the last-named in imagination, but superior to him in elegance and facility of expression, trends in the steps of Horace, whom he idealised among his fellow-countrymen. Osteroff occupies a distinguished rank in tragedy, though this is the most barren and least original of any branch of our native literature. Lafontaine is the modeller who has imparted a facile and playful expression to the pens of Bogdanowitch and Chenizer: the Russian idiom, indeed, has a peculiar susceptibility for the light and lively. Dmitrieff, by his easy flow and purity of his style, and Kriloff, by his originality, depth, and nationality, have acquired great celebrity, and eminently raised the character of the apologue, epistle, satire, and lyric. In the novelist's department, Kriloff's *Gerasak* will always remain a living model. Nedelinkij is an enthusiast, and captivates the reader by depth of thought and melody of style. Shukoffskij, the creator of the modern school of poetry in Russia, is full of profound poetical feeling, as well as distinguished by the purity of his taste; and possesses a perfect mastery of the most recondite lore of his native tongue. His whole soul is wrapped in romance, and his chiller and Byron are his household gods. Benschhoff is equally great, though in another field: susceptible as Tibullus, there is a pathetic and a sweetness and tenderness of expression about his poetry, which soothe and harmonise the feelings. One of the most eminent and original of Russian lyrists is Puschkin: his *Lednitsa*, Russia, the Imprisoned, and Baktchisarai, would excite admiration in the most refined societies of Europe. Gneditch, who has translated the *Iliad*, ranks high as a pastoral poet; his Fishermen can never sink into oblivion; he is the 'knight militant' of classical literature among his countrymen. Davidoff and Prince Wassenskoi stand at the head of Russian humorists: the war-songs of the former are as brilliant as the offspring of Anacreon's muse; the latter has signally chastened and refined the vulgar tongue, and shines as the wittiest of Russian rhymers. Glinka is distinguished by the tenderness of his allegories; Rylejeff is sought after for his ballads; Hermann Delwig has acquired a name as a dramatic poet; and Alex. Kriloff, who is replete with manliness and feeling, sweeps the lyric line in the full fervour of his own imaginings. Samarskij is an elegiac poet: deep, clear, and animated, he forms himself on the model of the ancients. Jessikoff is an enthusiast, lofty in his conceptions, and fervent in his patriotism: his competitor, Michael Dmitrieff, is sweeter and more correct. Pissariëff shines as a painter of nature, and delights by the easy structure of his metre. Wassilj Tumenakij seizes more upon the heart; and Rosloff, who is both lame and blind, drinks at the fountain of classical lore, and reigns sublime in lyrical compositions." Few of these poets have collected their pieces together; they lie scattered in the columns of newspapers and periodicals; and for this plain reason, there are more poets than readers in Russia, and the book-trade has scarcely crawled out of its cradle.

Dr. Hall's New System of Geology: concluded. As we observed in our last, it is impossible for us to convey a full idea of the value of this valuable work, and especially of that most interesting division of it to which our previous remarks have brought us: We can only

afford imperfect examples, and the following passages seem as capable of insulation as any other under this head.

"In the early epochas of the antediluvian world, soon after the granitic atlas had uplifted the primitive mountains, and before the extensive series of mineral beds, which occupy our second book, were deposited beneath the ocean, its waters resting on the nearly concentric, or slightly broken zones of gneiss and mica slate, necessarily lay in closer proximity with the interior fires than at any subsequent period. Hence two important consequences:—1. From the thinness of the solid crust, the smallest chink or fissure in it would be an immediate focus of submarine explosion, accompanied and followed by a commensurate comminution and dispersion of the solid rocks and organic deposits through the agitated waters. 2. The ocean would then attain its maximum temperature; a pitch certainly far higher than at present, yet not incompatible with the vital functions of fish, many of which, according to Humboldt, can live in water almost boiling hot. Desfontaines found the *sparus* thriving in tepid fountains of 100° Fahr. near the town of Cassa, in the kingdom of Tunis. From the extreme mobility of its molecules, water is the most expeditious conveyer of heat from below upwards; while, from its non-conducting quality it is a most faithful carrier, losing none of it during its ascent. Hence any degree of warmth, however gentle, imparted to the bottom of the oceanic mass, will be transmitted unimpaired to the surface. And again, as water possesses a very high specific heat, one four times greater than air by weight, so that five gallons of water in cooling only one degree F., can warm by the same quantity 2050 cubic feet of air, being the contents of a chamber about 16 feet square and 104 feet high,—we see what a genial climate would be created over the earth, from pole to pole, under such an order of things. Then the intrinsic source of terrestrial heat, having its diffusive energy but slightly obstructed, would be paramount over the solar; so that the position of the sun, relative to the equator, would act a very subordinate part in modifying climate, instead of being its sovereign arbiter, as at the present day. Plants which love a warm but humid atmosphere, like the *equisetums*, ferns, &c. would multiply and flourish under such circumstances with nearly equal vigour in the Arctic Regions, as under the Line. Hence also the difference of equatorial and polar temperatures would be at first comparatively small, so that a considerable uniformity of vegetation would pervade the most distant zones. We need not, therefore, be surprised at finding the same *calamites*, or gigantic *equisetums* buried among the coal-measures of New Holland (near Port Jackson), and of England; though now-a-days, that plants are subjugated to the undivided empire of the sun, they differ in species with very moderate variations of latitude, and with every change of hemisphere.

"The first age of the world, then, extending probably through several centuries, fully realised the universal and unfading spring of the poets. Under such fostering powers of vegetation, the coal-measure plants were matured, in countless myriads, with a rapidity to which modern experience can furnish no parallel. But the tremendous catastrophes of the crust of the earth, that took place soon after this period, of which the dislocations and disruptions of the coal-strata themselves exhibit magnificent memorials, generated a vast quantity of detritus from the older rocks, which, at first diffused through a turbid ocean, progressively

subsided on its bottom in the chemical order of deposition; constituting beds of conglomerate limestone, red marl, and *lias*; in variable proportions of thickness and extent, according to the nature of the exploded and comminuted rocks. In the secondary formations of geology, in fact, we see nothing but a repetition of mineral *triads*; shells more or less fractured, covered with a twofold coat, the undermost of sand or sandstone, the uppermost of clay more or less indurated. The tepid ocean-bed vied in fecundity with the glowing soil round its shores, and thus was covered with a thick deposit of shell-fish and their exuvie. At each rencounter of the water and subjacent explosive metals, these shells would be more or less scattered and broken down, and when tranquillity returned, covered with their silicious and argillaceous mantles.

"In considering the causes of these mighty revolutions, which have subverted the outer frame-work of the ancient world, and which seem to have occasioned many unrecorded inundations, before the universal deluge, we must be careful to distinguish between the effect of a moderate expansive force acting within the crust of the earth, and that of a very great one; the former, like the late earthquakes in Chili to be presently described, sufficing merely to raise in an unbroken plain a large tract of land, while the latter would shatter the shell into fragments, and lay them prostrate under the equilibrating powers of gravitation in a revolving sphere. Thus to compare great things with small, a moderate blast of gunpowder, under a stratum of freestone, in a cliff, will be adequate merely to lift it along with its superjacent soil; but a greater explosion will break it into pieces, and strew the detritus over the surrounding planes and hollows. A few masses may, no doubt, be tossed up to great heights; but the general effect will be a levelling one; as is simply illustrated in the mining operations of a siege, where the massive ramparts of masonry are scattered along the bottom of the fosse. We have therefore every physical reason to conclude that each great antediluvian convulsion of the earth extended the empire of the sea, and abridged the boundaries of the land by a permanent submersion of some of its regions; mechanical effects involving commensurate physical changes of climate; 1. by the thickening deposits of the ocean; 2. by the increase of the cooling or aqueous surface of the globe; and 3. by the decrease of the heating or terrene, as will be fully developed in treating of the deluge in the fifth chapter."

Chapter 4, entitled *elevation of submarine strata*; Chapter 5, *phenomena of the deluge*; and Chapter 6, *animal remains or ruins of the deluge*,—are replete with much geological information, in so condensed a form as to be hardly susceptible of further abridgment. We shall, therefore, conclude our analysis of this entertaining volume by the following extract from the seventh chapter, on the *present earth, and era of its emergence*, to show our readers the author's manner of reconciling physical research to sacred history.

"The ancient world possessed a middle constitution between these two extremes. Its superficial temperature was not very unequable from pole to pole, and its expanse of humid surface was less relative to that of its dry land. Thus the causes of atmospheric commotion were fewer and feebler; and the phenomenon of rain must have been very rare, except on some insular circumpolar coasts. The exhalations from the tepid seas would diffuse abundance of aqueous nourishment to the cactuses, palms, and

cyanoesides of its glowing plains. Immediately after the flood, however, the sea-soaked lands would send up universal exhalations round the chilly globe; whence showers and rainbows would become, for some time at least, almost daily appearances. This conclusion of physical research coincides well with our ancient history of the new-drained earth. 'And God said, This is the token of the covenant which I make between me and you, and every living creature, that is with you for perpetual generations: I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth. And it shall come to pass, when I bring a cloud over the earth, that the bow shall be seen in the cloud. And the waters shall no more become a flood to destroy all flesh.'—*Genesis*, ix. The ark preserved eight intelligent witnesses, come to mature age, of antediluvian skies and seasons. Had a shower of rain been as common before the flood as it was after it, then the rainbow being a necessary result of the refraction and reflection of the sunbeams by the sheet of falling drops, must have been often seen by the family of Noah in the land of their birth, and could not, therefore, be now hailed by them as an infallible seal of a peculiar covenant, graciously bestowed by their reconciled Ruler. He had just appeared in an awful light—as the inexorable judge of their guilty sympathies. Anxiously might they lift their eyes to heaven for some new token to inspire confidence in the stability of the new order of nature; to encourage them to diligence in their enjoined task of replenishing the earth. It is therefore evident, both from the emphatic words in which the meteoric ensign of heaven's favour is announced, as well as from the holy purpose which it was ordained to serve, that it must have been equally strange as it was glorious in their sight; for antediluvians occupying possibly on their devoted lands a portion of its great continent, now covered by the Pacific, might never have witnessed a sunshine shower. A canopy of clouds, indeed, might often be stretched in the cooler upper regions of their skies; but the aqueous vesicles, in descending through the warmer aerial strata below, would return again to invisible vapour, a process fully described in Book I. chap. 3. In such clouds, no bow could be set. Heavy dews deposited during the night and early dawn, from the well-known influence of a ground chilled by calorific radiation, would supply the place of rain for vegetable sustenance; as now happens in Lima and many other regions of our present globe. I had deduced these corollaries from the hygrometric laws laid down in treating of the atmosphere, before my attention was directed to the following curious historical notice of primeval meteorology. It affords a very beautiful, and to me quite unexpected accordance, between the results of Science and the records of Faith. 'For the Lord God had not caused it to rain upon the earth, and there was not a man to till the ground. But there went up a mist from the whole earth, and watered the whole face of the ground.'—*Genesis*, ii. 5, 6. This document, at which a scientist might possibly sneer, is in reality a powerful testimony to the truth of Moses. The rainbow thus becomes a most significant emblem of God's providential regard to man. It is a phenomenon which results from, and declares the remodelled constitution of the terraqueous sphere. It is a type of sin and suffering, of expiation and peace; a vision where the heaven-ward soul may discern the sublimest truths of Revelation and Science."

Five copper-plates represent seventy fossil-

shells, characteristic of the successive strata: the first plate exhibiting those of the carboniferous limestone; the second, those of the lias; and so of the others. There is a beautiful lithograph of a petrified plant in sand-stone, which abounds in a certain coal formation in Argyleshire. It resembles the *Cactus cylindricus*, as described by Von Martius. The woodcuts interspersed through the letter-press afford accurate representations of some of the most interesting objects in mineral structure and organic remains. Several characteristic teeth of the more important fossil animals are portrayed.

To conclude, we can honestly recommend this work to every class of readers. It communicates, in perspicuous and pleasing language, a vast variety of knowledge concerning the structure and revolutions of our planet and its ancient kingdoms of life; and, at the same time, demonstrates, in a very satisfactory manner, the harmony which subsists in every essential point between the conclusions of science and the Mosaic narrative of the Creation and the Deluge. Indeed, we have no hesitation in saying, that it is a most, if not the most, valuable contribution which Physics has made to the evidences of Revelation.

Journal of a Naturalist: continued.

We had too much pleasure in this volume to quit it abruptly: *ergo* we go on with it.

Speaking of the singular habits of the snapdragon, and other insect-imprisoning or destroying plants, the author says—

"It is a perplexing matter to reconcile our feelings to the rigour, and our reason to the necessity, of some plants being made the instruments of destruction to the insect world. Of British plants we have only a few so constructed, which, having clammy joints and calyxes, entangle them to death. The sun-dew (*drosera*) destroys in a different manner, yet kills them without torture. But we have one plant in our gardens, a native of North America, than which none can be more cruelly destructive of animal life, the dogbane (*apocynum androsa-mifolium*), which is generally conducive to the death of every fly that settles upon it. Allured by the honey on the nectary of the expanded blossom, the instant the trunk is protruded to feed on it, the filaments close, and, catching the fly by the extremity of its proboscis, detain the poor prisoner writhing in protracted struggles, till released by death,—a death apparently occasioned by exhaustion alone; the filaments then relax, and the body falls to the ground. The plant will at times be dusky from the numbers of imprisoned wretches. This elastic action of the filaments may be conducive to the fertilising of the seed, by scattering the pollen from the anthers, as is the case with the berry; but we are not sensible that the destruction of the creatures which excite the action is in any way essential to the wants or perfection of the plant; and our ignorance favours the idea of a wanton cruelty in the herb; but how little of the causes and motives of action of created things do we know! and it must be unlimitable arrogance alone, that could question the wisdom of the mechanism of Him 'that judgeth rightly;' the operations of a simple plant confound and humble us, and, like the hand-writing on the wall, though seen by many, can be explained but by ONE.

"All the varieties of this snapdragon have the power of maintaining a state of vegetation in great droughts, when most other plants yield to the influence of the weather; and it

is the more remarkable in these plants, as the places in which they chiefly delight to vegetate are particularly exposed to the influence of the sun. In that hot dry summer of 1825, when vegetation was in general burned up and withered away, yet did this plant continue to exist on parched walls, and draw nutriment from sources apparently unable to afford it; not in full vigour certainly, but in a state of verdure beyond any of its associates. The common burnet (*poterium sanguisorba*) of our pastures, in a remarkable degree likewise possesses this faculty of preserving its verdure, and flourishing amid surrounding aridity and exhaustion. It is probable that these plants, and some others, have the power of imbibing that insensible moisture which arises from the earth even in the driest weather, or from the air which passes over them. The immense evaporation proceeding from the earth even in the hottest season, supplies the air constantly with moisture; and as every square foot of this element can sustain eleven grains of water, an abundant provision is made for every demand. We can do little more than note these facts: to attempt to reason upon the causes why particular plants are endowed with peculiar faculties, would be mere idleness; yet in remarking this, we cannot pass over the conviction, that the continual escape of moisture from one body, and its imbibition by another, this unremitting motion and circulation of matter, are parts of that wonderful ordination, whereby the beneficence and wisdom of Providence are manifested; without the agency of evaporation, not dwelling on the infinitude of effects and results, no vegetation could exist, no animal life continue. The ivy (*hedera helix*), the dark-looking ivy, almost covers with its thick foliage the pollards in our hedges; and, creeping up the sides of the old barn, and chimney of the cottage, nearly hides them from our sight; affording a sheltered roosting-place to many poor birds, and is almost their only refuge in the cold season of the year. But the ivy can boast of much more extensive service to the poor wayfaring beings of creation, than the merely affording them a covering from the winds of winter. Those two extreme quarters of our year, autumn and spring, yield to most animals but a very slender and precarious supply of food; but the ivy in those periods saves many from want and death; and the peculiar situations in which it prefers to flourish, are essential to the preservation of this supply, as in less sheltered ones it would be destroyed. In the month of October the ivy blooms in profusion, and spreading over the warm side of some neglected wall, or the sunny bark of the broad-ash on the bank, its flowers become a universal banquet to the insect race. The great black fly (*musca grossa*), and its numerous tribe, with multitudes of small winged creatures, resort to them; and there we see those beautiful animals, the latest birth of the year, the admiral (*vanessa atalanta*) and peacock (*vanessa io*) butterflies, hanging with expanded wings like open flowers themselves enjoying the sunny gleam, and feeding on the sweet liquor that distils from the nectary of this plant. As this honey is produced in succession, by the early or later expansion of the bud, it yields a constant supply of food, till the frosts of November destroy the insects, or drive them to their winter retreats. Spring arrives and in the bitter months of March, April, and even May at times, when the wild products of the field are nearly consumed, the ivy ripens its berries, and then almost entirely constitutes the food of the miscel-thrush, wood-pigeon

and some other birds; and now these shy and wary birds, that commonly avoid the haunts of man, constrained by hunger will approach our dwellings, to feed upon the ripe berries of the ivy. Now too the blackbird and the thrush resort to its cover, to conceal their nests. These early-building birds find little foliage at this period sufficient to hide their habitations; and did not the ivy lend its aid to preserve them, and no great number are preserved, perhaps few nests would be hidden from the young eyes that seek them. The early expansion of the catkins of the willow (*salix caprea*), and others of the willow tribe, whence the bee extracts its first food, and the late blooming of this ivy, are indispensable provisions for the existence of many of the insect race; the 'young raven does not cry in vain,' nor is any thing abandoned by that Power which called it into being. We all seem to love the ivy,

'The wretched ivy wreath'd in amorous twines,' more than any other uncultured evergreen that we possess."

When treating of the foxglove, now digitalis, the following pertinent remarks occur:—

"Why such a name as 'foxes-gloves' was bestowed upon this plant it is difficult to say, perhaps from the bare resemblance to finger-cases presented by its flowers: but I am not one of those who caviil or jeer at the common, or 'vulgar names,' as we are in the habit of designating the unscientific appellations of plants; for we must remember, that the culling of herbs and simples, and compounding preparations from them, to relieve the sufferings of nature, were the first rudiments of all our knowledge, the most grateful exertion of human talent, and, after food and clothing, the most necessary objects of life. In ages of simplicity, when every man was the usual dispenser of good or bad, benefit or injury, to his household or his cattle—were the veterinary art was known, or the drugs of other regions introduced—necessity looked up to the products of our own climate, and the real or fanciful virtues of them were called to the trial, and manifests the reasonableness of bestowing upon plants and herbs such names as might immediately indicate their several uses or fitness for application; when distinctive characters, had they been given, would have been little attended to; and hence the numbers found favourable to the cure of particular complaints, the ailments of domestic creatures, or deemed injurious to them. Modern science may wrap up the meaning of its epithets in Greek and Latin terms; but in very many cases they are the mere translations of these despised 'old, vulgar names.' What pleasure it must have afforded the poor sufferer in body or in limb,—what confidence he must have felt for relief, when he knew that the good neighbour who came to bathe his wounds, or assuage his inward torments, brought with him such things as 'all-head, break-stone, bruise-wort, gout-wood, fever-few' (figio), and twenty other such comfortable mitigators of his afflictions: why, their very names would almost charm away the sense of pain! The modern recipe contains no such terms of comfortable assurance; its meanings are all dark to the sufferer, its influence unknown. And then the good herbalist of old professed to have plants which were 'all-good:' they could assuage anger by their 'loose-strife;' they had 'honesty, true-love, and heart's-ease. The cayenne, the aye, the catsup, and extra-tropical condiments of these days, were not required, when the next thicket would produce 'poor

man's pepper, sauce-alone, and hedge-mustard;' and the woods and wilds around, when they yielded such delicate viands as 'fat hen, lamb's-quarters, way-bread, butter and eggs, with codlins and cream,' afforded no despicable bill of fare. No one ever yet thought of accusing our old simplers of the vice of avarice or love of lucre; yet their 'thrift' is always to be seen: we have their humble 'pennywort, herb twopence, moneywort, silverweed, and gold.' We may smile, perhaps, at the cognomens, or the commemorations of friendships, or of worth, recorded by the old simplers—at their herbs, 'Bennet, Robert, Christopher, Gerard, or Basil;' but do the names so bestowed by modern science read better, or sound better? it has 'Lightfootia, Lapeyroussia, Hedwigia, Schkuchia, Schuchzeria;' and surely we may admit, in common benevolence, such partialities as 'good King Henry, sweet William, sweet Marjory, sweet Cicely, Lettuce, Mary Gold, and Rose.' There are epithets, however, so very extraordinary, that we must consider them as mere perversions, or at least incapable of explanation at this period. The terms of modern science waver daily; names undergo an annual change, fade with the leaf, and give place to others; but the ancient terms, which some may ridicule, have remained for centuries, and will yet remain till nature is swallowed up by art. No: let our ancient herbalists, 'a grave and whiskered race,' retain the honours due to their labour, which were most needful and important ones at those periods; by them were many of the casualties and sufferings of man and beast relieved; and by aid of perseverance, better constitutions to act upon, and faith to operate, than we possess, they probably effected cures which we moderns should fail to accomplish, if attempted."

On the prevalence of the yellow colour in natural objects, it is stated—

"The bark, the wood, the flower, the leaves of many of our native trees and plants afford a yellow dye;—we have no colour so easily produced as this is; and it is equally remarkable, that, amidst all the varied hues of spring, yellow is the most predominant in our wild and cultured plants. The primrose, cowslip, pilewort, globe-flower, butter-cup, sherlock, crocus, all the cabbage tribe, the dandelions, appear in this dress. The very first butterfly, that will

'aloft repair,

And sport and flutter in the fields of air,'

is the sulphur butterfly (*gonopteryx ramni*), which in the bright sunny mornings of March we so often see under the warm hedge, or by the side of some sheltered copse, undulating and vibrating like the petal of a primrose in the breeze. The blossoms of many of our plants afford for the decoration of the fair a vast variety of colours and intermediate tints; but they are all of them, or nearly so, inconstant or fugitive before the light of the sun, or mutable in the dampness of the air, except those obtained from yellow flowers; circumstances may vary the shade, but yet it is mostly permanent. Yellow is again the livery of autumn, in all the shades of ochre and of orange; the 'sere and yellow leaf' becomes the general cast of the season; the sober brown comes next, and then decay.

"Badgers are said to feed much upon the fruit of the bramble. They are certainly very fat and fleshy about the time that the blackberry is ripe; but it is probable that the acorns and crabs, which it finds at the same season, contribute most to its nourishment."

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

The Influence of Physical Education in producing and conforming, in Females, Deformity of the Spine. By E. W. Duffin, Surgeon. 8vo. London, 1829. G. Swire.

THE attention of the public has of late years been directed to this class of distortions by several valuable and scientific treatises; amongst which, those of Bamfield, Shaw, and Harrison, hold a conspicuous place. The essay now before us, though of more humble pretensions, is no less adapted, on that account, to produce much good, by pointing out many causes which, from the frequency of their occurrence, or their apparent insignificance, being apt to be overlooked, may tend to deform the beautiful and symmetrical shape originally bestowed by nature on many of the fairest of our kind, who, from want of due attention, at an early period, to what may seem of trivial import, become, finally, in some instances, not only objects of commiseration, but a burden to their friends, and unable to fill that station in society which they would otherwise be calculated to adorn.

Mr. Duffin's work, though designed for general readers, more especially for those engaged in the superintendence of female education, contains many practical and professional observations worthy of attention, and is written in a style at once clear, familiar, and concise. His remarks are principally directed to specifying the different moral and mechanical causes, resulting from the modern system of female education pursued in this country, that tend to induce, by their influence on the general system, deformity of the spine; and to inculcating certain rules to be observed in regard to the period allotted to study, dress, exercise, &c., by which these causes may be in a great measure avoided. Amongst other observations, we would direct the attention of our female acquaintance to the strictures on modern apparel; and that of parents to the influence of a too early cultivation of the minds of children. In conclusion, we may observe, that although the author has not advanced much absolutely new, he has presented a collection of facts not perhaps easily remembered in the perusal of more voluminous works; and, by divesting his remark of all technicalities of language, has well adapted it to the class of readers for whom it is principally designed, and by whom the subject has not hitherto been sufficiently regarded.

Geographical and Biographical Exercises. By the late William Butler. The 16th edition, enlarged by his son, John Olding Butler, with an entirely new set of Coloured Maps. London, 1829. Harris.

THE fact of these Exercises having attained the sixteenth edition supersedes the necessity of any other recommendation; nor should we have departed from our usual rule of passing by literary products which the fostering sunshine of public favour has fully matured, had not our attention been attracted by the new and elegant outline maps which distinguish this little manual. These maps, eleven in number, embrace not only what is most essential for young beginners, but also those more important features in geography which may serve as useful recollections for the advanced scholar. Their utility is therefore twofold. As a correct delineation of the grand outlines of the four quarters of the globe, and of the British Isles, they are entitled to much praise; while their intrinsic merit is enhanced by the obvious colours in which they are arrayed, and which seem to invite the youthful eye to an

investigation of their contents. Much useful information will be found in the Geographical and Biographical Exercises which illustrate the maps; and in the biography some excellent moral truths are conveyed, which, if they do not conduct learners to the temple of fame, will at least lead them to that not less desirable distinction, of being good, and therefore happy, members of society.

Early Impressions; or, Moral and Instructive Entertainment for Children, in Prose and Verse. With twelve Designs by Dighton. 12mo. pp. 215. London, 1829. Hatchard.

It might be supposed, from the beginning of this little volume, that it was simply a child's book, the object of which was merely to amuse the infantine mind, in the usual, and that no very luminous, way: in fact, that many other books did the same thing in much the same manner. On examining, however, somewhat farther, and looking into the spirit of the book, we discover that it is not only calculated to afford amusement to children, but that its object is to bring their minds early to a knowledge of those principles which are indispensably necessary to them in future life, and by a study of which their minds are led to a right use of ideas, and taught to appreciate the beauties and advantages of good conduct, and the disadvantages and shame attending on bad. These are the main features of the work. As to the language, it is as it should be for children—plain and unsophisticated; the arrangement well managed, and such as might be expected from the pen of a barrister, who, as he professes in his preface, would really seem, by thus going out of the usual track of the profession, to have had in view the benefit of the youthful portion of mankind.

Longhollow: a Country Tale. By Mrs. Bryan Bedingfield. 3 vols. London, 1829. Whittaker, Treacher, and Arnot.

A NOVEL, quite of the old school: to criticise it severely would be an unnatural act; and we would not be harsh on our grandmamma's tastes.

Modern Precedents in Conveyancing, arranged on a new and simple Plan. By John Hall, Gent. Part I. 8vo. pp. 304. London, 1829. J. and W. T. Clarke.

WE have no doubt of the value of this collection of precedents to the conveyancer and to the lawyer; but we must confess, as mere lay persons, we look with rather a jaundiced eye upon a profession which can by possibility require the farrago of words, the immense tautology, the continual amplifications, which are to be found in these Precedents. The "uses, trusts, provisoes, conditions, restrictions, limitations, covenants, and agreements, herein contained," are absolutely enough.

To fright the laie from its propriety.

We recommend the work strongly to the legal profession, not for its intrinsic value—of which we are not very good judges—but as an eminent and obvious example of the necessity for amendment in our legal (or conveyancing) code.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Friday evening, Feb. 27.

THE subject for this evening's consideration was, "on Brard's test of the action of weather on building-stone and materials;" by Mr. Faraday.

The lecturer observed, that so long ago as

1823, Mr. Brard was urged by his friends to examine into the manner in which stones were disintegrated by the action of water and frost; and, if possible, to discover some means of ascertaining in a short period of time what would be the effect of "weathering" in many years: this he succeeded in accomplishing; and the object of this evening's meeting was to give an account of the test and the confirmation of its value, from experiments made some years since by Mr. Faraday, and more recently also in France.

The general action of the atmosphere, and the substances occurring in it, were first remarked upon, a division being made into chemical and mechanical agencies: with the exception of the deterioration of certain granite rocks and some others similarly constructed, chemical action was considered as doing more good than harm; and when exerted through the agencies of carbonate of lime or oxide of iron, tending to harden and bind the building-stone, rather than to loosen it: all effects relative to the mutual action of cement and stone were purposely kept out of view.

Mr. Faraday then described the mechanical effects of the atmosphere and those most important ones of water and frost: the way in which water acted when frozen in the pores of stones, was also illustrated, and the general disintegration of building-stones elucidated by a reference to the bridges and other structures in London, and likewise to specimens received from the Asiatic Society, which, after exposure for centuries to the atmosphere in the East, had the effects produced upon them contrasted with what had taken place on the same stones by a few years exposure in England.

Mr. Faraday next described the test as consisting in the crystallisation of certain saline solutions, to which pieces of stones have been submitted in the following manner:—sawn cubes, about two inches in the side, are to be numbered, then boiled for half an hour in a solution of sulphate of soda saturated at common temperatures, and then exposed to air, that evaporation may proceed; the salt crystallises, and produces the effect of freezing; the specimens are then to be dipped in a portion of the same solution, cold, until the acicular crystals fall; they are again exposed to the air; this process repeated, five days equals the effect of frost upon stones in our climate in many years: if the angles of the stone be much injured, it will suffer to a corresponding degree by air. The process was illustrated by specimens in progress, which shewed the different states. The lecturer, in taking leave of his subject, observed that the test had been tried upon English slates some years ago, immediately after Mr. Brard's publication, and gave results agreeing with the received values of the slates in the market: it had also been tried and acknowledged in France. He then gave minute directions for its use, and referred those who wished to pursue the subject farther, to the *Bibliothèque Universelle*, vol. xxiv. page 224, and other works.

As is the case when Mr. Faraday lectures, there was a very great attendance of members and their friends: his Grace the Duke of Somerset, the president of the Institution, was in the chair; many architects were also present, and appeared to be highly interested in the subject.

In the library were various specimens of Hindu sculpture, some of them very graceful: they had been used in external decoration, and the principal object of their exhibition was to shew to what extent disintegration had gone

in that country. Amongst the presents was Mr. Provis's magnificent account of the *Mesut* chain bridge.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

MAR. 3.—A. B. Lambert, Esq. V.P. in the chair. An interesting collection of dried plants from the deserts of Sinai and Akkaba, in Arabia, and a cone of the *Arancaria imbricata*, or Chili pine, from the mountains of Chili, were laid before the meeting.

Mr. Hay, Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, and Mr. Schenley, his Majesty's Consul at Puerto Cabello, were elected fellows of the Society.

The continuation of Mr. Don's paper on the new genera and species of the class Composite, belonging to the Floras of Peru, Chili, and Mexico, was read.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

FEB. 24.—A paper was read by the Secretary, on printing in stereotype. It was introduced by a general summary of the invention of printing. The near approach to printing made by the ancients in their signet-rings, stamps, brands, &c. was first noticed; then the stamping of playing-cards, &c. by the Venetians, about the end of the 14th century: to this succeeded a description of early wood-engravings, on single blocks, of saints and Scripture subjects, containing a few words of explanation, often in the form of labels proceeding from the mouth of the principal figure. The gradual transition of these single wood-engravings to the *image-books*, consisting of a number of such engravings in pairs, back to back, and sewed together in a common cover, was then noticed, and illustrated by specimens. A comparison was made between these block-books and the books now printed in China and Japan: the great similarity of the two modes was pointed out; and a set of Chinese printing-blocks, with the tools used in cutting them out, as well as those employed in the process of printing from them, was exhibited, having been procured from the museum of the East India Company.

The improvements made by Guttenberg in the fifteen or twenty years succeeding the year 1436, were next detailed; namely, the decomposition of the single wooden block into movable wooden types; the substitution of metal for wood, as the material in which movable types were cut; and, lastly, the employment of cut metal types only as matrices from which the types actually employed were cast. Some manuscript missals and specimens of early printing were exhibited; and the causes of the high state of perfection attained by this art in the first century after its invention, were discussed.

The Secretary then proceeded to the subject of stereotype. He stated the difference between modern stereotype and that used about the beginning of the eighteenth century by J. Vander Mey, the Dutch printer. He then mentioned the independent invention of proper stereotype by Ged in Scotland, and by Valleyre in France, and its subsequent improvements by Dr. Tilloch and Mr. Foulis, of Glasgow; by Mr. Wilson and Earl Stanhope, by Mr. Cowper, Mr. T. C. Hansard, and others, in London.

The various processes in the manufacture of stereotype plates were then detailed, and elucidated by the exhibition of specimens and of the apparatus employed: the art of bending stereotype plates, in order to adapt them to cylinder machine-printing, was noticed as the

invention of Mr. Cowper. The subject was considered by a description of the French mode of forming stereotype plates *en cliché*, and a statement of the advantages and disadvantages of stereotype printing.

The specimens in illustration of the dissertation were manuscripts and early printed books furnished by Mr. Windus, Mr. Lincoln, and Mr. Howard; samples of stereotype, and of casts in type of medals, of lithography, and of copper-plates, from Messrs. Clowes, Mr. T. C. Hansard, Mr. Kelsall, Mr. Chater, and Mr. Newberry.

There were also exhibited some exceedingly fine specimens of ornamental castings in iron made at Berlin, from the collection of James Yates, Esq.; also a picture by Wilkie; drawings by Danby, Doo, Denning, Martin, Robinson, Turner, Stephanoff, Stothard, and Uwins; an engraving by Vendramini of the fine picture of the Raising of Lazarus, by Sebastian del Piombo; and of the portraits of Miss Croker, the Duke of Wellington, and the late Pope, by Cousins, from paintings by Sir T. Lawrence. A superb Japanese screen was sent by Mr. T. Cooper, of Bond Street. Two models of sounding-boards were sent by the Rev. J. Blackburn, illustrative of his paper on the subject in the last volume of the Philosophical Transactions. A very interesting series of gums, resins, balsams, and gum-resins, was sent by Mr. H. Hensell; and specimens of the gold, silver, and copper coins of the present King were exhibited by Mr. W. Wyon, principal engraver to his Majesty's Mint.

MEDICAL AND CHIRURGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

At the anniversary meeting of this Society, held last Monday, Dr. Roget was elected president; Dr. Billing, Dr. Gordon, C. A. Key, Esq., and F. Tyndal, Esq., vice-presidents; Dr. Roget and H. Knap, Esq., treasurers; Dr. Alderson and J. F. South, Esq., secretaries; Dr. M. Hall and F. C. Skey, Esq., librarians. The other members elected on the Council were—Dr. B. Babington, Dr. Burne, T. W. Chevalier, Esq., Dr. Gairdner, R. D. Grainger, Esq., J. Hammerton, Esq., Dr. F. B. Hawkins, Dr. R. Lee, G. Macdewain, Esq., J. Sweetman, Esq.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

FEBRUARY 17th.—Mr. Jopling explained the peculiar properties of two newly invented instruments; one, by a simple arrangement, producing the ellipse; the other, already noticed, as describing the Ionic spiral. The time usually devoted to discussions was occupied in a thorough investigation of the advantages ascribed to these inventions, which merited general approbation; and the thanks of the Institution were accordingly voted to Mr. Jopling.

24th.—A paper on "generating ellipses," illustrated by drawings, was presented and read. The author, Mr. Jopling, particularly instanced the ease of setting out large elliptic arches—a tedious and difficult operation—which he has endeavoured to simplify.

A conversation on the subject of roads ensued. The question discussed was, "What materials, durability and cheapness considered, are the best for the roads in clay countries, particularly about London?" Mr. MacNeil presented a specimen of paving which he had lately applied near London, and which forms a substantial foundation for roads over clayey soil. It is composed of gravel stones cemented together, and is used as a substratum before the application of the surface road-metal. Im-

provements are much to be desired on the metropolitan roads, where defects in expenditure, construction, and management, are so eminently conspicuous: and it is in the above-mentioned localities that art must counteract natural disadvantages, to render uniformly perfect our internal communications, now become the test of our civilisation, and the bond of our social and political union.

MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

TUESDAY, Feb. 24.—Earl Stanhope, President, in the chair. His Majesty Francis King of Naples, and the Prince Royal of Prussia, were elected Honorary Fellows; T. R. G. Bourke, Esq. Secretary to the Danish legation, now in London, was admitted a foreign member. His Grace Hugh Duke of Northumberland, K.G., Sir John Webb, M.D. and others, were severally elected Fellows. A letter from Count Ludolf was read, which intimated that the King of Naples had ordered a copy of the *Flora Napolitana*, and other botanical works, to be presented in his majesty's name to the Society. A paper touching several medicinal plants, which lay on the table, was read: another paper was also read on the esculent root of *stachys palustris*, in which the author, Mr. Houlton, suggests the specific name of *tuberosa* as more appropriate than that of *palustris*, from the tubers attached to its roots.

Mr. Frost made some observations on a numerous collection of medicinal plants exhibited at the meeting by Mr. Aiton, of the King's Gardens at Kew, amongst which was *brucea antidysenterica*, once supposed to yield the angustura bark.

THE NATIONAL REPOSITORY.

We yesterday took a hurried glance at this praiseworthy institution (now opened for 1829), in which we noticed a number of very ingenious mechanical inventions, some striking improvements in manufactures, and other exhibitions well worthy of the public attention. At present we have not leisure for a particular account of these productions; but we shall not neglect their due notice.

FRENCH SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION IN EGYPT.

[The following are extracts of a letter from M. Le Normand, dated Thebes, Nov. 25, 1826, relative to the scientific expedition in Egypt.]

"We arrived yesterday at Syout, now the capital of Upper Egypt, where there are many ugly mosques, built in the modern taste, and a great appearance of life and activity. The most remarkable thing is a cemetery, which is as well arranged, and as clean as the city is dirty and black. In the mountains are several large subterranean monuments, which, however, are nearly decayed, and can make no impression after those of Beni-Hassan." M. Lenormand then goes on to state, that the country of Thebes has a much more favourable aspect than is generally supposed, and though in Europe it is looked upon as a frightful desert, the vegetation is rich and varied, and the villages are very populous. The day after his departure from Syout, he reached the village of Saoudy, and, with the other members of the expedition, went to visit the owner of the principal house in the place. He gives the following account of his visit:—

"We were rather astonished at the number of servants, and with the appearance of luxury which the house exhibited: but the worthy Turk was so drunk on our arrival, that we did not think it worth while to use much ceremony with him. He certainly took our behaviour in

good part, and made himself still more drunk; he would not let us go away till two o'clock in the morning, after we had partaken of an excellent supper. The next day we went to the little town of Akmin, where there are a few antiquities."

On the 14th the expedition reached Girgeh, but did not visit the ruins of Abydos. M. Le N. proceeds:—"The magnificent portico at Denderah, before which we arrived on the 10th, is not the most beautiful monument in Egypt, but still it may vie with the Pharaonic wonders, constructed nearly 2000 years previously; and we were enabled to distinguish the parts which shew that it was connected with the decline of the arts in Egypt. An edifice, however, constructed in the most colossal proportions of Roman edifices, at the period when Egypt had passed from the dominion of the Persians to that of the Macedonians, and was about to submit to the yoke of the Romans, and then to perish entirely, is an object worthy of admiration.

"The ruins of Coptos and Apollinopolis Parva occupy a space of about six leagues in circumference, circumscribed by two chains of mountains, which divide into two unequal parts a majestic river, and in the distance are seen masses of columns and gigantic ruins. In the midst of the plain are two columns, the highest of which has acquired celebrity under the name of the Colossus of Memnon. There are several subterranean monuments; and in one of the valleys are the tombs of the kings, known by the name of Biban-el-Malouk. To the left, two miserable villages partially cover the imposing remains of Loqsor (Luxor) and Karnak. A last heap of ruins, nearer the mountain, indicates the extreme point of the ancient city, the circuit of which could not have been less than that of Paris. The wrecks of this city caused us much surprise and interest. Every where else the ancient Egyptians appear to have been a mild, peace-loving, and, above all, theological people; here, however, they have the aspect of warlike giants, and seem to have been of giant strength. The large monuments of Thebes seem almost all to belong to one series of time, that which followed the expulsion of the pastoral inhabitants, about 2,000 years B.C. Such of the monuments as we are inclined to think approach the nearest to this event by their date, look rather like restorations than original erections. This first pacific epoch has for spougeum the reign of Mœris, so celebrated for his numerous works of public utility, and whose mild and expressive physiognomy, delineated with such grace upon the monuments, corresponds exactly with the idea which history has given to us.

"The epoch of Mœris is certainly not one in which the most astonishing conceptions of art were developed; but it was one remarkable for the most perfect works. Every thing achieved during this reign was executed in the most graceful and beautiful manner; and the same character of simple perfection was maintained until the reign of Mandouée, inclusive. This king appears to have been the first victorious monarch of Egypt after its restoration.

"The *chef-d'œuvre* of the historical bas-reliefs of Thebes is the return of Mandouée after his conquests, sculptured upon the outside of the palace of Karnak. The king is in his car, drawn by two beautiful horses, and followed by the principal chiefs of his army, who are preceded by the chiefs of the vanquished, in chains. He advances towards Egypt, which is indicated by a transversal representation of the Nile, just as the Greeks would probably have

done in their best days on a similar occasion. On the other side of the river the priests and the military chiefs are advancing in two lines; the former bowing to the king, and presenting nosegays of lotus, and the others with their arms raised, as a sign of joy. If a cast of this bas-relief were to be sent to France, a great alteration would take place in the ideas which have been formed there relative to Egyptian art: for never were dignity of representation, correctness of movements, or the monumental disposition of the masses, executed with finer effect. It is biblical sculpture, which has all the majesty of the prophecies, and almost the truth of Homer.

"It was in the reign of one of the predecessors of Mandouée that those immense monuments were constructed which made our soldiers clap their hands on their approach to the eternal city. Art lost somewhat of the elegance which characterised it during the reign of Mœris; but it maintained itself to a remarkable degree until the time of Aménophis II. The monuments of this period have been much worse treated than the others by time. There now only exist the irregular ruins of a large palace, which he built on the western bank, and the most ancient part of the palace of Louqsor, with some colossal pillars. Enough, however, remains to enable us to fix the reign of this prince as the intermediate point between the finished and graceful style of Mœris and the colossal conceptions of Sesostris.

"The appearance of the pyramids has something really frightful, and one cannot help experiencing a painful sensation on seeing them. We seem for a time to labour under a painful dream,—to exceed, in spite of ourselves, the bounds of human imagination, and to succumb to an overwhelming power, such as the sun of these climates. These gigantic creations of the last of the Egyptian conquerors, up to Medinet-Abou alone prove a most gratifying fact,—that Egyptian art was carried to the greatest degree of splendour by pacific princes, liberators of territory, and that these monuments were destroyed by the conquerors."

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

Oxford, February 28.—On Thursday the following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—W. Ricketts, Fellow, Merton College; H. H. Dodgson, Student, Hon. H. T. L. Coory, Rev. J. A. Wright, Christ Church; Rev. G. M. Drummond, Balliol College; Rev. R. Buller, Oriel College.
Bachelors of Arts.—E. Holden, Corpus Christi College, Grand Compendium; W. Perfect, Magdalen Hall; G. Hill, Trinity College; C. Wells, Fellow, New College.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

MARCH 5th.—The most numerously attended meeting of the season took place on Thursday; the President in the chair. A paper was read, entitled "Anatomical description of the foot of a Chinese female," by Bransby B. Cooper, Esq. communicated by Dr. Roget. A model of this foot, and the skeleton, were exhibited: it is the first ever brought to England, and, undoubtedly, one of the greatest (great because it is so small) anatomical curiosities we have seen. In a subsequent No. a detailed description of it will be given.

The ballot for Captain Phillips, which has excited considerable interest in the scientific world lately, came on.* At its close the gallant captain was declared elected by a great majority. Amongst the fellows present, we noticed Captain Parry, Captain Franklin,

* Some persons charged the gallant captain with having been guilty of plagiarism in certain nautical inventions,—a rudder, capstan, &c.; the credit of which, we presume, must now be allowed to him.—Ed.

Sir Edward Codrington, Dr. Richardson, and many other eminent individuals.

Dec. 11th.—A paper was read, entitled, "on a method of comparing the light of the sun with that of the fixed stars." By William Hyde Wollaston, M.D., V.P., F.R.S., &c.

In the Philosophical Transactions for the year 1767 a suggestion is thrown out by Mr. Michell, that a comparison between the light received from the sun and any of the fixed stars might furnish data for estimating their relative distances; but no such direct comparison had been attempted. Dr. Wollaston was led to infer, from some observations which he made in the year 1799, that the direct light of the sun is about one million times more intense than that of the full moon, and therefore very many million times greater than that of all the fixed stars taken collectively. In order to compare the light of the sun with that of a star, he took as an intermediate object of comparison the light of a candle reflected from a small bulb about a quarter of an inch in diameter, filled with quicksilver, and seen by one eye through a lens of two inches focus, at the same time that the star or the sun's image, placed at a proper distance, was viewed by the other eye through a telescope. The mean of various trials seemed to shew that the light of Sirius is equal to that of the sun seen in a glass bulb one-tenth of an inch in diameter, at the distance of 210 feet; or that they are in the proportion of one to ten thousand millions: but as nearly one-half of the light is lost by reflection, the real proportion between the light from Sirius and the sun is not greater than that of one to twenty thousand millions. If the annual parallax of Sirius be half a second, corresponding to a distance of 625,481 times that of the sun from the earth, its diameter would be 3.7 times that of the sun, and its light 13.8 times as great. The distance at which the sun would require to be viewed so that its brightness might be only equal to that of Sirius, would be 141,421 times its present distance; and, if still in the ecliptic, its annual parallax in longitude would be nearly 3"; but if situated at the same angular distance from the ecliptic as Sirius is, it would have an annual parallax in latitude of 1.8".

Another paper was read, entitled "Experiments to determine the difference in the length of the second's pendulum in the Royal Observatory at Greenwich and in Mr. Browne's house in London, in which Capt. Kater's experiments were made." By Captain Edward Sabine, of the Royal Artillery, Secretary R.S.

The experiments of which an account is given in this paper were made in compliance with a request of the Council of the Royal Society, in December 1827, that Capt. Sabine would ascertain the difference in the number of vibrations of a pendulum at Mr. Browne's house and at the Greenwich Observatory. The author gives a description of the instruments used in the observations, the first series of which were made in Mr. Browne's house, from the 17th to the 20th of March inclusive, and gave as the mean result 859738.38 vibrations in a mean solar day. A reduction is here introduced, derived from some experiments made on the difference which takes place in the times of vibration in vacuo and in air; the number of vibrations in the former case being, under the same circumstances as in the observations, 9.62 per diem less than in the latter. A corresponding series, made at Greenwich in May, gave as the mean 859739.93 vibrations; thus indicating an acceleration of 0.55 vibrations per diem. But the difference of latitude and of height between the two stations would have

led us, from theory, to expect a total retardation of 0.88 vibrations in the same time. From a second set of observations at Greenwich, the diurnal acceleration appeared to be 0.52 vibrations. Taking the mean of this and the former result, it appears that the total amount of the discordance between theory and experiment is 0.91 vibrations per diem. The stations are conveniently situated for verifying the existence of this anomaly; and its magnitude is such as to preclude all uncertainty as to its existence. With regard to its cause, the author is confirmed in the opinions he formerly entertained on this subject.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MARCH 5th. Henry Hallam, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—Dr. Meyrick exhibited two ancient British shields of bronze, from the collection at Goodrich Court, Herefordshire. One was the *tarsen* or clasher, sometimes termed *aeo*, from being flat, and of the kind used by the inhabitants of this island prior to the Roman invasion: it was held at arm's-length in the hand; the umbro, forming the cavity for that purpose, is ornamented with nineteen concentric circles, interspersed with little knobs: this was dug up from a turf bog in the vicinity of Aberystwyth, Cardiganshire. The other was an imitation of the Roman *scutum*, and thence called *yegwid*; of an oblong form, and having an ornament resembling its whole length, affording the same convenience for holding it as the former. The artistic work, if such it may be called, is highly corroborative of the derivation of its name, as it was evidently the work of an uncivilized people, desirous of rivaling the polished elegancies of their conquerors. This was found in the river Witham, Lincolnshire. These very curious specimens of antiquity were accompanied by a letter, in which Dr. Meyrick shewed how much confirmatory evidence to the testimony of the Greek and Latin authors might be gleaned from the language of the ancient Britons, while extravagant fancies are avoided, and etymology confined within prudent limits.

The reading of a paper on the remains of St. Mary's Abbey, York, by the Rev. Charles Wellbeloved, was commenced.

A copy of the new volume of the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy was presented by that body, and thanks were ordered to be returned for the same.

ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY.

FEBRUARY 12.—John Beatty, M.D. in the chair.—It was stated that Mr. Lynch would commence his lectures before the Society on Tuesday, the 3d of March. Amongst other proceedings it was

Resolved.—That a committee be appointed to take into consideration, and to report upon the practicability of establishing, under the auspices of the Society, an annual exhibition of specimens of the manufactures and productions of Ireland, conformable to the plan which has long been adopted in Paris and in other capital cities of the Continent; and to suggest such measures as might facilitate the arrangement, together with the estimate of the probable expenses attendant thereon.

Resolved.—That the following members do constitute the above committee, together with the vice-presidents and secretaries:—Edward Houghton, William Wilans, John Patten, Hugh Hamill, Richard Griffith, Robert Hutton, R. B. Bryan, Esqrs., Dr. O'Meara, and Dr. Wall, with power to add to their number.

A letter from Mr. Hamilton Rowan was read, resigning his situation as a member of the Committee of Natural Philosophy.

The following letter was read from Ambrose O'Kelly, Esq. of Tycooly House, Castle Blakeney, on the subject of a human body found about seven years since near his residence; for which communication and the gift accompanying it, the thanks of the Society were ordered.

to be returned, and preparations to be made for receiving it in their museum.

Tydney House, February 10, 1829.

Sir,—I trust that the curious nature of the intelligence which I have to communicate, will be a sufficient excuse for my troubling you with this letter. A tenant of my father's about seven years ago discovered in a bog immediately near this, a human body, which, from the circumstances I shall just relate, I take to be of an extraordinary antiquity, and which affords a remarkable instance of the preserving qualities of peat,—as it is as entire and perfect as I believe any Egyptian mummy can possibly be. The poor man cutting turf one day on a bog near his house, found the implement he worked with impeded by some hard substance, which on examination he found to be a human limb. Conceiving it must be the remains of some person recently murdered, he immediately ran to acquaint the family; but on the first view it was evident it must have lain there considerably upwards of a century, perhaps many, many centuries. The bog in which it was found is a small detached spot, surrounded by pasture land, and which the oldest men residing near the place say they have always heard had been time immemorial thoroughly drained and used for cutting turf on. I mention this as, coupled with the fact which I myself witnessed, of its being nine or ten feet from the surface, I think it puts its antiquity beyond all possibility of doubt. Though I believe bog grows or swells, it must under any circumstances be at a very slow rate: this bog could not have grown for upwards of a century, as it is, and in the memory of the oldest men in this neighbourhood, always has been, completely intersected with drains. Yet it must have grown many feet since this body was interred; for two oak posts or poles, somewhat thicker than a man's arm, about six feet long, pointed apparently with a hatchet, and placed, standing obliquely, one at each foot, by way of monument, were overgrown by the bog four feet at least. It was plain that the place must have been formerly a wood, as we could discern the nuts and cups quite perfect in the turf, but of course completely rotten; one of the posts was also rotten, but the other perfectly sound. But the most extraordinary thing of all was his dress, which could not have been in use but in the most savage times of Ireland: it consisted of a cow-hide (I think dressed) formed in the shape of a tunic, with the hair towards the skin, and tied by a band of twisted sally rods round his neck. This hide I have yet; but though when first taken up it was perfect, from the dampness of the grave in which he was placed a second time, and where he has been now seven years, it is almost in shreds; however, I think it might be sewed together. He appeared when stretched at full length to be of gigantic size; but on being measured, proved about six feet. He is of a robust make, and apparently about thirty years of age; his teeth are all perfect, as are his hair (which is of a dark red colour), his lips, tongue, ears, fingers, &c.: his skin and flesh are perfectly hard and dry, like tanned leather; his beard is quite observable, and seems about a fortnight's growth. It is only a fortnight or three weeks since I had him taken up last: from the damp and mouldiness of the place about him, his skin has become dingy and discoloured; the hair, too, is lopped from his head, and the features somewhat defaced; but in every other respect he is as before; and even the most fleshy parts, and those which would be expected soonest to waste, are perfectly sound and firm.

Should the members of the Dublin Society, who take an interest in these matters, and to whom I beg you will mention these particulars, be of opinion that he is worthy a place in their museum, I shall feel happy in giving him for that purpose.

The Society adjourned to Thursday, the 10th February.

KING'S COLLEGE.

THE site of this building is finally determined: the edifice will stand on the eastern wing of Somerset House, with entrances from the Quadrangle and from the Strand. To acquire the latter, the committee have already purchased the three houses in that street adjoining to Strand Lane; and Mr. Smirke is diligently occupied in completing the designs for the accommodation of both the collegians and scholars.

Specimen of the Cherokee Newspaper described in the Literary Gazette of last Saturday.

ONEHAW TAW TSSY JOLADWOWADJH
WOW GEPZ LKHWOKS DHTKJWR
N OADWOW SRZI OJ JHWOKS OJLS
OAGT GOWZ PFDH OALALAY GOW
LTHALAGALJAHAGOWIST GWSLA
SRZL OAT VW OADGW SHAGOWAY

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

On Monday evening, Mr. Westmacott delivered his third lecture: it was on the Elgin Marbles.

Mr. Westmacott introduced his subject by remarking, that the nice regard paid to proportion, and the more elegant in nature, by the school of Polyoleus, acted as a salutary check to the unbounded genius of Phidias. Speaking of the Temple of Minerva and its embellishments, constructed by Phidias and his associates, Alcámenes, Agoracritus, and others, the lecturer observed, with much truth and elegance of expression, that in contemplating these extraordinary examples, there is an irresistible admission of their excellence: of all human productions they approach nearest to perfection, with the least appearance of art. Mr. Westmacott was next led to a description of the statues—Theseus, Ceres, Proserpine, and the Fates. Touching upon the draperies of the groups, he stated that they were so conducted, that in whatever situation the sun was, their effect must have been decided; the flute of the concave to the boundary of the masses being carried beyond the square of the surface, whilst in the divisions which played within the masses, where subordinate shadow or half-tint and variety were required, free access was allowed to the light. The lecturer's description of the statue of Iliuss was very spirited. In the whole range of Grecian art, no example displays so powerful an instance of knowledge of the human figure, more judgment in the choice of position, for the development of its physical elements, or more skill in execution—surpassing all contemporaneous or posterior productions—than this statue. In its contemplation, art is forgotten in the power and truth of the imitation. No statue in the antique offers stronger motives for reflection: the man of experience, observation, and study, on a calm consideration of this statue, will find in each limb and muscle the most consummate practical skill, subservient to the influence of mind; whilst he that delights in execution will see a laborious material treated with the ductility of the most plastic substance. Some remarks on proportion in general then followed: in developing the standard, the lecturer observed, that it would be found the general result only of the proportions discovered in nature, and not a fixed measure for particular observance; beauty and character, which depend upon action or circumstance, not being reducible to rule: thus are to be found statues of wholly different characters which vary scarcely a minute in their lengths, whilst no rule whatever can possibly be deduced from their girths; as in the Apollino at Florence—the Apollo Sauroctonus—the Apollo Belvidere—the Mercury of the Vatican—the Diacobolus, &c. &c. After a minute description of the Panathenæic Frieze, the lecturer concluded by requesting the students to make these marbles the subject of their study and reflection, as eminently deserving of both.

The chair on this evening was taken by Mr. Hilton, the keeper, as matter of course; Sir Thomas Lawrence being confined through indisposition. The auditory was numerous.

ARTISTS' CONVERSAZIONE.

THERE are many pleasant and useful associations in our vast London, which, though of a public nature, have yet so much of the privacies of society allied to them, that even the newspaper press (that universal and omnipotent Paul Fry) does not notice their meetings or divulge

their doings. Among these has long existed a *Conversazione*, including the principal artists and amateurs of the day and the President of the Royal Academy, which holds, during the season of the year when the inhabitants of town confess to seeing one another, monthly association at the Freemason's Tavern, "to talk of this, and then of that," hear what is going on, criticise what has been, and tell what is about to be, done in the fine arts. This body is limited to seventy in number; and it may readily be imagined, that the immense increase of our school of arts—the multitude whom encouragement has added to the previous ranks of professors, must have made that which was sufficient before, insufficient for the reception of all the candidates deserving of election. The result has been the establishment of a second *Conversazione Club*, on similar principles to the first, and also to consist of seventy members. This junior body has, in a short period, at once struck root and shot up, not only into the vigour of very interesting monthly meetings, but into the full growth of an anniversary dinner, which was observed at *Series' Hotel* on Saturday, 21st ult. The company, about fifty, enjoyed a cheerful and convivial day.—Mr. Clint being in the chair, and warming into its duties like a clever artist, who takes a quiet and deliberate view of his subject before he handles it thoroughly, and works it up to its full effects. Good humour and harmony prevailed throughout the evening; appropriate toasts were given, and acknowledgments returned. Among the artists present we observed Mr. Cooper, Mr. Beanes, Mr. Stanfield, Mr. Holland, Mr. Burnet, and others of younger fame, but whose delightful enthusiasm, combined with ability and conduct on this occasion, impressed us strongly with the idea that in many of them we had met for the first time with the future ornaments of our national arts.

BRITISH GALLERY.

No. 398. *Morning*. G. Barret.—A beautiful and Claude-like effect both in composition and in character.

No. 364. *The Interior of a Kitchen*. W. A. Netcher.—Perfectly Flemish in its conception and finish. An admirable specimen in its way.

No. 356. *Scene near the Falls of the Conwy*. F. Danby, A.R.A.—Mr. Danby has imparted a solemn dignity to this interesting scene by the simplicity of his colouring, and the depth of his tones.

No. 199. *A Study*. T. S. Good.—Excellent.

No. 168. *Italian Boy*. R. Edmonstone.—We like every part of this very characteristic work but the hat; and it is not this hat in particular with which we quarrel, but with every hat upon canvass that has not previously been kicked and beaten into any shape but its original one. Even the dignity of portraiture (if it have any) will be lost by placing a modern hat on the head; and every expedient ought to be resorted to, to get rid of this unpicturesque appendage.

No. 146. *Shipping by Moonlight*. J. B. Crome.—This, and No. 159, by the same artist, are very clever examples of variety in moonlight effects. They partake in no small degree of the style and character which distinguished the works of Vanderneer.

No. 147. *The Black Knight, and the Clerk of Copmanhurst*. H. Fradelle.—The fellow-ship of this scene is very successfully represented. Perhaps the colour is a little too monotonous.

No. 151. *Rue de la Grosse Horloge, Rouen*.

C. R. Stanley.—If the gaiety of the *Boulevards* by this artist attracted our attention by its locality and sunlight, the present performance is rendered no less worthy of regard by its combination of some of the most picturesque forms in buildings and groups that we have ever seen in works of this class.

No. 187. *The Angels announcing the birth of Christ*. John St. John Long.—This picture is placed in so elevated a situation, that we can judge only of its general character. The subject appears to be treated with an originality and effect highly creditable to the talents of the artist.

No. 211. *Landscape; Moonlight*. T. C. Hofland.—With an effect and a character all his own, there wants only a figure or two in the foreground to make this performance one of the best samples of Mr. Hofland's pencil.

No. 79. *Thalia*. Mrs. Pearson.—Exceedingly creditable to the talents of the fair artist; and we think possessing much of the style of Rosalba.

No. 132. *The Conflict*. H. Singleton.—If, in addition to the other excellent qualities of this highly respectable artist, he had but, in early life, avoided the fatal error of substituting, for a constant reference to nature, an ideal style, which, however fluent and elegant, falls upon frequent repetition, we have no doubt that he would have been one of the most distinguished painters that the English or any other school ever produced. "The Conflict" is a fine specimen of his powers.

No. 139. *The False Parcel*. W. Kidd.—Full of character and expression, and executed with great facility and skill. We would, however, suggest to our painters of familiar life not to take so frequently for their subject the mischievous tricks of children. Example is a powerful teacher; and these pictorial lessons may be pernicious.

No. 354. *The Portrait of John Soane, Esq. R.A.*, painted by order of the Directors of the British Institution, as one of its most liberal benefactors. J. Jackson, R.A.—Although the general introduction of portraits into the exhibition of an institution expressly founded for the encouragement of an English school of design, would defeat the purpose of its establishment, we are so far from thinking that, under the circumstances of the case, this fine portrait of Mr. Soane is out of its place, that we wish a portion of the Gallery were appropriated to the reception of the portraits of the other liberal benefactors, whose domestic collections afford the best proof of the zeal with which, by their yearly purchases, they foster native talent, and contribute to the successful cultivation of the fine arts in this country. The arts are the offspring of the public; but we hope that the lines of the fable will never be justly applicable to them:

"The child whom many fathers share,
Will seldom know a father's care."

The sculpture in the present exhibition at the British Gallery offers little that is striking or novel; with the exception of No. 542, *Cupid and Psyche*, E. Physick, which is full of the tender blandishment belonging to the subject. No. 541, *The Dying Warrior*, P. Tatham, may be a good study; but appears to us to have the Michael-Angelo twist, or to be placed in one of those impossible postures in which that great man sometimes represented his figures. No. 540, *A Persian*, W. Sievier, is striking and imposing, both in attitude and in costume.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Plates to illustrate Bishop Heber's Journal of Travels in India. Murray.

IN the notices of this most estimable and deeply-lamented person's interesting Journal, which appeared in the 578th and 579th Nos. of the *Literary Gazette*, (pages 97 and 118 of our last volume) we expressed our admiration of the beautiful plates (engraved by Mr. Finden, principally from the bishop's drawings, but a few from those of Mrs. Heber,) with which that Journal was adorned. The plates are now published in a distinct and separate form; and upon looking at them again, we not only do not see any thing to induce us to retract our former judgment, but, on the contrary, we are still more strongly impressed with the taste and feeling which they display. Besides a large map of India, there are ten plates, viz.: "Ghat between Calcutta and Barrackpore," "Janghera," "Travelling Dak," "Travellers and Peasantry in the Kingdom of Oude," "Nandedivi," "Umcer," "Entrance to the Cave of Elephanta," "Gorabunder," "View from the Cliff above Kennerly," and "View in the Deccan."

The Destruction of Pharaoh and his Host. Painted by Danby; engraved by Phillips.

IN the sublime and terrific, this performance is a wonderful example of Mr. Danby's talents at a former period; and our remarks upon the painting may be found in the *Gazette* of that time. As a print it exhibits a scarcely less grand and imposing character than when aided by the power of colour; and the supernatural light which was introduced in the painting, appears to us either to have been removed, toned down, or otherwise modified; so as not to look like accident, as we remember it did at the time of its exhibition. The character of the subject has so much of the Deluge, that we think a first glance of the picture will convey the idea of its being a representation of that mighty event: there is so much of distress and horror in the fore-ground figures, and such a wild swell of the waters, that we do not receive the impression of "the horse and his rider," or rather of Pharaoh and his host, being doomed to destruction, and imagine that the pursued multitude must also come in for a share of the pursuers' fate. This remark may be only a matter of opinion, and cannot be meant as an objection to a work of art like this, which is only inferior to Mr. Danby's extraordinary painting from the book of Revelations. The engraver, Mr. Phillips, has ably followed up the prototype in all its characteristics of detail and effect.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

LA PÉROUSE: CAPTAIN P. DILLON.

OUR readers will not be displeased to hear what has been the effect of our publications respecting the discovery of the wreck of La Pérouse, and our very recent appeal to the French government on behalf of Captain Peter Dillon. From the *Moniteur* we learn that the King of France has graciously received the articles which Captain Dillon brought to Europe, and which proved too clearly that the unfortunate Pérouse had been wrecked, and perished on one of the Vanicolo Islands. The East India Company having liberally relinquished all claim to the expense of fitting-out Captain D. for his second voyage, his Majesty has farther pronounced him to be entitled to the reward of his discovery, offered so long ago as February 1791, and conferred on him the dignity of Knight of the Legion of

Honour. The pecuniary reward consists of an indemnity of 10,000 francs for personal costs during the voyage, and of a pension of 4000 francs per annum for the discovery. M. Chaigneau, a Frenchman who accompanied Captain Dillon on the expedition, has also received the insignia of the Legion of Honour. It is very pleasing to record such distinctions for meritorious exertions; and we are the more satisfied, because we are assured that our researches into the arms (through the kindness of Sir W. Betham), and their being engraved in the *Literary Gazette*, were the original causes which led to this just and gratifying result.

MUSIC.

ANCIENT AND MODERN MUSIC.

THE Lent performances, under the able direction of Mr. Hawes (whose spirited conduct has driven the licenser from his extraordinary claims for fees), commenced last night at Covent Garden Theatre, and are to be continued at both houses, alternately, on the Wednesday and Friday evenings. Of the first of them we can take no cognizance, as our sheet must go to press before its earliest bar has been played; and our press must remain hard at work for hours after the last note has been sung. But we might anticipate from the bill of fare a high musical treat: Mehul's oratorio of Joseph and his Brethren, for the first time; a selection from Handel's ever fresh and delightful *Acis and Galatea*; and a fine miscellaneous act;—the whole embodying the talents of Braham, Phillips, Knyvett, Horncastle, Atkins, Madame Schutz, Mrs. W. Knyvett, Miss Love, Miss Goward, and other eminent performers, both vocal and instrumental.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Memory of Past Recollections: a Song. The Words by James O'Connell, Esq. Composed by H. Schwies. London, Schwies. We have to notice this as a very striking composition. The first part is extremely sweet and touching, and the second bold and spirited. The theme is renewed with the words, "him his country deploras," in the most beautiful style. In short, we have not lately heard a piece of song music more delightful to our taste.

If the Heart but truly love. Words by T. H. Stirling, Esq.; the Music by C. Walther. London, Lee and Lee.

THIS light and pleasing air has been sung by Braham, and was also given with much beauty at the last Melodists' Club meeting by Stanbury. It belongs to that class which must always be listened to with very agreeable emotion, and which seeks not to excite stronger feelings. The composer's name is new to us; but if he goes on as he has begun, he will soon be popular at our firesides.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

ON Saturday, as we announced, *Il Conte Orti* was represented at this theatre, or, we should rather say, after seeing it, misrepresented; for it was a sad concatenation of accident and incapacities. We give the manager credit for his wish to produce a novelty; but we cannot help impeaching his judgment for producing any thing in so crude, so imperfect, so wretched a shape as this unfortunate opera. Monticelli, to whom the principal part was assigned, was indisposed; and an apology, by no means unnecessary, preceded her appearance. Indeed, it is to be regretted that there are no doubles at a house like this, for performers so apt to

He had as these foreigners, unaccustomed to so cold, thick, and foggy atmosphere, are; the stoutest native lungs have been tried by its low vicissitudes of weather; and it is not surprising that individuals from a warmer, drier, and softer climate (especially possessing the organization of vocalists),* should suffer great inconvenience from the sudden changes in the weather—from bad to worse. There is, therefore, more reason to provide against public disappointments from this cause, instead of there being to provision whatever. M. Laporte, we believe, will plant his exertions in procuring several first-rate singers (Pianini, Bonatti, Malibran,) which do not leave him the means of engaging an efficient company in the lower scale, to supply the places of heavier basses, independent soprano, and pettiish alto; but still we must consider this to be a defect in management, and one which almost nightly leads to the utter spoiling of the opera. Under the circumstances of the performance of *Rotaryday*, we offer an opinion upon the demerits of the composition or execution. Suffice it to say, that the whole dramatic persons were consistently successful in murdering every thing that was good in the music, and marring the bits we could discover that was dramatic in the plot. A Signora Speerli made her debut. She sings a very pretty lull, but a very bad *trio*. Her voice is a mezzo soprano of a weak quality; but she appears to have more science than some other singers. For want of preparation, in spite of the bluster and bellow of Bushy, the concerted piece, and especially the choruses, in which the strength, such as it is, of *Conte Ori* associates, were poorly done; and, altogether, we never passed a more flat and dreary night even at the King's Theatre. To add to the annoyance, many very shabbily dressed persons were in the pit: we are no snobs for very strict fashion in dressing for the opera; but a shirt clean within the last brought ought to be insisted upon as a *condition sine qua non* to admission.

Mlle. Maillié is announced to be engaged, but as consequence of her indisposition and that of Galli, the *Divna di Lago*, advertised to Tuesday and Thursday, could not be produced, and the house was shut.

PTVY LANE

Measure for Measure has been revived at Drury Lane, with Miss Phillips as *Isabella*, and Mr. Young as *Angelo*; and on the same night, a Mr. Pemberton made his first appearance in London at the rival house, a *Fop*. As we were bound by gallantry to give the preference to the lady, we did not so the gentleman, and shall, therefore, take the opportunity of his enacting *Shylock* next week, to deliver our opinion concerning him. *Othello* is the temptation. Should he succumb to *Shylock*, we shall not care about his talent as *Fop*, for, if, indeed, it be a failure, is none of our contemporaries' secret. With regard to Miss Phillips we will only say, that we think either she or the management has been singularly unfortunate in the choice of part. The youth and delivery of Miss Phillips under her totally unfit for the personation of such characters as *Mrs. Haller*, *Mrs. Bonaparte*, and *Isabella*, and we think it no small wrong to her talent that she has been even named as them. The gentle *Desdemona*, the amiable *Fopaine*, the *Cleopatra*, that she to make her own—such are the portraits to which her form and her features can give life.

* The stress, anger, judgment, and hostility, are due to the common cause of slavery.

there are the feelings which she can understand and express. At present, she is as useful for Isabella as she is for Lady Marbeth or Queen Katherine.

FRENCH PLAYS

MADAME J. COLON LAFONT has departed, and Purlet has come. On Monday night he made his *début* for this season, and throughout the entertainments of the evening gave the audience ample cause to enjoy his re-appearance on the scene.

MR. MORTON.—As we are ever most anxious to avoid any erroneous statement, we are equally desirous, when we have been betrayed into any error, to make the earliest and best reparation in our power. We are, therefore, prompt to say, that on a more close investigation of the question at issue between the rival theatres, relative to the *Battle of Pulaski*, than we could give it last week, we are completely convinced that no charge or allegation of the slightest kind could with truth be made against the conduct of Mr. Morton. The whole circumstances of the transaction have been fully explained to us, and while we bear this willing testimony to that gentleman's perfect integrity throughout the affair, we beg at the same time to express our regret that any thing unjust towards him or painful to his feelings should have found its way into our columns.

VARIETIES

Silk Manufactures of France.—The French minister of commerce has ordered a large quantity of silk ribbons, and other silk goods, of British manufacture to be purchased and laid before a committee, who are to report upon the quality and prices of them, with a view to ascertain the comparative rates of the production in the two countries.

Anatomy.—It is said that ministers will allow Mr. Warburton to bring a bill into Parliament to put our anatomical schools upon a similar footing with those of France in regard to facilities in procuring subjects. It is full time that something were done.

Raphael.—It is asserted that the celebrated Raphael of the Louvre, (Christ and his Disciples, or, according to others, the Artist himself and his Fencing-Master (a strange discrepancy of opinion), has been, at some unknown time, abstracted from its frame, and a modern copy substituted. The picture has been valued at 20,000*l.*; and it is surmised that it has found a hiding-place somewhere in England.

The Keadle Family.—We hear that this admired work of poor Harlowe is also missing at the present moment; whether it has *been*, nobody can tell; but it is not among the treasures left behind by Rowland Stevenson; and Mr. Walsh declares that he is incommunicable about it.

Request.—The newspaper states that the worthy and grateful composer Mr. Shield bequeathed a violin to the King, which his Majesty graciously accepted, but made a liberal present to the widow of the donor.

Thames Tunnel.—An application has been made to the Duke of Wellington for an aid of 250,000*l.* from government to complete this great undertaking: his Grace has asked for estimates of the whole expense and probable profits, before he can entertain the petition.

(Cold in Rome.—The cold in Rome during part of the last month was more intense than has been known for a long period at the same

season of the year. On the 12th ult., the thermometer (Réaumur) fell to four degrees below zero; which was equal to the greatest cold in the depth of the winter of 1823.

Mr. Abbott, formerly of Covent Garden Theatre, and lately of the English Theatre in Paris, is getting up an entertainment in that capital, in which, *à la Mathews*, he is to sustain all the characters.

Divorces in the Netherlands.—From 1815 to 1825, out of 430,000 marriages in the Netherlands, there were 605 divorces. The proportion of divorces to the number of marriages was in the northern provinces as 1 to 327; and in the southern, 1 to 3.317.

Mount Vésuvius.—Letters from Naples of the 10th ult. state, that Vésuvius is much agitated. Large volumes of smoke are seen, and stones are thrown up to a height of 500 or 600 feet; but there is very little lava.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

A second edition of the *Youth and Manhood* of Cyril Thornton is in our last package from Edinburgh; and we have again dipped into that spirited and characteristic novel with fresh pleasure. Some of its scenes are certainly as near those of the great northern master as any with which we are acquainted—not even excepting the graphic and national sketches of Galt.

The author of the Village Pastor has in the press a volume of serious tales, entitled, Clouds and Sunshine, which, we understand, will very shortly appear.

The Parisian Press, however, according to a very recent official return, with a sum of which we have been favoured, there are now published in Paris eleven daily newspapers, of which upwards of 60,000 copies are printed. One of these, the *Mondeur*, is official; another, the *Journal des Maires*, has, we believe, little to do with political discussion; a third, the *Messenger des Chantiers*, is semi-official; and five are decidedly liberal; only two, the *Gazette de France* and the *Quotidien*, are anti-constitutional. The literary and scientific papers published daily are eleven in number; and there are daily six papers in which only advertisements are given; so that the total number of daily papers in Paris is twenty-eight. Besides these, there are thirty-two periodical papers which appear at different periods, or from twice a-week to once a-month.

Mr. Vignoles, Civil Engineer, is preparing for publication *Observations on Railroads and Railway Carriages. In the Press.*—A third edition of Montgomery's *Universal Prayer, &c.*

LEAVE OUR WATER BODIES.

Un's New System of Magic, 8vo. 1s. 6d. Mils-
ler's (General) Mechanics, 2d edition, 2 vols. 9s. 10s.
Mackintosh's Practice of Physics, 8vo. 14s. 6d.
Yostangy in Ireland, 2 vols. post. 8vo. 11s. 6d. bds.
Cartonaro (the), by the Duke de Loris, 2 vols. post. 8vo.
18s. bds.—Suchet's Memoirs, Vol. I, 8vo. English, 18s.
bds.—The Female Character, by Piers Shaffron, post.
8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Britain's Guardian Angel, 7pt. 4s. 6d.
bds.—Close's Miscellaneous Sermons, 8vo. 12s. bds.—
Nautilus (the), 12mo. 6s. bds.—Shupperd on the Origins
of Christianity, 2 vols. 8vo. 14s. bds.—Faulkner's History
of Chatham, 6d plates, 2 vols. 8vo. 2s. 5s. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1999

February		Fagruarur		Sæmundur	
Thursday	24	Þvinn	24	to	24.04
Friday	25	—	25	—	24.05
Saturday	26	—	26	—	24.06
March					
Sunday	1	—	28	—	24.12
Monday	2	—	29	—	25.01
Tuesday	3	—	30	—	25.02
Wednesday	4	—	31	—	25.03

Proceeding under U.S.

Except the 25th ult., generally cloudy; raining on the 25th ult.

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CHASLES E. ADAMS.
200 N. W. N.
S. E. W. of Cornsuth.

TO COLLEAGUES,

(2) The press is almost every line of business which the public are the least bit concerned, affects the publishing of books or well in other matters. We are, in consequence, this work of their approval with caution, that we find ourselves able to present, without injurious to any subject - no intention of giving an extra half cent. The management of Thompson's Commission is the only line we are not to be in doubt

REMARKS - In our report on Revolutionary Literature (Communist, p. 144, col. 2, the names of 14 Russian authors of the 19th and 20th centuries and other works of literature are mentioned. In our report of 1931, 1932, 1933, 1934, 1935, 1936, 1937, 1938, 1939, 1940, 1941, 1942, 1943, 1944, 1945, 1946, 1947, 1948, 1949, 1950, 1951, 1952, 1953, 1954, 1955, 1956, 1957, 1958, 1959, 1960, 1961, 1962, 1963, 1964, 1965, 1966, 1967, 1968, 1969, 1970, 1971, 1972, 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976, 1977, 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, 1982, 1983, 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

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Paris, 1838. (Not published.)

It has been a question debated in every variety of form. Why one age should abound in the greatest genius of which its predecessors and successors are alike barren? and it is one, however, which is likely to be debated again and again, as all questions are, whose solution is left to human imagination, so fertile in creating systems whose theories only want great numbers. For ourselves, we confess ourselves that genius is as inscrutable and infinite as the mysterious Mind of which it is a sometimes part; and that the maxim, post mortem, a. like many other such, not less so to being some centuries old. That circumstances do not produce it, we need only say is the generally unfavorable ones under which it has appeared; circumstances affect to diminish less than they are alleged to do. It is clear that no one circumstance affects to produce eminence, we must admit that there is some tendency toiling which makes the distinction, and if we admit this feeling in a manner, we must (to say it) perhaps no mind could come so profitably adapted to give us that of the Frenchman: It was the up of cold climates, of romantic passions; these circumstances especially, king and knight; a fine of volume was alike in camp and at sea that age produced no great poet. — circumstances modify the mind, why did not Elizabethan age produce two Shakespeares? why did not the convulsed energies of the middle of the time, embody more than a few papers more than one Milton? In the 18th, we are now only, like other times, building up our palace of snow. We can tell why one voice swells in an address whilst denied to another; — we can tell why one child's temper is gay and gross, while another's is severe and sensitive. — then, and then only, may we see the supposed fire should rest on the lips of the poet, and not on the lips of his fellow-men. In these are two instances we remember that others we would find contrasted: to be now a backed by high authority; but

BECAUSE we have never passed

"they take of" — made, inglorious Mil-
 "and they have Mahana, they would
 "be under more or inglorious. This
 "is that, understanding personal feeling
 "of great genius: the man who feels his
 "of life with the gloomy energy of By-
 "ranged in love and benevolence when
 "with the grand philosophy of Words-
 "which the gods on the sun going over
 "of nature sometimes like a conqueror — or
 "of the human mind tell almost as
 "as a man played right, — that man is
 "as a poet — a poet — but if a poet,
 "single will find words — By, over

though they made a language for themselves. Our second stand of opposition is against the rant of disappointed poets who have turned critics, *faute de mieux*—who finding cold greeting from the public, and their pages "unswept, ununsoured," wish them "unsung," and say that the age for poetry is past—that our palates have been surfeited, and that the taste is gone. We might answer this by only adverting to the success which has crowned every effort that boasted any pretension to originality; but we object to it for the fulsome-ness of the premise. Before we can speak of satiety, we must suppose the great body of readers to have remained the same, while their poets changed; they seem to have forgotten, that every year brings with it a host of young and eager listeners, to whom the language of poetry is as much that of novelty as it is of truth. So long as there are sorrows which memory softens, pleasure the delights to recall; so long as there are ardent hopes and unimpaired feelings—elevated thoughts which glow unclouded as they turn away from the actual world; so long as there is happiness of which we dream but cannot grasp; so long as there is ideal excellence and beauty; so long as there is tenderness—the silent, but no sleeping, melancholy which comes over us like a summer's cloud; so long as there poets in the human heart,—so long will it gush forth, fountain-like, at the touch of the true poet. That we have now few poets there we had, the fact we readily admit; but we hold that the fault lies rather with the suppliers than the supplied; that your measures of Byron, Scott, &c., find no welcome, we grant; but let any one open a new vein—and the stores of the human mind are infinite,—and he will find as many to greet and laud as him as ever.

The volume which has led us into this train of observation is one which attracts attention both from its own merits and those of its author: we shall discuss the latter first, as they make our excuse for trespassing on a work limited to private circulation. Written by the Author of *Problems and the Idealism*, it must be matter of interest to every philosophical as well as to every practical reader to mark the first display of thought, and trace the bias and feelings of a very powerful and original mind. And we must say, when we consider the youth of the writer, those slight pages are an extraordinary production: not extraordinary with reference to the poetry—for, beautiful as much of it is, youth and inexperience have been united ere now—but extraordinary for the depth of thought, the reflection, exhibited by one so young. We shall pass over the first portion, only saying, that it well deserved its University honours; and proceed to the second one of any length,—"Milton,"—scenes from the youth, manhood, and old age, of our native poet. We take from the first, a sketch of the young Italian wanderer, whose numerous story of her visit to him while asleep is its last act.

[illegible]

Long years have flown— and where have I arrived now?
 How many such days, I should count, as he is
 I thought of him, the many days I
 Burnt in his cell, and of the death the very
 Death? The death of a man who was
 Fate is his body from, and I will think
 Have surely there those hours when we were wrought,
 And as he looks to, to his last, the day
 Wring from the very spirit within those
 Of the calm grief? I say he lived to regret
 And ever as he wrote that very last
 Passed his last writing on his dying night.
 Also no more by golden pains,
 Still I found, and dried-burnt tears,
 He will wait her votary's willing soul,
 But he journeyed through a rugged plain,
 by the glory of the distant goal,
 that midnight solitude, though years
 or worse his heart, and he could find
 did give the full, darkly strong
 he struck out—though the night
 And I— from friends—though the night might feel,
 lone night his and consolation
 the very soul, the years in silence
 in a legend and the story

Not to our taste the following and last picture is the most touching:-

[illegible]

By getting the right kind of food, and fresh air and exercise.

[illegible]

The old man for the first time is crying.
Weeping, he looks at his old and pale
M. for a while, and then he says
And bowed his white head to his old
And wept. The gentle voice which he
Had heard for years of his wife
He heard again, and he wept and wept
Till he was weary and his eyes were closed.
Then he was taken to his room and laid
In the little bed which he had made
High over the door of his room.
He lay as though he were a stone,
His hands clasped in his arms, his face
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Life's dreaming morning and its toiling day
Had saddened into evening, and the deep
And all august repose, which broods on high
What time the wearied storms have died away
Mighty in silence, like a giant's sleep,
Sat on the lifted grandeur of his brow.

Our life is as a chime, and our age
Turns to the thoughts and feelings which engage
In our young morn the vision and the vow;
For manhood's years are restless, and we learn
A bitter lesson—bitterer for the truth—
Which suits not with the golden dreams of youth,
And warbles us in age; and so we yearn,
Sated and palled, for boyhood's bliss once more.
But ere the world forsakes us, on we flow
Passive and reckless with its mingling tide,
Till night comes on, and passions which betrayed
Our reason quit the ruins they have made;
The winds are lulled, the hurrying waves subside,
And leave upon the lone and sterile shore
The baffled bark their wrath had wrecked before."

We must select one or two favourites from
among the shorter pieces.

Knowledge.

" 'Tis midnight—round the lamp which o'er
The chamber sheds its lonely beam,
Is widely spread the varied lore
Which feeds in youth our feverish dream—
The dream, the thirst, the wild desire,
Defiance, yet divine—*to know!*—
Around to roam, above to soar,
And drink the breath of heaven below!—
From ocean, earth, the stars, the sky,
To lift mysterious Nature's pall,
And bare before the kindling eye
In man the darkest mist of all!—
Alas! what boots the midnight oil?
The madness of the struggling mind?
Oh, vague the hope and vain the toil
Which only leave us doubly blind!
What learn we from the Past—the same
Dull course of glory, guilt, and gloom!
I asked the Future—and there came
No voice from its unfathomed womb.
The sun was silent, and the wave;
The air replied but with a breath;
But earth was kind, and from the grave
Arose the eternal answer—*Death!*
And this was all; we need no sage
To teach us Nature's only truth:
O fools! o'er wisdom's idle page
To waste the hours of golden youth!
In science wildly do we seek
What only withering years should bring—
The languid pulse, the feverish cheek,
The titis trooping on their wing.
Even now my wandering eyes survey
The glass to youthful glance so dear;
What desponding tracks of slow decay
Exhausting thought has graven here!
To think, is but to learn to groan,
To scorn what all beside adore,
To feel amid the world alone,
An alien on a desert shore,
To lose the only ties which seem
To kinder gaze in mercy given!
To find love, faith, and hope a dream,
And turn to dark despair from heaven!"

We conclude with a few extracts from the
poem called "Almacks"—light shafts from the
bow of satire, which has since been so keenly
strung.

"I know not why it is that one
Licks me, who rhyme and love to shew it,
Should strive throughout the crowd to shun
Above all else 'a charming poet'!
But place me rather, O ye Fates,
Beside some genius fresh from college—
The Cicero of his club, who prates
On Brougham's reply and general knowledge;
Or by some matron who has got
Nine dowdless daughters for her lot;
Or by the eldest of that nine—
Blue, reasoning, chemist, astrologist,
Who talks of 'carbo' and 'combies'
With gentle whispers of 'caloric';
Or by some beau, fresh, clean, and neat,
The Delphic voice of Baker Street,
With whitest vest, and bluest coat,
And cloth con-vised into a riddle,
Two angles based upon a knot,
And golden pin just in the middle—
Who thrills one's ears with phrase and speech
Which Cheltenham dunes perchance would teach,
As 'quite the ton,' or 'met at table,'
Or 'company most fashionable';
Calls some 'gentle,' of others talks
Who 'move among the highest walks,'
Or bursts at once with bolder flow,
To 'pon my honour all the go!'—
Place me, ye Fates, where'er you choose,
By Bloomsbury belles or country codgers;
But save, oh, save me from the name,
And most of all from Samuel B—rs!
I hate the birds who stain their name
By struggling for a meaneer fame,

The night retailers of the rags
Of wit their morning toil has spun,
Who sink from wonders into wags,
And strive with Spencer for a pun.
Oh! Genius, thou shouldst only dwell
By lonely mount or secret cell,
Or if amid the world awhile
Thy strange and wandering steps are found,
Not thine the voice and vacant smile
Which suit the meaneer race around:
In truth thou wert not made to slip
At Lydia White's thy wanted lip,
With boaried jest and laughing lip.
The Touchstone of the coterie.
But worse if to the pantalon
Disboured age transforms the clown,
To play to blues the hoar buffoon,
And reign the R—rs of the town!

• • • • •
Away I turn, and towards the space
Where tea and cakes the senses invite,
Lo! meet me, meaneer the vagrant race,
The swallows of a single night.
Young men whose looks and feet contrive
To win one voucher to Almacks,
While humbler ma' and sisters drive
To Mistress Cr—s or C—s;
New bankers struggling into ton,
Old wilters great with town and Murray,
And ladies whose papa is known
To have some votes in Kent or Surrey,
Stiff, staring, starched, about a score
Are met and mingled round the door.
Alas! what anxious toil has won
Perchance their fleeting triumph here,
What bitter joy when all was done,
And entrance granted with a sneer!
But pride its food from pain shall borrow,
And those to-night's neglect shall gail
Will fly o'er half the town to-morrow,
To boast of Almacks' charming bail.

If Lady F—q—r could contrive
Like ladies of her class to be,
Carve tender joints at half-past five,
And cram hot muffins with her tea;
If Lady F—q—r would invite
Her husband's trading friends to dinner,
Play half-crown points on Wednesday night,
And bet five shillings on the winner;
If Lady F—q—r went to see
The play, and shake her sides at Munden,
Then Lady F—q—r would not be
The veriest laughing-stock of London.
She would not weep her hapless lot
In vouchers lost, and cards forgot,
Nor hear patrician dames, *accuse*
As polished aristocrats, sneer
At vulgar wealth, but hope that poor
Dear Lady F—q—r did not hear.
Then add, in tone distinctly low,
One would not wish to hurt, you know;
And after all, those people may
Be better in their different way.
Then quote 'the bliss of middle life,'
And wish they were the banker's wife.
Alas! that things like these should melt
The olden pride of England down.
Oh! when and where is Freedom felt,
If turned to meanness by a frown?
I am not one who love to praise
The glories of the good old days,
But better with our rustic sires
To live and die as country squires—
Oh! better in our fathers' halls,
Amid the love of those we bless,
Than creeping into weekly balls,
And cringing to a patroness.
And ye, ye littler, meaneer race,
Without the same excuse of birth,
Ye Lady F—q—rs who disgrace
An English merchant's boasted worth,
'Tis half through you and all your weak
Vulgarity of ostentation,
That merchants fail, and bankers break,
And swindling spendthrifts cheat the nation.

• • • • •
'Tis morn, and I must quit the scene
Where many a happier hour has been,
When youth was fresh, and hope was bright,
And sweet the harp, and dear the dance,
That glittering galliard which to-night
Perchance has lured my latest glance.
Away—far the grief to fly
Which memory ever must recall,
And bear beneath an alien sky
The thoughts the world has steeped in gall.
Alas! that bitter world has made
Strange havoc, when our earlier spring
Is darkened with the deadly shade
Which only winter ought to bring;
When from the bright and joyous hues
Which well might light the gaze of youth,
We coldly turn, and sadly muse
Upon the darker tints of truth;
When Fancy's bold lyre is mute
Which once was vocal with our vow,
And Sadness only strings the lute
To satire's harsher notes *as now!*"

We have no parting remarks to make. Had
we not thought most highly of both the promise
and performance of these pages, we had not
chosen them for review; but this we must say,
that the rank their writer might take among
English poets would be one to gratify his
highest literary ambition.

*Military Memoirs of Four Brothers (natives of
Staffordshire) engaged in the Service of their
Country, as well in the New World and
Africa as on the Continent of Europe. By
the Survivor. 8vo. pp. 275. London, 1829.*
Sams.

LIEUTENANT F. (William, we believe) has
been induced to give this family history to the
world, by, we doubt not, very kind and amiable
feelings; but as far as any general interest can
be taken in it, it had far better have been con-
fined to the circle of private friends. What
can the public care for the bundles of letters
which passed to and from the Horse-Guards or
Admiralty when a young man got an ensigncy
in the militia, or a lieutenancy in the marines?
Or what, for the common-place journals of a
sub, in a voyage to the West Indies or else-
where? It is an absurdity to print such things.
Our account of a work of these materials need
not be ponderous.

The author, William, got into the militia in
1797, into the 60th regiment in 1800, went
to Barbadoes, and returned home again.

Henry, another of the brothers, was in the
marines, met with an accident, was carried to
Haslar Hospital, and died at the age of twenty-
one.

John, a third brother, was also a marine
officer, and sailed about a good deal—of all
which cruises he kept a journal, noticing things
of no possible importance to any readers but
his own relations; and was drowned off the
coast of Spain, while gallantly and humanely
endeavouring to save some Spaniards from a
watery grave, after the glorious battle of Tra-
falgar.

Robert, the fourth brother, was first a ma-
rine and then a regular soldier in the 95th
rifle brigade; and his adventures (of which he
too kept a journal) are the only matters worthy
of even a slight record, as he was in the expe-
ditions to the Cape and to Buenos Ayres, and
among the prisoners whom the faithless Liniers
marched up the country after the surrender of
the British force at the latter place. He took,
besides, an active share in the Peninsular war,
where his constitution was sapped, and he died
in Ireland, at the age of forty-four, twelve
months ago.

Of the insanity of John's journal we shall
exhibit but one specimen: at Tetuan—

"The trade of this place is monopolised by
the Jews, who are much oppressed by the
Moors. The flocks and herds are numerous,
and generally in good condition. The fleet
received upwards of 200 of them, which proved
a seasonable supply, after experiencing so many
privations."

From Robert's papers the following selection
may perhaps afford our readers some ten mi-
nutes' interesting occupation; and we copy
them as being almost the only portions of the
book respecting which the supposition may be
entertained. We have the subjoined anecdote
on the loss of the Britannia East Indiaman in
1806.

"Some of the convoy saw her firing guns of
distress just before she sunk, and boats were
immediately hoisted out, in time to save all the
crew except three, one of which was Brigadier-
general York, who, in attempting to save him-

self by swimming, was thrown with such violence against the side of the ship, that he sunk, and was seen no more. Another was a private artillery-man, who jumped overboard, with the intention of rendering assistance to the general; but the poor fellow, unhappily, shared the same fate. The third was a seaman, who refused to quit the ship, saying, he had lived poor, and he would be damned if he would not die rich. He went below, where the dollars were stowed, filled his shirt-bosom, and came upon deck, shouting huzza! till the ship was nearly under water. He then took off his hat, gave three cheers, and went down with her."

When carried up the country from Buenos Ayres, the writer relates: "We had a letter of recommendation to Don Felipe Otorrala, en su Estancia, rivero Araco; who lived upon his estate, five leagues from St. Antonio de Araco, where we proceeded on the 16th of October. He received us with great hospitality, and informed us that every thing in his house was perfectly at our service, and his horses, whenever we wished to ride out. It is incredible the number of cattle he possessed; I do not exactly recollect, but I know it was some thousands. He sold annually (upon a moderate computation) 1,500 mules, which he sent to Lima. We remained here very comfortably for some time; our amusements consisted chiefly in fishing, shooting, and hunting ostriches, deer, and wild dogs. We destroyed upwards of 500 of the latter in four days, they were so numerous. These animals are so ravenous, that they will sometimes attack a man on horseback, and frequently devour cattle. I saw about 100 of them attack a wild bull by surrounding him, and they soon destroyed him. They live in burrows; and it is very remarkable, that no less than five different animals occupy the same habitation; viz. toads, rats, owls, hogs in armour (a small animal resembling a pig), and bisaches, which resemble a rabbit, but are three times as large. Hunting the ostrich afforded us good sport: we sometimes chased them for hours, but seldom or ever could come up with them, although mounted on swift horses, as they always run before the wind, spreading their wings, which act as sails on a ship; and the only method of taking them was, to entangle their legs by throwing the balls, which the Spaniards did with great dexterity, at the distance of eighty or one hundred yards, when in full speed. * * * The river Parana was within an hour's ride of our residence. We frequently went, partly to fish and partly to enjoy the agreeable prospect, which is very striking. * * *

This river rises in the Andes, about 500 leagues in the interior, and falls into the Rio de la Plata. Tigers are not uncommon here; they annoy the inhabitants by destroying numbers of their cattle. I was fishing one day in this river, and caught a cat-fish; it was armed with two bony substances not unlike a saw, except that each horn had notches or teeth contrary ways. In order to kill it, I gave it a kick, when it struck one of these weapons through my boot into my foot. I forced it out, and the excruciating pain it gave me caused me to faint. One of my brother officers was wounded in the hand, and suffered much in consequence of it. Near 3,000 Pampas (Indians) passed down the river, about the middle of December, on their way to Buenos Ayres, to offer their services against the English. They were armed with spears, bows and arrows, balls, and slings, from which they throw stones with great exactness. Towards the lat-

ter end of January 1807 we were informed of the murder of Major Ogilvie of the royal artillery, who was one of the party left at Luxan. He was riding one evening with Colonel Pack of the 71st, when they were overtaken by a Spaniard on horseback, a short distance from the village, who said he had letters from Buenos Ayres for them at his house, which was not very distant, and that he would deliver them if they would accompany him thither. To this they consented; but as night was approaching, Colonel Pack thought it prudent that they should return, beginning to suspect the man had some design, as he saw no appearance of a house. They had scarcely turned their horses' heads, when the assassin discharged a pistol at the major, who immediately cried out, 'Colonel, I am wounded.' The ball had passed below the shoulder, and had lodged in his body. The colonel ran to support his friend, when the Spaniard ran up with a lasso, threw it, and caught the colonel by the arm, from which he soon disentangled himself, but unfortunately had no other weapon in his hand than a small riding-stick. With this he made towards the villain, who drew a sword from under his cloak, and made several cuts at him, which the colonel received on his arm: however, he kept the murderer at bay till two men were observed approaching, when the Spaniard rode off. The poor major had by this time fainted from loss of blood. He was carried to the village, where he afterwards expired. A short time after this affair, a servant, belonging to one of the officers of the 71st, was murdered at Capilla del Señor, as he was crossing from his master's lodgings to his own. A Spaniard caught him round the neck with a lasso, dragged him out of the village, and cut his throat from ear to ear. There were many attempts made that evening with the lasso, to insnare several of the officers; indeed, so many ill-disposed persons were lurking about, that it became dangerous for us to move out without being well on our guard."

Being marched still farther into the interior, 700 miles from Buenos Ayres, amidst horrid privations and dangers, the journal notes—

"May 5th.—We arrived at a place called St. Ignacio, in the valley of Calimuchita, after a fatiguing journey of sixty days, living in carts all the time, and during the nights sleeping under the canopy of heaven, exposed to all weathers. Such is the consequence of captivity, and such is the fortune of war. There was only one building in this place, which appeared to have been a college, belonging to the Jesuits, dedicated to St. Ignacio. Thirty officers were put into this building, and the remainder distributed in different places about the valley. We understood this place was to be our residence till further orders. The valley is very extensive, and surrounded by high mountains, which contain mines of gold and copper, and is watered by a branch of the Tercero. We had not been here long before two of our people were murdered in a barbarous manner. A man and a woman belonging to the seventy-first regiment were attacked by assassins; their cries were heard by three of my brother officers and myself, and we ran to the spot, but arrived too late. We found them weltering in their blood; the poor man had about twenty wounds, inflicted by a knife; he died in a quarter of an hour: nearly the whole of his fingers were cut off the right hand, and appeared to be done by a sharp instrument, in defending himself. The poor woman was mangled in a cruel manner, and died in a few days. We learned afterwards, that they were at-

tacked by five or six fellows with knives; the man defended himself and wife as long as he could, but at last fell through loss of blood. Upon hearing our approach, the murderers fled. This circumstance confirmed a report we had heard, that this part of South America was infested by robbers and assassins, who for the value of a quarter of a dollar would take away the life of any person. We mutually agreed never to go out unless two or three were together, and with caution."

On being released from this miserable captivity, and returning to Europe, Robert visited Naples, &c., where his journal records only insignificant transactions; nor is it of much higher interest when it relates to the Peninsular war, the battle of Salamanca, the retreat from Burgos, and other events. The sketch of his personal sufferings in Spain is too true a picture of what many of our gallant countrymen endured and sunk under in that momentous conflict. In August 1813 he writes:

"I was taken ill in the beginning of August last, but continued with my regiment for some days, in the hope of getting better, until we arrived near Madrid. I was then very ill, and had become so weak, that I frequently fainted when endeavouring to mount my horse. The surgeon at last ordered me into the rear, and with much difficulty I reached Salamanca in a cart, almost breathing my last; here I lay and grew worse, till I was reduced to a mere skeleton, and had been given over more than once, when our army arrived, with the French at their heels, in November, and every preparation was made to evacuate Salamanca and to remove the sick further to the rear. Unfortunately, I was too ill to be removed, and the surgeon who attended me recommended me by all means to make up my mind to be taken prisoner; for he observed (very humanely, I thought), that I had no other alternative left than to be taken by the enemy, or run the risk of losing my life by being removed; for, he added, without ceremony, that I should surely die before they got me over the bridge on the outside of the town. I might have died inside the town for him—for I saw him no more: the cannonading had already commenced, the French cavalry had forded the river and got round our flanks, and I, the only officer in the place, was left to get away how I could. I now thought it was time to make up my mind to the miserable alternative which my friend, the surgeon, had proposed; for the place was given up to plunder. I was lying, unable to stir, in the most dreadful state of suspense, expecting every moment to see a Frenchman pounce upon me, when, to my great astonishment, an officer of my own regiment (Lieutenant Vickers), who had heard of my being so shamefully deserted by the hospital-surgeon, rushed into the room, determined to rescue me. He hurried me away, wrapped in a blanket, upon the back of a rifleman, got me put on a cart, and conveyed over the bridge. However, I did not die, as my friend had prognosticated; but if I could have foreseen the misery I afterwards suffered, I should have sooner wished his words had been made good. We travelled the whole of that night, our army in full retreat, and the French in close pursuit; the weather miserably wet and cold, and the roads so drenched, that it was up to the middle in mud; the animals were knocked up, and I unfortunately fell into the hands of the enemy, a French hussar regiment, who treated me vilely. They knocked the cart from under me, sabred the men, and dragged me into the middle of the road; stripped me,

tearing my clothes into shreds, and, turning me over with their sabres, plundered me of what little I had remaining, tore a gold ring from my finger, and then left me naked, to perish with cold and hunger. I lay in this miserable state two days and nights, with no mortals near me, except dead ones; one of which lay with his head upon my legs, having died in that position during the night preceding, and I was too weak to remove his body; I could not raise myself, I was so reduced. In this suffering state I continued to exist, which I attribute to some rum, of which I drank a considerable quantity from a Frenchman's canteen, who was humane enough to let me do so when I explained to him that I was a British officer. The rum soon laid me to sleep. The Frenchman was a hussar, and appeared to belong to the regiment who had treated me so vilely in the morning (this happened about dusk). I begged of him to take me up behind him; he shook his head, but humanely took an old blanket from under his saddle, covered me with it, and then rode off. The whole of the next day I saw no living soul; still lying on the road, half famished. The day following an escort of French dragoons came up, with a number of prisoners, both English and Portuguese; among them was a soldier of the ninety-fifth, belonging to the same company as myself: he recognised me, and begged of the Frenchmen to allow him and three others to remove me to a village about a league and a half distant from where I lay. After some entreaty they consented, as the rifleman declared that he would not leave his officer, notwithstanding the threats of the French soldiers, who menaced him with their sabres; but he persisted, saying that he would sooner die than leave me to perish. I was conveyed on their shoulders in a blanket, almost in a state of insensibility, except when roused by the inhumanity of the three soldiers, who several times tumbled me into the mud in the most unfeeling manner, swearing I was dead, and that they would carry me no farther; but my rifle comrade threatened them if they dared to leave me. During these altercations I was roused from my stupor, and, opening my eyes, assured them that life had not yet ebbed. They carried me to a village which had been plundered, and deserted by the inhabitants. Starvation still stared me in the face; for the escort having laid me inside a hut, proceeded with their prisoners to Salamanca, where I begged in vain they would take me, to save my life, which was then hardly worth preservation; but the idea of being famished to death was dreadful enough, and I could very easily at that time have reconciled myself to any other mode of quitting the world. However, it appears I was to overcome all my disasters. I felt a strong presentiment that I should emerge from this state of suffering, although these men refused to allow any of their prisoners to stay with me, or even to carry me farther, as I was a mere skeleton: they left me in this deserted village, destitute of food and covering. I still survived, but suffered more from hunger than I can describe, having nothing to subsist upon but horse-flesh and acorns (and both sparingly), for three weeks or a month, in the depth of winter, part of November and December; during which time I lay in an old, half-unroofed barn, where the Spaniards carried me on their return to the village, without giving me a morsel of bread or food of any sort, but telling me I might lie there and rot; which certainly must have been my fate, had

not an English soldier found me, who had, like myself, fallen into the hands of the enemy, but made his escape from them, and accidentally took shelter in my quarters, as I kept open house. The poor fellow found me in a state of starvation, and took me upon his back (for I was quite helpless) to the village, and craved food for me from door to door; but the inhuman Spaniards shut their doors in our faces, refusing me both shelter and food, at the same time they were baking bread for the French. However, my fellow-sufferer, by good chance, found a dead horse, and he supplied me with this food and acorns, which at the time I thought very dainty, believe me, and devoured when first given to me in no small quantity, which nearly put an end to my sufferings. I mention the following occurrence in justice to the Spanish women:—two girls, daughters of the principal person of the village (a baker), notwithstanding the threat of punishment to those who should relieve me, absolutely did two or three times bring me a little food saved from their own meals. In this miserable state I lay, when Colonel Gordon, one of Lord Wellington's aides-de-camp, found me, on his return to Rodrigo, from the French head-quarters, where he had been with a flag of truce respecting General Sir Edward Paget, who had been made prisoner during the retreat. He gave me a gold piece (three dollars) to buy bread with, and assisted my escape to Rodrigo, from whence I was conveyed to the light division in a cart, a mere skeleton, and covered with all kinds of filth and vermin."

With this, the most interesting extract which the work supplies, we should conclude, but for a curious and melancholy relation of a case of hydrophobia, in 1816, at Dublin; which our next Number shall contain.

Memoirs of the War in Spain, from 1808 to 1814. By Marshal Suchet, Duke d'Albafra. 8vo. 2 vols. Vol. I. pp. 377. London, 1829. H. Colburn.

MARSHAL SUCHET having acquired for himself, by his military career in the east of Spain, the distinguishing name of *the Butcher*, we were rather curious to see what sort of an account he gave of his actions during the sanguinary campaigns in which he was engaged. And were it not for the rapid succession of facts, all reeking with human blood, which his narrative discloses, we could never have surmised that he was at all inclined to cruelty. To be sure, it so happened that it was necessary, nay indispensable, every now and then, to "make an example" of the population of a city, by administering a little extermination to it:—"to punish" the people of a province for daring to resist their invaders and defend their homes and altars, just by hanging up a few hundreds of the rebels here and there about the country, and burning their houses and villages;—in short, to enlighten the public mind, by shewing that *Right* ought to be spelt with an *M* instead of an *R*, and disposing of all those who pertinaciously refused to be instructed.

Having to carry these amiable purposes into effect in Arragon, Andalusia, Castille, Valencia, Catalonia, &c. it is clearly shewn by Marshal Suchet that he did the business in the most satisfactory manner, so as to relieve vast multitudes of the inhabitants from every feeling of slavery and misery, to lighten any surplus that might exist of demand beyond produce, and to ameliorate the condition of the happy few who submitted to his mild and paternal

rule. But with all these recommendations, this is a marvellously tiresome and useless book—tiresome to the general, and useless to the military reader. For the former it wants all the charms of individuality; for the latter all the information of military details, elucidated (as they must be to be understood) by plans and practical illustrations. Indeed, the editor, whoever he is, seems to have been perfectly aware of this truth, for he tells us in his Introduction that the "narrative was principally written for military men," meaning, as the context shews, the military men who served with Suchet, and were so well acquainted with the affairs described, that they needed no further particulars to refresh their memories. "His narrative (the editor proceeds) teems throughout with an earnest anxiety to do justice to every one acting under his orders. This may have occasioned a certain prolixity, of which the reader may perhaps complain when he finds the series of events interrupted by the detail of partial engagements."

Nothing more certain could be anticipated. It is broil after broil, fight after fight, massacre after massacre, without distinctness, without relief, and without interest. But different men take different views of things. While we see barbarity, murder, oppression, and desolation, stalking through every page of this hero's history, his editor most naively remarks that his battles and sieges will be stamped to posterity with "a peculiar lustre," endearing them "in the eyes of—(we almost doubt our reading of the words)—*philosophy and humanity*," because, however, he "exerted his endeavours to mitigate the horrors of war."

Suchet rose rapidly in his profession during the Italian campaigns, and was, it is agreed, a brave soldier and a clever man. As one of the modern French *Péladans*, therefore, his memoirs may have some attractions for the French reader; for the English they have literally none. One or two brief extracts will do all that can be required of us to exhibit this work in its own light to the public. Saragossa was taken, and the marshal says—

"It would be impossible correctly to describe the spectacle which was then presented by the unfortunate city of Saragossa. The hospitals could no longer admit any more sick or wounded. The burying-grounds were too small for the number of dead carried thither; the corpses sewed up in cloth bags were lying by hundreds at the doors of the several churches. A contagious fever had created the most frightful ravages. The number of deaths in the interior of the city during the siege, including those who were killed by the enemy, has been estimated at upwards of forty thousand human beings. With a view to take advantage of the terror and dejection to which the country was a prey in consequence of the fall of Saragossa, the adjutant-commandant Fabre, chief of the staff of Suchet's division, was sent to Jaca," &c. &c.

The following is at least an honest statement, though its conclusions are not worth a farthing:—"It has been asserted, that the art of conquering is of no avail, unless combined with the art of procuring means of subsistence for the troops. This is a truth which cannot be denied, when we consider of what those mighty assemblages of men denominated armies consist; what consumptions of all kinds are called for by a state of war; how advantageous it is for the inhabitants of a country, that the soldiers should be furnished with what they might otherwise forcibly seize upon; and

how it behoves a general to preserve them in health, strength, and courage, on which, in the day of battle, may possibly depend the success of an engagement which might decide the fate of a campaign. We trust that we shall be able to furnish a fresh proof of this, and to establish the fact, that the regular administration of an army, and the proper application of the resources of the country which it retains under its sway, should be considered as its most powerful auxiliaries. The administration of the English armies during the war in the Peninsula has been quoted as a model worthy of imitation. It is, indeed, an undoubted truth, that they penetrated into Portugal and Spain without being burdensome to the inhabitants; they distributed a profusion of money on their way: provisions, means of transport, every thing was paid for. But their position did not bear the slightest analogy to ours; they acted in the character of allies, and had the advantage over us of possessing a fleet which held undisputed possession of the ocean and of the coasts. By this means, they received from England every kind of assistance which a wealthy and powerful government could supply; or else they felt no difficulty in procuring, at an exorbitant rate, whatever they stood in need of. At the same time, their administration, whilst it paid for every thing that was consumed by the troops, had the power of introducing, through every harbour of the Peninsula, the produce of English industry or commerce; the supply of arms, clothing, and equipments for the Portuguese and Spanish armies, enabled it to receive and export more money than it had occasion to expend, or at least to make its allies debtors for very considerable sums. As France possessed no such means of drawing from the Peninsula the treasures which it laid out in the country for the maintenance of its armies, French coins were seen every where in circulation, whereas English money was seldom to be met with. The British government, by this wise mode of proceeding, has obtained an important result; its land forces, after many signal defeats, have succeeded of late years in almost rivalling the glory acquired by its fleets, and claim a distinguished rank among European armies.

"In the spring of 1800, the calamities of the war pressed heavily upon Arragon, which had been groaning under them for nearly a twelvemonth; the destructive siege of Saragossa had diminished the population, ruined commerce and industry, deprived agriculture of its crops and of its cattle."

It was in this helpless and hopeless condition that Buonaparte ordered "the war to support the war," and Suchet to "impose extraordinary contributions" on the wasted province!! We have not patience to go through the measures by which it is pretended that Arragon was made quiet and happy. We leave them and the rest of the work to such readers as would be entertained with an old volume of Gazettes (not Literary, but Government), or bulletins affording ample misinformation of operations and victories long after they had ceased to interest a living being except the parties who had figured in them.

The Shepherd's Calendar. By James Hogg, Author of the "Queen's Wake," &c. 2 vols. 12mo. Edinburgh, 1829, W. Blackwood; London, T. Cadell.

A RACE with more marked characteristics than the Scotch peasantry does not exist: strangely blending worldly prudence and wild imagination,

extreme superstition with fervent devotion, their histories abound in material both for the philosopher and the poet. Poor, but independent, with a certain degree of education generally diffused, accustomed to hardships, elevated by dangers—for dangers do elevate, both by exciting our own powers, and by giving them a reliance on a higher power—passing much of their time in a solitude which is doubly impressive in a mountainous country, where earth and sky seem to meet,—their annals are interesting, as those of the human character must ever be, when neither debased by brutalising poverty, nor frittered away in inactive luxury. But let our Shepherd speak for himself.

"The daily feeling naturally impressed on the shepherd's mind, that all his comforts are so entirely in the hand of Him that rules the elements, contributes not a little to that firm spirit of devotion for which the Scottish shepherd is so distinguished. I know of no scene so impressive, as that of a family sequestered in a lone glen during the time of a winter storm;—and where is the glen in the kingdom that wants such a habitation? There they are left to the protection of Heaven; and they know and feel it. Throughout all the wild vicissitudes of nature, they have no hope of assistance from man, but expect to receive it from the Almighty alone. Before retiring to rest, the shepherd uniformly goes out to examine the state of the weather, and make his report to the little dependent group within—nothing is to be seen but the conflict of the elements, nor heard but the raving of the storm; then they all kneel around him, while he recommends them to the protection of Heaven; and though their little hymn of praise can scarcely be heard even by themselves, as it mixes with the roar of the tempest, they never fail to rise from their devotions with their spirits cheered and their confidence renewed, and go to sleep with an exaltation of mind of which kings and conquerors have no share. Often have I been a sharer in such scenes; and never, even in my youngest years, without having my heart deeply impressed by the circumstances. There is a sublimity in the very idea. There we lived, as it were, inmates of the cloud and the storm; but we stood in a relationship to the Ruler of these, that neither time nor eternity could ever cancel."

Most of the tales having appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, they have already been pretty generally circulated: they bring the welcome of old familiar friends, who for the first time we have an opportunity of collecting together. We shall select among the circle at hazard. The following story of trusting to Providence is very characteristic.

"Another time, in harvest, it came a rainy day, and the Ettrick began to look very big in the evening. Willie Candlem, perceiving his crop in danger, yoked the white mare in the sledge, and was proceeding to lead his corn out of watermark; but out came Meggie, and began expostulating with him on the sinfulness of the act,—'Put in your beast again, like a good Christian man, Willie,' said she, 'and dinna be setting an ill example to a' the parish. Ye ken, that this vera day the minister bade us lippen to Providence in our straits, and we wad never rue't. He'll take it very ill off your hand, the setting of sic an example on the Lord's day; therefore, Willie, my man, take his advice and mine, and lippen to Providence this time.' Willie Candlem was obliged to comply; for who can withstand the artillery of a woman's tongue? So he put up

his white mare, and went to bed with a heavy heart; and the next morning, by break of day, when he arose and looked out, behold the greater part of his crop was gone. 'Ye may take up your Providence now, Meggie! Where's your Providence now? A'down the water wi' my corn! Ah! I wad trust mair to my gude white mare than to you and Providence baith!' Meggie answered him meekly, as her duty and custom was—'O Willie! dinna rail at Providence, but down to the meadow-head and claim first.' Willie Candlem took the hint, galloped on his white mare down to the Ettrick meadows, over which the river spread, and they were covered with floating sheaves; so Willie began and hauled out, and carried out, till he had at least six times as much corn as he had lost. At length one man came, and another, but Willie refused all partition of the spoil. 'Ay, ye may take up your corn now where you can find it, lads,' said Willie; 'I keppit nane but my ain. Yours is gane farther down. Had ye come when I came, ye might have keppit it a'.' So Willie drove and drove, till the stackyard was full. 'I think the crop has turn'd no that ill out after a'; said Meggie: 'you've been nae the waur o' trusting to Providence,' 'Na,' rejoined Willie, 'nor o' taking your advice, Meggie, and ganging down to kep and claim at the meadow-head.'"

Some most extraordinary facts are stated of the sagacity of the dog: we choose one, though at the risk of encouraging a thief.

"One young man, in particular, who was, I believe, overtaken by justice for his first offence, stated, that after he had folded the sheep by moonlight, and selected his number from the flock of a former master, he took them out, and set away with them towards Edinburgh. But before he had got them quite off the farm, his conscience smote him, as he said (but more likely a dread of that which soon followed), and he quitted the sheep, letting them go again to the hill. He called his dog off them; and mounting his pony, rode away. At that time he said his dog was capering and playing around him, as if glad of having got free of a troublesome business; and he regarded him no more, till, after having rode about three miles, he thought again and again that he heard something coming up behind him. Halting, at length, to ascertain what it was, in a few minutes his dog came up with the stolen drove, driving them at a furious rate to keep pace with his master. The sheep were all smoking, and hanging out their tongues, and their driver was fully as warm as they. The young man was now exceedingly troubled; for the sheep having been brought so far from home, he dreaded there would be a pursuit, and he could not get them home again before day. Resolving, at all events, to keep his hands clear of them, he corrected his dog in great wrath, left the sheep once more, and taking his dog with him, rode off a second time. He had not ridden above a mile, till he perceived that his dog had again given him the slip; and suspecting for what purpose, he was terribly alarmed as well as chagrined; for the day-light approached, and he durst not make a noise calling on his dog, for fear of alarming the neighbourhood, in a place where both he and his dog were known. He resolved therefore to abandon the animal to himself, and take a road across the country which he was sure his dog did not know, and could not follow. He took that road; but being on horseback, he could not get across

the enclosed fields. He at length came to a gate, which he closed behind him, and went about half a mile farther, by a zigzag course, to a farm-house where both his sister and sweetheart lived; and at that place he remained until after breakfast-time. The people of this house were all examined on the trial, and no one had either seen sheep, or heard them mentioned, save one man, who came up to the young man as he was standing at the stable-door, and told him that his dog had the sheep safe enough down at the Crooked Yett, and he needed not hurry himself. He answered, that the sheep were not his—they were young Mr. Thomson's, who had left them to his charge; and he was in search of a man to drive them, which made him come off his road. After this discovery, it was impossible for the poor fellow to get quit of them; so he went down and took possession of the stolen property once more, carried them on, and disposed of them; and, finally, the transaction cost him his life. The dog, for the last four or five miles that he had brought the sheep, could have no other guide to the road his master had gone, but the smell of his pony's feet."

There are stories of ghosts, dreams, &c. enough to last out a six weeks' snow; and altogether, these very amusing volumes are most striking, as well as most interesting, sketches of national character; and we dismiss the Ettrick Shepherd with cordial commendations.

Tales of Military Life. By the Author of the "Military Sketch-Book." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Colburn.

"*Thus Fashion holds her universal sway*"—from the peddling with which the courtiers of Henry VIII. emulated their monarch's corpulency, down to the present dynasty of Parisian cut and curl, the mode has ever held, "whatever is, is right." Now, so long as Fashion will but keep to her legitimate empire of silk—will be arbitrary on the colour of a vest, and the size of a sleeve,—we have no remonstrance to offer against her most orthodox ascendancy; but when her tyranny extends even over types—when she puts printers into requisition, and comes out with two and three volumes in her train,—we must beg to have an opinion of our own. It has arrived at such a pitch, that a novel in three volumes is as much a production of "because it is the fashion," as ever were cape or collar. An honest citizen goes down to Margate; one of his family is literary; and three volumes soon appear,—in which a love affair, the colour of the captain's coat and breeches, and the number of windows of their house, are most accurately set forth:—or, a convict is sent to Botany Bay, he brings home notes, he throws a few adventures in, and out comes another three volumes:—or, living in a street at the West-end where you can see into some opposite neighbour's drawing-room, watching a few carriages pass, with the help of a Court-guide, will furnish a tale of fashionable life fit to appear any circulating spring, in three, if not four, seemingly volumes.

The work before us is a production of this species: the author has, no doubt, seen a good deal of service, and has that literary taste which is so often mistaken for talent by its possessors. Every body about him is writing; he is on half-pay; and, what with the moving accidents he has encountered, and those he has read, his three volumes are concocted with all the rapidity with which hand-writings are

amended, and languages are learnt, in our present ten-mile-an-hour and intellectual-steam-engine age. The first tale is very much like a great many others; there is a beautiful heroine—a hero, of whom we know nothing till he turns out to be a baronet—in short, a kind of Guy Mannering story, where an Irish Croppy is a masculine Meg Merrilies—Colonel Raven, a military edition of Glossin, &c. Sir Walter Scott has much to answer for!

What but the most inveterate book-making could produce such passages as the ensuing ones?

"The captains and subalterns stood at the head of their respective companies—the surgeons, pay-master, and quarter-master, on the extreme left, next the light company—the band, drummers, and pioneers, occupied the rear. The sight delighted the proud Sir Edward, as he rode along the line, accompanied by Major Pommel and the adjutant, mounted also, to inspect the men; which having done, he gave the word, in loud and martial voice—'The battalion will wheel backwards into open column.' Sir Edward now galloped to the left flank, the musicians, drummers, and pioneers, took their station on the right, and the captains of companies moved out, placing themselves a few paces in front of their right subdivision. The major then continued—'By subdivisions on the left backward wheel.' At this word of command the captains of companies moved out quickly to the front of their right subdivisions, while the pivot-man of each company faced to the right. This done, Sir Edward proceeded—'Quick march!' And the movement closed by—'Halt! dress!' from the captains of companies."

Sir Edward continued—'Let the movement be done again. Left wheel into line—March!—Now, Mr. Allan, attend, sir.' He then gave the word, as before, and the battalion formed into subdivisions so perfectly as to defy reproof. This done, the commanding officer, in a few minutes, gave the word—'Quick march!' The band struck out a quick step, and the regiment commenced to move off—the colonel riding in front of the grenadiers—before him, the drummers, musicians, and pioneers."

Being entertained by such interesting descriptions as this, the following equally interesting conversation may serve as a further specimen how these pages are eked out.

"Stubbs and his friend were enjoying themselves, seated on a bank, the remainder of the regiment resting themselves, but under arms; and, as usual with these two professors, discussing agreeably a given topic; the present was an analysis of a particular part of a drum-major's duty. 'I cannot help thinking it very hard, corporal,' observed Stubbs, 'that I, as a drum-major—an officer of the musical department, I may say—should be obliged to go into action: not that I am in the least afraid of falling, for I flatter myself that I can do a little as well as any man in the regiment.' 'O faith! you can do a bit o' business in your present occupation, major,' dryly observed Miles, at the same time glancing at the large limb-bone which Stubbs was actively picking. 'You see what a clane drumstick you've made o' the leg o' the goose.' 'That's a joke, Miles—it is too serious a matter for a joke, I assure you. I argue on principle—I am a musician: you are a fighting man—I'll do my duty—you do your's—let me beat my drums, you may beat the enemy.' 'Why, that's a joke too, major,' observed Magoverin. 'Hand me the brandy,' returned Stubbs, with a consequential smile at finding his wit was duly appreciated.

'You hav'n't given us any lingo to-day,' continued he, 'so make a beginning, and let us have *Latin for geese*.' 'I'll tell you what, Misther Stubbs,' said Miles, as he helped himself to a horn of the liquor, and handed the canteen to his companion; 'I'll tell you what it is: your talents are suffocated, as I may say, under a bushel; you ought to hold a different place in the army.' 'Very likely,' observed Stubbs; 'but what should that be?' 'Why, in the *victualling* department, to be sure.' 'Your health, corporal!—I believe you are right,' returned Stubbs with a grin. 'No great enterprise can be consummated an' undertaken in the field without a good commissariat,' said Miles. 'With that opinion I perfectly agree; and I don't think we have had much of a commissariat on this retreat, or we should not have left so many poor fellows dying behind us all along the road. For my part, I have been my own commissary: look at this goose—absolutely stuffed with turnips! I tried hard for sage and onions; but, sir, the country is exhausted. You may talk of generals and heroes; but I say that whoever provides the eatables is the real conqueror. Cut me off the pope's nose, corporal.' 'Is there two popes' noses in a goose?' inquired Miles, with apparent simplicity. 'Two!—no.' 'Then I can't send you the nose at all, major; for I saw you bite it off yourself this mornin'. However, here's a bit o' the breast for you.' Ha! so I did, so I did,' cried Stubbs; 'now I remember: I was certainly very hungry.'"

Then come very pithy oddities in phraseology—quite original, no doubt. What can we say for such expressions as, "tears relieving the cramp of his feelings;" or love-making such as, "My dear, angelic Mrs. Grey, I love you—a *captain* of dragons loves you!"

We are sorry to be thus severe in a literary point of view; for we do think the writer's intentions, and his remarks on flogging and some other points of military discipline, are excellent: only we would recommend not so completely exhausting all the *matériel*; but, to use a homely proverb, "cutting your coat according to your cloth." The author is said to be a gentleman of the name of Maginn, and late a surgeon in the army: we need not add, not the Maginn whose formidable pen so affrights his political opponents, and whose general talents, learning, and wit, form a union of which we believe there are few living examples among our literary men.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

The Carbonaro; a Piedmontese Tale. By the Duke de Levis. 2 vols. London, 1829. H. Colburn.

We scarcely know under what head to class the production now before us; there is no mention made of its being a translation, yet a translation it evidently is, and that a very bad one, done by the aid of a dictionary and a few lucky and unlucky guesses: for example, an impassioned look, *un regard passionné*, is rendered by the very un-English phrase, a passionate regard; the cart, *char*, is grandiloquently into car. But without entering into the details of verbal criticism, we must say that the doing of the *Carbonaro* into English, is one of those literary jobs which bring this branch of literature into such discredit: a species of smuggling utterly destructive to free commerce, and which can give no idea of the mutual advantages of intellectual intercourse. For a man to make a good translator, he must have talents of his own to begin with; he must have thoroughly studied the literature of the language,

and imbued his mind with the spirit of his original: it is by so doing that such men as Lockhart, Gillies, and Carlyle, have made such valuable acquisitions from the store of other nations, have given us real knowledge, and cultivated a correct and just taste for works that, in many instances, were, till they came, neglected by ignorance, or scorned through unjust prejudice. We will only now mention one memorable instance which ought to have given a lesson to the publisher: what was the fate of the curious Auto-biography of Göthe?—worse than lost to our literature, an ill name set upon it, entirely by being made a business done at so much a sheet. Surely there ought to be some sort of Ellenborough act passed for the protection of authors, to prevent their being thus cut and maimed with impunity.

Under such disadvantageous circumstances, strict criticism is rather harsh than just towards an author; but, in truth, no translation, however well executed, could save this work from being a mass of improbable events, connected by a still more improbable story: characters, or rather personages, are introduced on the scene to utter a few fine phrases about liberty—and exeunt; as for *dénouement* there is none. It is one of those works that just breathe the tone of a party, but whose literary merits are at a very low ebb.

Conversations on Intellectual Philosophy; or, a familiar Explanation of the Nature and Operations of the Human Mind. 2 vols. London, 1829. Edward Bull.

WE know not when we have been more pleased than with the two volumes which we now introduce to our readers in terms of unqualified approval. Though professedly written for the use of young persons, they contain much excellent matter for every age; and to the former class they are invaluable. In these days of intellect and accomplishment, we educate hands, feet, face, while the mind is too much neglected; we are taught to walk, dance, speak, look,—but to think, the most important of all, is often forgotten. The more a young mind is accustomed to reflect on its own thoughts, and to analyse its own impressions, the better calculated will its powers be to form clear and correct observations; and the lessons of experience will only add force to the already accurate judgment,—accurate because accustomed to examine. Simple, clear, and concise, founded principally on Brown's system, these Conversations truly deserve their name—Intellectual; and we recommend them to every juvenile library, in which they have long been a desideratum.

The Portraits of a Christian Gentleman. By a Barrister. 12mo. pp. 231. London, 1829. Hensley.

WHEN we state that this volume is from the pen of Mr. Roberts, the late editor of the *British Review*, and author of *The Looker-on*, &c. we say enough to recommend it to the notice of every person acquainted with that gentleman's writings, abilities, and sound principles. It is a very excellent, moral, and Christian production.

Picture of London. Re-edited by J. Britton. 18mo. pp. 498. London. Longman and Co.

THIS is the true way to make valuable books,—every year improving them, as changes and novelties require, and as more correct information can be obtained. This, the 26th edition, is at once extremely neat, careful, and copious.

Le Furet de Londres. 1828.

THIS is a weekly French newspaper, collected into the form of a convenient volume, the last year being the third of its existence. It is a pleasant, light, and agreeable miscellany of dramatic criticism and news; amusing papers, principally on topics of the day; and other varieties. It is well deserving of a place in the boudoir of our fair friends, and even on the tables of public places and libraries.

Howell and Co.'s Catalogue of Books exclusively relating to the Church of Rome, &c. London, 1829.

THIS Catalogue of 3,347 works relating to the church of Rome, her doctrines, worship, discipline, controversies, and annals, is peculiarly deserving of attention at the present period. The collection is, indeed, most ample and curious; and the list of publications possesses much interest in the form of notes and remarks.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

YESTERDAY being *le Dimanche gras*, pleasure, or rather what is termed such, was the order of the day. At two o'clock the *gendarmes* took their posts to keep the multitude in awe, and prevent *Messrs. les Cochers* from overturning the unfortunate *pictons*. Notwithstanding the piercing cold of the morning, and a threatening sky, the *Boulevards* were so thickly thronged from one extremity to the other, that it was impossible to move except in minuet step. There were not so many masks as last year; and as for the costumes, they were almost all the same—Greeks, Turks, and Indians, galloped to and fro: the principal personage was an apothecary decorated with the ensigns of his art: one or two elegants and elegantes were also tolerably ridiculous, and excited much hilarity; but in general the characters were badly supported; and the lower classes are so gross in their choice of subjects, that the eye turns away in disgust, instead of experiencing any amusement from the sight.

The Duchesse de Berri and the little Duc de Bordeaux honoured the scene of gaiety with their presence. The moment the latter appeared, all hats were taken off, and cries of *Vivent les Bourbons!* and *Vive le Duc de Bordeaux!* were vociferated. But few accidents occurred, considering the pushing, squeezing, and confusion: one gentleman lost his wooden leg; two ladies of no tender age were robbed of both hats and wigs; an officer had his epaulettes stolen, and the tail of his coat cut off:—but these are merely trifling circumstances.

Theatrical composition is now at so low an ebb, that authors are obliged to have recourse to asses to ensure the success of their pieces! An animal of this species was three times introduced on the stage in a late performance. I trust that the *salons* also will be honoured by the presence of the braying quadruped; for no doubt society would find long-eared donkeys much more supportable and amusing than long-headed gentlemen.

Amongst the bad *bon-mots* of the day is one which is cited as a *chef-d'œuvre d'esprit*, viz. *Si Château-Briand parvient à faire choisir un pape libéral, il possèdera le vrai génie du Christianisme.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

NEW ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

ANOTHER expedition to the Arctic seas, prepared under circumstances of peculiar public

interest, is shortly to leave our shores; and it affords us much satisfaction to present our readers with the earliest account of a design which promises to lead to such important results, as well as to attract popular curiosity and feeling in no ordinary degree. This expedition is projected by Captain Ross, whose former voyage to the Polar seas is well known to the world, and will be entirely under the command and control of that able and gallant officer. We say entirely under his command and control; for, though countenanced by the Admiralty, the undertaking is at the private expense of Captain R. and his friends: the whole plan is his own, and consequently the outfit, the mode of proceeding, the length of time employed, the remaining or returning, will be decided on his own knowledge and responsibility, and without being cramped by reference to superior orders at head quarters—a point which has probably interfered with the successful prosecution of any similar attempt heretofore, and certainly caused Captain R. himself to be made rather a sort of scape-goat for failure on the previous occasion.

But the great novelty in the new voyage, and one which excites such sanguine hopes respecting it, is, that the powerful aid of steam is to be employed for the first time. Captain R. goes out in the *Victory*, a steam vessel of 200 tons burden; and accompanied by the *John*, a ship of 320 tons, laden with fuel, provisions, and stores.

Our scientific readers are well acquainted with Captain Ross's excellent *Treatise on Navigation by Steam*;* but to others it may be proper to state, that this very practical and well-informed officer has for six or eight years been ardently engaged in experiments upon the application of this wonderful force in vessels of every kind. What his perseverance and talents have effected, it is unnecessary for us to particularise; but we merely repeat the opinion of the best sailors we know, when we state that they consider Captain Ross's improvements to be of the highest character. To demonstrate this, we understand the *Victory* will repeat the experiments (already proved in the north) in the Thames, where she now lies; so as to shew to great official personages the nature of the services that may be expected from a ship so constructed. At present, all that we can say is from report (we shall acquire ocular testimony as soon as we can); and we are told that the *Victory* is fortified upon principles which must render her impervious to ice. The paddles are upon quite a new construction; the build is such, that a severe pressure of ices would raise the vessel, instead of crushing it; and finally, if she failed as a steamer, the paddles can readily be taken off, and she is immediately rigged and navigated as a sailing vessel!

In addition, we understand that the engine works without a funnel, and is of the high-pressure kind, which Captain Ross's experiments teach him to prefer far beyond the low-pressure. Another extraordinary advantage, when we look to the navigation of these seas and to the coasts which are to be surveyed, is, that any species of fuel may be consumed, and thus the motion of the explorers be kept alive by means furnished from the objects by which they are surrounded, whether the wood of the northern shores of America, or the oil of seals,

* Quarto, recently published by Longman and Co. in London, and Blackwood in Edinburgh,—a work, whether viewed in a civil or military light, of the utmost national importance.

bears, walruses, and whales, to be found in every quarter of ice and water.

It is probable that Captain Ross will, in the first instance, proceed to Lancaster's Sound, and examine Prince Regent's Inlet, which, if it will be remembered, afforded the fairest prospect of an approach to the northern land. In this direction, by the help of steam and boats, we confidently anticipate that interesting discoveries will be made. Having ultimately, either by this channel or any other, reached the American coast, it will be the object of the expedition to complete its examination, and especially to inspect that portion which was left unexplored between the efforts of Captains Franklin and Beechey. This alone would be a great triumph to geography, and reflect high honour on British perseverance and enterprise—the laurel for which has been and is now so nobly contested, both by the government of Russia and by the individual exertions of the late patriotic Romanoff. That the example of that illustrious person is about to be followed by one of our own countrymen in a private station, is in itself a great gratification to us; and we most heartily wish Captain Ross all the good fortune which he so eminently deserves. Perhaps we ought to notice that there is now no pecuniary reward to tempt to the exploit, and that therefore it is free from every taint of interested motives. All that Captain Ross can look for, is the assistance of instruments from the Admiralty, the Royal Society, and other public bodies; and these, we believe, are liberally offered. In conclusion, we again wish him every success; and trust that at no distant period we shall have the pleasure of recording it, and directing the gratitude of his country to his happy and triumphant return.

It strikes us that such contrivances must be eminently calculated to ensure success; and it will be curious to see individual enterprise and ability achieve that which government, with all its means and liberality, has failed to accomplish.

The *Victory* and *John* are to be manned with a crew of 60,—20 in one, and 40 in the other vessel; and when we mention that Capt. Ross (the nephew of the commander, and the companion of Parry, &c.) is to accompany his uncle, we give an assurance that every thing which science,—astronomy, botany, natural history,—may look for, will be amply fulfilled; for the British navy does not boast of a better educated or more intelligent officer.

Provisions for three years are to be taken out; and the expedition will be ready to start by the middle of next month.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

MARCH 6.—At an early hour this evening the library of the Institution was crowded. Mr. Brande, at the usual time, delivered some interesting observations on the "theory of etherification." The object of the lecturer was to trace the history of this part of chemical science, and then particularly to point out some modifications of the received theory, founded upon the recent discoveries and views promulgated by Mr. Hennel.

Mr. Brande observed, that ether is formed by the action of sulphuric acid and alcohol: when formed and analysed, it may be considered as a compound of a certain quantity of hydro-carbon and water: alcohol, from which it is formed, consists of the same quantity of hydro-carbon, with just twice as much water; and the theory adopted of late years has been, that the sulphuric acid, by its strong attraction

for water, took half of that in the alcohol away, and left ether, which then distilled over.

Mr. Hennel, in two papers published some time ago in the *Philosophical Transactions*, first shewed the correct nature of a peculiar acid formed when the alcohol and sulphuric acid were mixed to make ether, and then shewed that it was never formed except when this peculiar acid was present, and that when present, ether could be obtained from it without the use of alcohol; from which it follows, almost to a certainty, that the elements of alcohol acquire this intermediate state of combination with sulphuric acid before they become arranged as ether. Mr. Brande then brought forward a variety of other interesting and collateral points in the chemical history of these substances.

On the library-table lay another series of Chinese productions in the fine arts, from the collection of Mr. Copeland; also specimens of fine castings in iron from Berlin.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

MARCH 10.—The subject of this evening's illustration was gypsum, or sulphate of lime, and its principal uses. The Secretary began by stating the chemical composition of this substance, and the difference between the anhydrous sulphate of lime (of which the bardiglio marble of Bergamo is the most remarkable variety) and gypsum. He then proceeded to the solubility of gypsum in water, its presence in almost all hard natural waters, and the qualities which are thus communicated to them in relation to the uses of such water for washing, for the solvents of dyes, and for the various purposes of the calico-printer. The hard waters of the neighbourhood of London were next treated of, and were shewn to derive their gypseous impregnation chiefly from the blue London clay.

Those strata in the English series that contain gypsum were next enumerated, and their position pointed out on Mr. Greenough's geological map, namely, the weald clay of Kent, Surry, and Sussex, the brown Purbeck clay, the blue Oxford clay, and the red marl. This latter being the chief repository of gypsum, was described more in detail,—the connexion of rock salt with gypsum was pointed out, and the quarries of this latter in Cumberland, Derbyshire, Yorkshire, and Nottinghamshire, were enumerated. A short view was then taken of the principal localities of gypsum on the continent of Europe.

The knowledge possessed by the ancients of this substance was then stated at some length; their application of the large transparent crystallised varieties of it to the purposes of window glass, of covering conservatories, and of making bee-hives; their practice of calcining gypsum for cements and plasters; the use made of it by Lysistratus of Sicily, in taking casts from the living subject, and the way in which he availed himself of these casts in making his statues portraits of those whom they represented.

The modern uses of gypsum, as far as they relate to the arts, were then treated of. First, the different modes of burning or calcining it, according to the purposes for which it is intended; and the reduction of it to fine powder: next, the characters by which the goodness of the powder is ascertained; the cautions necessary to be observed in mixing the powder with water, and forming it into plaster, and the means of expediting or retarding the setting of the plaster.

The method of making plaster casts of medals

and other flat surfaces, was then detailed; and afterwards the Secretary proceeded to describe the art of casting solid substances. The difference between waste moulds and safe moulds was illustrated by specimens; and the subject was concluded by a description of the method of forming elastic moulds of great simplicity, and capable of delivering casts, containing undercoat and tubercular parts.

Casts of busts, and of figures from statues and from the life, as well as of dissected subjects, to shew the position of the muscles, were furnished by Mr. Sass: casts of architectural ornaments were sent by Mr. Cottingham; casts representing cases of malconformation, in order to shew the use of this art to the surgeon, were exhibited; and some fine casts of medals were furnished by Mr. Brockedon and Mr. Kelsall. Vases, figures, and other sculptured ornamental works in gypsum, were sent by Mr. Solly and by Mr. Mawe.

Mr. Deville gave his personal assistance to the Secretary, shewing the method of mixing the plaster, and illustrating this part of the subject with various interesting practical remarks.

The great room was crowded with members and with visitors; and the whole went off with great satisfaction to those present.

In the model-room were exhibited various specimens of elaborate carving in ivory and tortoise-shell by Chinese artists, contributed by Mr. Barnes; and an extraordinarily fine model in coloured wax, representing the muscles, nerves, and blood-vessels, of the face, neck, and clavicular portion of the trunk, executed by Mr. Towne, of Guy's Hospital.

COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

MONDAY, March 9.—Sir Henry Hallford, Bart., President of the College, in the chair. The first paper read was on the late prevalence of ague in the metropolis. In this memoir, Dr. MacMichael, the author, mentioned many proofs of the former epidemic nature of this disease in London; but which, till within the last year or two, seemed to have been almost extinct. Its great frequency, however, in 1827, was a fact well known to every medical man. Dr. MacMichael seemed to lean to the opinion that the extreme heat of the preceding two seasons was the cause, and quoted two or three instances of former aguish epidemics which had been ushered in by seasons of unusual increase of temperature: it also appeared, that in ordinary seasons the inhabitants of London are free from intermittent fever; but whenever our climate becomes of a tropical character, when the exhalations of the soil, in consequence of the greater intensity of atmospheric heat, are more copious and malignant, and the human frame becomes, by the operation of the same cause, enervated, it readily yields to this peculiar form of disease. Besides the medical contents of this paper, some other topics remotely connected with the subject were touched upon. The account of the ravages of malaria in the plains at the foot of the Himalaya mountains was peculiarly interesting. Amongst the auditors we observed many non-medical but distinguished individuals, who appeared highly gratified.

The second paper was a short memoir upon the manners, customs, and diseases of the natives of Van Diemen's Land. Its details, though curious and entertaining, were distinguished by nearly the same characteristics which belong to other savages, with whose manners and customs Europeans are now tolerably well acquainted. The *conversazione*

closed with the reading of the hitherto unpublished report of the Vaccine Establishment for the present year: its contents were merely corroborative of our former notice.

MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

TUESDAY, March 10.—Mr. Frost, in the absence of the Earl of Stanhope, who could not attend, in consequence of a domestic calamity, took the chair. A paper by Dr. Whiting, on the *cineca mocanera*, used in cases of internal hæmorrhage, was read; another on the medicinal plants indigenous to Guiana, by Dr. Hancock, was also read. Their Imperial and Royal Highnesses the Archdukes Charles and Louis of Austria were elected honorary fellows: their Excellencies Count Munster, the Hanoverian minister; Count Molke, the Danish minister; and Mr. Barbour, the American minister, were introduced and admitted foreign members.

Mr. Barbour, in expressing his thanks, said that he would exert his utmost endeavours to place the Society in correspondence with the learned bodies of the United States. That extensive country, he was satisfied, abounded in substances of a medicinal nature, and which required only the finger of science to point them to the attention of a Society of this description—a Society established for the purpose of assisting mankind, by making those plants subservient to the purposes for which they were created.

Mr. Steghall, who had been *black-balled* at a former meeting, was now unanimously elected. Mr. Frost made some observations upon the plants placed on the table.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, March 7.—Yesterday the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Civil Laws.—J. Campbell, M.A. Balliol College.
Doctors of Arts.—Rev. J. St. John's, Grand Chancellor, Rev. A. Maister, Balliol College; Rev. T. Horn, Rev. J. Hamilton, St. Edmund Hall; Rev. C. Fawcett, University College; Rev. D. White, St. Mary Hall; Rev. S. Brown, Pembroke College.
Bachelor of Arts.—E. Wanklyn, Brasenose College.

CAMBRIDGE, March 7.—At the congregation on Wednesday last the following students were admitted:
Bachelors of Arts.—R. Cosens, R. Ralph, R. W. Matcote, St. John's College; J. F. Ames, St. Peter's College; G. Cooke, Clare Hall; B. Lodge, Corpus Christi College; R. H. Webb, Christ College; R. Pullen, Emmanuel College; R. Hornby, W. P. Hulton, Downing College.

At a congregation on Friday the following degrees were conferred:—

Honorary Master of Arts.—W. Cavendish, Esq., B.A. Trinity College.
Licentiate in Physic.—G. Burrows, Fellow, Caius College.
Bachelors in Civil Law.—Rev. H. R. Maude, E. Jackson, Trinity Hall; A. Hamilton, Trinity College.
Bachelor of Arts.—J. Lyons, Trinity College.
At the same congregation the Rev. W. S. H. Braham, M.A. of Lincoln College, Oxford, was admitted *ad eundem* of this University.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

MARCH 12. The President in the chair.—A paper was read, entitled, "On the reduction to a vacuum of the vibrations of a pendulum in air." By Captain Sabine, R.A. Sec. R.S.

Among the presents to the Society, we noticed the first Number of MM. Saigey and Raspail's *Annales des Sciences d'Observation*; Prof. Quetelet's description of the Observatories of England; and the Chevalier Aldini's account of experiments made with a dress intended to be worn by firemen, and to resist the action of flame.

Mr. Bransby B. Cooper was proposed; and Dr. Wallich and Mr. Henry Hennel were elected Fellows of the Society.

February 26th.—The reading of a paper

was resumed and concluded, entitled "On the reflection and decomposition of light at the refracting surfaces of media of the same and of different refractive powers." By David Brewster, LL.D. F.R.S. Lond. and Ed.

When white light is incident upon a surface which separates two different media, the portion that is reflected should, according to the Newtonian theory of light, preserve its whiteness, provided the thickness of either of the media exceeds the 80,000,000th of an inch. But, since the dispersive powers of bodies are different, it must follow, as a necessary consequence, that reflected light can never, under any circumstances, retain perfect whiteness, although the modification it experiences is not of sufficient amount to become sensible in ordinary experiments. The author, during his investigations of the laws of polarization for light reflected at the separating surface of different media, had occasion to enclose oil of cassia between two prisms of flint glass; and was surprised to find that the light reflected was of a blue colour. The fact was new, but might be readily explained upon the principle that, although the refractive density of oil of cassia greatly exceeds that of flint glass for the mean rays, yet the action of these two bodies is nearly the same on the less refrangible rays; hence it may happen that a larger proportion of the former than of the latter are transmitted, and the pencil formed by reflection will then appear blue. The partial decomposition thus effected in the incident rays will be the same in kind, though it may vary in degree, at different angles of incidence, and cannot, therefore, give rise to any variation of colour in the reflected rays, although they may differ in intensity according to the obliquity of the incidence. By using different kinds of glass and of interposed fluids, the author obtained various analogous results, different rays of the spectrum being separated according to the prevalence in each particular case of one or other of the opposite actions exerted upon them by the solid and the fluid medium. The author directed his attention more particularly to those conditions in which the nearest approach could be made to a perfect equilibrium of all the forces which affect the incident rays. The solids which he employed in his experiments were two prisms of plate glass, of which the sections were right-angled isosceles triangles, and differing but very slightly in their refractive indices. The fluids were castor oil and balsam of copivi, the former having a less, and the latter a greater refractive power than the glass prisms; a thin film of either fluid being interposed between them. With castor oil, and within the limit of total reflection, the reflected light is yellow; on gradually diminishing the angle of incidence, it passes in succession through all the tints of three orders of colours, of which the details are presented in a table, exhibiting those which correspond to different angles of incidence. When the incident light is homogeneous, no colours are seen, but the reflected pencils have their maxima and minima of intensity, like the rays of thin plates, or the fringes of inflected light formed by homogeneous rays. When copivi balsam is employed as the fluid medium, the same orders of colours are obtained by reflection, but at smaller angles of incidence than with castor oil.

Having ascertained that, at a temperature of about 94 degrees, the mean refractive index of the balsam became equal to that of the glass prisms, the author examined the influence of a gradual elevation of temperature upon the colours of the inflected pencils, and found that

no particular change marked the instant when the refractive density of the two media became equal, although, when the temperature was increased considerably, the tints entirely disappeared. Analogous results were obtained by employing prisms of obsidian instead of glass.

The author next engaged in more extensive series of experiments with various fluids interposed between glass prisms, and states their results in the form of a table, shewing more especially the periods of colours produced at the separating surfaces by the different kinds of oils. He considers the facts which are there detailed as establishing the existence of reflecting forces at the confines of media of the same refracting power, and as proving, 1st, that the reflective and refracting forces in these media do not follow the same law; and, 2dly, that the force which produces reflection varies according to a different law in different bodies. The reflective forces of the solid and the fluid may be conceived to decrease in various ways: 1st, they may respectively extend to different distances from the reflecting surface, and decrease according to the same law; 2dly, they may extend to different distances, and vary according to a different law; and, lastly, they may extend to the same distance, and vary according to different laws. Whether the refracting forces follow the same law in solids and in fluids, it is extremely difficult to determine by direct experiment; but if we assume the mutual dependence of the refracting and reflecting forces, then the experiments recorded in this paper will establish a variation in the law of the refracting forces of different media. The facts may be explained on the undulatory theory of light, by supposing that the density or elasticity of the ether varies near the surface of different bodies,—an hypothesis which has already afforded an explanation of the loss of part of an undulation in several of the phenomena of interference; the part lost being, according to Dr. Young, a variable fraction depending on the nature of the contiguous media.

The phenomena of periodical colours at the confines of media of the same or of different refractive powers, are evidently dependent on the law of interference; although it may be difficult to point out the precise mode in which they are produced. In combinations where there is much uncompensated refraction, their production is influenced by certain changes, such as the formation of a thin and invisible film on the surface of the solid, the nature and origin of which the author endeavours to investigate, but which he acknowledges he has hitherto been unable to discover. That some unrecognised physical principle is the cause of all these phenomena, will, he thinks, appear still more probable from a paper which he intends to present to the Society, on the production of the very same periods of colour at similar angles of incidence by the surfaces of metals and transparent solids when acting singly upon light.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MARCH 12. Henry Hallam, Esq. V.P. in the chair.—The conclusion of the Rev. Mr. Wellbeloved's paper, descriptive of St. Mary's, York, was read.

A ballot took place for the Rev. John Lindsay, who was declared duly elected a fellow of the Society: and a certificate, recommending the Rev. Charles Drury for election as a fellow, was read, and ordered to be suspended.

Mr. Britton presented the following books:—*Memorable Events in Paris*, 8vo; *Union of Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting*, 4to.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

MARCH 7.—The Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, M.P. the president, in the chair. Dr. Meyrick having lent a specimen of the instrument called a nag-nak, or "tiger's claw," for exhibition at this meeting, Col. Briggs read a short paper illustrative of its use. The instrument consists of a slender bar of steel, from which spring four sharp curved blades, resembling in shape the claws of the animal from which it derives its name; a ring is fixed at each end of the bar, perpendicular to the claws; the instrument is held in the left hand, the fore-finger and little finger each going through one of the rings; these rings may be of gold, studded with gems, and pass as the usual ornament of the hand. The instrument is used in the moment of embrace.

Extracts from Capt. Lowe's Digest of the Siamese Laws were also read.

There was presented to the Society, by Mr. Ackermann, through Sir Alexander Johnstone, a copy of Upham's recent publication on the Buddhist Religion, illustrated by forty-three lithographic prints from original Singhalese drawings; the originals were at the same time given by Sir Alexander himself.

The Right Hon. Sir Gore Ouseley presented a copy of the travels of his brother, Sir W. Ouseley, 3 vols. The British and Foreign Bible Society presented copies of the Old and New Testament, in various languages, 16 vols. A number of other literary donations were made to the Society.

Their Excellencies the Prussian, Brazilian, and American Ambassadors were elected foreign members. Amongst the visitors we noticed the Marquess Riario Sforza.

To-day is the annual election of officers, &c.; and the leading members afterwards dine together at the Thatched House Tavern.

ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY.

THE Conyngham gold medal and £80 have been adjudged to John D'Alton, Esq., M.R.I.A. for the best essay on the Ancient Inhabitants of Ireland, according to the advertisement issued by the Academy in 1826.

Mr. D'Alton divided his essay into four periods, viz. the first from the birth of Christ to the arrival of St. Patrick—the second from that period to the first incursion of the Danes—the third to their expulsion—and the fourth to the English invasion. These were again divided into six sections:—first, of the civil and political history, and geography of the ancient Irish;—second, of their government, institutions, and legislature;—third, of their religion and morality—sun and fire worship—the doctrine of the first Irish Christians, and their zealous exertions to spread the knowledge of the Gospel by missions;—fourth, of their sciences, literature, knowledge, and early use of letters—of their schools for the cultivation of poetry, music, astronomy, medicine, &c.;—fifth, of the arts known among the Irish, especially the architecture of their round towers, and construction of their baths, tumuli, caves, &c.;—sixth, of the commerce, customs, and general manners of the people.

The introduction to Mr. D'Alton's essay was intended to prove the early colonisation of Ireland from the East—an intercourse with the Phœnicians—and to illustrate the effects resulting from their commerce with that people.

This paper was well and judiciously arranged, and exhibited great industry and learned research; but much still remains to be done in this intricate and interesting inquiry.

A second premium of £40 was adjudged to a Cork gentleman for an essay on the same subject; and another essay from a third candidate for the prize was submitted to the Academy. These papers, which were of considerable length, were read before several meetings.

At the last sitting, it was announced that General Vallancey's interleaved copy of the *Collectanea de Rebus Hibernicis*, with numerous manuscript notes, and all his unpublished essays, had been purchased for the Academy.

In closing this sketch of the proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy, we must not neglect mentioning that the 15th volume of their Transactions has just been published,—a short notice of which, we hope to be able to lay before our readers next week.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

MARCH 9.—The President in the chair.—The subject of Mr. Westmacott's lecture for this evening was the Praxitelian age. After some introductory remarks on the character of the works of the Phidian and Praxitelian periods, the lecturer drew the following distinction: grandeur and sublimity, approaching to sternness of dignity, were the characteristics of the Phidian period; beauty and expression distinguished the Praxitelian age. The exactitude, approaching in some degree to austerity, though not so favourable to the passions, but which conveyed a stronger idea of the repose of divine nature, controlled the first; whilst the second, established equally on the imitation of truth in the employment of forms united with tenderness into each other, introduced a grace which seduced the beholder, and wrought that secret charm of uniting, even in the terrors of death, beauty the most sublime. The lecturer then cited a number of fine examples of accordance of action with expression, minutely and energetically described expression, and again quoted instances illustrative of the distinct feeling of expression produced by hope, joy, sorrow, &c.; as in the group of Niobe, consisting of no less than fourteen different objects, each under the influence of fear and grief. In remarking upon this group, Mr. Westmacott observed, that in each of these statues there is, equally with expression, an adaptation in the actions to their degrees, admirably suited not only to the force of the passion, but to the age and sex of each; and being thus diversified, the interest is increased without affecting the unity: it is remarkable that in so great a number, all designed to represent nearly the same passions, how ably the sculptor has embodied his idea from nature, in his expression of innocence, purity, and modesty. Mr. Westmacott next made some copious and glowing remarks on beauty; and closed his subject by enumerating the characteristics of the art under Lysippus, Pythagoras the Leontine, Polyclethus, and Phidias, with the former of whom the golden age of sculpture expired. The lecture was illustrated by casts and choice fragments, embracing Niobe, Apollo of Florence, Venus de Medici, a Greek Torso from Mr. Otley, the Capuan Venus, and an exquisite piece from the collection of the Duke of Bedford at Woburn Abbey, supposed to be a work anterior to the Medicean Venus, but in beauty of form is unsurpassed. Mr. Westmacott, in directing the attention of his auditory to this fragment, observed, that in the shoulders, and union of the arms with the body, it may be considered even superior to the Venus de Medici.

BRITISH GALLERY.

WE have always considered it to be useful and advantageous to the arts to make a public record of the pictures sold by our national school at the British Gallery. The list shews what artists have met with encouragement, and the nature of their works; and while we have often to regret that it is not more copious, it is a consolation to us to think that such publicity as we give is likely to make it so, by reminding other friends and lovers of the fine arts to follow the example before them.

Subjects.	Artists.	Purchasers.
<i>A Foraging Party</i>	T. Webster	His Majesty.
<i>The Prisoner</i>	Ditto	Ditto.
<i>The Battle of Saint Vincent</i>	G. Jones, R.A. {	Directors of the British Institution.
<i>His late Majesty presenting the Sword to Earl Howe after the Victory of June 1, 1794</i>	H. P. Briggs, A.R.A. }	Ditto.
<i>Fruit</i>	G. Lance	Duke of Bedford.
<i>Ditto</i>	Ditto	Ditto.
<i>The Society of Antiquaries</i>	T. Webster	Marquess Conyngham.
<i>Engraving in the Air</i>	H. Howard, R.A. }	Lord Farnborough.
<i>A Sportsman</i>	Alex. Fraser.....	Earl Brownlow.
<i>A Sketch from Nature</i>	F. R. Lee	Sir A. Hume.
<i>The Pump Well</i>	A. Fraser	Sir G. Warrender.
<i>The Disputed Title</i>	T. Webster	Ditto.
<i>The Letter</i>	G. S. Newton	Earl of Chesterfield.
<i>The Connoisseur</i>	W. Shiele	R. Holford, esq.
<i>Italian Boy and Dog</i>	A. Morton	W. Wells, esq.
<i>Highlanders returning from Deer-stalking</i>	E. Landseer	Ditto.
<i>A Dutch Girl</i>	G. S. Newton	Ditto.
<i>The Poor Dog</i>	E. Landseer	Ditto.
<i>A Peasant Boy</i>	T. S. Good	Ditto.
<i>Deer just shot</i>	E. Landseer	U. Heathcote, esq.
<i>The Mole Head, &c. at Genoa</i>	T. Cartwright	Captain Haywood.
<i>A Village near a River</i>	J. Linnell	Turner, esq.
<i>Coast Scene</i>	W. Shayer	Ditto.
<i>Entrance of Floating Harbour</i>	John Wilson	Ditto.
<i>Italian Boy and Monkey</i>	A. Morton	R. Vernon, esq.
<i>Jan Swan's Proposal</i>	P. Krüner	R. W. Winstanley, esq.
<i>The Hall of Cadiz Conversazione</i>	Joseph West	R. Vernon, esq.
<i>Fishing-boats off Dieppe</i>	E. Landseer	Ditto.
<i>Extraordinary News Smugglers at Cards</i>	C. Marshall	T. Moxon, esq.
<i>The Red-hot Politician</i>	T. S. Good	Ditto.
<i>Landscapes</i>	H. Parker	Ditto.
<i>A Study from Nature</i>	M. W. Sharpe	T. White, esq.
<i>The Favourite</i>	F. A. Stewart	T. Ball, esq.
<i>Mother and Child</i>	John Linnell	R. Vernon, esq.
<i>A View at Weston, near Bath</i>	T. Webster	E. Du Bois, esq.
<i>Cottage-Door Scene at Albano</i>	Mrs M. Miskall	F. Malkin, esq.
<i>The Modern Diogenes</i>	B. Barker	The Marquess of Stafford.
<i>Moon rising</i>	L. Macfadden	Ditto.
<i>Sunset</i>	T. Webster	W. Wells, esq.
<i>The Deceit</i>	F. Danby, A.R.A. }	Ditto.
<i>The Interior of Muc-Ribbeck's Hut</i>	R. Farrier	C. S. Richards, esq.
<i>Love at Naples</i>	Mrs A. Beau	Mrs. Barnard.
<i>The Morning of the Wedding</i>	T. Uwins	Mrs. Clayton.
<i>The Tired Dancer</i>	Ditto	Captain Buttler.
<i>Auld Robin Grey</i>	Ditto	Ditto.
<i>The Turk</i>	T. Knight	J. Gifford, esq.
<i>The Monk</i>	(R. P. Beuling	Sir T. Lawrence.
<i>The Nightmare</i>	W. Gill	Comtesse de Grey.
<i>The Ruin</i>	Theodore Lane	C. Cooper, esq.
<i>St. John in the Isle of Patmos</i>	J. Inskipp	T. Moxon, esq.
<i>From Ovid's Metamorphoses</i>	G. Hayter	The Duke of Bedford.
<i>The Chapel of the Virgin Church of St. Pierre at Caen</i>	W. Etty, R.A. }	Lord Northwick.
<i>The Town-Hall of Leaning</i>	Ditto	W. Wells, esq.
<i>A Fisher Boy</i>	A. Chisholm	Ditto.
<i>The Shrimp Boy</i>	H. Platt	R. Godson, esq.
<i>Gleaning</i>	Ditto	Ditto.
<i>Fruit</i>	S. Platt	Ditto.
<i>Macceps</i>	T. Woodward	Moore, esq.
<i>Utrecht</i>	G. Jones, R.A. }	R. Vernon, esq.
<i>Two Puppies</i>	S. Taylor	Lord Northwick.

<i>A View from North</i>	F. Lovegrove	T. Weatherhead, esq.
<i>Painting of Christus</i>	L. Macarten	P. Ravenscroft, esq.
<i>Painting of the Evening</i>	Mrs. Terry	F. Hodgson, esq.
<i>Painting of the Evening</i>	T. R. Walker	
<i>Painting of the Evening</i>	T. A. O'Connor	S. Langton, esq.
<i>Painting of the Evening</i>	F. P. Stephens	The Rev. G. D. Bowles
<i>Painting of the Evening</i>	G. Middleton	Earl of Chesterfield
<i>Painting of the Evening</i>	G. R. Reineagle	G. Clay, esq.
<i>Painting of the Evening</i>	F. A. Stewart	Lord A. Beauchamp
<i>Painting of the Evening</i>	E. T. Parriss	W. Jordan, esq.
<i>Painting of the Evening</i>	W. Collins, R.A.	W. Wells, esq.

Notwithstanding the all-engrossing character of the politics of the hour, which must be severely felt in the arts, as in every other pursuit, we thus find that above seventy of the pictures in this exhibition have been disposed of, and the sum of (above) £4000 (including £1000 for the two Institution pictures) disbursed towards the cultivation of painting. It is true this is not a sufficient proportion; but we confidently look to its great increase; and under the circumstances of the times it cannot be deemed very unfavourable.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Interior of the Cathedral Church of St. Peter, York. Painted by John Harwood; engraved by William Woolnoth. M. Colnaghi.

Nothing could be better timed than the publication of this fine print. It shows in an admirable point of view, and exactly as it stood until recently, the whole of that portion of the magnificent and venerable Minster of York, which, to the profound regret of the country at large, a vulgar but terrible fanaticism has unhappily laid in ruins. The print does both Mr. Harwood and Mr. Woolnoth, the highest credit. We understand that a Companion View, from drawings taken from the opposite end of this sacred and sublime edifice, is at present in the hands of the engraver.

A Family saved from Shipwreck. Painted and engraved by John Burnet. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

It is seldom that an individual unites in himself the perfectly distinct, although intimately related, arts of painting and engraving. In this noble print, as in former productions, Mr. Burnet has shewn that he possesses ample powers for each of these departments of the fine arts; powers—to imitate phraseology used on another occasion—"rare in their separate excellence, admirable in their combination. Hitherto, the original subjects chosen by Mr. Burnet for the display of his talents have been chiefly of a light and playful character; the present is a work of deeper interest. Of the various qualities which distinguish our brave men, there is no one contemplated by the benevolent mind with more unmixed pleasure than the undaunted alacrity with which, wholly reckless of their own safety, they rush to the aid of those whom the boisterous elements are threatening to overwhelm with instant destruction. On the shores of our sea-girt isle but too frequent opportunities arise for the exercise of their generous self-devotion; and Mr. Burnet has selected one in which success has crowned their efforts. The scene of his picture is a fisherman's cottage. It comprehends two principal groups. In the one, the father of the rescued family is rewarding the gallant fellows who have just been risking their lives in his

service; in the other, the mother, to whom a graceful young girl is affectionately clinging, is eagerly preparing to embrace an infant, rendered doubly dear by the recollection of the perils which they have mutually escaped. At a window are another female with a child, and a boy who is anxiously directing his telescope towards the vessel, which is seen stranded in the distance. Mr. Burnet's arrangement of forms is exceedingly picturesque, and that of chiaroscuro broad and forcible; as was, indeed, to be expected from one whose able treatises on composition prove his familiarity with its rules. As an engraving, the plate is also entitled to high praise. The tooling is loose and free; the various surfaces have their appropriate texture; and the effect of the whole is striking and forcible. We have no doubt that it will become a very popular print.

Twelve Views, in Lithography, of Bolton Abbey, Wharfedale, Yorkshire. By J. Scarlett Davis. Cock, Fleet Street.

THIS interesting publication will give an excellent notion of Bolton Abbey, and its charming and picturesque neighbourhood, to those who have not seen them, and will prove a most pleasing remembrance to those who have. Mr. Davis has been highly successful in his Views. They are drawn with great spirit, feeling, and taste; and are worthy of the scene of which Byron sings—

"The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
Through life to dwell delighted here;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
To Nature and to me so dear."

The Hon. Mrs. Charles Lindsay. Engraved by T. Wright, from a miniature by Mrs. James Robertson. M. Colnaghi.

MRS. LINDSAY is at present with her husband (brother of Lord Balcarras) in India, where she is generally called "the Calcutta Venus;" a cognomen to which, if we may judge from the grace and beauty displayed in this highly finished little print, she is justly entitled. It is the fifty-first of the series of the portraits of the female nobility, published in *La Belle Assemblée*.

The Dead Pheasant. Painted by G. Lance; engraved by J. Romney.

A PLEASING little specimen of Mr. Lance's skill in the composition of subjects of this description; and very cleverly engraved by Mr. Romney.

MR. MARTIN'S ENGRAVINGS.

WE have much pleasure in recording a mark of honour conferred upon one of our most distinguished artists by the King of France. The engravings of Belshazzar's Feast, Joshua, and the Deluge, having been presented to his Majesty by the secretary of the Academy des Beaux Arts, he was graciously pleased to send a fine medal of gold, bearing the royal effigies, to Mr. Martin, as a testimony of the high gratification he had received from his productions.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO THE EAST WIND.

LORD of the throbbing brow, the dread design,
Whose incense is the sigh of human pain!
The dagger and the poison-cup are thine—
Fever and pestilence are in thy train;
A wreath of nightshade does thy temples deck,
Thine empire is a blight—thy throne is on a wreck:
Thou whisper'st riches in thy lands afar,
Thy gems' deep lustre rivalling the day:—

Hence! desolation is thy ruling star;
Fiend of an upper hell!—away, away!
Back to thy howling wastes, thy parching
sands,
Thy mirage mock'ries, and thy leper lands:
So may we feel, delivered from thy sway,
A passing space in Heaven:—away, away!
W. L.*

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

A CANONISED HERETIC!

WHEN the correspondence of Baron Grimm with several of the sovereigns of Germany was published some years ago, it was previously examined by the imperial censorship, and a whole volume of what was considered dangerous matter was rejected. That volume has recently appeared. The following anecdote, extracted from it, may give some notion of the character of its contents.

St. Vincent de Paule is a saint of new date; the chief and the institutor of the order of the Lazarists. He died in the odour of sanctity, about a hundred years ago. This saint, while he was alive, performed several miracles, declared and recognised as such by the infallible church. He had passed for a zealous Molinist; and the hate which he had evinced towards the Jansenists not a little contributed to his obtaining the honours of canonisation. When the Lazarists solicited this distinction for their patron from Cardinal Fleury, that minister, whose application to the pope was necessary on the occasion, asked them if their brother Vincent had performed any miracles? They answered in the affirmative. The cardinal inquired, of what description—if, for example, he had brought a corpse to life? They replied that they neither could nor would impose on his excellency; that he had done so only in one instance. Upon this, the canonisation was obtained. What follows is public report. There was, it is said, in the family of Argenson a sealed packet, deposited by one of the ancestors of that family in 1650, with an order that it should not be opened for a hundred years. That term having expired, M. de Paulmy proceeded to open the packet, in the presence of the king and Madame Pompadour. Within it was found a declaration of St. Vincent (who had been intimately attached to the family of Argenson), that he had always lived and that he died in the opinions of Socinianism; and that he was so persuaded that that was the only truly divine doctrine, and that, having destroyed all other erroneous doctrines, it would be universally spread a hundred years after his death, that he was desirous his declaration of faith should remain unknown until the period when truth should have thus triumphed over falsehood. It happened otherwise; and Socinianism had not made the progress which the worthy saint expected: but it may easily be understood how embarrassed the Romish church must have been with the miracles of a heretic; miracles the authenticity of which it had acknowledged, and in virtue of which, Vincent had obtained the honours of canonisation!!

MUSIC.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

THE second Philharmonic Concert took place on Monday last, and began with Beethoven's Sinfonia Eroica, which invariably lasts above three quarters of an hour. Considering, in

* Our friend is very wroth with the east wind; and really the late cold weather induces us to take part with him against it. We hope this publication will have its due effect.

* By Mr. Canning, in his Epitaph on Mr. Pitt.

addition to this length, the energy and power of the composition, performed by a band of between sixty and seventy players, it is clearly not the piece with which the concert ought to commence, if any regard is to be paid to the succeeding minor pieces. The foreign mode of opening the acts of a concert with overtures, and closing them with symphonies, seems to be the more rational one. A very meagre duetto out of Rossini's *Zelmira*, "A che quei tronchi accenti?" by Madame Caradori and Begrez, went off poorly enough; and a pause of equal length might have done as well. The third piece was a fine composition of Onslow's—a Sextuor for piano-forte, flute, clarinet, horn, bassoon, and double bass, by Mrs. Anderson, Messrs. Nicholson, Willman, Platt, Mackintosh, and Dragonetti; and this, with Haydn's violin Quartett, by Messrs. Mori, Watts, Moralt, and Lindley, in the second act, were undoubtedly the two finest performances of the concert. Mrs. Anderson exhibited on this occasion, more than on any former, the distinguishing qualities of first-rate playing—the most brilliant execution, with the utmost clearness and precision. The judgment and taste with which she expressed the spirit of this difficult piece obtained for her the loudest and most general applause we have heard for a long time. Onslow's style is not like that of Hummel's—uniform, connected, and flowing; but it is irregular, and often fanciful. This Sextuor particularly abounds in short phrases and detached ideas. After a very well-executed scena of Spohr's, "Tu m'abbandoni, ingrato," by Madame Caradori Allan, Weber's overture, "the Ruler of the Spirits," a companion to that of the Freischütz, concluded the first act. Of Mozart's Symphony in D, if not the profoundest, at least the liveliest of all, the andante was rapturously encored. The whole symphony was done extremely well, and even better than the first. If we may impute a fault to such an orchestra as the Philharmonic, it consists in the want of nice observance in the "piano" and "forte." Mozart's symphony was, from beginning to end, almost nothing but a continued "forte"—even in the trio of the minuet, which cannot be played too gently. Still greater deficiency is observable in the "crescendo" and "decrescendo," the *ne plus ultra* of orchestral skill; in which, however, the bands of Munich and Berlin, owing probably to their playing almost daily together, and first practising in quartett whatever is written for the full band, so wonderfully excel. The beautiful music of Paisiello's duet, "Son io desto," by Begrez and Pellegrini, of Haydn's before-mentioned violin quartett, and of Mozart's terzetto, "cosa sento,"—could not fail to receive the approbation of the audience. At the end of the quartett, particularly, the company expressed themselves in a manner which gratifyingly proved that the taste and relish for *real* music is not yet extinct. Messrs. Mori, Watts, and Lindley, were rewarded with the most flattering applause. The overture, "Des Abencerages," we did not stay to hear.

ORATORIOS.—On Wednesday the Messiah was ably given at Drury Lane; and yesterday, Sampson, a selection from Der Freischütz, and a miscellaneous act, were the announcements of Covent Garden.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

1. *Sly Cupid! a Ballad.* 2. *O peerless Nymph!* Composed by C. Smith. London, Power. WE like the first of these much better than the last, which is very trite both in words and

music; while "Sly Cupid" has a considerable share of archness and sensibility in his composition.

Can'st thou forget the silent tears? a Ballad. Translated from Camoens by Lord Strangford; composed by Callcott.

SWEET music to sweet words;—we have met with nothing more pathetic and touching for many a day, though we have, during a long period, suffered as much, wherever we have gone, from the infliction of music, as most persons.

1. *Glide, lightly glide.* By C. C. Temple.

2. *O! list to the sound of my lute.* Cramer and Co.; and Callcott.

THE first, without pleasing our taste so much as some others of Mr. Temple's composition, is nevertheless a pretty, light, and lively air: the last is one of those simple melodies which are so well calculated to become popular,—peculiarly soft, and well adapted to the words.

Bright while smiles the sparkling wine, a Glee.

By Walsmley. Callcott.

MR. W. has talent to excel this child of his fancy, and we should like to see its successor.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

ON Saturday, *La Donna del Lago* introduced Blais to our stage with distinguished success. She appears to be a tricky, good singer;—by tricky we mean no reproach, but simply that she knows well how to use her advantages, and how to conceal her defects. Altogether she gave great satisfaction, and earned much just applause: pretty and pleasing, she is a valuable acquisition to the Opera. Donzelli sang rather too much at the top of his voice; but he exerted himself throughout the piece. Pisaroni was hoarse;—our unfounded climate has been really too bad for natives to live in for the last months, and quite impracticable for foreigners to live and sing in. Curioni seemed to be indifferent to his part and to his audience, and of course very ineffective; while De Angeli sang in a style not fit to cry "sweep" musically or tolerably in any decent street in the metropolis.

Apocryphos, the inferior ladies belonging to the ballet ought not to destroy the interest of the *Somnambule*, by flirting with the wings during the performance of its best scenes. *Verbum sat.*

COVENT GARDEN AND DRURY LANE.

MR. LACY has produced since our last notice two operas, one at either house: that at Covent Garden entitled, *The Maid of Judah, or, the Knight-Templars*; and that at Drury Lane, *The Casket*. To take them in the order they appeared will also rank them according to their merits, *The Maid of Judah* being incomparably the best of the two. It is, as the bills announce, founded on the story of *Ivanhoe*; and, considering the difficulty of putting the three volumes into three acts, to be played in three hours, it is not badly adapted to the stage. And here we pause one moment to remark, that the *Morning Chronicle* on Monday expressed its astonishment that so dramatic a novel had never been put upon our stage till the French had set us the example. Most true it is, that the present piece would never have made its appearance but for the *Ivanhoe* of the Odéon, to which the music of Rossini was originally adapted from his operas, *Le Voyage à Rhéims* (now twisted into *Il Conte Ory*), *Pietro l'Eremità*, &c. &c. &c. But had "our learned brother" quite forgotten that Mr. Soane produced a drama, called *The Hebrew*, at Drury

Lane—that Mr. Dibdin had an *Ivanhoe* at the Surrey—that Mr. Jones had another at the Adelphi—or the simple circumstance of Mr. Beazely's opera of *Ivanhoe* being played a whole season at Covent Garden, with such a cast as this?

<i>Front de Bouff</i>	Macready.
<i>Ivanhoe</i>	C. Kemble.
<i>Wamba</i>	Liston.
<i>Gurth</i>	Farley.
<i>Isaac of York</i>	Farren.
<i>Friar Tuck</i>	Emery.
<i>Rouvenac</i>	Miss Stephens.
<i>Rebecca</i>	Miss Foote.

It was but last Sunday week we had the *John Bull* contending that Mr. C. Kemble, in a dark blue coat, faced with red, with a red cockade in his hat, and wearing modern Horse Guards boots, had dressed Charles XII. "to a nicety!" Let not our readers think we are making mountains of molehills; we wish merely to remark, that the persons who write theatrical notices are generally supposed to be intimately acquainted with the subjects on which they expatiate; and that so far from this being the case (with a very few exceptions), it is, as Mathews says, "quite the reverse."—But we beg Mr. Lacy's pardon. His *Ivanhoe* is neatly done, admirably sung and acted, as far as Miss Paton, Mr. H. Phillips, and Mr. Keeley, are concerned; and supported in other respects as well as possible, considering the present state of the company. With the exception of a "Greenwood tree" chorus (which we suspect has been tampered with), nothing can be more truly ridiculous than such music as this of Rossini's being sung by Knight-templars, Saxon foresters, and wandering Jews, of the twelfth century: but this is not Mr. Lacy's fault,—for Rossini is in vogue, and Rossini's music is seldom fit for any thing but quadrilles, or expressive of any thing but the volubility and persiflage of an Italian prima donna. Miss Paton seemed to feel this as strongly as ourselves; but still her exquisite talents enabled her to triumph in a cavatina, in which she out-Sontag'd Sontag in her flights and fancies: but wherever a few bars of music in the concerted pieces admitted of it, both she and Mr. H. Phillips evinced the pure taste and deep feeling which entitle them to rank with Braham as the first English singers of the day. Mr. Wood exerted himself laudably; but he laboured under indisposition, and the music allotted to him is quite out of his style. The scenery was very good and effective; the dresses a curious compound of all fashions under the sun. All the Knight-templars wore a red cross on their mantles, except Mr. Warde, who, for variety's sake we suppose, wore a black one, of a different shape to that of his brothers. The opera received great applause throughout, and has been repeated to crowded houses.

Of *The Casket* we cannot give so good an account. It is a very pretty French vaudeville (*les Premiers Amours*); and a very dull melo-drama, shuffled together in a most unartist-like fashion; the music, so secondary in point of importance as to give it no claim to the title of an opera; and its whole reception such as to have warranted its being withdrawn from the bills. The clamour on its announcement for repetition lasted during several minutes; and we do not think it can be long-lived. Miss Betts, who performed last season at the English Opera House, made her first appearance in this piece. Her style does not please us. Braham sang divinely, "Sweet content thy soothing balm," the only song he had worth singing.

We have seen Mr. Pemberton, as we pro-

ment. He is no longer in the Covent Garden belfry, as we should have predicted; being, in our opinion, a very sensible, disagreeable one, and limited by physical defects to a very small circle of characters.

FRANÇOIS FLAVES.—On Thursday the house was very full, to see Perlet in *L'Honnête Gars*, in which he was truly excellent. In *Les Amours pour eux, Pédants*, and the actor who played the mean, created much laughter.

VARIETIES.

The vacancy of foreign associate of the Paris Academy of Sciences, caused by the death of Dr. Wollaston, has not yet been filled up. At the last sitting of the Academy, the President, after a warm eulogium on the merits of the deceased member, ordered that a commission should be formed for the purpose of presenting to the Academy the names of the distinguished persons from amongst whom it is intended to fill up the vacancy.

M. Caillé.—The French government has agreed to allow to M. Caillé, for the years 1829 and 1830, a pension of 3000 francs (125*l.*), in order to give that traveller the means of acquiring the information necessary to him before his intended return to the interior of Africa.

The French Expedition to Egypt.—Within the last few days further letters have been received from M. Champollion and M. Lenoir, and, but their contents have not publicly transpired. We understand, from a private source, that they announce several new discoveries; and that the King of France, before whom they have been laid, has expressed a wish that all the requisite aids, by those governments for pecuniary and other aid in their scientific research may be promptly complied with. Recent arrivals have also been received from the expedition in Greece; but a detailed report has yet been furnished of the progress made in that country.

Pyrenean Researches.—Some discoveries were made about six weeks ago in a field near the base of the amphitheatre at Merida in Spain. In digging a foundation for a house, the workmen came suddenly upon a quantity of bones, some of which were of the hyena, and some of the human species. At no great distance from the spot several coins were found, but so much injured that it was impossible to decipher the inscriptions. Fragments of Roman coins were also discovered in abundance; and there were found two vases of the best of the earth which is seen in the Pyrenean mountains at these days' journey distant. These are now in perfect preservation. The sculptures upon them is stated to be of a superior nature.

Swiss.—The *projet de loi* in the French Chamber of Deputies is likely to meet with opposition, from the rigour with which one of its provisions have been made. The law enacts the following punishments:—to remove husbands, without permission of the judges, hard labour for life. For selling the conjugate with permission and with fault. For women, producing illness or company during more than twenty days, a severe punishment, imprisonment from six months to two years, with from 16 to 200 francs fine. If with permission, imprisonment from two to five years, and from 50 to 100 francs fine.

A meeting of the Cambridge Philosophical Society was held on Monday evening, March 24, the very Rev. the Dean of Ely in the chair.—A memoir by Pierce Morton, Esq., of Trinity College, was read, "on the force of a conic section;" in which the author pointed out the solid construction from which that point is derived. The reading of a paper by Professor Whewell was also begun—"on the application of mathematical reasoning to some of the theories of political economy;" in which the author maintained, that so far as that science is founded on definitions and axioms, the shortest and most certain method of deducing its results is by the assistance of mathematical processes.—After the meeting, Professor Whewell gave an account of some of the contrivances which have been employed in the use of the dipping needle, and exhibited one of a construction in some respects new.—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

Fires.—M. Aldini, of Milan, has invented a dress which enables the wearer to traverse with impunity the flames of a large fire, for the purpose of rescuing those who may be exposed to their fury, or of saving property from destruction. This dress is composed of a tissue of asbestos, which it is well known is not combustible, covered with metallic gauze, through which it is also well known flame will not penetrate. The forms of the parts of which the dress consists, seem to have been suggested to M. Aldini by ancient armour. It is so contrived, however, as to leave the body and limbs at perfect liberty to make whatever efforts necessity may require. M. Aldini, with great liberality, has announced that if any government or academic body is desirous of putting by his invention, and will address a letter to him on the subject (free of postage) to Milan, or to Bologna, he will send in return drawings and models, or even a complete suit constructed according to his directions.

The Steam-Engine.—The last volume of the *Annales du Bureau des Longitudes* contains a paper by M. Arago, in which he enters into the history of the steam-engine, and asserts that its original inventor was not the Marquis of Worcester, as has hitherto been supposed, but a Frenchman of the name of Rezonnet de (ana, who, in a treatise published in 1615, forty-eight years before the appearance of the *Century of Inventions*, and called *Les secrets des forces mouvables, ou des divers machines tant utiles que plaisantes*, gives a detailed description, with plates, of a hydraulic engine worked by steam.

The Weather.—An extensive meteorological correspondence has been established among scientific men on the continent, the object of which is to endeavour to arrive at the means of predicting the weather at any given time or any given part of the earth.

Natural Mistake.—A young gentleman, about half past seven, on coming into the house last Saturday, instead of calling to the butler, as usual, was led by some confusion of ideas to hawl out—"I say here, butler, show me my stall!"

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

A new tragedy is announced by the author of the *Londoner*, entitled, *Johannes*. A novel from the pen of an author in the highest vogue of the French Empire is about to appear, in which, we understand, the exploits of the regiment in peace and in war will be revealed in the reality of the reader.

Mr. Thomson is employed upon a portrait of the late Dr. Wollaston, in the last manner, after a painting by Jackson. The portrait was shown at a recent conversation of Mr. Pettigrew's, and attracted much attention.

It is a powerful likeness, in the artist's best style, and will make a very fine print.

Messrs. Chene and Co. have published the fifteenth volume of the *Transactions of the Royal Academy*, the contents of which are extremely interesting and important, and which are accompanied with notes and commentary by the following eminent and learned characters: the Bishop of Exeter, the Bishop of Down and Connor (Dr. Mait), Dr. Robinson, Professor Hamilton, James Macdonald, Esq., and others. We shall probably notice this able volume next week.

A French translation of Chapman's second Expedition is announced at Paris.

In the Press.—A volume entitled, *Talks of a Physician*, by Mr. Harrison.—A Treatise on the varieties of Dropsy and Diseases of the Kidney, with methods of relieving them, by William Wright, Esq.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Upham's History of Buddhism, 43 plates, Imperial 4to. 2*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* coloured. 2*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*—Hogg's Shepherd's Calendar, 2 vols. 12mo. 1*l.* 1*s.*—Hind's Latin Accidence, with Appendix, 12mo. 2*s.* cloth. Accidence, separate, 2*s.*; Appendix separate, 1*s.* 6*d.*—Branne's *Calculus Rex* of Sophocles, 12mo. 5*s.*—Cruikshank's London Characters, 4to. 6*s.* sewed.—The Harp of Imagination, 2 vols. 8*vo.* 1*l.* 5*s.*—Larcher's Notes on Herodotus, 2 vols. 8*vo.* 1*l.* 5*s.*—Stegall's Introduction to Euclid, 12mo. 5*s.*; coloured, 7*s.* 6*d.*; Essay on Proportion, 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.*—Portraits of a Christian Mathematician, 12mo. 6*s.*—Vase's Sermon, 8*vo.* 1*l.* 6*d.*—Spirit of the Psalms, post 8*vo.* 5*s.* 6*d.*—Hill's Hymns, Drama, Ac. post 8*vo.* 7*s.*—Barry's Legend of the Harp, post 8*vo.* 1*l.* 5*s.*—Mifflin's of Elphinstone, 12mo. 7*s.*—Taylor's Mirabilia, 30 plates, 12mo. 2*l.* 2*s.*—Robinson's Analysis of the Criminal Statutes, 12mo. 5*s.*—Friendly Advice to my Poor Neighbours, 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.*—Shaw's Parochial Lawyer, 12mo. 5*s.* 6*d.*—Williams's Latin Vocabulary, 12mo. 1*l.* 6*d.*—Jickling's on Legal and Equitable Estates, royal 8*vo.* 1*l.* 5*s.*—Compendium of Anatomy, 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1830.

Month.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday	5	29.5
Friday	4	29.5
Saturday	7	29.5
Sunday	8	29.5
Monday	9	29.5
Tuesday	10	29.5
Wednesday	11	29.5

Prevailing wind N. and N.W.
Except the 11th, generally cloudy; raining on the 11th.
Rain fallen, 4 of an inch.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude . . . 52° 37' 30" N.
Longitude . . . 0° 53' 30" W. of Greenwich.

Extracts from a Meteorological Register kept at High Wycombe, Bucks, by a Member of the London Meteorological Society. February 1830.

Thermometer—Highest	40° 30'
Lowest	17°
Mean	27° 40'
Barometer—Highest	30.2
Lowest	29.8
Mean	29° 7' 14"

Quantity of rain in inches and decimals, 1.647.
A series of days of rain, 16.
Winds: 1 East, 3 West, 3 North, 1 South-West, 1 North-East, 4 North-West, 4 West, 4 North-East.

General Remarks.—The temperature of the month was below that of the last two years, according to the mean, but the extreme of cold was not so great as in 1827, though two degrees and a quarter below that of last year. The barometer higher than during February 1828—the quantity of rain was the same as in the corresponding last year (the winter generally) dry and bleak, with the wind mostly from the northward and eastward. The evaporation varied of an inch.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ED The continued omission of business, which has led to questions in the way of our publications of importance, again enables us to proceed without adding to the extent of our arrears.

To our pleasant little friend Mrs. Penelope Asher (whose correspondence, by the by, we value through the thin mantle of privacy we lay to say, that, not being a co-official, we cannot say her inquiries are questions, we shall take as early an opportunity as we can of showing them our full public attention. We wish they were in verse.) We cannot fail to wish a Regular Reader in P. O. Box, Paris.

Mr. Heyman's handsomely illustrated letter, explained as a character, have not altered our opinion respecting his publications.

ERRATA.—In our notice of 1st January in Ireland we mentioned 1st January, instead of 1st January, as the 6th of the year, and we thank our readers to correct the error. 1st January is the first day in the year of 1st January. But we have the impression made by these words as to the 6th, and it was offered by the paper and the same impression, that when they are long before and eyes, we cannot be mistaken one from another.

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AND

Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

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No. 635.

SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1829.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Lettres on the Climate, Inhabitants, Productions, &c. &c. of the Neighberries, or Blue Mountains of Coimbatore, South India. By James Hough, of Madras. 8vo. pp. 172. London, 1828. Hatchard and Son.

THE great object of this publication (which has already appeared in the form of letters in several East India newspapers) is to recommend the district of the Neighberries as a healthy retreat for the European inhabitants of our various presidencies, whose constitutions may be affected by the Indian climate. As our climate at home migrates, seasonally, to watering and sun-bathing places, so, as the need of change is much more imperative, is it enforced that occasional residence in the salubrious atmosphere of these Blue Mountains would produce the best effects upon Oriental invalids, and especially, in most cases, the exposure and change of voyage to the Mauritius, Van Diemen's Land, the Cape, and Europe. Without entering into the medical question, we may say that the testimonies in favour of the restorative qualities of such a sojourn are certainly very strong; though the country is but little known to the surrounding natives, and has only been visited by our countrymen within the last ten years. Biting thus a sort of love trumpet, it may be as well for our readers on this side of the earth that we tell them something about the locale, ere we go to believe that what we find to be most worthy of attention respecting the people and productions. "These mountains are situated between one and two hundred miles from the opposite coasts of Coromandel and Malabar, in 11 deg. N. lat. They are little more than dry ridges in length, and about fifteen miles in mean breadth. The ascent is very rocky and difficult, inasmuch that our government has been obliged to cut a pass for the convenience of travellers. Tigers, leopards, and wild dogs, are spoken of as among the wild animals, yet the woods are reported to be quite safe, and there are but few attractions for the sportsman, as the game consists of only a few varieties. Buffaloes and cows are the domesticated animals, and there are no sheep, which being the first, the writer makes a doubtful half when he informs that one of the great classes of inhabitants (Huddiggers, Kottars, and Theodours) into which the population is subdivided, "are generally sheep-keepers, and keep considerable flocks of goats."

Among the mineral products, iron and gold are mentioned; and in sugar and botany as yet very slightly explored there seem to be abundant specimens, and the latter some new species. A list of a hundred and sixty genera of plants, including two species of very small wild cherry, one of a good flavour, and

the other not sweet;—*Lychnis*, *Clematis*, *Sonchus* (new);—*Mertensia tomentosa*, or hill gooseberry;—*Melastoma*, "a fine timber tree, with a beautiful white flower resembling that of the *Cassia japonica*;"—*Passiflora Sulianiana* (new); and *Vernonia*, "a yellow flower, resembling the cowslip in form and fragrance." "The Neighberries abound in excellent timber-trees. The following are the names which the natives have given to the largest and the best:—*Almond*, *cinchona*, *santalum*, *velludi*, *baobab*. The last mentioned is the largest and the most numerous. *Dalchia*, or wild cinnamon, is found here. *Laurus cinamomum* grows to a gigantic size, and is excellent wood for all purposes. Many parts of the hills are literally covered with ferns and lichens of every variety. The fern-tree also grows to a good size, with branches of from eight to ten feet long." Varieties of medical plants are also said to be found in great plenty. The equality of temperature, as we have stated, is represented as being very fine, as is proved, indeed, by a meteorological table of thirteen months; and the atmosphere clear and delightful, as the annexed extracts will show.

"The great extent to which the sound of the voice is conveyed may be mentioned. Some persons have thought this a proof of the extreme purity of the atmosphere. A similar observation is made by Captain Parry, in his *Voyage of Discovery to the Polar Regions* in 1819-20 (p. 125), where he states that in the depth of winter the sound of the men's voices was heard at a much greater distance than usual. This phenomenon is constantly observed on the Neighberries. I have heard the natives, especially in the morning and evening, when the air was still, carry on conversations from one hill to another, and that apparently without any extraordinary effort. They do so in the manner that strangers think necessary in order to be heard at so great a distance, but utter every syllable as distinctly as if they were conversing face to face. When listening to them, I have often been reminded of those passages of holy writ where it is recorded that Joshua addressed the multitude of Achan from Mount Gerizim; that David cried from 'the top of a hill afar off' to Abner, and to the people that lay about their master Saul; and that Abner addressed 'Josh' from 'the top of a hill.' In the dense atmosphere of England, and even in the purest air of the plains of India, it is not easy to imagine how a discourse could have been carried on at so great a distance, and from such an enormous; but on the Neighberries the partition of aerial story to which I have referred receives a striking illustration. It is worthy of remark also, in proof of the purity of the at-

mosphere, that the heavenly bodies appear with much greater brilliancy than when viewed from the plain. This is observed by all strangers; and one correctly remarked, that the planet Venus, when full, gave as much light as the moon in her quarters.

"A further idea of the climate, and likewise of the soil, may be formed from the remark of the force of vegetation, and from the nature of the plants that thrive on the hills. Many varieties of tea, fruits, and flowers, from Europe and the Cape of Good Hope, have been tried, and hitherto all have succeeded remarkably well. Those of England, indeed, have grown much larger than in their native climate. I have measured heart-rose upwards of three feet in circumference; a turnip, three feet; a turnip-radish, thirty-four and a half inches; long Spanish radish, twenty-seven and a half inches, and three feet long; also a cabbage—plant eight feet high, whose stalk was ten inches in circumference."

We have already mentioned the three classes of inhabitants; and one of these, the Theodours, are not a little remarkable.

"The Theodours (as the writer) are in appearance a noble race of men, their vigour presenting all the features of the Roman constitution very strongly marked, and their tall athletic figures corresponding with the immensity of the land. None of them stand upwards of six feet high, and differ in every respect from all the tribes of Asiatic with which we are at present acquainted. The countenances of a few are strikingly Jewish, which is remarked by almost every stranger. I found several of them possessed of Jewish names, and began to flatter myself that I had discovered a colony of the scattered tribes of lost and ancient people. But on communicating my supposed discovery to a friend, I hardly thanked him at the moment for dispelling the illusion, by informing me that he had given them those names, as he found it difficult to pronounce the barbarous appellations by which they are called. . . . However, I cannot but think that they may be found to be the remains of an ancient Roman colony. We know that that indefatigable and enterprising people visited the western coast of India as early as the commencement of the Christian era, viz. after their conquest of Egypt, and carried on commercial intercourse with its inhabitants to a considerable extent. There is reason to believe, also, that they settled in many parts of South India; and it is not improbable that one colony was founded on the Neighberries. In that case, it is by no means a fanciful supposition that the Theodours are their descendants. I mean not to assert that we have sufficient data to support such a surmise; but if the reader will bear the idea in mind, while passing he will see my description of their countenances, I think he can hardly fail to discern some striking points of resemblance. I have described their countenances as Roman; a description which I venture to anticipate the countenance of every one acquainted with Roman people."

* The letters are a happy combination, however, as you very slightly explored there seem to be abundant specimens, and the latter some new species. A list of a hundred and sixty genera of plants, including two species of very small wild cherry, one of a good flavour, and

The object of this publication is to recommend the district of the Neighberries as a healthy retreat for the European inhabitants of our various presidencies, whose constitutions may be affected by the Indian climate. As our climate at home migrates, seasonally, to watering and sun-bathing places, so, as the need of change is much more imperative, is it enforced that occasional residence in the salubrious atmosphere of these Blue Mountains would produce the best effects upon Oriental invalids, and especially, in most cases, the exposure and change of voyage to the Mauritius, Van Diemen's Land, the Cape, and Europe.

ings, statues, and castles. They wear no turban, their fine black bushy locks forming a sufficient protection to the head, whether exposed to the vertical sun or a pelting storm. Their bodies are well proportioned, and their limbs remarkably muscular, possessing Herculean strength. I have seen two of them carry a large tree that no six natives of the plains could have borne, and toss it off their shoulders with perfect ease. They are very playful, and often prove their strength with their immense buffaloes. It is one of their diversions for three or four youths to select the largest of the herd, run him down, and then, seizing him by the hind legs, to throw him to the ground, which they do with perfect ease and singular dexterity. It is beautiful to observe the agility with which they bound over the hills, shaking their black locks in the wind, and as conscious of liberty as the mountain deer or any true-born Briton. They are remarkably frank in their deportment; and their entire freedom from Hindoo servility is very engaging to the Englishman, and cannot fail to remind him of the 'bold peasantry' of a still dearer land. When before you, they are constantly smiling, and are addicted to immoderate laughter. If amused with any thing they have heard or seen, they will retire to a short distance, throw themselves on the ground, and laugh till they seem literally convulsed. The women, with the exception of the mouth, which is wide, possess handsome features, and their complexion is fairer than that of the men. Their teeth are beautiful, which is quite an anomaly in India, and great vivacity sparkles in the eye. * * * They have an uncouth dance and song. Of the dance an idea may be formed from the representations we have of dancing satyrs. They merely turn the body half round, with a jump, and back again, grinning all the time, and raising the hands about the height of the head. The theme of their song it is difficult to understand, and its tune owes very little to the science of harmonics. Their gamut consists of five or six gruff tones, which they run through in a breath, beginning with the lowest and ascending to the highest, over and over again, without variation."

Their clothing bears some resemblance to the Roman toga; and the hypothesis of their being of Roman descent is further supported by the account of some circular tumuli, and coins found in them, — but we must say that the evidence on this point is anti-Roman. * Other portions of their manners and ceremonies are very curious.

" Their form of marriage is simple, and unattended with any religious ceremony. The bridegroom presents one or more buffaloes, according to his circumstances, to the parents of the bride, who, after merely touching his head, deliver to him their daughter. This completes the contract, and he takes home his bride. But the practice of polygamy prevails among them, the woman being obliged to receive as her husbands all the brothers of the family into which she marries, while they possess only this wife amongst them. She is allowed also to choose a gallant from any other family, to whom her husbands must on

all occasions give the precedence. Another barbarous practice, that of infanticide, was formerly prevalent here. The boys were always preserved, and divided between the brothers according to seniority, but the girls were put to death; in what way has not yet been accurately ascertained, but there is no reason to believe that they were exposed." (By the interference of the British authorities, there is reason to believe that this barbarity has been stopped.) " I shall," continues our author, " conclude the account of this singular people, with a description of their funerals. Though entertaining but little idea of religion, yet are they superstitious enough to distinguish between fortunate and unfortunate days—Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday, being considered lucky, and the remaining four the contrary. Accordingly, if a person die on an inauspicious day, his funeral is deferred to the next more favourable one. When that arrives, the relatives are assembled, and the ceremony commences with loud lamentations over the dead. The body is then burned, together with all the ornaments of the deceased, and on the following day the ashes are buried, with a few gold or silver coins, according to the circumstances of the survivors, and a large stone is placed over the grave. The skull, and cap of the knee-joint bones, are preserved two or three months, and sometimes even a year, until the relatives shall have collected a sufficient number of buffaloes, and other things necessary for the celebration of the final ceremonies in honour of the deceased. When all things are ready, a great company assembles, and the bones that were preserved are produced, and placed in the centre of the group, as the representatives of their departed friend. They then take their seats on the ground, and feast on rice, or whatever the relatives can afford to give them: The more wealthy distribute clothes also among the visitors. While thus employed, every now and then two or three start from their seats, lead a buffalo by the horns round the bones, and then, with frantic gestures, fall upon the animal, striking him with enormous clubs until he falls to the ground. When these funeral rites are concluded, the skull and knee-bones are burnt in a cloth, and then buried near the other ashes. These ceremonies are so different from all that are performed on such occasions by the natives of the plain, that it is difficult to imagine where they can have learned them, unless we suppose the Thodawurs to have been originally a colony of foreigners, who continued here the customs of their native land."

Neither the Thodawurs nor the other tribes seem to have much sense of religion; — a few ceremonies, and an annual assemblage to perform some imperfect rites, are all the evidences of their knowledge either of a Supreme Being or of a future existence.

Respecting the Buddagurs (another of these tribes, who have apparently been settled some centuries, from the adjacent plains), we may cite a few miscellaneous particulars.

" They are an inferior race to the Thodawurs; being, with a few exceptions, very diminutive. The exceptions are striking, some of them standing above six feet high, and stout in proportion; but they are without the majestic and independent mien of the Thodawurs. Their complexion is fair; and the men have mild and sometimes handsome features; the countenances, especially the nose, being of the Grecian cast. The girls, and very young women also, are not unhandsome; but hard work, and exposure in all weathers, soon

begin to alter their features; and the visages of some of the elder women are frightful.

" The preliminaries of their marriages differ materially from those of the Hindoos, the man being allowed to select his own partner, and the woman left at liberty to accept or decline him. When both parties are agreed, the man, accompanied by five or six friends, waits upon the parents of the damsel, to request their consent to the union; which having obtained, and having also entered into an agreement to pay a sum of money, seldom under ten rupees, or above twenty, the parents deliver their daughter to the bridegroom, with her dowry, which generally consists of a cow and bull, and a metal dish. They provide the *tally* also, the token of the marriage contract. It is made of gold, about the size and in the shape of a uniform waistcoat-button, with the shank at the side, and is suspended from the neck of the woman. This trinket is used for the same purpose by all the Hindoos of southern India. The parents then deliver to the bridegroom some appropriate advice, which he pledges himself to follow; and having concluded the service with feasting and mirth, the newly married couple repair to their home. In the event of a man's neglecting to pay the stipulated sum within a reasonable time, the parents of the bride endeavour to separate her from him, until he has fulfilled his conditions of the marriage. But if she refuse to leave him, another arrangement is made, and the cattle or other property of the husband sold to the amount of his debt. But there is a great drawback on both sides upon this seemingly harmonious arrangement, polygamy being practised by the men, and the women having it in their power to divorce their husbands. The men are allowed to have as many wives as they can afford to maintain; and the wife, from caprice or displeasure, may separate herself from her husband, and marry again. But in this case she is obliged to restore every thing she may have received from him, and he retains all the children she may have borne. Her next husband takes upon himself all the pecuniary responsibility of the first, paying the sum he stipulated to give for her, and all the debts she may have contracted during her former marriage. The women are allowed to repeat this barbarous transaction as often as they choose, but the subject is too disgusting to be more minutely described.

They have a singular mode of salutation, the inferior touching the chest of the superior with the crown of his head, which the superior immediately raises with both hands. Their language is a corrupt dialect of the Canarese, which, however, they understand when correctly spoken.

Their principal object of adoration is named Hettee-du, who, they affirm, was a man of their own cast that lived about a thousand years ago to a very great age. At his death, his wife resolved not to survive him; and having ordered seven small holes to be dug and filled with water, she walked round them, performing some ceremonies at the same time, and then strangled herself. In honour of this aged couple, every old man is called Hettee-pagati, and every old woman Hettee-magati. They build a hut to Hettee-du, in which a light is kept continually burning; but he is represented by no image. They regard him as the god of health, and perform a trifling ceremony to him once a year. A new cloth is then presented to him, and kept in the house till the next anniversary, when it is divided between the men employed in trimming the lamp of the house, and the Koorumbur who performs their ceremonies.

* Among other proofs, however, the author states: " In an extensive vocabulary which I have had taken down from their lips, there are two words which seem to favour the notion of their Roman origin—*homu*, (Lat. *homo*) a man; and *pomu*, (Lat. *poma*) fruit. The other terms which they gave were taken from one of the languages that I have mentioned, (Canarese, Tamil, and Malayalam), nor could they be induced to apply any other appellations to the objects which they were desired to name."

Another cloth is then put in its place, to be disposed of the following year in the same manner. They worship another god, whom they call Herar-du, and imagine that he was the deity who conducted them to the Neilgherries. They have an old mirror and a brass cup, which they brought from their native hills, and preserve with great care, as the representatives of Herar-du. These relics are locked up in a chest, which is kept in a small hut built for the purpose, and are brought out and cleaned once a year. After this ceremony the men sit down and eat, with the mirror and cup placed before them, and then carefully deposit them again in the chest. A person is appointed to take care of them, and the community remunerate him for his trouble with a small quantity of grain from each field. Besides these objects of worship or respect, they reverence indiscriminately Rangawami, the Lingum, Narayanah, Kadatayaw, Madduppun (god of cattle), and, indeed, all the gods of the different tribes incorporated with them. Though they suppose their gods to possess the human form, yet they make no images to represent them. One, on being asked where God resided, replied, that he could not tell, and that if he knew, he would be always with him. 'Why?' 'Because then I should be always happy';—a sentiment worthy of a better creed."

About the Kothurs (the third division), we have only room to quote one statement.

"Like the Chucklers of the low country, they devour the flesh of animals, of whatever distemper they may have died; and it is not uncommon to see them drive away the vultures, crows, and jackals, from a carcass half consumed, and carry the residue away. In 1825 this proved fatal to several men, four or five being poisoned by some peard flesh. But, notwithstanding the unwholesome nature of their food, they are seldom afflicted with disease; and when once reconciled to their unsightly exterior, you begin to discover some stout, healthy-looking figures among them, especially the few who abstain from opium. But the major part of them consume large quantities of this deleterious drug, and bear in their countenances the marks of its soporific effects. The usual quantity which they consume daily is from ninety to one hundred grains, which they eat at two sittings. When unable to procure it, they drink, as a substitute, opium water, which they obtain by steeping the pericarpium of the poppy in cold water, and then squeezing out the liquor with their hands. A quart is usually taken at one time,—a quantity that I have seen a man drink off as a draught."

With this we conclude; only recommending to the consideration of our Indian government the ideas thrown out by the author in the following note:

"These mountains offer a most eligible site for the establishment of a large population of Eurasians* or Indo-Britons. This has hitherto been a desideratum. The Neilgherries are in a great measure an unoccupied country. That class of people would, therefore, form a distinct and independent society. They would not be looked down upon either by Europeans or natives. . . . A very small plot of ground on the Neilgherries, carefully managed, would go a

* "These are the descendants of Europeans by native mothers, many of whom are legitimate, and form a respectable class of society. Numerous attempts have been made to devise a name for them which should be extremely acceptable, but hitherto without success. The last proposed was *Eurasians*,—a contraction, I presume, of *European Asiatics*."

great way towards the support of a family. From the size and excellence of the hides on the Neilgherries, a tannery might be established there with every prospect of advantage. There are very few trades indeed that might not be exercised with success. The easiest way of trying this plan would be for government to establish a branch of the asylum on the hills, say fifty boys, none of whom should be more than ten years of age. A large garden should belong to the establishment, which, under an intelligent superintendent, and with the assistance of a few men, might be cultivated by the boys. The produce would go far towards their own subsistence, and they would gradually acquire those habits which would qualify them for cultivating the soil on their own account."

The History and Doctrines of Buddhism popularly illustrated; with Notices of the Kappoism or Demon Worship, and of the Bali or Planetary Incantations of Ceylon. By Edward Upham, M.R.A.S. With Forty-three Lithographic Prints, from original Singalese Designs. Folio, pp. 136. London, 1829, Ackermann; Bath, Upham; Exeter, Upham; and Paris, Dondey-Dupré.

THIS volume, curious and important as are its investigations of oriental antiquities and religion, is but the precursor of a greater work, of which the prospectus lies before us: we allude to the *Mahā-vansī*, *Rājā-valī*, and *Rājā-ratnācarī*, (the sacred and historical books of Ceylon), from MSS. in the possession of Sir Alexander Johnston.*

The remote periods of Buddhism explored by Mr. Upham, and the multitude of the worshippers of that god, (still represented by the Lama in Tibet), spread over Northern India, China, Tartary, Ceylon, and other islands, render the exposition of its origin and character an inquiry of extreme interest; and we feel infinitely obliged to the author for the pains and labour which he has bestowed. He appears to us to have ransacked the wide range of Indian literature, and dipped deeply into the mysterious and mystical remains of the Palu. From these sources Mr. Upham has adduced an entirely new elucidation of the earth and atmosphere,

* "It is altogether owing to the enlightened views and active measures of Sir Alexander Johnston, that these important literary subjects, so clearly designated as desirable for the best interests of oriental literature, and so useful at this era to our political influence over the new provinces of our eastern empire, have been acquired from the Buddhist priests of Ceylon, and are stamped with the clearest evidence of their genuineness. Translated by Sir Alexander's native Cingalese official interpreters into English, and verified and revised by the ablest Palse scholar in Europe, they are now nearly ready for the press. From the information prefixed in a manuscript note by the translator, *Rājā-pakse*, a well-known intelligent native of Ceylon, the *Mahā-vansī* is one of the most highly esteemed of all their sacred books, and has the character of being among the oldest of their writings, being throughout composed in Palse, the sacred Buddhist language. This work has been so carefully preserved, that but slight differences are observable between the most ancient and more modern copies. It does not appear at what period it was composed, but it has been existing from the period that the books of Ceylon were originally written, and it contains 'the doctrine, race, and lineage of Budhoo,' and is, in fact, the religion and history of Buddhism. The *Rājā-ratnācarī* was written by a priest of the Pansila, called *Abeja-rājā-piriwāna*, of the temple *Wal-gan-pawya-was*; it is extracted out of ancient books, and is of high authority, being scarcely less esteemed than the *Mahā-vansī* itself; and it contains the history of Budhoo, by an abridgment of the *Mahā-vansī*, as well as records the erection of the temples, and the history of the kings, from the first king *Wijaya*, (whose reign is computed at 3269 years ago), to the conquest of Ceylon by the Portuguese. The *Rājā-valī* is the work of many hands, and compiled from the local histories, which are inserted as corollaries and additions to the two more important works already cited. These three works, therefore, comprise all the authentic annals of Buddhism, drawn from their own sources."

whence he infers that the whole of Arabian fable, devis, peris, fairies, enchanters, giants, oracular birds, &c. &c. are derived. With respect to astronomy, as illustrated by these records, we need only notice that they corroborate Humboldt's theory,—that the twelve signs of the zodiac are not the original emblems, but altered from a more ancient sphere of the celestial mansions used in Central Asia. In these we see astrology as the parent of astronomy, and the rabbit (so frequent in Mexican hieroglyphics),* the ocelot, the sea-monster (so common to all the oldest systems), the raven (so distinguished in northern mythology), and other signs, the connexion of which with the Egyptian, the Grecian, and the Celtic, &c. is so remarkable, and throws so singular a light upon the early history and superstitions of the human race. In Buddhism we also find the hells, or rather hades of other regions, (for this faith has none but purgatorial punishments); and there is little in [the machinery of] Dante, or of Shakespeare's Hamlet, (brought from the Euxine by our ancestors, who were Buddhists), not to be recognised in these eastern stories. Still we cannot define Buddhism to be strictly a mythology: from Mr. Upham's researches, it is rather exhibited in the form of a class of opinions or doctrines, influential upon an immense portion of Asia, and operating on the moral and political government of the people. It appears to be a substitution for, or a reformation upon, the Paganism of the East,† of which the only existing memorials seem to be here preserved, inclusive of those which relate to that most extraordinary of worships, (if not in its commencement, for that was naturally grafted upon the weakness and fears of man, at least in its progress), Kappoism, or demon-worship, and the Bali or planetary influences. As if the Budha could not destroy or expel this strange creed, he was obliged to admit it into a partnership, and engraft it on his own, about two thousand three hundred and forty years ago,—the date Gaudma assigned to modern Buddhism,—its anterior doctrines going back to the deluge.

The introduction thus sums up the chief points of general inquiry:—

"The sum of these remarks amounts to this—that Buddhism is in itself a primitive doctrine, of parallel pretension with Brahminism; that the later faith recognises its earlier doctrine, and incorporates its author with its philosophy; that the fatal wars which drove Buddhism from India originated in the principles which we trace in the revival of the present system of doctrine of the Budha; and that the most important link therein is manifestly the doctrine of the metempsychosis—a principle alike subsisting both in the anterior eras and in the present Budha-verouse, or law of Gaudma.

"The Budha Gaudma is the object of the highest veneration: he presides over their universe; he is superior to all the gods; he is a worker of miracles and a muni, or divine teacher; and he conceived and accomplished his desire of becoming a Budha (or an omniscient teacher and saint) in the *manoepeleka*, or earth. This sublime act, as they deem it, is the grand excellency of the Budha, as thereby he procured (according to Buddhist doc-

* The arbitrary sign of the fish-god, the Cipactli of Mexico, and the Macchara of Buddhism, is of itself a signal approximation between the zodiacal signs of the two continents; also the two voids, shown in the plates of the *Nehates*, whereby those so born are without a star for any horoscope: they are meannest, nameless and unhappy. The epagomene days are very important.

† A reference to Sir W. Drummond's *Origines* will greatly instruct readers inquisitive upon this subject.—Ed.

trine) salvation, or nirwana, for mankind; and hence our earth is termed, in reference to this peculiar and remarkable distinction, *the Ford of Nirwana*, or the road to the supreme state of felicity, which the inhabitants of the three other islands or continents are incapable of acquiring or aspiring to; and the Buddhist writings lay a particular stress on this high and remarkable privilege of man; for the entire scope and force of the doctrine of Buddhism is in no point more distinctive and strongly marked than in its ruling and vital principle, that 'the ascent to divinity is only to be acquired from the state of man.'

The jatakas of the Budha, or that portion which explains the transmigration of souls, is almost precisely the same with the doctrines afterwards promulgated by Pythagoras. Some instances of the change into various forms are illustrated by very curious plates. The drawings whence these engravings were lithographed are now preserved by the Royal Asiatic Society; and Mr. Phillips, in his lectures at Somerset House on painting, two years ago, mentioned them as being the only examples extant of the old mode of teaching by pictures. It is still common in Ceylon; where, on certain festivals, as we have been informed, the priests venture to comment on the past life, and convey admonition as to the future conduct of their rulers, by hanging up allegorical and descriptive pictures in their temples.

"The long struggle (says our author) between the Buddhists and the Brahmins dispersed the former over all the regions of central Asia, and through the islands of the Eastern Archipelago; in the various migrations which followed we may account for striking coincidences existing between India and Egypt and the Phœnician colonies; but how can we account for a conformity of astronomical and astrological data, and of religious rites and ceremonies, and connect together those of the Buddhists and the inhabitants of the new continent of America? Many interesting approximations between the traditions of the new continent and those of followers of the religion of Budha, have been illustrated with peculiar force by M. Humboldt; but in nothing are they more strongly evidenced than in the practice of picture-writing, 'exhibiting the representation of an event with pictures,' in which the objects represented are in a state of action with each other.' We find many valuable particulars in the recital of the first conquerors of the new world, such as those concerning the paintings which were sketched by the Mexican artists to convey to the unfortunate Montezuma a representation of the wonderful strangers who had arrived within his dominions; and of the same class with the Mexican paintings, according to the remarks of M. Humboldt, may be ranked the sketches contained in the Siamese manuscripts* in the Library at Paris. In these subjects, as well as in the observations

of ancient writers, and in many portions of the Chinese annals, we may trace the purpose of instruction by the eye; and the development of the legends, which we shall see recorded in these plates, will have a higher interest, from their belonging to the class of representations which apparently gave rise to pictorial history."

There is no head or division of this work which would not furnish us with overpowering matter for any review within the compass of our limits; and we are therefore left without any alternative, except that of taking a snatch here and there, the most likely to interest the general reader. Still we must pass by all the extraordinary remains of the demon worship, and the imaginative accounts of the Dewa-loka, or six heavens, out of which hundreds of Arabian nights' tales might be fabricated, full of trials of life, colloquial dialogues, and pictures of manners. The gods in the Dewa-loka heavens "are invested with qualities combining an agency and interest in the actions of man, which become thereby associated with their superior powers and dignity. These gods are termed the *Nat*;^{*} their character and operative influence on man are described in various parts of the Buddhist writings with the richest imagery, elucidating most of the grandeur, etiquette, and observances of the great princes and monarchs of this faith, who appear to have been intent upon transfusing the details of the Tavateinza heaven and of the Dewa-loka into their titles and usages, and to have framed their courts after the royal and splendid scenes of the *Nat* paradise. In these abodes are the mines of gold and silver, of diamonds, rubies, and all precious stones; gardens, or a paradise of sandal, and all odoriferous woods; trees, the produce of which are robes (splendid personal ornaments), and all sorts of riches: these are at the disposal of the gods for great and virtuous kings and men, votaries of the Budha.

"In the Tavateinza heaven grows the padze-zebayn tree, on which, instead of fruits, hang precious garments, delicious viands, and whatever can give enjoyment to the *Nat* deities; beyond which are seven rows of palm-trees, on which grow gems of gold and silver. In the centre of the garden grows the celebrated flower which is as large as a chariot-wheel. The garden is called *nanda*, or crowd, because the *Nat* gods frequent it in multitudes to pull the flower, and wear it in their hair. Here is the renowned twining-plant, *lota*, which every thousand years produces a most exquisite fruit. In order to get at this fruit, the *Nat* gods assemble in crowds for one hundred years before it ripens; and for one whole year sing and dance, accompanied by drums and other musical instruments. Having eaten of that fruit, the *Nat* become inebriated for four entire months. Sekkraia and his thirty-two counsellors and gods periodically visit the celebrated tree, or *lota*, which is the sacred image of the heavens. This tree is surrounded with several padze-zebayns, and when it flowers its ruddy splendour extends all around. Arrived there, Sekkraia takes his seat on his magic stone, and the whole assembly, seated, begin to celebrate the festival, which lasts for four months. They need not ascend the tree to

gather the flowers, for the *Nat* of the winds shake it, and make the flowers fall; and lest the beauty of the flowers should be spoiled, the winds support them, and permit them not to touch the ground. The whole bodies of the *Nat* are then covered with the odorous dust coming from the stamens of the flowers."

[To be concluded in our next.]

The Naval Officer; or, Scenes and Adventures in the Life of Frank Mildmay. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1829. Colburn.

ONE of the consequences of the pseudo-literary, or rather of the publishing, fashion of the day, is, that it tempts persons to write, who, in other times, would never have thought of that employment:—the bookselling trade wants names; and blue-stocking miladias, young lordlings, the gentle of both sexes who have tastes for scribbling, captains naval and military having in peace-time nothing else to do, and a miscellaneous et-cetera of candidates, are readily encouraged to become authors, and lend the names required—"for a consideration." Besides these, there are the imitators and drudges of lower grade, who, to do them justice, play the characters of rank, title, and gentility, they are pleased to assume, with an *éclat* little short of that attained by the real owners; and cause and effect alternate—there are plenty of writers, plenty of puffing, plenty of mediocrity, plenty of readers, and more than plenty of books.

Where one is nearly as good as another, and the works produced are so very like Peter Pindar's razors, individual criticism is hardly worth while; but out of compliment to Captain Marriott, who is stated to be the Frank Mildmay of this novel, we shall bestow a few remarks upon his labours. The captain appears to be a sensible and a clever man, but novel-writing is not his forte—as a good and gallant officer we are told he is, but his reputation is not raised by this attempt at penmanship. This we presume to pronounce on several grounds. *First*, because the scope and tendency of his narrative is to depreciate the profession to which he has the honour to belong;—unintentionally, we firmly believe, yet still injuriously, as it must tend to degrade the naval character in the esteem of the country. *Secondly*, because there are several personal portraits, easily to be recognised, which must hurt the feelings of the parties if living, and of their friends and relatives if dead;—an offence excusable in a book-seller's hack, but not creditable to an officer of high station in the service. *Thirdly*, because there are frequent instances of allusions which would be most indecorous and unbecoming in decent society, and which no writer of any kind ought ever to have committed to the press. *Fourthly*, because there is a tone of great exaggeration throughout. And, *fifthly*, because there is a considerable portion of description, relative to the freedoms of a sailor's life, mixed up (to our judgment very improperly) with religion or religious cant; and the conclusion is brought about by a scene to which we can apply no other terms but those of rank (though we are sure unintended) profanation. Having these strong objections in our mind, we must confess our regret that this respectable gentleman should have joined the corps of amateur authors:—book-making is a difficult and dangerous business, and far better left alone than taken up by those who have no immediate vocation that way.

In other respects, the volumes before us display an acquaintance with the world, especially the aqueous part of it, and the abilities of a well-informed man. The first of them relates

* "The coincidences with Mexican subjects go much deeper than the use of picture-writings only. The Budha Gaudma, in his reprobation of human sacrifices and enforcement of bloodless rites, by substituting flowers and incense for his service, exhibits a striking resemblance to the Mexican deity, the mild Quetzalcoatl, who is described as exercising the same pleasing influence over the Mexican tribes, but his harmless rites were despised and set at naught by the fierce Aztec race. There is, indeed, much of magic and violence strangely commixed with the milder tenets of Buddhism, and we shall find, lurking in its historical dogmas, many traces of violence and bloodshed. These are, in fact, indications of two different sources of doctrine: the primary one, the mild and benign; the fiercer and more palpable, the seed of a much later era."

* "If the inferior gods of Jugandere are described so as to remind us of the interesting tales of the Arabian Nights, the *Nat* deities are more essentially the presiding genii of the Arabian fictions and the beneficent fairies of the West; they bestow riches at will; they can assume all forms; they wield the elements. The diamond fruits of Aladdin's garden are an exact copy of their gardens, and of the produce of the padze-zebayn tree."

to the author's adventures as a school-boy and midshipman; and, though the theme has been oft repeated, it is by far the most amusing portion of the work. The second and third volumes become more dull and tedious; being, in short, very matter-of-fact history, with a spice of romance thrown in, and a few well-known anecdotes appropriated, in order to relieve the prolix monotony of common-place cruises, voyages, and affairs. To exhibit both the faults and the merits of the performance, we shall now go through with the *Naval Officer*, and point out as briefly as possible why we have censured, and why we have praised.

Under the assumed name of Mildmay in the title-page, the quotation is curiously indicative of the contradictions which follow; for the first line is

"My muse by no means deals in fiction!"

At school, however, master Mildmay paints himself in colours of more hardened and obdurate vice than, we trust, ever belongs to juvenile years out of a tale of fiction. At page 9 he is a blushing child when half detected in pillaging a hen-roost; and, in the next page, a few months has made him an "adept in vice" seemingly, from having robbed the orchard occasionally without being found out. But this violent contrast is out-done by a companion, "Tom Crauford, a fine, spirited fellow; up to every thing; loving mischief, though not vicious," &c.: the proof of which character is, that after helping him to abscond, this *fine, spirited fellow* joins the pursuit against him, and, when overtaken, this *not vicious* boy acts with the most consummate falsehood and hypocrisy. "Tom Crauford (says the author) helped me to scale the wall; and when he supposed I had got far enough to be out of danger from pursuit, went and gave information, to avoid the suspicion of having aided and abetted. After running a mile, to use a sea phrase, I hove to, and began to compose, in my mind, an oration which I intended to pronounce before my father, by way of apology for my sudden and unexpected appearance; but I was interrupted by the detested usher and half a dozen of the senior boys, among whom was Tom Crauford. Coming behind me as I sat on a stile, they cut short my meditations by a tap on the shoulder, collared and marched me to the right about in double quick time. Tom Crauford was one of those who held me, and outdid himself in zealous invective at my base ingratitude in absconding from the best of masters, and the most affectionate, tender, and motherly of all school-dames."

A more odious young scoundrel could scarcely be imagined; but this arises out of the fondness for exaggerated effects, for which we have blamed the author. Again, when bidding farewell to his mother, on departing for sea, there is equal violence done to nature and probability, merely for the sake of striking expression. "The letting down of the rattling steps completely overthrew the small remains of fortitude which my dearest mother had reserved for our separation, and she threw her arms round my neck in a frenzy of grief. I beheld her emotions with a countenance as unmoved as the figure-head of a ship; while she covered my stoic face with kisses, and washed it with her tears. I almost wondered what it all meant, and wished the scene was over. My father helped me out of this dilemma; taking me firmly by the arm, he led me out of the room: my mother sank upon the sofa, and hid her face in her pocket-handkerchief. I walked as slowly to the coach as common decency would permit. My father looked at me, as if he would

inquire of my very inward soul whether I really did possess human feelings? I felt the meaning of this, even in my then tender years; and such was my sense of propriety, that I mustered up a tear for each eye, which, I hope, answered the intended purpose. We say at sea, 'When you have no decency, sham a little;' and I verily believe I should have beheld my poor mother in her coffin with less regret than I could have foregone the gay and lovely scenes which I anticipated."

Could this have been true, so brutal a son never would have turned out any thing but a ruthless ruffian, whereas our hero was only a bit of a blackguard. But it is not our intention to follow him through all the sights and actions appertaining to this amiable quality. His account of a ship in harbour (p. 64) is not very correct. At Trafalgar he ridiculously describes the sailors with *tears running down their cheeks* when Nelson's famous signal was hoisted;—sailors going into battle are not so apt to pipe and anivel; and in this his first fight he absolutely tells us—the boy thirteen years old!—that he was secretly pleased when he saw two men killed near him, because they had witnessed his starting back when a heavy shot threw the water over his face! Indeed, his whole account of his feelings on this occasion is vastly unnatural.

"When we had once got fairly into action, I felt no more of this, and beheld a poor creature cut in two by a shot with the same indifference that at any other time I should have seen a butcher kill an ox. Whether my heart was bad or not, I cannot say; but I certainly felt my curiosity was gratified more than my feelings were shocked, when a raking-shot killed seven and wounded three more. I was sorry for the men, and, for the world, would not have injured them; but I had a philosophic turn of mind; I liked to judge of causes and effects; and I was secretly pleased at seeing the effect of a raking-shot."

"I attended (he continues) the surgeon in the steerage, to which place the wounded were removed, and saw all the amputations performed, without flinching; while men who had behaved well in the action fainted at the sight. I am afraid I almost took a pleasure in observing the operations of the surgeon, without once reflecting on the pain suffered by the patient. Habit had now begun to corrupt my mind. I was not cruel by nature; I loved the deep investigation of hidden things; and this day's action gave me a very clear insight to the anatomy of the human frame, which I had seen cut in two by shot, lacerated by splinters, carved out with knives, and separated with saws!"

This, as Dominie Samson would exclaim, is "prodigious!" and it appears that our worthy young friend's elegant tastes were not improved by other circumstances; for he says, "I renewed my acquaintance with the classic authors. Horace and Virgil, licentious, but alluring, drove me back to the study of Latin, and fixed in my mind a knowledge of the dead languages, at the expense of my morals." A wonderful and odd effect, certainly! Who that ever read the ancient poets would fix upon *Virgil* (without question the purest as respects his morality) as peculiarly entitled to the epithet of "licentious?"

At a future time he was brought back among the dead from an attack on an enemy; and he relates, that Murphy (another midshipman and bitter adversary of his) "seeing my supposed lifeless corpse, he gave it a slight kick, saying, at the same time, 'Here is a young cock that has done crowing! Well, for a

wonder, this chap has cheated the gallows!! The sound of the fellow's detested voice was enough to recall me from the grave, if my orders had been signed: I faintly exclaimed, 'You are a liar!' which, even with all the melancholy scene around us, produced a burst of laughter at his expense." Of this same Murphy he afterwards tells us, previous to saving him from drowning, it was "the desire of oppressing my enemy under an intolerable weight of obligation, that induced me to rush to his rescue: moreover, as I stood on the gangway witnessing his struggles for life, I felt that I was about to lose all the revenge I had so long laid up in store; in short, I could not spare him, and only saved him, as a cat does a mouse, to torment him." Need we repeat, that all this in boyhood is utterly unnatural? To avoid it, we will go to the longest extract we intend to make. The service led the midshipman to land on the eastern coasts of Spain, where the humane Suchet (see our last Gazette) was then carrying on his ameliorating war. "In the article of dress (he states), our 'catalogue of negatives,' as a celebrated author says, 'was very copious;' we had no shoes nor stockings, no linen, and not all of us had hats—a pocket-handkerchief was the common substitute for this article: we clambered over rocks, and wandered through the flinty or muddy ravines in company with our new allies, the hardy mountaineers. These men respected our valour, but did not like our religion or our manners. They cheerfully divided their rations with us; but were always inexorable in their cruelty to the French prisoners; and no persuasion of ours could induce them to spare the lives of one of these unhappy people, whose cries and entreaties to the English to intercede for, or save them, were always unavailing. They were either stabbed before our faces, or dragged to the top of a hill commanding a view of some fortress occupied by the French, and, in sight of their countrymen their throats were cut from ear to ear. Should the Christian reader condemn this horrid barbarity, as he certainly will, he must remember that these people were men whose every feeling had been outraged. Rape, conflagration, murder, and famine, had every where followed the steps of the cruel invaders; and however we might lament their fate, and endeavour to avert it, we could not but admit that the retaliation was not without justice."

Our countrymen entered upon the defence of the castle of Trinity, the capture of which by the French was a necessary prelude to the fall of Rosas, respecting which the following is interesting.

"One morning, very early, I happened to have the look-out. The streak of fog which during the night hangs between the hills in that country, and presses down into the valleys, had just begun to rise, and the stars to grow more dim above our heads, when I was looking over the castle-wall towards the breach. The captain came out and asked me what I was looking at. I told him I hardly knew; but there did appear something unusual in the valley, immediately below the breach. He listened a moment, looked attentively with his night-glass, and exclaimed, in his firm voice, but in an undertoned manner, 'To arms!—they are coming!' In three minutes every man was at his post; and though all were quick, there was no time to spare, for by this time the black column of the enemy was distinctly visible, curling along the valley like a great centipede; and, with the daring enterprise so common among the troops of Napo-

lezen, had begun in silence to mount the breach. It was an awful and eventful moment; but the coolness and determination of the little garrison was equal to the occasion. The word was given to take good aim, and a volley from the masked guns and musketry was poured into the thick of them. They paused—deep groans ascended! They retreated a few paces in confusion, then rallied, and again advanced to the attack; and now the fire on both sides was kept up without intermission. The great guns from the hill fort, and the Swiss sharpshooters, still nearer, poured copious volleys upon us, and with loud shouts cheered on their comrades to the assault. As they approached and covered our mine, the train was fired, and up they went in the air, and down they fell buried in the rains! Groans, screams, confusion, French yells, British hurrahs, rent the sky! The hills resounded with the shouts of victory! We sent them hand-grenades in abundance, and broke their shins in glorious style! I must say that the French behaved nobly, though many a tall grenadier and pioneer fell by the symbol in front of his warlike cap. I cried with rage and excitement; and we all fought like bull-dogs, for we knew there was no quarter to be given. Ten minutes had elapsed since the firing began, and in that time many a brave fellow had bit the dust. The head of their attacking column had been destroyed by the explosion of our mine. Still they had re-formed, and were again half way up the breach when the day began to dawn; and we saw a chosen body of one thousand men, led on by their colonel, and advancing over the dead which had just fallen. The gallant leader appeared to be as cool and composed as if he were at breakfast; with his drawn sword he pointed to the breach, and we heard him exclaim, '*Suivez moi!*' I felt jealous of this brave fellow—jealous of his being a Frenchman; and I threw a lighted hand-grenade between his feet—he picked it up, and threw it from him to a considerable distance. 'Cool chap enough that,' said the captain, who stood close to me; 'I'll give him another,' which he did, but this the officer kicked away with equal *sang froid* and dignity. 'Nothing will cure that fellow,' resumed the captain, 'but an ounce of lead on an empty stomach—it's a pity, too, to kill so fine a fellow—but there is no help for it.' So saying, he took a musket out of my hand, which I had just loaded—aimed, fired—the colonel staggered, clapped his hand to his breast, and fell back into the arms of some of his men, who threw down their muskets, and took him on their shoulders, either unconscious or perfectly regardless of the death-work which was going on around them. The firing redoubled from our musketry on this little group, every man of whom was either killed or wounded. The colonel, again left to himself, tottered a few paces farther, till he reached a small bush, not ten yards from the spot where he received his mortal wound. Here he fell; his sword, which he still grasped in his right hand, rested on the boughs, and pointed upwards to the sky, as if directing the road to the spirit of its gallant master. With the life of the colonel, ended the hopes of the French for that day. The officers, we could perceive, did their duty—cheered, encouraged, and drove on their men, but all in vain! We saw them pass their swords through the bodies of the fugitives; but the men did not even mind that—they would only be killed in their own way—they had had fighting enough for one breakfast. The first impulse, the fiery onset, had been checked by the fall of their brave

leader; and *saute qui peut*, whether coming from the officers or drummers, no matter which, terminated the affair, and we were left a little time to breathe, and to count the number of our dead. The moment the French perceived from their batteries that the attempt had failed, and that the leader of the enterprise was dead, they poured in an angry fire upon us. I stuck my hat on the bayonet of my musket, and just shewed it above the wall. A dozen bullets were through it in a minute: very fortunately, my head was not in it! The fire of the batteries having ceased, which it generally did at stated periods, we had an opportunity of examining the point of attack. Scaling ladders and dead bodies lay in profusion. All the wounded had been removed; but what magnificent 'food for powder' were the bodies which lay before us!—all, it would seem, picked men; not one less than six feet, and some more: they were clad in their grey capots, to render their appearance more *sombre* and less discernible in the twilight of the morning; and as the weather was cold during the nights, I secretly determined to have one of these great coats as a *chère amie* to keep me warm in night-watches. I also resolved to have the colonel's sword to present to my captain; and as soon as it was dark I walked down the breach, brought up one of the scaling ladders, which I deposited in the castle; and, having done so much for the king, I set out to do something for myself. It was pitch dark. I stumbled on; the wind blew a hurricane, and the dust and mortar almost blinded me; but I knew my way pretty well. Yet there was something very jackal-like in wandering about among dead bodies in the night-time, and I really felt a horror at my situation. There was a dreadful stillness between the blasts, which the pitch darkness made peculiarly awful to an unfortified mind. It is for this reason that I would ever discourage night-attacks, unless you can rely on your men. They generally fail: because the man of common bravery, who would acquit himself fairly in broad day-light, will hang back during the night. Fear and Darkness have always been firm allies, and are inseparably playing into each other's hands. Darkness conceals Fear, and therefore Fear loves Darkness, because it saves the coward from shame; and when the fear of shame is the only stimulus to fight, day-light is essentially necessary. I crept cautiously along, feeling for the dead bodies. The first I laid my hand on made my blood curdle. It was the lacerated thigh of a grenadier, whose flesh had been torn off by a hand-grenade. 'Friend,' said I, 'if I may judge from the nature of your wound, your great-coat is not worth having.' The next subject I handled had been better killed. A musket ball through his head had settled all his tradesmen's bills; and I hesitated not in becoming residuary legatee, as I was sure the assets would more than discharge the undertaker's bill; but the body was cold and stiff, and did not readily yield its garment. I, however, succeeded in obtaining my object; in which I arrayed myself, and went on in search of the colonel's sword; but here I had been anticipated by a Frenchman. The colonel, indeed, lay there, stiff enough, but his sword was gone. I was preparing to return, when I encountered, not a dead, but a living enemy. 'Qui vive?' said a low voice. '*Anglois, bête!*' answered I, in a low tone; and added, '*mais les corsaires ne se battent pas.*' '*C'est vrai,*' said he; and growling, '*bon soir,*' he was soon out of sight. I scrambled back to the castle, gave the countersign to the sentinel, and shewed my new great-coat

with a vast deal of glee and satisfaction; some of my comrades went on the same sort of expedition, and were rewarded with more or less success. In a few days, the dead bodies on the breach were nearly denuded by nightly visitors; but that of the colonel lay respected and untouched. The heat of the day had blackened it, and it was now deprived of all its manly beauty, and nothing remained but a loathsome corpse. The rules of war, as well as of humanity, demanded the honourable interment of the remains of this hero; and our captain, who was the very flower of chivalry, desired me to stick a white handkerchief on a pike, as a flag of truce, and bury the bodies, if the enemy would permit us. I went out, accordingly, with a spade and a pick-axe; but the tirailleurs on the hill began with their rifles, and wounded one of my men. I looked at the captain, as much as to say, 'Am I to proceed?' He motioned with his hand to go on, and I then began digging a hole by the side of a dead body, and the enemy, seeing my intention, desisted from firing. I had buried several, when the captain came out and joined me, with a view of reconnoitring the position of the enemy. He was seen from the fort, and recognised; and his intention pretty accurately guessed at. We were near the body of the colonel, which we were going to inter; when the captain, observing a diamond ring on the finger of the corpse, said to one of the sailors, 'You may just as well take that off; it can be of no use to him now.' The man tried to get it off, but the rigidity of the muscle after death, prevented his moving it. 'He won't feel your knife, poor fellow,' said the captain; 'and a finger more or less is no great matter to him now: off with it.' The sailor began to saw the finger-joint with his knife, when down came a twenty-four pound shot, and with such a good direction, that it took the shoe off the man's foot, and the shovel out of the hand of another man. 'In with him, and cover him up!' said the captain. We did so; when another shot, not quite so well directed as the first, threw the dirt in our faces, and ploughed the ground at our feet. The captain then ordered his men to run into the castle, which they instantly obeyed; while he himself walked leisurely along through a shower of musket-balls from those cursed Swiss dogs, whom I most fervently wished at the devil, because, as an *aide-de-camp*, I felt bound in honour as well as duty to walk by the side of my captain, fully expecting every moment that a rifle-ball would have hit me where I should have been ashamed to shew the scar. I thought this funeral pace, after the funeral was over, confounded nonsense; but my fire-eating captain never had run away from a Frenchman, and did not intend to begin then. I was behind him, making these reflections; and as the shot began to fly very thick, I stepped up alongside of him, and by degrees brought him between me and the fire. 'Sir,' said I, 'as I am only a midshipman, I don't care so much about honour as you do; and therefore, if it makes no difference to you, I'll take the liberty of getting under your lee.' He laughed, and said, 'I did not know you were here, for I meant you should have gone with the others; but since you are out of your station, Mr. Mildmay, I will make that use of you which you so ingeniously proposed to make of me. My life may be of some importance here; but yours very little, and another midshipman can be had from the ship only for asking: so just drop astern, if you please, and do duty as a breast-work for me!' 'Certainly, sir,' said

I, 'by all means,' and I took my station accordingly. 'Now,' said the captain, 'if you are doubled up, I will take you on my shoulders!' I expressed myself exceedingly obliged, not only for the honour he had conferred on me, but also for that which he intended; but hoped I should have no occasion to trouble him. Whether the enemy took pity on my youth and innocence, or whether they purposely missed us, I cannot say: I only know I was very happy when I found myself inside the castle with a whole skin; and should very readily have reconciled myself to any measure which would have restored me even to the comforts and conveniences of a man-of-war's cockpit."

We have mentioned that this work is calculated to lower the navy in the eyes of England; and though two or three apologetic salvos are thrown in, such is its general bearing. At page 210 the portrait of a brute of a captain;* at 214 that of a bad admiral; at 223 a story of an infidel commander;† and many other passages in the succeeding vo-

* "When much excited, he had a custom of shaking his shoulders up and down, and his epaulettes on these occasions flapped like the huge ears of a trotting elephant. At the most distant view of his person or sound of his voice, every midshipman not obliged to remain fed like the land-crabs on a West India beach."

† It is told by a seaman about to be hanged for mutiny. "When I was (says he) an officer's servant, I was one day tending the table in the ward-room, and I heard the commander of a sloop of war, who was dining there with his son, say that it was all nonsense—that there was no future state, and the Bible was a heap of lies. I have never been happy since." After describing the execution of this man, at some length, we are regaled with a story. "That the execution of a man on board of a ship of war does not always produce a proper effect upon the minds of the younger boys, the following fact may serve to prove:—There were two little fellows on board the ship; one was the son of the carpenter, the other of the boatswain. They were both of them surprised and interested at the sight, but not proportionally shocked. The next day I was down in one of the wings reading by the light of a tallow-dip—edgewise, a fighting edgewise, when these two boys came adding down the main hatchway by one of the chains. Whether they swam and thought I would not 'peach,' or whether they supposed I was asleep, I cannot tell; but they took their seats on the cables in the heart of the tier, and for some time appeared to be in earnest conversation. They had some articles folded up in a dirty check-shirt and pocket-handkerchief; they looked up at the battens to which the hammocks are suspended, and producing a long rope-yarn, tried to pass it over one of them; but unable to reach, one boy climbed on the back of the other and effected two purposes, by reeling one end of the line, and bringing it down to the cables again. They next unrolled the shirt, and, to my surprise, took out the boatswain's kitten, about three months old; its fore paws were tied behind its back, its hind feet were tied together, and a fishing-lead attached to them; a piece of white rag was tied over its head as a cap. It was now pretty evident what the fate of poor puss was likely to be, and why the lead was made fast to her feet. The rope-yarn was tied round her neck; they each shook one of her paws, and pretended to cry. One of theurchins held in his hand a sife, into which he poured as much flour as it would hold out of the handkerchief, the other held the end of the rope-yarn: every ceremony was gone through that they could think of. 'Are you ready?' said the executioner, or he that held the line. 'All ready,' replied the boy with the sife. 'Fire the gun,' said the hangman. The boy applied one end of the sife to his mouth, blew out all the flour, and in this humble imitation of the smoke of a gun poor puss was run up to the battens, where she hung till she was dead. I am assured to say I did not attempt to save the kitten's life, although I caused her foul murder to be revenged by the cat. After the body had hung a certain time, they took it down and buried it in the shot-locker; this was an indelible offence, as the smell would have proved, so I lodged the information; the body was found, and, as the facts were clear, the law took its course, to the great amusement of the bystanders, who saw the brats that upon a gun and well flogged. The boatswain ate the kitten; first, he said, because he had 'learned to eat cats in Spain; secondly, because she had not died a natural death (if thought otherwise); and his last reason was more singular than either of the others—he had seen a picture in a church in Spain, of Peter's vision of the anti-christian down in the sheet, and there was a cat among them: observing an alarm of suspicion in my eye, he thought proper to confirm his assertion with an oath. 'Rabbit! say I—now, think I didn't know a cat from a rabbit! Why, she has got short ears and long tail, and t'other has got white claws, as we calls it!'"

lumes, all tend to produce this effect. But it is time we should close Vol. I.: the author's wit at a masquerade at Minorca—his pious feelings on hearing of his mother's death (improved by an old story adopted for the nonce*)—his return to England—his running away from his father's house—his saving a young lady's life—and his joining a band of strolling players, out of love for their Juliet,—finish its pages; and with them nearly all the interest of the publication.

As novel-writing, however, is now the mania in vogue, and as this species of publication usurps the place of more wholesome literature, we shall next week offer some further remarks on the subject, and on the indecencies and profanity which unfit this particular work for the public eye.

The Sorrows of Rosalie. Fourth edition, with Additional Poems. Ebers and Co.

It has often been matter of regret to us that there should be so lamentably few good song-writers among our poets; and we therefore hail with greater pleasure this new edition of a popular author, because she has removed, by her additions to the volume, a considerable portion of that feeling. These additions chiefly consist in a small collection of lyric compositions of much beauty,—not only admirable in themselves, but peculiarly adapted for the purposes of singing, as we know from their having been arranged to music by the authoress herself, who is about to appear, ere long, in the double character of bard and musician.

The "Fairy Bells" is sweet as the sound of music heard on waters in summer evening deep and still, but better adapted to the guitar and voice of moonlit serenader than our pages; so we shall commence with a song to the tune of our friend Crofton Croker.

To the air No. 5, in the "Legends of the Lakes."

"Oh, Erin, sweet Erin 'thy strains
To the heart-broken echo are dear;
And each note in its sweetness remains
Long, long on the listening ear."

* It runs thus:—"I was walking the deck in no very happy state of mind, reflecting seriously on parts of that Bible which for more than two years I had never looked into, when my thoughts were called to the summons which poor Quidd had received, and the beauty of the funeral service which had heard read over him.—I am the resurrection and the life." The moon, which had been obscured, suddenly burst from a cloud, and a cry of horror proceeded from the look-out man on the starboard gangway. I ran to inquire the cause, and found him in such a state of nervous agitation that he could only say, 'Quidd! Quidd!' and point with his finger into the water. I looked over the side, and, to my amazement, there was the body of Quidd.

'All in dreary hammock shrouded,' perfectly upright, and floating with the head and shoulders above water! A slight undulation of the waves gave to the appearance of nodding his head; while the rays of the moon enabled us to trace the remainder of the body underneath the surface. For a few moments I felt a horror which I cannot describe, and contemplated the object in awful silence, while my blood ran cold, and I felt a sensation as if my hair was standing on end. I was completely taken by surprise, and thought the body had risen up to warn me; but in a few seconds I regained my presence of mind, and I soon perceived the origin of this re-appearance of the corpse. I ordered the cutter to be manned, and, in the mean time, went down to inform the first-lieutenant of what had occurred. He laughed, and said, 'I suppose the old boy finds salt water not quite so palatable as grog. The some more shot to his feet, and bring the old fellow to his moorings again. Tell him the next time he trips his anchor, not to run on board of us. He had his regular allowance of prayer; I gave him the whole service, and I shall not give him any more.' So saying, he went to sleep again. * * * The cutter being manned was sent with more shot to attach to the body and sink it. When they attempted to hold it with the boat-hook, it eluded the touch, turning round and round, or bobbing under the water and coming up again, as if in sport; but accident saved them any further trouble; for the bowman, reproached by the boat's crew for not hooking the body, got angry, and darting the spike of the boat-hook into the abdomen, the pent-up gas escaped with a loud whoosh, and the corpse instantly sunk like a stone. Many jokes were passed on the occasion; but I was not in humour for joking on serious subjects."

But even when those sounds should be gay,
Such sorrow is mixed with their tone,
And each note melts so slowly away,
That our hearts feel their sadness alone!
Oh, 'tis thus when life's sunshine is o'er,
And its visions in darkness are hid,
When the friends of our youth are no more,
And our hearts will not beat as they did,—
A sound will bring back thoughts that pass
Like a shadow o'er all that is glad;
We may laugh if we will, but, alas!
E'en the sound of our laughter is sad."

The poems which follow are "beautiful exceedingly;" the first verses of "Highland Mary" breathe of Burns.

"Long Ago!"

Long ago! oh, long ago!
Do not those words recall past years,
And, scarcely knowing why they flow,
Forc'd to the eyes unbidden tears?
Do ye not feel, as back they come,
Those dim sweet dreams of olden days,
A yearning to your childhood's home,
Peopled with tones of love and praise—
Long, long ago!

Long ago! when many a sound
Awoke to mirth which seldom now,
And many an eye was sparkling round
That weeps beneath a darkened brow:
When with our whole young happy hearts
We loved and laughed away the time,
Nor thought how quickly all departs,
So cherished in life's early prime—
Long, long ago!

Long ago! the hopes we nursed
Of happiness, of earthly fame,
Were bright as bubbles are that burst—
A glittering drop, an empty name!
Oh, but to be one hour again
(Whatever that sweet hour might cost)
Free from dim mem'ry's torturing pain,
With those we loved—with those we lost—
Long, long ago!

Long ago! who breathes there here
O'er whom the past hath no such power?
Young heart! if now thy sky is clear,
Beware, beware the future hour!
Perchance the chords that echo now
In after years thou'lt hear again,
And gazing on each faded brow
Wilt sighing say, 'I heard that strain
Long, long ago!'"

"Que ne suis-je en feu?—Old French ballad."

I would I were the slight fern growing
Beneath my Highland Mary's shade,
I would I were the green tree throwing
Its shadow o'er her gentle head!
I would I were a wild flower springing
Where my sweet Mary loves to rest,
That she might pluck me while she's singing,
And place me on her snowy breast!
I would I were in yonder heaven
A silver star, whose soft dim light
Would rise to bless each summer even,
And watch my Mary all the night!
I would, beneath those small white fingers,
I were the lute her breath has framed—
The gentle lute, whose soft note lingers,
As loath to leave her fairy hand!
Ah, happy things! ye may not wander
From Scotland to some darker sky,
But ever live unchanging yonder
To happiness and Mary nigh!
While I at midnight sadly weeping
Upon its deep transparent blue,
Can only gaze while all are sleeping,
And dream my Mary watches too!"

We are puzzled to choose, where every thing is so pretty; perhaps, however, the following may please best, as some contrast to the foregoing.

"Chatter's Farewell."

Farewell, thou dearest of all things
Beneath the bright and blessed sky;
Since thy loved voice the mandate brings,
'Twill not be hard to die.
And yet, now it thy voice which spoke
The wild and withering word of Death?
Thy voice, whose tones the love awoke
Which haunts my parting breath!
Oh! when the heart which hath so well
Its deep and lone devotion proved
Is still, and tongues have ceased to tell
How guiltily it loved,
Wilt thou—wilt thou who for that crime
Hast doomed its warm life-blood to pour,
Think sometimes of the olden time—
The smile and song of yore?
Yes, Mary, yes! each burning thought
The quivering lip refused to own,
Each glance of love shall rise unthought,
And haunt thee when alone!"

When watching as we watched the rays
Of evening's pale and gentle star,
Merry will bring my shortened days—
Thou'lt weep for Chateaur!

"The Captive."

In my dungeon I sat weeping
Till I sank to brief repose,
And forgot while I was sleeping
That I slept among my foes!
For sweet music round came floating,
Music of my native land,
For whose dear sake my life devoting,
I had sought a foreign strand.
Ravished, I enraptured listened
To the well-remembered lay,
In mine eye soft tear-drops glistened,
Which I would not wipe away;
In mine ear were voices ringing—
Tones whose magic now is past,
Rosalie lips around me bringing
Which have breathed and sung their last!
Oh, 'twas sweet! but soon awaking,
I could hear no sound at all,
Save the mournful billow breaking
Hoarsely o'er my dungeon-wall.
Back the cruel winds had driven
What had been so dear to me,—
I caught it like a harp from heaven,
Fading o'er the dreary sea!"

Amongst the most beautiful of the miscellaneous poems which Mrs. Norton has added to her collection in the present edition, is a touching epistle addressed to her brother at Madras. It is contrasted by a high strain of vision, addressed to Erin, which is far too vivid and Hibernian for our taste, though it displays as high poetical powers as any thing that Mrs. Norton has written. Unwilling to mix our own poetical feelings with the fierce politics and wrongs of the green isle, we are therefore glad to content ourselves with the beautiful lyric specimens we have already quoted, and recommending this half-new volume to the public as another pleasing example of female genius.

HYDROPHOBIA.

[On reviewing the stories of four military and marine brothers last Saturday, we mentioned a striking case of hydrophobia, of which one of them was witness at Dublin in 1816; and as the narrative is both remarkable and interesting, we proposed it to our readers. It follows.]

"ABOUT three months ago, a large French dog, belonging to one of the officers, was observed to grow uncommonly surly, and attempted to bite at every dog he met in the streets: this change of temper in the animal was attributed by his master (who was very fond of him) to his having eaten a quantity of meat which had been given to him highly seasoned with pepper, &c. However, towards the evening of the day on which the change in the animal was perceived, he became at intervals quite outrageous, and bit his master and two more officers who happened to be in the room: notwithstanding, his master was inclined to think it was done more in rude play than any thing else; consequently, no measure was taken to secure him. That evening I saw the dog, and thought him uncommonly ruffled; when I attempted to caress him, and was patting him on the back, he turned at me, and savagely growled, although he used to know me well. The next day he was more violent, and furiously bit at several dogs who crossed his way; still, unfortunately, no measure was taken to secure him, his master supposing nothing was the matter with him. On the evening of the second day, the dog was lying in his master's room, perfectly tranquil, when this unfortunate young man (who has fallen the victim) entered; he remained in it some time before the dog took any notice of him; however, he suddenly made a spring at him, seized him by the shoulder, and pulled him to the ground, and tore the arm down to the shoulder, and was with difficulty taken off him. A sergeant of the regiment happened to enter the room on

duty, about this time; the dog seized him by the leg, and tore away a considerable portion of flesh; he bit also two soldiers, one by the nose and the other on the hand. Still the animal was suffered to be at large, and even slept in his master's room by his bedside, and licked his face repeatedly. The following morning the master of the dog began to feel some alarm, and asked me to go with him to look at him. I advised him to have him shot: he agreed. As we were going to the spot where he lay, he bolted up, snapping at every thing which came in his way. He passed close by me; I called him, but he did not notice me. He ran through the streets of Dublin; bit a number of dogs and a child: he attempted to seize a man, who fortunately had a hammer in his hand, with which he struck him on the head and killed him. The tongue of the dog was immediately cut out upon the spot by a physician, who on examination pronounced the animal to have been in an advanced stage of hydrophobia. None of the officers or soldiers who had been bitten knew the decision of the physician; nor did they know of any ill effects having arisen to those who had been bitten. However, the child died; and three dogs which had been bitten died in about six weeks, exhibiting symptoms of hydrophobia. All this was kept secret, therefore no cause of alarm from report could have excited hydrophobic feelings in the unfortunate young man who has fallen a sacrifice; on the contrary, he was in high spirits, and applied for leave of absence to go and see his friends in Worcestershire, as he had some intentions of being married. He obtained leave, thinking it might divert his attention, and he left us with the same flow of spirits. During his absence, all was forgotten; and those remaining who had suffered, (though not quite so severely), recovered their cheerful habits. The period of leave granted to my poor friend having expired, he set out from his father's house a few days ago, in perfect health, to rejoin his regiment. (This he told me a few hours before he died.) When he got to Birmingham, he said he had a curious taste in his mouth, which made him not relish his breakfast as usual. However, it gave him no alarm, nor did he again think of it till he got to Shrewsbury, when he found he had a great disrelish to both eatables and drinkables when put before him, although he felt an inclination to eat and drink when not before him. He could not account for this, but observed he felt no alarm, until he called for porter, feeling thirsty. When it was brought, he put it to his mouth, but the moment he took a mouthful, he dashed the glass from his lips, and spit the porter over the table, and I believe the passengers rose up and said he was mad. This extraordinary feeling, of not being able to eat and drink, though he wished to do so, caused him some uneasiness, though he was willing to believe it was the effect of a sore throat, and comforted himself under this idea. He proceeded by the coach to Holyhead, ruminating what could be the cause of this sensation, when the coach passed a small lake of water, the surface of which being ruffled by the wind, he immediately shuddered at the sight, and with a kind of horror he could not describe, hid his face with his hands:—for the first time, the dreadful idea of hydrophobia struck him. When he arrived at Holyhead, he wished to wash before dinner, and called for water; when it was brought to him, and in the act of putting it towards his face, he screamed violently, threw the water about the room, and was convulsed for some time: the servant left the

room alarmed. He then tried to clean his teeth, but could not get the brush into his mouth, on account of the water remaining upon it. The packet by this time was ready to sail, and he embarked. Poor fellow! while he was relating his sad tale to me, we were sitting together by the fire-side, he having just landed from Holyhead, which place he sailed from the night before; consequently, this was the third day only since his attack at Shrewsbury. He had then been on shore about two hours, and had ordered a coach, and drove up to the royal barracks. Before he began to tell me, on his arrival, of the symptoms he had experienced on his journey, he greeted me on our first meeting with, 'How are you, my dear fellow? Here I am at last returned, but I fear with hydrophobia!' I affected to laugh at it, but was much shocked, and replied, it could only be imaginary: he said, it could not be so, for he thought he should have died coming on shore in the boat; he was so much affected at the sight of the water, that they were obliged to cover him, in order that he might not see it. He also observed, that if he had remained on board one day longer, he felt convinced that he should have died mad. I was still inclined to think there might be a good deal of imagination in my friend, and endeavoured to persuade him to believe so; although I cannot describe the poignancy of my feelings at hearing him relate what he suffered at intervals since he left Shrewsbury. In the course of our conversation, some dogs began to bark in the barrack-yard: he sprang up suddenly from his chair, looking over my shoulder, and said in a hurried manner, 'Dogs!' If I were to live a thousand years, I should never forget that moment; something struck me so forcibly that the poor sufferer would die, that I was afraid to meet his eyes, fearing he might discern signs of alarm in me, from emotion. He was in the act of peeling an orange, which we had persuaded him to try to eat, as he had taken nothing since he rejected the porter at Shrewsbury. When he had taken off the rind, he put a small piece into his mouth; but as soon as he felt the liquid, he became greatly convulsed, spit out the orange, and gave an inward scream. When he recovered himself, he burst into a fit of laughter, and said, 'There! was not that like the bark of a dog?' A physician arrived soon after, who is eminent in Dublin. As soon as he entered the room, the poor fellow apologised to him for having given him the trouble to come, as he thought he had symptoms of hydrophobia, but believed it was only the effect of a sore throat, therefore would give him no further trouble. He appeared to catch at any thing which might give hopes of life. We were very anxious to learn the decision of the physician, on his leaving the room: upon inquiry, he pronounced his death to be inevitable. It is unnecessary to describe the state of our minds on receiving this melancholy news:—to know that our brother officer, with whom we were conversing, to all external appearance in perfect health and apparent spirits, was to be numbered with the dead in a few hours, was deeply distressing. The doctor added, that he was in an advanced stage of hydrophobia, that bleeding him copiously, in order that he might die easy, was the only thing that could now be done for him. I remained with him some time, conversing about various things (though completely forced on my part), as his spirits remained good. On leaving him, I asked him when he intended to dine at the mess; he replied, he could not dine with us that day, but

he thought he should be able to do so in a day or two, when his sore throat was better. After he was bled he felt relieved, thought he should sleep well, and hoped to be able to drink water by the next morning. Some time after, in the course of the evening, he appeared at intervals rather wild and confused, and told an officer to get out of his way, or he would bite him. Afterwards, he became more tranquil, and sent his compliments to one of the married ladies of the regiment for a prayer-book; but begged it might not be mentioned, or he should be laughed at. About midnight he became very violent, so that three men could scarcely hold him: he afterwards recovered a little, and fell into a kind of slumber, which was disturbed by his springing up now and then, and crying out, 'Do you hear the dogs?' in a quick and hurried voice: he also imagined at times that he barked like a dog. He requested he might be left alone, about one o'clock in the morning, his servant only remaining in the room, when, in about ten minutes, he looked up at the man, quite calm and collected, and said, 'he regretted that his mother and sisters were not with him.' He then prayed a short time, turned himself round, burying his face in the pillow, and expired without a groan.—Such was the melancholy end of one of the finest young men in his majesty's service."

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Oxford and Locke. By Lord Grenville. London, 1829. Murray.

THIS pamphlet, from the lettered retirement of Dromore, is of much interest to the classic literature of England. It clearly exculpates the University of Oxford from the charge of having expelled the immortal Locke, and shews that this was an arbitrary act of the government of Charles the Second, in which the College of Christ Church was simply (and could not be otherwise) the passive instrument.* The vindication is drawn forth in consequence of Professor Stewart's having adopted the calumny from the incautious expressions of Mr. Fox and other writers, including Pope, to whom Lord G. administers a little wholesome correction for a very erroneous passage in the *Dunciad*, alluding to this supposed expulsion. Some other particulars in the life of our great philosopher are happily illustrated. The pamphlet is elegantly and feelingly written.

The School-boy. By the Rev. W. Birch, M.A. 12mo. pp. 16. Rivingtons.

"WHAT is there in a name?" Much more than unphilosophical people generally imagine. We remember a poor fellow of a custom-house officer in Edinburgh, of the name of Alexander Gun, whose inevitable fate was thus entered in the books of that establishment, "A GUN discharged for making a false report:" and here we have the *School-boy* done by Will. Birch, *Magister Artium!* Indeed, we know many instances wherein the name had an obvious influence on the fate of the individual. Having said thus much on the author, we have only to observe of his poem, that it is a pleasing composition to incite the youthful to study and improvement.

* From the following extract, it would, however, appear that Mr. Locke himself thought Oxford hostile to him. Speaking of the third edition of his *Essay*, he thus writes to Mr. Motteux: "But what perhaps will seem strange, and possibly please you better, an abridgment is now making (if it be not already done) by one of the University of Oxford, for the use of young scholars, in the place of an ordinary system of logic. From the acquaintance I had of the temper of that place, I did not expect to have it get much footing there."—Dated Oates, April 26, 1688.

Parry's Fourth Voyage. 18mo. pp. 211. J. Murray.

THE world in a walnut-shell, and a quarto volume into a snuff-box. This is one of those little diamond curiosities in our growing class of cheap publications.

Domestic Instruction on useful and interesting Subjects. By Mrs. Mathias, author of "The Laundry Maid," &c. 18mo. 2 vols. London, 1829. Seeley and Co.

A SWEET little book for children, with much of useful information, and much of pleasing variety. Really, if the young do not grow up virtuous and intelligent, it will not be for want of teaching and temptation to knowledge.

Arcana of Science, &c. for 1829. 12mo. pp. 286. London, 1829. Limbird.

FOR the mature and instructed, this is a valuable register of the progress of science and arts during the past year. Engravings, and a low price, qualify it for extensive utility.

Calamities of the Catholic Question; a Story of the Times. 12mo. pp. 41. Hookham.

A LITTLE pamphlet from the pen of Lord Nugent, in which, by means of a domestic story in middle life, he endeavours to bring the follies of the virulent controversy on this great question home to our hearths and bosoms. It is favourable to tolerance, and to all the Romish religion except confessions, which the noble writer seems to think gives the man, priest, more than a proper influence over the female portion of society.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Eighth Letter from M. Champollion.

Island of Philoe, 8th December.

ON the evening of the 5th we arrived here in the holy island of Ostris, at the extreme frontiers of Egypt, among the black Ethiopians, as a brave Roman of the garrison of Syene would have said.

I left Thebes on the 26th of November, and in the evening landed at Hermonthis: we ran on the morning of the 27th to the temple, which the more excited my curiosity, because I had no precise notion of the time of its erection; nobody had yet designed a single one of these royal legends. I passed the whole of the day there; and the result of this prolonged examination was, to convince me, by the inscriptions and the sculptures, that this temple was erected under the reign of the last Cleopatra, daughter of Ptolemy-Auletes, and in commemoration of the birth of Ptolemy-Cesarion, her son (as history says) by Julius Caesar.

The cells of the temple is in fact divided into two parts; one great apartment (the principal), and one very small one, serving instead of the sanctuary: we enter this by a small door towards the angle on the right: the whole of the back wall of this little apartment, which is called in the hieroglyphic inscription the "chamber of lying-in," is occupied by a bas-relief, representing the goddess Ritho, the wife of the god Mandou, delivered of the god Harphre; she is lying down, and supported and served by several goddesses of the first order. The divine midwife takes the child from the mother,—the divine nurse holds her hands to receive it, assisted by a rocker. The father of all the gods, Ammon (Amon-Ra), is present, accompanied by the goddess Soven, the Egyptian Lucina, protectress of childbirth. Lastly, queen Cleopatra is supposed to

be a witness of this divine accouchement, of which her own will be, or rather has been, an imitation.

The other wall of this chamber represents the suckling and education of the young divinity; and on the lateral walls are represented the twelve hours of the day, and the twelve hours of the night, under the figures of women, having a starry diadem on their heads. Thus the astronomical table of the ceiling, designed by the commission of Egypt, may, perhaps, be only the nativity of Harphre, or, more probably still, Cesarion, the new Harphre. This zodiac therefore has no reference to the summer solstice, or the epoch of the foundation of the temple of Hermonthis.

On leaving the small room, to enter the large one, we saw a large bas-relief sculptured on the wall to the left of this principal apartment; it represents the goddess Ritho recovering from her lying-in, supported by Soven, and presented to the assembly of the gods. The divine father, Amon-Ra, affectionately gives her his hand, as if to felicitate her on the birth of her son; and the other gods partake in the joy of their chief. The rest of the apartment is decorated with pictures, in which the young Harphre is successively presented to Ammon, to Mandou his father, to the gods Phre, Phtals, Sevek (Saturn), &c. who welcome him, presenting to him their characteristic insignia, as if resigning in favour of the child all their power and their particular attributes; and Ptolemy-Cesarion, with an infantine countenance, is witness of all these presentations of his image, the god Harphre, whose representative on earth he is. All this is priestly flattery, but entirely in the taste of ancient Egypt, which placed its kings on a level with its gods. All these dedications and inscriptions, both interior and exterior, of the temple of Hermonthis, are made in the name of Ptolemy-Cesarion, and his mother Cleopatra. There is, therefore, no doubt of the date of its erection. The columns of a kind of pronaos before it, have not all been sculptured; the work has remained imperfect, and this is perhaps caused by the dedication of the temple. Augustus and his successors, who finished so many other temples begun by the Lagides, could not be very eager to finish this monument, erected in honour of the birth of the son of Julius Caesar, a royal child whose rights they did not respect.

On the evening of the 28th we reached Esne, not intending to stay there. I therefore sailed a little farther to the south, and landed on the east bank, to visit the temple of Contra-Lato. I arrived there very late; it had been demolished within the last fortnight to strengthen the quay of Esne, which the Nile threatens, and will one day carry off.

In the morning of the 29th I went to visit the great temple of Esne, which, thanks to its new destination as a magazine of cotton, will escape destruction for some time. I found there, as I expected, pretty good architecture, but detestable sculpture. The most ancient portion is the back of the pronaos, that is to say the door, and the back of the cella, against which the portico was built. This part is of the time of Ptolemy Epiphanes. The cornice of the façade of the pronaos bears the imperial legends of Claudius; the cornices of the lateral basis the legends of Titus; and in the interior of the pronaos the walls and columns are covered with the legends of Domitian, Trajan, and particularly Antoninus, and, lastly, of Septimius Severus, which I find here for the first time. The temple is dedicated to Chnouphis; and I learn, by a hieroglyphic inscription of one of

the columns of the pronaos, that if the sanctuary of the temple exists, it must be as ancient as the time of Thoutmosis III. (Mœris). But all that is to be seen at Esné is of modern date; it is one of the monuments most recently finished.

On the 29th, in the evening, we were at Eliethya (El Kal). I explored the enclosure and the ruins with a lantern in my hand; but I found nothing more. The remains of two temples had disappeared; they were demolished a short time ago, in order to repair the quay of Esné, or for some other modern construction.

I visited the great temple of Edfou (Apollonopolis Magna) in the afternoon of the 30th. This is untouched; but the sculpture is very bad. The best and the most ancient part is of the time of Ptolemy Epiphanes; next that of Philometor and Evergetes II.; then Soter II. and his brother Alexander: these two last are extremely laboured. I have found here Berenice, the wife of Ptolemy Alexander, with whom I had already been made acquainted by a demotic contract. The temple is dedicated to Aroëris (the Greek Apollo): I shall study it, as well as all the others, in detail, on my return from Nubia.

The quarries of Siâsis (Djebel Selselah) have much interested me. We landed there on the 1st Dec. at one o'clock. There, my eyes fatigued with so many sculptures of the time of the Ptolemies and the Romans, saw again with delight these Pharaonic bas-reliefs. These quarries are very rich in inscriptions of the eighteenth dynasty. There are some small chapels excavated in the rock, by Amenophis-Memnon, Horus, Rhamess the Great, Rhamess his son, Rhamess Mefamon, Mandoul: it has beautiful hieratic inscriptions. I shall study all this on my return, and I promise myself very interesting results from this spot.

On the evening of the 1st Dec. we arrived at Ombos. I hastened to the great temple on the morning of the 2d: the most ancient part is of Ptolemy Epiphanes, the rest of Philometor and Evergetes II. A curious fact is, the surname of Triphane constantly given to Cleopatra, the wife of Philometor, both in the great hieroglyphic inscription sculptured on the front frieze of the pronaos, and in the bas-reliefs of the interior: it is for you Greeks of Egypt to explain this singularity. I had already found this surname in one of the demotic contracts in the Louvre. The temple of Ombos is dedicated to two divinities. The right hand, and noblest part, to the old Seveh, with the crocodile's head, (the Egyptian Saturn, the most terrible form of Atcham), to Athyr and the young god Khous. The left part of the temple is dedicated to a second triad of inferior rank, namely, Aroëris (or Aroëris Apollo), to the goddess Tsouenofré, and to their son Paevitho. In the wall of the enclosure surrounding the temple of Ombos, is a gate of excellent workmanship, and of the time of Mœris: it is the remnant of the primitive edifices of Ombos.

It was not till the 4th of Dec. in the morning that the wind permitted us to reach Syene (Assouan), the last town of Egypt to the south. There too I experienced great regret: the two temples of the island of Elephantina, which I went to visit as soon as the heat of the sun had abated, are likewise demolished. I was obliged to be contented with a ruined gate, dedicated to the name of Alexander (son of the conqueror), to the god of Elephantina, Chnouphis, and with a dozen of hieroglyphical procynemata

(acts of adoration) carved on an old wall; lastly, with some Pharaonic fragments, which are scattered about, and employed as materials in the buildings of the time of the Romans. I had examined in the morning the remains of the temple of Syene: it is the most wretched sculpture I have seen; but I have found there, for the first time, the imperial legend of Nerva, which, to my knowledge, does not exist elsewhere. This little temple was dedicated to the gods of the country and of the cataract, Chnouphis, Saté (Juno), and Anoukis (Vesta).

On the morning of the 6th, I visited with much pain from gout the great temple at Philoe. Our barks are preparing for the voyage to Nubia, where we shall have something new to see. I shall write from that country if I have opportunity, before my return to Egypt. For the rest, all goes on well.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

MARCH 13.—Mr. Brockedon "on a new mode of sketching effects rapidly in *chiaro-scuro*, and on its application to lithography." The lecturer stated the principle of the method to be that of mezzotinto, and detailed the following as the process:—an unctuous black ground is laid over a white surface of Bristol card-board, or similar material, and the lights taken out by a knife, the forefinger, or any other convenient means. Mr. Brockedon showed specimens of art wrought in this simple way by Mr. Harding and himself: he then pointed out its successful application to lithography in some productions from stone, the work of Westall and of foreign artists; and spoke of the capabilities which the method gave to lithography where it thus obtained perfect command over a mezzotinting process.

Mr. Brockedon's subject was short but plainly and well told, and altogether that which best becomes the theatre of the Royal Institution at the evening meetings of its members, where it has been too frequently the practice of young lecturers to weary their auditory by prolix and dry detail.

On the library-table were a very interesting set of models of agricultural implements used in India; they were on the scale of one inch to a foot: the drill ploughs and "scarifiers" (used in India, we believe, as the harrow in England) were exceedingly interesting; they had been made in India by native artists, and brought from thence by Colonel Briggs. Several presents in literature were also exhibited.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

MARCH 3d.—Mr. Clegg offered several facts evincing the complete protection of gasometers, when properly coated with coal tar. The principles of the common method of preserving wrought iron were explained by Mr. Farey. The iron, when at a dull red heat, is dipped in water, and, by the explosive force of the steam disengaged, is freed from scales and extraneous substances; the immediate application of linseed oil prevents the formation of any fresh film of oxide, while, from the heat still retained by the iron, the oil is more readily disposed to penetrate the inequalities of the surface thus varnished. Mr. Field described the several processes for the preservation of the iron provisions tanks used in Capt. Parry's first Polar Expedition. The conversation concluded with some observations on iron roofs, and on the test* for the comparative durability of build-

* The effects produced by this test are purely mechanical. The operation of tetrahedral crystals, possessing, for this purpose, similar chemical qualifications to those of the Glauber salt, would be still more speedy and effective.

ing-stone: the latter has been already noticed in the *Literary Gazette*.

MARCH 10th.—Some curious particulars relative to the Cornish mines were communicated by the President of the Royal Society. The water which percolates the veins of copper ore becomes a solution of sulphate of copper and other salts, and is destructive to the iron pipes of the pumps. In one instance, the maker's name painted in white lead effectually preserved the iron so coated; and important advantages have accrued from this accidental suggestion.

Mr. M'Neil read a paper explanatory of the specimen of road pavement he had lately presented to the Institution. He described the road-making of France, Spain, and Holland; and compared, with the assistance of appropriate sections, the plan termed *Macadamisation*, and the system at present pursued by Mr. Telford under the parliamentary road commissioners. He remarked on the increase of friction occasioned by ill-constructed wheels; and mentioned the various prices of the road-metals* tried and approved on the Holyhead road. He lastly enumerated several experiments connected with the improvement of the metropolitan roads. The results of these experiments serve to establish the fact, that materials judiciously chosen, though at first expensive, will, in the end, obviate the necessity of heavy repairs, and will consequently diminish the growing inconveniences of the present system, which, in the despatch of business, frequently threatens retardation where facility should be afforded. Mr. M'Neil received the thanks of the Institution; and the conversation closed with some remarks by Mr. James Walker, on the advantage of stone wheel-tracks or rail-ways.

On the Practicability of a Journey by Land from the Copper River, to the Polar Sea and Hudson's Bay.

THE Russian possessions on the north-western coast of America afford a most eligible opportunity for bringing such an enterprise to bear. The Copper River, lying in 60° of northern latitude, and 144° of western longitude from Greenwich, with the mouth of which only we are at present acquainted, would be the point from which we would start. Independently of important accessions to geographical science, such an enterprise would probably bring accessions also of territory, rich in copper and abounding with costly furs.

The information obtained from the natives and the fur-merchants, agrees in stating, that the Copper River springs from the declivity of a steep mountain, and that its banks are inhabited by the Ugaleksauts, a kindly and peaceable race of men. At its mouth, and in the vicinity of the bay of Tschingatschin, lie the two islands, Sukli and Nutschik: on the latter, the American company has established a colony, which is visited every year by several Russian vessels, and is become the staple of the fur-trade in that quarter. Bajenoff, a Russian merchant, having been employed by Baranoff, the Company's superintendent, to explore the sources of the Copper River, penetrated for a distance of three hundred wersts into the interior, and was returning homewards with an enormous body of copper, when an Indian chief, apparently anxious that the covetous spirit of the Russian traders should not be

* A literal example of the technical term road-metals was lately afforded on part of a London road, broken up for the purpose of improvement, where scraps of the steel iron, to the amount of several tons, had been mixed with gravel, in order to ensure a trustworthy foundation.

blinded by an unlooked-for result, eased the plunderer of his valuable burden. On this excursion Bajenoff discovered another stream, which flows into the Copper River, and is capacious enough to be navigable. At some distance from it, he saw such immense numbers of rein-deer, that, as the Indians assured him, he might have captured thousands of them with ease. White bears, lynxes, martens, and beavers, were seen in abundance. He also learned that there was another considerable river to the north, which runs into the sea.

M. Klimofski, another Russian trader, had also followed the course of the Copper River for a space of two hundred wersts. He found its banks covered with dense forests, but it did not appear adapted to the purposes of navigation, though he conceived it might prove useful in facilitating inland communications. At the foot of a mountain in the interior dwelt the Atankmians, a race whose disposition he found to be quite as friendly as that of the Ugalakmians. They are accustomed during the winter season to unite with other tribes of Indians who inhabit the opposite side of the mountain, and celebrate certain festivities, which last for several months: on this occasion, the cutlery which is obtained from the Russians by the Ugalakmians, passes through the medium of the Atankmians into the hands of their visitors from the other side. Klimofski brought back samples of the finest quality of copper, as well as a few base guineas, which must have reached this tribe from the district of Hudson's Bay: this fact is sufficient to demonstrate the possibility of a communication between that Bay and the Copper River. An expedition, composed of a commandant, a writer, a naturalist, a draftsman, and two mariners acquainted with smith's work and carpentry, would be perfectly competent to bring such an attempt to a successful issue. They would either avail themselves of the vessels which annually sail to Kamtschatka, and thence to the island of Sitka, or travel by land to Ochotzk, whence they would embark on board of the ships which depart in the spring of the year for Nutchik, and thus reach the Copper River. They would have sufficient occupation during the first summer in exploring the coasts, or examining the Elias mountains; the ensuing autumn would find them amongst the Atankmians, from whom it would be requisite to demand hostages for their safety; they would spend the winter with these people, and take advantage of the festivities to which we have alluded, to become acquainted with the Indians of remoter parts, and acquire such information from them as would remove many of the difficulties which might otherwise harass their journey of discovery the succeeding spring. Their first attempt should be to reach the Polar Sea, and afterwards to penetrate to the Mackenzie River; nor would the probability of their finding mines of silver in those quarters fail of imparting additional interest to such an enterprise.—*See second Article.*

TRAVELLERS.

At a very recent sitting of the Académie Royale des Sciences in Paris, an account was read of a journey made by a naval officer named Hoff in the eastern part of the Indian archipelago. The work was accompanied with a map, on which is marked a river—the Dourga, whose mouth was recently discovered.

At the same sitting, M. Fontanier gave some particulars of his travels in Georgia, Persia, and Turkey, and stated several very interesting circumstances relative to those countries.

M. Honoré Vidal, who recently arrived from the Levant, gave an account of his numerous journeys in Asia and Egypt, from 1807 to 1828. It appears that M. Vidal has crossed the deserts of Arabia four times, under the most painful circumstances, and in the most disagreeable seasons. He has also visited every part of Mesopotamia and Babylon, and has made two journeys from Bagdad to Constantinople by sea and by land. In addition to this, M. Vidal has traversed Syria, Anatolia, Asiatic Turkey, Persia, a part of Armenia, and the coast of the Black Sea and Egypt: he has undertaken all these journeys almost wholly at his own expense, actuated solely by a love of science. His knowledge of the Turkish language, and his acquaintance with Mussulman customs, enabled him to introduce himself almost every where, and to make a number of interesting observations relative to distances, the courses of rivers, &c., which he intends to publish as soon as his notes are completed, and to present them to the Geographical Society. M. Jomard announced, that M. Drovetti, the French consul in Egypt, had been enabled, in a great measure, to realise his philanthropic project; as six young Africans, from the most remote parts of Ethiopia, had been sent to France to be educated, and to obtain a knowledge of European customs. M. Jomard gave a statement of the progress these young Africans had made in their studies; from which it appeared, that those who are learning chemistry underwent an examination a few days ago, and answered in the most satisfactory manner the questions put to them.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

Oxford, March 14.—On Wednesday last the Proctors for the ensuing year were elected by their respective societies, and the election announced to the Vice-Chancellor, in conformity with the Caroline statute.

The Rev. J. T. Round, M.A. Balliol College; the Rev. R. A. Thorpe, M.A. Corpus Christi College.

On Thursday the following degrees were conferred: *Bachelors in Divinity*—Rev. H. Biddulph, Rev. G. J. Majendie, Fellows of Magdalen College.

Masters of Arts—J. Beames, Grand Compounder, Rev. R. C. Brackenbury, Lincoln College; Hon. and Rev. A. C. Talbot, All Souls' College; J. Corfe, Magdalen College; Rev. J. Jerram, Wadham College. *Bachelors of Arts*—G. Caldwell, Merton College.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

MARCH 19th. The President in the chair.—Capt. Sabine's paper "on experiments made with the pendulum *in vacuo*," was resumed and concluded.

Capt. Phillips was admitted and took his seat as a fellow; Capt. Hutchinson, the Director of the British Foundry in India (Calcutta), and D. Elliotson, of Jesus College, Cambridge, were elected.

March 5. A paper was read, entitled, "Anatomical description of the foot of a Chinese female." By Bransby Blake Cooper, Esq.; communicated by P. M. Roget, M.D. Sec. R.S.

The foot of which an account is here given was obtained from the dead body of a female found floating in the river at Canton, and had all the characters of deformity consequent upon the prevailing habit of early bandaging for the purpose of checking its natural growth. To an unpractised eye it has more the appearance of a congenital malformation, than of being the effect of art, however long continued; and appears at first sight like a club foot, or an undischarged dislocation. From the heel to the great toe the length of the foot measures only four inches; the great toe is bent abruptly backwards, and its extremity pointed directly upwards; while the phalanges of the other toes are doubled in beneath the sole of the foot, having scarcely any breadth across the foot

where it is naturally broadest. The heel, instead of projecting backwards, descends in a straight line from the bones of the leg, and imparts a singular appearance to the foot, as if it were kept in a state of permanent extension. From the doubling-in of the toes into the sole of the foot, the external edge of the foot is formed in a great measure by the extremities of the metatarsal bones; and a deep cleft or hollow appears in the sole of the foot, across its whole breadth. The author gives a minute anatomical description of all these parts, pointing out the deviations from the natural conformation. He remarks, that from the diminutive size of the foot, the height of the instep, the deficiency of breadth, and the density of the cellular texture of the foot, all attempts to walk with so deformed a foot must be extremely awkward; and that in order to preserve an equilibrium in an erect position, the body must necessarily be bent forwards with a painful effect, and with a very considerable exertion of muscular power.

At a late sitting (Dec. 18) the following paper was read: "On the Water of the Mediterranean." By W. H. Wollaston, M.D. F.R.S.

The late Dr. Marcet, in his examination of sea-water, of which he has given an account in the Philosophical Transactions for 1819, had been unable, for want of a sufficient number of specimens of water taken at various depths in the Mediterranean, to draw any certain inference as to what becomes of the vast amount of salt brought into that sea by the constant current which sets in from the Atlantic through the straits of Gibraltar, and which, on the evaporation of the water, must either remain in the basin of the Mediterranean or escape by some hitherto unexplained means. In the hope of obtaining further evidence on this question, he had requested Captain Smyth, R.N., who was engaged in a survey of that sea, to procure specimens of water from the greatest accessible depths. The specimens collected by Captain Smyth were, in consequence of Dr. Marcet's death, given to other persons and applied to other objects. Dr. Wollaston, however, fortunately obtained the three remaining bottles of the collection. The contents of one of these, taken up at about fifty miles within the Straits, and from a depth of 670 fathoms, was found to have a density exceeding that of distilled water by more than four times the usual excess; and accordingly it left upon evaporation more than four times the usual quantity of saline residuum. The result of the examination of this specimen accords completely with the anticipation that a counter-current of denser water might exist at great depths in the neighbourhood of the Straits, capable of carrying westward into the Atlantic as much salt as enters into the Mediterranean with the eastern current near the surface. If the two currents were of equal breadth and depth, the velocity of the lower current need only be one-fourth of that of the upper current, in order to prevent any increase of saltness in the Mediterranean.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MARCH 19. Hudson Gurney, Esq., M.P., V.P., in the chair.—A paper by the Rev. John Webb was read, descriptive of the rights, customs, and history, of the monks of the Abbey Church of St. Peter's, Gloucester, from its first institution. Some very curious and interesting extracts were given from the early charters. Walter Froster, abbot, passed a chronicle of the monastery to be compiled in 1412,

and to him the antiquary is chiefly indebted for the re-edification of the building.

Mr. Lynch was admitted a fellow of the Society; and notice was given that the ballot for the Rev. John Breton, LL.D., Head Master of Bedford School; and Robert Lanyon, jun., of Lostwithel, esq., would take place on Thursday, the 26th March.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

MARCH 16th. — Anniversary meeting. The president in the chair. After some preliminary business, the Madras auxiliary of the Royal Asiatic Society, lately established by the governor and principal officers of the presidency of Madras, was admitted into union. The Society's report for the past year announced the union of the Bombay Literary Society with the Royal Asiatic; the publication of the first part of the second volume of the Society's Transactions; the election of three natives of Asia, who had signalled themselves by their love of literature, as honorary and corresponding members; the presentation of a great number of donations to the library and museum; and, though last, not least in importance, Col. Tod's intention of bequeathing his valuable oriental library to the Society. The auditors next reported on the state of the Society's finances; and Sir Alexander Johnston reported the proceedings of the committee of correspondence. Council and officers for the present year were then elected.

In the evening the members dined together at the Thatched House Tavern, the Right Hon. C. W. Wynn, the president, in the chair, supported by their Excellencies Counts Munster and De Moltke, Mr. Barbour the American minister, Colonels Tod and Briggs, Lieut. Alexander the traveller, and several other persons of distinction.

MADRID.

THE annual public meeting of the Royal Academy of History at Madrid took place on the 28th of last November. The president, M. de Navarrete, gave an account of their proceedings for the year. The digest of the Chronicle of Fernand IV., which had been suspended for twenty years, has been continued by several committees, and is nearly ready for the press. Other committees have been employed in preparing for publication the General History of the Indies, by Ponzalo-Fernandez de Oviedo. Materials have been collected for the seventh volume of the Memoirs of the Academy, which will soon appear, and which will contain dissertations on numismatics, on the history of Castile, that of Arragon, &c. Although the Academy was exceedingly desirous of speedily publishing the Royal Statutes (*el fuero real*) of King Alphonso the Wise, it had been obliged to retard their appearance, for the purpose of collating the various manuscripts. The Mirror of the Laws (*el espejulo*) will accompany the volume of Royal Statutes. The weekly meetings of the Society were occupied throughout the year by the reading of a number of very interesting papers by the various members. M. de Navarrete has been re-elected president.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

MARCH 11th. Mr. Phillips delivered a lecture on painting. — After some preliminary remarks on the acquiring of practical knowledge, the lecturer divided the principles of his art into two classes; the first embraced design, composition, colouring, and chiaro-scuro, and might be termed the elementary principles; the second

were its governing principles, which consist in the regulations by which the elementary ones are best employed, and are deduced from experience, and illustrated by examples found in the labours of intelligent artists. Some hints on imitation and outline followed. In alluding to the interesting and beautiful series of designs from Homer, Dante, Eschylus, and Hesiod, by Flaxman, Mr. Phillips successfully proved how valuable a portion of the art of painting was design, which in itself possessed such a degree of power, that colour, light, and shade, were of no effect without it, and even composition was chiefly dependent upon it. Annibal Carracci characterised it as the beginning, the middle, and the end of the art. In closing his remarks on this part of the subject, the lecturer observed, that to be capable of drawing a line at once correct and free, and fitted to its purpose, was to possess an instrument of power over all the attributes of the art of painting. In describing the details of design, Mr. Phillips cautioned the students against acute or right angles, as unfavourable to grace and beauty in the limbs of figures, though frequently available for expression: the same remark was applicable to parallel lines, though Raffaele had frequently and beautifully employed figures in parallel direction, to enforce expression in the most direct manner. Mr. Phillips next glanced at the works of the Greek sculptors, traced the growth of design under the influence of the taste and skill displayed in the paintings of Raffaele, took a review of various of the works of this great master, and illustrated the subject by drawings and prints from his works and those of M. Angelo — drew a contrast between the lines of the one and the other, observing that Raffaele, when at his best, was more gentle than Angelo — less convex, with, at the same time, less of occasional acuteness — the muscles not so full, nor so much in action, and the parts of the joints less distinctly marked; hence the sensation created in viewing some of the works of Raffaele was more agreeable, but less forcible in expression, than M. Angelo's produced. Mr. Phillips closed his lecture by a few animated remarks on composition, and defined it to be of two kinds in historical painting; one the offspring of sentiment, the other merely technical: the first was the firm foundation upon which rests the composition of the Florentine school; the other distinguished that of Venice after Titian's time: the same remark applied also to Parma, and frequently to the Bolognese schools, where each sacrificed the principle of the other to attain its own end. The lecture was numerously attended.

MARCH 16th. — The President in the chair. Mr. Westmacott, in this his last lecture for the season, treated of composition, which he stated to be the same throughout the whole range of art; it is either simple or compound. In sculpture it is divided into three heads; — 1st, simple, as it applies to construction or action in a single object, for example the Apollo; 2d, columnar, which includes two or more objects, whose base is confined or nearly parallel with its bulk, as in the group of the Venus and Cupid of the Vatican; and 3d, pyramidal, whether it regards height or extent, as in the group of the Laocoon. Mr. Westmacott then particularly enjoined an attention to due equipoise or balance of figure, and said that he could not express his meaning more intelligibly than by stating, that if the figure were merely divided, there being no artificial support, its weight would be equal: the necessity of strictly adhering to proportion in this

point, was proved from nature, by the limits of whose laws it was not possible to transgress this balance; the chin could not exceed the line of the clavicle, &c.: he next quoted instances of fine balance in seated and erect figures, and defined columnar composition, enforcing a strict attention to quantity. Pyramidal composition followed; it assumes a different character, not requiring so strict an adherence to the balances at the angles. Mr. Westmacott illustrated this head of his discourse, by directing the attention of his numerous auditory to the Laocoon, in nearly the following words: — In the swelled and ample chest, in the inspiration of breath, in the contraction of the abdomen, whether arising from anguish, fear, or collection of strength to disentangle himself from the writhing of the serpents; in the greatness of the conception, in the marvellous design, and no less masterly execution, the artist's intelligence is equally displayed. The lecturer then offered a few remarks on *alto* and *basso rilievo*; and closed his subject with what might be termed some valedictory observations, in which he enjoined the students to pursue their studies with diligence, and, above all, to maintain the ground which they had gained: to him, as professor, they owed but temporary belief, and he asked only the suspension of their judgment until they had been fully instructed in the principles which he had endeavoured to inculcate.

The lecture was illustrated by fine specimens of drawings from bronzes, in the possession of the Chevalier Brondstedz, and other costly productions.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Select Views in Greece. By H. W. Williams. No. XII. Longman and Co.

To this, the last Number of Mr. Williams's highly interesting and elegant work, might be justly appended the old epigraph, "*Finis coronat opus.*" The print of "*Athenæ restored.*" in particular, is exquisitely beautiful. In so saying, however, we are very far indeed from intending to detract from the merits of "the City and Castle of Lávadia," "Nemea," "Argos," or the lovely composition entitled "Grecian Landscape." In concluding his work, Mr. Williams expresses his obligations to the gentlemen to whose assistance he has been indebted in the course of the execution of it, especially to Mr. Cookerell and Mr. Patterson: "to the former, for the inimitable beauty and accuracy of the sketches which he has furnished for many of the engravings; and to the latter, for the masterly manner in which he has assisted in furnishing apposite quotations and original translations for the subjects." The result of their united labours has certainly been the completion of a publication which must henceforth be considered indispensable to the library of every man of taste and classical knowledge and feeling.

Autographs of Royal, Noble, Learned, and Remarkable Personages conspicuous in English History; accompanied by concise Biographical Memoirs, &c. By John Gough Nichols. Part IX. J. B. Nichols and Son.

THIS is so singularly curious and interesting a publication, that we are happy to learn that, since the fifty plates in which the collection was intended to be comprised have been finished by the engraver, the proprietors have received so many valuable communications and suggestions from various friends, that they are induced to extend their work with one additional No. Instead of ten parts, there-

fore, there will be eleven; and the eleventh will consist of the usual number of plates, and embrace some of the most interesting, and certainly the scarcest, autographs in the whole series.

Fisher's Illustrations of England. Nos. II. and III. Fisher and Son; Ackermann; Jones and Co.

LIVERPOOL furnishes the subjects for these two Nos. of this pleasing work; and the views which they contain afford abundant evidence of the wealth and growing taste of that populous and enterprising commercial town.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent; and the Princess Victoria. Drawn from life by S. Catterson Smith, and on stone by R. J. Lane, A.R.A. Dickinson.

SLIGHT sketches, of which we prefer the first mentioned. On the resemblance of either, we are incompetent to pronounce.

SUFFOLK STREET GALLERY.

WE have taken a hurried glance at the annual Exhibition of British Artists about to open in Suffolk Street; and of which the private view is fixed for next Wednesday. We have much pleasure in stating, that it contains many pictures very honourable to our native school, and especially in landscape, to which Hoffman, Glover, Roberts, Stanfield, and others, are distinguished contributors. There are also many clever productions in familiar life, portraits, fanciful designs, fruit-pieces, hunting, water-colour drawings, engravings, &c. &c.; and the sculpture-room is possessed of considerable attractions.

THE COLOSSEUM.

THE Committee of the trustees into whose management this extraordinary work has fallen seem to be proceeding with great energy and judgment, for which they deserve much praise. Turning their attention to the principal, we had almost said the single, object of public interest, they have appointed Mr. Parris to proceed with and finish the picture; and that very able artist is rapidly executing the remainder of what he had previously executed so far, and in so excellent a manner. We are told it will be completed in May. In the mean time, all the rooms, &c. are left *in statu quo*: the Swiss cottage and the conservatories have been finished; but Undine (the sweet figure by Sievier) has disappeared from the fountain. The scheme of reading-rooms, dining-rooms, club-rooms, aviary, &c. is relinquished. On the whole, we are glad to see the main design going on so rapidly and so well: the receipts, we hear, amount to about 40*l.* or 50*l.* daily.

MR. WILLIAM DANIELL'S PICTURES AND DRAWINGS.

WE have been favoured with a sight of these beautiful performances, at the house of the artist, in Russell Place; and, as we anticipated, were highly gratified. The various works from his pencil, which have for a long course of years enriched our public exhibitions, have rendered the talents and taste of Mr. Daniell too well known to need any eulogium from us, at this time of day; but we may remark that, successfully as his pictures and drawings have always stood the test of comparison with contemporary merit in those exhibitions, they are seen to so much greater advantage in his own rooms, and with the benefit of his own arrangement, that many of our old acquaintance have the air of perfect novelty. Such is the case, for instance, with the two remarkably fine

paintings of a Crocodile feeding on a dead Elephant, and the Boa destroyed by the comrades of a man sleeping in a boat. Perhaps the only novelty, in the full meaning of the word, is the picture of that exquisite specimen, in white marble, of oriental architecture, in its best period, erected at Agra by one of the emperors of the East for his favourite queen, and known by the name of the Taje Mahl. The representation is worthy of the original, and is one of Mr. Daniell's happiest productions. The drawings for the prints of Windsor Castle and its vicinity, which were noticed in the *Literary Gazette* a few weeks ago, rank in every respect with the most brilliant specimens of the powers of water-colours that we have ever met with.

BIOGRAPHY.

M. PACHO, the celebrated French geographer, has fallen by his own hand. He was born at Nice in 1795, at which period that town belonged to France. He was educated at the college of Tournon. His derangement, and the dreadful act which terminated his existence, were, it is said, the consequences of the injustice of which he was the victim. "The sole fruit," he observed in a letter to a friend, written in December last, "which I have derived from all my efforts, from all my labours, and from all my fatigues, is, that I have learned, but too late, to know mankind." It was in the night between the 25th and the 26th of January that, in the delirium of a burning fever, he destroyed himself. On the preceding evening he wrote several letters, in one of which the wandering of his mind was very evident; he declared in it, that he was assailed on all sides by furious enemies; and that at that very moment a crowd of persons was assembled under his windows, conspiring his ruin.—*Le Globe*.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

SCOTTISH NATIONAL FEELINGS.*

"While the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar
But bind them to their native rocks thémore."
Goldsmith.

THE beautiful and pathetic song of *Lochaber*, is known to, and admired by, all who have an ear for music or a soul for poetry; but heard by a Highlander in a distant land, and amid other scenes, the effect is similar to that produced on the Swiss by their national air, the *Ranz des Vaches*—it inspires a sad and earnest longing to return to the place of their nativity, the early haunts of their youth. The following anecdote was related to me by the medical gentleman who witnessed the effect: and at the same time that it tends to corroborate my assertion, it also proves how powerful is the sympathy existing between this our "tenement of clay" and its celestial inmate, the soul.

It was the fate of Dr. C. to accompany a Highland regiment across the Atlantic, to "a far distant shore." The station where the troops were encamped was very healthy, the climate particularly good: judge, then, of the surprise of the good doctor to find his soldiers falling sick daily, and his hospital filled with invalids,—whilst, as he could not discover the disease, he could apply no remedy.

One evening the moon shone so unusually bright, the scene from his window was so lovely, as the beams played upon the rippling water, or gave light and shadow to the mag-

nificent forest-trees near his abode—that he was tempted to take a solitary ramble,

"Musing on days long past,
And pleasures gone for ever by:"—

the sound of the bagpipe struck upon his ear, and attracted him towards the barracks, where the piper was playing, in the most touching manner,

"Lochaber no more!

May be, to return to Lochaber no more!"

Dr. C. approached the large room unobserved, and, looking in, found all his men assembled, and all in deep emotion—some recombent on the floor, some reclined against the wall, many in tears, and one, burying his face in his hands, sobbed aloud. My friend retired to his quarters: on the following morning he sent for the piper, and, bribing him to secrecy, commanded him in future to play nothing but lively airs, reels, strathspeys, and marches; but never, on pain of his displeasure, to breathe *Lochaber* again. The piper obeyed: the effect was magical—the invalids revived, and in a very short time not one remained in hospital.

This anecdote, which I know to be true, inspired me with a most ardent desire to see *Lochaber*—scenes must be beautiful which produce such a powerful effect upon the mind. Last summer, passing through the magnificent scenery of the northern lakes of Scotland, I came upon *Lochaber*: Ben Nevis reared his crowned head—at his base stood a cluster of miserable hovels, in a swamp where every breeze that passes by whispers "ague"—each hut is formed of wood and turf gathered from the morass beneath their feet—a hole in the roof forms the chimney—a hole in the side is the window, and in some of the huts window and door in one—not a tree to be seen:—yet dear as life to the Highlander is the memory of *Lochaber*. M. S.

THE COQUILA-NUT ORNAMENTS, &c.

A FEW weeks since, we noticed the very pretty ornaments,—necklaces, bracelets, and brooches, as well as snuff-boxes, segar-tubes, &c.—made from the shell of the coquilla nut; and we are glad to find that our mention of these novelties has recommended Mr. Coniglio (the ingenious foreigner, to whose taste we are indebted for them) to a good deal of employment. The world of fashion is always pleased with what is new; and it is no drawback in these times, even among the richest, that the articles are also becoming cheap and permanent. Such qualities induce us again to speak of our unassuming and classic coquilla favourites.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

ON Tuesday night, a medley composition, entitled *Il Messicani*, was represented for the first time at this theatre. The title, we think, is rather a misnomer; it should have been called *Mexicani*, for the opera is evidently fated "to go to the dogs." With the exception of a cavatina sung by Blasis, and a finale of Rossini's in the *Siege of Corinth*, the whole of the first act was one undeviating piece of dull consecutive declamation. M. Bochsa is said to be the compiler of this strange production, in which he has shewn very little operatic tact. An older stager would have introduced more part music; solos and duets will never support a piece. Pisaroni used all her endeavours in the second act to retrieve the first. But the *tout-ensemble* was "stale, flat," and, we fear, will turn out "unprofitable," though the house was crowded at an early hour.

* We thank our friendly correspondent for this touching little sketch.—Ed.

COVENT GARDEN.

A NEW musical after-piece by Mrs. Poebek, compounded of two French vaudevilles, *Le Mal du Pays* and *France et Savoie*, was produced here on Thursday, with complete success. The piece itself has nothing to boast of, either in dialogue or construction; and though the names of Madame Vestris, Miss Goward, and Miss Forde, Fawcett, Keeley, Wood, Wrench, Warde, and Meadows, figure in the bill, there is little for any of them to do. It is, however, a light, inoffensive affair, graced by some very sweet music, partly composed and partly arranged by Mr. Bishop, and half-a-dozen of the most picturesque and faithful views of Swiss scenery ever exhibited. So supported, we have little doubt that when Mr. Fawcett knows his part, *Homo, sweet Home, or the Ranz des Vaches*, may go off glibly enough, and take its turn for the season. Madame Vestris had two exceedingly pretty songs, and Wood one in which he was rapturously encored. Madame Vestris is a delightful, sprightly, lady-like little creature; but we wish she would take a lesson from Madame Jenny Colon Lafont,* and remember that when she is personating a simple Savoyard girl, her manner, tone, and language (for the latter, however, the writer was to blame) should, to make the deceit probable, be widely different from those of the dashing widow of a general officer, the character she first appears in. They are meant to be so in the French piece; and the picture is there heightened by the recollections of old times and customs infecting the fashionable lover, who also reassumes his national dress, and joins in the characteristic dance of his countrymen.

ORATORIOS.

On Wednesday, *Israel in Egypt* was grandly performed: the choruses this season are wonderfully fine. Blasius appeared for the first time; and Braham was, as usual, a tower of strength. Last night *Judas Maccabæus* was the leading performance.

VARIETIES.

Air-Balloons.—Some new experiments have lately been made at Florence, with a view to obtain the means of directing the course of air-balloons; but they do not appear to have had any satisfactory result.

Japan.—It has been proposed to the French Geographical Society to publish a map of Japan, by Titsing, which is now in manuscript at Paris.

Drury Lane Fund.—The anniversary of this valuable charity took place at the Freemasons' Tavern on Wednesday: H. R. H. the Duke of Clarence in the chair. The day passed off with great pleasantry, and above 1000*l.* was subscribed.

York Minister.—At a public meeting on Thursday, a subscription was opened for the rebuilding of this noble structure. Lord Fitzwilliam gave 3000*l.*, and other noblemen and gentlemen liberally followed this generous example.

Sir H. Davy.—A report has been circulated during the week of the death of Sir H. Davy, in Italy, which we rejoice to say is unfounded.

Perlet.—A fine compliment was paid to the acting of Perlet last week, by the gentleman from whom we received the report of the per-

formances at the English Opera House. So completely did this artist play the Niece in *Les Anglaises pour rire*, that he deceived our friend as to his identity, and he assured us that the part was as well acted as Perlet himself could have done it!!

Prussian Statistics.—A recent number of a German Magazine, edited by the celebrated Alexander von Humboldt, called "The Hertha," contains a long article on the statistics of the Prussian empire, from which we collect the following results:—In the year 1820 there were born 484,398 children, and the number of deaths within the same period was 296,909; making a difference of 187,489 in favour of the births, in a population of 11,101,601. In the year 1821, the number of births was 504,160, and the number of deaths 287,573, making an increase of 216,587. In 1822, the number of births amounted to 502,925, and of deaths to 314,513, the increase being no less than 188,412. In 1823, the number of births was 498,643, the number of deaths 318,878, the increase being 179,765. In 1824, the number of persons born was 505,335, and of deaths 318,535, being an increase of 186,800. In 1825, the number of births was 523,614, and the number of deaths 327,343, making an increase of 196,271. In 1826, the number of births was 525,585, and of deaths 355,114, giving a difference of 170,471 in favour of the former. In 1827, the number of births was 490,660, and the number of deaths 365,578, bearing an increase of 125,082 on the year. The population has increased no less than 1,450,877 during the eight years, and at the commencement of 1828 amounted to 12,552,276;—the number of births being to the entire population in the proportion of about 44 per cent, and the deaths rather more than 23 per cent. Of the 365,578 deaths in the year 1827, 16,726 were still-born; 130,735 died under the age of three; 34,504 under the age of ten; 14,914 between the ages of ten and twenty; 18,889 between twenty and thirty; 18,473 between thirty and forty; 22,606 between forty and fifty; 27,969 between fifty and sixty; 35,364 between sixty and seventy; 30,295 between seventy and eighty; 18,064 between eighty and ninety; and 2,019 above the age of ninety. It is not stated how many there were above the age of one hundred.

The late Earl of Bridgewater.—A Paris paper, the *Journal des Voyageurs*, states that this eccentric nobleman had, at the time of his death, his house nearly filled with dogs and cats, which he had picked up at different places. Of the fifteen dogs which he kept, two were admitted to the honours of his table, and the whole of them were frequently dressed up in clothes like human beings. In his last days, when so debilitated as to be unable to leave his own grounds, he is said to have adopted a strange substitute for the sports of the field, to which he had been addicted. Into the garden at the back of his house there were placed about 300 rabbits, and as many pigeons and partridges, whose wings had been cut. Provided with a gun, and supported by servants, the infirm earl would enter the garden and shoot two or three head of game, to be afterwards put upon the table as his sporting trophies!

Rights of Dramatic Authors in France.—The gross sum received by dramatic writers in France, as the tax upon the performance of their pieces at the different theatres (without reckoning the amount they were sold for in the first instance to the managers of the theatres in which they were originally produced), is

stated to be 600,000 francs annually; of which M. Scribe alone receives more than 100,000 francs. It is proposed by these gentlemen to put aside a per centage upon the gross amount for the relief of decayed and indigent authors. A general literary fund society, similar to that which exists in this country, is also projected.

Russia.—A junction of the Volga and the Moskva is about to be effected by means of a canal, which will unite the rivers Sestra and Istra; the first of which communicates by the Dounba with the Volga, and the second of which runs into the Moskva. The original idea of this junction was conceived by Peter I. The first stone of the first lock of the canal was laid in October 1827. The expense of the undertaking is estimated at 5,340,000 rubles. A plan is also under consideration for forming a junction between the Volga and the western Dvina.

Cuba.—A vase has been discovered at Cuba, with several figures upon it, one of which represents the Sagittarius of the zodiac.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

A correspondent at Hanover writes to inform us that the Germans mentioned in Lord Londonderry's Narrative of the Peninsular War under the names of Crauchenburg, Taple, Smallkenon, J. Horse, Deliris, and Langhears, are no other than the distinguished officers of the late king's German Legion—Krauchenberg, Fahlé, Schmalhausen, A. Heise, Deliris, and Langhehr.

Tiflis.—In the month of June last a new journal was commenced in the capital of Georgia, under the title of Tifliski Vedomosti, or the Tiflis Gazette. It is published every Wednesday, in the Russian language, with a translation in Armenian; and is principally intended for the countries beyond the Caucasus, and for the Armenian provinces lately acquired by Russia.

A novel of the De Vate class is announced, entitled, *D'Erline, or the Cynic.*

The Poetical Sketch-Book, in one volume, by T. K. Hervey, including a third edition of his *Australis*, will shortly appear.

Schiller's *William Tell*, closely translated from the German, is just ready.

The Rev. William Kirby, M.A. F.R. and L.S., &c. &c., has in the press *Seven Sermons on the Temptation of Christ*, grounded on those upon the same subject by the learned Bishop Andrews.

The Author of *Private Education*, the *Poor Girl's Help*, *Early Education*, the *Youth's French Guide*, &c., has in the press *Leonora*, or the *Presentation at Court*; being the first of a series of narratives called *Young Lady's Tales*.

A new edition, with considerable additions, of Mrs. Coleridge's poetical works, is announced.

In the Press—Holstein's Bible Cuts, being Fac-Similes of the celebrated Icones Veteris Testamenti of Hans Holbein, engraved on wood, with descriptions in four modern languages.—The Philosophy of History.—An Essay on the Deaf and Dumb; shewing the necessity of medical treatment in Early Infancy; with observations on Congenital Deafness. By J. H. Curtis, Esq., Surgeon-Aurist to the King.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Tales of Military Life, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 1*l.* 6*d.* bds.—The Naval Officer, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 8*d.* 6*d.* bds.—The Catholic Church Inevitable, 8vo. 6*s.* bds.—Smith's Catalogue Raisonné, royal 8vo. 1*l.* 1*l.* bds.—Watkins's Sacred Poetry, 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Willis's Sermons for Servants, 18mo. 6*s.* bds.—Oervino on Diseases of Children, 8vo. 6*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Draper's Youth's Calendar, 2 vols. 2mo. 1*l.* 6*d.* hf. bds.—Thornton's Councils and Instructions for Youth, 18mo. 3*s.* bds.—Burder on Revivals in Religion, 18mo. 2*s.* bds.—Foot's Companion to the Testament, 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1829.

March.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 12	From 26. to 47.	29.72 to 29.66
Friday... 13	— 26. — 46.	29.61 — 29.73
Saturday... 14	— 29. — 42.	29.76 — 29.83
Sunday... 15	— 30. — 43.	29.86 — 29.81
Monday... 16	— 21. — 42.	29.76 — 29.63
Tuesday... 17	— 19.5 — 45.	29.59 — 29.47
Wednesday 18	— 25. — 43.	29.66 — 29.61

Wind variable, prevailing N. and S.W.
Generally clear.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Latitude..... 51° 37' 20" N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

If T. J. M. read the *Literary Gazette*, the inquiry made would be superfluous. Look back.
We are afraid of letters sealed with thimbles

* We allude to this excellent actress's performance in the piece called *Halka aus Pommern*, where she supports a similar character, and contrived to puzzle the audience with the change nearly as much as the author has intended she should mystify her beholders.

THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE;

Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

AND

This Journal is supplied Weekly, or Monthly, by the principal Booksellers and Newsmen, throughout the Kingdom; but to those who may desire its immediate transmission, by post, we recommend the LITERARY GAZETTE, printed on stamped paper, price One Shilling.

No. 636.

SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1829.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Present State of Van Diemen's Land; comprising an Account of its Agricultural Capabilities, with Observations on the Present State of Farming, &c. &c., in that Colony; and other important Matters connected with Emigration. With a Map. By Henry Widowsen, late Agent to the Van Diemen's Land Agricultural Establishment. London, 1829. Robinson.

THE Romans ever considered colonisation to be a subject of high state policy; and, remarkable as that great people were for their wisdom, in no part of their administration was that wisdom more apparent. Aristotle informs us, that systematic emigration was also common among the Carthaginians;—indeed, he attributes their duration as a republic chiefly to this cause, notwithstanding the vicious constitution of their government. But while Carthage appears to have sanctioned and conducted emigration only as the necessary and best mode of disposing of a surplus population, Rome, more sagaciously, made her surplus population instrumental in the territorial aggrandisement of the state; and the Roman system was, it may fairly be presumed, one of the primary causes of that nation's greatness. An ample development of that system would, in our opinion, throw much light on the history of civilisation, and fill up a chasm which conspicuously exists in political economy.

In examining the motives which determined the establishment of a large portion of the ancient colonies, we perceive, as has been remarked by a popular writer,—"That at the very time they were indispensable they were voluntary;" and that this idea especially predominates in them, viz. that governments should ever possess the means of placing to advantage, at a distance from their immediate seat, that redundancy of population which either disturbs or threatens their tranquillity. It remains, then, as a general principle, that states may occupy themselves wisely in the formation of establishments on an extensive scale, especially where they have it in their power to fix on those portions of the earth productive of what they need, and wanting that they possess;—places where men may find situations and labour suited to their various circumstances.

It has unfortunately been a very general maxim with bodies politic, in more modern times, to form such establishments with the very dregs of society, using some of the fairest regions of the globe principally as the means of punishment:—our own legislature has to a very considerable extent adopted and pursued this plan. The system of transportation now so common among us was totally unknown to the common law of England, though our ancient practice of abjuration of the realm bore a strong resemblance to the Roman institution, as explained by Cicero. Sir E. Coke says—"this was permitted when the felon chose *inter perire patriam quam vitam.*" During

the reign of Elizabeth it seems to have been first enacted, "that rogues should be banished beyond the seas;" and about the time of the Restoration, that they were first "sent beyond the sea to serve in the king's plantations," in a manner not very unlike the present. With us, as among the Russians, banishment is much more frequently inflicted directly as a mode of punishment, than allowed as an act of mercy. But in Russia it is so far made subservient to political utility, that the banished are for ever separated from all domestic connexions, sent to a severe climate, or consigned to destructive mines, in the place of better citizens. British legislation, however, and a singular train of circumstances, have unquestionably evinced the possibility of transportation being made alike beneficial to the parent state, to the infant colony, and to the criminals themselves. Agriculturists, veterans who have fought our battles, artisans of every description, indeed any respectable individuals possessing some property, have been encouraged to emigrate to our Australasian colonies, and entitled, under certain regulations, to the entire benefit of the criminals' labour. That much more might have been done, is as evident as that the plan, with all its defects, has produced very beneficial results. The workings of this system in Van Diemen's Land, under great disadvantages, we have exhibited in the work before us; and the astonishing effects already produced must deeply impress and animate every reflecting mind. But we may now properly recur to the author's introductory remarks; only observing, that from his occupation of agent he must be considered as one who has seen every thing with the most favourable eye; just as another writer, whom we lately reviewed, found nothing comparable to emigration to Canada.

"Of all our ultramarine possessions, vast and valuable as many of them are, no one excites so much interest, in the proper sense of the word, as our different settlements in New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land. They are not rich in mines, sugar-canes, cochineal, or cottons; but they are blessed with a climate which, though different in different places, is yet on the whole favourable to the health, comfort, and industry of Europeans; they exhibit an almost endless extent of surface, various as to aspect and capability, but, taken together, suited in an extraordinary degree to the numerous purposes of rural economy—the plough and spade, the dairy and sheep-walk. The emigrant has not to wage hopeless and ruinous war with interminable forests and impenetrable jungle; as he finds prepared by the hand of nature extensive plains ready for the ploughshare, and capable of repaying manifold in the first season. He is not poisoned by pestiferous swamps, nor frightened from his purpose by beasts of prey and loathsome reptiles; he is not chilled by hyperborean cold, nor scorched and enfeebled by tropical heat;—and he is not separated from his kind, nor hardened in his heart by the debasing in-

fluence of open or concealed slavery. It is true that he is surrounded by those who have the brand of crime and punishment upon them, and who are therefore to a certain extent infamous; but he has the satisfaction of knowing that it is his duty and interest to improve, not contribute to the farther degradation of these fallen beings.

"It is curious and consolatory to contemplate these our possessions on the opposite side of the globe, in the 'utmost parts of the earth,' as they are at present, and as they were only a few years ago. The first settlement was literally 'a den of thieves,' into which were thrown the outcasts of the earth—those who were the disgrace and bane of society. How many of them have been reclaimed, we have not the means of knowing.* Since that period, in spite of prejudice, mismanagement, and occasional misrule, especially at the beginning,—and notwithstanding the opposition which the bad habits of the convicts would naturally make to improvement, the advance of those settlements in skill, industry, and enterprise, towards future greatness, is really astonishing. It would be inconsistent with the place and the occasion to speculate regarding what they are destined to become; but they form a land which appears full of promise. The seed has been sown, sown upon, and watered, and in some measure cultivated; and if the cultivation be diligently and wisely continued, the produce will be great and beneficial to mankind."

A great deal has been published on New South Wales, but little, as yet, of Van Diemen's Land, and nothing lately. To supply the defect—bring down the condition of the settlement to the present time—and communicate the essential information requisite to the emigrant, is the aim of the author in this publication. But having, in these preliminary observations, gone as far as suits our general practice into the question of utility, we shall now consult the taste of our readers, by exhibiting some of the most interesting particulars which we can pick out relating to the present state of the population in Van Diemen's Land; and leaving it to those who contemplate emigration to seek for the best possible and clearest advice in the pages of the work before us, which will instruct them how to obtain grants of land, what to provide, and, in short, how to adopt the necessary measures for a comfortable voyage and settlement, and, above all, for a stock of patience, at least twelve months long, to accommodate themselves to the change. Mr. Widowsen estimates the inhabitants on the island at 20,000, including convicts; the increase in 1826 alone being from 1000 to 1200, of whom 602 were prisoners; i. e. 99 female

* We cannot agree with the author's deduction from this, when he adds—"if there were only one, whatever the political economist may think, in the opinion of the philanthropist and Christian the labour and cost were amply repaid." On the contrary, we are of opinion that the machinery of establishing two mighty colonies at our antipodes, is far too expensive and unwieldy a method for reclaiming a single criminal!! Absurd assertions of this sort impugn more sensible and valid reasoning.—*Ed.*

and 503 male convicts.* Up to this period, the atrocities of the bush-rangers operated strongly against this colony; but as these desperadoes were then suppressed, we are informed that respectable settlers have since regularly come in, though the scarcity of females is still severely felt. Excessive usury appears to be another of the evils which press most heavily upon the establishment.

Speaking of convicts and their treatment, we have many curious particulars, and regret our want of room to insert them.

"The regular hours of work are from sunrise to sun-set; but so few settlers get up to see that this time is kept, that a much shorter period is generally employed in labour. The expense of maintaining a convict is rather a difficult calculation: where there are many men, they are, of course, supported at much less per man than where there are but few, from being able to buy alop clothes, tea, and the other necessities, at wholesale prices, of the importing merchant. The waste, also, made by the convicts in their meat, &c. is a serious consideration: the head and entrails of animals slaughtered for their use, and which an English labourer would be glad of, are thrown away as only fit for the dogs; nothing but the body and legs are deemed sufficiently good for these dainty characters. Taking all expenses into consideration, I think that from 25*l.* to 30*l.* per man may be estimated as the annual cost."

But we must pass from these outcasts under coercion, to devote an extract to the fiercer banditti who escaped into the bush. Of these, persons named Whitehead and Howe were, in 1815, the leaders; and in attacking a house, a party of the 46th, who were, unknown to them, in the interior, "fired in return, and killed Whitehead, the leader, who, when he received the shot, ran directly into the woods towards Howe, exclaiming, 'Take my watch;' a phrase understood by Howe, who immediately decapitated him. This precaution was adopted to prevent the body being recognised, and also to deprive any one of the benefit of the reward for taking in the head, which, it appears, was subsequently found in the bush. The body of Whitehead was gibbeted on Hunter's Island. The soldiers continued their pursuit of the remainder of the gang, who effected their escape through the darkness of the night. Howe now became their leader: shortly after, two more of the gang were taken and executed by the side of the body of Whitehead. The party still continued their atrocious depredations, when three individuals who were detected in abetting them, by furnishing information and food, were apprehended, one of whom was executed, and the others were respited at the foot of the gallows. The gang, soon after this, was augmented to fourteen men and two native women (who were armed the same as the men); but three of these were shortly after killed by a party of the 46th. In March 1817, the gang had some suspicion that Howe meant to betray them; the latter became aware of this and left them, accompanied by the black girl. In April, whilst pursued near Jericho by a party of troops, being hard pressed, and in order to facilitate his own escape, he fired at the poor black girl, who from fatigue was unable to keep up with him. She, however, received but little injury; and, together with Howe's knapsack, gun, and dogs, fell into the hands of the pursuers. This girl afterwards became particularly useful as a guide to the military, from the sagacity peculiar to the blacks in tracing footsteps where Europeans

would not suspect them. After the loss of the girl and his accoutrements, Howe wrote a letter to the governor, offering to give himself up and to furnish important information respecting his old associates, who, to the number of twenty, under a man named Geary, were committing the most outrageous atrocities. The governor immediately promised him his personal safety; and on the 29th of April he was safely lodged in Hobart Town jail, where he underwent various examinations, but little information was obtained from him. Under the plea that confinement had impaired his health, Howe was allowed to go about with a constable,—an indulgence he took advantage of in the July following, by eluding the policeman's vigilance, and again took to the bush. He now felt that his treachery had too much incupated him in the opinion of his former associates to join them; and having so deceived the governor by his vague and false information, as to preclude the hope of ever expecting a pardon, he now, to the end of his career, went entirely by himself. The gang were, in the mean time, either through treachery amongst themselves, or their occasional capture by the military, gradually dispersed. A new one, however, was formed, with a man of the name of Watts at their head, and for the apprehension of whom a reward of eighty guineas was offered, and one hundred for that of Howe; it did not appear that there was any connexion between the two, though each knew the other's haunts. Watts, thinking to save his own life, entered into a plan with a stock-keeper named Drewe for the capture of Howe. The plan they adopted succeeded, and Howe became their prisoner. As they were proceeding to town to deliver him up to the authorities, Watts, with his gun loaded, walked before Howe, and Drewe followed him; on a sudden, Howe disengaged his hands from the cords which bound them, stabbed Watts in the back with a knife which he had concealed, and taking his gun, shot Drewe dead, promising Watts a similar fate as soon as he could load the gun. Upon hearing this, Watts, though badly wounded, ran into the bush; when he was able to walk, he repaired to the nearest house, and informed the people what had occurred, who went out and found poor Drewe's body. Watts, when he was able to be removed, was sent to Sydney for trial, but he died of his wound three days after his arrival. Howe was not heard of now for some time, but necessity at length compelled him to commit some robberies on distant stock-keepers for his support. Few, after his late exploit, dared to venture a personal attack with him, until a man named M'Gill, who had been emancipated for services against the bush-rangers, pursued him so closely, that Howe was obliged to leave behind him his pistols, guns, ammunition, dogs, and knapsack; in the latter was found a sort of journal of dreams, which shewed the mental infatuation of this wretched man. In a robbery soon after this last affair, he again got possession of a gun, but could not obtain any pistols. Towards the latter end of the year, a soldier named Pugh, of the 48th regiment, and Worrall, a stock-keeper, resolved to make an attempt to capture Howe, who, they learnt, was occasionally in the habit of meeting one Warburton, a kangaroo hunter, who also agreed to join them. The two first concealed themselves in the hunter's hut. Howe having met Warburton, was told that if he would come to his hut he would let him have some ammunition; which, after a great deal of hesitation, Howe agreed to. As soon as he entered, Howe cocked his loaded gun, upon

which Pugh immediately fired, but missed him. Howe exclaimed, 'Oh! that's your game, is it?' (a cant expression amongst the convicts), and instantly retreating a pace or two, returned the fire, but also missed. Worrall now fired, but with no better effect. Howe then rushed out, chased by the other two, who gained upon and at length overtook him, when a dreadful combat ensued with the but-end of their respective guns: at last, overpowered by repeated blows on the head, Howe fell, and expired without uttering a word;—the last of a lawless, sanguinary banditti. Howe was an astonishingly athletic man, and wore, at the time of his death, a dress made entirely of kangaroo skins; he had also an extraordinary long beard. After the affray, the men severed his head and buried the body upon the spot: the head they took to Hobart Town, in order to obtain the reward."

With respect to the aborigines of Van Diemen's Land, our author is unable to afford us any specific information; for he tells us: "So little is known of these children of nature, and still less has been done to gain any knowledge of them, that not much can be offered as to their present numbers or condition. From what I have seen and read, the natives of Van Diemen's Land are unlike any other Indians, either in features, their mode of living, hunting, &c. There are many hundreds of people who have lived for years in the colony, and yet have never seen a native.

The features of these people are any thing but pleasing: a large flat nose, with immense nostrils; lips particularly thick; a wide mouth, with a tolerably good set of teeth; the hair long and woolly, which, as if to confer additional beauty, is besmeared with red clay (similar to our red ochre) and grease. Their limbs are badly proportioned; the women appear to be generally better formed than the men. Their only covering is a few kangaroo skins, rudely stitched, and thrown over the shoulders, but more frequently they appear in a state of nudity; indeed, so little knowledge have they of decency or comfort, that they never avail themselves of the purposes for which apparel is given to them. Lieut. Collins, in his account of the natives of New South Wales, describes their marriage ceremonies as being most barbarous and brutal; and I have also heard from individuals who have visited New South Wales, that it is not uncommon to see a poor woman almost beaten to death by her lover, previous to his marrying her. From the shyness of the natives of Van Diemen's Land, and the constant warfare that has been carried on between them and the remote stock-keepers (which is not likely to render them more familiar), I have never been able to ascertain whether there is any trace of religion among them, or if they have the slightest idea of a Supreme Being. I believe, and it is generally supposed, they have not. It is but fair to remark, however, that nothing has been done for them; the few that can speak a little English, only curse and swear, and this they catch up very readily from the different convicts they meet with.

"There are but few instances of any native having entirely forsaken his tribe, however young he may have been taken away; they appear to dislike any thing in the shape of labour, although, if they take to cattle, they are, beyond any thing, quick in tracing and finding those lost. So acute is their power of discrimination, that they have been known to trace the foot-steps of bush-rangers over mountains and rocks; and, although the individual

* In 1827, of male prisoners 841 arrived, females 222.

they have been in pursuit of has walked into the sides of a river as if to cross it, to elude the vigilance of his pursuers, and have swam some distance down and crossed when convenient, yet nothing can deceive them. Indeed is remarkable is their discernment, that if but the slightest piece of moss on a rock has been disturbed by footsteps, they will instantly detect it. The aborigines of this island have no appointed place or situation to live in; they roam about at will, followed by a pack of dogs, of different sorts and sizes, but which are used principally for hunting the kangaroo, opossum, bandicoot, &c. They are passionately fond of their dogs; so much so, that the females are frequently known to suckle a favourite puppy instead of the child. They rarely ever move at night, but encircle themselves round a large fire, and sleep in a sitting posture, with their heads between their knees. So careless are they of their children, that it is not uncommon to see boys grown up with feet exhibiting the loss of a toe or two, having, when infants, been dropped into the fire by the mother. The children are generally carried (by the women) astride across the shoulders, in a careless manner. They live entirely by hunting, and do not fish so much, or use the canoe, as in New South Wales, although the women are tolerably expert divers; the craw-fish and oyster, if immediately on the coast, are their principal food. Opossums and kangaroos may be said to be their chief support; the latter is as delicious a treat to an epicure, as the former is the reverse. The manner of cooking their victuals is by throwing it on the fire, merely to singe off the hair; they eat voraciously, and are very little removed from the brute creation as to choice of food; entrails, &c. sharing the same chance as the choicest parts. They are extremely expert in climbing, and can reach the top of the largest forest-trees without the aid of branches; they effect this by means of a small sharp flint, which they clasp tightly in the ball of their four fingers, and having cut a notch out of the bark, they easily ascend, with the large toe of each foot in one notch, and their curiously manufactured hatchet in the other. Their weapons of defence are the spear and waddie; the former is about twelve feet long, and as thick as the little finger of a man; the tea-tree supplies them with this matchless weapon; they harden one end, which is very sharply pointed, by burning and filing it with a flint prepared for the purpose. In throwing the spear they are very expert; indeed, of late, their audacious atrocities have been lamentably great, although, at the same time, I have little hesitation in saying, they have arisen from the cruel treatment experienced by some of their women from the hands of the distant stock-keepers. Indeed, these poor mortals, I know, have been shot at merely to gratify a most barbarous cruelty.

"After killing a white man, the natives have a sort of dance and rejoicing, jumping, and singing, and sending forth the strangest noises ever heard. They do not molest the body when dead, nor have I ever heard of their stripping or robbing the deceased. Among themselves they have no funeral rites, and those who are aged or diseased are left in hollow trees, or under the ledges of rocks, to pine and die. These people are subject to a disease which causes the most loathsome ulcerated sores; two or three whom I saw were wretched-looking objects. I remember a very old man, who was thus affected, being tried and hung, for gazing on of Mr. Hart's men; the cul-

prit was so ill and infirm as to be obliged to be carried to the place of execution. I think the colonial surgeons call the disease the 'bush scab'; and that it is occasioned by a filthy mode of life. The population of natives is very small in proportion to the extent of the island: several causes may be alleged for their smallness of numbers; the principal one is their having been driven about from place to place, by settlers taking new locations; another cause is the great destruction of the kangaroo, which obliges the natives to labour hard to procure food sufficient for their sustenance; this, and their having no means of procuring vegetables, besides being constantly exposed to the weather, together with their offensive habits of living, produce the disease above mentioned, with its fatal consequences."

Here we take our leave of Mr. Widowsen's work, which is one that adds considerably to our stock of information respecting the localities and the cultivation of the settlement which he was employed to examine.

The Family Library. No. I.; being the First Volume of the Life of Napoleon Buonaparte (to be completed in 2 vols.), with Engravings on Steel and Wood. Small 8vo. pp. 307. London, 1829. Murray.

MR. MURRAY has at last produced the first volume of his long-announced *Family Library*: a good name, if it be worthily sustained, and we have much reason to be satisfied with the commencement. This *Life of Napoleon* is to be completed in two volumes, of which one is now before us; and if the second be, as we doubt not, as well executed as the first, there can be no question that the book will have supplied a marked and signal blank. Excepting Sir Walter Scott's work, in nine volumes, price four guineas and a half, there was in fact no *Life of Buonaparte* in the English language, either worthy of the smallest confidence for its statements, or in the smallest degree attractive in point of style and method. Except Thibaudau's work, in eight large octavos, the French themselves have hitherto produced no tolerable history of their hero. The want of some intelligible *Life of Napoleon*, written carefully and elegantly, within a moderate compass, and at a price suitable to the people, was then undeniable. We should like to know how many young, or poor, or busy people, ever read through either Sir Walter's book or Thibaudau's. And as for Mr. Haslett's metaphysical madnesses, in four 8vos, why we profess they seem to us as unreadable and as contemptible as even the dirty compilation of bulletin-scrapes and lackeys' tales, put forth in four 8vos of equal bulk by Mr. Ireland, of Shakespearian renown.

The present *Life* appears to us to be composed with great accuracy. We have examined several chapters, and find that though Sir W. Scott's flowing narrative may have suggested the general tenour, his (Sir Walter's) statements have been collated with their authorities; corrections made—omissions filled up—and above all (for we are sure every reader of Sir Walter Scott felt the want of this as an evil), the dates regularly filled in at the top or margin of every page. The effective manner in which all this has been accomplished, and that without overburdening the story, which is singularly light and energetic throughout, is deserving of high praise; and if in the second and more difficult part the task be as well accomplished, we shall have nothing to desiderate.

Such is the literary character of a volume

beautifully printed in small 8vo, pages 300 and odd, and sold for five shillings. Everybody will see at a glance that it contains double as much reading as any given volume of a modern novel, which, though printed in a far inferior style, is sold for half a guinea. But what will our readers say, when they are informed that Mr. Murray gives them, along with this marvellously cheap volume, seven engravings, two on steel and five on wood; one of the former of which cost seventy guineas, and each of the latter of them twenty-five guineas! This is really putting dear book-selling to the blush. A fac-simile in little, by Finden, of the famous print of Buonaparte passing the Mount St. Bernard, after David, is the costly frontispiece we have mentioned. The volume includes a portrait of Josephine, also on steel, by William Finden. The woodcuts, of which we consider the Bridge of Arcola and the Death of the Duke d'Enghien as the best, are chiefly by Thomson, after designs by G. Cruikshank. They will be looked on as reviving the best days of this art. We have seen some of the illustrations of the second volume also; and may mention, in particular, Finden's exquisite steel engraving (for frontispiece) of the return from Elba; a head of the Emperor; and the charge of Cosacks, after Cruikshank.

We are very sure that if the *Family Library* go on as it begins, it will soon do more to put down the trade of literary trashery than any arguments or reflections we could introduce here: and we therefore conclude with our most hearty commendation of a design, the first example of which merits the highest encomium we can bestow upon it.

The Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy. Vol. XV. Dublin. Published by Ebers and Co., London.

IN these times of angry political discussion on Ireland and Irish affairs, on Catholic emancipation and forty-shilling freeholders, we certainly could not have anticipated that a quarto volume of upwards of six hundred pages, filled with the calm inquiries of scientific minds, the patient research of the scholar, and the labour of the antiquary, should have issued from the Irish press. But so it is; and the fifteenth volume of the *Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy* proves, however the "agitation system" may have affected the popular mind, that there is another class of patriots who silently endeavour to advance the weal of their country, by appealing to the cool judgment of reflecting heads, rather than by stimulating the stormier passions of the heart.

Without farther preface, we shall proceed to our analysis. The Rev. Dr. Robinson, professor of astronomy at Armagh, has contributed two papers connected with his professorship: 1. On correcting observations made with equatorial instruments; 2. On correcting errors of the astronomical circle by opposite readings; and a third essay descriptive of a new air-pump, with an investigation of the limit of exhausting power in various constructions of that instrument. There is an essay of much ingenuity and learning on the theory of systems of rays, by Mr. Hamilton, Andrew's professor of astronomy in the University of Dublin; and Mr. Hamilton's predecessor, Brinkley, (now Lord Bishop of Cloyne),—a name pre-eminent for scientific reputation throughout Europe—has enriched the *Transactions of the Society* over which he so ably presides, by a communication "on the quantity of the precession of the equinoxes, as determined by certain stars

that appear to have no proper motion." A short account of a phenomenon of the rainbow, which his lordship observed on the 14th November, 1826, at the See House, Belfast, is given by the Bishop of Down and Connor (Mant)²; and the scientific portion of the volume closes with an interesting paper by Mr. Houston, on the structure and mechanism of the tongue of the chameleon.

In polite literature — (we follow the classification used by the Academy) — there is but one paper, entitled, "Remarks on the Irish Language, with a review of its Grammars, Glossaries, Vocabularies, and Dictionaries: to which is added, a model of a comprehensive Irish Dictionary; by James Scurry." What Mr. Scurry has done, has, in some measure, made converts of us to the facility of acquiring the Irish tongue; for he has clearly proved, by his able examination of the various grammars and dictionaries which exist, how much they are calculated to confuse and impede, rather than assist, the student. A dictionary on the plan proposed by Mr. Scurry would be a valuable acquisition not only to the Celtic scholar, but to the general etymologist and antiquary; and we have no doubt it would be gratefully received by the public.

"A dictionary is yet wanted," says Mr. Scurry: "1. To fix a standard of orthography from proved principles of analogy, and to decide which of the various modes wherein the same word is found in authors of former times should be adopted. 2. To point out the pronunciation of words according to the same principles, distinguishing provincial peculiarities. 3. To shew the genders of nouns, their genitive case singular and nominative plural; as also the masculine and feminine forms of adjectives, with their declensions, conformably with a grammar to be prefixed. 4. To mark the conjugation of verbs, and the case governed by each preposition. 5. To trace the etymologies of the words, to collate them with their correlates in the other Celtic dialects, and set forth their affinity to foreign tongues in orthography, sense, or sound. 6. Above all, to supply, as much as possible, the defects in preceding works of this nature with respect to numberless words not yet finding a place in any lexicon hitherto published. A grammar and dictionary formed upon this system would leave but little to be said or done by any future writers on the subject."

Mr. Scurry, in the specimen submitted by him to the Royal Irish Academy, has proved his qualifications for the task; and it would be, in our opinion, a proceeding worthy of that Institution, to support and encourage him to complete an Irish dictionary. Where ought the meritorious scholar to look for patronage but to those who have associated themselves for the object of promoting scientific inquiry, and investigations into national literature and antiquity?

The following are the grammatical treatises, glossaries, and dictionaries, critically examined by Mr. Scurry:—

Unalcept na n-Eigean.....	MS.
O'Molloy's Irish Grammar, printed at Rome, 1667	
Lloyd's ditto.....	Oxford, 1707
MacCurtin's ditto.....	Lovain, 1728
Vallancey's ditto.....	Dublin, 1773—1782
Halliday's ditto.....	Ditto, 1808
Nelson's ditto.....	Ditto, 1808
O'Brien's ditto.....	Ditto, 1809
O'Reilly's ditto.....	Ditto, 1821

Glossaries and Dictionaries.

Cormack's Glossary, MS.,..... 9th century.

* Mr. Scoresby has described some similar appearances seen by him in the North Sea; but these were much more imperfect than that observed by the Bishop of Down.

O'Dugan's ditto.....	14th ditto.
O'Clery's ditto, printed at Lovain, 1643	
Lloyd's Dictionary.....	Oxford, 1707
MacCurtin's ditto.....	Paris, 1732
O'Brien's ditto.....	Ditto, 1768
Shaw's ditto.....	London, 1778
Vallancey's Prospectus.....	Dublin, 1803
O'Reilly's Dictionary.....	Ditto, 1821

Although Mr. Scurry does justice to Mr. O'Reilly's Irish Dictionary, as the most copious published, yet he offers some severe remarks upon it, as well as upon Mr. O'Reilly's extensive resources, limited knowledge, and manifold inaccuracies. But of these, especially as they are made in a gentleman-like tone, we agree with Mr. Scurry in thinking that Mr. O'Reilly cannot fairly complain, as he has distinguished himself by his pedantic cavilling at the most trivial errors of others, both in his dictionary, and the volume which he compiled, under the title of "The Transactions of the Ibero-Celtic Society."

On antiquities there are four papers. 1. On ancient Irish deeds, chiefly relating to landed property, from the twelfth to the seventeenth century, with translations, notes, and a preliminary essay; by James Hardiman, Esq. 2. On a passage of Giovanni Leoni, commonly called Leo Africanus, mentioning a successful attack upon the coast of Africa by a powerful British fleet in the tenth century; by John Dunn, Esq. 3. An essay upon the state of architecture and antiquities previous to the landing of the Anglo-Normans in Ireland; by L. C. Beaufort, (a prize-essay.) And, 4. Some original letters from James VI. of Scotland and Chancellor Maitland to Robert Bruce, Minister of the Gospel; with prefatory remarks by William Bruce, D.D.

Mr. Hardiman's paper has considerable historical interest. The most ancient deeds given by him are without dates or signatures, "having been entered into before it became customary in these islands to affix either to written contracts. These belong to the 12th, 13th, and 14th centuries. The greater number, however, are dated. The earliest of the latter class occurs in the year 1419, and the latest in the year 1619, about which time the use of the Irish language in legal writings was discontinued."

We have only space to enable us to mention one or two points in these documents which appear curious to us as illustrative of Irish manners. In No. XXV. God with his angels are named as sureties that the rival chieftains O'Brien and Macnamara would not wage war against each other; and in No. XXXII. (1592) an award drawn up by Teige MacBrody, an Irish poet of considerable reputation, it is stated, in addition to other matters to which Loughlan Roe is entitled, that he is to have "a great cow which was killed for the funeral of John Mac Murrough O'Slaterry, together with all the wheat and liquor provided for the same."

Mr. Beaufort's dissertation on the early architecture of Ireland displays considerable research. After a short introduction, illustrative of the ancient state of the country, he proceeds to describe the cromlech, or stone altar,—the cairn, or heap of stones,—the Druidical circle, and the pillar stone. Then follows an account of the earthen works, which the writer classes under the barrow, lis, dun, rath, and moat. The perplexing subject of the round tower is managed with much skill. After an effort to prove that these buildings were erected before Christianity, Mr. Beaufort enters upon the analogy between them and the various pillar-towers described by Eastern travellers; and the conclusion at which he arrives is, that the

Irish round towers were built for the purpose of holding the sacred fire which the natives worshipped. In addition to this, he hints at the probability of these towers being used also as astronomical observatories, and the possibility of their being the gnomon to a huge sun-dial, like the obelisks at Thebes, and occasionally the station of trumpeters. The essayist adduces some strong arguments against the generally received opinion that the round towers were intended for belfries. But it would exceed our limits to enter into this discussion. The paper concludes with an account of the stone cells, or small chapels, which Mr. Beaufort calls fire-houses, and with some remarks on the earlier ecclesiastical and military edifices of Ireland.

From the general view which we have given of the contents of this volume, it is scarcely necessary for us to state, that its production is highly creditable to the Royal Irish Academy; and, on the whole, we are inclined to regard it as the most interesting in the series of their Transactions.

The Naval Officer.

VOL. II. of this professionally scandalous, and generally offensive, novel, commences with the Officer's amour with Eugenia (the Juliet spoken of in our last), which is the principal piece of romance introduced to diversify the real incidents of sea life. She is a well-drawn and interesting picture; and most of the touches about her are at once graphic and affecting. But she is left, with child, and our author sails again; and with the same ill luck as before with regard to the characters of his brother officers. A tyrannical lieutenant (p. 42) is succeeded by three examining captains (p. 135), all disagreeable and odious persons—a cruel, flogging, cowardly barbarian (p. 180), a Captain Whiffle (vol. iii. p. 92)—a Sir Hurricane Humbug (evidently Sir Isaac Coffin, p. 122)—and many others, none of them an honour to the profession of which the author is a member. Crossing the line, a natural history of the whale, a long account of a hurricane, passing examinations, dry journals of voyages to North America and the West Indies, &c. &c., all tedious and devoid of interest, fill up much of the remaining space, which is not very amusingly varied by a second version of the Red Rover, dissertations on impressment, and a sort of Robinson Crusoe adventure somewhere in the South Seas. To illustrate these parts we shall select a few of the traits of the officers so unceremoniously and coarsely handled by their meesmate.

The flogging Captain G.—"The brig was a most beautiful vessel. She mounted eighteen guns, and sat on the water like a duck. I perceived that the pendant was up for punishment, and this I thought rather an unusual sight at Spithead: I took it for granted that some aggravated offence, such as theft or mutiny, had been committed. Seeing I was an officer, I was admitted alongside; so I paid the waterman and sent him away. As I went up the side I saw a poor fellow spread-eagled up to the grating, 'according to the manners and customs of the natives,' while the captain, officers, and ship's company, stood round witnessing the athletic dexterity of a boatwain's mate, who, by the even, deep, and parallel marks of the cat on the white back and shoulders of the patient, seemed to be perfectly master of his business. All this did not surprise me: I was used to it; but after the address of my captain on the preceding day, I was very much surprised to hear language in

direct violation of the second article of war. Cursings and execrations poured out of his mouth with a volubility equal to any the most accomplished lady on the back of the Point. 'Boatswain's mate,' roared the captain, 'do your duty, or by G— I will have you up, and give you four dozen yourself. One would think, d—n your d—d, that you were brushing flies off a sleeping Venus, instead of punishing a scoundrel with a hide as thick as a buffalo's, and be d—d to him: do your duty, sir, d—n your soul.' During this elegant address the unhappy wretch had received four severe dozen, which the master-at-arms had counted aloud and reported to the captain. 'Another boatswain's mate,' said he. The poor creature turned his head over his shoulders with an imploring look, but it was in vain. I watched the countenance of the captain, and the peculiar expression which I could not decipher at my first interview I now read most plainly: it was malignant cruelty, and delight in torturing his own species; he seemed to take a diabolical pleasure in the hateful operation which we were compelled to witness. The second boatswain's mate commenced with a fresh cat, and gave a lash across the back of the prisoner that made me start. 'One,' said the master-at-arms, beginning to count. 'One!' roared the captain; 'do you call that one? not a quarter of a one. That fellow is only fit for fly-flapper at a pork-shop! I'll disrate you, by G—d, you d—d Molly Mop; is that the way you handle a cat; that's only wiping the dirt off his back. Where's the boatswain?' 'Here,' said a stout, gigantic, left-handed fellow, stepping forward, with a huge blue uniform coat and a plain anchor button, holding his hat in his left hand and stroking his hair down his forehead with his right. I surveyed this man as he turned himself about, and concluded that the tailor who worked for him had been threatened with a specimen of his art, if he stinted him in cloth; for the skirts of his coat were ample, terminating in an inclined plane, the corners in front being much lower than the middle of the robe behind; the buttons on the hips were nearly pistol-shot asunder. 'Give this man a dozen, sir,' said Captain G.; 'and if you favour him, I'll put you under arrest and stop your liquor.' This last part of the threat had more effect with Mr. Pipes than the first. He began to peel, as the boxers call it; off came his capacious coat; a red waistcoat, full-sized for a Smithfield ox, was next deposited; then he untied a black silk handkerchief and shewed a throat covered like that of a goat, with long brown hairs, thick as pack-thread. He next rolled up his shirt-sleeves above his elbows, and shewed an arm and a back very like the Farnese Hercules, which no doubt all my readers have seen at the foot of the staircase at Somerset House, when they have been to the exhibition. This hopeful commentator on articles of war seized his cat: the handle was two feet long, one inch and three quarters thick, and covered with red baize. The tails of this terrific weapon were three feet long, nine in number, and each of them about the size of that line which covers the springs of a travelling-carriage. Mr. Pipes, whose scientific display in this part of his art had no doubt procured for him the warrant of a boatswain, in virtue of which he now stood as the vindicator of the laws of his country, handled his cat like an adept, looked at it from top to bottom, cleared all the tails by the insertion of his delicate fingers, and combing them out, stretched out his left leg—for he was left-legged as well as left-handed—and

measuring his distance with the accurate eye of an engineer, raised his cat high in air with his left hand, his right still holding the tips of the tails, as if to restrain their impatience; when, giving his arm and body a full swing, embracing three-fourths of the circle, he inflicted a tremendous stroke on the back of the unfortunate culprit. This specimen seemed to satisfy the amateur captain, who nodded approbation to the inquiring look of the amateur boatswain. The poor man lost his respiration from the force of the blow; and the tails of the cat coming from an opposite direction to the first four dozen, cut the flesh diamond-wise, bringing the blood at every blow. I will not wound the feelings of my readers with a description of the poor wretch's situation. * * * * The last dozen being finished, the sum total was reported by the master-at-arms, 'five dozen.' 'Five dozen!' repeated Captain G.; 'that will do—cast him off. And now, sir,' said he to the fainting wretch, 'I hope this will be a warning to you, that the next time you wish to empty your beastly mouth, you will not spit on my quarter-deck.' 'Heavens!' thought I, 'is all this for spitting on the quarter-deck? and this from the moralist of yesterday, who allowed neither oaths nor execrations, and has uttered more blasphemy in the last ten minutes than I have heard for the last ten weeks?'

This captain is also a liar, superior to even Major Longbow. *Ex. gr.*

"Talking of broiling steaks—when I was in Egypt we used to broil our beef-steaks on the rocks—no occasion for fire—thermometer at 200—hot as h—l! I have seen four thousand men at a time cooking for the whole army as much as twenty or thirty thousand pounds of steaks at a time, all hissing and frying at a time—just about noon, of course, you know—not a spark of fire! Some of the soldiers who had been brought up as glass-blowers at Leith swore they never saw such heat. I used to go to leeward of them for a whiff, and think of old England! Ah! that's the country, after all, where a man may think and say what he pleases! But that sort of work did not last long, as you may suppose; their eyes were all fried out, d—n me, in three or four weeks! I had been ill in my bed, for I was attached to the 72d regiment, seventeen hundred strong. I had a party of seamen with me; but the ophthalmia made such ravages, that the whole regiment, colonel and all, went stone-blind—all, except one corporal! You may stare, gentlemen, but it's very true. Well, this corporal had a precious time of it: he was obliged to lead out the whole regiment to water—he led the way, and two or three took hold of the skirts of his jacket on each side; the skirts of these were seized again by as many more; and double the number to the last, and so all held on by one another, till they had all had a drink at the well; and, as the devil would have it, there was but one well among us all—so this corporal used to water the regiment just as a groom waters his horses; and all spreading out, you know, just like the tail of a peacock. 'Of which the corporal was the rump,' interrupted the doctor. The captain looked grave. 'You found it warm in that country?' inquired the surgeon. 'Warm!' exclaimed the captain; 'I'll tell you what, doctor, when you go where you have sent many a patient, and where, for that very reason, you certainly will go, I only hope, for your sake, and for that of your profession in general, that you will not find it quite so hot as we found it in Egypt. What do you think of nineteen of my men being

killed by the concentrated rays of light falling on the barrels of the sentinels' bright muskets and setting fire to the powder? I commanded a mortar battery at Acre, and I did the French infernal mischief with the shells. I used to pitch in among them when they had sat down to dinner; but how do you think the scoundrels weathered on me at last? D—n me, they trained a parcel of poodle-dogs to watch the shells when they fell, and then to run and pull the fuses out with their teeth. Did you ever hear of such d—d villains? By this means they saved hundreds of men, and only lost half-a-dozen dogs—fact, by G—; only ask Sir Sydney Smith, he'll tell you the same, and a d—d sight more.' * * * He continued his lies, and dragged in as usual the name of Sir Sydney Smith to support his assertions. 'If you doubt me, only ask Sir Sydney Smith; he'll talk to you about Acre for thirty-six hours on a stretch, without taking breath; his cockswain at last got so tired of it, that he nick-named him 'Long Acre.' * * * 'Capital salmon this,' said the captain; 'where does Billet get it from? By the by, talking of that, did you ever hear of the pickled salmon in Scotland?' We all replied in the affirmative. 'Oh, you don't take. D—n it, I don't mean dead pickled salmon; I mean live pickled salmon, swimming about in tanks, as merry as grigs, and as hungry as rats.' We all expressed our astonishment at this, and declared we never heard of it before. 'I thought not,' said he, 'for it has only lately been introduced into this country by a particular friend of mine, Dr. Mac—. I cannot just now remember his d—d jaw-breaking Scotch name; he was a great chemist and geologist, and all that sort of thing—a clever fellow; I can tell you, though you may laugh. Well, this fellow, sir, took Nature by the heels and capsize her, as we say. I have a strong idea that he had sold himself to the d—l. Well, what does he do, but he catches salmon and puts them into tanks, and every day added more and more salt, till the water was as thick as gruel, and the fish could hardly wag their tails in it. Then he threw in whole pepper-corns, half-a-dozen pounds at a time, till there was enough. Then he began to dilute with vinegar until his pickle was complete. The fish did not half like it at first; but habit is every thing; and when he shewed me his tank they were swimming about as merry as a shoal of dace: he fed them with fennel, chopped small, and black pepper-corns. 'Come, doctor,' says I, 'I trust no man upon tick; if I don't taste I won't believe my own eyes, though I can believe my tongue.' (We looked at each other.) 'That you shall do in a minute,' says he; so he whipped one of them out with a landing-net; and when I stuck my knife into him, the pickle ran out of his body like wine out of a claret-bottle, and I ate at least two pounds of the rascal, while he flapped his tail in my face. I never tasted such salmon as that. Worth your while to go to Scotland, if it's only for the sake of eating live pickled salmon. I'll give you a letter, any of you, to my friend. He'll be d—d glad to see you; and then you may convince yourselves. Take my word for it, if once you eat salmon that way, you will never eat it any other.'"

Our readers may laugh at this, though they may agree with us that it is rather overdone. And what may be thought of the following marvellous long shot?

"An event occurred here, so singular as scarcely to be credible; but the fact is well attested, as there were others who witnessed it!

beside myself. The water was smooth, and the day remarkably fine; we were distant from the shore more than a mile and a quarter, when the captain, wishing to try the range of the main-deck guns, which were long eighteen-pounders, ordered the gunner to elevate one of them and fire it towards the land. The gunner asked whether he should point the gun at any object. A man was seen walking on the white sandy beach, and as there did not appear to be the slightest chance of hitting him, for he only looked like a speck, the captain desired the gunner to fire at him; he did so, and the man fell. A herd of bullocks at this moment was seen coming out of the woods, and the boats were sent with a party to shoot some of them for the ship's company. When we landed we found that the ball had cut the poor man in two; and what made the circumstance more particularly interesting was, that he was evidently a man of consequence. He was well dressed, had on black breeches and silk stockings; he was reading Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, and still grasped the book, which I took out of his hand. We have often heard of the miraculous powers ascribed to a chance shot; but never could we have supposed that this devilish ball could have gone so far, or done so much mischief."

Another yarn:—"A very curious instance of muscular action occurred: a lad of eighteen years of age was on the fore-castle, when a shot cut away the whole of his bowels, which were scattered over another midshipman and myself, and nearly blinded us; he fell—and after lying a few seconds, sprang suddenly on his feet, stared us horribly in the face, and fell down dead. The spina had not been divided; but with that exception, the lower was separated from the upper part of the body."

Another, of the titled captain: "While he commanded a ship, he used to say, 'As sure as I shall sit in the House of Peers, I will flog you, my man;' and when this denunciation had passed his lips, the punishment was never remitted. With us, the reverse of this became our by-word; lieutenants, midshipmen, sailors, and marines, asserted their claim to veracity by saying, 'As sure as I shall not sit in the House of Peers.' This was the noble lord, who when in the command of one of his majesty's ships in China, employed a native of that country to take his portrait. The resemblance not having been flattering, the artist was sharply rebuked by his patron. The poor man replied, 'Al we, master, how can handsome face make if handsome face no have got?' This story has, like many other good stories, been pirated, and applied to other cases; but I claim it as the legitimate property of the navy, and can vouch for its origin as I have related."

"We sailed for the North American station, the pleasantest I could go to when away from Emily. Our passage was tedious, and we were put on short allowance of water. Those only who have known it will understand it. All felt it but the captain, who, claiming privilege, took a dozen gallons every day to bathe his feet in, and that water, when done with; was greedily sought for by the men. There was some murmuring about it, which came to the captain's ears, who only observed, with an apathy peculiar to Almack's, 'Well, you know, if a man has no privilege, what's the use of being a captain?' (We had always thought that on board a man-of-war the allowances were the same; and we must consider this tale to be another fling to deteriorate the navy.)

But we must now draw towards a close, and we do it with reluctance, as our gravest charges

must here be substantiated. Religious cant and self-accusations, followed up by incidents in the loosest of lives, form a medley most unpleasant to contemplate; and the juxtaposition of providential dispensations with the intemperate sins of a reckless sailor in every port, excite a degree of disgust irreconcilable with the idea of entertaining or instructive reading. When we add to this the frequent recurrence to indecorous topics, and to one matter in particular of the most odious filthiness, we must come to the conclusion that this is not a publication fit to be put into the hands of any decent female, nor even fit for general perusal. We can only refer to these sad errors in any gentleman who has taken up the pen of a public writer; and sincerely do we trust that no future production of our author's will be liable to the reproach which must justly fall upon him for his nasty allusions pp. 116, vol. ii.—67-8, 145, and 194, vol. iii.; and above all, the abominable, beastly story which occupies about a score of pages, 126, &c., in the same vol.* Independent of the offensive nature of these passages, one of them completely destroys the beauty of Eugenia's character; and the rest are at variance with every principle of delicacy professed by the author. With regard to the yet more objectionable parts in which religion is brought forward with, if possible, still worse taste, we must say, that the "special providence" which saved the hero from a shark (vol. ii. p. 59), and the other "singular dispensation" which rescued him from death (p. 299), are ill placed in a volume where the writer takes leave of a brother officer, shaking him by the hand, and "sincerely hoping that they might never meet again, either in this world or the next." But these sink into insignificance when compared with the shocking want of sense (to say the least of it) displayed in the *dénouement*. To make the Holy Sacrament of our Lord the machinery for giving a scenic effect to the end of a novel is monstrous and unpardonable;—we have some misgivings even about quoting it to justify our criticism. Mildmay has become repentant, and a bishop is described as his reformer.

"After a short conversation, he informed me that business would require his absence for two or three days, and that he would give me a task to employ me during the short time he should be gone. He then put into my hand a work on the sacrament. 'This,' said he, 'I am sure you will read with particular attention, so that on my return I may invite you to the feast.' I trembled as I opened the book. 'Fear not, Mr. Mildmay,' said he; 'I tell you, from what I see of your symptoms, that the cure will be complete.' Having said this, he gave me his blessing, and departed. He returned exactly at the end of three days, and, after a short examination, said he would allow me to receive the sacrament, and that the holy ceremony should take place in his own room privately, well knowing how much affected I should be. He brought in the bread and wine; and having consecrated and partaken of them himself, agreeably to the forms prescribed, he made a short extempore prayer in my behalf. When he had done this, he advanced towards me, and presented the bread. My blood curdled as I took it in my mouth; and when I had tasted the wine, the type of the blood of that Saviour whose wounds I had so often opened afresh in my guilty career, and yet upon the merits of which I now relied for par-

* We could not have believed that a subject so filthy and disgusting could ever have issued from the press in our day.

don, I felt a combined sensation of love, gratitude, and joy—a lightness and buoyancy of spirits, as if I could have left the earth below me, disburthened of a weight that had, till then, crushed me to the ground. I felt that I had faith—that I was a new man—and that my sins were forgiven; and, dropping my head on the side of the table, I remained some minutes in grateful and fervent prayer. The service being ended, I hastened to express my acknowledgments to my venerable friend. 'I am but the humble instrument, my dear young friend,' said the bishop; 'let us both give thanks to the Almighty Searcher of hearts. Let us hope that the work is perfect—for then, you will be the occasion of 'joy in heaven.' And now,' continued he, 'let me ask you one question. Do you feel in that state of mind that you could bear any affliction which might befall you, without repining?' 'I trust, sir,' answered I, 'that I could bear it, not only cheerfully, but thankfully; and I now acknowledge that it is good for me that I have been in trouble.' 'Then all is right,' said he; 'and with such feelings I may venture to give you this letter, which I promised the writer to deliver with my own hand.' As soon as my eyes caught the superscription, 'Gracious Heaven!' exclaimed I, 'it is from my Emily!'"

And this stage-trick of the bishop between the sacrament and the billet-doux concludes a novel as objectionable to decency, to morals, and to religion, as any of the vilest and less covert productions, disgraceful to that portion of the press which occasionally attracts prosecution for its crimes against society. In the present case, the offence is only rendered more heinous by the station of the parties, and the mode of publication, which are likely to thrust the work into quarters guarded against the more open inroads of the low, vicious, and demoralising.

Upham on Buddhism

In concluding our notice of this able book, we resume, where we left off, with extracts illustrative of the connexion between Buddhism and other religions, as well as with the early imaginative literature of other countries.

"The following exhibits the conformity in the doctrine of Islamism: 'The tree of happiness, or tuba, they fable, stands in the palace of Mahammed, though a branch of it will reach to the house of every true believer; and it will be laden with fruits of tastes unknown to mortals. So if a man desire to eat of any particular kind of fruit, it will immediately be presented to him; or if he choose flesh, birds ready dressed will be set before him, according to his wish. The boughs will spontaneously bend down to the person who would gather of its fruits, and will supply the blessed not only with garments,' &c. &c.—*Sale's Koran*, 127. From the roots of the tree flow rivers of water and milk, and honey and wine; also the river of life.

"The god Sekkrais resides in the great city Maha-soudassana, which has a square form; its gilded wall surrounding it being a perfect square. The gates are of gold and of silver, adorned with precious stones. Seven mounts surround the city, and beyond the last range a row of marble pillars studded with jewels; beyond which are seven rows of palm-trees, bearing rubies, pearls, gold, &c.; lakes, odoriferous flowers, and fragrant trees, with the palm-tree, are dispersed around. To the south of the city is the garden Parasa, and to the west that of Massata. To the north-east is a very large hall, extending every way 800

juzana; its circumference 900, its height 450 juzas. From its roof hang golden bells; and its walls, pillars, and stairs, shine with gold and precious stones. The pavement is of crystal, and each row of pillars contains 100 columns. The road to this hall is twenty juzana long and eighteen broad, bordered with trees bearing fruits and flowers. Whenever Sekkraia repairs to this hall, the winds shake off all the flowers (fresh ones instantly blooming on the trees), with which the presiding gods of the winds adorn the road in honour of his approach, and the flowers are so abundant that they reach up to the knees. In the centre stands the great imperial throne, surmounted by the white chettra, or umbrellas: it shines with gold, and pearls, and jewels. It is surrounded by the thirty-two shrines of the counsellors; and behind these the other Nat, each in his proper place: the four assistant gods also attend, while the inferior gods touch their musical instruments, and sing melodiously. The four assistant deities then command their inferior gods to go through this southern island, or the world, and inquire diligently into the actions of mankind; if they observe holy days, and laws (the Budha's precepts), and exercise charity. At this command, quicker than the winds, the messengers pass through this world, and having carefully noted in a golden book all the good and evil actions of men, they immediately return to the hall, and deliver the record* to the four presiding gods, who pass it to the lesser deities, and they onward until it reaches Sekkraia. He, opening the book, reads aloud; and if his voice be raised, it sounds over the whole heaven of Tavakeinza. If the Nat hear that men practise good works, and observe the Buddhist laws, they exclaim: "Oh! now the infernal regions will be empty, and our abode full of inhabitants!" If, on the contrary, there are few good men—"Oh! wretches," say they, *smiling*, "men and fiends, who, feasting for a short life, for a body four cubits in length, and a belly not longer than a span, have heaped on themselves sin, which will render them miserable in futurity!" Then the god Sekkraia, that he may induce men to live virtuously, charitably, and justly, speaks thus: "Truly, if men fulfilled the law (the Budha's precepts), they would be such as I am." After this he will, with all his train, to the number of 36,000,000 of Nat, return to the city with music.

"The doctrinal account of the Nagas, or snakes with human faces and the folds of the serpent; of the Asuras thrown into the ocean, and subsequently settling themselves in the regions of the air, intermediate between the earth and the heavens; of their *bon* or habitation being, in the doctrine, declaratory for a limited time;—all these are points of much interest; they are manifest transcripts of earlier records than the era of Gaudma. The action of the celebrated feast of the inebriating fruit, and of the rejoicings which followed the wavings of the Nat god, and preceded the fact of a Budha being about to appear on earth, has clearly been a doctrine in the East in the earliest ages, and throws back original Buddhism to a period of time long anterior to the commencement of the law of Gaudma. The historical details of the popular celebration of this

identical festival* held in honour of the Budha will demonstrate how deeply rooted its practice had become at a very early period of history, and what strong ground there is to infer that we have preserved a memento of it in many of our common games and old customs, practised in remote parts of our own island even to the present day. The third god, called Wiroe Pakshe, rules the North, and is, with his servants, as ruddy as the blood-red coral. He is supreme over the Naga-batteyo, or the Cobra-copiles, inhabiting the heavens. The upper part of the body of these snakes has the shape of a human being; and the lower part, from the middle, that of a snake. Himself and attendants can assume at will the shape of men and of birds, or of any animals; they can become the same as rocks or trees, or take any inanimate form. These Naga snakes are deemed Nat deities, and have the power of transforming themselves into all shapes, excepting in the four following cases: 1. in rest by sleep; 2. falling to death; 3. eating of terrestrial food; 4. intercourse with mankind. In these hints, we evidently trace out the serpent fables, forming the structure of the imagery and enchantments of Eastern fictions.† The connexion of

* "The Persians and Babylonians held a festival, which they denominated Saces, from their god Saca, or Budha Sacya. During his festival, men and women gave themselves up to the most unrestrained drunkenness and lasciviousness."—*Selden de Diis Syriæ*.

"It has been inquired, why this festival was called Saces; and some have imagined that it was instituted by Cyrus, in commemoration of a victory which he obtained over the Scythians, Saca; but there is nothing in it which resembles the commemoration of a victory. Berosus mentions the festival by its name Saces, as a Babylonian institution, and Ctesias, in those books which treat of times preceding Cyrus. Hecychius calls it a Scythian festival; he likewise tells us that the Babylonian Seches was the appellation of the planet Mercury or Budha. From the old Persico-gothic festival, our Christianised forefathers of the middle ages, whose ancestors emigrated out of the north of Iran and Hindostan, borrowed their ecclesiastical mummery of the Abbot of Miarule, and other singular practices."—*Faber*, li. 497.

"Among the Celtic nation, the new moon nearest to the winter solstice was peculiarly celebrated. The chief Druid went into the woods on that night, and cut with a golden sickle a branch of the mistletoe of the oak, called Gihah in the Celtic. The people also cut branches for themselves, and carried them home, after they had been blessed by the chief Druid, whence the usage of adorning our churches with evergreens. In France, at the Christmas gambols, as late as the reign of Louis XIV., when they were suppressed on account of their irregularities, traces of the Druidical usages were found. A man, personating a prince (*roi follet*, 'a mummer'), set out from the village into the woods, hawking out, *Au gui menes, le roi le veut*; the monks followed in the rear, with their begging-boxes, which they rattled, crying *fire-fire*, and the people put money in them, under the fiction that it was for a lady in labour. Persons in disguise (*guicards*) forced into dwelling-houses, playing antic tricks, and bullying the inmates for money and choice victuals, crying, *fire-fire, fire-fire, maint du diable et point du die (pie)*. Hence, says the late Professor Robison, of Edinburgh (from whose work on Natural Philosophy, p. 300, this note is taken), evidently was derived the guicarts of Edinburgh, and their cry 'Hog menay, troll lollay, Gie's your white bread, and none o' your gray.' The old French *au gui menes* and the Scottish *hog menay* are plainly corruptions of the Greek *áyin pávin*, 'holy moon,' which was *anciently supposed to be in labour at the time of the conjunction or new moon*. Perhaps *fire-fire* may be a corruption of *tirez*—draw forth, and 'put money for the king'; namely, *roi follet*, the mummer."—*Hale's Chronology*, l. 153.

"The season of the epagomene, or days of carousal, were celebrated at Babylon, similarly to the Saturnalia at Rome; and it was during their excess, and the consequent inebriety of the guards, that her gates of brass were opened, according to the word of prophecy, the river drawn off, and her empire for ever destroyed. Quintus Curcius represents the Babylonians as excessively addicted to wine and the consequences of ebriety. The season, character, and connexion, of the holy moon in the Christmas gambols in France mark it as an Eastern fragment, the moon being figured as labouring under the same eclipse as the planet Rahoo."

† "The Nagas, or dragons, thus invested with great power, and the capacity of assuming divers forms, as well as of conferring great benefits or signal injuries, throughout the whole detail of their caverns, their power of enchantments, and the restrictive penalties which accompany these rare gifts, form the basis of the wonder-working fictions of Arabia. Thus, the fairy who preserved Zobeide from her envious sisters, had been bound in her

the Nagas or Cobra-copile serpents with mountains is equally strong in Hindulism. In the Dherma Sastra both Nagas and Garudas are named as races of men descended from Atri; but in the language of mythology, the Nagas or Urugas are large serpents, and the Garudas immense birds, like the simorg of the mountain Caf. The king of the serpents formerly reigned in Chackra Giri; and his subjects were obliged, by the power of Garuda, to supply that enormous bird with a snake each day: their king, at length, refused to give the daily provision. This enraged Garuda, who threatened to devour the snakes and their king: nor would his menaces have been vain, if they had not all retired to Sancha Dwipa, where they settled between the Cali and the sea, near the station of Swami Carticeya, god of arms, where they are supposed to live still unmolested, because Garuda dares not approach that more formidable divinity. 'Then,' says the Indian writer, 'they who perform yearly and daily rites in honour of Sancha Naga will acquire immense riches.' The mountains of snakes are mentioned by the Nubian geographer, and are to this day called Hubab or Snake, and the same region was named Ophiusa by the Greeks, who sometimes extended the name to the whole African continent. The breath of the Naga king is believed to be a fiery poisonous wind; and by this hypothesis they account for the simoom, which blows from the mountains of Hubab through the whole extent of the desert. 'Astica, a rishi or saint, so overcame the royal Naga, and reduced his size, as to carry him about in an earthen vessel; and crowds of people are now said to worship him at the place of his residence, near the river Cali.' This legend resembles that of the snake, Haridi, of Upper Egypt; and so intimately is the scenery of mountains associated with these beings, that the same term applies to both. Thus 'Naga, or motionless, is a Sanscrit term for a mountain; and Naga, its regular derivative, signifies both a mountain snake and a wild elephant."

Imperfect as these extracts are, we must conclude with them. The extraordinary and important coincidences displayed in every page of this book, throw a wonderful light on all the religions of the world, on classic mythology, and, in short, on almost all questions, buried in the depths of antiquity, which interest the inquisitive mind of man. It is a work

natural form as a Naga, and for a time became liable to death; under the suspension of her privileges, she was preserved by Zobeide, and she amply rewarded her preserver for the aid which she generously lent her. The fairy Earl Banou, in the romantic and delightful tale of Prince Ahmed, is one of the very same class, an inhabitant of Jugandera, living in a Naga cavern, and drawn from these Buddhist representations; and such also are the acquired persons of the three brothers, the far-sighted telescope, the apple that gives life, and the self-conveying carpet: these have all their prototypes in different legends of the Budhas; but especially the beautiful story in the Arabian tales of the Prince Simoustapha and Setepedour, queen of Ginnistan, is entirely cast upon these Nat regions throughout its incidents. The supernatural mist which shrouds Simoustapha, and which nearly costs him his life, is a Naga power; as also the punishment of chaining the rebellious genius to a pillar, and then breathing scorching fumes on the desert to increase its sterility. Every portion of the narrative might be wrought out to meet its exact counterpart, in direct accordance with the feelings and sentiments of the followers of the Budha, which were never more prone to place reliance on the value and power of charms and talismans, than at the present period, as our late warfare evinced. Thus Dr. Buchanan relates—"The late Maymoon of Pegu was constantly occupied in digging and searching for a temple which he had dreamt of as containing treasure, and which had the power of rendering itself visible or invisible; and says, 'all good people were in consternation on account of certain robbers, who, by a power in magic, are supposed able to change themselves into tigers, or other wild beasts, and thus, without danger of detection, can commit their nocturnal spolia.'"—*Asiatic Researches*, v. 173.

* "Zachariah, l. Then said I, O my Lord, what are these? And the angel that talked with me said unto me, I will show thee what these be. And the man that stood among the myrtle-trees answered and said, These are they whom the Lord hath sent to walk to and fro upon the earth. So they walked to and fro upon the earth, and they said, We have walked to and fro through all the earth, and behold all the earth sitteth still and is at rest."

of sterling value, and must have a place in every good library.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Ecarté; or, the Salons of Paris. Post 8vo. 3 vols. London, 1829. Colburn.

THIS is another of those detestable publications whose only tendency can be to deprave the minds of even the most superficial and thoughtless readers. It is not easy for us to describe it, certainly not to expose it, without polluting our pages with obscene extracts. Suffice it, therefore, to say, that if you suppose a coarse and vulgar writer attempting to paint with his utmost of warmth and vividness the vice, harlotry, and prostitution of the worst resorts of a dissolute city, you will have some idea of this noxious "fashionable novel." Unfit to be seen beyond the precincts of the stews, the profligate manners of which it describes, *Ecarté* is merely less pernicious in consequence of the contemptible talent of its would-be libertine and licentious author. The only public notice, indeed, that it deserves, is such as is bestowed by prosecution upon indecent prints, the class of productions of which it is the companion.

The Extractor. 8vo. pp. 642.

THIS is the first volume of an extremely entertaining miscellany, extracted from Reviews, Magazines, and Journals, from November to February 1828-9, and printed in the commodious method of double columns. It thus contains a vast quantity of matter, and the selections are made with much judgment, from the important and interesting field which our modern periodical literature offers to the choice, in every branch of intelligence which can divert and inform the public. It is a nice book to take up either for five minutes or an hour at a time.

The Divine Origin of Christianity, &c. By J. Sheppard, author of "Thoughts on Private Devotion." 2 vols. 12mo. Whittaker and Co.

THE arguments are deduced from some of those evidences which are not founded on the authenticity of Scripture, on miracles or prophecies, and depend chiefly on collateral proofs. The Abbé Bullet and Dr. Lardner are much referred to; but the writer has consulted many other authorities, and produced altogether a work of considerable ingenuity, skill, and ability.

Heaven Opened, or the Word of God: being the Twelve Visions of Nebuchadnezzar, Daniel, and St. John, explained. By Henry Addis, B.A. 8vo. pp. 453. London, 1829. J. Robins.

THE label on the back of this volume startled us not a little; for it is briefly, "*Heaven Opened, by H. Addis*;" and we were rather reconciled upon looking into the interior, to find that it was only another of those vain attempts to expound things far above the reach of human knowledge. The pride of learning, vanity, fanaticism, and insanity, have all, at times, led very clever and eccentric persons to set themselves up as interpreters of the prophetic writings: some have displayed piety, eloquence, and good intentions; but even the best have laid themselves open to the reproach of entertaining mistaken notions, and consequently of being blamed by the most wise, intelligent, and pious men of the age. Indeed, their labours are but too much calculated to bring the Scriptures into disrepute, and injure the best interests of Christianity. And Mr. Addis is one of these: he fancies he has dis-

covered "*the name and number of the name of the Apocalyptic sea-beast of St. John*, which we (it seems) completed last year;" and with this key he has opened the heavens, and developed the whole arcana of prophecy!!! Far be it from us to pretend to understand such matters: all that we can ascertain for the satisfaction of our readers is, that (if spared by the comet in 1832) they may see Rome pillaged by the Russians in 1843; and, should they live long enough, witness the millennium in 3178, about which period the number of the *Literary Gazette* will be somewhere about No. 59,520, the oldest and longest-continued periodical that ever was in existence!

Ulysses Homer; or, the Discovery of the true Author of the Iliad and Odyssey. By Constantine Koliades, Professor of the Ionian University. 12mo. pp. 67. London, 1829. Murray.

WHO Homer was, it would be very difficult to tell. Whether an individual, or a collection of wandering voices, is a matter in dispute. Our author has assumed, from the exactness of his details, that he must have been one of the heroes of the Iliad; and if one of these, Ulysses. He also contends, from the accuracy of the descriptions of Ithaca in the Odyssey, that the king of that island was the poet,—a further proof of his being also the bard of the Iliad. All the difficulties in the way of this hypothesis are overleapt in a summary manner; but still the essay is very curious, and not the less interesting, as being only the promise of a larger work on the same topic. M. Koliades considers himself to be a descendant, through Eumæus, of the kings of Scyros; and in his youth he traversed and examined every ~~thing~~ mentioned in these immortal poems, for the purpose of ascertaining their authenticity. This alone imparts much value to his labours; and though we cannot say that he identifies Ulysses with Homer, we can say that his labours are so interesting as to induce us to look with impatience for what is to follow.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, March 16.

PRAYERS in the morning, vespers at four o'clock, dinner at six, and *soirées* at ten—*voilà* the fashionable division of time, and the Parisian method of gaining Paradise. Last evening a magnificent *soirée* was given by his majesty, to which the select number of twelve hundred were invited. Neither the toilette of the guests, the splendour of the decorations, or the luxury of the refreshments, bespoke the season of Lent; but, thanks to the tutelar saints, and the privileged beings of this world who hold converse with angels, an amicable arrangement for indulgences may be made with the abodes above.

Amongst the anecdotes of the day, one which has caused considerable sensation in the scandalous circles, is a story concerning a lady of some rank and little penetration. It appears that, during the winter months, Madame la Comtesse de — met frequently, in the public walks and at the theatres, a very prince-like-looking personage: his stately carriage and *bonne tournure* proclaimed, as she supposed, his noble birth, and a pair of mustaches which overshadowed his upper lip appeared to be the pledge of battles won. This *beau chevalier*, perceiving that he had attracted the regards of the lady in question, ventured to address a letter to her, which epistle she imprudently answered: correspondence ensued, and

was only interrupted by the unfortunate dame perceiving him, whom she supposed to be a prince in disguise, behind an English nobleman's carriage, *en costume de chasseur*.

Were it not for the concerts at the Conservatoire, and some musical entertainments given by the virtuosos of the age, we should, I believe, forget that harmony still exists; for what with political differences, religious controversy, and the warfare between the *classique* and *romantique*, we live in a happy state of discord. The Parisians are beginning to discover the merits of Beethoven; therefore we have now two parties, the Rossinists and Beethovenites; each of whom try to depreciate the genius of one artist, to heighten that of the other. It would seem that merit in itself has no foundation, and can only rise by the fall of a rival.

In case that killing is proved to be no murder, and that the law for assassinating *gratis* takes place, I understand that an insurance-company for the safety of heads is to be established by a society of *mouchards*: by paying a hundred francs a year, the life of each individual is to be guaranteed from the blow of a poniard, from poison, and drowning; and should any of the subscribers fall a victim to malice, notwithstanding precautions, the said insurance society is to remit ten thousand francs to the heirs at law.

Yesterday, a man of ninety-nine was buried at Père-la-chaise, and was followed to his grave by twenty children, fifteen grand-children and great grand-children. Happily, such populations are not common! The deceased, it appears, had buried six wives, and married the seventh: he died in the full enjoyment of his senses, and assured his numerous progeny that he did not regret life, as he knew he was about to rejoin the ~~str~~ beloved partners of his days, who had gone before him. Few men, I fear, would be consoled by such an idea in their last moments, or at any moment of their existence!

The Duc d'Aumont, the King's *premier gentilhomme*, has presented Mlle. Noblet with a superb service of china, in his majesty's name, as a mark of his admiration for her talents. Actresses are on the rise; and they will soon be not only admitted generally into society, but will also be allowed entrance to paradise without letters of recommendation from the spiritual hierarchy!

Since the publication of "*Le dernier jour d'un Condamné*," we are inundated with "*last days*." Amongst the number, however, there is one worthy of notice—"Le dernier jour d'un Employé;" this volume contains a faithful picture of the sufferings of those who are suddenly deprived of the means of existence. But in vain authors write or draw misfortune in true colours; no one reads from any other view than that of *passer le temps*.

We have some new country dances, composed by M. Val Fleury, which are all the vogue here. "*Le valse au châlet*," by the author of "*Robin des Bois*," is converted into a rondo, *qui fait furie* in the musical salons.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

MARCH 20.—Mr. Ainger delivered some observations "on the development of the origin and early history of the steam engine."

The first steam apparatus noticed by Mr. Ainger, was Hero's, 130 years B.C. It was very simple in its construction, and could not be applied on a large scale with success: Hero invented three varieties. The next noticed

was that of Porta, the translator of Hero, in 1606. Porta, it appears, was the first "practicable" steam engine ever made. De Caus' followed, in 1615: it was a mere siphon, acting either by compressed air, capillary attraction, the labour of animals, as well as by the use of fire. Branca's, in 1629, appears to have been the first steam engine applied with success to useful purposes; its precursors having been nothing else than experimental toys. Branca's was also exceedingly simple in its principle, the steam being made to discharge itself against the cogs of a wheel, thereby imparting to it a circular motion, which gave impulse to other parts of machinery, as in the present day. Mr. Ainger, in succession, noticed the various improvements, or perhaps, more properly speaking, the differences in the engines of the Marquess of Worcester, in 1663; Gue-ricke, in 1672; Papin, in 1690; Savery, in 1699; Newcomen, in 1705; and Papin, also in 1707. Amongst all these varieties, that of the Marquess of Worcester more nearly resembled the useful steam engine.

The lecturer then exposed the fallacy of M. Arago's theory and arguments, contained in one of the French almanacs for 1829, and gave notice, that if agreeable, the subject should be resumed and followed up at a subsequent meeting.

In the library was a printing-press, invented by Bramah, for the purpose of printing the date and numbers of the Bank of England note; also models of parabolic sounding-boards, invented by the Rev. John Blackburn, one of which was erected in Attercliffe Church, and an account of it contained in a former *Literary Gazette*. In addition to the above, there were on the library-table four voltaic troughs, being those with which Mr. Humphry Davy, in 1807, decomposed potash and soda, in the laboratory of the Royal Institution.

COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

MARCH 23. Dr. Roberts in the chair. There were three papers read by Dr. Wilson at the assembly this evening: the first was on the efficacy of dashing cold water over the face of patients, particularly females, who labour under obstinate nervous and convulsive diseases; many cases were mentioned in which this remedy had been employed successfully, where all other medicines had failed: this paper was by Dr. Charles Mansfield Clarke.

The second paper embraced some curious and exceedingly interesting extracts, from a MS. left by the late eminent anatomist Mr. James Wilson. Among them was an account of the *post mortem* examination of the body of the celebrated Dr. Samuel Johnson: the details were related in the technical language of the profession. It appeared that the disease of which Dr. Johnson died was dropsy: on the morning of the day on which he expired, he became impatient for his medical attendants; rather than wait their arrival, he seized a lancet, and himself laid open both his legs; an immediate loss of about twelve ounces of blood was the consequence, which occasioned his death a few hours afterwards. Amongst other peculiarities, his heart was remarkably large and strong. Perhaps the most singular fact was, that the head of the great moralist and lexicographer was not opened! but Gall and Spurzheim were not in those days, for Johnson died in 1783.

The third paper was an account of the operation of lithotomy, performed on a horse, by Mr. Sewell, of the Veterinary College.

Some finely prepared skeletons of the bo-

constrictor and poisonous serpent, the ostrich and pelican, were placed in different parts of the hall: they were presents to the College; and their exquisite finish drew forth repeated observations. The conversazione was well attended.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

MARCH 24.—The manufacture illustrated in the meeting of this evening was that of glass. The Secretary began by stating the general physical properties of glass, and next adverted to its chemical characters. He first mentioned those substances, such as boracic acid and oxide of lead, which are by themselves convertible into glass by heat; and then proceeded to the enumeration of those, such as silica and the fixed alkalies, which afford glass by fusion with other bodies, though not verifiable *per se*. He next entered on the history of glass—stated that it was probably first produced incidentally, as semi-vitreous slag, in the reduction of metallic ores—that the blue, brown, yellow, and purple opaque glass, of which are formed the eyes of the frets in the capitals of the tetrastyle Ionic portico of the triple temple in the Acropolis of Athens, are perhaps examples of such slags—that the manufacture of glass as such, seems to have commenced at Sidon; and that the glass spoken of by Aristophanes as having been common in the shops of the pharmacopoli-ists at Athens was probably of Phœnician fabric. He then traced the art of glass-making from Sidon to Alexandria, and thence to Rome—detailed at some length the many interesting particulars respecting glass to be found in the works of Lucretius and Strabo, of Virgil, Horace, and other writers of the Augustan age, of Martial and of Pliny; and illustrated this part of his subject by the exhibition of specimens of antique green Egyptian glass, in the form of heads and small figures and lachry-matories—of opaque, enamelled, and transparent coloured glass, in imitation of gems, found at Rome—and of bottles for wine, found at Pompeii. The lecturer concluded the history of this substance by some notices respecting the application of glass to windows by the Romans, and its subsequent introduction in the seventh and eighth centuries into France and England, chiefly for ecclesiastical buildings. He then proceeded to modern glasses, which he divided into three families; namely, those which have for their flux alkaline earths alone—those which have the alkalies, alone or mixed with alkaline earths, for their flux—and those of which the flux is a mixture of fixed alkali and of oxide of lead. He next described those processes of manufacture common to all the blown glasses; the preparation of the materials—the construction of the kiln—the process of fritting, fusing, and refining—the tools employed—and the general method of giving to glass the required form. He then explained, and illustrated by experiments, the difference between annealed and unannealed glass. The spontaneous decomposition of even the hardest glasses by the continued action of moisture, was next treated of, and illustrated by some very interesting specimens; and the lecture concluded by a description of the remarkable change in structure and other properties occasioned by exposing glass to the continued action of a heat somewhat less than that required for its fusion, by which it is converted into Reaumur's porcelain, of which a very fine specimen was exhibited. The Secretary announced that the subject would be resumed at the next meeting; when the different kinds of window glass, of plate glass, of flint glass, and of coloured glass, would be

described, and of which some very splendid specimens would be exhibited.

The other articles shown were, a very curious water-clock, belonging to H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex, President of the Society; some specimens of dyes fixed on silk by the ammoniacal liquor of coal, from Mr. Winsor; a model by Messrs. Cottam and Hallen, exhibiting their arrangement of the apparatus for warming rooms, conservatories, &c., by hot water; two models by J. Higgins, Esq., illustrating his three-wheel carriages; some Indian bronzes, and other articles, furnished by R. H. Solly, Esq.

MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

THE general meeting of this Society was held on Tuesday evening, at their rooms in Sackville Street, Earl Stanhope in the chair. The noble earl read letters from the King of Spain and the Archduke Anthony of Austria, expressing their desire to become members of the Society. His lordship observed, that the Society must feel highly gratified to hear the sentiments expressed by the Archduke Anthony, and the opinion he entertained of this highly useful Institution. Similar sentiments had been expressed by the King of Spain, who had, in the most prompt manner, consented to become a member; and as it was the first instance of a King of Spain becoming a fellow of any society out of his own dominions, it was esteemed an additional honour.

Mr. Frost then made some observations on the qualities of the several plants which had been placed on the table for the evening; amongst them were *Rosmarinus officinalis*, *Canella laurifolia*, *Myrtus pimenta*, *Daphne mezereum*, *Helleborus fatidus*, &c., most of which had been furnished by Mr. Campbell, a gentleman well known for his facility in "flowering" rare exotics.

Dr. Whiting next delivered a very interesting lecture on *materia medica*, and in which he made some observations on the obstacles thrown in the way of medical men in their pursuit of anatomical knowledge. To cramp the profession in the pursuit of acquaintance with the infirmities of the human body, was, he said, as irrational as to put out a man's eyes, and then reproach him with blindness. The services of the resurrectionist might, in a great measure, be dispensed with, if medical men who attended a patient in any dangerous or peculiar complaint, were allowed, after death, to examine the body. He was glad that the measure had been taken up by several distinguished individuals; and he hoped that the day would come, when medical men would have facilities afforded them for obtaining a good scientific education.

W. A. Mackinnon, Esq. F.R.S. was proposed as a member.

SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION IN EGYPT.

Letter from M. Le Normand.

Island of Philæ, Dec. 6, 1838.

[AFTER describing the extraordinary impression made upon him by the grandeur of Thebes, the writer proceeds:]

In the evening of the day that we left Thebes (Nov. 26), we were at a short distance from Hermonthis, where we arrived the next day. The wind being unfavourable to our further progress, we stopped the whole day about a bad temple of the time of the Ptolemies. The examination of this edifice, which is truly wretched in comparison with others, acquainted us with some curious facts, and showed us the state of degradation to which

the Egyptian worship had fallen before the country came under the dominion of the Romans.

[M. Le Normand here gives an account of the paintings in the temple of Hermopolis, coinciding with that of M. Champollion.]

On the 29th we arrived at Ene. I had some purchases to make, and wanted to see the great temple, considered by Denon as the masterpiece of Egyptian architecture. M. Champollion immediately crossed to the other bank, where he hoped to find the temple of Contra-Lato: we therefore separated for this time. I went to convince myself anew, when looking for the columns of the temple amidst the bales of cotton belonging to his highness the viceroy, of the strange mistakes sometimes committed by Denon and the commissioners of the great expedition, in examining the Egyptian monuments,—taking the most recent edifices for the most ancient and the best. I hastened to join Champollion, whom I found much more disappointed than myself, because he had arrived just ten days after the complete destruction of the temple which he sought. A similar adventure awaited us the next morning at the temple of Eleuthia; and this was a more serious matter, since it was a monument of Sesostris, the loss of which we had to regret. Adding to these two temples the two at Elephantina, the largest of which was, perhaps, the most perfect monument of Egypt, and the little temple of Ombos, the greater part of which has been recently washed away by the Nile, we have a list of five temples destroyed, to be added to the five or six which I have mentioned in my former letters. We may therefore wager, that if the European powers do not interfere, in twenty years hence there will not be a monument remaining in Egypt.

When we left Eleuthia a violent wind arose, which carried us in a few hours to Silsilis, where are the quarries of free-stone which furnished the materials for the principal edifices of Thebes. These quarries are themselves monuments, on account of the inscriptions with which their sides are covered. There is also a temple excavated in the rock, like that at Beni-Hassan. We set out again in a hurry, and in the evening were moored at the foot of the ruins of Ombos, the capital of the last Nome of Egypt.

I perceive that in what precedes I have omitted a day, for between Eleuthia and Silsilis is Edfou, with the great temple of Apollinopolis Magna. The temple at Edfou has a striking appearance, on account of its size; but the caprices of the most fantastic Gothic are mingled with the lines of a style of architecture which pleases only by its austerity; and the sculpture of the Ptolemies, which is, at the most, tolerable in subjects of small dimensions, is at once insipid and stiff in those colossal figures, in imitation of the monuments at Thebes, with which the outer walls are covered. However, it is the best preserved of all the Egyptian temples, and furnishes means to facilitate the understanding of the others.

To return to Ombos. We found there a great temple of the time of the Ptolemies, but in a better style than that of Apollinopolis. The situation, besides, is extremely picturesque, and the tint of the stones admirable. The place chosen for the site of this great edifice is at a bending of the Nile, on the summit of an insulated hill, now entirely covered with ruins. The Egyptians seem to have been in general less careful in this respect than the other nations of antiquity. The sands of the desert, which now cover all the neighbouring

plain, have encroached upon the sacred enclosure, and hardly more than one third of the columns of the temple remains visible. On the rapid declivity towards the river are heaps of ruins, which appear ready every moment to roll into the abyss below.

We were lamenting that we so often met with edifices that were only two thousand years old, when, walking round the outer wall, I perceived a little door, which seemed to be inserted into the wall, like a relic. On approaching, I read the names of Morris, and of Queen Amesé, his mother; and I recognised in this preservation a religious care taken, by the builders of the new temple, of the little that remained untouched of the ancient edifice destroyed by the Persians. This first discovery having put me on the way, I found among the broken stones many fragments of the ancient building, which had been employed and turned in the more recent work, and I collected enough of them to enable Champollion to recompose the dedication of the original temple.

[Next morning a visit to an Arab village is described; picturesque, but not necessary for our epitome of this expedition.]

We remained two days at Assouan, to visit an indifferent little temple. On the evening of the second day we slept at Phike, where we have now been for three days. Its monuments, which are all of the Greek and Roman period, are, nevertheless, precious, from a perfection of preservation of which there is no other example in Egypt.

I regret that I shall not be able to acquaint you by letters of the sequel of my expedition in Nubia. I decidedly quit the expedition, which remains here for some days, for want of boats to proceed up the river. I have hired a bark, and laid in provisions as if for a sea voyage. Nothing is to be had fit Nubia but milk, mutton, and the leaves of a kind of French bean, which are dressed like spinach. There is something inconceivable in the construction of a Nubian bark. There is not a branch but what is crooked; the joints are stopped up with earth; and yet they serve. My crew consists of five men, including the rais, or captain, all black as coal. I shall be ten days in reaching the end of my voyage; that is to say, the temple of Semmé, one day's voyage beyond the second cataract. This last excursion interests me the more, as it may serve to explain the most important of the historical problems to which the expedition has yet given occasion. Thence I shall descend the river as rapidly as possible,—shall stop five or six days at Thebes, and then return to Europe.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR APRIL.

THE opportunities have been very few for astronomical observations during the preceding three months, arising from the turbid state of the atmosphere, which so frequently, in our fickle climate, renders unavailing long and laborious calculations. Some remarkable instances of disappointment arising from this cause are on record:—that of the transit of Venus across the sun's disc in 1761, to which the scientific world had directed their attention for 130 years; on the morning of its occurrence the clouds intercepted a view of its commencement in some places, and totally obscured it in others, to the great mortification of some of those who had undertaken expensive voyages to observe this rare phenomenon in distant countries. A Russian astronomer travelled over a considerable portion of the northern parts of Asia to obtain a view of a transit of Mercury, but was ultimately

disappointed by the state of the atmosphere. Captain Franklin, in one of his Northern Expeditions, looked forward with considerable interest to the occurrence of a solar eclipse; but when the period arrived, an impenetrable veil prevented the conjunction from being visible. In 1826, a French astronomer calculated that a comet would pass over the sun's disc; and expresses were sent to various scientific societies in Europe, to inform them of the circumstance; but in no instance was there a cloudless sky to afford an opportunity for observing so singular a spectacle.

3d day—the sun will be eclipsed in France, invisible to the British isles.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
● New Moon in Pisces	3	10	27
○ First Quarter in Gemini	10	18	17
○ Full Moon in Virgo	18	18	22
○ Last Quarter in Capricornus	26	9	53

The moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Mercury in Aquarius	1	11	39
Venus in Pisces	2	18	45
Mars in Taurus	6	13	45
Saturn in Cancer	11	9	15
Jupiter in Scorpio	22	8	7

Venus and Mercury will be too near the sun for satisfactory observation. Mars is moving between the Pleiades and Hyades. 9th day, 16 hrs.—in conjunction with a Tauri. Jupiter rises shortly before midnight in the south-east. 17th day, 13 hrs. 45 min.—Saturn in quadrature. 26th day, 8 hrs. 30 min.—Uranus in quadrature.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, March 21.—On Thursday the following degrees were conferred:

Bachelor in Medicine (with license to practice).—J. W. Moss, M.A. of Magdalen Hall, and of Dudley, Worcester-shire.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. E. Strong, Exeter College; W. G. Meredith, Brasenose College; Rev. S. L. Pope, Trinity College.

Bachelor of Arts.—C. Kuper, Postmaster, Milton College.

CAMBRIDGE, March 21.—At a congregation on Wednesday last the following degrees were conferred:

Masters of Arts.—Rev. G. O. Townshend, Rev. W. G. Cookeley, Fellows of King's College; Rev. J. Jackson, St. John's College; Rev. J. Luxmoore, Pembroke College; Rev. E. Walford, Corpus Christi College.

Bachelors of Arts.—R. Hawthorn, St. Peter's College; W. J. Burford, Trinity College.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

MARCH 26. The President in the chair.—A paper was read, entitled, "on the effects of the respiration of oxygen gas," by S. D. Broughton, Esq. Dr. Wallich, Dr. Eliotson, and Mr. Hennell, were admitted fellows. A ballot took place on the certificate of Joseph Joplin, Esq., of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and of Camden Town, Middlesex: at its close, an examination being made, it was found that Mr. Joplin was not elected; the number of negative balls being to the affirmative as about 2 to 1.

Among the presents, we noticed the Map of the vicinity of Cheltenham, published by the Board of Ordnance; Professor Franchini's work, *La Scienza del Calcolo Sublime*; and original MSS. Observations on the Rise and Fall of Tides, &c., made at St. Helena, and presented by the Rev. Fearon Fallows, Astronomer Royal at the Cape of Good Hope.

Dec. 18.—A paper was read, entitled, "an attempt to rectify the inaccuracy of two logarithmic formulae;" by J. T. Graves, Esq., communicated by J. F. W. Herschel, Esq., V.P., F.R.S.

The discovery made by Poisson and Poinso, during their recent researches on angular sections, of errors in trigonometrical formulae usually deemed complete, drew the attention of

the author to an analogous incorrectness in logarithmic series. He accordingly proposes, in the present paper, to exhibit, in an amended form, two fundamental developments; the principles employed in the establishment of which admit of application in expanding, by different methods, various similar functions, and tend also to elucidate other parts of the exponential theory. He then enters into an analytical investigation of the equation $a^x = y$; and exhibits correct developments, first of y , in terms of a and x ; and secondly, of x in terms of a and y ; the corresponding developments hitherto given being incomplete. He considers the principles employed in this inquiry as presenting a solution of many difficulties, and illustrating peculiarities appertaining to the theory of logarithms of negative quantities; and when applied to geometry, as furnishing the means of tracing the form and developing the properties of curves whose equations involve exponential quantities. He also states, that by their means various differential and other formulae, usually exhibited in treatises on logarithms, may be rendered complete. An appendix is subjoined, containing several examples of these applications of his principles. In the course of his investigations, the author endeavours to explain the remarkable anomaly which frequently presents itself to the analyst of developments, in which, upon substituting a particular value for the variable in each, there is no approximation to numerical identity between the several resulting series calculated to any number of terms, and the respective functions which they ought to represent. He combats the paradoxical opinion which has been advanced, that equations which in particular instances were numerically false, were yet analytically true; and explains the difficulty by reverting to the limitations inherent in the hypotheses upon which the development is founded. He maintains, in opposition to the opinions of Jean Bernoulli and D'Alembert, that the logarithms of negative numbers are not in general the same as their positives; and hence infers, that negative numbers have occasionally even real logarithms. The chief novelty of his system consists in shewing that any assigned quantity, relatively to a given base, has an infinite number of orders of logarithms, and an infinite number of logarithms in each order.

Another paper was read, entitled, "experiments on the modulus of torsion," by B. Devan, Esq.; communicated by the President.

The object of the author in this paper is to ascertain the modulus of torsion in different species of wood, and also of metals, deduced from experiments on a large scale, which he conceives will furnish many useful data applicable to practice by the mechanic and engineer. Care was taken that the specimens of wood which were the subjects of experiment were sound and dry, and free from any large knots; and their correct dimensions were ascertained by an improved kind of calipers. In every specimen two indexes were attached; one a few inches from the end fixed in the clamp, and the other at a small distance from the attachment of the lever to which the straining power was applied; and the length of the bar subjected to torsion was estimated by the distance of the points of attachment of the indexes. A pivot was fixed at the supported end of the bar, in the line of its axis. The author gives the following rule for finding the deflection of a prismatic shaft—namely, that it is equal to the product of the straining power into the square of the radius by which it acts, and into the length of the shaft divided

by the modulus of torsion into the fourth power of the side of the square shaft. He then gives a table of the modulus of torsion in different woods, which he finds to vary from about nine to thirty thousand pounds, and to follow nearly the order of the specific gravity. In the metals the modulus of torsion is one-sixteenth of the modulus of elasticity.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MARCH 26. Hudson Gurney, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—The reading of the Rev. Mr. Webb's paper on the Abbey of Gloucester was concluded. A very interesting communication from William Hamper, Esq., of Birmingham, was read, relative to Stonehenge, with extracts from the Wilton chartulary, among the Harleian MSS., in the reign of King Athelstone, 937. Mr. Hamper proved that a passage from the Saxon chronicle, which was supposed to relate to Stonehenge, has been erroneously translated, and has been the cause of numerous mistakes relative to this celebrated monument of antiquity. A report from the auditors on the last year's accounts was read, by which it appeared that the total receipts were 1,527l. 4s. 8d., while the disbursements amounted to 1,796l. 2s. 5d., and that the capital of the Society was 8000l. stock three per cent consols.

A ballot took place for the Rev. John Breton and Robert Lanyon, jun., Esq., who were declared to be duly elected.

THE LITERARY FUND.

ON Wednesday, the 11th, the annual election of officers, &c. for this excellent Institution took place. Only one vacancy appeared in the list of vice-presidents, occasioned by the resignation of a great benefactor to the fund, Mr. Snodgrass; and the place was filled up by the election of Lord F. L. Gower, who had previously taken a warm interest in the prosperity of the Society. In the council, the Rev. W. Fallofield was chosen, *vice* the late Dr. George Pearson; and to supply places in the general committee of management, B. B. Cabell, Esq. T. Crofton Croker, Esq. and Dr. Arnott, were elected. The meeting had to regret the absence of its invaluable chairman, Sir B. Hobbouse, on account of indisposition. It was stated that a high and distinguished body of nobility and gentlemen had consented to act as stewards at the anniversary dinner in May, which consequently promises to be very beneficial to the interests of struggling literature, whose claims on public sympathy and compassion are so deeply involved in the administration of relief from this association.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.†

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE in the chair.—Mr. Phillips began this discourse with some remarks on taste, enjoined a strict adherence on the part of the students to system, which he stated to be not only not injurious, but necessary, and was studied by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and many other eminent artists,—all of whom, by attention to it chiefly, became stronger as they

* Among these we find the names of Lords Shrewsbury and Goderich; the Presidents of the Royal Society and Royal Academy; Sir T. Duckett, Sir T. Phillips, R. H. Inglis and W. A. Mackinnon, esqrs. M.P., Dr. Sleath, Dr. Paris, and other distinguished literary characters; to whom we have no doubt some valuable additions will be made before the day of meeting.—Ed. L. G.

† A slip, containing two or three notes of a different lecture by the same professor, was blended, by oversight, with the report of the last lecture. The sentences relate to the Bolognese school of art; and, to use an artist's phrase, are so much in keeping with the outline of the lecture, that the mere reader of the report will not observe any discrepancy.—Reporter.

grew older. Again recurring to taste, the lecturer, in reference to those artists who, like the low Venetian masters, made the materials of their art subservient to the caprice of the day, observed, that taste of this order, when undirected by judgment, led to exaggeration; and those who preferred that mode of exciting interest must be content with the uncertain and unsubstantial praise to which it is entitled—uncertain, inasmuch as it depends upon a union of taste between the painter and observer; unsubstantial, because it is always associated with the fluctuating empire of fashion—truth and beauty alone being stable and unchangeable. Some correct and spirited remarks on invention followed. It is here, said the lecturer, that art becomes artifice without degradation; such artifice a painter is obliged to employ; his ingenuity is for ever put to the test to compensate deficiencies, to curtail redundancies, and to disguise and ameliorate unfavourable circumstances. Mr. Phillips next characterised expression as the soul of composition, the compass of the painter's imagination, the guiding-star which leads him most surely to the attainment of durable fame, by the sympathy which it excites in the minds of others. He then pointed out the great importance of a proper attention to perspective, so that each figure in a picture might have its proper station awarded to it with relation to others, and room for itself in accordance with the character of its own action. Raffaele, Poussin, Rubens, and other great masters, were here quoted as admirably attentive to this important point. In their works the figures did not interfere with each other: great attention was also paid to the position of the principal figure; it was always conspicuous as the centre from which the subordinate parts emanated. This was effected by a variety of means—by form, station, mass, light, dark; and at the same time, the less important parts evidently tending and conducting the eye of the spectator towards it. This part of the subject was illustrated by referring the students to the Cartoon of Raffaele—in the Delivery of the Keys to St. Peter—the Miracle at Lystra—the Elymas—and the Ananias. The lecture closed with a few remarks on proportion, which, although a mechanical mode of producing the beautiful in composition, was necessary, as rendering a picture more grateful to the eye, and consequently more attractive.

SUFFOLK STREET GALLERY.

BEFORE entering into any detail of this exhibition, we may observe that the alterations which have been made in the gallery since last year are highly advantageous; particularly as they regard the room set apart for sculpture, and that appropriated to miniatures, drawings, and prints. Of the sculpture-room we can truly say that it is better calculated for the exhibition of works in that class of art than any other in the metropolis. By a new arrangement, also, it is no longer the passage to the great room; so that it need not be visited by those whose fastidious delicacy finds offence in the display of the beautiful forms of the human figure, even when rendered in that cold material, marble.

In our last No. we stated that the exhibition contained many pictures highly honourable to our native school. We shall proceed to select a few of the most prominent and striking. In this class is undoubtedly—

No. 1. *The Departure of the Israelites out of the Land of Egypt.* D. Roberts.—The late venerable President of the Royal Academy,

when he first saw Mr. Martin's picture of "Joshua," said him the just compliment of remarking that he had broken fresh ground in the fields of art. That ground Mr. Martin has since cultivated with great industry and success; but we wish that Mr. Roberts had not plunged his ploughshare into the same soil. It would certainly be worse than the Egyptian bondage, the escape from which he has chosen for his subject, to confine him or any artist to a certain walk of the art; but Mr. Roberts has shewn a great deal too much original power not to induce us to regret seeing him condescend to be an imitator. It is probably, however, but a single freak of fancy; and, although we cannot flatter him by saying that he has imparted to his picture all that indistinct but stupendous sublimity which usually pervades Mr. Martin's canvases, we can truly assert that both in conception and in execution his performance is a magnificent work. His architectural forms are replete with grandeur; and the multitudinous mass of the departing people is admirably represented. By the by—we do not wish to be hypercritical—but, if we remember our Bible rightly, the departure of the Israelites was at midnight.

No. 132. *Borrowdale, Cumberland.* T. C. Holland. — A delightful combination of the sublime and the beautiful, the lowly and the elevated, the peaceful valley and the towering mountain: a scene fruitful in themes for the poet and subjects for the painter,—of the rich variety of which Mr. Holland has availed himself with his usual talents and taste. The incident of the clouds gathering among the lofty heights, ready to pour their liquid contents upon the plains below, is a striking feature; and upon the whole we consider this performance as one of the noblest and happiest efforts of the artist's pencil.

No. 188. *Erle Stoke Park, near Devizes, from the South-west; the seat of G. Watson Taylor, Esq. M.P.* C. Stanfield. — A gentleman's seat! How unpromising the title! and how agreeable the disappointment of the spectator, who is gratified with the view of an extensive and picturesque champaign, diversified by every beautiful variety of form, enriched by most pleasing tones of colour, illuminated by Rubens-like gleams of brilliant light, and relieved by judiciously-placed masses of profound shadow! Mr. Stanfield's performance is perfectly natural; neither exaggerated on the one hand, nor in the slightest degree commonplace on the other. It is a landscape which captivates at first sight, and yet on which the eye can long dwell without satiety. We may add, that it is as remarkable for its exact fidelity in every detail, as for its fine general effect as a painting.

No. 43. *Daphnis and Chloe, in an Italian Landscape, with the Palace of the Cæsars, the Temple of the Sun and Moon, the Campagna and Mountains in the neighbourhood of Tivoli.* J. Glover. — The figures which give it a name are by no means the best portion of this elegant and classic picture, which displays some of the finest qualities of art, and in which the serene and the dignified contribute to the production of a very noble and Claude-like composition.

No. 14. *Interior of a Cow-house.* T. Clater. — With enough of the Flemish character, in colouring and effect, to justify us in considering this very clever picture as, in some degree, an imitation both of Teniers and of Rembrandt, there is enough of English feeling in it to entitle it to the praise of originality. Mr. Cla-

ter's figures and his accessories are in perfect accordance. His dairy-maid has none of that minding prettiness which is too frequently the substitute on canvases for the unaffected personification of a rustic character; and the various accompaniments are executed in a masterly manner.

No. 20. *Far from Home.* W. Poole. — The name of this artist is new to us; but we predict that he will one of these days attain to a distinguished rank in the British school. His present picture represents a little Mulatto girl, sitting by the sea-shore, and gazing pensively at that mighty body of waters which separates her from those whom she loves, and whom she is probably destined never more to behold. Mr. Poole has treated his subject with much simplicity and pathos: perhaps if his model had possessed a little more refinement, the sentiment would have been more complete; but we are by no means sure of this. The picture is painted with great breadth and force; the colouring, however, is somewhat monotonous,—partaking too much throughout of a dingy olive.

[To be continued.]

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A SKETCH.

"THEY'RE passing now adown our vale;
Come, leave the old beech-tree,
And let that humming wheel be staid;
Come here and gaze with me.

Hark, hark, the gallant trumpet's note,
The war-drum rolls around;
The crimson banners seem to float
More proudly at the sound.

Those noble steeds, how each proud neck
Bends to its rider's hand,
Although the steel-wrought rein is held
As 't were a silken band!

How bold they ride!—as Victory sat
Beside each snow-white crest;
Battle is in each eager eye,
And I can dream the rest.

Each lance is gleaming in the sun,
War meteors, how they shine!
How glorious is the soldier's lot!
I would such lot were mine!"

She raised a sudden tearful glance
Upon his glowing brow:
Why should her cheek be so snow-pale,
For his is crimson now?

And her sweet face is wont to be
The shadow of his own,
Where every passing change of his
Is in a mirror shewn.

"Such, O my Ulric, would'st thou be
One of yon warrior band?
Why there is death in every heart,
And blood on every hand.

Bethink thee of how many tears
Must wash the stains away,
That dim bright armour and proud brow,
Before the close of day.

I think upon the lonely hearth,
The desolated home,
The fond hearts listening for the step
That never more will come.

I think on the linked love of years,
One moment hath undone;
I gaze on yonder happy child,
And weep the orphan one."

He met her sad eyes' sweet reproach,
He caught each gentle word;
The trumpet woke the winds again,
But it passed by unheard. L. E. L.

BIOGRAPHY.

ARCHDEACON NARES.

WE have this week to record and deplore the death of a highly esteemed friend, the Rev. and venerable Archdeacon Nares, who departed this life on Monday, at the age of seventy-six. His health had been for some months visibly declining; but he was only about a week confined to his chamber. It is out of our power, at present, to attempt any thing like even a biographical sketch of this eminent scholar and divine, of this truly amiable and excellent man. If ever an individual deserved pre-eminently the title of "literary," it was Archdeacon Nares; his habits had all reference to literature and its pursuits; his life was a life of letters and the cultivation of valuable knowledge. His writings consist chiefly of divinity, criticism, classics, and philology—commencing with 1782, and finishing (we think) with his admirable *Glossary* in 1822—a long and distinguished career of industry, talent, learning, usefulness, and virtue.

We have also this week to regret the death of William Stevenson, Esq., a gentleman of high literary attainments, of whom a short memoir shall appear in our ensuing *Gazette*.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE LATE DUEL.

EVEN if our *Literary Gazette* did not possess the loop-hole of a division dedicated to "Sketches of Society," in which we can range matters that do not strictly come under the heads of science, the arts, or literature, still we should consider the recent duel between the Prime Minister of England and another distinguished nobleman, to be so much an event worthy of historical record, that we would offer no excuse for laying the particulars before our readers. They seem to us to be very interesting; and appearing in this paper, we need hardly say that they are accurate and genuine.

We confine ourselves to what actually took place on the ground, leaving all political question and all the correspondence (already given by the newspapers) out of our view; which is meant rather to supply the information most looked for by the public, and yet wanting to complete the account of this memorable transaction.

The Duke of Wellington and his second, Sir H. Hardinge, rode to the ground, one of the Battersea Fields; Dr. Hume (an old Peninsular and campaigning friend of his grace) having previously been directed to repair to the same spot. On the doctor's arrival with the pistols and munition of war, which of course the equestrians could not conveniently carry, he found the latter in waiting; and on getting out of his carriage was jocosely accosted by the Duke of Wellington, with, "Well, Hume! I suppose you are surprised to find me here;" for it seems the worthy physician was not aware who was the principal for whom his services had been required; but, having been hastily summoned from Earl Camden's by Sir H. Hardinge, supposed that gallant officer to be the combatant. In a short time the Earl of Winchelsea and the Earl of Falmouth drove up; and the former apologized for being late, in consequence of his coachman having gone to Putney instead of Battersea Bridge. The parties were now assembled; but there happened to be a person whetting

a sith* in the enclosure where they met; and, to escape observation, they leapt a ditch and sought a more retired situation. Here the ground, twelve paces, was measured; but, in consequence of the position of some trees, a remark was made by Lord Winchelsea, which led to an immediate change of place, where Sir H. Hardinge again measured off the same distance. The pistols were now produced and loaded; the duke's by Dr. Hume, as his second has lost an arm in battle; and we believe the learned doctor also gave his aid in this respect to Lord Falmouth, whose anxiety for his friend was evinced by considerable and honourable emotion. The preliminaries being thus far settled, and the parties placed on the ground, it was arranged that Sir H. Hardinge should simply ask, "Are you ready?" and being answered in the affirmative, give the word "Fire." Hardly a moment elapsed ere this was done. "Are you ready?" "Yes," distinctly from both. "Fire!" The duke instantly raised his pistol, and fired at his opponent, without doing him (or his clothes, as absurdly rumoured,) the slightest injury. The Earl of Winchelsea then raised his weapon upright, and discharged it in the air.

The Earl of Falmouth upon this approached Sir H. Hardinge, and presented a paper, with which that gentleman and the Duke of Wellington walked away a few paces; when his grace turning round quickly, said, "This is no apology! To be effectual, the word *apology* must be introduced into the body of the document." To this Lord Falmouth felt it to be his duty to assent, and the word was accordingly inserted in pencil by that noble lord.

The paper being then returned, the duke and his second immediately mounted their horses, and his grace slightly touching his hat, they rode from the ground.

Such were the circumstances attending this remarkable affair; and we have only to add, on authority not to be doubted, that nothing could exceed the gravity and intrepid bearing of the Earl of Winchelsea throughout the whole of the rencontre; and that his adversary also displayed the utmost sang-froid and self-possession.

Since writing the above, we have been informed that a sealed letter from Lord Winchelsea was in the possession of the seconds, to be opened in the event of his falling. A friend, on whom we can entirely rely, has since had an opportunity of reading this composition, and he assures us that it does the highest honour to the head and heart of the noble writer. From the same authority we learn, that when the illustrious Premier arrived at Windsor Castle, whither he went a few hours after the duel, he transacted his public business with the King before he mentioned what had taken place. On explaining the circumstances which led to the meeting, it was found that his Majesty had never read the letter of Lord Winchelsea in which the original offence was given. It was therefore necessary to send into the town for a newspaper containing this document, upon the receipt of which the minister thought it proper to leave his royal master for a while, to afford leisure for its uninfluenced perusal and consideration. On his return, it is stated, his Majesty expressed himself to the effect that it was a matter of personal honour and feeling; and that being a soldier, his grace might perhaps be more sensitive on such points than an individual of a different class in society. He there-

fore supposed that the course pursued had been unavoidable.

We give these latter circumstances as we have heard them; and have but a few words by way of apology to add from ourselves. The Athenians were great newsmongers; and Alcibiades wishing to carry an important point without their giving it too much consideration, had his favourite dog's tail cut off. On being asked why he did so, he replied, "Your very question answers itself: while the Athenians are wondering and asking each other why I have done this strange thing, I shall carry my measure unperceived and unimpeded by them." Last Saturday the Duke of Wellington challenged and fought a duel with Lord Winchelsea.

MUSIC.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

BEETHOVEN'S "Pastoral Symphony," with which the third Philharmonic Concert on Monday last commenced, was, in more than one sense of the word, the first piece of the evening. The spirit and animation of M. Mori, the leader, seemed to pervade the whole band. The variety of rural life which this musical idyl attempts to depict in four movements, viz. in the "Serene feelings on the arrival in the country;" in the "Scene am Bach;" in the almost bacchanalian mirth of the country people; and lastly, in the thunder-storm,—requires much more than a mere mechanical attention to crotchets and quavers. On this account, the symphony is perhaps the most difficult of any in our list, though the score shews it, if we except the bold modulations of the last movement, to be sufficiently easy. Leaving now the country people to recover from the thunder-storm fright, we journey in the agreeable society of M. Sapio "Through the forests," of C. M. von Weber, and find Mr. Willman enrapture an attentive audience by the warblings of his clarinet. Marschner is a German composer, who, only last year, gained a considerable reputation by the music to "Der Vampyr;" but the overture to this new opera, performed this evening for the first time, is quite unworthy of the Philharmonic, which the subscribers seemed much more aware of than the directors. The servile imitation of Weber's style, and the introduction of his ideas from the overtures to the "Ruler of Spirits" and "Euri-anthé," strikes one in the very beginning. Mozart's aria, "Qui sdegno non s'accende," by Mr. Phillips, after Haydn's Sinfonia No. 7, was deservedly encored. That praise was due to the steady, correct holding out of clear, low notes; and Mr. Phillips's tranquil and placid, if we must not say cold or inanimate, manner, suits no air better than this from the flauto magico. A French youth, M. Artôt, jun., performed, for his *début* in this country, a concerto on the violin, by Kreutzer, and was much applauded. What we should least expect in a young man of fourteen or fifteen, he played the singing passages with a great deal of expression; and in this he might have done still better, if his fiddle had been put in better tune for him. Rossini's duetto, "Ella oh! Ciel!" by Miss Paton and Mr. Phillips, and Romberg's Overture, Don Mendoza, were in every respect calculated to keep the company in the good humour to which the preceding pieces had disposed them.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

On Tuesday a most superb ballet, founded on the story of Massianello, was produced at this theatre with prodigious effect. It is, indeed,

the most magnificent and striking thing of the kind ever seen in this or any other country; and does much honour to the genius of Deshayes and the profuse liberality of Laporte. We are prevented from saying more till next Saturday, but that the scenery by the two Grieves is beautiful and effective beyond description; the management of the ballet, in which three hundred performers are engaged, and the acting, far superior to the best we have ever witnessed; and that the cost was (we believe) fully £1,300. The success was, of course, triumphant; and there will be no more empty boxes, or benches, or stalls, this season.

DRURY LANE.

On Saturday an unfortunate farce by Mr. C. Dibdin, called *Sixes and Sevens* produced the effect of its name upon the audience, and was condemned. It wanted incident.—The *Provoked Husband* has been revived with a strong cast, though Miss Phillips in *Lady Townley* was not so successful as Miss Phillips in tragedy. Liston's *John Moody* is original and great; Young's *Lord Townley* a fine piece of genteel comedy; Cooper in *Manley*—Farren in *Sir F. Wronghead*—and Browne in *Count Basset*, all that could be wished. Harley is Suffolk instead of Yorkshire in his dialect, but always alive. Mrs. Faucit, Mrs. Jones, and the other ladies, acquitted themselves ably; only Mrs. Love Calcraft (as we hear the lady now called in the theatre) was rather a town romp than a country hoyden in *Miss Jenny*.

SURREY THEATRE.

It is not often that we can transport our critical selves to the remote regions of Surrey, where, in spite of the distance from civilisation, theatrical amusements are carried on with considerable spirit and corresponding success. Elliston, we hear with pleasure, is nightly displaying comic powers, little, if at all, inferior to his earlier efforts. *Mr. Sims*, a musical two-act piece, too, has become a popular favourite; and a "patter" song in it, sung by the lively Mrs. Fitzwilliam, we believe, one of the component parts of the publication so humorously announced among our Literary Novelties.

Mr. Henry at the Adelphi.—London, just now, swarms with anomalous exhibitions, to fill up the leisure of the listless on the off-play nights;—those blanks in the existence of hundreds who cannot think they live when there are no theatres open. To such persons, and, indeed, to every inquisitive mind, we would recommend a call at the Adelphi, to see Mr. Henry perform his wonders. If you wish to find thirty sovereigns in your hand, when only twenty were paid into it, go to Mr. Henry, and he will shew you that such things can be. If you have a difficult conundrum, ask Mr. Henry to guess it, and he will cut a lemon into halves, then into quarters, and out of the quarter which you select shall fly the solution, tied to the leg of a little living canary-bird. Besides these things, and a thousand others equally amazing, you shall see a lovely landscape, which, while you are gazing upon it, changes into a different picture, and so strangely, that you cannot tell at what point it, has changed: all you know is, you were looking at one, and are looking at another. Mr. Henry plays the musical glasses too,—raises ghosts of the dead, and fetches (as our Hibernian friends call them) of the living: he does all these various feats equally well,—and, if we may judge from the house we saw, with no trifling profit to himself, and certainly a profit which his skill richly merits.

* A part of Emblem of old Time: and not the most pleasant monster on such an occasion.—Ed. L. G.

VARIETIES.

Napoleon.—M. Hereau, a French surgeon, has published a work to prove that Buonaparte did not die of any hereditary disorder, but that the cause of his decease was "une gastrite chronique avec perforation," exacerbated by bad treatment.

Sciatica.—Oil of turpentine has been employed lately in France in the treatment of sciatica with great benefit to the patient.

The Pinchague.—The Indian inhabitants of several villages in the neighbourhood of Popayan, in New Granada, frequently talk of an enormous animal, which, according to them, exists in the mountains by which their valley is bounded to the east. This animal, which they call the pinchague, is to them at once an object of alarm and of respect. Mixing with the Christian religion, which they profess, remnants of their old superstitions, they believe in a kind of metempsychosis; and they think that the soul of one of their ancient chiefs has passed into the pinchague; and that when this mysterious animal makes its appearance, it is to give warning to the descendants of that chief of some evil by which they are menaced. The animal is in all probability a tapir.

Fossil Humerus.—A fossil humerus has lately been found in a shelf of sulphur, discovered four years ago near Narbonne, which there is some reason to believe is human. This bark of sulphur is about two leagues from the cave in which some human bones have lately been picked up, which are believed to be fossil. It is a geological question of great importance. No positive fact has hitherto demonstrated the existence of human fossils, and the subject is undergoing a strict investigation by the French Academy.

Astronomy.—M. Plans, an astronomer attached to the observatory at Turin, in a paper inserted in the Transactions of the Royal Society of London, in 1826, threw out some doubts with respect to certain difficult points in the *Mécanique Céleste*. The most important referred to the great inequalities of Jupiter and Saturn, depending on the square of the perturbing power; and long calculations led him to a result opposite to that of the celebrated work in question. The Academy of Berlin lately offered a prize for an investigation of the cause of the discrepancy between the inferences of M. Laplace and of M. Plans. M. de Pontécoulant, a French staff-officer, has in consequence produced a paper, in which he enters into all the details of the subject, and endeavours to shew that the *Mécanique Céleste* is right, and that M. Plans's calculations are erroneous.

Earthquakes.—Earthquakes have been very rare in the Netherlands; not above a dozen, at most, are upon record: it is therefore rather remarkable, that no fewer than three occurred in that country in the course of the last year; the first, which was also the most violent, on the 23d of February, the second on the 21st of March, and the third on the 3d of December. It is a very singular fact, that at the time of the last shock the barometer at Brussels rose considerably.

A meeting of the Philosophical Society was held on Monday evening, the 16th, the Rev. Temple Chevallier in the chair. The reading of Professor Whewell's paper was concluded, "on the application of mathematical reasoning to certain theories of political economy;" in the course of which the author maintained, that a tax on agricultural produce does not fall entirely upon consumers, as has

been asserted by some writers, but mainly upon rent. A paper was also read by Mr. Willis, "on the theory of the sounds produced by combining pipes and reeds, as regards their vowel quality." After the meeting Mr. Willis exhibited experiments in support of this theory, shewing the constancy of the same vowel for the same length of tube, in whatever situation the reed be applied; and some also illustrating the influence of the length of the pipe upon the vibrations of the reed.—*Cambridge Chronicle*.

Volcanoes.—The smallest known volcano on the face of the globe, in a state of activity, is the little island of Coosima. A Russian naturalist thus describes it in the Memoirs of the Academy of St. Petersburg:—"In the month of May, 1806, returning from Japan, and passing the island of Jesso, and Cape Sangar, to cross the Kourile Islands, and go thence to Kamtschatka, we fell in with the two little volcanic islands of Coosima and Coosima. It is well known that the greater part of the rocks and mountains of this archipelago are more or less of a volcanic character. The pointed summit of Coosima, which forms the smallest known volcano on our globe, and which continually emits smoke, is only a hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea. It is naked, barren, and of a bluish colour. Not a single plant, not even a blade of grass, is to be seen on this volcanic rock. The island of Coosima, which is only six leagues distant, is somewhat longer, and appears to be equally sterile. The coasts of these little islands are a favourite resort of whales."

Russian Foundlings.—As a proof of the condition of Russia in the memorable year 1812—a year so injurious to that country, and so fatal to France,—it is stated, on good authority, that of 417 children received that year into an asylum for foundlings at Archangel, 317 perished for want of sustenance!

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Mr. Washington Irving's interesting account of the romantic war of the Moors in Grenada is to be published in little more than a fortnight.

A new edition of Mr. Sadler's work on Ireland will be ready about the same time. It is a curious anecdote in the publishing world, that the whole of the remaining copies of the former edition were sold the day after he had delivered his eloquent speech against Catholic concession, in the House of Commons.

Mr. Southey's Dialogues on the Progress and Prospects of Society will, we understand, appear before Easter.

The Biography of Captain Beaver, a work of a similar nature to the Memoirs of Lord Colingwood, is announced for early publication.

The Pilgrim of Compostella is the name of Mr. Southey's new poem: and it will be ready in a few days. The story, we are told, is founded on a very curious old Spanish legend.

Elements of Natural History, or an Introduction to Systematic Zoology, chiefly according to the Classification of Linnaeus; with Illustrations of every Order, by John Howard Hinton, A.M.—will shortly appear.

Mr. Mantell, F.R.S., author of Illustrations of the Geology of Sussex, the Fossils of Tilgate Forest, &c. &c., is preparing for publication a Popular Sketch of the Geology of Sussex.

A second edition of Willmot Warwick is announced; and also another volume.

Mr. Sharpe, the proprietor of the Anniversary, announces a new periodical at Midsummer next, combining engravings from the finest works of British art that can be procured, with contributions from the pens of the most distinguished writers of the day.

Nearly ready, The British Preserve; comprising accurate representations of Animals and Birds peculiarly the object of the Sportsman; drawn and etched in characteristic style by S. Howitt; with concise and familiar descriptions of the subjects, illustrative of their habits, manners, &c., by Charles Armiger.

The following "Announcement" is so characteristic and amusing, that we offer no excuse for copying it verbatim of *literatim* into our literary news:—"The author of Whims and Oddities has the honour of informing the public that, encouraged by the popularity of the Ballads in the first and second series of that work, he intends to communicate a succession of similar vocal crotchets, to

run alone without the help of an octavo. Sally Brown, Faithless Nelly Gray, and Mary's Ghost, have been patronised by many public and private singers; but unfortunately they were adapted to as many airs—sometimes even to jigs; and the natural result was an occasional falling-out between the words and the melodies. Judging that it would be better for those verses to be regularly married to music, than that they should form temporary connexions with any rambling tunes about town, Mr. J. Blewit has at last kindly provided them with airs that are airy of character, and made their alliance with music of the correct and permanent kind. The same gentleman has undertaken the same good office for the forthcoming Comic Ballads; and his well-known skill and talent will insure that all unhappy differences between Sound and Sense will be amicably composed. In fact, the words and the airs will be intended for each other from the cradle—like Paul and Virginia. It is intended that the new Ballads shall start in couples. Two to make a Number, and a number of Numbers may be bound to the library, as a volume, for a term of years. The work will be set with variations. Occasionally there will be a duet or trio, to accommodate those timid vocalists who do not choose to make themselves particular in a solo, or those whose singers of sociable habits who prefer giving tongue in a pack. One word about the words. They will be merry and wise. Not a jest will be admitted that might be liable to misconstruction by the Council of Negs. The Comic Muse has been too apt to mistake liberty for license, and has been proportionately licentious; the Comic Ballads will be as particular as *Sonnet* or *Allegro* in their regard for good morals. Nothing, in short, will be inserted but what is out for the female ear. To conclude—the said Melodies will be issued by Messrs. Clementi and Co., of Cheapside. Be sure to ask for 'Comic Melodies,' as all others are counterfeits, and not benefits, to the proprietors. The first Number is expected to commence, like Blue Bonnets, with 'March,' and the work will be continued regularly through every other month in the calendar."

Nearly ready for publication, Gabrielle, a Tale of Switzerland, in which an attempt is made to vary a little from the prevailing style in poetry. The story is an endeavour to delineate mental aberration of the mildest kind in union with singular and romantic scenery, without the interest of stirring events.

In the Press.—Ein Deutsches Lesebuch; or, Lessons in German Literature; being a Collection in Prose and Verse with Interlinear and other Translations, by J. Rowland botham.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Schulte's Flowers of Fancy, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Scott's Natural and Revealed Religion, 2d edition, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Thomson's (Dr. A.) Sermons, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Brown's Leonarda da Vinci, crown 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Browning's History of the Huguenots, 2 vols. 8vo. 11s. 6d. bds.—Index to Blomfield's Glossaries, 8vo. 3s. sewed.—Hind's Groom's Oracle, 12mo. 7s. 6d. bds.—The Village Patriarch, royal 18mo. 3s. bds.—Hewlett's Scripture History, 2 vols. 10mo. 18s.; coloured, 11s. 7s. 6d. bds.—Lingard's England, Vols. XI. and XII. 8vo. 11s. 4s. bds.—Oliver's History of Initiation, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.; Lectures on Freemasonry, 2 vols. 8vo. 11s. 6d. bds.—Eccarte, or the Customs of Paris, 8 vols. post 8vo. 11s. 6d. bds.—Higginbottom on Nitrate of Silver, 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Middleton's Reformer, 8 vols. 12mo. 12s. bds.—Wilcock's Laws of Inns, &c. 12mo. 8s. bds.—Cook's History of the Styles of Architecture.—Phillips's (St. R.) Tour, Part II. 8vo. 3s. 6d. sewed.—Arnold's (St.) Sermons, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Reeve's English Law, Vol. V. 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Edwards's Botanical Register, Vol. I. new series, 8vo. 2s. 9s.—Brace's Oedipus Tyrannus of Sophocles, with English notes, &c. 5s. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1829.

March.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 19	From 46. to 63.	29.65 to 29.50
Friday 20	— 47. — 69.	29.54 — 29.86
Saturday .. 21	— 37. — 57.	29.58 — 29.66
Sunday 22	— 30. — 58.	29.56 — 29.76
Monday ... 23	— 36. — 51.	29.62 — 29.66
Tuesday ... 24	— 35. — 44.	29.56 — 29.84
Wednesday 25	— 30. — 48.	29.53 — 29.89

Prevailing wind N.E.

Generally clear.

Rain fallen, 4/75 of an inch.

Edmonton.

Latitude 51° 37' 32" N.

Longitude 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. C. will find a letter at our office.

Antipompus accuses us of lending ourselves to puffing the Medico-Botanical Society, because we have published the names of sovereigns, princes, ambassadors, &c., who have been admitted members; while, on the other hand, we are charged by other correspondents with being unfavourable to this institution. Such is the fate of impartiality and independence: but would Antipompus think we gave a fair report of these meetings if we suppressed the names in question?

M. R. N. is mistaken, and Mr. Hough is guilty of no bull in calling a number of husbands (among the *Neg* geries) polygamy:—"many marriages" is as applicable to male as to female unions of this kind.

ERRATUM.—In our notice of Covent Garden last week, for Foebalk read Fococh.

THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE;

AND

Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

This Journal is supplied Weekly, or Monthly, by the principal Booksellers and Newsmen, throughout the Kingdom; but to those who may desire its immediate transmission, by post, we recommend the LITERARY GAZETTE, printed on stamped paper, price One Shilling.

No. 637.

SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1829.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society, &c. By R. Southey, Esq. LL.D. Post Laureate. 2 vols. 8vo. with Plates. London, 1829. J. Murray.

As these volumes are not yet published, and we have only hastily glanced over an early copy, we are now in no condition to do more with them than simply to state their character, and gratify the curiosity of the literary world with an example of their style and spirit. They consist of dialogues between Sir T. More and Melancthon (a stranger from "a distant country"), on various interesting and important topics, such as the improvement of the world; Druidical stones; feudal slavery; growth of pauperism; Owen of Lanark and the manufacturing system; national wealth; war; the prospects of Europe; Methodists; infidelity; the United States; Catholic emancipation; Ireland, &c. &c.; and as the last two are the most prominent subjects of the day, our extracts shall be given to them, and to the author's prose and verse. The following will shew how Mr. S. satirises the Romish creed and superstitions.

"The church was built in an age when durability was regarded as an important consideration in such structures. It is a large, ornamented, substantial edifice, with buttresses, battlements, and a square tower; and having stood for centuries, by God's blessing it may stand for centuries to come. On a nearer view, you perceive that it has suffered something by the substitution of slates for lead upon the roof, an alteration which was made some few years ago, when the building underwent a repair. Alice de Romley, heiress of Egmout and Skipton, who, in the reign of Stephen, or of his successor, married the Lord of Allderda, gave it to Fountains Abbey, and is supposed to have been the person by whom it was founded and endowed. It was soon afterwards appropriated to that monastery, the cultivation being reserved to the bishops of Gurk. William Fitz Duncan, the husband of this Alice, was son to the Earl of Murray, and brother to David, king of Scotland; and this may perhaps explain why the church was dedicated to the Scotch St. Kentigern, bishop of Glasgow, and patron saint of that cathedral,—a personage now utterly forgotten here, in the parish where, during so many generations, his festival used to be celebrated on the 18th of January. Here followeth his legend,—it is a better word than history for such tales. Hagiologists have related it without scruple, and during many ages it was believed without hesitation. The saint in question was, as the romance says of Merlin, son of the devil, a gentleman on his mother's side; his mother Thameles, or Thenis, being the daughter of King Lot of Lowthean and Ormesy, (a personage well known in the *romance of the Round Table*), by Anna, daughter to Uther Pendragon, and half sister to King Arthur. A more illustrious stock could hardly be traced in chivalrous genealogy. The

time of his birth has been fixed in the year 514; and his nativity, 'admirable for the strangeness of it,' says Father Cressy, has been celebrated by many ancient writers. King Lot, it seems, was at that time a pagan, and his queen little better, for their daughter grew up in idolatry; she had opportunity, however, of hearing frequent sermons, and, becoming a convert, observed the precepts of Christianity as diligently as if she had been baptised. The young princess was a person of singular beauty, and more singular devotion. Of all that she heard from her religious teacher, there was nothing which so strongly impressed her imagination as the maternity of the blessed Virgin; insomuch that, (in the words of the legend,) with a presumptuous boldness and a womanish temerity, she desired and longed to resemble her in this, and even made it the object of her prayers. After a while she found unequivocal symptoms that her desire had been accomplished. How, or when, or by whom she had conceived, was what, according to her solemn and constant asseveration, she knew not. That it must have been by a man, John of Tynmouth, whom Capgrave quotes, has not scrupled to affirm; but he says it is folly to inquire who ploughed and sowed the land, seeing that through God's blessing on the increase such excellent fruit was brought forth. Scandal, however, (for scandal there was even in the days of the saints,) fixed upon Eugenius III., king of the Scots, for the father. But even scandal did not impeach the sincerity of her declarations, which was proved beyond all doubt by the miracles that ensued. There was a severe law among the Picts, that any damsel who was convicted of committing folly in her father's house, should be thrown from the summit of Dunselder, one of the highest mountains in that country, and that the seducer should lose his head. To that summit Thameles was carried, protesting her innocence, and with prayers and tears lifting up her hands to heaven for deliverance. Her protestations were in vain; not so her prayers: for by miraculous interposition, when she was thrown over the precipice, she descended upon the wings of the wind, like the Tuscan virgin Clusia, or Psyche in the most beautiful of classic fables, and alighted unhurt, having neither experienced fear nor danger in the descent. Your true pagan in ecclesiastical romance cares as little for miracles as pantaloon in a pantomime. King Lot and his people agreed that she had been saved from death by Christian enchantments; and at the command of this relentless father she was taken out several miles to sea, put into a leathern coracle, and set adrift. But the winds and waves were more merciful than man: He who rules them was her protector; in shorter time than the passage could have been performed by any art of navigation, she came to land at a place called Collenros or Culros, and there, without human help, she brought forth a son. A remarkable personage was at that time dwelling in a monastery at Collenros, Servan was his name: his mother

Alpia was daughter to a king of Arabia, and Obeth his father was king of the land of Canaan. This holy Philistine was a saint of approved prowess and great good nature; had slain a dragon in single combat, turned water into wine, and once, when a hospitable poor man killed his only pig to entertain him and his religious companions, he slept upon the pork, and restored the pig to life next morning; a paligenesia this which the eternal and unfortunate boar Serimner undergoes every day in Valhalla, and which the saints of St. Servan's age, particularly the Scotch, British, and Irish saints, frequently exhibited, to the great profit and edification of their hosts. At the hour when Thameles was driven on shore, and safely delivered on the beach, this holy personage heard the song of angels rejoicing in the air, and thereby understood what had happened. So he hastened to the sea-side, and finding there the mother and new-born babe, saluted the infant with these words: 'Blessed art thou, my beloved, who comest in the name of the Lord!' Without delay he took them home to his convent, and baptised them both, naming the boy Ksentiern, which is, being interpreted, Chief Lord, and which, by a slight alteration, has become Kentigern. But because the child as he grew up excelled his fellow-scholars in learning, docility, and all good qualities, St. Servan used to call him Mungo, being a term of endearment in what was then the language of that country; and by this name he was afterwards more frequently invoked than by that which he received in baptism. In the age to which this legend relates, and in that also in which it was written, monasteries were the only schools. The other boys, seeing that Kentigern was a favourite, hated him for that reason, and endeavoured by many malicious tricks to bring him into disgrace. St. Servan had a tame robin, who used to feed from his hand, perch upon his head or shoulder while he was reading or praying, and flutter his wings and sing as if bearing part in his devotions. The young villains one day twisted its head off, and accused Kentigern of having killed it. To prove his innocence, he made a cross upon the head and put it on again, and the bird was nothing the worse for what it had undergone. It was a rule in the monastery that every boy should take his turn for a week to attend the fires at night before they retired to rest, lest the nocturnal service should at any time be left unperformed for want of light. One night in Kentigern's week, after he had as usual duly performed this duty, the envious boys put out all the fires. At the proper hour he awoke, and perceiving what had been done, gathered a hazel bough, breathed upon it, set it on fire, and then lit the candles. One more attempt was made to bring shame upon him. The cook of the convent died and was buried, and the day after the burial the malicious scholars so far prevailed upon St. Servan that he ordered Kentigern upon his obedience to raise him from the dead; which, as so discreet a person consented to require it, seems to have

been thought not an unreasonable exercise for one who was preparing to graduate as a saint. The obedient cook came out of his grave at the call, and edified all the convent by an account of what he had seen in the other world."

Of St. Kentigern *catera desunt* for the present.

Our second extract explains itself, and is, besides, a striking poetical production.

"The following Ode was written in the winter of 1821-2, a few months after his majesty's visit to Ireland, and some years before that religious movement had manifested itself there, which may in its consequences, through God's blessing, produce more benefit to that country than could be effected by any act of human legislation.

"How long, O Ireland, from thy guilty ground

Shall innocent blood

Arraign the inefficient arm of power?

How long shall Murder there,

Leading his banded ruffians through the land,

Range unrepres'd?

How long shall night

Bring to thy harmless dwellers, in the stead

Of natural rest, the feverish sleep of fear,

Midnight alarms,

Horrible dreams, and worse realities?

How long shall darkness cover, and the eye

Of morning open upon deeds of death?

In vain art thou by liberal Nature's dower

Exuberantly blest;

The seasons in their course

Shed o'er thy hills and vales

The bounties of a genial clime in vain;

Heaven hath in vain bestowed

Well-temper'd liberty,

(Its last and largest boon to social man,)

If the brute multitude from age to age,

Wild as their savage ancestors,

Go irreluctant the while,

From sire to son transmitting still,

In undisturbed descent,

(A sad inheritance!)

Their errors and their crimes.

Green Island of the West!

Thy alter kingdom fear'd not this

When thine exultant shores

Rang far and wide of late,

And grateful Dublin first beheld her king,

First of thy sovereigns he

Who visited thy shores in peace and joy.

Oh what a joy was there!

In loud huzzas prolonged,

Surge after surge the tide

Of popular welcome rose;

And in the intervals alone

Of that tumultuous sound of glad acclaim,

Could the deep cannon's voice

Of dutious gratulation, though it spake

In thunder, reach the ear.

From every tower the merry bells rung round,

Peal hurrying upon peal,

Till with the still reverberating din

The walls and solid pavement seem'd to shake,

And every bosom with the tremulous air

Inhaled a dizzy joy.

Age that came forth to gaze,

That memorable day

Felt in its quicken'd veins a pulse like youth;

And lisping babes were taught to bless their king,

And grandaunts bade the children treasure up

The precious sight; for it would be a tale

The which in their old age

Would make their children's children gather round

Intent, all ears to hear.

Were, then, the feelings of that generous time

Ephemeral as the joy?

Past'd they away like summer clouds,

Like dreams of infancy,

Like glories of the evening firmament,

Which fade, and leave no trace?

Merciful Heaven! oh! let not thou the hope

Be frustrate, that our Sister Isle may reap

From the good seed then sown

Full harvests of prosperity and peace;

That perfect union may derive its date

From that auspicious day,

And equitable ages thence

Their lasting course begin!

Green Island of the West,

While frantic violence delays

That happier order, still must thou remain

In thine own baleful darkness wrapt;

As if the Eye divine

That which babethe all, from thee alone

In wrath had turn'd away!

But not for ever thou shalt thou endure,

To thy reproach and ours,

Thy misery and our shame!

For mercy shall go forth

To establish order, with an arm'd right hand;

And firm authority

With its all-present strength control the bad,

And with its all-sufficient shield

Protect the innocent:

The first great duty this of lawful power

Which holds its delegated right from Heaven.

The first great duty this; but this not all—

For more than comes within the scope

Of power is needed here;

More than to watch invidious discontent,

Curb, and keep curb'd, the reasonable tongue,

And quell the madden'd multitude:

Labours of love remain;—

To weed out noxious customs rooted deep

In a rank soil, and long left seedling there;

Pour balm into old wounds, and bind them up;

Remove remediable ills,

Improve the willing mind,

And win the generous heart.

Afflicted country, from thyself

Must this redemption come,—

And thou hast children able to perform

This work of faith and hope.

O for a voice which might recall

To their deserted hearths

Thy truant sons! a voice

Whose virtuous cogeny

Might with the strength of duty reach their souls;

A strength that should compel entire consent,

And to their glad obedience give

The impulse and the force of free good-will!

For who but they can knit

The severed links of that appointed chain,

Which when in just cohesion it unites

Order to order, rank to rank,

In mutual benefit,

So binding heart to heart,

It then connecteth earth with heaven, from whence

The golden links depend.

Nor when the war is waged

With error and the brood

Of darkness, will your aid

Be wanting in the cause of light and love,

Ye ministers of that most holy church

Whose firm foundations on the rock

Of Scripture rest secure!

What though the Romanist, in numbers strong,

In misdirected zeal

And bigotry's blind force,

Assail your fortress; though the sons of schism

Join in insane alliance with that old

Inveritate enemy,

Weening thereby to wreak

Their covenant'd hatred, and effect

Your utter overthrow:

What though the unbelieving crew

For fouler purpose aid the unnatural league;

And Faction's wolfish pack

Set up their fiercest yell, to augment

The uproar of assault:

Clad in your panoply will ye be found,

Wielding the spear of Reason; with the sword

Of Scripture girt; and from your shield of Truth

Such radiance shall go forth,

As when, unable to sustain its beams

On Arthur's arm unveil'd,

Earth-born Orgoglio'd, as if with wine;

And from her many-headed beast cast down,

Duessa fell, her cup of sorcery split,

Her three-crown'd mitre in the dust devoted,

And all her secret filthiness exposed.

O thou fair Island, with thy Sister Isle

Indissolubly link'd for weal and woe;

Partaker of her present power,

Her everlasting fame!

Dear pledges hast thou rendered and received

Of that stern union! Bedell's grave

Is in thy keeping; and with these

Deposited doth Taylor's holy dust

Await the archangel's call.

O land profuse of genius and of worth,

Largely hast thou received and largely given!

Green Island of the West,

The example of unspotted Ormond's faith

To thee we owe; to thee

Boyle's venerable name;

Berkley the wise, the good;

And that great orator who first

Unmask'd the harlot sorceress Anarchy,

What time, in Freedom's borrowed form profaned,

She to the nations round

Her draught of witchcraft gave:

And hñ who in the field

O'erthrew her giant offspring in his strength,

And broke the iron rod.

Proud of such debt,

Rich to be thus indebted, these,

Fair Island, Sister Queen

Of Ocean, Ireland, these to thee we owe.

Shall I then imprecate

A curse on them that would divide

Our union?—Far be this from me, O Lord!

Far be it! What is man,

That he should scatter curses?—King of kings,

Father of all, Almighty, Governor

Of all things, unto Thee

Humbly I offer up our bolier prayer!

I pray Thee, not in wrath,

But in thy mercy, to confound

These men's devices! Lord,

Lighten their darkness with thy Gospel light,

And thus abate their pride—

Assuage their malice thus!"

We can only add, that the author displays great ability and extensive information on the subjects to which these essays refer.

The Library of Entertaining Knowledge.

Vol. I. Part I. *The Menageries: Quad-*

rupeds, described and drawn from Living

Subjects. 18mo. pp. 216. London, 1829,

Knight; Longman and Co.

It was only last week that we noticed with deserved panegyric the first No. of the Family Library; and we have now the satisfaction to speak in terms not less encomiastic of the first Part of the Library of Entertaining Knowledge. This is certainly the age of diffused intelligence, as it regards the mass of mankind in civilised countries; and it is good to see it also the age of concentration as it regards the condensing of agreeable and useful reading in books of moderate price, and well suited to gratify every popular appetite. Such a work is the present: cheap, *entertaining*, and calculated to improve the general mind as well as to induce a thirst for farther intelligence.

This new design has judiciously commenced with natural history—for it is a branch of science of which every one is fond, and with which every one is more or less acquainted. It abounds, too, with anecdotes of a curious and interesting character; and its study, even though only partial, tends to engender humanity towards the animal creation.

In this Part, after a brief and easy Introduction, we have a mingled scientific and familiar account of the dog, the wolf, the jackal, the hyena, the lion, the tiger, the leopard, the puma, and the cat; all excellent in their way, and affording fair promise of excellence in ensuing Parts. Of this a few miscellaneous extracts may serve to convince the public and to amuse our readers; we therefore insert them from those statements which appear to possess the greatest degree of novelty. Speaking of the associations of animals of opposite natures, the Editor tells us—"There is a little menagerie in London where such odd associations may be witnessed upon a more extensive scale, and more systematically conducted, than in any other collection of animals with which we are acquainted. Upon the Surrey side of Waterloo Bridge, or sometimes, though not so often, on the same side of Southwark Bridge, may be daily seen a cage about five feet square, containing the quadrupeds and birds which are represented in the annexed cut. The keeper of this collection, John Austin, states that he has employed seventeen years in this business of training creatures of opposite natures to live together in content and affection. And those years have not been unprofitably employed! It is not too much to believe, that many a person who has given his halfpenny to look upon this show, may have had his mind awakened to the extraordinary effects of habit and of gentle discipline, when he has thus seen the cat, the rat, the mouse, the hawk, the rabbit, the guinea-pig, the owl, the pigeon, the starling, and the sparrow, each enjoying, as far as can be enjoyed in confinement, its respective modes of life in the company of the others,—the weak without fear, and the strong without the desire to injure. It is impossible to imagine any prettier exhibition of kindness than is here shown.

The rabbit and the pigeon playfully contending for a lock of hay to make up their nests; the sparrow sometimes perched on the head of the cat, and sometimes on that of the owl,—each its natural enemy; and the mice playing about with perfect indifference to the presence either of cat, or hawk, or owl. The modes by which this man has effected this, are, first, by keeping all the creatures well fed; and, secondly, by accustoming one species to the society of the

other at a very early period of their lives. The ferocious instincts of those who prey on the weaker are never called into action; their nature is subdued to a systematic gentleness; the circumstances by which they are surrounded are favourable to the cultivation of their kindlier dispositions; all their desires and pleasures are bounded by their little cage; and though the old cat sometimes takes a stately walk on the parapet of the bridge, he

duly returns to his companions, with whom he has so long been happy, without at all thinking that he was born to devour any of them. This is an example, and a powerful one, of what may be accomplished by a proper education, which rightly estimates the force of habit, and confirms, by judicious management, that habit which is most desirable to be made a rule of conduct. The principle is the same, whether it be applied to children or to brutes."



On the subject of menageries, the remarks are also extremely pertinent.

"The value of menageries (the writer observes), not only for popular but for scientific study, depends, however, very much upon the arrangements which determine their construction and regulation. The great object should be, as far as possible, to exhibit the animals in their natural state. It has been a favourite plan with many naturalists to establish a garden, in which the animal should find himself surrounded by his natural food—where the beaver should live amidst a rivulet and a bank of poplars, and the rein-deer browse upon his native lichen. Great difficulties, of course, present themselves to the completion of such a project; and though its execution were compatible with any reasonable expense, the difficulty of adjusting the temperature of our climate to the plant and the animal would be very considerable. Yet, in a *national menagerie* much ought to be attempted, gradually but systematically to realise such a desirable object as the exhibition of animals in their natural habits. If the cat tribe are pent up in close dens, what idea can be formed of the crouch and the spring which characterise both their sport and their seizure of prey? With every regard to their security, they might have a sufficient range to exhibit this peculiar property. We can acquire no adequate notion of the kangaroo in a cage, but in a paddock its remarkable bound at once fixes our attention and curiosity. In a very interesting book, *Waterton's Wanderings in South America*, there is an account of the sloth, which shews that we can know nothing of some animals unless we see them in their natural condition. This traveller delights in wonderful stories, which he tells in a style approaching to exaggeration; but there is no reason to doubt the general accuracy of his descriptions of natural objects. The sloth is usually described as slow in his movements, and, as in a perpetual state

of pain; and from his supposed inaction his name is derived. And why is this? He had not been seen in his native woods by those who described him: he was resting upon the floor of some place of confinement. His feet are not formed for walking on the ground; they cannot act in a perpendicular direction; and his sharp and long claws are curved. He can only move on the ground by pulling himself along by some inequalities on the surface, and therefore on a smooth floor he is perfectly wretched. He is intended to pass his life in trees; he does not move or rest upon the branches, but under them; he is constantly suspended by his four legs, and he thus travels from branch to branch, eating his way, and sleeping when he is satisfied. To put such a creature in a den is to torture him, and to give false notions of his habits. If the sloth be placed in a menagerie, he should have a tree for his abode; and then we should find that he is neither habitually indolent nor constantly suffering. The delight of observing wild animals in their natural state is great in proportion to its rarity. This delight is one reason that enterprising travellers,—such as Waterton, whom crocodiles and serpents could not deter from pursuing his researches, and as Wilson, the historian of American birds, who spent his life in the woods,—describe with a freshness and truth which can only proceed from a thorough love of their subject. We can understand how this desire to observe the natural, unrestrained habits of animal life should grow almost into a passion. The difference between the same animal under confinement and when enjoying its native liberty, is striking enough to make an enthusiastic man willing to devote his life to those diligent observations of 'the free denizens of the woods,' which are so valuable to those who have to write on natural history with less favourable means of observation. We lately saw this difference exemplified in a striking manner. At the residence of a private

gentleman at Limehouse there are three monkeys in a state of remarkable freedom. We went to see them, with but few anticipations of pleasure; for a monkey, as monkeys are ordinarily seen, confined to a box, shews little but the cunning and rapacity of his race. The monkeys at Limehouse were let loose into an orchard, in which there were some high and spreading elms. Their gambols were the most diverting that could be imagined. They pursued each other to the top of the highest branch, where they sat fearlessly chattering; and in an instant they would throw themselves down, with unerring aim, some twenty feet, and, resting upon the bough which they had selected to leap at, would swing to and fro with manifest delight. We shall not be satisfied again with a menagerie which has not trees for its monkeys to sport in. The menagerie of the Zoological Society will doubtless become the national menagerie, and in the course of a few years it may rival that of Paris. Our opportunities for forming the finest collection in the world are unbounded; and the taste for natural history which distinguishes the public mind, in itself will create ample funds for its gratification."

Many stories of the sagacity, &c. of dogs are new, and illustrative of the extraordinary character of that animal, improved as it has been by its companionship with man. We copy two or three examples.

"In London, within these few years, the use of dogs in dragging light vehicles has become very general; and though their strength is rarely employed in combination, as is the case with the Esquimaux sledge-dogs, their energy makes them capable of moving very considerable weights. There is scarcely a baker, in the more populous parts of London, who has not his travelling shop upon wheels, drawn by one or two stout mastiffs or bull-dogs. But the venders of cats' meat appear to have derived the largest benefit from this application

of animal power. The passenger through the narrow streets and lanes of London is often amused by the scenes between the consumers of the commodity and those who bring it to the houses. At the well-known cry of the dealer, the cats of a whole district are in activity, anxiously peeping out of the doors for the expected meal, and sometimes fearlessly approaching the little cart, without apprehension of their supposed enemy who draws it. The dogs attached to these carts appear to have no disposition to molest the impatient groups of cats who gather around them. The habit of considering dogs and cats as natural enemies has tended to the production of a great deal of cruelty. It is true that dogs will, by instinct, pursue any thing which flies from them; and puppies will thus run after, and frequently kill, chickens. But dogs, by chastisement, may be made to comprehend that nothing domestic must be molested. Beckford, a writer on hunting, alludes to the circumstance of buck-hounds playing with deer on a lawn, within an hour or two after a chase of the same species. There is at present a tame doe in the streets of London, belonging to some person near St. Clement's Churchyard, which the passing dogs never affront; and we have seen, some years ago, at Goodwood, the seat of the Duke of Richmond, a pack of fox-hounds, on their way to cover, go close to a fox chained at the outer gate of their kennel, without taking the slightest notice of him. This, at any rate, shews that dogs have their instincts under subjection to the commands of their friend and master, man.

"All dogs can swim, although some dislike the water, and take to it with difficulty, at the bidding of their masters. The bull-dog would appear the least likely to combat with a heavy sea, as the Newfoundland dogs often do; and yet the following circumstance is well authenticated:—On board a ship, which struck upon a rock near the shore during a gale, there were three dogs, two of the Newfoundland variety, and an English bull-dog, rather small in growth, but very firmly built and strong. It was important to have a rope carried ashore; and as no boat could live for an instant in the breakers towards the land, it was thought that one of the Newfoundland dogs might succeed; but he was not able to struggle with the waves, and perished. The other Newfoundland dog, upon being thrown overboard with the rope, shared a similar fate. But the bull-dog, though not habituated to the water, swam triumphantly to land, and thus saved the lives of the persons on board. Among them was his master, a military officer, who still has the dog in his possession.

"Many of the inferior animals have a distinct knowledge of time. The sun appears to regulate the motions of those which leave their homes in the morning, to return at particular hours of the evening. The Kamtschatka dogs are probably influenced in their autumnal return to their homes by a change of temperature. But in those animals possessing the readiest conceptions, as in the case of dogs in a highly civilised country, the exercise of this faculty is strikingly remarkable. Mr. Southey, in his *Omniara*, relates two instances of dogs who had acquired such a knowledge of time as would enable them to count the days of the week. He says: 'My grandfather had one which trudged two miles every Saturday to cater for himself in the shambles. I know another more extraordinary and well-authenticated example. A dog which had belonged to an Irishman, and was sold by him in England, would never touch a morsel of food upon Friday.' The same

faculty of recollecting intervals of time exists, though in a more limited extent, in the horse. We knew a horse (and have witnessed the circumstance) which, being accustomed to be employed once a week on a journey with the newsmen of a provincial paper, always stopped at the houses of the several customers, although they were sixty or seventy in number. But, further, there were two persons on the route who took one paper between them, and each claimed the privilege of having it first on the alternate Sunday. The horse soon became accustomed to this regulation; and although the parties lived two miles distant, he stopped once a fortnight at the door of the half-customer at Thorpe, and once a fortnight at that of the other half-customer at Chertsey, and never did he forget this arrangement, which lasted several years, or stop unnecessarily, when he once thoroughly understood the rule.

"Dr. Gall says that dogs 'learn to understand not merely separate words or articulate sounds, but whole sentences expressing many ideas.' Dr. Elliotson, the learned translator of Blumenbach's *Physiology*, quotes the following passage from Gall's *Traité sur les Fonctions du Cerveau*, without expressing any doubt of the circumstance:—'I have often spoken intentionally of objects which might interest my dog, taking care not to mention his name, or make any intonation or gesture which might awaken his attention. He, however, shewed no less pleasure or sorrow, as it might be; and, indeed, manifested by his behaviour that he had perfectly understood the conversation which concerned him. I had taken a bitch from Vienna to Paris;—in a very short time she comprehended French as well as German, of which I satisfied myself by repeating before her whole sentences in both languages.' We have heard an instance of this quickness in the comprehension of language which is very remarkable. A mongrel, between the shepherd's dog and terrier, a great favourite in a farmhouse, was standing by while his mistress was washing some of her children. Upon asking a boy, whom she had just dressed, to bring his sister's clothes from the next room, he pouted and hesitated. 'Oh, then,' said the mother, 'Mungo will fetch them.' She said this by way of reproach to the boy, for Mungo had not been accustomed to fetch and carry. But Mungo was intelligent and obedient; and without further command he brought the child's frock to his astonished mistress. This was an effort of imagination in Mungo, which dogs certainly possess in a considerable degree. He had often observed, doubtless, the business of dressing the children; and the instant he was appealed to, he imagined what his mistress wanted. Every one knows the anxiety which dogs feel to go out with their masters, if they have been accustomed so to do. A dog will often anticipate the journey of his owner; and, guessing the road he means to take, steal away to a considerable distance on that road to avoid being detained at home. We have repeatedly seen this circumstance. It is distinctly an effort of the imagination, if, indeed, it be not an inference of reasoning.

"Linnaeus has made it a characteristic of dogs that 'they bark at beggars;' but beggars are ragged, and sometimes have that look of wildness which squalid poverty produces; and then the imagination of the dog sees, in the poor mendicant, a robber of his master's house, or one who will be cruel to himself—and he expresses his own fears by a bark. A dog is thus valuable for watching property in proportion to the ease with which he is alarmed.

One of the greatest terrors of a domesticated dog is a naked man, because this is an unaccustomed object. The sense of fear is said to be so great in this situation, that the fiercest dog will not even bark. A ten-yard at Kilmarnock in Ayrshire was a few years ago extensively robbed by a thief, who took this method to overcome the courage of a powerful Newfoundland dog, who had long protected a considerable property. The terror which the dog felt at the naked thief was altogether imaginary—for the naked man was less capable of resisting the attack of the dog than if he had been clothed. But then the dog had no support in his experience. His memory of the past did not come to the aid of that faculty which saw an unknown danger in the future. The faculties of quadrupeds, like those of men, are of course mixed in their operation. The dog, who watches by his master's grave, and is not tempted away by the caresses of the living, employs both his memory and his imagination in this act of affection. In the year 1827 there was a dog constantly to be seen in St. Bride's churchyard, Fleet Street, which for two years had refused to leave the place where his master was buried. He did not appear miserable; he evidently recollected their old companionship, and he imagined that their friendship would again be renewed. The inhabitants of the houses round the church daily fed the poor creature, and the sexton built him a little kennel. But he would never quit the spot;—and there he died."

There are some philosophical and curious observations on the subject of albinos, common to the animal and human races.

"The peculiar whiteness of the hair or feathers to which albinos are subject, and which occurs not only in quadrupeds and birds, but in the human race, is occasioned by a defect in the colouring matter of these coverings of the skin, and is always connected with a defect in sight, which arises from the deficiency in the eye of what is called the mucus pigment. Blumenbach thinks that this deficiency is hereditary in some of the mammalia, so as to form a constant breed of white animals, as in the rabbit, mouse, and horse; and that, in the same way, the ferret, whose white skin and red glassy eyes are well known, is descended from the pole-cat. The subject of albinos is intimately connected with some curious facts which have been recently investigated; and which completely prove the intimate connexion between, or rather identity of, that substance which gives colour to the skin and hair, and that which regulates the ability of the animal to endure a greater or less degree of light. From a series of experiments instituted to ascertain the power of the sun's rays, it has been established by Sir Howard Home, that although the absolute heat, in consequence of the absorption of the rays, is greater from a black surface, yet the power of the rays to search the skin is thus destroyed,—according to Sir Humphry Davy, by being converted into sensible heat by the absorption. It is thus that the negro has a provision for the defence of his skin, while living within the tropics; and in the same manner, his eye, which is exposed to strong light, has the mucus pigment darker than that of the Europeans. In all quadrupeds which look upwards, as the monkey; in birds exposed to the sun's rays; and in fishes which lie upon the surface of the ocean,—this pigment is dark. In nocturnal animals, which look downwards, and in nocturnal animals, such as the cat, it is light; in the owl it is entirely absent. In the

recently published to his Lectures on Comparative Anatomy, Sir Everard Home has presented some further facts on this interesting subject. He says that the 'rete mucosum,' a kind of pigment which lines the outside upon the surface of the body, and constitutes the tubular cavity that forms hair, is precisely the same substance as that upon which the retina of the eye is spread (which we have called the mucous pigment); and thus, being acted upon by the same circumstances, when the hair becomes gray the person can only see with a weak light. Baron Larrey mentioned to Sir Everard Home the case of a man who had been confined at Brest thirty-three years in a subterranean prison. During the day he was completely blind, and only saw objects in the dark. His hair was absolutely blanched; and when it first became white, the pigment of his eyes had undergone the same change. With regard to the subject which led us to these curious facts—the white animals of the most northern climates—Sir Everard Home unhesitatingly says, that the shedding of the hair and feathers in the Arctic regions, during the six months in which they are not visited by the sun, is accompanied by the absence of the 'nigrum pigmentum' (the black pigment), by which the animals and birds are fitted to see with the weak light afforded them. With these facts before us, it may reasonably be believed that many of the 'white animals of the Arctic regions are, during a portion of the year, when the cold is intense and the days are dark, what are called albinos—that is, that with the change of the colour of their hair the mucous pigment of the eye also changes colour; or, in other words, that the black pigment is absent when the hair periodically becomes white. We have already seen how this whiteness of the fur enables the animal to bear the diminished temperature without such a diminution of the warmth of his body as would deprive him of his physical powers; and upon the same beautiful principle of arrangement by an all-wise Providence, which so nicely adjusts the senses and faculties of animals to the situations in which they are placed, the deficiency of the black pigment of the eye enables some quadrupeds to see distinctly in the faint light of the long Arctic winter. Upon this principle M. Desmarest's description of the white wolf, 'an animal affected with the albinos disease,' is an incorrect one. He is an animal the colour of whose fur, as well as the pigment of whose eye, undergoes a change to fit him for the very extraordinary changes of heat and light he is exposed to, and which change of the fur and the eye prevents him utterly perishing during that incapacity to procure his food which extreme cold and darkness would otherwise bring upon him. It is remarkable that these extraordinary adaptations of the body to climate are confined to the inferior animals. Man is not affected by them to any thing like the same extent; for the colour of the negro's skin is unvarying in certain latitudes, and the albinos of the human race are so from the effect of disease. We may conclude, from this circumstance, that man, in the cases of adaptation to climate, as in all other cases, is left to derive his protection against physical evils from the exercise of his own reason. The poor Esquimaux, during their intense winters, clothe themselves with thick furs, shut themselves up in a snow hut, (the warmest of coverings from the external air,) make fires, and receive light from oil. Man, therefore, has a defence, in his superior intelligence, against

the rigours of climate, even in the most exposed situations. He is left to the unaided care of this intelligence, without that special intervention of Providence which makes such arrangements for the preservation of the inferior animals as shall come to the aid of their instinct, and stand in the place of those comforts which may be obtained by the higher faculties of the human race. Man, for instance, is the only animal that can produce artificial light and heat. He makes a fire in the woods, and the monkeys will warm themselves at it; but no monkey ever yet succeeded in kindling a fire himself. As man advances in civilisation these broad distinctions may be overlooked in the elaborate contrivances by which he heaps up every comfort and luxury around him,—by manufactures and commerce ensuring the possession of them, in various degrees, to all of the human race. But the ability to construct a steam-engine, and the knowledge which shews how to kindle the fuel which sets that machine in motion, are equally results of the superior intellect of man, as distinguished from the faculties of the creatures beneath him."

With this we must conclude, and again warmly recommend this excellent publication as another of those valuable works which do credit to the present time, and will produce important results on future generations.

Repentance; and other Poems. By Mary Ann Browne; Authoress of "Mont Blanc," "Ada," &c. London, 1829. Longman and Co.; Hatchard and Son; and Saunders and Benning.

WE like this little volume, and we like the spirit from which it has emanated: there is somewhat even touching in a young, ardent mind thus impressed with the worthlessness and vanity of this world, devoting its energies to the cause of religion, and filled with the high inspiration of our pure and holy faith; alive to the beautiful, but remembering whence that beauty comes; enthusiastic in its affections, and strengthening them by its consciousness of immortality. We feel an interest in those pages, which give ourselves a pleasure in the praise we bestow. The following is, we think, very beautiful:—

Who loves me best?—my mother sweet,
Whose every look with love is replete:
Who held me, an infant, on her knee,—
Who hath ever watched me tenderly:
And yet I have heard my mother say,
That she some time must pass away:
Who then shall shield me from earthly ill?—
Some one must love me better still!

Who loves me best?—my father dear,
Who loveth to have me always near:
He whom I fly each eve to meet,
When past away is the noontide heat:
Who from the bank where the sunbeam lies
Brings me the wild-wood strawberries:
Oh! he is dear as my mother to me,—
But he will perish, even as she.

Who loves me best?—the gentle dove,
That I have tamed with my childish love,
That every one save myself doth fear,
Whose soft coo soundeth when I come near:
Yet perhaps it but loves me because I bring
To its cage the drops from the clearest spring,
And hang green branches around the door:—
Something, surely, must love me more!

Who loves me best?—my sister fair,
With her laughing eyes and clustering hair:
Who flows around my head doth twine,
Who preseth her rosy lips to mine,
Who singeth me songs in her artless glee,—
Can any love me better than she?
Yet when I asked, that sister confest,
Of all, she did not love me the best!

Who loves me best?—my brother young,
With his healthy cheek and his lisping tongue;
Who delighteth to lead me in merry play
Far down the green-wood's busy way!

Who sheweth me where the hard-ants grow,
And where the fairest field-flowers blow:
Yet perhaps he loves me no more than the rest,—
How shall I find who loves me best?
My mother loves me,—but she may die;
My white dove loves me,—but that may fly;
My father loves me,—he may be changed;
I have heard of brothers and sisters estranged;
If they should forsake me, what should I do?
Where should I bear my sad heart to?
Some one surely would be my stay—
Some one must love me better than they.
Yes, fair child! there is One above,
Who loves thee with an unchangeable love;
He who formed those frail, dear things,
To which thy young heart fondly clings,—
Even though all should forsake thee, still
He would protect thee through every ill.
Oh, is not such love worth all the rest?—
Child! it is God who loves thee best!"

And this:

"My mother! now the gladsome spring
Is smiling o'er the earth;
And butterflies on painted wing
In sunny light go forth.
Though all spring days most lovely be,
All fair and full of mirth,
One, one is dearest far to me,
The day that gave thee birth:
It was a day with joyance fraught,—
It is a day for deepened thought.
My mother! I remember well,
When thou wast not so now;
Remember when Time's shadow fell
Less darkly on thy brow:
I can remind me of the time,
When in life's summer glow,
Thy years had hardly passed their prime,
And scarce one flower lay low;
But clouds thy heaven have overcast,
Since those bright days of pleasure past.
Mother! thy step is not so firm
As it was wont to be,
For secret blight and open storm
Have done their work on thee;
Thy hair turns gray, and I can see
Thy hand more tremulous,
And thy dark eye hath lost its glee,
Save when it turns on us,
Thy children—then it hath a joy
And light, that nothing can destroy.
Yet weep not, mother! for the days
Passed by we'll not regret;
The star of Hope, with all its rays,
Is only dimmed, not set.
Fixed over thy path it shall remain;
And never more deceive,
And it shall sparkle out again,
To light thy quiet eve!
Flinging a radiance o'er past years,
And brightening all thy fallen tears.
Mother! perhaps the poet's wreath
May ne'er be twined for me;
Perhaps I was not made to breathe
In lofty poetry:—
Yet still I know thy tender love
Will think it melody:
Thy partial ear will still approve,
However weak it be;
And thou wilt love the words that start
Thus from the fulness of the heart."

So late in the week, our limits forbid further extract; but as two or three verses will tell the sweetness of the wreath, so may our quotations speak of their companions: there is a true poetic feeling, delighting in "sweet flowers and all fair things;" a gentle feminine strain of piety, the faith of hope and love, clothed in harmonious language;—and for these we are indebted to a young creature not seventeen.

Traits of Travel; or, Tales of Man and Cities.
By the Author of "Highways and Byways." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1829. Colburn.

To quote an old French song, "*Il se sent plus*"—or if they still are, it is in that state of disregarded existence tantamount to no existence at all—that race of six-week tourists, who saw a certain number of palaces, churches, plays, and pictures; who went at the rate of so many miles a page; who decided on the character of a nation by its costume; who faithfully recorded what they ate and what they drank; and who finally published their journal, at the instigation of admiring friends,

—and the light, hot-pressed volume emulated the rapidity of its composition in the rapidity of its oblivion. A kind of forgetful memory recalls their numbers rather than themselves; and a tour on the Continent is something like the Catholic question—can any thing new be said about it?—But Mr. Grattan belongs not to this class: to the materials of the traveller he has brought the imagination of the novelist, —he has looked upon men and things with the acuteness of observation, yet with that poetical spirit which gives but the more actual likeness of truth to the after narration,—he has sat down, by the hearth—he knows the home, the habits of the people he describes. He modestly speaks, in his neatly written preface, of his works as those of mere light entertainment; but if knowledge—that knowledge of all others the most useful, in proportion as it expands liberality by destroying prejudice—consists in an intimate acquaintance with foreign lands, our readers (i. e. if they set the same value on it as we do,) and we shall agree in thinking that Mr. Grattan's works have a value equal to their amusement. Among the tales, the “Maison de Santé” is of terrible, as that of “Laura Pemegia” is of touching interest; and the “Begging Brother of the Trappists” is a very well-told melancholy tale. These, however, our limits will not allow us to do more than introduce by name: but there are a multitude of entertaining sketches; and the “Carnival,” which we select, has at least a very attractive title.

“We have been told, from high authority, that there is a step between the sublime and the ridiculous. It is, however, a mistake—there is no such thing. Sublime and ridiculous are one and the same—co-existent qualities, of different complexions perhaps, as looked at in different lights, but blending and blooming together, like the green and pink shades in a shot poplin. I was quite convinced of this, a day or two ago, by witnessing the carnival, to see which I came on purpose to Paris. My lone wanderings in the provinces had left my wardrobe not quite suited to the display I expected to witness on this occasion; so my first business, after I had shaken off the dust of the Diligence, was to look out for a tailor, knowing the importance of appearances as well as old Quarles himself, who tells us in his Enchiridion, that ‘the body is the shell of the soul; apparel is the husk of that shell; the husk often tells you what the kernel is.’ Acting on this principle, I was resolved to decorate myself in French costume. Decked out, then, at a day's notice, in a Polish frock, black velvet vest, with a white, a pink, and a blue one, respectively of silk, inside, hussar pantaloons, boots à la Wellington, and brazen spurs—French every bit of me, brass from head to foot, as a body might say—I sallied forth to present my recommendatory credentials to the friend of a friend of mine, M. Le Vicomte de Vaurien, who had been represented to me as one of a family wonderfully well known in France, a man of fashion, literature, science, taste, and talent—a sort of second Crichton, in short, who had spent many years in England during the emigration, and was attached à la fois to all that was British, and to the ancient régime at home. ‘A pleasant sort of person this,’ thought I, as I approached his residence, ‘to lead a young fellow like me through the labyrinth of learning and pleasure:’ for I intended to be at all in the ring, as we say familiarly at the club. Arrived at the street to which my friend the proprietor's hand-writing on the back of the letter pointed like a finger-post, I was not very favourably struck by its

appearance. It was in the heart of the town, narrow, dark, and dirty; but, knowing the ways of Paris, I did not much mind all that. ‘No. 18, le voilà!’ said I, entering the port-cochère of a gloomy but good-looking house. Then, pulling up my shirt-collar and adjusting my hair, I marched up to the landing-place of the premier étage, cast an inquisitive glance at the coat of arms on the panels of a huge old family coach standing in the remise, and was in the act of seizing the bell-cord, when a withered old hag shot forth her visage from a dismal little den in the entresol below, screaming—‘Diable, donc! où allez-vous?’ ‘Qui, moi?’ I replied, rather indignantly; ‘je vais chez M. le Vicomte, Madame.’ ‘Monsieur le Vicomte! qui est cela?’ An odd question that, thought I. I cannot surely be wrong. ‘Le Vicomte de Vaurien, Madame!’ ‘Viconte! Bah! et c'est là que vous le cherchez! montez au sixième.’ ‘Au sixième!’ sighed I, looking up the dismal staircase, so high, that it seemed, like Jacob's ladder, to lead to a glimpse of heaven, which twinkled through a sky-light at top. I drew a long breath of preparation for the ascent, and heard the old wench mutter below—‘Diable l'emporte! c'est toujours comme cela vous passez partout à gauche et à droite, sans rien demander à la portière, vous autres Anglais.’ ‘Vous autres Anglais!’ echoed I. ‘Rat it, that's too bad, though—she has found me out, in spite of my frock, waistcoats, and pantaloons. But never mind. Au sixième! Courage!’ Landed at length at the summit, breathless and panting, my head dizzy by a glance over the banisters into the interminable chasm below me, I leaned for a moment against the wall, and pulled a greasy bit of faded pink ribbon that hung dangling beside a filthy little door. ‘Qui est là?’ demanded a feeble voice. ‘Moi,’ replied I. ‘Aha! an Englishman! wait, wait for one second bit, saer,’ answered the voice, in a tone of gaiety. I waited as desired, confounded beyond measure to find that the very pronunciation of one syllable had betrayed me a second time. While I pondered on this, the door opened, and a black silk night-cap popped itself out. A sallow-wizened face was under it, and the head it covered was borne upon a narrow pair of shoulders, clothed in a short brown woollen jacket, appended to pantaloons of the same, forming stockings as well, and ending at the feet in a shabby pair of morocco leather slippers. ‘Walk in, saer; walk in, saer;’ said the wearer of this strange costume and still stranger phiz. He would have measured about five feet and an inch or so, and looked a good half-century old. His upper lip was horribly embrowned with snuff, and he seemed to have but two or three straggling teeth in his head. ‘Is your master at home?’ asked I. ‘My Got, saer! vat you take me for?’ cried my master. ‘I beg your pardon, sir,’ said I; ‘I wish to see the Vicomte de Vaurien.’ ‘Why dat is me, my dear saer. Walk in, saer.’ As he did not seem to wince at my mistake, my ‘withers were unwrung;’ but any one may imagine my mortification while I contemplated the figure and abode of my anticipated cicerone. I shall not touch my readers' sensibility on my account, by detailing the appearance of Vaurien's garret. A truckle-bed, two tottering chairs, a broken deal-table, a tarnished mahogany basin-stand, with gilded porcelain basin and water-jug cracked and chipped, and standing for show, like Goldsmith's celebrated row of broken tea-cups. These, and such like commodities, are not matters to enter into a description meant

for the brightest eyes of England. I therefore draw the blanket (there being neither veil nor curtain at hand) over the mysteries of the vicomte's abode. A few minutes made us quite known to each other. He read my letter with attention, shook my hand with warmth, professed himself my most faithful friend and devoted servant, and finished many pleasant sayings by begging me, with an air of great nonchalance, to sit down while he took his breakfast. That was soon despatched; for it consisted only of a little cup of coffee without cream, which had stood simmering in a pipkin by the fire, and a small roll, of about the length and consistency of a dried herring, which lay on a shelf with the vicomte's dressing apparatus. His repast required none of the usual appurtenances of a breakfast-table; and being quietly finished, he begged me to excuse his then making his toilette. Delighted at an opportunity of being initiated into the manoeuvres of a petit maître de Paris, I willingly accorded his pardon. He began by throwing off his black cap, and displayed a head completely covered with *pepillotes*, which he, without shame or ceremony, pulled coolly from their respective curls, and folded up in readiness for the service of the night. At first sight of him I thought he had been bald, for not a straggling hair wandered on his temples. Now he had a profusion of dark brown ringlets; and had I not seen the progress of de-cap-itation, I would have sworn he had put on a wig, so that he was just as far from natural appearance one way as the other. ‘Pardon, for two little moments,’ cried he, squeezing my hand in both of his, as he popped into a closet close by the head of his bed. In two minutes he was back; but no more like what he was before he entered, than I like Hercules. His transformation was magical—it was ‘Hyperion to a satyr.’ A rosy flush spread over his face, and seemed faintly fading on the tips of his nose and chin, like setting sunbeams on the peaks of a mountain. A pair of false whiskers, of the same pattern as his side-locks, curled upon his cheeks; and his mouth displayed a regular row of well-set teeth; while his head, in its whole ensemble, might be really supposed to have just glided gently off the shoulders of a good-looking fellow of thirty, or thereabouts. I started back. He laughed. ‘Ha, ha! vous ne me connaissez pas,’ said he, slapping me on the shoulder; ‘my dear saer, you must not vonder at all dis. Ve Frenchmen are enough philosophers to care ver little for appearances in de house, and to know dat ‘tis ever ting in de street.’ I was so amazed at the metamorphosis, and so pleased with the aphorism, which put me so much in mind of myself and old Quarles, that I did not closely observe the process of his dressing, which I should otherwise have faithfully reported. I followed him with my eyes as he went on, but saw him indistinctly, and heard him chatter without minding what he said. When I recovered from my reverie, I observed him full-dressed, all but his coat, wiping the cracked gilt basin with a towel, and placing it carefully in its proper stand. ‘Allons!’ cried he, as he finally settled his collar before the looking-glass, and stood revealed in all the perfumed bloom of a dashing dandy. ‘Now, saer, shall we go out see de masks on de Boulevards?’ ‘Masks!’ exclaimed I; ‘why, it isn't carnival time, is it?’ ‘To be sure ‘tis,’ replied he; ‘dis is Mardi gras, de gayest of de gay days. Nothing but pleasure, and fun, and hoah-poh.’ I may be allowed to mention here, that the vicomte is very proud of his English, and loses no occasion for

displaying his familiarity with the niceties of the language, among which 'hoah-posh' is a particular favourite.—I was electrified at hearing that the carnival was really going on; for the whole appearance of Paris was so *sombre*, so muddy, and misty, that I could not imagine any approximation to gaiety in the place or the people. '*Ah, vous verrez, vous verrez bientôt*,' said the vicomte, as we descended the stone staircase, picking our steps in its perpetual twilight, and directing our course by the iron banisters. Once fairly on the Boulevard, my friend seemed quite in his element; and though I looked down on him from an elevation of half-a-dozen inches, and thought my dress exhibited a tolerable specimen of style, I confess there was something in his swaggering air, fine complexion, floating curls, and the red riband at his button-hole, that seemed to throw me into the shade. He talked English loudly all the time, proud of displaying his accomplishment to the ears of his countrymen; and his observations were amusing enough. The day was gloomy, cold, and comfortable—yet the world was out. During the hour and a half which I had spent in the vicomte's garret, all Paris seemed to have been suddenly infected with the wish for a walk, ride, or drive. The pathway was thronged with pedestrians; many a mounted exquisite was cantering on the centre of the pavement, between the rows of carriages going in opposite directions, in horizontal analogy to the movements of two buckets in a well. These carriages, of all sorts and descriptions, open and close, cut a poor figure to a man accustomed to the equipages of the *Perk*. There was scarcely one from Long Acre to be seen. They were almost all French, gaudy, shabby, and flimsy. It appeared that though all Paris was there, yet the confounded weather kept all the decent horses at home; for such a sorry collection of jaded hacks was never before exhibited in a Christian country. The masks were few and vile. Now and then a barouche chove in sight, crammed with clumsy harlequins, miserable mountebanks without a joke, or two or three stupid caricatures of old women, in 'feathery furs and studded stomachers, tippets, cardinals, hoods, and ruffles.' A pretended peasant, here and there, rode silently along; but there was nothing like frolic, or humour, or happiness. The vicomte pointed out to me some well-known characters in the carriages which passed; among others, in his sky-blue chariot, his brother vicomte, the romance writer, who has described in the heroine of his last work, a better masquerade figure than the whole carnival could produce. 'Chargée de plumes, de fourrures, de fleurs, de pierreries, et de gaze, enveloppée d'un mantel à triple collet, et sa robe bordée d'images.' I, in my turn, told my companion the names of a few of my countrymen; but I saw none who combined notoriety with the ludicrous, except the celebrated Squire Hold'emtight, who, mounted on the dicky of a calèche, covered with a huge box-coat, whipped along a pair of pitiful hacks, and (puffing his red and bloated cheeks against the wind) gave occasion to a group near me to halloo out, '*Voilà! voilà le bœuf gras*!'—and I certainly never saw a finer specimen of John Bullism. While the file of carriages was thus dragging, like a wounded snake, or an alexandrine, 'its slow length along,' and every face seemed the index of a melancholy or a dissatisfied mind, the sound of martial music struck upon my ear, and presently several regiments of infantry, in full order of march, moved along the Boulevards from the direction of the Tuileries,

where they had been just passed in review, preparatory to their departure for the invasion of Spain. A train of artillery followed—the heavy rolling of the guns over the pavement mixing with the clash of the military bands, bringing to the mind a rush of awful combinations touching the tremendous probabilities in which these troops were going to be actors. There they were, mingled with the fantastic fooleries of the crowd—the motley crew of masks and mockeries, heavy hearts, and dreary apprehensions. I gazed at the scene with a sarcastic smile and an involuntary shudder; and exclaimed, as we turned down the Rue de la Paix (Napoleon's triumphal pillar staring me in the face), 'No, no, there is no step between the sublime and the ridiculous!'

We bid a kindly farewell to our pleasant companion; and only wish to have set out on his travels again one who is quite the *beau idéal* of tourists.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Sermons on Various Subjects. By the late Rev. Archibald Gracie. Edinburgh, 1829, Adam Black, T. Ireland, jun. and T. M. Shiells: London, Longman and Co.

WE take shame to ourselves for not having before recommended this most admirable volume to our readers. Full of mild and enlightened piety, that piety which shews itself by gentleness and humility in theory, and by moral excellence in practice,—few could turn over these pages without deriving somewhat of benefit, some practical rule of conduct, some striking view of the great advantages of religion, somewhat of either hope or consolation, from their perusal. We would particularly point attention to the sermons on resignation; on the influence of religious principle upon happiness; and on undue respect for the opinions of others: but we begin to find selection a very difficult task. A passage in the discourse treating on the love of God, illustrates our own sentiments on the subject so admirably, that we cannot resist supporting our opinion by such high authority.

"Some look upon the love of God as a disposition of mind producing devotion, and ending there. They have excited in themselves a high zeal and affection for God, and firm persuasion that they are his favourites; and having done this, they think they have arrived at Christian perfection; whilst, at the same time, they are under the dominion of covetousness, malice, and pride. This detestable mixture of vice and enthusiasm has been common in all ages. But, to preserve us from such delusions, Christ has told us that we must either keep his commandments, or not pretend to love him. This is the only kind of love to God that is mentioned in the Scriptures. They never recommend that spiritual fever, those warm transports, and that bold familiarity, which some zealots affect; nor that cold, refined, and mysterious piety which another sort of religionists require. For love to God is reason, and not passion—reverence, and not presumption. It may be proper also to remark, that love to God is inconsistent with that superstitious fear with which too many affect to worship him. Of a gloomy and unhappy disposition of mind, and insensible of the beauty so profusely lavished upon the works of creation, they ascribe a character of malevolence to the Deity. They trace his power in the thunder and in the earthquake, in war and in pestilence. Inexorable severity and a vengeful spirit compose their idea of the Supreme Being. Dark and superstitious terror forms the character of their religion, and is expressed

in modes of worship black as their creed, and portentous as the demon they acknowledge for their lord. But genuine love to God is inconsistent with this gloomy fear. It is impossible to regard him at the same time with affections so opposite. 'There is no fear,' says an apostle, 'in love; but perfect love casteth out fear, because fear hath torment; he that feareth is not made perfect in love.'

These discourses are arranged and edited by Mr. Gracie, brother of the pious and excellent man now no more; and we owe him our thanks for a very valuable addition to our devotional literature.

Scripture History for Youth. By Esther Hewlett. 2 vols. Fisher and Son.

THE first and part of the second of these volumes contain the Old and the rest the New Testament arranged in an historical form, and illustrated with many pictures. The intention seems to be very meritorious, and the execution of the work in a familiar manner, to fit it for popular reading and instruction.

A Plain and Short History of England for Children, in Letters from a Father to a Son. By the Editor of the "Cottager's Monthly Visitor." 18mo. pp. 262. Rivingtons.

ONE of the many forms in which useful knowledge is now presented to the youthful mind. The good plan of appending questions to every portion of the history related is followed in this volume.

Leigh's New Pocket Road-Book of Scotland, &c. &c. With a Map, and a Plan of Edinburgh. 18mo. pp. 284. London, Leigh.

SIMILAR to Mr. Leigh's useful and convenient Road-books of England and Ireland, this little volume recommends itself strongly to public favour by the accuracy of its details and the excellent arrangement of its materials. It is very small and portable; very neat and well printed; and, in short, exactly what such a publication should be, as many a tourist to Scotland during ensuing summers will be ready to acknowledge, while they thank us for making its merits known to them.

Synopsis of Practical Perspective, Linear and Aerial. By T. H. Fielding, Teacher of Drawing to the Senior Classes of the Hon. East India Company's Military Seminary. London, 1829. Carpenter and Son.

OF the various works on perspective which have recently come under our notice, Mr. Fielding's seems to us to be one of the most simple and perspicuous. The linear portion of it, without entering into details which are curious rather than practically useful, will communicate to the student who masters it, a sufficient knowledge of an art which, as Mr. Fielding justly observes, is as necessary to drawing or painting, as an acquaintance with orthography or grammar is to the production of a literary composition. Among other things, we are much pleased with Mr. Fielding's exposure of the absurdity of Kirby's strange and, in so able a man, unaccountable admission, that under some circumstances it is necessary to swerve from the strictness of mathematical exactness! We confess, however, that we are rather disappointed with that part of Mr. Fielding's work which treats of aerial perspective; and the more so, as he himself allows, that although it has hitherto been neglected by most of the writers on perspective generally, yet that it is the most interesting

division of the sciences. A great number of Mr. Fielding's remarks under the head of Aerial Perspective relate in fact to Linear Perspective. The one subject, we acknowledge, is not so strictly reducible to rule as the other; but still we think that something more might be said (and, with a little assistance perhaps from his highly gifted brother, who could say it better than Mr. Fielding?) on the laws which influence diminution of tone and indistinctness of form in objects, in proportion to their distance from the eye of the spectator.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, March 30.

In consequence of the sudden change in the atmosphere, the *merveilleux* and the *merveilleuses de Paris* have ventured to throw aside their furs, and we are now gratified by the sight of the lower half of their visages, which lay concealed beneath high collars and tippets during the frosty season. Perfumed elegants have also commenced honouring the public walks by their presence, as well as to administer *des coups de coude* to the fair sex. The inflictors of these impromptu knocks are enchanted with the idea of asking "pardon," as they thus secure to themselves an opportunity of exhibiting to advantage the graces of their person; and a bow or a smile, and a *demie-piroquette*, are supposed to more than indemnify the wounded lady, however forcible the blow she may have received.

The ball which took place at Vauxhall for the benefit of the Portuguese refugees was numerously attended. The receipts amounted to 35,000 francs; so that dancing seems the best mode of putting the springs of benevolence in motion.

The reform which has taken place in the price of lottery tickets has much displeased the labouring classes, who love gambling better than even their patron saints; neither will the increase of price prevent the poor from playing—they will only starve the oftener. The lower orders place an unbounded faith in dreams; and sooner than not purchase the number which they have seen in their sleep, they would sell to the last article they possess.

Mr. Dietz, *fabricant de piano*, is to give a grand concert the first week in April, at which a celebrated artist is to perform on the polyplectron. Musical connoisseurs speak in high terms of this new-invented instrument; but as there is a tacit convention between artists and fabricators to mutually praise each other's performances, one can place no reliance on hearsay.

Les grands esprits of the age being in despair at not finding it possible to elevate themselves by means of their wits, have abandoned their heads for their heels: a three-inch *tailon* is now *à-la-mode*; so that men of pigmy stature are raised to the ordinary size, whilst others again are become giants. Ladies are not permitted to add to their height; so that short wives contemplate their husbands as the Lilliputians did the Brobdingnagians. The *modes*, I presume, do not interest you; still I cannot resist announcing, that *des gilets à la Walter Scott* are to be worn this spring.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE ASTEROIDS.—Ceres, one of these small bodies, has been for some time past in a favourable position for observation to the west of Cas-

tor in Gemini; but, from the cloudy state of the atmosphere, few opportunities have occurred for examining it: in the early part of April it will be near ϵ Geminorum; yet, owing to the recession of this telescopic planet from the earth, and the approach of the constellation in which it is moving to the evening twilight, it will not be distinctly seen.

Ceres is 163 miles in diameter, and appears of a ruddy colour (which is also the prevailing hue of the others), and shines with the brilliancy of a star of the eighth magnitude: it is surrounded with an atmosphere 675 miles in height, which gives it very much the semblance of a small comet or nebulous star. Pallas, another of the asteroids (eighty miles in diameter), has a similar nebulosity surrounding it, 468 miles in height. Juno and Vesta are destitute of this nebulous atmosphere, though the latter—which is the smallest of the four (diameter forty-nine miles), and subtending an angle not greater than one of the Saturnian satellites, or half a second—shines with a light so pure and distinct as to be visible to the naked eye, as a star of the fifth magnitude.*

The form and position of the orbits of the asteroids, and the physical changes observed in them, suggests the idea of their being a sort of connecting link, uniting the planetary and cometary bodies. The orbits of the old planets vary but slightly from circles; those of the new planets are considerably eccentric, though not so much as those of comets. The aphelion of Juno is double the distance of its perihelion; and the distance of the centre from the foci of its ellipse 68,588,433 miles. It passes over that half of its orbit nearest the sun in half the time occupied in traversing the other half; the major axis of its orbit little exceeding in length that of the comet of Encke—the former being 450,800,000 miles in length, and the latter 420,000,000 miles.

The orbits of the asteroids make greater angles with the ecliptic than the planets, and in this respect resemble comets, some of which have their paths considerably inclined, and ascend or descend at right angles to the earth's path. The least inclination of a planet's orbit to the ecliptic is that of Uranus, which is 46 min. 20 sec.; and the greatest that of Mercury, which is 7 deg. The inclination of the orbit of Vesta is 7 deg. 8 min. 9 sec.; and that of Pallas 34 deg. 50 min. 40 sec. The inclination of the orbits of the comets of Encke and Gambart are, respectively, 13 deg. 20 min. and 13 deg. 33 min.; and of one that appeared in 1818, the position of its path relative to the ecliptic was 89 deg. 47 min.

More considerable and sudden changes are also observed in these small bodies than in the planets. Venus, it is supposed, has had an atmosphere generated about its orb since the commencement of the past century, which conceals those irregularities on the surface formerly so distinctly seen. Mars has a periodical change about its poles, supposed to arise from the melting of the snows when the planet is in certain parts of its orbit. Jupiter also has sudden changes in its belts, which are supposed to arise from its swift rotation. These changes in the planets are different to those observed in the visible hemispheres of Ceres and Pallas, which are sometimes pale, overclouded, or as if surrounded with a dense mist, and, at other

seasons, suddenly shine forth and display well-defined discs. Variations of a similar nature are also observed in the brilliancy of the others two.

To account for these phenomena, so anomalous in the planetary system, some have supposed the asteroids to be fragments of an exploded planet, formerly moving between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter. Some curious coincidences occur to render such a theory plausible; for, on the supposition of such an explosion, the fragments ought to have two common points of reunion, through which they would all pass; and it is remarkable that the positions of the nodes of the asteroids favour the idea of their having diverged from the same place. The smallest parts also would be thrown to the greatest distance from the original orbit, while the larger would, on account of their greater quantity of matter, deviate less from the path of the primitive planet. This is supposed to account for the orbit of Pallas and Juno (the smallest of the four) being more eccentric than Ceres and Vesta.

The immense atmospheres of Ceres and Pallas have furnished materials for another theory relative to "the lost comet of 1770," which ought, by computation, to have returned ten times since that year, but which has not been since seen. It has been supposed that this comet, passing near these two asteroids, communicated to them those immense nebulous atmospheres by which they are surrounded; but, unfortunately for this theory, the comet is not lost, but is revolving in a new orbit, into which it has been directed by the powerful attraction of Jupiter. It is rather surprising that some bold theorist has not identified in these asteroids the comet of 1770 itself, having the following data: That the explosion of a comet is a more probable event than that of a planet; that the asteroids were discovered not long after the comet was missing; that the form and inclination of their paths, together with considerable physical changes in their orbits, assimilate them to the nature of comets; and that, supposing the comet disrupted at right angles to its tail, there would be an unequal distribution of its atmosphere among the fragments, which would account for two having these atmospheres, and the others being destitute.

But there is no necessity for adopting such violent hypotheses. These small bodies are neither the wreck of a ruined world, nor are they wrapped in the newly acquired train of a comet wandering from its course. In the whole of creation, wherever the power of the Divine Being is evinced, there is also displayed harmony, and an arrangement for the general preservation; a beautiful connexion may be traced, uniting bodies apparently opposite in their natures, gliding through the various links, which ascends from the minute to the stupendous—from the grain of sand that fetters the proud ocean, to the rolling world, and all the vast orbs that move through immensity.

It is singular that the existence of these bodies, or at least of a planet moving near the courses which they pursue, was indicated by a very curious law, discovered by Prof. Bode,—that the excesses of the distances of the planets above Mercury form a geometrical series, of which the common ratio is 2: the mean distances at which the asteroids revolve are nearly equal, and complete the relation, which was before wanting. By assuming 10 as the mean distance of the earth from the sun, the following will be the result of this remarkable analogy:—

* Very considerable differences occur in the results obtained by Schroeter and Herschel in measuring the diameters of the asteroids. It is highly probable that the former included portions of their atmospheres in his measurements, while the latter (who is generally considered to be the most accurate) measured only the nucleus or disc.

	Distance in round numbers.
Mercury	4
Venus	4 + (3 × 1) = 7
Earth	4 + (3 × 2) = 10
Mars	4 + (3 × 3) = 13
Asteroids	4 + (3 × 29) = 86
Jupiter	4 + (3 × 21) = 67
Saturn	4 + (3 × 23) = 70
Uranus	4 + (3 × 24) = 76
A planet next beyond Uranus, if any exist	4 + (3 × 27) = 88

which latter is a little greater than the proportional distance of the aphelion of the comet of Halley. It is not easy to see the reason of this law, which is also lately found to prevail among the satellites of the system, relative to their mean distances from the centres of their respective primaries. Though hitherto unexplained, it is worthy of observation, that a similar law, relative to the periodic times and distances of the planets, remained veiled in obscurity until the connexion was discovered to be a necessary consequence of the laws of gravity. The explanation of this singular law may be reserved to some future period, when it will doubtless be found to be an important part of that grand scheme, every particular of which indicates design and perfect harmony." J. T. B.

Dexford.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

MARCH 27. His Grace the Duke of Somerset in the chair.—The subject brought before the meeting was, "on the motion of the sap in plants." Mr. Burnett dwelt principally upon the experiments lately made by M. Dutrochet on the effects of influx and efflux of fluids through membranous substances, which he denominates *endosmosis* and *exosmosis*. In the laboratory of the Institution, the lecturer, in conjunction with Mr. Faraday, used very thin membranes, bladders, &c.; and, trying them in different ways, found them to succeed perfectly: in one experiment a cylinder was separated into two cells by a diaphragm of thin membrane, and then putting a solution of gum on one side, and water on the other, the water passed through the membrane to the gum, and increased the quantity on that side; whilst on the other side the quantity was diminished. Mr. Burnett proved the insufficiency of M. Dutrochet's views relative to the motion of sap, by simply cutting off the root and leaf of a celery stalk, in which it was found that the sap still ascended. The correction of error in the case of supposed animalcules was illustrated by a curious experiment, which it was understood would be repeated in the library: much gratification no doubt would have been thus afforded. Mr. Burnett frequently relieved his

* The Nautical Almanac, published under the direction of the British Government, and which professes to point out the motions of the planets, has never noticed the asteroids since their discovery, any more than if they never existed. Those who cultivate the science of astronomy, if they wish to know in what part of the heavens to look for them, must either have recourse to laborious calculations, or refer to foreign almanacs for the desired information. Not only in this particular is the Nautical Almanac defective, but it is generally inferior to some published on the continent. The new astronomical Ephemeris, by Professor Roche, is decidedly superior, and contains information interesting to the astronomer and important to the seaman; which is the more remarkable, as France, whence this Ephemeris emanates, is perhaps the least engaged in maritime affairs of any European nation. The Nautical Almanac also yields in utility and accuracy to some that appear in a humbler guise in this country. White's Ephemeris contains many important particulars not introduced in the other, which is, indeed, altogether a national disgrace. It is a singular fact, that while this work was edited by females (the widow and daughters of Dr. Maskelyne) it was infinitely superior to what it has since been in the hands of men of science, but who are violently regardless of the trust reposed in them. We are sorry to speak in these severe terms; but the evil to a naval and mercantile country is a crying one, and ought to be remedied without slackness, since the safety of ships and the lives of seamen often depend upon these faulty and erroneous tables.

subject by introducing other curious physiological facts and experiments. On the table before him stood a variety of plants, which, though their roots were immersed in laudanum, belladonna, and other poisons, still lived; immediate decay followed, however, when the flower of the plant was submitted to the action of the poisons. By means of a neatly executed model, he also pointed out the mode of action of the Venus fly-trap, a plant of the sensitive kind. In the library were placed a great variety of curiosities brought to this country by Captain Dillon: amongst them were several yards of white cloth resembling linen, but not so tough, manufactured by natives from the bark of the bread-fruit tree. A "matrimonial pillow" also attracted considerable attention: it is only a piece of wood, raised four inches from the ground, about five feet in length, and two inches in circumference: at each end a semicircle is formed, into which the head or neck of the parties reposing is placed;—a punishment equal to the stocks! A variety of literary presents were also made.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

At the last meeting, A. B. Lambert, Esq., V. P., in the chair, the Rev. Dr. Lardner, Professor of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy in the London University, and six other gentlemen, were elected fellows of the Society. A paper was read, entitled, "An account of the different species of the genus *Ficus*, or fig-tree, found wild in Jamaica;" the paper was from the pen of James Macfadyen, Esq., colonial botanist. There was also read, the continuation of an interesting paper by the Secretary, entitled, "Remarks on the Flora of Great Britain, in connexion with geography and geology." The head and horns of a remarkable species of the buffalo (*Bos Arus*), from India, and also of a variety of the fallow-deer (*Cervus dama*), were presented to the Society's museum. The meeting then adjourned for a month.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

MARCH 17.—Mr. Simpson, in reference to the question, "What is the best method of filtering water for the supply of a city?" reported his recent operations at the Chelsea Water-works. The river-water is there cleansed from mechanical impurities by filtration through undulated layers of sand and gravel, and is rendered fresh and limpid by the action of water-falls. This plan is the result of Mr. Simpson's professional survey of the filter-beds at present worked in various parts of the kingdom. From the Chelsea filter-bed, thirteen thousand services are abundantly supplied with the purest water,—a proof that deficiency of engineering skill is not the sole obstacle to the comfort and health of one-fifteenth of our population.

March 24.—Lieut.-Col. Paisley, an honorary member, and a zealous supporter of the Institution, communicated several facts deduced from experiments on the formation of artificial cements. In proof of the inefficiency of chalk-lime mortar, he cited various examples of decay in docks and river walls. He then stated the effects produced by mixtures of pure clay, in various proportions, with common lime; and inferred the possibility of obtaining, at a comparatively moderate cost, all the essential qualities of water cements.

Mr. Frost, who has carefully investigated the properties of artificial compounds of lime, with alumine and silica, exhibited several specimens of artificial cement; and particularly remarked on the gradual but perfect solidification of lime

and silica. Mr. Turrel, in conclusion, recapitulated the heads of Mr. Faraday's lecture on the test for the durability of building-stone.

LONDON PHRENOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

At the anniversary meeting of this Society, held last Monday, Dr. Moore was elected president; Dr. Wright, T. Alcock, Esq., C. A. Tulk, Esq. F.R.S., and Dr. Poole, vice-presidents; J. Hayes, Esq. treasurer; J. B. Sedgwick, Esq. secretary; T. R. Fearnside, Esq. librarian; F. D. Bennett, Esq. curator. The other members elected on the council were—Dr. Elliotson, F.R.S.; D. Pollock, Esq.; C. Wheatstone, Esq.; H. H. Holme, Esq.; G. Lewis, Esq.; R. Maughan, Esq.; H. B. Churchill, Esq.; A. Epps; J. Deare, Esq.; R. Cooper, Esq.; E. Lance, Esq.; and G. Taylor, Esq.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, March 28.—In a convocation holden on day last, the degree of Doctor in Divinity, by diploma, was conferred upon the Rev. J. M. Turner, M.A. of Christ Church, who has been recently nominated to the see of Calcutta, vacant by the death of the late bishop, Doctor James.

On the same day the following degrees were conferred: Masters of Arts.—Rev. A. E. Sketchley, Rev. J. Downall, Magdalen Hall. Bachelor of Arts.—C. B. Trye, Brasenose College.

CAMBRIDGE, March 27.—The subject of the Seatonian prize poem for the present year is "The Finding of Moses."

The Vice-Chancellor and other official electors of Tyndall's Hebrew scholarship, have announced that a premium of 50*l.* will be given for the best dissertation on "The nature and extent of the Hebrews found in the writings of St. Paul, including the Epistle to the Hebrews."

ROYAL SOCIETY.

APRIL 2. The President in the chair.—A paper was read, entitled, "on the physiology of the nervous system;" by Dr. Wilson Philip, F.R.S. In conformity with the new resolution of council relative to the election of peers of the realm, the President gave notice, that he would on that day week propose for immediate ballot the Right Hon. Francis Lord De Dunstanville. Dr. John Fabes was admitted, and took his seat as a fellow. William Cavendish, Esq., of Trinity College Cambridge, was proposed.

On the table we noticed a copy of the first Bible translated into the language of the Mohawk Indians: it was done by John Elliot, a Puritan of Charles the First's time, and published at Cambridge, New England, in 1663; and is in remarkably fine condition. Mr. Curtis's Lecture, delivered at the Royal Institution, on the Physiology and Zoology of the Ear, and other works, formed the presents.

KING'S COLLEGE.

We have heard, with no little satisfaction, that within the last fourteen days very considerable additions have been made to the subscriptions in behalf of King's College. The clamour which has been attempted to be raised against this noble Institution, could not fail, we felt assured, to call forth increased zeal on the part of its excellent committee, and a firmer determination to support it on the part of those who are sincerely attached to the established faith of this country, and anxious to promote the advancement of Christian morals and the cause of learning and science.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

MARCH 26. Sir Thomas Lawrence, the President, in the chair.—Mr. Phillips in this lecture treated of *chiaro-scuro* and colouring. These combined, he observed, produce upon a plane

surface the resemblance of space, and give to the outline of forms the character of solidity and projection, causing them to advance or recede at the will of the painter, with all the pleasing or painful influence of natural appearances. *Chiaro-scuro* relates to light and shade, and to light and dark colour—is producible by either, but generally most effective when combined. These remarks led to a few observations on light, natural and artificial. In nature light causes shade: in art, however paradoxical it may appear, shade is the cause of light; or, rather, light and shade reciprocally generate each other. The lecturer then pointed out the management of contrast, and observed that light introduced sideways in various degrees is more available than a front light, creating not only a greater breadth of light and shade upon a figure, but giving, more completely than any other scheme, the power of separating figures, or of uniting part with part, and figure with figure; thereby adding great grace and beauty to composition. The lecturer ranked *chiaro-scuro* next in quality among the principles of the art to design and tone. A just sense of the importance of variety in a picture was next inculcated: no two masses of light or dark ought to be equal in size, nor alike in shape, nor parallel in position; the never-ending research after variety, which nature teaches to desire, not permitting satisfaction with monotony. Mr. Phillips then quoted the St. Peter in Prison, the Miracle at Bolsena, and the Heliodorus of Raffaele, as illustrations of the management of *chiaro-scuro*. Poussin followed the principles of Raffaele in that respect; and Mr. West, the late venerated President of the Academy, pursuing the same track, improved upon both, as might be seen in his *Regulus*, *Pyrrhus* at the foot of *Glaucias*, his *Lea*, and many others of his works. The lecturer, after touching upon various masters eminent for an accurate regard to *chiaro-scuro*, proceeded to consider the principles of colouring. He illustrated this part of his subject by a prismatic diagram; and observed, that colouring, though multifarious in its qualities, extensive in its unions and effects, and difficult in its application, was simple in its theoretical principles;—truth of imitation of an actual colour, and unity of shade, he conceived to be the firm, though simple basis of fine colouring in its primitive purity. In closing the lecture, Mr. Phillips dwelt upon the application of colouring in different schools, particularly the Venetian, and examined the question relative to the propriety of uniting the beauties of the different schools of painting. This being Mr. Phillips's last lecture, he took a sessional adieu of the students, earnestly recommending the private cultivation of their profession, as the best addition to public instruction.

SUFFOLK STREET GALLERY.

(Second Notice.)

No. 68. *Fruit*. G. Stevens.—Of this delicious composition we can only say, that in arrangement and execution it equals the finest examples of the kind that we have ever seen. The greens strike us as being rather ultra in brightness; but probably Mr. Stevens allowed a little for the effect of time on his work.

No. 71. *The Lady's Favour*. W. M'Call.—If our artists cannot always equal the power of tone and colour of the old masters, they almost always communicate a more exalted sentiment to their subjects. "The Lady's Favour" reminds us of Giorgione's "Gaston de Foix," which simply represents an attendant adjusting a part of the knight's armour; but Mr.

M'Call has imparted to his production an air of gallantry, in which the great Venetian's work is deficient. All that it wants is a little more depth and force.

No. 66. *The Cottage Juggler*. J. Knight.—Beautifully and harmoniously painted. A greater concentration of effect would perhaps be advantageous to it. We will not enter into the controversy how far objects in motion are fit subjects for painting: it is certain that Mr. Knight's young Juggler is perfect in his vocation; for he will never let one of his oranges fall to the ground.

No. 69. *The Danes*. W. Gill.—Like every thing we have seen from Mr. Gill's pencil; full of nature and feeling. A remark opposite to that which we have just made on Mr. Knight's picture suggests itself to us: we think the introduction of a little more light would be beneficial. The quotation which Mr. Gill has added to the title in the Catalogue is not a happy one. Cold-blooded indeed must he be who would "mock" the innocent pastime so ably depicted.

No. 113. *Fox-hounds just found, and getting together*. R. B. Davis.—We said, a short time ago, that we would not enter into the question how far objects in motion were fit subjects for painting. Sorry, however, should we be, had its decision in the negative prevented the production of this remarkably fine performance. To the lovers of the sports of the field it will be peculiarly interesting; for the character of the dogs and their rushing speed are admirably expressed. The localities of the scene are also painted with great spirit and truth. It is a picture which does Mr. Davis the highest credit.

No. 126. *Burns and Highland Mary*. R. Edmonstone.—There are few incidents in the life or writings of Burns which will not admit of illustration by the pencil; and yet, so powerful were the poet's feelings and expressions, that perfectly to embody them, whether they resulted from the fatal fancies of his mirth, the uncontrollable violence of his passions, or the deep pathos of his melancholy, is no easy task. The subject which Mr. Edmonstone has selected is simple and pleasing. He has imparted a delightful character of feminine delicacy and timidity to Mary, who is gently turning from the ardent gaze of her lover. The execution of the picture has been very carefully attended to; and the colouring is chaste and harmonious.

No. 149. *The wrecked Fisherman restored*. J. Tennant.—This performance is executed in a bright and vigorous style, and reminds us of some of the paintings of Louthembourg. The group which gives it its title is well put together; with the exception of the child, which seems too small, and may be said to be out of place, as far as regards the character of the composition.

No. 154. *Landscape, with Birch Trees*. F. R. Lee.—"Quite correct."

No. 175. *Amiens*. C. R. Stanley.—Dear to the lovers of art are those old buildings and fragments of buildings, from which the ordinary eye turns with indifference. When the representation of them is invested, as in the present instance, with all the glowing animation of the palette, there are few objects, the contemplation of which is attended with more amusement and pleasure.

No. 180. *The Narration*. J. Inskipp.—Beautifully and harmoniously coloured; of a very mellow tone; and calculated to excite the curiosity of the spectator, to know what so pretty a girl can have to do with an old book,

the size of which is, we should think, sufficient to alarm any but a deep blue.

No. 179. *The Rebuff*. H. Pidding.—We do not like rebuffs ourselves; nor, as it appears, does the poor dog who receives a whiff of tobacco in his face, in return for his playful caresses. Without much admiring Mr. Pidding's choice of a subject, we are bound to admit that his picture is well painted.

No. 237. *Danger*. No. 291. *Destruction*. G. Lance.—The story of an unhappy heron. We own that we wish Mr. Lance had remained satisfied with his former exquisitely fine picture of this subject. "Let well alone," is an adage replete with wisdom.

No. 165. *Don Juan*. C. F. Tomkins.—This performance has considerable merit; although, as far as the effect of light and colour is concerned, it is only an imitation of what has been already very ably accomplished.

No. 107. *The Shannon and the Chesapeake; second edition*. H. Pidding.—There is something so animating in good news, that we are not surprised at its throwing an old man-of-war's man into an ecstasy, an incident which Mr. Pidding has portrayed with his usual skill. The projected stump of the veteran, his firm grasp of the crumpled newspaper, and his eager perusal of the inspiring narrative, all shew the ardour of one who is quite ready, however crippled, to "fight his battles o'er again."

No. 106. *Landscape, with an Aqueduct; Evening*. T. W. Dagnall.—Great truth, and unaffected simplicity; shewing how little *matériel* will suffice for a picture, when viewed by the eye of taste.

No. 204. *A Girl peeling Turnips*. A. Fraser.—We were exceedingly charmed with the "Old Woman peeling Turnips," by Teniers, that was exhibited in the British Gallery some time ago; though then it was principally with the pots and pans by which she was surrounded; but here the female herself is charming; and the accessories are almost as ably executed as those by the famous Dutch master. Is not the balance, therefore, in favour of our artist?

No. 203. *The Preparation*. R. Farrier.—Very pretty, but a little too artificial.

[To be continued.]

MODERN SCULPTURE.

THREE groups in marble, of no ordinary merit, the subjects of which are "Venus and Vulcan," "Adonis and the Boar," and "Aretusa, a nymph of Diana" are at present exhibiting, in a temporary room in the King's Mews, by an artist of the name of Carew; who has hitherto "pursued the noiseless tenor of his way" unaided by patronage, except from one noble individual, the Earl of Egremont, who stands foremost in the list of the fosterers of native genius, and for whom these groups have been executed.

In their production it is evident that Mr. Carew has sought to avoid the severity of the Roman school, and to rely for his effect on a selection and combination of natural forms. The group of "Venus and Vulcan" is his largest, and, in our opinion, decidedly his best performance. The queen of love is represented as gently approaching her injured and angry lord, and endeavouring, by the usual female blandishments, to win him to forgiveness of her infidelities. Her figure is finely proportioned, and full of beauty; and the expression of her countenance, as well as the delicacy of her action, deserve high praise. The character of Vulcan is also well conceived.

Seated on his anvil, firmly grasping his hammer, and turning away from the fair supplicant, there is nevertheless an expression in his rugged features which shews that she has only to persevere in order to be triumphant. The anatomy of Vulcan's trunk and limbs is strongly marked, without being overcharged, and one of his legs in particular is admirable.—The action of the "Adonis" strikes us as being somewhat constrained, especially considering the perilous situation in which he is placed.—The character of the "Arethusa" is chaste and nymph-like.

Upon the whole, there is a style in these compositions which proves that Mr. Carew has not submitted his own natural feeling to the slavery of scholastic rules; and, if he steadily perseveres in the course upon which he has entered, we are convinced that he will afford us future opportunities of speaking still more highly of his talents.

LATEST NEWS FROM POMPEII.

Munich, March 30.

OUR last accounts from Rome of the 12th of March inform us that his Majesty the King of Bavaria had returned to that city. On the 27th of February his majesty and suite visited Herculaneum and Pompeii, to view the new discoveries. As the frescoes are now suffered to remain upon the walls, and several pieces of furniture are left in the places where they served the former owners, one appears to be in the midst of the ancients. A bath, which has been lately excavated, was particularly remarkable: the decorations of the walls, which are very fine, are in perfect preservation; and the bronze seats remain in the places where they were used by the inhabitants of Pompeii 1,800 years ago. In honour of his majesty, the workmen were directed to continue their researches in a house, the excavation of which was already begun. The result was very fortunate. It seems that they came to a glass-shop—for they found in one spot above 500 glass vessels of the most various descriptions. Near the spot were several bronze vessels and many glass beads, probably part of a necklace. The King of Naples made a present to the King of Bavaria of all that was found on this occasion. The newly discovered paintings are far superior to those previously found, and prove that painting among the ancients was not below the other arts. The fresco paintings on the walls of a very pretty house, representing Ganymede carried off by the eagle, and Bacchantes, are not unworthy of a Julio Romano or Giovanni di Udine. Others, with architecture, entirely refute the notion which some persons entertain, that the ancients were ignorant of perspective; for the perspective drawing of the buildings is perfect. In a house at Herculaneum, which has been but just opened, a very large stock of all kinds of fruit was discovered, which are indeed carbonised, but in other respects well preserved and very interesting. His majesty has received a complete collection of the several kinds.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The King.—A fine mezzotinto of the King, from Lawrence, has just been engraved by Mr. Hodgetts. It represents his Majesty at full length, in his garter robes, standing up somewhat in the position of Hoppner's engraved portrait. The present work is very brilliantly executed, and enrols the name of the artist high among those of older eminence, and consequently better known to the public.

(Published by Colnaghi, Cockspur Street.)

The Duke of Wellington.—A very striking likeness of the Duke of Wellington has just been produced on stone by W. Sharp, from a drawing by John Hayter. Taken altogether, we think this resemblance, though done as a simple sketch, one of the strongest we have seen. The eagle nose and penetrating eye are cleverly delineated; and the lower part of his Grace's sharp countenance, which has rarely been faithfully represented, is given with much of truth and character.

(Published by J. Dickinson.)

Portrait of Goartius. Drawn and engraved by T. Woolnoth, from the Picture by Vanduyke. Ackermann.

AN exquisitely beautiful print (in stipple) from the well-known picture in the National Gallery, generally acknowledged to be in several respects the finest head by Vanduyke existing. This is, we believe, the third of an intended series of heads from the old masters, which appears to us to be richly deserving of public encouragement.

The Day before Marriage. A Year after Marriage. Composed by Deveria, and drawn on Stone by H. Humphreys. Tilt.

How fortunate it is for the male sex that a lovely girl of eighteen is not always disposed to reflect before she passes, as she is represented to do in these characteristic little sketches, from the gay buoyancy of virgin expectation to the painful vigils of maternal anxiety!

The Honourable Mrs. Barrington. Engraved by Thomson, from a Miniature by Mrs. Jas. Robertson. M. Colnaghi.

A GRACEFUL and interesting portrait of Lord Ravensworth's lovely daughter, forming the fifty-second of the series of the portraits of the female nobility, published in La Belle Assemblée.

Pictas Oxoniensis; or, Records of Oxford Founders. By Joseph Skelton, F.S.A. Part the Second.

THE plates which ornament the present Part of Mr. Skelton's interesting publication are, "Bernard Castle, Durham, the birth-place of John Balliol, the founder of Balliol College, Oxford;" "Nave of Lincoln Cathedral, the burial-place of Bishop Smith, the co-founder of Brasenose College, Oxford;" and "the Shrine of Bishop Waynflete, in Winchester Cathedral, founder of Magdalen College, Oxford." The letter-press contains the completion of the account of Merton College, an account of University College, and the commencement of an account of Balliol College.

Portraits of Illustrious Personages of Great Britain, with Biographical and Historical Memoirs. By Edmund Lodge, esq. Norroy King of Arms, F.S.A. &c. Part XXXVI. Harding and Lepard.

THIS Part contains the portraits of Henrietta Maria, queen of Charles the First; Prince Rupert; Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey; Thomas Howard, fourth Duke of Norfolk; and Sir Matthew Hale. They are very pleasingly executed; and the following summary of the character of that great judge Sir Matthew Hale, will shew the elegance of Mr. Lodge's composition:—

"Of the powers of this eminent person's mind, and of his application of those powers to the duties of his profession, it is needless to speak. While the law of England shall subsist, they will be broadly and splendidly traced in the education of the student, the skill of the

advocate, and the decisions of the bench. Let those who so profit by the dictates of his wisdom, and the results of his labour, dedicate to his memory that incense which will be most grateful to his venerable shade. Let them imitate the intenseness and patience of his application; the candour as well as the acuteness of his argument; and the minute justice of his judgments: for all these he was equally celebrated. His conduct in all the relations of life was as pure as that which he displayed to public admiration; and the sweetness of his temper, the benevolence and simplicity of his heart, endeared him to the utmost to his family and dependants, and to his private intimates; yet, however excellent his nature, piety was indeed the vital principle of his character; a piety not recluse and contemplative, but so directing every action, as to consecrate the most ordinary offices of his life. If to some the strictness of his religious observances should seem too severe, let it be remembered that this severity regarded himself alone, while with respect to others he was invariably charitable in opinion, and gentle in correction."

Engraved Illustrations of Ancient Arms and Armour. After the Drawings, and with the Descriptions, of Dr. Meyrick. By Joseph Skelton, F.S.A. Part XVI.

THE plates which ornament the sixteenth Part of Mr. Skelton's fine work, are—"Weapons from the isles and shores of the Pacific;" "Demi-Launcer's Armour, A.D. 1555;" "Italian and Highland Targets, A.D. 1655;" "Spurs;" "Brigandine Armour, A.D. 1590;" and Target of Francis I., A.D. 1566." Of the last it is said: "This astonishingly fine specimen of art was executed when Italy was in the zenith of her unrivalled talents. It was exhumated in France, and has suffered greatly from the pick-axe which was struck through it, and from the hole thus made was broken into three parts. The gold which once profusely adorned it has been almost entirely removed, to gratify the avarice of the finder, and the steel itself, in one place, is somewhat corroded. It has been rescued from entire destruction by the Count Vassali, who, after directing the several pieces to be cautiously and skilfully united, brought it with great care to this country. The design is by Giulio Romano, or his contemporary Primaticcio, and it was probably executed by Filippo Negroli, a celebrated Milanese armourer, known to have worked for Francis I. The completely convex form of the target, and the military costume, demonstrate, in addition to its superior execution, that its fabrication took place immediately after the event it was intended to commemorate. This was the disgraceful retreat of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, who, to the terror of the Parisians, had advanced within eleven leagues of the capital, burning and plundering on the whole line of his march, in order, at the instigation of the Duc de Bourbon, to place the crown of France on the head of his sovereign. Relieved from their terror by the government opportunely calling out the levy en masse in aid of the army under Tremouille, their gratitude was expressed by the present of this target to their gallant king."

BIOGRAPHY.

WILLIAM STEVENSON, ESQ.

AMONG other losses which the literary and scientific world has recently sustained, is that of William Stevenson, Esq., of the Records' Office in the Treasury;—a man remarkable for the stores of knowledge which he possessed,

and for the modesty and simplicity by which those rare attainments were concealed. Mr. Stevenson was the author of a valuable work entitled, "Historical Sketch of the Progress of Discovery, Navigation, and Commerce," published in 1824; containing, besides much curious and interesting information in the body of the volume, an admirable Catalogue Raisonné of the best books of travels and voyages, omitting those which the ingenious and learned compiler of the catalogue had proved from his researches to be inaccurate, or considered to be frivolous. In his literary, as well as in his private dealings, Mr. Stevenson was so rigidly conscientious, that he gave considerable offence in the arrangement of this list to an eminent literary character and an intimate friend of his own, by omitting the mention of a book of travels which that gentleman had written, and which Mr. Stevenson deemed unworthy of insertion. The article on Chivalry in Dr. Brewster's Encyclopedia was written by Mr. Stevenson; and he was the author of the Agricultural Survey of Surrey. Few men were more calculated for works of an agricultural and topographical nature than himself. Early in life he had devoted considerable attention to agricultural pursuits, with no better success than to fix the theory indelibly in his mind. It was during the last few months of his life that the results of his industry and research became more extensive, beneficial to the public, from his contributions to the treatises published by the Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge. The *Life of Caxton*, written by him, will always be perused with instruction and interest, as a full, elaborate, and accurate account of the labours of that great promoter of knowledge. In this and in his other works, Mr. Stevenson, contrary to the practice too prevalent in these days, dived into original sources of information; and, with the true spirit of a faithful historian, consulted the interests of truth, rather than the object of amusement to his readers. Until the commencement of a severe indisposition, Mr. Stevenson was occupied in preparing for the press a series of treatises intended for the edification of the agricultural classes, projected by that eminent friend to intellectual improvement, Mr. Brougham, and under the auspices of the Diffusion Society. These Essays, which, we are informed, will still shortly be published, were a source of the most interesting occupation to Mr. Stevenson, until repeated attacks of illness obliged him to relinquish all mental exertion. On Friday the 20th of March, he appeared, however, so much recovered, as to afford considerable hopes to his anxious friends that he would soon be enabled to resume his studies. These expectations were suddenly blighted: While sitting at tea with his family the same evening, he became unable to lift the cup to his mouth, sunk back, and never spoke afterwards. He died on Sunday, the 22d ult., aged fifty-seven. Few men in the course of their worldly career encounter less personal enmity, or conciliate more sincere and steady friendships, than the subject of this brief notice. In deportment he was not only mild and inoffensive, but, where opportunity afforded him, a zealous and active friend. He had little of the pride of authorship; and so much of the disinterestedness which belongs to a philosophic mind, that it was difficult for public attention to find him out. Retired and moderate in his habits, and loving knowledge for her own sake, Mr. Stevenson resembled a literary character of the last century, when display fol-

lowed not so fast in the footsteps of exertion. Such men cannot be sufficiently appreciated: it is they who give the stamp of sterling value to the literature of this country.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE LATE DUEL.

THE Earl of Winchelsea has authorised a statement in the *Morning Journal*, in the following words:—"It is incorrect that Dr. Hume loaded or assisted in loading Lord Winchelsea's pistols; of course, Lord Falmouth did so,—and to his conduct, indeed, which was marked by calmness and self-possession, as well as by judgment and strict courtesy, Lord Winchelsea has no hesitation in declaring he considers the fortunate termination of the affair to be mainly owing. In regard to the acknowledgment, it was quite a voluntary one; and indeed it could not well be otherwise under the circumstances." We copy this correction of a very slight error into which it seems we were led in our account of this transaction, not only because it is due to the parties concerned and to truth, but because it proves the accuracy of our statement in all other particulars. Lord W. also mentions that he went to the ground privately, in a chariot and pair, and not in a chaise and four, as absurdly asserted in the newspapers, but with which the *Literary Gazette* has had nothing to do.

MUSIC.

THE MELODISTS' CLUB.

AT the third meeting of the season, on Thursday, the 26th ult., Lord Saltoun, one of the Vice Presidents, was in the chair, and about fifty members sat down to dinner. We need not detail the usual loyal and convivial toasts, nor the brief observations with which they were introduced; especially as in a society where so much musical enjoyment is expected, the latter are always as concise as could be desired,—and the noble lord at the head of the table was no trespasser. The novelties of the evening, however, deserve our notice. "Would you know why this England?" an animated song, the words by Mr. Gasepy, and the music by Mr. Watson, was sung with great spirit and a stirring effect by Mr. Braham, whose gusto and glorious organ made the chamber ring again. To contrast with this, there was a charming ballad by the same composer, sung by Mr. Gould (an amateur), and sung very sweetly; the words, by Mr. C. H. Freeman, are as follow:—

Think of me, Mary, think of me,
When at eventide you roam
To gaze upon the boundless sea,
And think of distant home;
Think of me when the day is done—
I cannot claim a tear;
I only ask a sigh for one
Whose heart is breaking here, Mary,
Whose heart is breaking here.
Weep for me, Mary, weep for me,
'Tis the lowly boon I crave;
My only joys are thoughts of thee,
My only hope the grave.
He who thy wav'ring heart has won—
He whom thou holdest dear,
Will not refuse a sigh for one
Whose heart is breaking here, Mary,
Whose heart is breaking here.

This melody is very simple, and it does credit to the Club. The other entertainments of the evening were all in good keeping.

ORATORIOS.

ON Wednesday the *Messiah*—and Camporese's first appearance since her return to England. At first she seemed to be a little flat; but in "Vedrai Carino" gave all Mozart's beauties,

was full of effect, and justly obtained a unanimous encore. We know no singer, indeed, who does Mozart's music greater justice. Miss Love ought, after all, to be a male; for even her counter-tenor is too weak for so large a theatre. Miss Betts sang admirably in tune, and both in "Rejoice greatly," and the recitative "There were shepherds," entitled herself to the highest praise. Miss Farrar also acquitted herself very satisfactorily. With regard to the gentlemen, we thought Braham a little unwell with a cold; but when he gave us "Thy rebuke" in his own superb manner, the indisposition was forgotten both by him and us. J. O. Atkins should be named as a very efficient singer on this occasion; and young Seguin was admirable for an extraordinary base and finished execution. A touch of energy is all he wants. The choruses were magnificent: "And the glory of the Lord," and "For unto us," could not be surpassed.

While on musical themes, we ought to notice the delight we experienced on Saturday by hearing Miss Grant sing from the gallery in Freemason's Hall to the company assembled at the Scottish Hospital Anniversary. On this occasion Miss Grant gave the Scottish airs with great *sweetness*, and displayed powers of voice and taste which caused us to wonder why she has been kept so entirely in the background since she made her theatrical debut. We have certainly few female vocalists capable of affording greater pleasure to the public.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

WE have the pleasure of recording this week the deserved success of a farce by Mr. Poole, entitled, *My Wife! what Wife!* The plot is perhaps not the most probable in the world; but who cares for probability in a farce, particularly when the situations are striking, and the dialogue lively? Farren, as a steady old naval captain, and Jones as his extravagant waggish nephew, assuming the wig and uniform of his uncle, marrying a young lady in his name, and mystifying thereby the old gentleman till he doubts his own identity, were, of course, both in their elements; and Harley, as *Simon Pym*, a sentimental sponge, whose system is to sup where he dines, and sleep where he sups, &c. contributed his full share to the mirth of the evening. Mr. W. Bennett deserves honourable mention for his very natural acting the part of *Blunt*, the old servant of the uncle. The scene between him and Farren at the end of the first act was quite perfect. Mrs. C. Jones had but little to do,—a circumstance we always regret, as we consider her one of the cleverest actresses in her line. Miss Curtis agreeably surprised us by her performance of *Louise*;—and, altogether, with a little pruning of the first two scenes, and a few less "last words," this farce bids fair to be a standing dish at Old Drury.

King Lear was revived on Monday, when Young in *Lear*, Farren in *Kent*, Cooper in *Edgar*, and Miss Phillips in *Cordelia*, were all excellent.

COVENT GARDEN.

THE play of the *Padlock*, which is announced at this theatre next Tuesday, in aid of the fund for the Diddin Monument, bids fair to be more than usually attractive, from the united talents of Miss Paton and Madame Vestris. The latter, we hear, is to sport a *wooden leg* on the occasion; which novelty will amuse more, though it may not please so much as her own smart pair of limbs.

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"We wish to point out to our readers an article in the 'Foreign Quarterly Review,' No. VI. on the Arts and Manufactures of France. All real lovers of information—all persons interested in the true sources of national happiness—will be obliged to us for referring them to this, the first article of the new number. The quantity of the instruction to be derived from it, is only to be equalled by the benevolence of the spirit in which it is written. The characteristics of this Review are, the utility of its objects, and the care and steadiness with which they are followed up: every thing is weighed, finished, and serious."—*Spectator*, Jan. 7.

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No. VII. will appear early in next month.

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No. 634.

SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1829.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

All for Love; or, the Spanner well Served; and The Pilgrim to Compostella; or, a Legend of a Cook and a Hen. By Robert Southey, Esq. LL.D. Foot Laureate, &c. 12mo. pp. 224. London, 1829. Murray.

It is told in the Laureate to publish two poems on the old head of superstitious tradition occluded at this particular time of this particular year: yet we must confess that "old Robin Gray" (as he calls himself in his introduction to the *Pilgrim to Compostella*) has

"Lament his youth and wasted a song,
A ballad of the best."

not, indeed, in the *Pilgrim* afterwards, but in the *All for Love*, or a *Spanner well Served*. This ballad is founded on an old legend of the (Irish) South, which may be then summed up. A youth, by name Elstan, fell in love with his neighbor's daughter, (Cye, and long essayed to win the consent of the father to certain promise which was disagreeable in the view of the mother herself. Elstan prayed to virgin, and child, and martyr, and in vain: he then turned to the heathen authorities, not as usual to the heathen authorities, and with equal ill success brought the aid of what one of our Country Poets calls "Apollo, and Mars, and the rest." There remained one desperate resource, the old superstition, as he is generally designated in polite society, after

"And thence, from North, or South,
Who is your avenger, and your
Who is your avenger, and your
Who is your avenger, and your."

Elstan accordingly goes to the devil; and the old customs to play the devil with all the old customs of the country, and to manage also that (as shall forthwith be seen), provided the old Elstan consents to have a little red mark put on his breast, over against his heart, bring the damned and visible sign of his having sold to evil, the world's goods past and gone, to his eternal company. The bargain is struck, and is stamped. Cye is married to Elstan, and to all outward view they are a most happy couple. But Elstan, the honeymoon was over, cannot away with the "damned spot." Much of the conduct of the story is bound up in this. His secret is discovered from him by his affectionate wife, after a second marriage dinner, and by her revealed to the city Bishop Beak, who resolves the confusion of the marriage of the dinner who has sacrificed *All for Love*. He gives gaily assent; and we come a beautiful touch of domestic imagination—the spot is washed out by the tears of Elstan and his Cye.

We have promised ourselves to discuss rather lightly. This is, nevertheless, a very elegant, and, in our feelings, a very touching little poem. We possess a few extracts only. The first describes Elstan's visit to Beak, when he has spent himself to the confusion of the diabolical

"The night stars gave out in heaven
As that night light,
And all the stars that shined then
Shook their heads at light."

And a shuddering in the room was heard,
Though winds were still that night.

He called the spirits of the air,
He called them in the name
(Of Athos) and at the call
The attendant spirits came—

A strong hand which he could not see
Took his spirit hand;
He felt a strong arm drive him,
And left him from his stand:

A whirl of unseen wings he heard
About him every where,
Which onward, with a mighty force,
Impelled him through the air.

Fast through the middle sky and far
It hurried him along:
The hurricane he could not resist,
The instant he was strong.

The lightning struck not so fast,
The lightning not so fast,
And now behind him he had left
The mists and every star.

And still swift as on the tomb
In implicit art he stood,
He felt a strong arm drive him,
And left him from his stand:

But as he from the living world
Approached where spirits dwell,
He began there to be aware
Were they visible:

Shadows, and spears to be desired
In darkness where they flew;
But still as they advanced, the more
And more distinct they grew:

And when their way fast quivering they
Through their own region went,
Then were they in their element seen,
The magic form, the diabolic men,
Faint, dark, and distant.

Behind where darkness lay they came,
For off, the lightning—
This daylight of that dark men,
The kind of their way.

In that dark realm of evil night,
Like the shadow, or the ghost of light,
It moved in the narrow aisle,
And went and came, like a subtle flame
That flickers before it dies.

There the fallen angels ranged around
And the other things:
There on the over-riding sea
His darkness theme was played.

Sum of the morning's light it then
For this that then had given
They met, pre-ordained among
The hierarchies of heaven:

As if a sudden light could joy
To meet the fallen spirit:
Or this could begin to the fire
(Of hell) within the heart.

Thither the evil angels came
The youth, and wondering whence there
Their service they gave;
And in the north of Athos
Present him to light prison:

Just as they came together he made
The secret's magic power,
In that same art and attitude
They sat him before the throne.

The fallen angels sat on him
A dark diabolical look,
And from his silent head suddenly
The power's light shone out.

"Ay, — love," he cried, "it serves me well,
There was the Virgin boy, —
His love brought forth a new year's eve,
And thus the power of Troy.

And when my own Mark Antony
Laid young Cypar down,
And Rome's whole world was set in arms,
The cause was, — all for love

Some for ambition all themselves,
By virtue some the driven,
Pride, envy, hatred, but all move
Some ends, and some for only love
Remember their hopes of heaven.

Yes, of all human follies, love,
Methinks, hath served me best.
The apple had done but little for me
If I had not done the rest.

Well then, young courtier, whom love
Hath brought into this pass,
I am willing to perform the deed
Of my utmost Athos.

Thy master's daughter shall be thine,
And with her shall be content;
And not more to thy heart's desire
Than to her own content.

Yes, master, — I give thee with the girl,
Thine after days to love,
Health, wealth, long life, and other joys
The world calls happiness.

But, mark me! — on condition, youth,
No parting here we have;
Dare thou have, instantly, this time
Thy hope of heaven change?

Dare thou remember thy baptism,
And hand thyself to me,
My usual portion to partake
Through all eternity?

No lurking purpose shall evade,
When youth may fall and courage cease,
To cheat me by resistance!
I will have thee written down among
The children of perdition.

Fear Elstan encounters the dead ascending; and this, we think, will satisfy our readers that the hand which wrote *Queen Anne* has had nothing of its cunning. Elstan's marriage and consequent happiness is fully described, and with many peculiar touches both of quaint satire and poetry: witness the following: —

"In prison joy to wait his hour,
And suddenly out
Adieu strength leads him,
Of the devil or the past."

At length comes the hour of retribution.

"Alas was Elstan left
For money on Heaven to call,
Deep and unending were his pains,
But not a word would fall.

His lips were parted, his head was bent,
His eyelids shuddered with heat,
And in that other silence
He could hear his temple beat.

But could he feel, and could he hear,
And at his heart there lay
An iron rod, and a sword,
While he played the loving day."

Scenes, in spite of his repentance, chains over here; and there is a grand trial of strength in the cathedral before the bishop (who is the chief antagonist) and the assembled people. Here the author indulges in some wit and pleasantries, which contrast with the pathetic traits of his preceding description. We say nothing of what opinion may be entertained of their taste; but they are very amusing, and we quote a few passages of the legal argument touching the case of the penitent. It is exceedingly like special pleading in our modern law courts. Scen says: —

"Woe to be by a hand
Which hands him first in law
I show it myself by statute;
And show that the case the law is
Who is it can find a law?"

Before the congregation,
And in the face of day,
Whichever way goes and whither goes,
I will challenge it to be found,
And carry law quick away."

"No, Scen! — but there is 'by public,
With righteous eyes, shall read,
Duly the sacred pages!"

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BOOKS IN THE PRESS.

In April will appear, the First Number of **THE EDINBURGH LITERARY GAZETTE.**

To be published every Saturday Morning. The purpose and value of a Journal conducted on the excellent plan of the "London Literary Gazette," containing critical notices of new works, and forming a compend of general literature, are so universally understood, as to render exposition superfluous. For a periodical of this description, Edinburgh affords peculiar facilities. At the seat of a flourishing University, and of one of the great European Libraries, it has long held an eminent rank in the republic of letters; and with reference to the trade of literature, it is the second publishing market in the British empire. It is the residence, or at least the occasional resort, of all the nobility, learning, and wealth of the country; and it forms the common centre of attraction for connoisseurs, artists, and men of science: the national mart where alone their genius and their works can be adequately appreciated and rewarded. With all these advantages, it must be considered rather extraordinary, that in a city so distinguished, the work of the kind now projected should hitherto have existed. At this moment it is the subject both of surprise and reproach, that Edinburgh possesses nothing in the shape of an exclusively literary paper at all corresponding with her resources, or worthy of her literary fame. A register or journal of this kind, uniting with politics, containing an ample review of the current literature of the country, with an account of the progress and improvements in science and art, must be regarded as a desideratum which the Scottish press has yet to supply.

Amidst the advantages of local advantages, and to furnish the British public with a work that shall unite the copious and solid information of the more elaborate reviews, with the interest and amusing varieties of a literary newspaper, the Projectors of the Edinburgh Literary Gazette have determined to commence their labours, fully convinced, that with the resources at their command, nothing but industry and perseverance can wanting to crown their efforts with success. With regard to the practical part of the work, they pledge themselves that neither exertion nor expense shall be spared. As for the nature and arrangement of the contents, a very few words will suffice. It were easy to frame a prospectus, and to propose, which too frequently amounts to nothing more than an abstract theory of good intentions; a mere anticipation of ideal excellence, rather than a true index of the intended performance. Avoiding all such ostentatious display, the Conductors of the Edinburgh Literary Gazette will make no promises on their part, and excite no expectations in the public which they are not amply prepared to realize.

The Projectors have only farther to add, that the most ample and efficient assistance has been secured. Each department will be its own appropriate contributor, on whose judgment and abilities the public may rely with confidence. Without affecting any boastful pretensions of ways and means, or making an empty parade of names, they may be permitted to state, that in their list of auxiliaries will be found names which already have done honour to modern literature; and when the Author of the "Gleanings of an Optum Exer," Deuts of "Blackwood's Magazine," and Mr. Crichton, the Translator of Koch's "Revolutions of Europe," are mentioned, it will be some guarantee of what the public have to expect. Finally, though the Projectors may not perhaps be able to at once develop their plan fully, and in all its parts, they feel assured that any primary obstacles will speedily be overcome. They will be content to parry the character and success of the whole undertaking on the first Six Numbers of the work.

The Edinburgh Literary Gazette will be printed on a sheet equal in size to the largest literary paper in Britain, and will be published at No. 19, Prince's Street, (the premises occupied by the late Mr. Constable), where Subscriptions and Advertisements will be received. A list of Agents will be given in a future Advertisement. In the meantime, Orders, &c. will be received and transmitted by all respectable Newsmen and Booksellers throughout the United Kingdom.

Price of each Number, 6d. unstamp'd, or 1s. stamp'd, sent free by post.
Edinburgh, No. 19, Prince's Street, March 2, 1829.

In the press, 2d edition, 8vo.

IRELAND; its EVILS and their REMEDIES; being a Refutation of the Errors of the Emigration Commission, and an attempt to show that the country, which is professedly a synopsis of an original Treatise, sheet to be published on the Law of Population; developing the real Principle on which it is universally regulated.

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3. **All for Love, and the Pilgrim of Com.** postilla. By Robert Southey. Poetical 8vo.

4. **The Life and Services of Captain Philip Beavers, late of H. M. Ship Naut.** By Captain Smyth, R.N. 8vo.

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7. **Forest Scenes and Incidents in the Woods of North America.** Post 8vo.

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By the Rev. WILLIAM KIRBY, M.A. F.R. and L.S. &c. &c.
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This work has undergone a very laborious revision, and alterations to a considerable extent have been adopted. In every instance where the slightest obscurity appeared in tracing lines of descent, the whole matter has been remodelled, and a plan entirely new pursued generally, which it is hoped will satisfactorily obviate the hitherto universal complaint against books of genealogy, large and small, in regard to perspicuity. To render this department as interesting as possible, accounts will be given of many celebrated names, (Courtiers, Earls of Devonshire—the Carrs, favourites of King James the First—Kilbride, Marj, Marj, &c. &c.), branches from which still exist.

A very large addition has likewise been made to Collaterals, so that all within the remotest remembrance to honour, appear in their proper places; and a description of the armorial bearings of each house is given in the body of the work, independently of the engraving.

Printed for Henry Colburn, 5, New Burlington Street.

In the middle of next week will be published, in 8vo. 10s. boards. **DE LA NECESSITE de SOUMETTRE le CATHOLICISME ROMAIN en IRLANDE a des REGLEMENTS CIVILS SPECIAUX.**

By the Hon. M. J. DEL POZZO, Ancient and Hon. Member of the Parlement Français de la Cour Impériale de l'Autriche de "Catholisme en Autriche."

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By JOHN HENRIAGE JESSE, Esq.
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J. MOORE, Fourth Court, Chancery Lane.

THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE;

AND

Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

This Journal is supplied Weekly, or Monthly, by the principal Booksellers and Newsmen, throughout the Kingdom; but to those who may desire to subscribe, by post, we recommend the LITERARY GAZETTE, printed on stamped paper, price (One Shilling).

No. 638.

SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1829.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

All for Love; or, the Sinner well Punish'd; and The Pilgrim to Compustella; or, a Legend of a Monk and a Hermit. By Robert Southey, Esq. LL.D. Foot Laureate, &c. 12mo. pp. 228. London, 1829. Murray.

It is told in the Laureate to publish two poems on the old head of superstitious tradition ecclesiastical at this particular time of this particular year: yet we must confess that "old Robin Gray" (as he calls himself in his introduction to the *Pilgrim to Compustella*) has

"Lament his youth and wasted a song,
A ballad of the best."

not, indeed, in the *Pilgrim* scenario, but in the *All for Love, or a Sinner well Punish'd*. This ballad is founded on an old legend of the Greek Church, which may be thus summed up. A monk, by name Klutman, fell in love with his mother's daughter, (Yra, and long essayed to win the consent of the father to certain proceedings never disapproved in the view of the law deemed lawful. Klutman prayed to virgin, and when, and where, and in vain: he then turned to the heathen authorities, not as yet quite exploded in Cappadocia, and with equal ill success brought the aid of what one of our Country poets calls "Apollon, and Marsyas, and the rest." There remained one desperate measure—namely, the old custom, as he is generally denominated in public society, alias

"Aunt Thomas, Sister, Nephew, or Cousin,
Who in you dreamt gain and death,
How under hatchmen," &c.

Klutman accordingly goes to the devil; and the devil consents to play the devil with all the old diabolical corruptions, and to manage also that (as shall forthwith be Mrs. R., provided the old Klutman consents to have a little red mark put on his breast, over against his heart, bring the sacred and virginal sign of his having said he said, this world's goods past and gone, to his eternal company. The bargain is struck, the seal is stamped, Cyra is married to Klutman, and to all outward view they are a most happy couple. But Klutman, the honeymoon over, cannot away with the "damned spot." Much of the conduct of the story is beautiful and pathetic. His secret is entered from him by his affectionate wife, after a second nervous dream, and by her revealed to the holy Bishop Basil, who resolves the confusion and confusion of the dinner who has carried off *All for Love*. He gives gaily consent; and we witness a beautiful touch of domestic imagination—the spot is washed out by the tears of Klutman and his Cyra.

We have permitted ourselves to foster rather lightly. This is, nevertheless, a very elegant, and, to our feeling, a very touching little poem. We present a few extracts only. The first denotes Klutman's visit to Helen, when he has opened himself to the suspicion of the diabolical charge.

"The stars above gave light to heaven
At that midnight light,
And all the blessed stars around them
Shed their celestial light;

And a shuddering in the stars was heard,
Though winds were still that night.

He called the spirits of the air,
He called them in the name
Of spirits; and at the call
The attendant spirits came.

A strong hand which he could not see
Took his uplifted hand;
He felt a strong arm circle him,
And lift him from his stand;

A whirl of atoms wings he heard
About him every where,
Which, ever, with a mighty force,
Impelled him through the air.

Fast through the middle sky and far
It hurried him along;
The hurricane is not so swift,
The torrent not so strong.

The lightning travels not so fast,
The earthquake not so far,
And now lifted him to high left
The mists and every star.

And still e'er as on the tomb
He looked at his dead,
In his heart he was aware,
In that fixed attitude.

But as he from the living world
Approached where spirits dwell,
His senses were in chaos,
Were darkly visible;

Shadows, and shapes to be desired
In darkness where they dwell;
But still as they all vanished, the more
And more distinct they grew;

And when their way first opening they
Through their own region went,
Then were they in their darkness seen,
The angel form, the female shape,
Form, look, and features.

Behold where down below them now,
Far off, the landscape—
This daylight of that dark scene,
The limit of their way.

In that dark realm of outer night,
Like the shadow, or the ghost of light,
It moved in the eastern skies,
And went and came, like a shadowy form,
That Klutman before him.

There the fallen angel ranged supreme
Among the other stars;
There on the overhanging ice
His delicious throne was placed.

San of the Morning 't is then
For this that thou hast given
Thy seat, pre-eminence among
The hierarchies of heaven.

As if dominion here could give
To mortal pride report,
Or this cold region stir the fire
Of hell within the heart.

Thither the evil spirits bent
The youth, and countless hordes of men
Their evil day to spend,
And in the morning light
Present him to high prize;

Just as they came together he made
The cavern's midnight hours,
In that same old still attitude
They sat him before the throne.

The fallen angel sat on him
A dark, dark look,
And from his naked head sprang
The prodigious vision sent.

"Ay,—love," he cried, "it gives me well,
There was the Virgin lay,—
His love brought forth a new year's eve,
And shed the beams of Troy.

And when my own Mark Antony
Against young Cleopatra came,
And Rome's whole world was set in arms,
The cross was,—all for love.

Some for ambition, all themselves,
By various ways are driven,
Pride, envy, hatred, but all these
Have ends, and ends for only love
Have none; their hopes of heaven.

Yes, of all human follies, love,
Mankind, hath served no best.
The apple had done but little for me
If I had not done the rest.

Yes, of all human follies, love,
Mankind, hath served no best.
The apple had done but little for me
If I had not done the rest.

Well then, young courtier, whose love
Hath brought me into this pass,
I am willing to perform the vow
Of my ancient Adam.

Thy mother's daughter shall be thine,
And with thy dear consent;
And not unto thy heart's desire
Than to her own content.

Yes, mother,—I give thee with the girl,
Thine after days to love,
Health, wealth, long life, and what thou'st wish
The world can happiness.

But, mark me! on condition, youth!
No parting have we leave;
Dost thou have, solemnly, this hour
Thy hope of heaven forgot?

Dost thou remember thy baptism,
And bend thyself to me,
My woe's portion to partake
Through all eternity?

No lurking purpose shall avail,
When youth may fall and courage quail,
To cheat me by resistance!
I will have thee certain down among
The children of perdition.

For Klutman consents the deed accordingly; and this, we think, will satisfy our readers that the hand which wrote *Queen Heaven* has lost nothing of its cunning. Klutman's marriage and consequent happiness is fully described, and with many particular touches both of quaint satire and poetry; witness the following:—

"In prison pay thy wages his hour,
And constantly call
Admission through lonely life,
Of the future or the past."

At length comes the hour of retribution.

"Alas was Klutman left
For many an hour to call,
Sleep and unconscious were his powers,
But not a hair would fall.

His lips were numb, his hand was hot,
His eyelids closed with heat;
And in that other state
He could hear his temple beat.

But could he feel, and could his hands;
And at his heart those lay
As by ruthless unrelenting,
While he prayed the living day."

Scarcely, in spite of his repentance, claims our hero; and there is a grand trial of strength in the cathedral before the bishop (who is indeed the chief antagonist) and the assembled people. Here the author indulges in some whim and phantasmagoria, which contrast with the pathetic traits of his preceding description. We say nothing of what opinion may be entertained of their taste; but they are very amusing, and we quote a few passages of the legal argument touching the seal of the penitent. It is exceedingly like spectral pleading in our modern law courts. Scarcely says—

"If it is to be by a hand
Which binds him that is free;
I dare it myself by authority,
And charge that the seal of the penitent be
Who in it can find a law

Before the marriage bed,
And to the seal of day,
Whichever may pray and whom
I will challenge to be for my witness,
And carry him quite away."

"No, then, dost thou in thy path,
With righteous eyes, dost thou,
Duty the blessed grapes!"

In the face of the church wilt thou brave it?
Why then we will meet thee there!"

"There" they do meet, and the black gentleman enforces his claim as if he were a chancery barrister, and is answered by the bishop as if he were another.

"The writing is confessed:—
No plea against it shown:—
The forfeiture is mine,
And now I take my own!"

'Hold there!' cried Basil, with a voice
That arrested him on his way,
When from the screen he would have swooped
To pounce upon his prey:

'Hold there, I say! Thou canst not sue
Upon this bond by law!
A sorry legalist were he
Who could not in thy boasted plea
Detect its fatal flaw.

The deed is null, for it was framed
With fraudulent intent:
A thing unlawful in itself;
A wicked instrument,—
Not to be pleaded in the courts—
Sir Friend, thy cause is shent!

This were enough; but, more than this,
A maxims, as thou knowest, it is
Whereof all laws partake,
That no one may of his own wrong
His own advantage make.

The man, thou sayest, thy bondsman is:
Mark now, how stands the fact!
Thou hast allowed,—nay, aided him
As a freedman to contract
A marriage with this Christian woman here,
And by a public act.

That act being publicly performed
With thy full cognizance,
Claim to him as thy bondsman thou
Canst never more advance.

For when they solemnly were then
United, in sight of angels and men,
The matrimonial band
Gave to the wife a right in him;
And we on this might stand.

Thy claim upon the man was by
Thy silence then forsaken;
A marriage thus by thee procured
May not by thee be shaken;
And thou, O Satan, as thou seest,
In thine own snare art taken!"

So Basil said, and paused awhile;
The arch-fiend answered not;

But he heaved in vexation
A sulphurous sigh for the bishop's vocation,
And thus to himself he thought:—

'The law thy calling ought to have been,
With thy wit so ready, and tongue so free!
To prove by reason in reason's despite,
That right is wrong, and wrong is right,
And white is black, and black is white,—
What a loss have I had in thee?'

The *Pilgrim to Compostella* is a humorous production, but not so much to our liking, though it is a very John Gilpin-ish piece of drollery. The notes to both ballads are full of curiosities "rich and rare"—excellent scraps of *omniana*: we subjoin one:—

"The most remarkable instance of St. Basil's power in prayer is to be found, not in either of his lives, the veracious or the apocryphal one, but in a very curious account of the opinions held by the Armenian Christians, as drawn up for the information of Pope Benedict XII., and inserted by Domenico Bernino in his *Historia di tutte l' Heresie* (Secolo xiv. cap. iv. t. iii. pp. 508—536). It is there related, that on the sixth day of the creation, when the rebellious angels fell from heaven through that opening in the firmament which the Armenians call Arocea, and we the Galaxy, one unlucky angel, who had no participation in their sin, but seems to have been caught in the crowd, fell with them; and many others would in like manner have fallen by no fault of their own, if the Lord had not said unto them *Par vobis*. But this unfortunate angel was not restored, till he obtained, it is not said how, the prayers of St. Basil: his condition meantime, from the sixth day of the creation to the fourth century of the Christian era, must have been

even more uncomfortable than that of Klopstock's repentant devil."

The volume is dedicated to Caroline Bowles, as follows:—

"Could I look forward to a distant day
With hope of building some elaborate lay,
Then would I wait thy worthier strains of praise
Might bear inscribed thy name, O Caroline!
For I would, while my voice is heard on earth,
Bear witness to thy genius and thy worth.
But we have both been taught to feel with fear
How frail the tenure of existence here,
What unforeseen calamities prevent,
Alas, how oft! the best resolved intent;
And therefore this poor volume I address
To thee, dear friend, and sister Poetess."

The History of the Huguenots during the Sixteenth Century. By W. S. Browning, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1829. Pickering.

A BOOK more apposite to the time at which it is published, could not have been presented to the English reader than this History of the religious wars of France, which desolated a fine country during the whole of a century. At a period when the spirit of polemical opposition and controversy runs so high amongst ourselves, it is well to take a leaf and a lesson out of the records of a former age, and, if it be "philosophy teaching by example," suffer ourselves to be taught by these memorials of experience. Of all the strange phenomena which the folly of man has presented to man, since the earliest days of which the recollection is preserved even to our own era, are the perpetual struggles for worldly power and dominion which have been carried on in the name of Heaven; the murders, the wars, and the massacres, which have been perpetrated for the establishment of charity, good-will, and humanity!! But if these were remarkable anomalies when pagan, polytheist, infidel, or idolater, fought for mastery, and the barbarous rites of cruel systems in dark and ignorant ages ruled the actions of mankind,—what can they be called after the Christian creed of peace, benevolence, and love; that pure doctrine which bids us do unto others as we would that others should do unto us; which bids us to worship in brotherly unity and faith one father in one God;—what, we repeat, can these persecutions and butcheries be considered by the rational mind, after the dispensation of Christianity enlightened the earth? Must it not be confessed, that we are not what we profess,—that religion is but too universally the mask under which we pursue temporal aims,—and that selfishness and a disregard of the restraints imposed by the Divine laws are far more operative upon our conduct than either a moral sense or a guiding conscience?—And what have been the consequences? a very general disregard of all religion, the diffusion of doubt and disbelief, and the prevalence of an apathy which looks on unmoved, while the pretenders of every sect set themselves up as the only beings who are in the right, and therefore have a right to dictate to and domineer over their fellow-creatures, in the name of a faith which declares that they are all equal.

These points are strikingly enforced in the perusal of the History of the Huguenots, as well as the results of every attempt to enchain and fetter the independent soul. Oppression begets resistance, resistance rises into strength, and in turn oppresses; fanaticism dissolves the ties of nature, the battle rages, and the world weeps in tears of agony and blood. Of such feelings and of such scenes this work is full;—a revolting but instructive picture for the use of England in the year 1829. The author, whose first production it is, has done his judgment great honour by abstaining from

discussions on controversial points, and, while recording the wild rage of persecution and the frightful excesses of excited zeal, confining himself to a narration of the best-established facts, without making himself a partisan to distort the truth on one side, or colour falsehood on the other. Neither has he attempted declamation and fine writing: his History is a plain, accurate, and unvarnished tale, as far as it could be rendered so by consulting the ablest writers of the time and those of the succeeding century, during which all that had passed before was question of endless statements and conflicting disputes. In short, this is as honest and impartial an account as it seems possible to have gathered from the mass of contradictory opinions.

At the present moment there is perhaps one distinct and great consolation to be drawn from a general view of the subject: it is, that no important measure of government or policy ever produced half the good or half the evil that was predicted of it, at the period when its prospective effects were agitated. It seems as if time and circumstances always prevailed, so as to check the good, and modify the bad. Man proposes, but God disposes; and never have events followed as the arrogance of man predicted. What has been contemplated as a whole, in the process of years breaks itself into many parts; and each part is susceptible of alteration and regulation, as the necessities of the case require. Thus we fit affairs to our wants,—we repeal what is practically found to hurt us,—we amend what we feel to be defective and inconvenient,—and we improve and invigorate the useful and the beneficial. As in the gold there will on fusion appear alloy and trash; as in the poison there will on chemical separation appear innocuous agents and medicine;—so in all that ever was devised by human wisdom or human error, there will appear, as time unfolds the details, anticipated ills shaped into blessings, and promises of seeming blessings converted into insignificance and nonentity. In short, we can only make for the present: the future, too, will make for itself.

Having offered these remarks, suggested by the existing state of our country and the work before us, we shall not need to go at any length into the particulars of Mr. Browning's labours. The period embraced by his researches is one of uncommon interest, and it is fairly treated and well explained. With access to the liberal literary institutions of France (for which he justly acknowledges his obligations to the Marquis de Fortia, and to M. Van Praet of the Bibliothèque du Roi), our countryman has frequently shed a true, if not an altogether new light over matters that have been bitterly controverted; and his entire narrative is of a character to deserve the utmost public approbation. It sets out with a brief preliminary outline of the early steps which led to the Reformation—a sketch of the Panlicians, Vaudois, Lollards, Hussites, &c., and of the infant Protestant church persecuted by Francis I. and Henry II. Soon the court of France became divided; and the various parties discovered that religion was a potent engine in the contests for political sway. The country was torn to pieces; and executions, massacres, civil wars, faithless treaties, edicts marking the alternate rise and fall of the different factions, crowd the sanguinary pages of these eventful volumes, from the first edict of Francis, June 1523, to the famous edict of Nantes, on the 30th of April, 1598.

Any portion which we may select will serve

to shew the praiseworthy manner in which this History is written; and we shall only be influenced by the immediate interest of the subjects alluded to in the two extracts we shall now add for the purpose of illustration. After some remarks on the writings of Lapopelinieri, Caveyrac, and others, Mr. Browning gives the following opinion respecting a recent controversy which has attracted much public attention.

"Great importance has been attached to the recent publication of Dr. Lingard. His History of England has been held up as an antidote to the incorrect and prejudiced writers of preceding times. The persecution of the French Protestants being so interwoven with the events of Elizabeth's reign, he could not avoid discussing the subject; and a short notice of this work will therefore be useful. His account is founded on the Duke of Anjou's confession. In the body of the work his remarks are short, but the subject is treated more at length in a note at the end of the volume. The assertions which are there made, excited considerable attention on their publication, and some observations in the reviews became the cause of a treatise in vindication of the original remarks. In the history, the notes, and the vindication, there are many inaccuracies, which will immediately strike every one acquainted with the French history of this period; and without insinuating that the reverend gentleman has intentionally misrepresented any point, there is fair ground for inferring that he has in some cases taken a quotation on the authority of a partial writer, and that his acquaintance with the French authors is very superficial. The following are a few of the cases alluded to. 'Coligny and his counsellors perished; the populace joined in the work of blood, and every Huguenot, or reputed Huguenot, who fell in their way, was murdered.' Justice to the population of Paris demanded a statement of the methods used to excite their feelings; but that is passed in silence, because the detail would be fatal to the sentiment meant to be impressed. 'Several hours elapsed before order could be restored in the capital.' Certainly several days elapsed before any real attempt was made to put an end to the carnage. In the afternoon of the twenty-fourth, public proclamation was made to desist from the massacre; and Dr. L. has given a quotation from Lapopelinieri to shew that the king gave orders by sound of trumpet for every one to return home, under pain of death for those who continued the murders; but, in common fairness, the extract from that writer should have been given more at length; it would then appear that the last day of the week was but little less remarkable for murders than the others. The work contains some errors which deserve notice, although they are unimportant in point of historical argument. 'So powerful a nobleman, who had twice led his army against that of the crown, was naturally an object of jealousy.' 'They reminded him (the king) of the two rebellions of the Huguenots, &c.' It is certainly of no real consequence that Coligny had been engaged against the king's troops more than twice, and that there had been three civil wars or rebellions, instead of two; but the assertion shews how much this writer's reputation for research and accuracy have been overrated. Two other remarks are unaccountable: in one, the admiral's assassin is placed in an upper window, a thing impossible in a narrow street; the other mentions the ringing of the bell of the parliament house. The doctor's remarks respecting the number of killed are

curious. 'Among the Huguenot writers, Perefex reckons 100,000, Sully 70,000, Thuanus 30,000, Lapopelinieri 20,000, the reformed Martyrologist 15,000, and Masson 10,000. But the Martyrologist adopted a measure which may enable us to form a tolerable conjecture; he procured from the ministers in the different towns where massacres had taken place, lists of the names of persons who had suffered, or were supposed to have suffered. He published the result in 1582; and the reader will be surprised to learn that, in all France, he could discover the names of no more than 786 persons: perhaps if we double that number, we shall not be far from the real amount.' Of the above six Huguenot writers, three were well-known Catholics, viz. Perefex, archbishop of Paris, Thuanus or De Thou, and Masson. Lapopelinieri abjured protestantism; and the only Huguenot of them all is Sully, with the exception of the anonymous Martyrologist, respecting whom it is a fair subject for inquiry who he was, and whether his work was not one of the artifices of the League, to diminish the odium which even at that time was entertained for these effects of Popish bigotry. Dr. L. himself seems aware that his position is untenable, for in his Vindication he changes his ground, represents his printer to have inserted the word *Huguenot* instead of *National*, and afterwards declares how little importance he attaches to the contradictory conjectures of historians; adding, that as he had taken Caveyrac for his guide, he refers the reader to him as his sole authority. Such a reference renders comment unnecessary: it must, however, be observed, that more than seven hundred persons of distinction were killed; and supposing the Martyrologist to have been what is pretended, his researches must have been for persons of a particular class, or he could easily have found more names than he did. But the list contains chiefly the names of persons of the lowest condition; and when the period of its publication is considered, there is very great appearance of its being intended to discredit the then prevailing opinions, if not in France, at least in foreign parts. In replying to the reviewers, Dr. L. goes more deeply into the subject; but with no better success, for errors are often discernible. 'The ceremony (the marriage) had been fixed for the 18th of August, but he (Coligny) went to court in June,' &c. It was, however, the death of the Queen of Navarre, in June, which caused it to be delayed till August. To shew how unlikely it was that the king should be so great a dissembler, he is stated to have been no more than twenty years of age, whereas he was in his twenty-third year. Respecting the league of Bayonne, in 1565, there are some observations worthy of attention. Dr. L. shews that there is no proof of it beyond the suspicions of the Huguenots, and which suspicions had not much effect even on them—for they placed themselves without hesitation at the mercy of the court, at the assembly of Moulins, in 1566. So far, however, from trusting to the court, the fact was, that they went so well accompanied, that the queen did not dare attempt any thing. It is moreover singular, that to prove there was nothing in contemplation against the Huguenots, a letter should be produced from Strada, written by Philip the Second to his sister in the Netherlands. It states, 'that the Queen of Spain having entreated her brother and her mother to remedy the perilous state of religion in France, found them perfectly disposed to follow the counsels which were discussed; that several marriages, and an alliance against the

Turks, were proposed; but that nothing was decided, because the queen turned aside every subject but that of religion, which she recommended anew to her brother and mother at the suggestion of the Duke of Alva, and that the meeting broke up.' It has been said that Strada did not believe that any idea of the massacre was entertained at this meeting; but the substance of the letter which he has preserved, shews that measures were then canvassed for suppressing the Huguenot party; and the argument, as to whether or not he did believe that the massacre was then discussed, rests altogether upon a difference in the punctuation of a paragraph."

To this we shall do nothing more than add the candid conclusion at which the author arrives at the end of his work.

"History does not afford an example of a more desolating war than that which raged in France, almost without intermission, for the remainder of the sixteenth century: by its conclusion, a new era seemed to dawn upon the nation. Very sanguine hopes were entertained of the happy results of the edict of Nantes, which, it is too well known, were cruelly disappointed; but the circumstances which led to, and accompanied its revocation, form the subject of a distinct history, and are of sufficient importance to be discussed in a separate work. Although connected with this history in many respects, the events of the seventeenth century, as a whole, are quite distinct, whether we consider the parties who were concerned, or the ostensible reasons of their conduct. The Protestants of the sixteenth century were chiefly anxious to see the Catholic religion purified and freed from a multitude of superstitions and errors: they wished to restore the practices of primitive Christianity. But the principal aim of their descendants was to preserve the privileges already obtained; they desired to continue separated from the Romish church, which, by proclaiming the decrees of the council of Trent, had publicly sanctioned the gross errors of the dark ages. A difference equally great is to be traced in the objects and motives of their persecutors of each period. During the former, we remark a hatred of innovation upon religious affairs; in the latter, a malignant spirit of ambition, that could not brook the existence of a body of men whose opinions were not to be chained by the declarations of any other authority than the Holy Scriptures. Bigotry was the passion which the court of France developed at both periods; but fanaticism called it into action under the princes of the house of Valois, while state policy was its strongest impulse under Louis XIV.—a prince whose annals shine with military trophies, yet who, by a strange contradiction, became the tool of a Jesuit confessor. He inflamed the king's zeal for the Romish religion, and his recommendations have completely tarnished that otherwise brilliant reign: *sed cedunt arma togæ*."

Ude's French Cook. 10th edition.

J. Ebers and Co.

OUR affection for Louis Eustache Ude is notorious,—so we will not deny the fact, that we rejoice in his tenth edition, as if increase of appetite did grow by what it fed on. Indeed, a Cookery-book is one of the very few publications which could secure readers and attention during the agitation of the Catholic question; for however much immersed in politics and polemics, still folks must dine; and amidst the most arduous occupations, there must be a time afforded for eating. And who can teach

us to eat like the immortal Eustache? with his new Appendix of observations "on the meals of the day—new method of giving fashionable suppers at routs and soirées, as practised by the author when with Lord Sefton—history of cookery—rules for carving—on the choice of meat, &c."—who investigates (as he does in this single volume) a hundred and forty-four soups, sauces, and broths; forty-eight farces (not dramas, nor yet quadrilles, but forced-meat balls); forty-seven modes of dressing lamb and mutton; sixty-one ways of cooking veal; six fashions for ham and pork; three for venison; thirty-seven dishes of fowls; forty-seven chickens; six turkeys; twenty-two partridges; forty-three pheasants, woodcocks, snipes, &c.; thirty rabbits; eight hares; thirty-nine freshwater, and seventy-one salt-water fish, besides eleven of shell-fish; and twenty of eggs;—and then entremets, creams, soufflés, jellies, fromages, nouilles, patés, pies, so as to exalt the number of dishes, all courting the taste of the accomplished gourmand, to no fewer than *eight hundred and sixty-one recipes* for the dinner-table of the true Amphitryon. Breakfasts, luncheons, and suppers, one might suppose to be unnecessary after this; but our mighty master has stomach for them all, and he delivers his oracles accordingly, upon such matters as coffee, sandwiches, salads, and other small deer.

The work sets out with a history of the rise and progress of the sublime art of cookery; its origin as a science being, as it ought, attributed to France, though it had very important effects among earlier nations, and in the remote ages of the world. For instance, when Esau sold his birth-right for a *pottage*, he only set an example to later gastronomers, by eating away his substance and worldly property; and we regret to learn that El Bassum, the learned commentator on the Talmud, has been unable (though he spent fifteen years in the inquiry) to ascertain who was the Ude upon this interesting occasion, that cooked the supper so expensive to Esau. Passing rapidly from this period, our author shews how much the Reformation was aided by cookery, and comes at length to the renowned Gonthier.

"What Bacon," says he, "was to philosophy, Dante and Petrarch to poetry, Michael Angelo and Raphael to painting, Columbus and Gama to geography, Copernicus and Galileo to astronomy, Gonthier was in France to the art of cookery. Before him, their code of eating was formed only of loose scraps, picked up here and there; the names of dishes were strange and barbarous, like the dishes themselves. At length Gonthier" (he continues, in a strain of fine enthusiasm), "appeared, to raise the culinary edifice, as Descartes, a century after him, raised that of philosophy. Both introduced doubt,—the one in the moral, the other in the physical world. Descartes, considering our conscience as the point from which every philosophical inquiry ought to begin, regenerated the understanding, and destroyed that unintelligible empiricism which was the bane of human reason. Gonthier, establishing the nervous glands as the sovereign judges at table, overturned the whole scaffolding of *bromatological* traditions,—the sad inheritance of past ages. Gonthier is the father of cookery, as Descartes of French philosophy. If the latter has given rise to geniuses, like Spinoza, Mallebranche, and Locke, the former has been followed by a posterity of artists, whose names and talents will never be forgotten. Who has not heard of d'Aligre, Souvent, Richant, and Mézelier? It is said that Gonthier, in less than ten years,

invented seven cullies, nine ragoûts, thirty-one sauces, and twenty-one soups; but who can assert that Descartes has discovered as many facts? In the history of Gonthier, every page should be read; but could we say as much for an historian or a novelist? We know nothing of Gonthier's last moments; whether he was burnt at the stake for having conformed to the doctrines of the Reformation, or whether he died a natural death; whether poor or rich, in exile, or in his own country."

In a glorious spirit of transcendent philosophy the Ude proceeds: "Motion was created; nothing was able to stop it henceforth; the world could not return to its original chaos!!! A woman opened the gates of an enlightened age; it was Catherine, the daughter of the celebrated Lorenzo de Medici, niece of Leo the Tenth, then in all the bloom of beauty: accompanied by a troop of perfumers, painters, astrologers, poets, and cooks, she crosses the Alps, and whilst Bullian planned the Tulleries, Berini recovered from oblivion those sauces which for many ages had been lost."

He bestows a high encomium upon this queen for her revival of cookery, and strenuously denies that any of her cooks ever administered poison to those whom she wished to be removed. On the contrary, with a true feeling for the honour of his profession, he asserts that physicians and apothecaries were more likely to do such jobs than the "constellations of the kitchen." Henry of Valois was a great prince—*i. e.* a "prince of good appetite," "a lover of good cheer," and one who "spent whole days at table;" and it is memorable that the fricandeau was invented in his reign. Henry IV., on the contrary, was an indifferent sovereign, though praised on other grounds by certain historians. That monarch, as Ude relates, did nothing for his cooks: "Either nature had not endowed him with a good appetite (for what prince ever was perfect?), or he looked upon them—as in the last century we looked upon soups—as things of hardly any use; but in return they also did nothing for him."

But we must leave the history, only stating that sauces* date from the age of Louis XIV., to quote the general eulogium upon this delightful and delightful art.

"Cookery refines the coarser part of food, deprives the compound substances employed in it of the terrestrial juices therein contained; it improves, purifies, and in some measure spiritualises them. The dishes, thus prepared, must then amass in the blood an abundance of purer and finer spirits. Thence arise more agility and vigour of body, more vivacity and fire of imagination, more extent and force of genius, and more delicacy and refinement of taste. It is not, then, so strangely paradoxical to rank the improvements in modern cookery amongst the physical causes which have recalled us from the extremity of barbarity to the bosom of refinement, talents, wit, arts, and sciences."

It is very amusing to trace our author and his account of the effects of cooking during the French Revolution. He tells us—"A man who, for these five-and-twenty years, has held in their legislative assemblies the place which Copernicus assigned to the sun in the firmament, has traced a picture of it in one volume octavo, under the title of *Histoire de la Gueule*

* "Amongst the proofs of the immateriality of the soul, at the very first line, we place the prodigy of a perfectly well-made sauce." Perhaps the wisdom and fertility of nature are not displayed with more splendour in the works of the creation, than is the genius of the cook in the composition of a sauce.—Ude proceeds.

en France depuis la Revolution en 1789, jusqu'à nos jours. We have seen some portions of the work, in which we have discovered many happy conceptions, new ideas, profound thought, and a concise and nervous style. One of the chapters bears this title—*Nomination of M.A. due to a pie of goose-liver*; another, *the turkey with truffles and the censure*; a third, *the eighteenth of Brumaire explained by the larks of Pithiviers*; and another, *the liberty of the press repulsed with considerable loss by a fat chicken of Strasbourg*."

The next chapter is a defence of cookery from the alleged ill effects that it produces on the health:—a triumphant refutation. We have then an excellent chapter on carving; another portion directing the choice of meat; and a third, a vocabulary of terms. But what we consider the most valuable part of the novelties in this edition is, an Appendix on the meals of the day. It opens with the following picture of London fashionable life:—

"*Breakfast*.—As it is customary for people of fashion when in town to meet their friends in the morning in the parks, and other places of polite resort, and in the evening at the Opera, sometimes in the private boxes at the theatres, and at the different routs, it will not be necessary to shew how they commence the day. They may be pictured at the breakfast-table yawning over the newspaper, half asleep, half awake; the lady experiencing the headache of a late party, and the gentleman musing on the supper, and the events of the club-house."

Luncheons are thus sketched: "The repeat itself is insignificant, and is only taken by certain young ladies, who wish to preserve the elegance of their figures, the beauty of their complexions, and above all the becoming manners of good society, which interdict, as vulgar, eating at table like gluttons; for unless frequent meals are taken, too much must be eaten at once. The true art in the economy of refection is to partake at one meal only of as much as will leave the eater free to do honour to the next."

But we have quoted enough to demonstrate that this is really a work of great general merit as well as originality. What will most recommend it, however, at this season, is its admirable directions for routs and supper-parties: in this respect it is quite an oracle; and there are few persons of or above the middle ranks of life who may not consult it with much advantage in giving these parties, so prevalent at this period of the year, and the pleasures of which depend so entirely on good arrangements. Here Ude is Ude *per se*; and far above the Nabob of O-ude, who has given that name to a sauce—a curious case of coincidence in ever-to-be-honoured names.

Clouds and Sunshine. London, 1829.

12mo. pp. 324. S. Maunier.

ONE of those valuable volumes which, while we cordially recommend to our readers, we feel we are doing something beyond advancing their amusement, or even increasing their information. Filled with that pure morality which is founded on religion, and the cause of our faith advocated with equal reason and fervour, it is a book which, if taken up for entertainment, will not be laid down without serious thought. "Rashness," and "De Lawrence," are both interesting tales; but a quotation from that entitled "Enthusiasm," we prefer, as a useful lesson, setting forth the danger of imagination acting on ignorance, of human impotency and human vanity ingrafting on religion their own wild fantasies.

We take the conversation between the young man and his clergyman, on the subject of his intended marriage.

"Yes, sir," replied the young man, "a father's dying words are solemn, but the faith required by a dying Saviour is more important; and, as I think, I have followed the guidance and the direction of that Saviour, and made a choice by his spirit, which I ought to follow in spite of all other things. 'For whose loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me.' I have wrestled in prayer many a day and night, and begged the Lord to guide me in this choice, and he gave me a sign which I cannot, if I would, disobey." "How? Gave you a sign! Surely you do not mean"—"Yes, I do mean a sign. I know it all, it's quite scriptural. He favours his chosen with the knowledge of his will; he directs all their paths. He has given me this innocent, but persecuted woman, and what He has joined, no man may put asunder, no, not even a dying father's wishes." "And pray what is the sign you received?" inquired Forbes, at a loss to know or conjecture what he could possibly mean. "Why, sir, after I had wrestled, like Jacob, all night in prayer, and begged for a sign,—for you know David says, 'The meek he will guide in judgment, and the meek he will teach his way,'—so I took up the Bible, which is God's own book, and contains the revelation of his will to us, and I felt sure that a sign would be given me. I opened the Bible, and the first words I cast my eyes upon were, 'Sarah shall be her name.' This could mean nobody else than Sarah Baker. 'Whether, then (as Peter and John said), it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you, or unto God, judge ye,' for 'the lot is cast in the lap, but the whole disposing thereof is the Lord's.' 'May you not have misinterpreted this sign, as you call it, like the lying spirit which was sent to Ahab?' 'Impossible, quite impossible; for I had prayed and waited, and as the Lord told Ahab to 'ask for a sign,' so did I; and one was given me, which I must obey. I feel assured, as if it had been revealed to me, that I am right." "I would wish to remind you, however," replied Forbes, "what St. Paul says,—'Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed, lest he fall.' Your assurance and revelation are things quite at variance with the present state of man and the perfection of the gospel. There are no such things as those you speak of in the way you pretend to." "Do not blaspheme," hurriedly exclaimed the shoemaker. "O, sir! how profanely you talk; and yet you call yourself a minister of God. You deny the Holy Ghost, you are guilty of that sin for which there is no repentance and no pardon." Mr. Forbes smiled, and calmly proceeded. "Before you talk of blasphemy and the sin against the Holy Ghost, learn to know what they are, and impute not to others that which you do not understand. I know you are in the habit of heaping together a jargon of words, which your self-vanity leads you to suppose to be truth and inspiration. You talk of conscience, and feelings, and assurance, as if they were plain and manifest revelations of God, not to be mistaken; and in doing this, you quite forget both who and what you are, and of whom and what you speak. You employ language more strong, and make assertions more lofty, than the apostles ever did, with all their higher advantages and extraordinary inspiration. St. Paul seems to have had no such assurance, that every thing he did was either a revelation to him from God, or was

indeed so fully and strictly right, that he was confident, in spite of all that might come, of his salvation. Else, why should he have hinted even at the possibility of his being cast away?" "But my conscience assures me that my judgment is right in this matter, and the spirit"—"Your conscience assures you! A conscience void of offence towards God and towards man is a most enviable possession; it is, indeed, a blessing which evidences that our sincere endeavours to walk humbly before God are accepted, and blessed by Him who alone can give peace and comfort to our souls. Conscience, too, may, in its ordinary operation, suggest to us whether we are acting right or wrong; but to say that it gives us assurance of salvation, or even testifies exclusively of the correctness of things depending upon our judgment, is to assign it a power it does not possess. You elevate it to an equality with the power of the Holy Spirit of God, which is given to us, not only to teach and guide our hearts, but to 'bear witness with our spirits that we are sons of God.' This witness is conveyed in a way so gentle and incomprehensible, that we may not talk of or presume upon it, as a thing palpable and common. God makes known to us no revelation now. The inspiration which filled prophets and apostles in times past is no longer vouchsafed unto us, for there is no longer a necessity for it. That was only granted for wise and particular purposes, involving the everlasting interests of the souls of men, and the mighty glory of God. When you talk of a revelation, what is it, but that you, a simple individual, for private purposes, put yourself on a level with St. Peter and St. Paul, who were inspired for public and general purposes, interesting not only to themselves, but to the world at large. Even on the subject of marriage, St. Paul states what he advanced by permission, what by revelation; what from his own judgment. Exalt not yourself, therefore, above this apostle, who 'was not taught of men, but of God.'"

The elopement of his intended bride somewhat opens the enthusiast's eyes; but "the several facts, as they were afterwards manifested, wrought a deep effect upon the mistaken youth's mind; they conjured up, in no pleasing array, like an upbraiding ghost, the recollection of his poor old father's oft-repeated caution and dying words. That he, who deemed himself wise above measure, could have been deceived,—deceived, too, in spite of the infallibility of grace, of Bible-signs, Sarah's zealous professions, and his own caution and ability, as a teacher ordained not by men, but, as he pretended, by a special call,—all this preyed upon his spirits; he could not bear 'the world's dread laugh.' His light was eclipsed. He was discovered one morning suspended from a beam in his bed-room. There were found, after his death, some papers, on which were written straggling and undigested thoughts, as a supplement to his spiritual journal; and in these, so deeply had he been possessed by notions of infallible grace and infallible conversion, he had attempted to justify his self-murder, applying literally to himself the language of Job,—'My soul chooseth strangling and death rather than life,'—in a long rhapsody, which evinced that his mind must have been in as pitiable a situation as a ship driven before tempestuous winds through a dangerous sea, with no rudder to steer, no compass to direct its goings. He was followed to the grave by his broken-hearted mother, who soon joined him 'in the narrow house' of death."

The paper on "Religious Offices" is one well

worthy of attention, though it would be too much to assert that we entirely coincide with the writer. But we must say, especially at the hour of our writing, we cannot do better than advise an attentive perusal of many parts of this volume, as a fitting study for the approaching Easter.

The American Annual Register for the Years 1826-27. 8vo. pp. 860. New York, 1828. E. and G. W. Blunt.

ACCUSTOMED to speak our sentiments without circumlocution, frankly, whether for or against, it affords us much pleasure to notice this volume, which is just imported, with very high eulogy. It is an able performance, and does credit to the American mind and literature. But why should we say American, since the sterling and best works of that country are so entirely English and worthy of the intellect of the mother-land? It is only when presumptuous egotists take it into their heads to imagine that they are new and sublimer creations of a new and sublimer world, that the good sense and genius of the United States are turned into folly and scoff. The work before us is a plain, sound, and sensible production, full of information, and (though national enough) of much historical value. We make a small miscellany of its domestic *Register*, by way of exemplifying the volume.

"*Shoes at Lynn (Massachusetts).*—The population of Lynn is over 5000, nearly all of whom are supported by the shoe-business. From 1,200,000 to 1,400,000 pairs of shoes are made annually in the town, of an average value of 75 cents per pair, making nearly 1,000,000 dollars. The females of the town earn more than 60,000 dollars annually by binding and ornamenting shoes. Millions of low-priced fancy shoes have been sent to South America, and sold at a profit. There is a chocolate manufactory in Lynn, which makes sixty tons of chocolate in a year. The Lynn fishermen at this time bring in 6,000 pounds of fish daily."

"(*Connecticut, July*)—*Extraordinaries.*—A Newhaven paper, of the 3d of July, mentions, that on a haul of fish made there on the 2d, there were 25,000 white fish (bass), a large quantity of blue and weak fish (suckermogs), and seventeen large sharks, from seven to ten feet in length. The latter made destructive work with the net; and, although not able to escape themselves, gave opportunity for the escape of at least 50,000 white fish."

"*Sheep.*—A destructive malady appeared among the sheep in the town of Waterville, N. Y.; hundreds died off very strangely: considerable pains were taken to ascertain the cause, which terminated very satisfactorily. A kind of grub worm was discovered in the head, a little above the eye. The largest was about three-fourths of an inch long, and as large as a pipe-stem; and many others were found in the same sheep's head, some but little smaller, and others quite small. They were alive after the sheep was dead. They were put in spirits of turpentine, but this did not kill them."

"The culture of cotton has but of late been commenced in Maryland, and it has succeeded beyond expectation. Dr. Muse had last season thirty acres sown with this article in Dorchester county. It was all uplands, and yielded one-third clean cotton, whereas one-fourth is the usual proportion in the southern states. The culture has also been successfully commenced in Northampton county, Virginia."

"(*Virginia.*)—Particles of gold have been picked up, perfectly free of alloy, on the land

of Colonel Lewis, near Lynchburg. It is a common occurrence, after a rain, to see it scattered over the soil. * * * A new gold mine, ten miles higher up the Yadkin, has been discovered in North Carolina. One lump, weighing ten pennyweights, has been found; and twelve to fifteen pennyweights a hand, it is said, have been sometimes found per day. The 'gold region' in North Carolina appears to extend over a large tract of country, and the desire to hunt the precious metal to be increasing. It is found in small particles, embedded in ferruginous clay; and a bushel of earth yields an average of about a grain and a half of gold; but the washing and other labour to separate it is tedious and toilsome. A new system is proposed for working the gold-mines by steam. An engine has been procured, and is to be put in operation at Chisholm's mine. * * * New veins of gold ore have been discovered in Mecklinburgh county, which are said to be very rich. Those who have worked them have been well compensated, one company having obtained 600 pennyweights in three weeks. * * * A gold mine has been discovered in Union district, on the waters of Tyger river. The ore is said to be of such extent as to afford employment to 500 hands, at good wages. A specimen of the gold has been pronounced by Dr. Cooper equal in purity to any he ever saw. A company is expected to be formed to work the dust."

"Three men, named Grace, Whipple, and Henderson, having suspicion that a negro man, named Isaac Reed, had stolen money from the former, inflicted upon him a severe flogging with a cow-hide, and having suspended him to the beams of the house, suffering his toes only to touch the floor, left him to remain in that situation. Returning some time after, to discover what effect their cruelty had wrought upon him, they found Isaac dead. A coroner's inquest inspected the body, and rendered a verdict that the deceased had come to his death by the hands of Grace, Whipple, and Henderson, who were apprehended with some difficulty and lodged in gaol, all bail being very properly refused, to await their trial before a called court of the county of Henrico. The suspicion of the culprits was directed against Isaac in consequence of the responses of an old beldame in the neighbourhood, who has set up as conjuror, and who was consulted by Grace on the occasion. The money was afterwards found, and the innocence of the unhappy victim established.—A Captain Carter, of Richmond, ordered a servant to take a negro boy, who had done something that displeased him, put a rope loosely round his neck, and suspend him to the ceiling of a smoke-house, seating him in a chair, and tying his hands and feet: this the servant performed. Some time after, the smoke-house was visited by Capt. Carter, with an intention of releasing the offender, but he was beyond release, as he had been dead several minutes."

"Mr. McCall, of Georgia, is cultivating the vine pretty extensively; and it is stated, he has proved the fact, that one acre of land will yield as many grapes as will produce 400 gallons of wine, the clear profit of which is estimated at 160 dollars."

"(Mississippi).—A duel was lately fought by two citizens of Mississippi with muskets, loaded each with fifteen buck-shot, standing at the distance of thirty paces: both were wounded, one severely."

"The salaries of public officers are higher in Louisiana than in any other state in the Union. That of the governor is 7,500 dollars; that of

the judges of the supreme court, 5,000 dollars."

"(Kentucky).—Desha.*—Another attempt was made, during this month (October), for the trial of I. B. Desha, for the murder of Mr. Baker, and failed, many of the principal witnesses being absent, and the prisoner himself not able to attend at the bar."

"November.—The Choctaw academy is in a flourishing state. The second examination of the pupils lately took place, in the presence of 500 people, and the boys acquitted themselves much to the satisfaction of all parties. There are fifty-three Choctaw students at the establishment, which is under the patronage of the Baptist general convention: the funds are supplied by the nation, out of the annuities payable by the United States."

"(Ohio). Indians.—The head chief of the Shawanese Indians, being at a tavern at Piqua, under the excitement of liquor, quarrelled with several persons and stabbed them; among others the editor of the Piqua paper, who was wounded in nine places. The next day, on Perry's arrival at Wapaukonnetta, the Shawanese were holding a council, at which he should have been present, and which had adjourned from the day previous in consequence of his absence. They had assembled for the purpose of prohibiting and abjuring the use of spirituous liquors among their nation from and after that day; and when they had been made acquainted with the effects this same curse had on their chief, and the disgraceful actions he had committed while under its influence, a general feeling and expression of sorrow ensued. The council immediately sent delegates to Piqua, to hold a talk with the citizens. Their orator, Wee-will-a-pee, then expressed the wishes of his people in the following characteristic speech:—"We have been deputed by our nation to wait on the citizens of Piqua, and express to them, and particularly to those who were injured, our deep sorrow for the accident which has lately happened. We know strong drink was made for white men, as they know how to use it; but it makes Indians crazy: we therefore held an assembly of all our people to abolish the use of it among us. It was the wish of our people that our chief, Perry, should be present at our late council; he did not come, and we were disappointed. Perry arrived before the council broke up, and what he told us made us very sorry. We always wish to live in friendship with our white brethren, and especially with the people of this town, as we have so much communication and trade with them. We are very willing to pay all expenses, on condition that the white people will not put the law in force against our chief." The speech was answered by several citizens, assuring them of a reciprocation of a friendly feeling, and advising them to discontinue the use of whisky; and that the outrage of this man should be forgiven in consideration of his repentance, and the peaceable disposition and assurances of regret expressed by the deputation in behalf of their nation."

"(Indiana). November.—Numerous emigrants are pouring into Indiana, from Pennsylvania, Virginia, Ohio, and Kentucky. Many are of the respectable classes, with large droves of cattle and flocks of sheep, &c. In 1800, Indiana had less than 5,000 inhabitants; the present amount is not short of 200,000. The establishment of Robert Owen, at New Harmony, is spoken of as in a flourishing condition, but unable to provide for all those who apply to

* His father is governor, and he has since, it appears, pardoned him.

become members of the society. Its present condition is thus described. The society has apparently assumed a more settled form; the lectures are better attended, and temperance and industry are enforced by precept and example. All sorts of dissipation are discouraged, but amusements abound. Swearing and the use of hard words seem as if abolished among the older members of the community."

"April.—The people of New Harmony have divided themselves into three communities, independent of each other and of Mr. Owen; and, in these new formations, the experiment will be continued for the present. The town of New Harmony is very full of people, and comfortable accommodations for additional colonists cannot be furnished. The elements of which the society is composed seem to be peculiarly discordant."

"June.—A horrid murder was committed in the vicinity of Brookville, by John Young, for whose daughter John Points had conceived an attachment. Young was a man of standing, and was opposed to Points, and refused his consent to their marriage. The lovers, however, had entered into a matrimonial engagement, and were on their way on a moonlight evening to be married, accompanied by several friends, when they were waylaid by Young, who shot Points through the head in the midst of his laughing companions, and while his intended bride was mounted behind him on the same horse. On the fall of his victim, Young dragged his daughter to his dwelling, and on the following day delivered himself up to the proper authorities, who admitted him to bail, on the plea that he had demanded his daughter of Points before he shot him. The daughter was aged eighteen years, and marriageable, by the laws of the state, without the consent of parents."

This cento, selected without reference to connexion, is yet characteristic enough of the country. Great improvements appear generally to be in progress; and, we must add, there is still great room for them, both in physics and morals, if we may judge from a multitude of the indications developed in these pages.

The Opening of the Sixth Seal: a Sacred Poem.

Second edition. 8vo. and 12mo. pp. 179. London, 1829, Longman and Co.; Oxford, Vincent; Cambridge, Deighton.

WE object to the subject of this poem for two reasons—first, because it has already been exhausted by Messrs. Pollok and Montgomery, and the undiscovered lands of poetry have a fate the very reverse of America—it is the first adventurers who stamp their names and memory upon them: secondly, we dislike the subject itself; we can enter no protest too strong against this "dealing damnation round the land." It is a most mistaken idea of religion which would thus enlist in its service the very worst feelings of our nature: "judgment is mine, saith the Lord;" and the man who, blinded and erring himself, presumes to pronounce on his fellow-sinners, only enthrones his hatred on his ignorance. Moreover, in thus anticipating the decrees of Providence, in making such inscrutable mysteries matter for fictitious narrative, there is a profanity quite out of keeping with aught of strict religious profession. Many and many are the passages, in Pollok especially, so profanely absurd, that had they been written by any one who came not steeped to the lip in all the bitter exclusiveness of Calvinism, three parts of his present admirers would have been the first to cry out, and with most entire justice, on the injury

done to religion. When we look round on the present age of hypocrisy and indifference, we would be doubly guarded against yielding one spot to the step of the scoffer, or of allowing man's evil passions and prejudices to pervert or even mingle with the pure and holy spirit of Christianity. The importance of the subject must excuse our having somewhat gone beyond our usual limits, and we return to our criticism, which has now a more gracious office—that of praise; for there is much in this little volume that amply deserves it. Its chief poetical fault is the common failing of inexperienced writers—allowing a favourite author to become their inspiration, and thus letting admiration interfere with originality. Thus we are continually reminded of Montgomery, while we are at the same time convinced that his follower has resources enough of his own, would he but trust to them. These pages, indeed, display harmonious versification, some admirable descriptions, and some sweet sketches, like favourite groups in a large picture. For example, a desert place:—

"Thus, on the desert sands,
A few and solitary columns lay,
And huge rocks, hewn to be the eternal base
Of some immeasurable temple dome—
All prostrate now; and a few pillared aisles
That faintly pictured to the pensive eye
The might and majesty that once were there.
Such monstrous columns, such huge walls, and towers,
And gorgeous temples, never fancy framed,
When, gazing on the firmament at even,
We mark the mountainous clouds, piled heaps on heaps,
Saffron upon the horizon, and the rays,
Departing, kiss their craggy sides, till glow
The grim, dark-waving banners of the storm
With a new beauty, far unlike the glare
Of their own fire-flash: then the eye doth frame,
As we look on them in the sky, tall towers,
And gilded palaces, and pillared vaults,
And a huge city's vast embattled walls,
Seen in the heaven-clouds. But such vanished might
Shadow not forth the mountains of the sky,
As the half-shrouded pillars, and the domes,
And columned aisles, and rock-hewn stones, reclined
Prone on the desert waste would whisper there
To the heart smiting on their loneliness;
For not a green-hued herb its lowly head
Those cities lifted aigh, nor tree nor flower
Sighed its sweet breath upon the ruinous spot;
The very ivy-wreaths had died away,
And the grass scorned the once proud place of man,
Nor would wave over it; the wolf alone,
Spurned from the living, and the slimy snake,
Dwelt there, the monarchs of the blasted plain!"

The following coming of darkness is fine:—

"The ever-beauteous moon,
Friend of the poet and the lover—orb
That did the sad night hours with golden ray
Cheer from her heaven path, on their sullen robe
Her mellow beams, like music to the breast
Of melancholy Sord, that soothed his soul,
Silently shodding, all the things of earth
Flooding with a new beauty, till they seemed
As spectres conjured by her dreamy spells:
She too, alas! when swelled the trumpet cry,
Quivered, like lamp flame in the fitful breeze,
And then went out, and Darkness over all
His pall rejoining flung, that not a ray
Was on the earth, the straining eye of man
To gladden with its gentleness—all gloom,
Save when a wandering star rushed wildly by,
More swift than sun ray spending on its flight,
Shocking the frail world as it swept the heaven
Tracing its heedless way. So dim at first,
A blush upon the firmament it seemed;
Brighter, and yet more bright, it came—it flew—
And as more nearly to the trembling earth
It made its flight, more vast, more dread it was,
Till all the heavens were shrouded from the eye
Of gazing man; yet not with golden rays,
As when it watched the dull night hours away,
Twinkling upon the far off firmament;
Not in its beautiful indistinctness now,
As when the lover looked upon its lamp,
Charming his melancholy lay, or priest
Of old did homage to its shadowy sphere,
And basked its minister of the Most High;
When, seen so dimly by the musing eye,
As like a visionary dream it hung
Upon its heaven path, that a doubt would come
Whether it were not of the spirit race
Who round the throne of the Invisible
Their never-wearying watch keep ceaselessly.
But lower now looked out upon its orb,
Something soft, vague—nor musing eye beheld
Its terrible coming, and of spirit forms

Pondered—nor priest sent up to it a prayer,—
For all its golden glories now were gone,
And with a dull red glare, such as may be
Upon the black-browed vault of sullen night,
When storm clouds are upon it, and beneath,
Etna from out her many mouths of flame
Flings up her torches to the lurid sky,
In fearful sport."

We would point out the third part as containing characters, &c. very poetical, though we again protest most strongly against the manner in which they are introduced. We shall take one instance, and only one, out of the, we doubt not unintentional, profaneness to which writers of this class are liable. Perhaps the crucifixion is one of the most solemn and awful subjects on which a Christian can meditate: what can we say to a description where the dying Saviour is likened to "another flower"—"a blushing rose, while the envious wind has blasted its budding charms;" while around the place "flowers and fruits kiss to perfection?" Were it on no other grounds than those of taste, how decidedly objectionable!

But enough both of praise and censure. Had we not thought highly of the author's talents, we would not have entered into such detailed criticism: as it is, we look upon *The Opening of the Sixth Seal* to be a volume containing much poetry, and still more promise.

A Catalogue Raisonné of the Works of Dutch, French, and Flemish Painters. By John Smith, Dealer in Pictures, late of Great Marlborough Street. Part I. 8vo. pp. 412. London, 1829. Smith and Son.

To all persons fond of, or connected with, the fine arts, and especially to the collector, whether amateur or professional, Mr. Smith's book must be highly acceptable. Besides a copious description of the principal works of the artists to whom it refers, it contains short biographical notices of the artists themselves, a statement of the prices at which their pictures have been sold at public sales on the Continent and in England, a reference to the galleries and private collections in which a large portion of those pictures are at present, and the names of the artists by whom they have been engraved. Mr. Smith states, that the materials from which his work is composed are the results of the observations of many years employed in collecting, in France, Germany, Holland, and England; and that he has derived much information from the Dutch and French catalogues of pictures; to the writers of whom he pays a high tribute of praise for their talents, as well as for their correctness and veracity.

Mr. Smith has very judiciously published at present only one part of his work. The remainder, which will be comprised in five vols., he intends to publish by subscription. The present Part comprehends a description of nearly twelve hundred of the principal pictures of Gerard Dow, Peter Van Slingelandt, Francis Van Mieris, William Van Mieris, Adrian Ostade, Isaac Ostade, and Philip Wouwermans. With the descriptions are occasionally mingled critical remarks; but Mr. Smith, with great propriety, says, "he has scrupulously abstained from observations upon pictures which might tend to injure their value, and thereby occasion a loss to the individual holders of them; but he does not feel that the same forbearance is necessary with respect to pictures in public galleries: the latter are open to fair criticism, and the writer has not hesitated to make remarks upon them whenever he thought they would conduce to the information of the amateur."

The passage which we have just quoted is from the Introduction to the volume. That

Introduction also contains a statement of some of the dangers to which collectors of pictures are exposed from the tricks of fraudulent dealers; and as the statement may put some of our readers on their guard against being taken in by similar practices, we will extract it.

"In exhibiting the various deceptions and manoeuvres of designing dealers, it will be proper to commence with that which is most common; namely, placing the name of a first-rate master upon a picture by an imitator, or on a copy, which is frequently disguised by dirt and varnish, &c.; but a copy (if modern) may be easily detected by its newness, as, on being pressed by the nail, the colour will be found to be still soft. These fabricators disguise a copy by dirt and varnish, using especial care to have it painted upon an old canvass or panel, to which seals and other documents are attached at the back, so that unguarded purchasers are often deceived by apparently the most authentic evidences of originality. Amateurs are frequently invited to look at cases of pictures, which are said to be just arrived from the Continent. This invitation is accompanied by a plausible history of the collection, from whence they are said to be derived; perhaps that of 'some ancient family in Italy or Holland.' Their assurances are occasionally strengthened by invoices, letters, and other corroborative documents: thus suspicion is so lulled, that the gentleman intended to be duped readily accompanies the agent (for principals are rarely seen in these matters) to the custom-house, or warehouse, where he sees the foreign case opened; is full of confidence, and buys a *Van Strij* for a *Cuyp*; a *Begyn* for a *Borghem* or *Both*; and a *Camphuyzen* for a *Paul Potter*; or the works of any other imitator, or analogous painter, for those of the first-rate masters! Another artful method, which frequently misleads amateurs, is a plausible tale or history of a picture, accompanied by high encomiums of its excellence and value; this is followed by the demand of an enormous price, which is lowered gradually, until the wary dealer catches at an offer, which he, with some specious excuse and apparent difficulty, accepts, although it be but a third, or even a quarter, of the sum asked; and the purchaser ultimately discovers that he has bought a copy, or an imitation, instead of an original picture; and that a painting for which he has given five or six hundred pounds is barely worth one hundred. Another scheme is to place pictures in an auction, and to run them up to large sums, in order to give them a fictitious value, with the hope of entrapping some unwary bidder: should this fail, the picture is afterwards put up at some other auction, with an observation that it was formerly sold for the sum at which it had been knocked down at a previous sale, and the sacrifice of half, or two-thirds, of that apparent purchase-money, is perhaps an inducement to an unsuspecting spectator to bid, and to become the unfortunate buyer. Gentlemen are frequently beguiled to purchase a picture which is stated to be by some first-rate master, and is partly confirmed as such, by having been in some distinguished collection, and as having been exhibited in the British Gallery—nay, more, engraved: still the picture is a mere copy, or a good imitation, at best. The writer could point out pictures of this sort, which, having passed through his hands with the name of the artist upon them, have afterwards been sold and exhibited under a different appellation; of course, one of higher request in the market. Another plan, very extensively practised by certain dealers, and by which one

or two apparently knowing ones have been duped, as well as less cautious gentlemen who do not buy with a view to profit, is, the placing of old, or purposely dirtied pictures, at *brokers'* or old clothes' and other shops, where the vendors appear to know nothing whatever about them; but they tell some simple story of having bought them at an 'old mansion in the country;' or, of 'an antiquated lady, in whose family they are said to have been for the last two centuries.' A tale of this description, related in a plain, and seemingly artless, manner, is listened to with avidity by many, who would shew less credulity if treating with one whom they supposed conversant with the value of pictures. The purchaser imagines that he is buying a great bargain of a poor ignorant man, but ultimately discovers which has been the dupe; but those who are so duped have scarcely a right to complain, for it is well known, that some that have bought sad trash in this way, will not buy of one whom they know to be well acquainted with the value of works of art, as supposing that they cannot obtain a bargain. To guard against the above impositions, and others equally mortifying, the writer would recommend amateurs, previously to purchasing pictures of value, to obtain the opinion of some one conversant with works of art, whom they may safely consult, or to apply to a dealer of acknowledged respectability. The writer strongly recommends these precautions, as the best means of avoiding imposition, and of preventing that disgust which gentlemen invariably feel on discovering that they have been duped, by the purchase of copies instead of the originals: a disgust so powerful, that many, in the warmth of their just displeasure, have sold off their pictures, and turned away for ever from the delightful pursuits of collecting works of art. To prevent such results in future, to rescue the respectable part of the profession from the disgrace of being classed with fraudulent *charlatans*, and to prevent, as much as possible, the loss which the arts must suffer when amateurs cease to purchase, the writer has ventured to point out some of the most prominent tricks of those who disgrace the commerce of pictures. Before closing this unpleasant subject, it may not be considered altogether inappropriate to glance at a system of dealing, in which a certain class of pictures is found to be a most convenient medium, on account of their indefinite value: the writer alludes to the traffic of bill discounting, and the purchase of post-obits. The necessitous applicants to these unmerciful and ruinous accommodators are usually compelled to take a third, and sometimes one half, the amount of their bonds, or bills, in pictures, which, of course, are ascribed to the best masters, and valued accordingly at enormous prices. By this nefarious practice some have enriched themselves, and are now living in affluence. An instance of this sort of dealing occurred very lately, in which a collection of pictures, valued to the needy gentleman at £5000, did not net at auction £500!"

We hope that Mr. Smith may be induced to proceed with the publication of his work. If he should obtain a number of subscribers sufficiently large to justify him in doing so, he announces that his second volume will contain the works of Rubens and Vandyke.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

The Catholic Church Invulnerable and Invincible. 12mo. pp. 263. London. J. Flint. As this volume has reached us, with "the author's Christian regards," we should be

worse than heathens not to notice it with our critical regards. It is an explication of the creed of Pius IV., and a zealous denunciation of the Church of Rome, its infidel principles, and temporal ambition.

Christianity, Protestantism, and Popery, compared and contrasted. 8vo. pp. 254. London, 1829. S. Maunder.

THIS is a volume which will find great favour in the eyes of all true church-going Protestants. It is indeed a strong anti-Romish production, and displays very considerable popular abilities.

Hints originally intended for the Small Farmers of the County of Wexford, but suited to the circumstances of many parts of Ireland. By Martin Doyle. 2d edition. Dublin, 1829. Curry and Co.

THESE Hints, or comments, upon agriculture, originally appeared in a Wexford newspaper. They are generally attributed to a gentleman named Hickie, who, in the homely guise, or rather disguise, of Martin Doyle, lectures his poorer countrymen on the various points of rural economy; and most excellent is the advice he gives them. We should wish to see this pamphlet in the hands of every Irish farmer; for we have seldom met with any book more convincing in argument, or in style so well adapted to the class to which it is addressed.

From the Recommendations respecting Cottage Cleanliness we are tempted to extract an illustration, as it affords at once an admirable picture of Irish life and of the patriotic Martin Doyle's mode of writing.

"I would not throw away lime and sand upon those who are satisfied with the outward look (of their cottages), like Jenny Dempsey, who lives near me. But probably you don't know who Jenny Dempsey is: so it is but civil of me to inform you. She is a tenant's daughter of mine, who was married about four years ago to a man called 'the hurler.' I gave them four acres of land at one pound an acre, with a snug well-thatched cabin, besides a small cow-house, dairy, and pig-sty—(quite enough for the size of the farm)—lime and sand for dashing, bricks for a chimney, cottage windows that open and shut upon hinges, and paint for them and the two doors;—back and front, every thing was as nice as you please. When the judges came to decide the premiums, the windows were bright, the gravel-walk without a weed, the cabbages fresh earthed in the little garden, the pig snug and clean in her sty, and the bees (which every one of you should have) swarming that very day; Jenny, herself, and the children, as tidy as you can imagine; and the 'hurler' himself had the knees of his small clothes actually buttoned and tied. Thinks I to myself, what a fine example to the rest of my tenants this family will be! But I am very sorry to tell you, that Jenny disappointed me after all. I went there about six weeks afterwards, and found the pig splashing and dashing the potato-wash about the floor of the kitchen; six couple of young chickens were picking up what he threw about; a goat was tearing the woodbine and roses that I had myself nailed on the front wall; and what was worse, three panes of glass were knocked out (I believe by that same rascally goat), and 'the hurler's' old breeches and his father's wig were clapped into their place just to keep out the wind; and Jenny herself, instead of a tight bed-gown, had a dirty night-cap, and a long dragged-tailed gown, as black as the pot—to say nothing of the children, who

looked as if they hadn't been troubled with comb or soap since the judges had paid them a visit. 'Oh, Jenny Dempsey!' says I; 'what a sample of house-keeping you are after shewing me this blessed day!' Well, what was her excuse, do you think, for all this slovenliness and neglect?—*She didn't expect me that day! if she knew that I was coming*, the dirty cap and the dirty long-tailed gown would have been off, and the children washed, and the pig in the sty, and the floor swept, and the windows mended, and the wig and the breeches decently hung upon the peg in the bed-room. This is precisely the kind of excuse which one-half of you would offer for every-day filthiness; but, believe me, tidiness will cost very little—method will keep all things together as they should be, if once properly set going."

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, 5th April.

PUBLIC improvements are still the order of the day here, but most of the speculators complain that they do not get a common interest of five per cent for the employment of their capital. This will, it is said, be the case with the splendid improvements making in the Palais Royal by the Duke of Orleans. The increased rent of the shops in the New Gallery will be very inadequate to the sums laid out: the embellishment, however, is one which does the duke much credit—the new gallery, when complete, will be one of the handsomest in Europe.

Literature seems to flourish: new literary journals appear daily, and all that are well executed succeed. In addition to the numerous literary and scientific papers of the ordinary size, there is one, called *Le Voleur*, which is almost as large as the *Times*: it is rather a clever paper, and is becoming a favourite.

At the theatres there is little to notice. *The Muette de Portici* fait fureur, as the French call it, at the Académie de Musique; and the *Sept Heures*, of the Porte St. Martin, is so attractive, that a crowd assemble at the doors two or three hours before the regular time for opening them. The Italian Theatre is closed for the season; but Laurent has announced a re-opening for the performance of German operas. Madame Malibran Garcia took her benefit on Thursday last, when she had a crowded house at doubled prices. The *marchands de billets*, who had, on the first announcement, purchased tickets upon speculation, were able to dispose of them at an enormous profit. Twenty francs were paid for a seat in the pit, and thirty-five francs for a stall. There is no prospect of another English company appearing in Paris: the indifferent actors who composed the majority of the last company disappointed the French; and the rage for English plays seems to be gone by. Even Miss Smithson has in some degree lost her popularity. Abbott has left Paris, after attempting to amuse the Parisians à la Mathews.

A curious little book, called "*Appel aux Français*," has made its appearance here: it is a proposal for reforming the orthography of the French language, by spelling it in most cases as it is pronounced. The book had a prodigious sale—some say 30,000 copies were disposed of. The third volume of Vidocq has sold very well: it gives a correct picture of French manners in low society, and is *piquant*. The fourth volume is expected in a few days.

Some interesting discoveries were lately made at Rouen. The workmen employed at the cathedral, found, at twenty feet below the surface of the earth, the remains of Roman ma-

soury, and near it the soil of a meadow. It would appear that at the time when this manure was erected, the bed of the river, now more than twenty feet below the level of the earth upon which this portion of the cathedral stands, was only four feet lower than the soil of this meadow.

The mania for horse-racing in France seems to have subsided a little; but great attention is still paid to the breed of horses for hunting, and for the better kind of carriage-horses. The exportation of horses from France, from 1823 to 1827 inclusively, was 16,000, of which nearly one third were sent to Spain, and about one sixth to England. The importation during the same period was 108,500, of which more than one half were from the Netherlands and Switzerland, and one twentieth from England. Among the latter, however, there were several horses of great value. The importation has fallen off nearly one half since 1823—the breeders and others being now well supplied.

An engraving is being made here of the colossal block of granite which has been cut for the new museum at Berlin. When entire, this block weighed nearly 6,000 quintals; and it is now said to weigh 1,600 quintals. It is sixty-eight feet in circumference, and in diameter twenty-two feet.

One of the most favourite pieces now playing in Paris is the *Henri III* of the *Français*. This, although deprived of the attraction of novelty, continues to bring crowded audiences. It is indeed a very clever production, and its defects serve but to set off the brilliancy of its beauties. The author of this piece, which approaches nearer to the style and freedom of Shakespeare than any thing else on the French stage, is a young man who held an appointment in the household of the Duke of Orleans, of about 1800 francs per annum (less than 70*l*). In this situation he was far from giving satisfaction, as he neglected its duties for the study of literature. The duke, after repeated complaints, at length addressed M. Dumar on the subject, in nearly the following language. "Sad complaints are made of you, but I overlook them. You are fond of literature; apply to it: relinquish all other pursuits, and retain your salary. If within two years you produce any work of merit, rely upon my proving your friend; if you cannot do so, abandon your penchant, and return steadily to business." The duke's liberal offer was accepted; and in less than six months, two pieces, *Henri III* and *Christine* were read with acclamation by the committee of the Théâtre Français. Christine has not yet been acted; but it is said to be superior to *Henri III*, for the copyright of which the author has received 10,000 francs. This anecdote, which I have from a very respectable source, and which is generally credited, has added much to the popularity of the Duke of Orleans. As to the young author, his fortune is made. Should Christine succeed, of which there is little doubt, the tax upon the performance of the two plays throughout the country will produce him a very handsome income. It must be confessed, that the encouragement which dramatic authors receive here is very superior to that which they meet with in England.

The vacancy in the French Academy, occasioned by the death of M. Auger, has been filled by the election of M. Etienne.

The cultivation of maize is likely to become general in France. At the sitting of the Academy of Sciences in Paris on the 31st ult., it was proposed to give a prize of

1500 francs value to the author of the best essay on the cultivation of Indian corn in the four departments surrounding Paris, with a view to render this grain useful for the nourishment of the human species, particularly children. Hitherto it has been grown chiefly in the south of France, as food for cattle and fowls. It is a singular fact, that fowls fed exclusively upon this food have a yellow appearance.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

APRIL 3d.—Mr. Faraday this evening delivered a lecture "On Mr. Wheatstone's illustrations of the resonance or reciprocated vibrations of volumes of air." The reciprocation of simple columns of air and other gases to the vibrations of a tuning fork, the tongue of a Jew's harp and that of the *Æolina*, were first considered by Mr. Faraday; after this, the important effect of reciprocation in augmenting the sound of the *Æolina*, either when applied to the mouth or to other cavities, was shewn, the instrument being without such additional effect almost inaudible at a few feet distance: it was likewise shewn, that an important influence is often produced by multiple resonances upon a first sound, where what is frequently imagined to be due to a change in the quality, is in reality dependent upon the existence of other and simultaneous sounds with that supposed to be altered. When illustrating the resonance of the irregular volume of air in the mouth, &c., Mr. Faraday stated that it was possible to divide the mouth by the tongue into two cavities, the air in each of which could be made either by resonance or immediate vibration to yield its own particular sound. At this period of Mr. Faraday's observations, a gentleman (Mr. Morrison) came forward and demonstrated the possibility of producing two simultaneous sounds from the mouth, by whistling first a simple air, and then performing in two parts; and that with such clearness and effect, that no one who heard it could doubt the existence of two sounds at once,—the effect being in no degree like that of a rapid transition from one sound to another. The resonance of the air in the cavities of the ears was then considered, and explained with great perspicuity. The lecturer next pointed out the construction and mode of application of Mr. Wheatstone's single and double microphones: the latter consists of two plates of metal of one inch in size, so as to cover the cavities of the ears; each plate has a wire about one-eighth of an inch in diameter rivetted at one end at right angles into its centre: the wires being about eighteen inches long, are bent round a little distance from the plates, and brought together side by side at the extremities, where they are united by brazing, and jointly filed to a point. When this instrument is used, the plates are put over the ears, the spring of the wires holding them with sufficient force against the head; the point or apex of the microphone is then to be brought into contact with any part the phonic vibrations of which are to be ascertained. The vibrations are conducted along the wire, and being communicated to the plates which close the ears, these vibrations are reciprocated by the enclosed volumes of air, and the nerves of the ears powerfully affected. By the use of this instrument the vibrating parts of the sounding-board of a guitar, harp, or other instrument, can be at once ascertained, and the irregular sources of noise and mechanical action

in machinery discovered, when every other trial has failed. So powerful is the effect of the microphone upon the ear, that by it the most uninitiated can at once be made to perceive the effect of chord and discord.

In connexion with the subject of phonics, discussed in the theatre of the Institution, Mr. Curtis, whose acoustic labours are well known, exhibited a newly invented hearing-trumpet having two apertures, one directed to the ear, and the other to the mouth,—an improvement which promises great advantage in cases which do not admit of cure: it was stated that the idea originated with Sir Edward Stracey, Bart.; and its decided utility over other acoustic tubes, in affections of the ear in all the different stages of disease, is affirmed by Mr. Curtis. Several donations connected with literature and the arts were also on the library-table.

COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

APRIL 6. The most numerously attended assembly of the present season took place at the Hall of the College this evening; Sir Henry Hallford, bart. the President, in the chair.

Dr. Macmichael read a paper by Sir Anthony Carlisle, President of the College of Surgeons, on the use of the spleen and thyroid gland,—subjects hitherto considered extremely obscure: the communication was full of ingenious and, to a certain degree, original observations. In consequence of the unavoidable technicalities employed in the details, the paper was perhaps chiefly interesting to the members of the profession who heard it read. The author concludes, that the office of the two organs whose functions were considered, was, of the first, to impart heat to the stomach; and of the second, to the organ of voice. Several curious physiological remarks were brought forward in the course of the details; perhaps the most original of which was the notion, that what has hitherto been considered a disease—on the Continent termed the *goitre*, and in this country the "Derbyshire neck"—is, in fact, neither more nor less than a provision of nature to counteract the effects of extreme and sudden cold applied to the throat. Hence it is, that the inhabitants of whole districts in the mountainous parts of Switzerland, who are in the constant habit of drinking snow-water, as is well known, have such an enlargement. Full justice, however, cannot be done to the paper without introducing terms of art which would mystify the subject to all but professional readers.

LONDON PHRENOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

APRIL 6. Joseph Moore, M.D. President, in the chair.—A paper "on Phrenological pathology" was read by Dr. Epps; in which he reviewed the controversial opinions respecting the injuries and diseases of the brain, and endeavoured to prove that the peculiar function of the part or organ so injured or diseased is always morbidly affected. In confirmation of the fact, Dr. Epps cited several cases, many of which had come under his own inspection. He then proceeded to state the benefits likely to result to society from the extension of the science of phrenology amongst medical men, and considered that it would form a new epoch in the annals of medicine. Several cases in support of these opinions were mentioned by Dr. Elliotson, Dr. Wright, and Dr. Moore. Mr. Cooper furnished a brief history of the character of William Pearce, in whom the organs of wit and imitation were pre-eminently developed. A mask of the late Judge Heath, and a cast of the head of Mr. Thomas

Taylor the Platonist, were presented by Dr. Wright.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

LETTERS from Sydney to the 7th of October, and journals to the 4th of the same month, announce the arrival of his majesty's ship the *Rainbow*, Captain Rous, from a voyage of discovery. The captain has discovered two large rivers to the north of Sydney, in which there is safe and convenient anchorage. He proceeded a considerable way up these rivers, and found the country well wooded, the climate fine, and the soil, as he judged, very rich. He called one of these rivers "Clarence," and the other "Richmond" River: they are between Sydney Bay and Moreton Bay. Clarence River, the mouth of which is in lat. 28°, is presumed to issue from the great lake lately discovered in the interior of the country.

EXPERIMENTS WITH PRUSSIC ACID.

A GREAT number of experiments with prussic acid was made in the early part of the last month by Mr. Henderson, a medical student at New York. This gentleman states, that having great doubts on the subject of the reports which had been given of the power of hydrocyanic (prussic) acid, he procured a quantity of two sorts—the pure, as it is made in its greatest possible strength, and the medicinal acid, as made by Garden, of London, which is of about one-seventh the strength of the pure acid. Mr. Henderson first rubbed three drops of the pure acid upon his naked arm, the effect of which was to make him stagger considerably, so as to keep with great difficulty from falling. An intense pain of the head succeeded, with a difficulty of sight; but this was not of long duration, and a strong taste of bitter almonds remained in the mouth for two hours. At the end of that time he recovered, and was as well as if nothing had happened. On the following day he swallowed eight drops of the acid as it is used in medicine, and increased the dose within the space of three days to sixteen drops at each dose, twice a-day; but his head and sight became so violently affected, that he relinquished his experiments, &c. upon himself, and was several days before he completely recovered. He then tried the effect of the pure acid upon animals. A cat upon whose nose he had rubbed four drops, walked a distance of eight or ten yards without the slightest appearance of being at all affected; but it then suddenly stopped, leaped into the air, and fell again dead. He then held a pen, the feather of which had been dipped into the acid, in an iron cage in which two rats were confined, so as to irritate them, and cause them to snap at the feather; they had no sooner done so, than they fell as if they had been shot. A large dog of the Newfoundland species was killed within three minutes by four drops of the acid being poured into its nostrils; whilst another dog of similar size and breed had a drachm of the common acid, such as is used in medicine, and with which several persons have recently destroyed themselves in this country, poured down its throat without effect. Whether this difference was to be attributed to the change which the acid undergoes by dilution, or to a difference of nervous sensibility in the animals, Mr. Henderson does not state,—probably to both. He mentions, indeed, that whilst he has seen one man take six drops of the medicinal acid four times a-day without apparent effect, another from merely smelling at the bottle in which it was contained, has been compelled to keep his bed for

several hours. Upon frogs and other cold-blooded animals the acid had very little effect. Two frogs, upon the soft parts of which he had rubbed a considerable quantity of the pure acid, suffered for a time as if from intoxication, and then recovered and hopped away. Upon insects of different kinds the effects were very curious. On the first application of the acid they curled up their legs, and were to all appearance dead; but in the course of a few hours, many of them, after exuding a black fluid, recovered life and strength. Mr. Henderson, in the paper from which this account is taken, gives several cases of remarkable cures in stomach complaints, and in indigestion generally, from the use of the prussic acid; but he states that its effects are so different in different persons, that it can never be prescribed with safety by the physician who has not been well acquainted with the constitution and previous habits of his patient:—to use his own words, "it is a medicine to be prescribed only to a physician by a physician."

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, April 4.—On Thursday the following degree was conferred:
Master of Arts.—Rev. J. Sayer, Merton College.

CAMBRIDGE, April 3.—The Chancellor's gold medals for the two best proficient in classical learning among the Commencing Bachelors of Arts, were on Saturday last adjudged to Mr. W. A. Soames, of Trinity College, and Mr. W. Martin, of St. John's College.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

APRIL 9th. The President in the chair.—Dr. Wilson Phillips' paper on the physiology of the nervous system was resumed and concluded. Lord De Dunstanville, on being proposed by the president, was, by an immediate ballot, elected a fellow of the Society: William Pole, esq., and David Pollock, esq. both of Lincoln's Inn, were also elected fellows.

The new volume of *Memoirs* published by the Società Italiana, at Modena, and the last three parts of Professor Cauchy's *Exercices de Mathématiques*, were among the presents.

March 26. The President in the chair.—A paper was read, entitled, "An experimental inquiry into the physiological effects of oxygen gas upon the animal system," by S. D. Broughton, Esq., F.G.S.; communicated by B. C. Brodie, Esq.

Although it has long been known that the respiration of pure oxygen gas is destructive to life, some differences of opinion have existed with respect to the physiological conditions of the animals subjected to its influence; and also with regard to the quantity of oxygen consumed under these circumstances, compared with that consumed by the respiration of atmospheric air. With a view to elucidate some of these points, the author confined rabbits, guinea-pigs, and sparrows, in glass jars inverted over water, containing oxygen gas, obtained from black oxide of magnesium by a red heat. The animals at first appeared to suffer no inconvenience from the respiration of the gas; but after some time, generally in about an hour, their breathing became hurried, and their circulation accelerated. This state of excitement was followed by an opposite one of debility; the respirations became feeble, and were more slowly performed; loss of sensibility and of the power of voluntary motion gradually supervened, till the only remaining visible action was a slight one of the diaphragm, occurring at distant intervals. On opening the body, under these circumstances, and also after the entire cessation of the movements of the diaphragm, the breast was found

to be still in vigorous action; the blood in every part of the vascular system, both venous and arterial, was of a bright scarlet hue; it was remarkably thin, and rapidly coagulated; and the temperature of the body continued undiminished. If before the diaphragm has ceased to act, the animal is removed from the vessel to the open air, it generally either recovers spontaneously, or its animation may be restored by artificially inflating the lungs with atmospheric air. The author found that the gas in which animals had thus been confined till they died, retains its power of rekindling a blown-out taper, and of sustaining for a time the life of another animal introduced into it; and he hence deduces the inference, that it does not contain so great an excess of carbonic acid as the gas left when animals have perished by confinement in atmospheric air. He considers the train of symptoms induced by the respiration of pure oxygen gas as analogous to those which follow the absorption of certain poisons into the system.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

ON Wednesday, at a meeting of the council, the President, the Lord Bishop of Salisbury, in the chair, the two gold medals (of the value of fifty guineas each), which his Majesty graciously places every year at the disposal of the Society, were adjudged to Baron Silvestre de Sacy and to Mr. Roscoe, the former so eminent in the literature of France, and the latter so distinguished in that of our own country. Though hardly becoming in us, as public journalists, to express an opinion on this subject, we cannot help pointing to this award as a manifest proof of the liberality and impartial judgment with which the affairs of the Royal Society of Literature continue to be administered. Nothing of party or exclusive feeling has ever crept into its councils; and it is not, therefore, surprising, that it should proceed, doing honour to literary merit, and fulfilling the objects of its illustrious and munificent founder, George IV.

ASIATIC SOCIETY.

APRIL 4. Colonel Tod in the chair.—A paper was read, entitled, "On the diplomatic relations between the courts of Constantinople and Delhi in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries," by the Chevalier de Hammer, F.M.R.A.S. A list of very interesting and valuable donations to the Society were enumerated: amongst them was a splendid copy of Roxburgh's *Coromandel Plants*, presented by T. Snodgrass, Esq.; a curious portrait of Chang-kih-urh, the late unsuccessful rebel in Chinese Tartary; together with a Translation of a Manifesto of the Triad Society,* lately found in the English burial-ground at Macao, presented by Dr. Morrison. Colonel Briggs presented a copy of his Translation of Ferishta's *Mahommedan History*; Colonel d'Arcy a very beautiful Persian MS., the *Makhzan al Asrar* of Sheikh Nizami; Professor Schmidt a copy of his *History of the Eastern Mongols*: several other presents were also made.

KING'S COLLEGE.

IT is said, and we shall be glad to hear it confirmed, that the committee of this Institution, finding that the present state of their funds will not allow of any considerable number of scholars being accommodated within its walls, have the intention of recommending that boarders shall be received by the professors, tutors, and others connected with the College,

* Canton, &c.

upon certain terms, and under strict regulations as to discipline, to be laid down and sanctioned hereafter by its council. We really conceive that this measure will be far more conducive to the moral and intellectual well-being, and to the health, of its pupils, than if they were congregated in a dense mass within the precincts of the College itself.

Much has been said respecting the intended site at Somerset House; but we have heard nothing yet which points at any situation so eligible and so convenient for the purposes of such an establishment, when it is considered that the College is designed to diffuse its benefits as universally as possible among the widely-spread population of this metropolis. Had it been erected at Brompton, under what circumstances would these benefits have been placed within the reach of youth domiciliated with their parents in the northern, eastern, or southern quarters of London? Or, even could the site in the Regent's Park have been obtained (which it could not), hundreds of the rising generation of the city, of the Surrey suburbs, and of Westminster and its vicinity, would have been excluded from the participation of its means and advantages. We are convinced, therefore, that the proprietors will feel that the committee have deserved well of them, and of their fellow-citizens at large, by the selection of the site near Somerset House; and if it be objected, that the Strand and its vicinity are the open resort of vice, we answer, that his Majesty's present government do not intend that the most public thoroughfare in London should continue to exhibit a scene which would not be permitted to disgrace those capitals in Europe which are, intrinsically, far more depraved in the state of their morals, and far less adorned by the exercise of the active virtues of Christianity.

THE LITERARY FUND.

PREPARING for their anniversary on the 13th of May, we were glad to find, at the last monthly meeting of the Society, on Wednesday, that the list of stewards has been much enriched since our former notice, and that many distinguished visitors are expected. To the noble and literary names we formerly mentioned (March 28, *L. G.*) have been added those of Mr. H. N. Coleridge, Dr. Lardner, the Rev. Mr. Stebbing, Mr. Children, Mr. Gooden, and others: the Duke of Somerset (president) invites many individuals of celebrity, both foreign and native: and, altogether, we anticipate a brilliant meeting in support of this admirable charity.

FRENCH ACADEMY.

AT a recent sitting of the French Academy, the vacancy among the foreign members, occasioned by the death of Dr. Wollaston, was filled up. The names offered were Messrs. Beasel, of Königsberg; Blumenbach, of Göttingen; Robert Brown, of London; De Bucha, of Berlin; Dalton, of Manchester; Leslie, of Edinburgh; Ersted, of Copenhagen; Olbers, of Bremen; Plana, of Turin; and Sommering, of Frankfort. Of fifty-four votes, M. Olbers obtained thirty-nine, Mr. Dalton fourteen, and M. Plana one. In consequence, M. Olbers was elected, subject to the approbation of the King. M. Olbers is the learned astronomer to whom science is indebted for the discovery of two planets.

FINE ARTS.

SUFFOLK STREET GALLERY.

(Third Notice.)

THE portrait department of the Suffolk Street Exhibition can boast of many examples in which the highest qualities of the art are finely displayed. First in rank and station is No. 131. *Portrait of his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence.* H. E. Dawe. Distinguished for talent is No. 8, *Portrait of James Montgomery, Esq., author of the World before the Flood, &c.* W. Poole. In No. 185, *Portrait of a Gentleman.* J. Simpson, we have a picture uniting all the best properties of portraiture: the features are beautifully drawn, and nothing can exceed the solidity and harmony of the colouring. No. 192, *Portrait of G. H. Rodwell, Esq.* J. Knight, shews a great advance in this promising artist. No. 54, *Portrait of R. Mott, Esq.,* and No. 85, *Portrait of the Hon. C. A. Murray, J. Lonsdale,* are admirable specimens of this artist's clear and fluent pencil. No. 42, *Corinne, Mrs. Pearson,* is evidently a portrait, and is a very pleasing proof of Mrs. Pearson's taste and talent. In the same point of view we consider No. 29, *Emmeline, F. Howard;* although its character and expression answer well to the quotation annexed to it in the Catalogue. With the last two we rank No. 187, *An Eastern Girl feeding Kids,* J. Y. Hurlstone, a very clever composition. In the Entrance-room, No. 290, *Portrait of John Adolphus, Esq.,* G. O. Nash, is ably executed, and is a striking resemblance of the celebrated barrister.

No. 89. *The Profligate's Return from the Ale-house.* E. Prentis.—The artist must have well studied the chief character in this scene of domestic misery: a face of more intense and revolting brutality we have never seen upon canvas; and it loses nothing of its force by the contrast which it exhibits to the half-hidden countenance of the suffering wife. The various indications of want in the apartment are ingeniously conceived and exceedingly well executed.

No. 99. *A View of the Town of Berkhampstead, with a rustic wedding party, escorted by old Youthful, who for the last sixty years has been the celebrated Fiddler of the neighbourhood.* H. Hawkins.—Localities of this kind are always amusing to those who are acquainted with the places and characters represented; but the vicinity of this performance to that last mentioned gives it a more general interest. If the young and gay couple who are following their musical guide were to be presented by some benevolent hand with a print from Mr. Prentis's picture, might it not have a most salutary influence on their future lives? Why do not our Societies for the improvement of the people avail themselves of the fine arts, as at least a powerful auxiliary in the attainment of their laudable object? They may depend upon it that "the ocular proof" of the miserable consequences of vice hanging on the walls of a cottage, would have more effect than a hundred moral essays hidden in the cupboard. With the facilities which lithography and steel plates afford, infinite good might be accomplished in this way at a very moderate expense.

No. 423. *Gold Fish.* Miss Wroughton.—In the march of art, as of intellect, our female contemporaries keep pace with the other sex. This performance, under its unassuming title, presents qualities in composition, effect, colouring, and execution, that would do credit to any painter, ancient or modern. The objects are principally those of still life; there is, however,

a figure introduced which is in perfect keeping with the rest of this powerful and admirable work.

No. 430. *Composition of Fruit.* J. Holland.—This, and No. 283, *Fruit,* by the same artist, are beautiful performances; and have a truth and simplicity, as well as a harmony of colour and a mellow depth of tone, which gives them an interest beyond that usually attaching to subjects of this class.

No. 417. *Cattle Piece.* J. Dearman.—Mr. Dearman has already distinguished himself in compositions of this kind; but it behoves him to look attentively at what has been done in ancient and modern art in the path he has chosen. Although rather too hardly marked, the drawing and character of the head of his bull are exceedingly well expressed; but the leg and hind quarters of the animal appear as if cut out, instead of possessing the roundness of a limb. Nor do we think that Mr. Dearman has been quite successful in the pencilling of the coat. Time and observation, however, will, we have no doubt, enable this promising artist to realise all the expectations which his various performances have excited.

No. 429. *Sauve qui peut!* J. J. Audubon.—This whimsical title is admirably borne out by a representation of the confusion and flight of pheasant and partridge, on which a canine enemy has suddenly rushed, and on which he is inflicting sad havoc. All is feathery fright and bustle; and we admire the ingenuity of the artist in contriving to give an additional interest to a careful and well-understood study of individual nature.

No. 397. *The Falls of Machno, and the Pandw Mill, North Wales.* E. Goodall.—Niagara, and other stupendous natural exhibitions of a similar kind, might fill the mind with more of awe and wonder; but we doubt whether the eye of the amateur or the artist would not receive more gratification from this picturesque little splash of water, springing from crag to crag, breaking into white spray, and sparkling in the sun. With a little more sacrifice to concentration of effect, Mr. Goodall's clever performance might vie with the works of Ruysdael.

No. 369. *The Sibyl.* J. Inskipp.—This picture claims our applause, as far as regards power and mellowness of tone, and free and efficient execution: but was there no ugly old woman to be found to bring in contrast with the fair and youthful dupe of gipsy art? As it is, we hardly know whether to present the golden apple, the prize of superior beauty, to the fortune-teller or to the fortune-tellee. The dog is admirably painted, and its introduction conveys a pleasing idea of guardianship and safety.

No. 434. *The Pear.* W. Kidd.—We would recommend to this artist a little more care in the colouring of his flesh, and a little more attention to the concentration of his light. The effect of his pictures is frequently impaired by the number and the scattering of his objects.

No. 392. *Hampstead Heath, painted on the spot.* T. C. Holland.—It is unnecessary to repeat our commendations of Mr. Holland's performances. His studies from nature, especially, have always attracted the attention of both the artist and the amateur. The scene which he has here chosen must daily increase in interest, from the probability of its soon sharing the fate of other picturesque beauties in the immediate neighbourhood of the metropolis. Our speculating capitalists are constantly driving the cattle to distant pastures; brick and lime are spread over green meadows; high walls

have succeeded to hedge-rows; and, if the rage goes on,

"From the centre all round to the sea,
We scarcely shall meet with a tree."

No. 380. *A Scene near the Source of the Medway*. F. R. Lee.—Another of those familiar scenes which come recommended to our notice by their truth and simplicity, though in a different manner from the last-mentioned performance. In fact, the diversity of landscape is perhaps more extensive than that of any other department of art. If to the two pictures to which we have just adverted, we add No. 171, *The Broken Bridge*, by J. O'Connor, that diversity will be rendered still more obvious. The style and character of Mr. O'Connor's works have always struck us as eminently original; uniting much of the poetry of art to the most picturesque forms of nature.

[To be continued.]

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

ON Wednesday this Society observed its sixth anniversary, with a dinner at the Freemasons' Tavern, the Hon. Douglas Kinnaird in the chair, supported by Lords Durham and Glenorchy, and other lovers of the fine arts. In returning thanks for the toast of "Prosperity to the Association," Mr. Hoffman, the Secretary, stated that above 2500*l.* had already been paid for pictures in the present Exhibition in Suffolk Street. Persevering and increased exertions were recommended, to enable the Society to surmount the difficulties yet attached to it, though it has heretofore done as much as its early friends and patrons could fairly anticipate.

MR. HAYDON'S EUCLES.

THIS classic picture is now exhibiting in Bond Street, in an unfinished state, courting the criticisms of the connoisseurs;—rather a novel experiment in the art; if we do not refer to the well-known story of ancient times, of the painter who pleased every body and nobody. For ourselves, we shall only say at present that Eucles is a noble and spirited composition of a very high class.

THE MONTGOMERY GALLERY.

THIS newly opened and interesting gallery (in Regent Street) consists, principally, of ten pictures, (of considerable size, painted by Mr. J. Rawson Walker, to illustrate as many passages in Mr. James Montgomery's fine poem of "the World before the Flood." Although a little too artificial, and occasionally reminding the spectator too much of the palette, some of these works exhibit beautiful, and others sublime, conceptions, which are highly creditable both to the young artist by whom they have been executed, and to the veteran poet to whom they owe their birth. Mr. Walker is evidently a man of no ordinary powers; and if, after this unrestrained indulgence of his imagination, he can return for a while to the severe labour of a close study of nature, and especially of all those various and characteristic details which she delights to develop as she approaches the eye, we have no doubt that he may place himself in the foremost ranks of the art.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Portraits and Memoirs of the most Illustrious Personages of British History. By Edmund Lodge, Esq., Norroy King of Arms, F.S.A. Monthly edition. No. IV. Harding and Lepad.

THE brave, but weak and vain Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, the learned and discreet Queen Catharine Par, and the wealthy and

sagacious Sir Thomas Gresham, are the subjects of the Memoirs and Illustrations in the fourth Number of the third edition of this beautiful and national work.

The Spirit of the Plays of Shakspeare. By F. Howard. No. XII. Cadell and Co.

THIS Number of Mr. Howard's clever work contains twelve plates from the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and eight from *Love's Labour's Lost*. Among the former, the detection of Valentine by the Duke, and among the latter, the King and his Nobles signing their agreement to study, pleased us the most. We wish more had been made of that entertaining personage and prime favourite of ours, Lance.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

MAJOR-GENERAL HIGGINS

(Of 173, Tooly Street, Borough.—N.B. An Apprentice wanted)

TO HIS REGIMENT.

FLY, my brave Britons,—fly, fly!

Why lazily linger and stay?

Your duty forbids ye to die,—

'Tis your country that calls ye—away!

What, men! would you stop—would you stoop—

To fight—when it is not your fancy—

Those mounseers, who live on frog-soup,

And talk about "parly-voosfrancy?"

Such rogues I have ne'er come a-near—

It's enough to put Job in a pet!—

This is no place for us, gemmen, here,

With such an uncommon low set!

What can the French fellows be at?

They're putting their guns to their eyes!

Bobs! Britons! and shall we stand that?

No, never! then follow, and fly!

Let 'em eat all the frogs that they may,

The English will soon beat 'em hollow;

For he, as we're marching away,

How we've forced the poor creatures to follow!

See, see! what a smoking they make

Whenever they shoot for our ruin!

Dirty cowards! it's all for the sake

That we may not see what they're doing!

Bobs! I han't seen that cannon before,

They'll blow us to bits with "that ere,"—

No, patience! I won't fight no more

If those shabby dogs don't play fair!

Do you say we should charge, just to show

That we can if we choose?—horrid stuff!

Our good London customers know

We know how to charge well enough.

Let them dawdle here that think fit,

Or feel any wish to be slain;

But would you those Frenchies permit

To "cut" you, and then "come again?"

Then fly, my brave Britons,—fly, fly!

Why foolishly linger and stay?

It's quite time enough, sirs, to die

When you know that you can't run away!

SIMKINS SIMKINS.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

REMARKABLE PRECOCITY OF TALENT.

Sigismund Baron Von Praun.

THIS youth, who is distinguished for his early and very extraordinary proficiency in the arts and sciences, was born at Tyrnau, in Hungary, on the first of June, 1811, where his father resided, as colonel in the Austrian service. In his second year he was able not only to read with fluency, but to give a connected sketch of the history of the world. On the 11th of

Nov. 1813, (being then twenty-nine months old), he was admitted into the second class of the Gymnasium at that place; and at the examination on the 26th August, 1814, he received the first prize for German reading and writing, the Hungarian language, the catechism and drawing, in preference to seventy scholars, who were much older than himself. At the public examination, on the 17th March, 1815, (being three years and nine months old), he received the same honours for the Latin and arithmetic. But the most extraordinary was his astonishing proficiency in music. In his third year he had made himself perfectly master of the violin; and at the last-mentioned examination he performed on this most difficult instrument a composition by Pleyel, with universal applause; a year after, he gave his second concert before Prince Schwartzenburg and the principal Hungarian nobility; and from this moment the fame of this prodigy spread itself over Europe. In the summer of 1816 he gave several concerts at Vienna, and presented a great part of his receipts to the Invalid Fund, for which the Emperor honoured him with the order of civil merit. In 1817, the commencement of his sixth year, he began his professional tour, passed through Italy in a kind of triumph, and received from the Duchess of Parma the order of Constantine, from the Pope the golden spurs and the order of St. John Lateran, was created Palgrave, and rewarded with a golden medal and a very flattering diploma by the Roman Academy, before which he had exhibited with much éclat his proficiency in the sciences. In his thirteenth year he completed his legal studies, and received eighteen royal honorary diplomas from Italy, Austria, France, and the Netherlands. He had scarcely attained his fifteenth year, when he had already acquired the reputation of one of the first violin-players, and was the author of several works, among which a beautiful manuscript in seven languages excited great attention. His high reputation increased with his subsequent tours through Italy, Austria, Holland, France, and Germany, of which a longer detail would be superfluous here, as the accounts published in the journals of the countries which he visited, cannot be forgotten by the public. He is at present at Nuremberg, and will next visit Berlin.—*German Journals.*

A JOURNAL entirely devoted to musical intelligence, and in particular to the opera, is published at Milan, under the title of *I Teatri, Giornale drammatico, musicale, coreografico*. In a late Number of this journal there is, under the head of Florence, an article relative to the musical compositions of our ambassador at that court, in which it is said, that, "For the performance of Lord Burghersh's opera, *Il Torneo*, which was suspended during the carnival, there have been substituted evening parties and balls of the most splendid description, in which the high rank of the company, the elegance of the decorations, and the superb style of the entertainments, were equally conspicuous.

"With regard to the able work of Lord Burghersh, the distribution of the parts and the score afford unquestionable proofs of the taste, judgment, and musical skill of the illustrious composer. The greatest encomiums have been justly bestowed on the introduction and the choruses. The latter were admirably sustained by thirty distinguished individuals of both sexes. The principal characters of the opera were performed by Signora Williams, Signora Festa, and the Signor Franceschini, all of

whom had excellent opportunities afforded them for displaying the qualities of their voices and knowledge of music." To this Florence paragraph, the editor of the Milan journal (Dr. Giulio Ferrario,) adds the following note:—"It is not only in the opera of *Il Torneo*, that Lord Burghersh has shewn that he possesses eminent musical talent. Many of his compositions which are printed and published, prove that the praises bestowed on this Mecenas of the fine arts, are not in the slightest degree the offspring of adulation."

AN IRISH INNKEEPER: A RECENT SKETCH.

English Gentleman. Holla—House.

Landlord. I don't know any one of that name hereabouts.

Gent. Are you the master of this inn?

Land. Yes, sir, please your honour—when my wife's from home.

Gent. Have you a bill of fare?

Land. Yes, sir, surely—the fair of Kildorery is next week, and Ballyspugmolane the week after.

Gent. Tut—how are your beds?

Land. Very well, I thank you, sir.

Gent. Is your cellar good?

Land. Oh, never fear that, sir—I only want the buyers to make me the seller.

Gent. Is your port fine?

Land. Never a finer port in the three kingdoms, sir, than Cork harbour—and sure I'm quite convenient to it.

Gent. Have you any mountain?

Land. Yes, sir, plenty—the whole country is full of mountains.

Gent. Have you any porter?

Land. Have I, is it?—I'll engage Pat is an excellent porter; he'll make out any place at all.

Gent. But I mean porter to drink.

Land. Oh, sir, he'd drink the ocean—not a doubt of that.

Gent. Have you any fish?

Land. They call myself an odd fish.

Gent. I think so. I hope you're no shark?

Land. No, sir, indeed—I'm not a lawyer.

Gent. Have you any sole?

Land. For your boots and shoes, sir.

Gent. Paha!—have you any plaice?

Land. I have not, sir; but I was promised one, if I'd only vote the way I did not at the last election.

Gent. Have you any wild-fowl?

Land. They're tame enough now, for that matter—for they have been killed these ten days.

Gent. I must see myself.

Land. And welcome, sir—I'll fetch you a looking-glass in a minute.

MUSIC.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

THE fourth Philharmonic Concert, though not quite so brilliant as the first and third, afforded, nevertheless, ample amusement; and if not entitled to particular praise, precludes at least severity of censure. The opening piece was again a *sinfonia* of Beethoven's, the one in A, or his seventh. The *andante*, which, as on former occasions, was loudly encored, and the *scherzo*, are the pillars on which the reputation of this composition rests; the first and last movement could not have preserved it from falling. We wish to say nothing against Rossini's duetto, "All' idea di quel metallo," from the *Barbiere*, except that Donzelli and De Bagnis did not appear to be well matched, the former having too little of a *buffo* either for De Bagnis or the song. Then followed, as

per bill, "Concerto Corno, Signor Puzzi," by Belloli; and no great grief would have been felt if it had not followed, there being certainly not more than a dozen or so of the subscribers who care at all for concertos on the horn, even if played by a Puzzi. Concerted pieces, but not concertos, are the things that please in these rooms. After Mlle. Blasis' *Scena*, "Salvo alfin," by Pacini, sung in her well-known style again, a new overture of Spohr's, "Pietro von Albano," was performed, but with no greater effect than his others. The second act commenced with Mozart's *sinfonia* in C, commonly called the *Jupiter*. The last movement, a most beautiful but also extremely difficult fugue, was taken a great deal too fast; and only an orchestra like this could go through it in that time without confusion. "Il mio tesoro," that delightful air from Don Giovanni, Signor Donzelli seemed to find much more to his taste than Rossini's "All' idea di quel metallo;" and so did the audience, as they made him sing it over a second time. His voice, which appears to want nothing but flexibility for greater execution, is as magnificent in the concert-room as on the stage. A quartetto of Beethoven's, by Messrs. Spagnoletti, Watts, Moralt, and Lindley; a *terzetto*, "Quel sembiante," from Rossini; "L'inganno Felice," by Mlle. Blasis, Donzelli, and De Bagnis; and lastly, Cherubini's overture to *Lodoiska*, fell short very little, if at all, of any preceding performance, and abundantly contributed their share to the pleasure of the evening. Mr. Weisshel led, and Mr. Attwood conducted.

ORATORIOS.

Wednesday night, *Drury Lane Theatre*.—With the exception of a *début* or two, the oratorios of the week may be said to be—the same to the same. A Mrs. Evans, a pupil of that inestimable master, *Croft*, as also a Miss Lloyd, the announced *elève* of Mr. Harris, made their first appearance in public.

Always unwilling to pronounce upon a "first appearance," we think it right to premise, that the *débutantes* were brought out so late in the performance of the night, that they laboured under no little disadvantage. An oratorio, at best, is always monotonous;—unlike an opera, it possesses none of the adventitious auxiliaries of scenic illusion or dramatic incident, to dissipate that intolerable *ennui* with which the most musical auditor is invariably afflicted long before the *entertainment* is half at an end. As for ourselves, we constantly suffer from repletion; and, notwithstanding the many violent shocks and desperate *shakes* with which we are sometimes wont to be assailed, we, nevertheless, drop back in our box, ready to die of the fatiguing pleasure. But, to return to our fair *débutantes*,—Mrs. Evans was the earliest to attract our attention. Her first duet with Braham, "Fair Aurora, prithee, stay," was admirably given, and elicited much applause from the boxes. Mrs. E.'s voice is soprano, of considerable power both as to flexibility and compass. She appears to be one of those very few vocalists, sometimes to be found, who cannot by possibility sing out of tune. Let her but study her art, for she has yet a good deal to learn in the "colouring of tones," and we hesitate not to predict she will become a successful singer, though, on this occasion, perhaps, she did not make the great hit expected by her friends. Of the other lady we cannot altogether say as much; her voice, we fear, is some-

* This admirable professor, we are glad to find, has been invited to return to the Royal Academy of Music.

what too feeble to be effective. Like Mrs. Evans, however, she sung perfectly in tune. We must not omit to mention the extraordinary performance of Master Artot on the violin. This young artist almost makes himself a second Kiewetter; he has much of the manner of that late eminent musician. In some things, particularly in touching the "harmonics" in tune, he excels any performer that we have ever yet heard. A Mr. Schmidt evinced extraordinary power of execution on the trombone; but, like all other *tumbling* of that description, the performance was more wonderful than pleasing. We think Blasis completely eclipsed Camporese: the latter lady is beginning to sing too loud, and has lost much of her wonted truth of intonation and facility in the execution of difficult passages. In conclusion, we have to advise Miss Byfield to pay more attention to the better taste of the boxes, and to worship less the "gods in the gallery."

A CAPITAL bill of fare has been put into our hands for Mr. Jolley's Annual Concert next Monday evening, at Freemasons' Hall. Some famous glees by our best singers promise to diversify the pleasures of the entertainment in an eminent degree; and we have no doubt there will be a bumper hall.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

ON Thursday a crowded house attended *La Gassa Ladra*, and experienced one of the greatest treats which the Italian Opera could afford. Blasis in *Ninetta* eclipsed herself, and far exceeded all our expectations both in singing and acting. The latter, indeed, was most admirable, and the last scene as fine a piece of nature as we ever witnessed on any stage—equal, in its kind, we really think, to the *Medea* of Pasta. She was loudly cheered and called for when the curtain dropt. Zucchelli in *Fernando* appeared to be a little hoarse; but in every other respect as delightful as ever. A new tenor, of the name of Bordogni, played *Giannetta*. His voice seems to be weak for so large a theatre, and about the quality of Tori's; but he is a charming and very superior singer, of exquisite taste, and his person is good. Pellegrini was the *Podesta*, and Mlle. Bartolozzi *Pippo*,—of which part, except the shape of the limbs, the less that is said the better.

MISS PHILLIPS's performance of *Belvidera* is the only novelty of the week, and one on which we decline to expatiate, as we should only repeat what we have already said a thousand and one times respecting this young lady. Stony-hearted critics as we are, we cannot resist the soft blue eyes, the rich voice, and the gentle manners of this fair young creature; and with true pleasure shall we seize the first, the slightest, opportunity she affords us of honestly announcing a progressive step in her arduous career; but till then, we shall restrict ourselves to silent observation; and while we abstain from writing one word that may wound or discourage, we shall, with equal care, avoid swelling the number of those injudicious friends whose extravagant panegyrics are more mischievous than all the abuse ever showered upon true merit by the unprincipled portion of the British press. Mr. Young's *Pierre* has been long and justly acknowledged to be one of his best efforts. The tragedy went off with considerable applause, and was announced for repetition on Easter Monday. For that

momentous period, too, the rival establishments are straining the sinews of honourable war. At Drury Lane, a fairy tale, illustrative of the most popular superstitions of the South of Ireland—a compound of fun and fancy, music, dancing, and pageantry—has been prepared by Mr. Planché, and will be produced by Mr. Barrymore. Worlds under the water are rapidly creating by the magic pencil of Stanfield; and Lephreacanes, Cluricanes, and Pookas, are, as the market-gardeners say, “in a forward state for the season.” At Covent Garden, horrors are the order of the day; dungeons and chains—gray gentlemen and shadowless heroes—devilry and witchcraft enough to wake King James I. from his “coffined sleep,” and furnish another Glanville with matter for a new dissertation—are the ingredients of the cauldron now rigorously stirred by Messrs. Farley and Ball, who do go “about, about, about,” for the benefit of the holiday makers. May success attend both! Indeed, so much expense is annually lavished upon such spectacles for the entertainment of the public, who positively exact these formidable “Easter offerings” from the managers, that they are bound in common honesty to be pleased with them—whatever may be the demerits of the gingerbread on which the gold is so thickly plastered.

MR. KEAN has been performing with considerable success at Cork. An Irish paper (the *Constitution*) states, in what appears to us rather a carelessly written paragraph, that “his recovered health and strength fortunately enabled him to appear with his wonted advantage. The house, every night he appears, is filled with fashion and beauty. Mr. Kean appears in *Othello* to-night: already, the anxiety to secure places is very great. He will, it is said, only appear three or four nights more.”

VELLUTI.—Among the recent musical arrivals from the Continent, we observe the celebrated Velluti, who appears to be in high health: we have not heard that he has any theatrical engagement.

VARIETIES.

Silk-worms.—At a recent sitting of the Academy of Sciences in Paris, a favourable report was given of the work of M. Bonnafous, who has made some experiments upon the leaves of the wild and grafted mulberry-tree, and has found them to be of great service in feeding silk-worms.

Sir Humphrey Davy.—We see the death of Sir H. Davy announced (officially) at a meeting of the French Institute; but have the satisfaction to state, that later intelligence has reached us from his brother, Dr. Davy, (who is with him at Rome,) and who not only mentions his being still in the land of the living, but adds that his health is improving so much as to afford fair hopes of his recovery.

Dr. Young.—We regret to hear that this other distinguished literary and scientific character is severely indisposed.

Egypt.—A Mr. Robert Hay, of Linplum, who has already spent a considerable time in Egypt, expresses a strong desire to return thither, in order to pursue the excavations about the magnificent temple of Absemlal, or Ab'oo Simbal. To effect this object he has written circular letters to various scientific bodies, &c. for subscription to the amount of 700*l.* (himself furnishing 50*l.*); in return for which, he offers to each subscriber a report of his operations and two large lithographic drawings of the temple.

Natural History.—A very favourable report has been made to the French Academy by M. Cuvier, on the collections of natural history brought to Europe from the East Indies by the officers of the French sloop of war, *La Chevette*. They have been made in places little known. With the exception of Pondicherry and Bourbon, the parts of India visited by *La Chevette* have been seldom explored by navigators, and no scientific expedition has heretofore examined them. Among the specimens submitted to the Academy are many new species.

Earthquake.—On the 21st of March an earthquake, consisting of three several shocks, took place about six o'clock in the evening, and continued on the 22d, producing very afflicting consequences throughout Murcia. The tower of Orihuella, the towns of Torrevieja, Almoradi, San Fulgencio, Guardamar, and Benexuar, have been wholly or partially destroyed, and several hundred persons perished.

Pegwell Cliff.—A sort of avalanche having taken place at Pegwell, where many thousand tons of the cliff have fallen into the sea, it is mentioned, that not only pyrites, but considerable masses of gold have been found among the debris.

A meeting of the Cambridge Philosophical Society was held on Monday week, the Rev. Professor Cumming, V.P., being in the chair. A memoir was read by J. Challis, Esq., of Trinity College, “On the vibrations of an elastic fluid;” in which the author maintained that the discontinuous functions introduced into the investigations on this subject by Lagrange were inconsistent with the analogies of mathematical reasoning, and unnecessary for the solution of the problem. A paper by J. W. Lubbock, Esq., of Trinity College, was also read, “On the comparative probabilities of life, as obtained from the recorded observations of London, Northampton, Carlisle, Chester, France, Paris, Montpellier, Holland, Amsterdam, Brussels, Breslau; and on various other points in the calculation of such probabilities, and of annuities depending upon them.” After the meeting, Professor Henalow gave an account, illustrated by coloured drawings, of the organisation and classification of ferns.—*Cambridge Chronicle*.

Natural Phenomenon.—In the Memoirs of the Imperial Academy of St. Petersburg it is stated that in the district of Gori, in Russia, at the foot of the Osetin mountains, there is a hill, on the stony surface of which the humidity that exudes from the rock, in summer and in fine weather, is converted into ice of a thickness proportionate to the heat of the sun! This ice disappears in the night, or during cloudy weather, so completely, that the rock is scarcely damp. The water obtained from this ice when melted, appears upon analysis to contain only a very small quantity of lime, and not any other foreign matter.

Infantile Courage and Generosity.—Two bulls, of equal bravery, although by no means equally matched in size and strength, happening to meet near the front of a laird's house, in the Highlands of Scotland, began a fierce battle, the noise of which soon drew to one of the windows the lady of the mansion. To her infinite terror, she beheld her only son, a boy between five and six years of age, belabouring with a stiff cudgel the stouter of the belligerents. “Dugald! Dugald! what are you about?” exclaimed the affrighted mother. “Helping the little bull,” was the gallant young hero's reply.

• Quare—belligerents!—Printer's Devil.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Among several trophies which the Russians gained in Persia during the last war, there is a very valuable literary treasure, the Library of Arbedil, the city where the Persian kings are crowned. This acquisition was made by Count Suchtelen, at the taking of Arbedil. The library was founded in 1018 of the Hegira; the then reigning King Abbas I. having deposited the manuscripts collected by him in a mosque; and it is now being conveyed, at the command of the emperor, to Petersburg, under a military escort.—*Leipzig Literarur Zeitung*.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,—The New Bath Guide, by the late Mr. Anstey, has passed through several editions, perhaps twenty; and a new one is now printing by the skilful typographer of your paper, with etchings by Cruikshank. Having devoted much time and care in preparing some elucidatory Notes, and a Biographical, Topographical, and Descriptive Preface to this edition, I should be pleased to give some account of the first impression, which, I believe, was printed in 4to., at Trumpington, adjoining Cambridge, in 1766 or 1767. I should also be glad to ascertain the number of editions that have gone through the press. It contains some local allusions to persons and events which must have been readily recognised at the time, but which are now become obsolete for want of a key. Perhaps some of your numerous readers may remember Bath at that time, its parties, the customs of the place, &c.; and may be able to furnish elucidatory hints on these points. Prior Park and Bath-Easton Villa were about these places of great attraction and resort to the wits and literati. Fielding, Smollett, Pope, Warburton, Sheridan, Graves, Pratt, &c., with the noted Beau Nash, were among the mental stars of the western hemisphere.

Who was the author of *Stinkin's Letters*? written during the trial of Warren Hastings, &c. the first Catholic Magazine, with the motto, “Happy homes and altars free,” has been published in Cork. It contains, among other papers, an able article on the State of Knowledge in Ireland, and an agreeable essay on Irish Legends and Romances, in which Mr. Lockhart is more than once complimented on his translation of the Spanish Ballads.

The library of Mr. Jefferson, the ex-President, has been selling, says our Correspondent at Washington (March 8), for these some days past.

Literary Request.—We observe from the Cambridge Chronicle, that the University is about to receive 5,000*l.* left to it by the late Rev. J. Manistie, Fellow of King's College, to purchase books for the public library.

A. J. Kempe, Esq. has edited and just ready for publication, a collection of interesting Ancient Manuscripts of the Sixteenth and early part of the Seventeenth centuries, pertaining to the family of Loely, in Surrey, which succeeded to the seat of the Mose family. The Gentleman's Magazine describes these treasures as being replete with historical matters, and throwing great light on the manners of the times.

In the *Subaltern's* forthcoming volume of Tales of a Chelsea Pensioner; we are informed there are six Tales: the Gentle Recruit, a Day on the Neutral Ground, Saratoga, Marda, a Pyrenean Adventure, and the Rivals: we look for the publication very shortly.

Mr. Oliver has nearly ready for publication the *History and Antiquities of Beverley*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Heber's Sermons preached in India, 8vo. 8s. 6d. bds.—*Natural History of Eastbourne*, 8vo. 8s. bds.—Wright on Friendly Societies, 12mo. 6s. bds.—*African Museum*, or Table of the Table, fcp. 8vo. 8s. bds.—Edmondson's Short Sermons, Vol. II. 8vo. 8s. bds.—*Chapters on the Physical Sciences*, 12mo. 6s. bds.—Leigh's Road Book of Scotland, 18mo. 8s. sheep.—Marriott's (Hervey) Fourth Course of Sermons, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—*The Philosophy of History*, 8vo. 15s. bds.—*Parkes on Practice of King's Bench and Common Pleas*, 12mo. 8s. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1829.

April.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 2	From 24. to 46.	29.39 to 29.50
Friday... 3	27. to 47.	29.56 to 29.64
Saturday... 4	28. to 54.	29.65 to 29.60
Sunday... 5	39. to 53.	29.36 to 29.23
Monday... 6	40. to 53.	29.16 to 29.12
Tuesday... 7	33. to 49.	29.13 to 29.30
Wednesday 8	29. to 49.	29.36 to 29.51

Prevailing wind S.W.

Except the 3d and 4th, generally cloudy and raining; snow sufficient to cover the ground on the morning of the 2d; a loud clap of thunder in the west on the 7th.

Rain fallen, .575 of an inch.

Edmondson. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37' 39" N.

Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

London Bills of Mortality.—We perfectly coincide with our intelligent correspondent (L.), that nothing can be more careless and disgraceful than the manner in which our Bills of Mortality are kept. We rather think that such bills are printed at Glasgow, as well as at Northampton, and that the machinery at the former city has been greatly improved. Still it is strange, that, with all our boasting of our advances in science, we are behind every civilised nation in Europe in this important respect, and in the knowledge of our actual population.

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BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1829.

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Notices of the Life and Works of Titian. 8vo. pp. 243. London, 1829. Rodwell; and Colnaghi and Son.

THERE are few spectacles more honourable to human nature than that afforded by a man of talents and education, greatly advanced in years, who, preserving unimpaired the strength of his intellectual faculties, finds delight in exercising them, at once in the gratification of his own taste, and for the information and benefit of the public. This is more peculiarly the case when, as in the present instance, the selected topic is not one of those grave and solemn themes on which age is usually disposed to dwell; but belongs to that class of subjects, the just appreciation of which is generally supposed, to require all the finer and unworn susceptibilities and feelings of youth.

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We shall proceed to extract a few passages from the work, selecting such as are of a general or amusing nature, and referring our readers to the publication itself for a critical and circumstantial description of a large portion of

the magnificent pictures produced by Titian during his splendid pictorial career.

"Pieve is a small town situated on the confines of Friuli, being the principal of the seven communes of Cadore; it is nearly surrounded by inaccessible mountains, in the midst of which is the source of the Pieve, a torrent river. In this sequestered spot Titian was born, in the year 1477, his father being of the ancient family of Vecelli. He began very early to shew a turn for drawing, and designed a figure of the Virgin, with the juice of flowers, the only colours, probably, within his reach. When ten years' old, his father sent him to a maternal uncle at Venice, where he became the scholar and inmate of Giovanni Bellino, with whom he remained for some time. * * * It was about 1507 that Titian abandoned the formal manner of G. Bellino, and adopted that of Giorgione so successfully, that to several portraits their respective claims could not be ascertained. At the age of eighteen he had become an inmate of Giorgione's habitation, and Vasari considers him to be his pupil; but that does not appear to be correct, for they were nearly of the same age, and were brought up together in the house of Bellino; and Vasari mentions, as an instance of resemblance of style, a portrait of a friend of Titian, belonging to the Casa Barbarigo, which would have passed for the work of Giorgione, had he not inscribed his name on it. Near this time he was employed to paint in fresco the façade of the Fondaco, or Exchange, of the German merchants, the opposite front towards the canal being allotted to the pencil of Giorgione. Titian chose for his subject female figures and boys, and over the door represented Judith with the head of Holofernes, very admirably coloured; but this work unfortunately was the cause of a breach between these two great masters; for the Venetians were so pleased with the performance of Titian, that they inadvertently extolled it to Giorgione, supposing it to be by his hand; the consequence was, that he dismissed Titian from his house, and their friendship ceased."

That envy should thus insinuate itself between such distinguished professors of so liberal and refined an art!

"The merits of Titian were so highly appreciated by the Duke of Ferrara, that he frequently invited him to accompany him in his barge when going from Venice to Ferrara. It was during his residence at the latter place, that he became acquainted with Ariosto, with whom he frequently conferred on the subject of his compositions; and from such conferences it may be supposed that the poet and the painter derived mutual advantage."

Being engaged to paint a fine picture of the Virgin's ascension to heaven, (in the lower part of which was an assemblage of the apostles) for the chapel of the convent of the Friars at Venice, as Titian was working on it, "he was frequently interrupted by the friars, particularly by one Germano, who took upon himself to criticise the large dimensions of the apos-

tes: Titian endeavoured in vain to set him right, by explaining to him, that figures necessarily ought to be in proportion to the distance from which they are to be viewed, and that he would find when the picture was in its place they would appear of their proper size. The monks, however, were at length convinced of their ignorance, for the emperor's ambassador, happening to see the picture, offered to purchase it for his master at a large price: this opened their eyes, and drew from them the confession that they were better acquainted with their breviaries than with works of art."

About the end of the year 1647, "at the invitation of Charles V., Titian joined the imperial court held at Innspruck and at Augsburg, with a train of distinguished young persons and attendants. * * * The emperor, then advanced in years, sat to him for the third time; the costume he chose to be painted in was brown armour enriched with gold. During the time of sitting, Titian happening to drop one of his pencils, the emperor took it up; and on the artist expressing how unworthy he was of such an honour, Charles replied, 'that Titian was worthy of being waited upon by Caesar.' While attending this court he was employed on the portraits of various illustrious personages of the house of Austria, and was often required to introduce himself into the composition. Ridolfi states the price received by Titian for each portrait of the emperor to have been 1000 crowns; but in further reward, and as a mark of high consideration, he was created 'Cavaliere,' his imperial patron buckling on the golden sword with his own hands, and at the same time conferring on him the title of Count Palatine, with letters of nobility to himself and his descendants, accompanied with many important immunities."

In speaking of his picture of the Magdalen, painted for Philip II., Sir Abraham Hume says: "Titian took the idea from an antique statue in his own possession, but availed himself of nature in the person of a young girl in his neighbourhood, who being fatigued by long standing, the tears ran down her face, and Titian attained the desired expression. So intent was he on what he was about, that it is said he neglected taking his ordinary repast. In point of colouring and lovely expression, Titian never surpassed this picture; which from the pains and labour he bestowed on it must have been a favourite subject. * * *

"It appears to be generally understood that Titian had, in the different periods of life, three distinct manners of painting: the first hard and dry, resembling his master, Giovanni Bellino; the second, acquired from studying the works of Giorgione, was more bold, round, rich in colour, and exquisitely wrought up; the third was the result of his matured taste and judgment, and properly speaking may be termed his own; in which he introduced more cool tints into the shadows and flesh, approaching nearer to nature, than the universal glow of Giorgione."

Of the mechanical means used by Titian in

the colouring of his pictures, the account derived by Sir Abraham from Boschini appears to us to be exceedingly obscure: a professional friend of ours, to whom we shewed it, declared it to be wholly unintelligible. It cannot be doubted that Titian and all the other great masters of the Venetian school had peculiar vehicles and peculiar processes. We fear, however, that little is at present known of them, and that they must be re-discovered. After stating what he has been able to ascertain on the subject, Sir Abraham Hume bestows this just eulogy on industry: "His grand secret of all, appears to have consisted in the unremitting exercise of application, patience, and perseverance, joined to an enthusiastic attachment to his art: his custom was to employ considerable time in finishing his pictures, working on them repeatedly, till he brought them to perfection; and his maxim was, that whatever was done in a hurry, could not be well done: '*che canta al improvviso, canta male.*'"

"To reckon up the protectors and friends of Titian, would be to name nearly all the persons of the age, to whom rank, talents, and exalted character, appertained; but it would not be doing justice to pass by those which Vasari and his other biographers have recorded:—the Emperor Charles V.; Philip II. King of Spain; Henry III. King of France; Ferdinand, King of the Romans; Gonzaga, Duke of Mantua; Alphonso, Duke of Ferrara; the Duke of Urbino; Pope Paul III.; the cardinals Farnese, Medici, Gonzaga, Este and Granvel, Mandrucci, and other distinguished prelates; the Doges of Venice, Grimani, Gritti, Lando, Trevisano, Venieri, and the Doge of Genoa, Augustin Doria. The following extract of a letter to Charles V. from Titian proves how high he stood in the emperor's estimation. 'If the unfounded account of my death gave your majesty any concern, it was very gratifying to me to know that my services were in your majesty's recollection, which has rendered my life doubly dear to me, and I hope God will preserve it until I have finished the work I am now employed upon, and which by September next will be ready to be sent to your imperial majesty.' Among his intimate friends were, Aretine, Ariosto, Gio. della Casa, Archbishop of Benevento; Pietro Bembo, created cardinal by Paul III.; Navagero, a distinguished Latin poet; Sperone Speroni; Bernardo, father to Torquato Tasso; Pietro Valerio; Ludovico Dolce, author of the dialogue on painting called Aretine; Botarello; Sansovino the famous architect; Gio. Maria Verdizotti, distinguished for his attachment to the art of painting, &c.; Count Baldessar Castiglione, the elegant author of the *Libro del Cortegiano*; Antonio da Leyva, one of Charles V.'s ablest generals; the Marquis of Guasto or Vasto, and other distinguished commanders.

"In the *Lettere familiere* of Aretine there are near a hundred addressed by him to Titian; and several letters and notes which passed between the three friends, Sansovino, Titian, and Aretine, and other members of the Academy at Venice, on the score of conviviality, in which luxurious allusions are made with spirit and humour to the delicacies they supped upon at their respective houses, where, among the most distinguished guests, were also F. Marcelino, Conde de Collatto, Bernardo Tasso, Bembo, &c.; a select party of ladies, Paola Sansovina, la Marcolini, Angiola Zaffetti, la Franceschini, la Violante, frequently graced these Attic entertainments. Titian regulated his domestic expenses with considerable attention to economy

till he arrived at the age of fifty; after which, the increasing affluence, the society of his friends, and the habits of the various courts he frequented, led him, from the year 1530, to adopt a more liberal establishment, and induced him to add to his former habitation, another house with pleasant gardens, situated at the extremity of Venice, towards Murano, in which quarter were the most fashionable walks of the city. Here he received the high honour of a visit from Henry III. King of France and Poland, on his return from the latter kingdom, accompanied by the Dukes of Ferrara, Mantua, and Urbino.

"Titian's manners, like those of the most eminent painter this country ever produced, were courteous, gentle, and unassuming; and like him also his friendship was solicited and his character esteemed by the most accomplished persons of his time. Titian being in the habit of living in the best society, acquired the ease and carriage of an accomplished gentleman, never presuming on his superior talents, but disposed to encourage the exertions of other artists; one of whom shewing him a picture he had just finished, Titian observed, 'that he was so pleased with it, that it appeared as if he had done it with his own hand.' There were other points of similarity to be observed between the prince of the Venetian school and Sir Joshua Reynolds, for the latter produced several grand compositions, as well as fascinating fancy pieces; and to both, all the rank, talents, and beauty of the time were anxious to sit.

"Vasari, who visited Titian twice at Venice in his advanced years, says, that he appeared to have enjoyed uninterrupted health during his very long life, together with an abundant share of every earthly felicity. His art gave him character, and his character contributed to dignify his art.

"Titian being full of years and honours, fell a victim to the plague in 1576, at the age of ninety-nine. To perpetuate his memory, the artists at Venice proposed celebrating his obsequies with great pomp and magnificence in the church of St. Luke, the programme of which is given at length by Ridolfi; but owing to the prevalence of the plague no funeral ceremony was allowed by the state: the authorities, however, made an exception in Titian's favour, and suffered him to be buried in the church of the Frari, at the foot dell' Altare di Crocifisso."

Having thus honourably interred our hero, we must take our leave of his venerable biographer, hoping that his years may be extended at least to the number of those of the great artist of whom he has collected these notices; and that, until the time shall come "decreed by fate," he may continue to amuse his leisure, and to gratify the world of taste, by publications similar to the present.

UNPUBLISHED POETRY.

In a recent Number we derived much pleasure, and we are sure, communicated much to our readers, by publishing a review, with extracts, from a small poetical volume by the Author of Pelham, of which a few copies were in private circulation among the friends of that distinguished writer. We have now an opportunity from giving another agreeable variety to our columns, by inserting a few graceful and feeling compositions by the Hon. Mr. Phipps, the son of Lord Mulgrave, and brother of a young and successful literary nobleman, Lord Normanby. These verses were written in aid of one of those benevolent schemes undertaken

by our fair dames* for the relief of the poor and distressed, by the sale of articles of their own manufacturing at some temporary bazar. They, no doubt, raised the prices of the commodities they so elegantly embellish; and having fallen into our hands, we take the liberty of promulgating them for the general gratification.

"Le Souvenir.

Yes, all is past! I saw him go,
His plume was fluttering in the breeze,
The early morning's ruddy glow
Was glancing through the waving trees.
The mottled light that shone and danced
Upon his arms and helmet bright,
Was like the flitting joy that glanced
O'er my short moments of delight.
His step was firm, his heart was gay,
I saw him on his war-horse spring,
I heard him carol on his way!—
Alas, alas! I could not sing.
And why should man thus flutter round
The downy nest where Love is born,
And still be free, whilst we are bound
By chains his heart has never worn?
He loved, as well as man can love,
But other feelings shared his heart;
Whilst all the griefs my breast that move,
No thought except of him impart.
The foam that fringes stormy seas
A moment glitters and is nought,
The gossamer that braves the breeze,
And by some idle flower is caught!
The elder-down that wings its flight,
And floats in wayward course through air,
A summer cloud—say, what so light?
What can with man's light love compare?
I think he loved me; but when fame
Had lit her altar in his breast,
The god that could a lion tame,
His weakness over man confessed.
Away, away! where falchions flash,
And eyes of fury glare around,
Where fiercest hands and spirits rash
Are met, my hero shall be found.
The ray that glances on thy blade
Shall light the tear-drop in mine eye;
The breeze in which thy pennon played
Was freighted with thy Laura's sigh."

"The Portrait.

And must I lose thee?—Go, then, go!
Fair portrait of what once I loved;
My comfort in my lonely woe,
Inconstant thou, like her, must prove.
What once I loved can I forget,
Because her fickle heart has changed?
Has her deceit, has my regret,
One link in that dear chain deranged?
You say I may no more possess
The portrait of another's bride;
My woe to soothe, my grief to bless,
The shadow now must be denied.
Away, then! other eyes shall gaze
Upon that beautiful form and face;
My memory only disobeys,
And dares those features still to trace."

"The Letter.

What can I write, or how confess
The chain that round my heart you wore?
How can a maid her thoughts express
To tell thee, yet not say, I love?
Had you been here, a word, a look,
The secret would at once reveal;
But modesty can hardly brook
To write what it has blushed to feel.
I read thy words—how cold they seem
To those that I have heard thee speak,
How poor to one fond glance's beam!
To one enraptured smile how weak!
I will not write:—I could but tell
A truth that you must long have guessed;
Nor could my pen declare so well
The feelings that each look confessed."

"The Casket.

They come:—away! thou much-loved token,
And midst more costly gems lie hid:
Since every link is to be broken,
Each thought of thee my friends forbid.
Though he is gone, can I forget him?
Will not each fond remembrance dwell
Upon the day when first I met him,
The tenderer moment of farewell?
In vain, with all these costly treasures,
They strive to win me back to mirth:
Can I be gay, or join in pleasures,
Or count these toys of any worth?

* This honourable distinction on the present occasion belongs to Lady Caroline Stanhope, whose charity led to the composition of these verses.

This pledge alone—his hand has bound thee,
And still thou couchest on my breast,
Might all the baubles that surround thee,
Thou only to my heart art prest.
His touch with brilliance could adorn thee,
As thoughts of him could rapture wake;
When none were near me, I have worn thee,
And loved thee ever for his sake."

Peace Campaigns of a Cornet. 3 vols. post 8vo.
London, 1829. Ebers and Co.

THIS production of Major N. Ludlow Beamish, the very able translator of Bismarck's Cavalry Tactics, following a literary fashion of the present day—a fashion more honoured in the breach than in the observance—is not calculated to add a feather to the soldier's cap. We are sorry to say this; but it is impossible for us to lend our countenance to any one of an ephemeral class of works which are, we lament to say, merely fungous excrescences on the tree of literature, the emblems of its decay, and poisoners of that wholesome sap which would otherwise invigorate and beautify it. The least offensive of these productions can only tend to waste the public mind in senseless frivolities; whilst the more pernicious publications, scandalously sustained by a base system of bribery and puffing, are the vilest corrupters of inexperienced youth, debauchers of female purity, and contaminators of general readers whose principles are not sufficiently confirmed or guarded against their dangerous influence, that ever disgraced the press of a moral country. We do not, indeed we cannot, apply these strong terms to Major Beamish's particular case; but we must express our regret, that any respectable and clever man should have fallen into the paltry ranks of these trading mercenaries and lying pretenders. He is not one of them; but he is defiled by being in their villainous company, and must suffer the mitigated reproof he has provoked from being seen in their ways and caught speaking a little in their slang. It is something in his favour that he does not assume to be what he is not, but comes honestly forward in his own character; that he is (or rather was) truly the *cornet* whose pranks and adventures he describes, and no low scribbler giving himself out to be a nobleman incognito, nor no ensign or lieutenant advertised as a man of rank in disguise.*

Having delivered our opinion of the school to which we cannot help referring this novel, we shall not be very particular in what regards its individual character. The author is evidently a person of talent, and some of his scenes possess much comic force and humour. But our tastes are offended with many oaths; and there are extravagancies and caricatures among the descriptions which produce no effect of mirth or laughter. What can we say of the gross absurdity of a story in which a lady entertaining a party, and in a rage at the breakage of some china, absolutely slaps her footman where no gentleman could endure a kick! The characters of Major and Mrs. Costiff, with their medicines and Cheltenham draughts, too, though drawn with spirit, border on the disagreeable. Mrs. Lovett, a match-maker, is of a better caste, more true to general nature, and more entertaining. The *Peace Campaigns*

* Such as the author of the indecent novel called *Ecce, a subaltern* of the name of Richardson; but, according to the system of delusion, falsehood, and humbug, practised in aid of this manufacturing school of dishonesty and trash, advertised in the newspapers as "a man of rank who has suffered by the nefarious practice of gambling in France," and who "has resolved to put others on their guard by a complete exposure of the whole system."—See *Observer*, March 29. Such are the tricks resorted to in order to bolster up rubbish and dissuade against our just and honest censures.

altogether are obviously drawn from real characters, and relate real circumstances;—the less objectionable, as there is no ill-nature in the portraits, which though personal are pleasant, and as there is nothing demoralising in the stories. The *Cornet* paints the frolics of full-grown boys with red coats and swords; a kind of society where men, by mixing too much together without the refining intercourse of the other sex, become rough, noisy, and fatiguing, if not intemperate, brutal, and licentious. What acts such gentry commit under the name of fun, in country quarters, in barracks, at messes, in private theatricals, &c. &c. appear to be all faithfully narrated in these pages, which will thus, probably, recommend them to a large class of military readers, and other idlers who take up a book of this sort merely to pass away the time. Among the most striking parts are, an account of a still-hunt in Ireland, which is really graphic and characteristic—a phrenological discussion—a chapter on after-dinner music—another on Banna's banks—and a whimsical description of Ballintemple corporation at an aquatic fête. But we shall take our only illustration from a trial in an Irish court (the assizes at Clonmel), where we recognise the identity of the famous agitator, the triumphant Mr. Daniel O'Connell.

"When Pierce got in, he found the clerk of the crown calling on the prisoners. Clerk. 'Patrick Gilloughly, are you ready for your trial?' Prisoner. 'Na, my lord.' Clerk. 'Well, you must be ready to-morrow. Timothy Spillaan, are you ready for your trial?' Pris. 'My lord, my witnesses arn't come yet; they'll be here a Monday.' Clerk. 'The court can wait no longer; you promised to be ready yesterday.' Gentlemen of the jury, you are to understand, that in No. 201, Timothy Spillaan stands indicted, for that he, not having the fear of God before his eyes, but being moved and seduced by the instigation of the devil—' Pris. 'Och, my lord, my lord! I'm as innocent as the shyld unborn.' Clerk. 'Hold your tongue, sir; his lordship will hear you by and by.—On the third May, &c. &c., with a certain oak stick, value sixpence.' Pris. 'Och, my lord, my lord! I didn't do it.' Clerk. 'Silence, sir.—Which he, said Timothy Spillaan, then and there held, did assault one Patrick Hurlihy; and in and upon his head did give him one mortal wound, of the breadth of three inches, and of the depth of four inches, &c. &c.' After the clerk of the crown had read the indictment, in which he was interrupted from time to time (as already mentioned) by the prisoner,—a smart, attenuated, little, bald-headed old gentleman, with small, sharp-cut features, whose superabundant vivacity and restless demeanour had already caught Pierce's attention, rose to address the jury, beginning *sotto voce*—[we skip the introductory parts].—Gentlemen of the jury, the deceased Patrick Hurlihy went, at the time laid in the indictment, which you have heard, to the fair of Thurles, in this county, with a view (as I am instructed) of making some purchases there. The fair was, as usual, very much crowded, and several tents were erected on the ground for the accommodation of the visitors. It appears that the deceased was sitting in one of these tents with some of his friends, quietly enjoying the classical recreations of the place. Now, gentlemen of the jury, the deceased wore a wig—a tow-wig; the weather was hot, and he did what I think you will all of you consider very natural for any man to do under such circumstances; he took off his wig, and

placed it on a peg in the tent—on a peg in the tent.' (Here the learned counsel looked through a small eye-glass, which was suspended by a black riband from his neck, inquiringly, first at the judge and then at the jury.) 'Having done this, gentlemen of the jury, which any of you might have done under the same circumstances, the deceased put his head out of the tent, to see what was passing in the fair. His head.'—(here the crown solicitor suggested the word bald)—'didn't I say so, sir? His bald head was thus exposed for about a minute.' (Here the solicitor whispered 'two minutes.') 'No matter, sir; I beg I may not be interrupted.—When a tremendous blow, which, I am instructed, was given by the prisoner at the bar, felled him, the deceased Patrick Hurlihy, to the earth.

'*Sternitur, exanimisque tremens procumbit humi bos.*'

'Yes, gentlemen of the jury, the blow was given with such professional dexterity, that the unfortunate man never spoke after. I know not what defence will be offered for the prisoner at the bar. It will scarcely be said that the temptation was irresistible; that an Irishman, a Tipperary man, at a fair, emerging, perhaps, from the intoxicating atmosphere of a whisky shop, with a shillelah in his hand, could not be expected, in the superabundance of his strength and spirits, to pass by unnoticed so provoking an object as a bald head thrust out of a tent.' * * * The clerk of the crown now called the first witness, Dennis Fogarty—

The list'ning crowd admire the lofty sound,
'Dinnis Fogarty!' they shout around,
'Dinnis Fogarty!' the vaulted roofs rebound:

but no Dinnis Fogarty came; and, after waiting a considerable time, the judge was desiring the counsel for the crown to call their next witness, when a head which 'tower'd above his sex,' was seen advancing through the crowd, and presently the aforesaid Dinnis, with difficulty emerging from the dense mass of persons who surrounded the table, stood confessed before the court and the jury. * * * He was near seven feet in height, of astounding proportions, and a long loose frieze coat, with ample cape and sleeves (which, made more for ornament than use, hung tenantless at his sides), set off his figure to the best advantage. His nether garment was of antique sheep-skin, 'rich with the spoils of time,' and open at the knees; while round his brawny calves hung, in picturesque festoons, the sad remains of a pair of Connemara stockings. The expression of his countenance was various and contradictory; one set of his features seemed to be at war with the other; his heavy brow and restless eye 'portended treasons, stratagems, and spoils;' but then, a paradise of fun and good humour was opened in the lower region of his face. In short, he was evidently (as the saying is) up to any thing; and the general *bisarrerie* of his appearance was not a little aggravated by his having taken a glass too much that morning. After Dinnis was sworn (and this was no easy matter, for he was twice detected in kissing his thumb instead of the book), he took his seat, looking knowingly at the gentleman of the bar who was going to examine him, as much as to say, 'by my shoul, Mr. Counsellor, but you shan't be after coming over me with your blarney, any way.' The examination then proceeded. Counsel. 'Did you know Patrick Hurlihy?' Witness. (Pre-tending not to hear, and inclining his body towards the counsel) 'What's that, sir?' Counsel. 'Did you know Patrick Hurlihy?' Witness. 'Did I know him?' Counsel. 'Yes,

air;—did you know him? *Witness.* 'Did I know him?' *Judge.* 'Why don't you answer the question, witness? Did you know him?' *Witness.* (With much impatience, as if he thought that the counsel knew this as well as himself, but was affecting ignorance for some sinister purpose) 'Why to be sure I did.' *Counsel.* 'Is he living or dead?' *Witness.* 'Living or dead?' *Judge.* 'Why don't you answer the question, witness? I shall put you into the dock if you don't. Come, sir, is he living or dead?'—answer that gentleman.' *Witness.* (Advancing close up to the counsel and looking him in the face, as much as to say, 'I now see clearly you are trying to humbug me, but I'll shew you that I'm not such a spalpeen as you take me for,') 'Darned well, you know he's dead.' Dinnis was now called to order by the court, and threatened with being sent to gaol if he did not conduct himself with more decorum. The examination then continued a good deal in the same strain, (Dinnis, notwithstanding the warning given to him, re-echoing almost every question before he answered it), until he was called upon to identify the prisoner at the bar. Dinnis then rose, and looked round the court in every direction but the right one, standing for a considerable time as if in great perplexity, and without saying a word. A wand was now put into his hand, and the judge desired him to place it on the head of the man who had struck the deceased Hurlihy. Upon this Dinnis commenced a most scrutinising search, thrusting the wand in every direction through the crowd, as if to poke out the villain should he endeavour to conceal himself; and standing on his toes lest any one should escape him. At length (as if he had suddenly and unexpectedly made the long-wished-for discovery) he placed the wand on the head of a young gentleman of the bar, who had just entered the court. Roars of laughter followed this palpable bit of Dinnis, in which he himself joined most heartily, and the counsel for the crown, after threatening him, to no purpose, with an indictment for perjury, in order to induce him to identify the prisoner, ordered him at length off the table. Though the crown was so far unsuccessful, the second witness fully identified the prisoner at the bar, and the case for the prosecution was then closed. At this moment, there was a general cry of 'make way for counsel!' and Pierce saw a large man, of massive though not unwieldy proportions, moving through the crowd. As if glorying in his might, this great character disdained to insinuate his portly circumference whenever an opening might present itself, and so to wind his weary way, but flung his body fearlessly amongst the opposing masses of his fellow-creatures, and bore down all before him; while the attorney for the prisoner, who had hitherto been obliged to conduct the defence single-handed, watched his wondrous progress with anxious eye, and an expression of countenance which seemed to chide the unfeeling multitude for visiting the ample sides of his favourite counsellor too roughly. 'Oh, Counsellor! I'd have been lost, if you hadn't come,' said the sensitive attorney; 'indeed, I'm afraid they are too strong for us as it is!' 'What have they proved?—what have they proved?' asked the counsellor, in a hurried manner; and then a close conversation followed between the counsellor and his wily employer, which was not audible in the grand-jury-gallery—when the aforesaid ponderous limb of the law rose,

Tallus prima Dares cepit altum in praelia totum,
Oscutitque humeros lateos, altumque iactat
brachia procerasque, et restat istum actum.

'My lord,' said this legal Dares, pulling his wig violently with both hands, until he had got it quite awry, 'I humbly submit to your lordship, that the prisoner at the bar should be acquitted. They have failed; indeed they have not even attempted to prove the length and breadth of the wound, which is quite material. The doctrine is laid down distinctly in 2d Hale, that the length and breadth of the wound must be shewn in all cases where it is possible to do so. Now here, my lord, there has not been even a scintilla of evidence upon that point.' (Here the counsellor took another pull at his wig.) Indeed, for any thing which your lordship has heard this day, my client—my unfortunate client, may be perfectly innocent of the charge brought against him.' ('The devil he might!' says Pierce to himself.) 'For how does the indictment run? (give me the record.) Now I pray your lordship's attention to this for a moment. 'On the 3d of May, &c. and so forth, with a certain oak stick, and so forth, which he, the said Timothy Spillan, then and there held, did assault one Patrick Hurlihy, and in and upon his head did give him one mortal wound, of the breadth of three inches, and of the depth of four inches, and so forth.' Some evidence has been given, I understand (for I was engaged in the other court when this case was called on), that the prisoner at the bar struck the deceased Patrick Hurlihy; but that is not enough: they should have gone further, and shewed that the wound was of the dimensions described in the indictment, for *non constat* that it is the same transaction. Such evidence, even in a civil action, would not sustain the declaration; but my unfortunate client's case is much stronger, standing here as he does in a criminal court. He is not, it is true, in affluent circumstances; but, good God, my lord! is there to be always one law for the rich and another for the poor in this ill-fated country? Are the lives of the finest peasantry on the face of the earth to be squandered away in this clumsy manner? Are the bloated, the base aristocrats who—' (Here the eloquent gentleman was called to order by the bench.) 'I beg your lordship's pardon; perhaps my feelings led me to say what was irrelevant. I shall not trespass further on the time of the court; but I call on your lordship, upon the principles of common sense, and the authority of Hale, and all the authorities, to acquit the wretched man at the bar.' (Here the great counsellor raised his shoulders to his ears, and moved his body as if he was in the act of sawing a piece of timber in a sawpit,—a grace of action peculiar to himself, and with which he was in the habit of enforcing his oratory.)

The court, jury, and auditory, are fairly bothered; but we cannot find room for more; and have only to add, that there are some good remarks on the Military College, bivouacs, and other *sogering* matters; and that we believe Major Beamish is now in Hanover, collecting materials for a work which we are sure will do him infinitely greater credit, and far more interest the public—namely, a History of the German Legion.

History of Russia and of Peter the Great. By General Count Philip de Segur, author of the "History of Napoleon's Expedition to Russia in 1812." 8vo. pp. 447. London, 1820. Treuttel and Würtz.

The vivacity and talent displayed by the Count de Segur in his History of Napoleon's fatal northern enterprise made us very desirous of meeting with any new work from his pen, and few subjects could be more

acceptable in themselves than that which he has here chosen for the exercise of his abilities. A concise account of the rise of the mighty empire of Russia was a great desideratum in our literature, and, indeed, in the literature of every nation; for though we are acquainted with a number of episodic and partial views, memoirs, surveys, biographies, sketches, essays, chronologies, annals, &c., and even with several general histories in various languages, we know of no publication which stands in the way of a production like the present. Karamsin's larger work is out of the reach of common readers, and Tooke's history is not only voluminous and imperfect, but now ancient and out of date. Under these circumstances, we have turned with pleasure to a volume which comprehends a brief and spirited *coup d'œil* over the principal events of early Russian history, and gives us, at more length, an account of the important reign of the Tsar Peter.

In this work Count de Segur has rapidly presented the leading political facts and movements to our eyes,—so that, without being perplexed by details, we are enabled to understand the progress of events and their prominent results. In executing this task he appears to us to have displayed very considerable talents, to have bestowed very considerable research, and to have evinced very considerable judgment and impartiality. A statistical view of the empire is followed by a sketch of seven centuries and a half, in which its history is divided into five great periods, two dynasties, twelve remarkable princes, and five capitals. Then fell Rurik, the last of the Rurik branch—a horrible interregnum ensued, and the family of Romanoff ascended the throne. A few pages more bring us to the time of Peter; and the concluding moiety of the volume is occupied with his memorable reign. Passing over the old annals of the Novgorodians, Varangians, and Slavonians, the introduction of Christianity by Vladimir the Great, the division of Russia into appanages, and the struggles for paramount authority which were the everlasting consequence, and the invasion of the Mongol Tartars (1225), which ended in the establishment of their empire at Kaptchak, we come to the revival of the Russian independence and of the power of the grand princes in the person of Alexander Nevsky, and the contest which ensued between the rival houses of Tver and Moscow. The latter gradually gained the ascendancy. Our author's fourth period commences here, and embraces the space between 1462 and 1613; and hence we will copy a few passages to shew the vivid style of the writer, certainly marked by an effort at *éclat*, but altogether striking and energetic.

"The spirit of the history of the whole of this fourth period,—the period of despotism,—stands fully displayed in its first reign, that of Ivan III. This prince ascended the throne in 1462, at the age of twenty-two; he reigned forty-three years. The three succeeding reigns present the continuation, and the horrible abuse, of the system of Ivan III. and the downfall of his race, the effect of that system, which itself was but an expansion of that of his ancestors. The life of Ivan the Great, like all great lives, had one uniform object,—autocracy. In him it was one of the powerful and exclusive passions, but without the rashness, the confusion, the violence, which are peculiar to them. From the age of twenty-three he proved himself capable of regulating its march, and of subjecting it to the slow prudence of a policy at once insidious even to perfidy, and circum-

spect even to cowardice, but ever invariable. Ivan III. wished to be independent out of his domains, and autocrat within; he had, therefore, numerous enemies among his neighbours and his subjects; but he succeeded in uniting, by turns, all these enemies against a single one, and thus successively subdued the one by the other. It was necessary for him to subdue *Kasan* and the *Golden Horde*, to which he was yet tributary; the great communities or Russian republics of *Novgorod*, *Pskov*, and *Viatska*, which affected a sovereignty almost equal to his own; lastly, the princes, his kinsmen, proud of the appanages which they still retained, and determined to live in them as masters. At the same time he had to repress *Lithuania*, which was always ready to offer to all these hostile ambitions, republics, and possessors of appanages, the protection of a sovereignty, long the fortunate rival of that of *Moscow*, which it had straitened on the west, the south, and even the north, by seducing from it successively its great vassals. Such were his adversaries. For allies, he made use, at home, of his nobles, princes, and subjects of southern and central Russia, inured to slavery, against his northern subjects, who were yet free; afterwards, he employed his nobles and his old and new slaves against the princes of his blood. Lastly, his omnipotence sufficed him against his own boyards, when he had no longer need of them, and whom he ceased to fear, after the humiliation of his other enemies, and the creation of a swarm of petty nobles, his immediate vassals. As to the *Golden Horde* and *Lithuania*, his external adversaries, he sought enemies for them in *Persia*, in *Sweden*, in *Hungary*, at *Vienna*, and even at *Rome*; but the celebrated *Stephen*, *bespodar* of *Wallachia*, and *Menghli-Ghirei*, *khan* of the *Crimea*, who were placed between and in dread of the *Golden Horde*, *Turkey*, and *Lithuania*, were the foes of his foes. These, then, were his natural allies, whom he distinguished above all others; his *Machiavelian* policy, while it incessantly deceived them, still contrived to retain them on the side of *Russia*, and in perpetual hostility with *Lithuania*, till he found the favourable moment for striking it in his turn. Such were the allies and the opponents of *Ivan III.* At the beginning of his reign he acknowledged all their rights; he cajoled all the hostile powers which he wished to destroy; he flattered all their pretensions, and even patiently submitted to the abuse of them. From the time of his accession, however, the fourfold contest which he was to sustain against the *Lithuanians*, the possessors of appanages, the *Russian republics*, and the *Tartars*, began with the latter; but remark with what precautions! If he does not pay the tribute of the *khan*, if he does not go to pick up his crown at the feet of that sovereign, do not imagine that his young pride haughtily rejects the shameful necessities imposed upon him by a half-vanquished barbarian. No; he merely eludes them, and, while he furtively withholds the tribute, he humbly acknowledges himself a tributary. Shortly after, the *Tartar residents*, their retainers, their merchants, who were yet established even in the *Kremlin*, were at length excluded from it. Who would not suppose that, in a powerful sovereign, this so much desired enfranchisement was the effect of a noble burst of indignation? Not so. On the contrary, it was by insidious pretexts, and by meanly purchasing the protection of a *Tartar woman*, that the grand-prince surreptitiously obtained from the *khan*

the order that these *Mongols* should no longer dwell as masters in the very abode of the *Russian sovereign*. At a later period, all that the high spirit of his wife, the daughter of the emperor of *Byzantium*, could obtain from the autocrat was, that he would avoid going to meet the *Mongol* envoy; that he would no longer degrade himself by spreading under the hoofs of this barbarian's steed a carpet of sable fur; that he would not go to prostrate himself at his feet; that he would refuse to hear on his knees the letter of the *khan*; and lastly, that he would not submit to present to the envoy of his master the cup of *koumiss*, and shamefully to lick from the neck of the barbarian's horse, the drops of the beverage which might have fallen upon it. And yet, as early as the first years of his reign, ancient *Bulgaria*, and the first and largest *Tartar* city, namely, *Kasan*, had yielded to his arms; nay, more, before that triumph and after, the *Golden Horde*, which had thrice risen in a body against him, had thrice fallen again, and the remnant of it, closely pursued, had at length been destroyed, even in its haunt. Behold, then, *Asia* vanquished, and *Muscovy* liberated!"

When the time arrived for the reduction of *Novgorod*, we are told:

"*Novgorod*, rather an ally than a subject of *Moscow*, reigned over all the north of *Russia*, whose exclusive commerce it possessed, and which it had to protect against the *Swedes*, the *Livonian knights*, and *Lithuania*. But, since the time of *Ivan Kalita*, immersed in luxury, it had oftener ransomed than defended its frontiers and its liberties! Of the latter, some had already slipped from its grasp; but, in 1471, emboldened by the presumed pusillanimity of the grand-prince, it determined to resume them. It was stimulated to this step by *Marpha*, the rich and powerful widow of a *Posadnick*, who is said to have been enamoured of a *Lithuanian*. The idea pleased her of bestowing her country on that of her lover. She was an ambitious woman, and in the ambition of females, the passions are almost always exerted to the advantage of a man: as if women, the radii of another centre, the complement of another sex, ought to exist only in that sex, and all that is merely personal to them were interdicted to their nature. She opened her palace, and lavished her treasures on the citizens of *Novgorod*, whom the darling sounds of their *vetchovi-kolokol* perpetually summoned to the market-place, which was the scene of their licentiousness. They drove out the officers of the grand-prince, they seized on his domains, and when the surrender of *Kasan* allowed *Ivan* to return towards *Novgorod*, and to make his threatening voice heard there, they broke out into revolt, and gave themselves, by a treaty, to *Casimir*, prince of *Lithuania*."

By stratagem and force *Ivan* also prevailed here; and his feudal sway progressively spread itself and increased. At length we find a statement which is peculiarly worthy of notice, even at the present day.

"He was desirous to obtain the pope's assent that *Sophia*, the last princess of the *Greek imperial family*, who, being dispossessed of *Byzantium* by the *Turks*, had taken refuge at *Rome*, should come to adorn his throne, to consolidate it with all her rights, and to environ it with all her fascinations. *Constantinople* is, in the eyes of the *Russians*, the sacred source of the faith which they profess; its emperors long gave to them their primates; it is from thence that they derive their written characters, their

vapour baths, a part of their manners and usages, the saints to whose images they pay an idolatrous worship, and lastly, the supreme religion. They had been brought to them in a former age by a *Greek princess*; it was she who had made their *Vladimir*, that mighty one below, a mighty one above; who had made that master of their destiny on earth their holy protector in heaven. Now that *Byzantium* was become captive to the *Turks*, the dexterous *Ivan* wished that a second *Greek princess* should come to render *Moscow* the heir of that *Byzantium*; that she should bring as her dowry to its grand-prince the two-headed eagle, that symbol of autocracy, and the title of *Tzar*, which, as the *Russians* tell us, is identical with that of supreme authority. He wished that she would introduce into his palace the haughty hierarchy of the sumptuous court of *Constantine*, and its pompous ceremonies, less frivolous than some persons imagine; in a word, that despotism of divine right, by which devotedness to the prince would be strengthened and even sanctified in *Russia*. This theocratic power, together with the iron yoke which *Ivan* inherited from the *Tartars*, and the entirely military constitution which was soon to be added by a great man, were destined to complete the most extraordinary concurrence of circumstances that ever formed princes to despotism, and nations to slavery. Nor was this all. By his union with that imperial scion, the skilful and powerful hand of *Ivan* seems to have turned back the face of his empire from east to west. He brought the weight of the *Russian throne* into the balance of *Europe*. *Russia*, which, during nearly three centuries, had been detached from civilisation, was again to be linked with it by the ties of policy, and by those of arts and sciences. It was the *Greeks*, expelled from *Constantinople*, and sheltered in *Italy*, who conveyed those arts to *Moscow*, in the train of their sovereign. In fact, by a singular conformity of circumstances, those *Greeks*, vanquished in their turn near the ancient and *Homeric conquests* of their ancestors, had come, like *Aeneas* and his *Trojans* of old, to dignify *Italy* also, by taking refuge there with their household gods. This was the reason why the crafty *Ivan* seemed willing to sacrifice even his religion to obtain this high alliance from the pope, who was then the protector of the *Greek princess*. See how triumphantly he caused to be conducted through his states this sovereign, who came to autocratise, and even to deify his power! Hear the language of his nobles and his priests. 'God,' said they, 'sends him this illustrious spouse, an offset of that imperial tree, the shadow of which was formerly spread over all orthodox *Christian brothers*. Fortunate alliance! which brings to mind that of the great *Vladimir*, and which will make another *Byzantium* of *Moscow*, and give to its grand-princes all the rights of the *Greek emperors*!' Thenceforth, a sumptuous train was requisite to the new autocrat. The novel pageantries of *Constantinople* came to fascinate the eyes of these barbarians. At the same time his people saw him raise the massy walls of the *Kremlin*, the awe-inspiring abode, the formidable fortress of autocracy; and also of that first church of stone, included within its circuit, which the *Muscovite architects* had thrice endeavoured to construct, and which had thrice fallen on these unskilful artificers. For nothing was neglected by *Ivan*. Founders, engineers, architects, miners, and minters, were invited from *Germany* and from *Italy*; and, following the foot-

steps of a civilised princess, they ventured to penetrate into these almost unknown countries. The mines of Petchora were discovered; and Russia, for the first time, saw silver and copper money coined in its capital."

"It is (pithily observes the count) the Russia of Ivan III. reformed by Peter the Great, that still exists." Yet, at the distance of twenty-eight years, his second successor Ivan IV. who followed Vassili Ivanovitch, the whole was convulsed almost to an utter overthrow. In 1533 commenced the reign of this madman; but we must reserve the illustrations till next Saturday.

Histoire de l'Université, &c. History of the University (of Paris) from its Origin to the present Times. By Eugène Dubarle. Vol. I. pp. 383. Paris, 1829.

WERE we to follow our judicious and learned author, step by step, through the various vicissitudes which this celebrated school has undergone,—our labour, like his, would not fall short of a fair octavo; but, what is still worse, we should place ourselves in the predicament of assaulting an English reader's patience, whilst the annalist himself has looked to native predilections for his hopes of popularity and acceptance. We do not, therefore, invite attention to details just as dull and prosy as the recital of the domestic fortunes of our own *almæ matres* would prove to our neighbours on the other side of the Straits of Dover; but throw open M. Dubarle's pages with a view of culing such things as may leave those who accompany us well content with having taken us as guides through a field where there is much of novelty and of more than transient interest to be gleaned.

We set out with the very first words of our historian's spirited preface: "Certainly, whoever would explore all the Universities of Europe, would not discover a single one worthy of being compared with this; whence we may affirm, as we would of the Trojan horse, that there have issued forth innumerable princes and valourous warriors; and, moreover, that she has produced to us an infinity of exalted personages, who will be noised amongst posterity so long as the world remains a world." Such was the panegyric which the judicious Stephen Pasquier, the University advocate, addressed to his constituents when pleading their cause before the parliament in 1564: and our University is still deserving of the encomium. Two centuries have elapsed, and it has maintained the superiority which it had acquired in Europe by its antiquity and learning. * * * It has grown in strength with the nineteenth century, and encircles a whole nation within its extensive precinct. Having been moulded, but upon a greater scale, from the fragments of the Parisian University, the masters who direct its studies have inherited the celebrity of their predecessors; their principles and acquirements have descended to them, and nothing which belongs to the ancient University can prove uninteresting to them, for they consider it in the light of a mother."

Neither Gaul nor Britain were total strangers to intellectual light before the advent of the Romans; they had passed the verge of national infancy.

"Divided into several communities, each of which had its distinct chief and its peculiar laws and government, Gaul was subject to the dominion of a community of religious principles. The Druids, whose name has descended to us, darkened by the terrors of a sanguinary form of worship, were their priests and legisla-

tors; they were the depositaries of whatever mental lights the nation possessed, and constituted a separate member of the body politic: whilst their numerous colleges [?], spread over the whole surface of the country—at Dreux and Autun, in Guyenne, Champagne, and Beauce—attested the extent of their powers. * * *

The education of youth being committed to their care, they adroitly acquired such an influence over the minds of their pupils as no circumstance could shake during the remainder of their days: in their twofold character as priests and teachers, they accustomed their scholars to reverence the ministers of a deity whom they depicted in terrific colours, and by this means gradually achieved a sway in the state, which became the more formidable inasmuch as it proceeded from the fears entertained of the divinity itself. The belief of a future life, and a dread of avenging deities, were the corner-stones of their religious faith; whilst those salutary impressions which might have become the basis of national morals, and have ameliorated the social state, were dexterously converted by the Druids into a means of consolidating their predominance."

In our own times, England has given a tone, and in a multitude of instances, a form, to the political institutions, the public spirit, the manufacturing activity, and many of the scientific and literary pursuits of her Gallic neighbours. At the earlier period of which we have been speaking, she appears to have contributed in no small degree to their intellectual, if not moral, amelioration; for her Druidical priesthood instructed the youth of Britain, drew many followers, whom they taught to learn verses by heart, and in other matters, public as well as private, used the Greek letters."

"The ascendancy," continues M. Dubarle, "which they had gained over the great mass of the people, and the privileges and honours by which they were encircled, filled their colleges with young persons from every quarter of Gaul, who resorted to them with an anxiety to avail themselves of the benefits of an education of which the Druids themselves are said to have acquired the art in the bosom of the forests of Great Britain. A crude ground-work of philosophy, a religion subservient to their own interests, and an acquaintance with the rude laws which governed them, were the whole extent of the instruction they imparted: this was always confided to the memory of their pupils, and by such means transmitted from age to age. It would seem that they were not without some smattering of *belles lettres*; and the Gallic Hercules, whose mouth emitted chains of gold, with which he linked his auditors together, may be adduced as a proof that the nation was not insensible to the charms of eloquence."

From the time, however, when Gaul was raised to the rank of a Roman province, "the Gaul himself forsook his national appellative, and merged into that of a Roman subject; whilst the community of laws, interests, and language, speedily annihilated every symbol of distinction between the conqueror and the conquered. Thenceforward participating in the advanced state of Italian civilisation, Gaul could pride herself, like Italy, on her noble cities, on their wealth, population, and magnificent structures. Treves, Cologne, Marseilles, Arles, and Lyons, rivalled the most celebrated of the imperial towns; the arts and sciences were cultivated within their walls, and multitudes of young men pressed forwards to imbibe

the instruction afforded by masters of high reputation. * * * Foremost among the cities where academies of great celebrity had been opened, were Marseilles," (which Cicero had long before honoured with the appellation of the "*New Athens*,") "Autun, Narbonne, Toulouse, Lyons, and Bourdeaux. The first of these, whose inhabitants were styled *Tyrlingui*, because they spoke the Greek, Latin, and Gallic languages, disputed literary precedence with Athens, and shone as the birth-place of Petronius, Favorianus, Trogonus Pompeius, Cæsius, and Salvianus. * * * Narbonne, the earliest of the Roman colonies beyond the Alps, not only claimed the distinction of having been the native country of the prince of orators, but sent forth Varro, Eriper, and the two Consensæ. Bourdeaux was the birth-place of Ausonius, whose talents, seconded by Gratian's friendship, raised him to consular honour; of Minervius, who was styled Quintilianus Secundus; and Proceresius, to whom the Romans erected a statue bearing this inscription:—

"ROME, TO THE KING OF ELOQUENCE."

The dissolution of the Roman empire entailed the decline and ultimate subversion of these celebrated nurseries of literature and science; and the episcopal and conventual schools became the only asylum whence learning dispensed its feeble ray over the darkened intellect of Europe during the seventh and eighth centuries. Charlemagne's accession to the French throne, towards the close of the latter century, was eminently conducive to the moral regeneration of his people. "He carefully cultivated the liberal arts," says Eginhard, "learned grammar from Peter, the deacon of Pisa, and devoted much time and pains to the study of rhetoric, the dialectics, and especially astronomy. He was anxious that daughters as well as sons should devote themselves to the liberal studies, which he had prosecuted himself." "He collected at Rome," says the monk of Angoulême, "masters of the art of grammar and arithmetic, and bringing them into France, commanded them to diffuse a taste for letters; for before our lord king Charles, the study of the liberal arts was unknown." At the period when Charlemagne ascended the throne, Gaul was sunk into the lowest depth of ignorance; the priests and monks themselves, amongst whom alone some remains of learning had long been preserved, were borne down the stream to which the age impelled them; they were scarcely able to write; and a circular from the emperor to the abbot of Fulda upbraids them with their negligence and ignorance, and recommends the election of men who were disposed to learn, and desirous of teaching that which they learned." England was again laid under intellectual contribution. "Italy," says our author, "was not the only country in which that sovereign singled out individuals who were capable of seconding him in the impulse he was ambitious of giving to the West; from every part of Europe he collected around his person all such as had acquired any fame by their talents and acquirements. The most celebrated of these was Alowin, the Englishman, who is better known by the name of Alcuin: he was led by Charlemagne to visit France in 780, and soon succeeded in gaining his friendship and confidence. The emperor, under his care, completed the studies he had begun; and the learned teacher founded the 'Palatine School' under the very roof of his royal pupil's palace. * * * This school served, to a certain extent, as a model, moulded under his own eyes, for his extensive domi-

* First book of a History of England.—Hart Miscellany, 8vo. edit. vol. II. p. 430.

nism, and intended to direct the studies of the rest of the kingdom. . . . These, and similar exertions, were crowned with complete success. The convents and cathedrales, being administered by learned prelates, acquired literary eminence; and, in certain dioceses, the villages themselves were possessed of schools, where, by the monarch's command, children were furnished with gratuitous instruction. . . .

In the catalogue of the celebrated schools of this period, Paris is not once named. It was Aix-la-Chapelle, on the frontiers of Germany, where the emperor had fixed his residence; and this was probably the site of the celebrated Palatine School, from which it has been attempted to derive the University of Paris. Nothing, however, can be more unfounded than this presumption; and, in spite of every effort to establish the contrary, Paris was destined to retain her obscurity in this respect for another century to come, until the time when Rami d'Auxerre, the monk, delivered his lectures within its walls."

Notwithstanding the temporary effulgence which, under the tutelage of Abelard, Peter Lombard, and other illustrious professors, conferred upon Paris the Hebrew appellation "*Carriath Sopher*," or city of letters, public study and civilisation had lain in a state of torpor from the demise of Charlemagne until the accession of Lewis the fat, in the beginning of the twelfth century. At that period the learned were awakened to the necessity of moulding into one harmonious whole the various branches of human knowledge, in order to render their united lights still more beneficial to mankind, and to shield them against the assaults of barbarism; hence arose the community termed *Universitas*, which became independent of the civil power, was governed by its own rector and its peculiar laws; and though the rival favours both of the sovereign and the Roman see gradually attained to such a degree of splendour and influence, that, in the fourteenth century, the smallest insult offered to its dignity, or the most venial violation of its rights, brought signal and certain vengeance on the offender's head,—even in lawless times, it was able to "overawe those who professed allegiance to no law but to that of their own good pleasure." In the year 1221 we find this body publicly styling itself the "*Universitas Magistrorum et Auditorum Lutetia*." And yet so far was it from deserving this comprehensive designation, that Gregory the Ninth having seven years afterwards forbidden the study of the classics "as a fermentation of mundane science," literature was neglected, and in 1254 the rules of probity were as entirely buried in oblivion as the names of Cicero and Virgil. Happily Honorius the Fourth considered his predecessor's judgment as fallible as his taste, encouraged the study of astronomy, and in the council of Vienne, held in the year 1311, established professorships of the Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, and Chaldaic languages in the Universities of Paris, Oxford, and Bologna.

Numberless were the colleges founded within the independent precincts of this University, particularly at the commencement of the fourteenth century, when it peopled a whole quarter of the capital, and its schools occupied entire streets. Our historian gives an account of six new colleges or halls founded for the reception of indigent students within an interval of ten years only! What says the nineteenth century to this fact? Simply, that the "march of liberality" is in an inverse ratio to the "march of intellect" (?).

Among the singular customs prevalent in

this age was the *bejaune*,—a name given to a species of contribution levied upon "fresh men," and consecrated to the purposes of eating and drinking. Ducange derives this appellation from the *becs jaunes*, or yellow beaks of birds that have not quitted the parent's nest, and are novices or inexperienced in the ways of the world. This custom was the source of such horrible excesses, that it was prohibited in 1342, under pain of corporal chastisement. Seven years afterwards, Clement the Sixth reduced the enormous expense attendant upon the reception of bachelors and doctors, prohibited the celebration of any banquet on the attainment of the bachelor's degree, and ordered that the cost of investing the occiput with a doctor's hat should not exceed the sum of 100*l*. We may here observe, that the little red hat was granted to doctors, as a mark of distinction, by Benedict the Twelfth, in 1334.

John the Second followed the example of many of his predecessors, in exempting the University from all subsidies and imposts; and his successor, Charles the Fifth, who was a man of extensive acquirements, spoke Latin, and was *moult argumentatif*, was accustomed to say that "as long as learning was honoured in his dominions, they would continue to prosper; but that when it should be contemned, they would fall to decay." This taste for study was the origin of the first library which France possessed; it consisted, says a contemporary writer, "of nine hundred volumes of the most notable works, compiled by sovereign authors, both of holy writ, theology, philosophy, and all the sciences, extremely well written and richly ornamented." Charles caused translations to be made of Livy, Valerius Maximus, and Æsop's fables, then termed the "*Bestiary*." The most celebrated of the translators was his tutor, Nicholas Oresme, who proved no small gainer by his labours; for he received one hundred livres (pounds) for his version of Aristotle's *Morals*, and a pension for the *Politics* of the same author. Charles, in fact, exerted himself to the utmost in giving encouragement to the professors and their studies, and evinced, on every occasion, his love for "his eldest daughter, the University of the clerks of Paris;" sending for the rector and teachers to hear them discourse on science, availing himself of their counsels in spiritual matters, shewing them much honour, and in every thing conducting himself benevolently and peaceably towards them. In his reign the University mastered ten thousand voters, besides the scholars or under-graduates; though there were Universities for law and medicine at Toulouse, (founded in 1233), Montpellier (1289), and Orleans (1307).

We close for the present our imperfect analysis of M. Dubarle's first volume, with the subsequent attestation of *papal infallibility*! "John the Twenty-second had affirmed, that the saints did not see God, and would not see him until the last resurrection; his opinion had spread into France, and been repeated from the pulpit in Paris. Philip de Valois, fearing the consequences of a theological controversy, determined to stifle it in its birth; and, with this intention, convoked an assembly of prelates and doctors in his palace at Vincennes: their decision was unanimous; the University, to a man, condemned the pope's opinion; and declared that the saints beheld the Deity face to face. A copy of this decision, dated in 1333, was sent by the king to the pope, together with a letter, in which he said,—'Our doctors understand what ought to be believed in matters of faith far better than the

jurists or other clerks who compose your court, and who know little or nothing of theology; and we will chastise those who maintain the contrary.'—It is added, that he threatened to have him burnt if he did not recall his assertion. But this dire extremity was avoided; the pope retracted, and died shortly afterwards."

The Miscellaneous Works of Sir Philip Sidney; with a Life of the Author, and illustrative Notes. By William Gray, Esq. of Magdalen College and the Inner Temple. Oxford, 1829. Talboys.

THERE is a self-congratulatory feeling about the present age, which, while it promises great things for the future, and vaunts itself on to-day, is too apt to forget the past,—and in such forgetfulness, like a traveller who hurries on without looking back to calculate distances, is somewhat inclined to imagine its progress far beyond the reality. Education, information, are the order of the day; but whether we are so much better informed than our ancestors, and whether we have not taken up with quantity rather than quality, remains to be proved. Instruction is now at work among the very lowest classes; but, after all, it is the higher ranks that give the tone to society and character to a nation; and we much doubt whether our young nobility and gentry are more highly educated, or of more cultivated intelligence, than in the age of Queen Elizabeth. Classical attainments, and those often of great extent, laid the foundation; a knowledge of French and Italian was essential; and the instruction was not considered completed till foreign travel had enlarged the understanding, while it polished the manners. There was scarcely a nobleman of any note who was not the patron of literary men; and, besides literary taste, many of them displayed talent. Sir Philip Sidney is a striking instance of this. He was not a man that made his own time, the time rather made him: he lived when literature was as much part of a finished gentleman as warfare; when a sonnet and a campaign were essential. He found these tastes existing; and in following he gave them all the advantage of his own fine-toned mind and noble spirit. Sir Philip was particularly fortunate in his destiny. With all advantages of gentle birth and breeding, with the favour of his sovereign, with all the interest belonging to an unhappy attachment and an early death, immortalised by the most graceful compliment poet ever paid; he was one of those characters that make the romance of history and the poetry of real life; and it is not a little to his credit, that, well calculated as his fortunate career was to excite envy, he was even more beloved than honoured, and not a contemporary account of him but speaks in words of commendation and attachment. The volume before us will be an acquisition to any library. There is a well-written Life, poetry of most curious conceit, some interesting letters, the eloquent Defence of Poesy, and notes that shew an intelligent and industrious editor. The following little piece is a fair specimen of its companions.

"Faint amorist, what! do'st thou think
To taste Love's honey, and not drink
One dram of gall? or to devour
A world of sweet, and taste no sour?
Do'st thou ever think to enter
Th' Elysian fields, that dar'st not venture
In Charon's barge; a lover's mind
Must use to sail with every wind.
He that loves, and fears to try,
Learns his mistress to deny.
Doth she chide thee? 'tis to shew it,
That thy coldness makes her do it;

Is she silent? Is she mute?
Silence fully grants thy suit:
Doth she pout, and leave the room?
Then she goes to bid thee come:
Is she sick? why then be sure
She invites thee to the cure:
Doth she cross thy suit with 'No?'
Tush, she loves to hear thee woo:
Doth she call the faith of man
In question? Nay, 'tis foot, she loves thee than;
And if ere she make a blot,
She's lost if that thou hit'st her not.
He that after ten denials
Dares attempt no farther trials,
Hath no warrant to acquire
The dainties of his chaste desire."

We have also in further praise to say that this is a most beautifully printed volume.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

A Catalogue of a Collection of English Divinity, &c. Part I. of Stock of the late Mr. Gilbert Dyer, of Exeter, &c. &c.

THIS most extensive and curious Collection, now on sale at Exeter, well deserves the notice of a Literary Journal. Part I. alone contains a catalogue of six thousand five hundred and forty-seven works of divinity; comprehending early Bibles, missals, the fathers of the church, ecclesiastical history and biography, old Roman catholic; puritan, and sectarian tracts and publications; and other productions, both rare and important. Of the late Mr. Dyer, the possessor of this extraordinary library, we have heard several remarkable anecdotes; one of which will account for his having so extensive a stock. Like the miser, Mr. D. was as devotedly fond of his books as the former is of his gold; and though a bookseller, he could not bear the thoughts of parting with any of his darling volumes. In vain was it to tempt him with high prices: he would readily allow them to be consulted, and liberally lend them to scholars and authors; but to part with them entirely was a sacrifice which he could not prevail upon himself to make. He thus accumulated the immense store which is now finding its way into the shelves of other bibliopoles; and the Catalogue of which is well worth attention, not only from its multitude of names, but from the interesting annotations which appear on many of the scarcest works.

The Legendary Cabinet; a Collection of British National Ballads, Ancient and Modern, from the best Authorities: with Notes and Illustrations. By the Rev. J. D. Parry, M.A., &c. post 8vo. pp. 436.

THIS is a very elegant-looking volume, and well adapted to general circulation,—the selection being as judicious as it is interesting: the more modern part is that which we like least: to be lacadaïcal is to be simple, and to be extravagant is to be romantic, with our modern ballad-mongers. We beg, however, to except Sir Walter Scott, though we incline to think he is the man with two lives, and writes remembering his chivalric state of pre-existence; and Southey, some of whose ballads are worthy of being five hundred years old. There are some appropriate notes; and altogether it is a volume that does much credit to its editor.

Poetical Recreations and Thoughts, in Rhyme, on Sacred and Miscellaneous Subjects. By Charles Augustus Hulbert. Longman and Co., London; C. Hulbert, Shrewsbury. 18mo.

WITHOUT any pretension of that high order, or faults of that striking nature, to call for severe criticism, this little volume displays

* * * * * 'Than' and 'then' were used as synonymous by our elder poets whenever their rhyme required the interchange."

much feeling and taste; and the religious spirit which pervades these pages will benefit many a reader, in whom some expression of piety may awaken those serious thoughts which are so rarely called forth in vain.

Eleanor Ogilvie, the Maid of the Tweed: a Romantic Legend. By Rosalia St. Clair, Author of "the Highland Castle." 3 vols. 12mo. A. K. Newman and Co. London, 1829.

THERE is a considerable share of romantic interest in these pages,—battle, love-making, hair-breadth escapes; and it is certainly rather above the common run of its competitors. Altogether, there is a large class of readers to whom this novel will be acceptable.

A Cantab's Leisure; Prose and Verse. By James Stringer. 2 vols. John Ebers and Co. London, 1829.

WE will not say that our Cantab's Leisure has not been well employed,—for the taste evinced in literary recreations speaks well for the mind which finds in them its enjoyment; but we doubt whether the mélange of tales, sonnets, essays, &c. the chance sketches of a young author's desk, were worth publishing. He may do better. There is a very pretty fanciful woodcut in the title-page.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, 11th April.

A WORK entitled "Pensées," by the Princess de Salma, is highly eulogised by the male sex, notwithstanding that the authoress tells truth, and treats the noisier part of creation with very little ceremony. The fair writer criticises severely man's abuse of power with regard to the female world, and also questions his right to the many social prerogatives which he has assigned to himself. Madame la Princesse forgets, without doubt, that force legitimises injustice, and that, like the lion in the fable, the strongest *a toujours raison*; therefore, until women discover a similar secret to that of Sampson's wife, to weaken their masters, they may just as well keep their thoughts unknown, and obey and suffer in silence. A famous mathematician lately published a short consolatory chapter addressed *aux femmes* on the subject of their present suffering: *selon lui*, in the next generation the superiority as to *la force physique* is to be their attribute.

The "Mémoires de Bourrienne" have, I presume, already appeared in London. They are the fashionable work of the day, and therefore are discussed with *chaleur* in literary circles. The author having received sixty thousand francs for these volumes is quite a sufficient recommendation, even if they possessed no intrinsic merit,—but M. Bourrienne is esteemed to be a most faithful historian; and as he was the constant companion of Napoleon previous to his elevation to power, he had more opportunities of becoming acquainted with the character of that great man than those who were only the contemporaries of his happier fortunes. The librarian, M. L'Avocat, who purchased those Memoirs, has, I understand, already doubled the sum which he gave for them. This is making a fortune with a vengeance.

Arts and sciences continue to meet with encouragement. A society of old ladies (I forgot, ladies are never old in Paris,) met a few evenings ago, and generously subscribed the sum of five thousand francs, which are to be awarded to the first person who will invent any adhesive substance to keep a wig firm on the head. Such a discovery would be of infinite service to

society, as the accidents which occur in consequence of the insecurity of that part of dress are really terrible! An antiquated coquette, who was lately at one of the theatres with her *Cicæbeo*, was an example of the fatal effects which may result from the uncertainty of false hair. This poor lady was quietly admiring the actors and actresses, when her *soupirant* feeling rather chilly *malgré son amour*, threw his mantle over his shoulders, and at the same moment flung madam's peruke, feathers, and a crescent of diamonds, into the pit. Could any event be more melancholy?

I understand that we are shortly to witness the ascension of a balloon by means of vapour. It would seem that steam is to bring all things to perfection. Some wise men even pretend that in a few years we shall be nourished by a *vapourish* process; consequently, the bodily organs will be preserved unimpaired for a long period, and we shall be all Methusalems. It will be rather a ridiculous sight to see a large company with gaping mouths sitting around a fuming paste!—the lovers of substantial will hardly patronise this system, I should think.

April 13th.

Great changes are talked of in the theatres for the opening of the new *année théâtrale*. Nothing, however, excites more interest among the Parisians than Laurent's speculation of a German operatic company, who are to give twelve, and if successful, twice twelve representations. The general opinion is, that the attempt will not succeed, as the German language is not much known among the French. There are, however, more than 50,000 Germans in Paris; and most of these would probably visit the Italian theatre, to witness the performance of their fellow-countrymen. This company is from Aix-la-Chapelle, and, according to report, will give Don Juan and Der Freyschütz in a style of which the French have no idea. It is expected that they will proceed to England when they have closed their engagement with Laurent. The Odeon, or second Théâtre Français, remains closed; but an attempt is to be made (at least such is the *on dit*), to amuse the inhabitants of that quarter, and of Paris generally, with a comic pantomime à l'An-laise.

The rage for scientific expeditions is not over. Arrangements are making, upon an extensive scale, for sending out competent persons with M. Caillé to Africa; and the Parisian scientific societies are very sanguine as to the anticipated results.

A report has recently been made to the government of the number of suicides in France annually. In Paris alone the average is 400. In this number, however, are included all who are found drowned without any marks of violence upon them; but it is believed that many are murdered by being thrown into the Seine after having been plundered.

Some workmen employed in making excavations upon the site of the ancient city of Fesulæ in Tuscany, lately discovered 3000 pieces of Roman coin, chiefly silver, struck under Julius Cæsar, the Triumvirate, and Augustus.

A new and very elegant mode of decorating the walls of rooms, instead of papering them, has just been adopted in Paris. It consists of glass stained, by a peculiar process, with landscapes of historical subjects. It is the invention of a retired officer; and in this country, where novelty is so much encouraged and glass is so cheap, the inventor is likely to be well remunerated. From the price of glass in England, however, the practice cannot be introduced there.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,—By accident I have observed in the *Literary Gazette*, of Saturday the 11th, an article headed "Egypt," wherein it is represented that *I express a strong desire to return to that country, in order to pursue the excavations about the Temple of Absemlal*.

I beg leave to thank you, sir, for the zealous motives by which you are actuated in mentioning my name, and the object I have in view; but, at the same time, allow me to remark, that my return to the East can in no way whatever be influenced by the proposed subscription, which does not appear quite clear from the paragraph to which I allude.

I travelled in that country before for my own amusement, and I return for no other purpose. Being about to resume my travels in the East at any rate, I was prompted to make this attempt to obtain the means to uncover the Temple of Absemlal, solely from the interest I take in Egyptian antiquities; and any one in the smallest degree acquainted with the locality of that excavation must be aware, that the time it would require I should devote to so arduous and laborious an undertaking can be by no means inconsiderable; and at the conclusion, all I expect to compensate my time and trouble, besides my own contribution of £50, is the sight of the temple!

This, sir, I have been induced to notice, as adventures are by no means uncommon, and as I have no great desire to be considered one of the fraternity, I hope you will do me the favour to give this note a place in your next Number of the *Literary Gazette*. I have the honour to be, sir, &c.

ROBERT HAY.

April 13th, 1839.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

APRIL 10.—Mr. Ainger this evening resumed his account of the early history of the steam-engine. Up to 1663, the date of the Marquess of Worcester's apparatus, it appeared that the only persons who have any claim to be considered as inventors of steam-engines are Hero and Porta. In 1672, Otto Guericke formed an apparatus to raise heavy weights on the principle of the hydrostatic press: he exhausted a cylinder of large diameter, by means of a pump having a piston of small diameter, so that the large cylinder being fitted with a piston to receive the pressure of the air, power would be gained in the ratio of the areas of the larger and smaller pistons. In 1688, Dr. Papin, a French philosopher, proposed to make a vacuum under a piston in a cylinder by the explosion of gunpowder; and in 1690 he proposed to use the well-known condensibility of steam for this purpose, instead of manual exertion. Papin's apparatus consisted of a cylinder close at bottom, fitted with a piston, under which was placed a small quantity of water, to be alternately vapourised and condensed, by alternately placing the cylinder on and off the fire: this is inferior as a practicable machine to that of Guericke, though it was the first that combined the piston and cylinder with the condensibility of steam; each of them having been well known separately. Whatever be the merit, therefore, of suggesting this combination, though in a most impracticable manner, belongs to Papin; and to this extent France may fairly claim a share in the progressive improvement of the steam-engine. In 1669 Mr. Savery made his first working model of a steam-engine, in which the elastic force and condensibility of the steam were employed upon the principles of

Hero and Porta; the whole being arranged with a series of vessels, valves, and pipes, so as to produce an effective machine, which in a few years was practically employed on a large scale. In 1707, Papin, who had abandoned his cylinder and piston, published a second project, copied avowedly from Savery's, and altered, as is universally admitted, for the worse. Still no very economical or practicable engine had been invented; this was reserved for Newcomen and Cawley, who, between the years 1705 and 1712, invented and perfected the common atmospheric engine, in which steam was generated in a boiler, conveyed under a piston in a cylinder, condensed by cold water, and adapted to a system of valves and other apparatus, which first rendered any effectual service to the manufacturing interests of England. In these progressive changes, observed Mr. Ainger, there is evidently not one which can be called very extraordinary. Hero applied all the powers of steam which are at present known. Savery and Newcomen are entitled to the praise of inventing ingenious machinery, which embodied the various suggestions that had been made; but the only great name in the history of the steam-engine, the only person who individually made any considerable advance, is the person who, by successive contrivances, converted the comparatively feeble, dangerous, and unmanageable machine of Newcomen, into the powerful, safe, and pliant instrument which now occupies and traverses every part of the civilised world; forming as it were so many living monuments to the memory of JAMES WATT.

On the table in the library were placed exquisite specimens of Litho-phanic porcelain, from Mr. Brady of the Quadrant: the effect of these unique specimens is produced solely by the variations in the thickness of a semi-transparent substance; the projections or thickest parts being the darkest shades, and the deepest cavities or thinnest parts the light. A well-finished drawing of fruit, by Mr. Pearsall, of the Institution, was also much admired. We likewise observed several Chinese mirrors, which are merely metallic plates, cast from an alloy of copper and nickel, and afterwards polished.

The evening meetings stand adjourned till the first of May.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

APRIL 14.—The subject of this evening's meeting was the manufacture of glass, in continuation. The Secretary, after a short recapitulation of that part of the subject which had been discussed at the last meeting, proceeded to describe the principal varieties of manufactured glass.

He began with the common green bottle glass; stated its composition, and the uses to which it is peculiarly applicable; and then passed to the description of those varieties which are used in Italy and elsewhere as flasks for oil, wine, and other liquids.

The manufacture of blown window-glass was then described at some length, and was illustrated by the exhibition of specimens furnished by Mr. Jos. Chater. That kind called crown glass is the principal object of the British manufacturers; and the Secretary stated, that the weight of materials annually employed by them appears, from the excise returns, to amount to about 22,000 tons. The difference between crown glass and spread glass was explained, and specimens of this latter, in the state of muffs, as well as in sheet, were shewn: some curious specimens of ribbed, of checkered, and of Venetian window-glass were also exhibited.

Cast or plate glass was then described. Its discovery, in 1688, by M. Thwait, was noticed, and the celebrated manufactory of St. Gobin, near Paris, which for a century commanded almost the exclusive supply of mirrors of the finest quality and the largest dimensions. The different steps of the manufacture were detailed; the fusion of the materials, the casting the glass into plates, the grinding and polishing, and, lastly, the silvering.

The glasses of which oxide of lead as well as fixed alkali forms the flux were next mentioned. Those under the name of flint-glass are the great glory of the British manufacturers; specimens in different states, from the roughly-shaped mass as it comes from the hands of the blower, to the exquisitely finished and brilliant article after the cutter and polisher have expended on it all their skill, were exhibited in great variety, both white and coloured, having been contributed by the liberality of Messrs. Pellatt and Green, Mr. Blades, and Mr. Davenport. The composition of the purest kind of flint glass, technically called paste, was then described; and models in paste of the most celebrated diamonds were exhibited.

Coloured glasses, and the art of painting on glass with vitreous colours, were next treated of. First, the opaque and semi-opaque coloured glasses or enamels. These, it was stated, were well known to the ancients; and specimens in illustration of the perfection to which the Egyptians carried this branch of art were exhibited in the form of beads and other articles found at Thebes in Upper Egypt. Among the moderns, the Venetians seem to have chiefly excelled in enamelling; and some beautiful specimens of their skill were shewn. The art of painting on glass was stated to have originated from the mosaic works of the ancients in coloured glass, and to have been probably first employed only in the production of agreeable symmetrical forms, the colours of which were their chief merit. Afterwards attempts were made to represent the human and other figures, by cutting out from flat glass of different colours the several parts of the figures and of the drapery, and these pieces joined together by lead produced rude figures, of which the lead formed the outline. The discovery of the method of staining glass yellow and orange, added greatly to the resources of the art, as it allowed the figure to be drawn on uncoloured glass with the staining materials, while glass coloured throughout, or pot metal as it is called, was reserved for the draperies. A farther improvement took place on the discovery of a mode of plating uncoloured glass with coloured glass, as it enabled the artist, by grinding off the coloured plate, to represent the figure in white, which figure might afterwards be stained wholly or in part. The last and greatest addition to the resources of the art, arose from the invention of colours mixed with a vitrifiable flux, ground to a fine powder, and capable of being applied when mixed with oil of turpentine to the surface of uncoloured glass, in the same general manner as a painter in oil works on his canvass, but of course modified by the transparency of the plate on which he paints, and on the necessity of vitrifying his colours almost one by one as they are laid on.

Some very fine and interesting specimens of painting on glass in its rudest and in its most highly finished state were exhibited, for which the Society are indebted to Mr. Jos. Chater, Mr. Hodges, Mr. Shewell, Mr. Baillie, Mr. Hoadley, and Mr. Collins.

MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

APRIL 14. The President, the Right Hon. Earl Stanhope, in the chair.—Mr. Voys read a translation and condensation of several valuable and interesting papers by German authors, arranged by Philip Sandoz, esq. The principal ones were on the chemical constituents of the oil of nutmegs, and the medicinal uses of *Galeobdolon grandiflorus*.

The Archduke Joseph of Austria, the Grand Duke of Hesse d'Armstadt, and the Duke of Orleans, were elected honorary members. Mr. W. Marsden was elected a fellow. Mr. Le Souëf was admitted a foreign member.

Several donations were announced, amongst which were—some works on the generation of plants, by M. Adolphe Brogniart; a translation of the Batuta, presented by the Oriental Translation Fund, &c. The noble President notified that the anniversary dinner of the Society would be celebrated on the 25th inst. at the Thatched House Tavern.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

MARCH 31.—The question on the best method of filtering water was again submitted to discussion. Various applications of Mr. Simpson's cheap and effective plan were considered; in particular the improvement of water supplied to shipping, and the possibility of preventing deposition in the lockage of docks and canals adjacent to tide rivers. Mr. Deville remarked on the comparative purity of the rain water in the lighthouse tanks he had professionally examined. Mr. Collings described a filter bed, fully answerable for every domestic purpose, consisting of Barbadoes-stone vessels, suspended at the surface of the water in a cistern, and thus forming, on a small scale, a combination of the depositing reservoir and filtering apparatus.

April 7.—Mr. Mac Neil read a paper introductory to an intended treatise on a new pedometer. This machine is used to measure the draught power of horses, and, from that datum, to estimate the comparative qualities of roads in general. The exact average of tractile force is a quantity difficult to be determined, owing to the unequal strain produced by muscular action. By Mr. Mac Neil's instrument, when tried with three horses, the vibration of the index is reduced to within one pound, or a unity of the total force, and, under any circumstances, does not exceed five pounds. The superiority of roads founded on subpavement is confirmed in every experiment made with this invention; and the consequent public profit, in the diminished wear of horses and vehicles, can only be appreciated by a knowledge of the immense traffic which obtains throughout Great Britain.

EGYPTIAN EXPEDITION.

THE French savans and artists who are examining the monuments of Egypt reached the extreme point of their journey at the second cataract on the 31st of December.

The letters of M. Champollion, jun. are dated from Ouadi Halfa, 1st Jan. 1829. They furnish interesting particulars concerning the places situated between the two cataracts, and especially the great temple of Ypsamboul. The travellers suffered from the cold after having passed the tropic; but they were in excellent health at the date of these letters. We shall shortly publish an extract from them.

FOSSIL BONES.

WE lately mentioned the communication to the French Academy of the discovery of caves

at Bize, in the department of the Landes, containing the remains of human and animal bones supposed to be antediluvian. At a recent sitting of the Academy, two letters were read from Messrs. Tournai and Marcel de Serres (who are about to publish a detailed description of the cave), briefly stating the facts, and the conclusions to which they had arrived upon a consideration of those facts. The following extracts from M. Tournai's letter will be found highly interesting.

"The two caves at Bize are entirely filled with a black mud, containing a prodigious quantity of fossil bones. Some of these are in a complete state of decay; and they have rarely been found connected. They have not the appearance of having been gnawed. Only one tooth of a carnivorous animal has been remarked. The black mud does not contain any excrements of carnivorous animals. The animals buried in the mud of the caves of Bize differ entirely from those observed in the caves of France, Germany, and England. The same mud which contains fossil bones, several of which belong to lost species, also contains human bones, having in a great degree lost their animal matter; land-shells, several kinds of which are no longer in the neighbourhood; modern sea-shells; numerous fragments of earthen-ware; and fragments of charcoal. The top and the walls of the cave are, in several places, lined with an osseous concretion (*brèche osseuse*), which is nothing but the black mud cemented by stalagmite infiltrations. This concretion contains the same objects as the black mud. From all these circumstances I think myself authorised to conclude, that all the objects contained in the mud and in the concretion are of the same date; that, at a certain epoch, the first cave was entirely filled, which is sufficiently indicated by the concretion which covers the top of it: in the second cave, the top being higher, the mud could not reach it, but every thing shews that the mud there was higher once than it is at present;—that the caves were so filled during the intermediate period between the geological and the historical ages;—that the mud which filled them, and the fossil bones which it contains, are much more modern than those in the caves of Lunel-Viel, and the principal caves hitherto known;—that during the time which elapsed between the deposit of the mud in the caves of Lunel-Viel, and the deposit of the mud in the caves of Bize, animals in France underwent great changes;—that several species of animals have disappeared from the surface of the globe since the historical ages;—that man was contemporaneous with the phenomena with which the caves of Bize are filled."

THE ALPS.

A PARTY of naturalists intends in the approaching summer to explore some of the highest summits of the Alps. Last year, M. Hugi, of Soleure, attempted the dangerous undertaking of reaching the top of the primitive rocks, covered with ice, which are between Lauterbrunnen and St. Gothard. He was well prepared, and set off furnished with all the scientific instruments necessary to make experiments in such regions. On the first of August he directed his steps towards the Roth-Thal, in order to pass from thence to the Grimsel. He was accompanied by seven guides, but wandered for four days in the valley of Noth, in the midst of snow-storms. In vain he waited for more favourable weather. Compelled at length to renounce his plan of reaching a higher elevation, he made towards Lauterbrunnen,

and arrived at the Grindelwald. The weather had now become clearer, and allowed him, with five intrepid hunters, to climb the glaciers, and he attempted to cross on the ice to the Alps of the Valais. This expedition was attended with the greatest dangers; and when the naturalist wished to descend by the southern side of the Strahlack, enormous avalanches, which rolled after him, and plunged into abysses, the depth of which the eye could not measure, threatened every instant to carry him with them. At last he reached the valley of Urbach, whence he set off on a trip to the top of the Finster-Aar. This immense colossus was as if enveloped with a thick coat of snow and ice; yet M. Hugi attempted to scale it. A dreadful hurricane, which whirled in the air immense masses of snow, suddenly arose, the thermometer fell to nine degrees below zero, the little strength which the travellers retained just enabled them to cling to the ice in order not to be driven over the precipices: they had already attained an elevation of thirteen thousand feet above the Mediterranean, but they were obliged to give up the idea of reaching the top. M. Hugi went to the Valais, and made several other excursions among the same mountains; examining with peculiar attention the primitive rocks, and continually making experiments on the temperature of boiling water and spirits of wine in those frozen regions.

After having visited the Val Bedrette, the St. Gothard, and the Susten, he returned towards the Grimsel, hoping to be more fortunate than he was the first time; but increasing rains compelled him again to relinquish his project. His expedition was nevertheless productive of results very advantageous to science. He collected a set of geognostic specimens from the highest mountains of the Alps, and had an opportunity of studying the superposition of the rocks in those primitive layers. M. Hugi is at present employed in classing his collection and arranging his observations. This intrepid naturalist will form one of the party which, as we have already stated, intends next summer to explore those parts of the Alps which have hitherto appeared inaccessible.—*Foreign Journals.*

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Hall's New General Atlas. Part XIII.

Longman and Co.

To mention a new Part of this publication continues to be the announcement of one of the best works of its class with which we are acquainted. Turkey in Asia (a country fit to be a mighty empire, instead of a barbarous region), British North America (with the boundary lines of 1825), and Birmah, with part (querre, parts?) of Anam and Siam, form the contents of this fine fasciculus.

Map of Nubia, comprising the Country between the First and Second Cataracts of the Nile.

From a Survey made by M. Parke and J. J. Scoles, Architects, in 1824.

NEVER was a publication better timed than this map, appearing as it does when the curiosity of civilised Europe is so much alive to the scientific investigation of the parts which it so clearly and excellently illustrates. Constructed upon actual survey by the able individuals whose names it bears, while travelling for professional improvement, it is, we believe, the first map of Nubia which has been given to the public from true and practical data. It is therefore an important accession to geography, besides being particularly appropriate and interesting at the present moment. Had it been intended to accompany the accounts of M.

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Garrick in the Green-Room. Painted by William Hogarth; engraved by William Ward. Southgate.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

STREET SKETCHES.

No. II.—*The Organ Boy*.

HE hath a spirit bright in its content,
And playful in its poverty; the rain
Of English clouds and atmospheric gloom
Of this brave island-clime have not bedimm'd
The merriness of his brown cheek, nor quenched
The lustre in his deeply-laughing eyes,
That sparkle forth the sunbeams of the soul!

Then breathe no pity on the organ-boy:
From his gay land a stock of sterling joy,
And proud young feelings that can well outwear
Each frown of fate, the stripling wand'rer
brought; [heart,
His mother's smile still brightens round his
His father's blessing, when he climbed his knee
At night, still sounds upon his inward ear;
And when the streets grow cloudy, and the tones
His organ weaves fall fruitless on the air,
He dreams of home deep-bosomed in bright vales
Of beauty, hill-spread vines, and fairy streams

That trifled sweetly as a sister's voice
Who prattled in her slumber:—days will dawn
When he again shall thread those glowing vales,
And tell his travels with unwearied tongue
To fond ones, nestling round his own fireside.

Nor think his errant life too mean to sing,
Albeit no music tuned to courtly ears
That are too satiate for the native sounds
That raise sweet echoes in romantic souls,
From him is heard; there are of meeker taste,
And simpler mind, who bid the roving boy
A welcome, and enchanted hear the notes
His organ wakes, of tenderness and truth:
As through the city's ever-busy streets,
And darkly-winding lanes, he roams and plays,
Many an ear drinks musical delight,
Many an eye with beams of vanished years
Is brightly charged,—and, from her window-
haunt,

Who makes the street to tinkle with the sound
Of halpence, thrown with no ungentle hand,
By some fair listener?—haply he woke dreams
Of childhood,—thoughts that cannot breathe in
words,

But live and fade in sighs of fond regret!

And round him, what a throng of urchins
group,
And dream his music sweet as Orpheus made!
The laughter hushed, the noisy tongue asleep,
The hoop, as weary, on his shoulder hung,
A schoolboy stands to listen, and admire
The melodies that dance along his soul
Like ripples fleeting o'er a ruffled stream!

Then let the streets still waken to the sound
Of such boy-minstrels; when afar they roam
Through villages, where music hath a flush
Of magic in her meanest tone, may smiles
Of welcome flash along the rough-worn face
Of age, and ruddy offspring of the fields:—
May gentle skies and glowing days attend,
And feelings toned to every tuneful hour!

There are who deem the BALLAD-SINGER
breathes

No music that rewards harmonious ears—
To whom an ORGAN-BOY but grating notes
Of discord scatters on the homeless wind;
Their sympathies are seasoned high, and scorn
The gentle: envy not their earthy souls!
For, hallowed Nature! thou art ever true;
And he who wanders, with an eye of love
And feeling, wide among thy many haunts,
Through mountain-walks, or unambitious vales
Where stream and meadow mingle their ro-
mance [still

Around,—in storm and sunshine finds thee
The same and magical!—and so in life;
Her sweet humilities have grace and power
Beyond her loftiness and fame: the Muse
Can never play the courtier; from the halls
And palaces of Kings she flies, to glades
Of lowliness, where faculties are found,
And Will and Action can reveal their sway:—
Where beats a heart, there Poetry may breathe
Her spirit round it; beautifying look
And word, extracting all the soul of things,
And veiling nature with a hue divine.

April 13, 1829.

R. MONTGOMERY.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

PICTURE OF CHINA.—NO. I.

The Canton Register.

IN November 1827, an English newspaper, under the above name, was commenced at Canton, to be published twice a month,—but which seems, from the file before us, to have appeared somewhat irregularly; and as this may be classed among the literary curios-

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tion of the day," we trust our readers will not be displeased to accompany us through a review of it, as it in effect presents a real picture of the Chinese, an extraordinary people, in the 12th century, and illustrates, in a very curious and entertaining manner, their institutions, customs, opinions, and state of society.

No. 1, besides an address, and commercial notes, contains the Chinese currency of the cash or taen. A very complete and accurate series of these coins may readily be made, as every foreigner knows an immense number of them. The principal part of them in circulation at Canton are Cochon-Chinese; lighter, thinner, and of a whiter metal, than the real Chinese cash.

No. 3 mentions a curious custom. "The Chinese who take a liking to each other, or one with money who wishes the aid of another in power, or vice versa, very often bind themselves to a fraternal relation by *exchanging cards*. They are then called Hwan to be true to, 'exchange card holder and junior brothers.' Does not this custom resemble the *tesoro* *business* of the Romans?"

The 16th of November is the last day of the illuminations and street plays in honour of the god of fire, which have been celebrating for the last month in Canton. A company of actors from Hon-hwang performed plays yesterday in China-street, in the mandarin dialect.

"Snake Catchers.—The secret of rendering ductile, and handling with impunity, the most venomous serpents, which has so long been in the possession of the inhabitants of Western India, is not unknown in China. It is observed, that the native snake-catchers have cut their hands, previously to taking hold of the snake, with an antidote composed of pounded herbs. The virtue of the preparation is such, that they hold with the naked hand, and pursue fearlessly, the deadly *cobra de capello*, or *spasmodic-rigor*, a serpent which, next to the rattlesnake of North America, is perhaps one of the most dangerous reptile in existence. The serpent, in common with others of a similar nature, are not unfrequently met with in fumes, in the possession of those men who, for a trifling gratuity, exhibit them to the curious spectator."

- Fukang, August 23d.—His Imperial majesty has directed the military council of the empire to write to the governor of the capital, ordering him to go in person to various temples dedicated to the 'Black Dragon Deep,' the 'White Dragon Deep,' the 'Dragon (and Rain)' etc. to ascertain whether these places required repairs or not. For his majesty is deeply penetrated with a feeling of gratitude to the presiding divinity, who had, in consequence of devout prayer, granted rain to the thirty fathoms of Fukang province. In (Chinese) the god of the sea is called 'Lang-wang, the Dragon King' and in the names of these temples in Fukang, we observe in reference to rain or water the same allusion to a dragon."

Sham Province.—A native of this province, in August 1877, unintentionally caused the death of his own mother. The customer is, to cut him to pieces by slow degrees; that is, beginning at the less vital parts deliberately, to hands, the fore-arm, the feet, the legs, the thighs, the head, and then cut the trunk to the heart. But there was something extraordinary in his case, and the sentence is referred for consideration to Peking. His majesty listens to the criminal board. The offender, Yung-wei, accused his wife in incriminating

‘*Many of the things that we are doing in the U.S.*’

intercourse with his mother, for which his uncle tied him up and beat him. After which he witnessed the uncle going and spending the whole night in his mother's room. Yau-a-pá's feelings of anger and indignation were now worked up to the highest pitch. He seized a sickle, and made blows at Yau-toah his dear uncle. The uncle slipped, got behind him, and seized the handle of the sickle, with his arms round the asphex. The mother came behind and relieved the uncle from his embrace. He fled, and the mother threw her arms round the youth without his being conscious of the change. The struggle continued until the young man overpowered the woman, and wounded her mortally before he was aware that the stroke of the sickle entered his mother's heart. On the 21st of August his majesty's decision in the case of Yau-a-pá was received. His sentence is decapitation, after a period of imprisonment. This sentence usually terminates in strangling on a cross, which, leaving the body entire, is regarded as a lesser punishment than beheading. Yau-toah, the inveterate uncle, is ordered for immediate execution."

In No. 6 we have a hint which may be useful at home in the present age of conversions. Every body at Manilla is obliged to profess the Roman (Catholic) faith, which the Chinese junk traders have no hesitation in doing; but they always add the new religion to their own old one.

We have also the following extracts :
 " Japan. — We are happy to hear that some of the Dutch gentlemen, who have been during the last three years resident in Japan, have collected materials for a new account of that most exclusive country. It is a curious fact, that the Japanese translators are rendering into the Japanese vernacular dialect Morrison's Chinese Dictionary. The arrangement of the alphabetic part of the dictionary pleased the natives so much, that it has become fashionable at Nankooki to write a column of characters with their definitions on fans, and present them to friends."

"Content. — The lady of his amiable brother Hoppo died a few days since. Her death was announced in the Tartar manner, by saying 'she had gone to ramble among the great.' The governor, and all the great officers of the province, called and expressed their 'veneration.' The phrase is not one of grief or sorrow, but rather one of anger and indignation."

"A Tartar military officer in the city lately bought a slave-girl, whom he afterwards found to be a leper. He applied to the police (in redress); but the seller of the girl had already absconded. The Nankai magistrate has ordered the poor girl to be delivered up to the keeper of the leper hospital, has punished the middleman who appeared at the sale, by stripping his face and ordering him to find the seller, and to recover the price paid by the Tartar officer. We insert these seemingly trivial occurrences, to show the state of civility in this population and extraordinary courtesy."

A PARABE (for which Ackermann would have given his ears next Christmas).—When the heavens and earth had been consumed into being, and man had been called to taste the joys and glories of the sublimest Eden, every living thing was brought unto Adam, that it might inherit from him its befitting name. And flowers of every varied hue were among the lovely objects that his eye did rest upon; and as he named each of them, according to its own peculiar form, or fragrance, or colour, he added, "Be ye mindful of the name by which

the image of your Maker hath called you!" And it was yet but a short time afterwards that a flower, arrayed in the most pure of the firmament, spoke unto Adam, saying, "Lord! by what name didst thou call me? (W^ha truth, it shameth me that I did not heed it." And the first man answered, saying, "FORGET ME NOT!" Then the flower dropped its head, and went and hid itself in the lonely shade beneath the bough that woveh over the murmuring brook; and there it bled, mourning. And when the gentle hand of friendship, or the eager finger of love, stooped to pluck it in its loneliness, it still doth whisper softly, "FORGET ME NOT!"

MUSIC

NEW PUBLICATIONS

Bernett's Songs of the Minstrels. Vol. II.
Mayhew and Co.

(Of these twelve compositions we may safely say, that all the nine are far above mediocrity. The Portuguese song, "The spot where I was born," is particularly beautiful; and the Russian — "Maid of Tartary," highly striking and original. It is a great favourite with us, as every thing with originality belonging to it ought to be in our imitative day. These two, with the Nonopitan and Turkish, four of the twelve, are fully equal to the best of the first volume; the other eight are rather inferior to them; still there is not one which does not boast of some of the merits peculiar to this extremely pleasing and delightful publication. Mr. Barnett is, indeed, among the choicest and most tasteful of our young composers; and we have only, as critics, to caution him against one thing — monotony. The poetry is very appropriate, and written by the late Mr. Stee Van Dyck.

The last green Leaf: a Ballad. The Words
and part of the Melody by T. H. Bayly, Esq.
Willis and Co.

“We should not have liked the music of this had we heard it alone, or with other words; but there is a melancholy sweetness in the air which harmonises admirably with the sentiment of the song:—it is almost like sacred music.”

My Heart's True Pulse; a Ballad. By Mrs.
H. C. Witham. The Music by Dr. Carnaby.
William and Co.

We are sure this production must become a great favourite with the public. It is a beautiful and simple ballet, sweetly composed, and replete with good feeling and good taste.

(*It gallops away, my own dear Knight; a Ballad.*
By T. H. Burty. (Framers and Co.

ONE of our favorite lyricists best hits — sweet music, sweet words, all animation and spirit — “(I) do we never mention her,” and the “Bridemaids,” have had no more potent competitor for universal popularity.

Love not; the Words selected from the Po-
vers of Ronsard; the Music by J. Blankley.
Cramer and Co.

A PRETTY and pleasing air; but it reminds us so strongly of a remembered strain, that we cannot praise its originality.

[illegible]

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April 13, 1839.

R. MONTGOMERY.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

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"The 16th of November is the last day of the illuminations and street plays in honour of the god of fire, which have been celebrating for the last month in Canton. A company of actors from Hou-kwang performed plays yesterday in China-street, in the mandarin dialect."

"*Snake Catchers*.—The secret of rendering docile, and handling with impunity, the most venomous serpents, which has so long been in the possession of the inhabitants of Western India, is not unknown in China. It is observed, that the native snake-catchers here rub their hands, previously to taking hold of the snake, with an antidote composed of pounded herbs. The virtue of the preparation is such, that they hold with the naked hand, and provoke fearlessly, the deadly *cobra de capello*, or spectacle-viper, a serpent which, next to the rattle-snake of North America, is perhaps one of the most dangerous reptiles in existence. This serpent, in common with others of a similar nature, are not unfrequently met with in Canton, in the possession of those men who, for a trifling gratuity, exhibit them to the curious spectator."

"*Peking*, August 22d.—His imperial majesty has directed the military council of the empire to write to the governor of the capital, requiring him to go in person to various temples dedicated to the 'Black Dragon Deep, the White Dragon Deep, the Dragon God Hall,' &c. to ascertain whether these places required repairs or not. For his majesty is deeply penetrated with a feeling of gratitude to the presiding divinities, who had, in consequence of devout prayer, granted rain to the thirsty fields of Peking province. In China the god of the sea is called 'Lung-wang, the Dragon King;' and in the names of these temples in Peking, we observe in reference to rain or water the same allusion to a dragon."

"*Ho-nan Province*.—A native of this province, in August 1827, unintentionally caused the death of his own mother. The sentence is, to cut him to pieces by slow degrees; that is, beginning at the less vital parts deliberately, the hands, the fore-arms, the feet, the legs, the thighs, the head, and then stab the trunk to the heart. But there was something extenuating in his case, and the sentence is referred for ratification to Peking. His majesty has sent it to the criminal board. The offender, *Yaou-a-pä*, detected his uncle in incestuous

intercourse with his mother, for which his uncle tied him up and beat him. After which he witnessed the uncle going and spending the whole night in his mother's room. *Yaou-a-pä's* feelings of anger and indignation were now worked up to the highest pitch. He seized a sickle, and made blows at *Yaou-tseih* his dear uncle. The uncle slipped, got behind him, and seized the handle of the sickle, with his arms round the nephew. The mother came behind and relieved the uncle from his embrace. He fled, and the mother threw her arms round the youth without his being conscious of the change. The struggle continued until the young man overpowered the woman, and wounded her mortally before he was aware that the stroke of the sickle entered his mother's heart. On the 21st of August his majesty's decision in the case of *Yaou-a-pä* was received. His sentence is decapitation, after a period of imprisonment. This sentence usually terminates in strangling on a cross, which, leaving the body entire, is regarded as a lesser punishment than beheading. *Yaou-tseih*, the incestuous uncle, is ordered for immediate execution."

In No. 6 we have a hint which may be useful at home in the present age of conversions. Every body at Manila is obliged to profess the Roman Catholic faith, which the Chinese junk traders have no hesitation in doing; but they always add the new religion to their own old one.

We have also the following extracts:

"*Japan*.—We are happy to hear that some of the Dutch gentlemen, who have been during the last three years resident in Japan, have collected materials for a new account of that most exclusive country. It is a curious fact, that the Japanese translators are rendering into the Japanese vernacular dialect Morrison's Chinese Dictionary. The arrangement of the alphabetic part of the dictionary pleased the natives so much, that it has become fashionable at Nangasaki to write a column of characters with their definitions on fans, and present them to friends."

"*Canton*.—The lady of his excellency the Hoppe died a few days since. Her death was announced in the Tartar manner, by saying 'she had gone to ramble among the genii.' The governor, and all the great officers of the province, called and expressed their 'vexation.' The phrase is not one of grief or sorrow, but rather one of anger and indignation."

"A Tartar military officer in the city lately bought a slave-girl, whom he afterwards found to be a leper. He applied to the police for redress; but the seller of the girl had already absconded. The Nanhä magistrate has ordered the poor girl to be delivered up to the keeper of the leper hospital, has punished the mid-man who appeared at the sale, by slapping his face and ordering him to find the seller, and to recover the price paid by the Tartar officer. We insert these seemingly trivial occurrences, to shew the state of society in this populous and extraordinary country."

A PARABLE (for which Ackermann would have given his ears next Christmas).—When the heavens and earth had been summoned into being, and man had been called to taste the joys and glories of the celestial Eden, every living thing was brought unto Adam, that it might inherit from him its befitting name. And flowers of every varied hue were among the lovely objects that his eye did rest upon; and as he named each of them, according to its own peculiar form, or fragrance, or colour, he added, "Be ye mindful of the name by which

the image of your Maker hath called you!" And it was yet but a short time afterwards that a floweret, arrayed in the meek azure of the firmament, spake unto Adam, saying, "Lord! by what name didst thou call me? Of a truth, it shameth me that I did not heed it." And the first man answered, saying, "FORGET ME NOT!" Then the floweret drooped its head, and went and hid itself in the lonely shade beneath the bough that waveth over the murmuring brook; and there it hideth, mourning. And when the gentle hand of friendship, or the eager finger of love, stoopeth to pluck it in its lowliness, it still doth whisper softly, "FORGET ME NOT!"

MUSIC.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Barnett's Songs of the Minstrels. Vol. II. Mayhew and Co.

Of these twelve compositions we may safely say, that all the airs are far above mediocrity. The Portuguese song, "The spot where I was born," is particularly beautiful; and the Russian "Maid of Tartary," highly striking and original. It is a great favourite with us, as every thing with originality belonging to it ought to be in our imitative days. These two, with the Neapolitan and Turkish, four of the twelve, are fully equal to the best of the first volume: the other eight are rather inferior to them; still there is not one which does not boast of some of the merits peculiar to this extremely pleasing and delightful publication. Mr. Barnett is, indeed, among the cleverest and most tasteful of our young composers; and we have only, as critics, to caution him against one thing—monotony. The poetry is very appropriate, and written by the late Mr. Stoe Van Dyck.

The last green Leaf: a Ballad. The Words and part of the Melody by T. H. Bayly, Esq. Willis and Co.

WE should not have liked the music of this had we heard it alone, or with other words; but there is a melancholy sweetness in the air which harmonises admirably with the sentiment of the song:—it is almost like sacred music.

My Heart's true Pulse: a Ballad. By Mrs. B. C. Wilson. The Music by Dr. Carnaby. Willis and Co.

WE are sure this production must become a great favourite with the public. It is a beautiful and simple ballad, sweetly composed, and replete with good feeling and good taste.

Oh gallop away, my own dear Knight: a Ballad. By T. H. Bayly. Cramer and Co.

ONE of our favourite lyrist's best hits—sweet music, sweet words, all animation and spirit. "O no we never mention her," and the "Bridemaid," have had no more potent competitor for universal popularity.

Love not: the Words selected from the Sorrows of Rosalie; the Music by J. Blockley. Cramer and Co.

A PRETTY and pleasing air; but it reminds us so strongly of a remembered strain, that we cannot praise its originality.

The late Mr. Bartleman.—We cannot mention a modern name more dear to the lovers of music in this metropolis than that of the late Mr. Bartleman: but if his loss has been a serious one to his profession, to his family it has been even more serious: his sisters, who were the sharers of the prosperity arising from his successes, are now, we fear, "depressed beneath the weight of other ills than grief." Numbers, however, of the nobility, and of the most distinguished private and professional friends of the deceased, have, as we understand, united to patronise a print which these ladies are now publishing from a fine

* Being the first English journal published in China.

miniature of the deceased, by means of which his fame promises to continue to them, now that he is no more, some of the advantages which they derived from it while he lived. The painting is by Hargreaves of Liverpool, and will be engraved, in his best style, by Thompson. The likeness is considered as most admirable.

DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN FUND.

ON Friday in last week the anniversary of this excellent theatrical benevolent Institution was observed (as is usual with English charities) by the eating of a dinner, at Freemasons' Tavern. The Duke of Clarence having sent an apology, on account of the death of the Prince of Hesse Homburg, the Earl of Blessington very kindly undertook the duties of the chair, and was supported by Lord F. L. Gower, Lord A. Hill, Sir E. Codrington, General Phippe, Mr. Greville, and other friends of the Fund. Thanks to the exertions of the stewards, notwithstanding the several drawbacks which the meeting had to contend against, (the debate in the Lords, the absence of the Royal President, &c. &c.), the day went off uncommonly well, and a company of about 250 persons were amply entertained. Miss Hughes sang with great effect from the gallery; and Mathews not only sung, but spoke with infinite humour in the body of the hall. On returning thanks for the health of the stewards, he was eminently happy, and raised many a good laugh by his points: we are sorry we cannot remember them all! He told us that this task had been abandoned by every one of his fellow stewards, because it was so serious a thing to do; therefore they assigned it to a comic performer. Mr. Young argued that he was too young for the office, and therefore he thought it had better be done by a minor theatrical. Mr. Keeley thought he would not be seen, though he was always seen to advantage wherever he appeared; and Mr. Blanchard declined speaking lest he should not be heard in the room, as his voice had not been accustomed to fill a larger space than Covent Garden Theatre! Thus drolling through his "return thanks," our inimitable comedian contrived to excite nearly as much merriment as he is likely to do with his forthcoming entertainments at the Adelphi.*

Mr. Fawcett was very impressive in a speech when his health, as treasurer, was drunk. He alluded to his years, and anticipated retirement from the profession to which he has been too long an ornament and a credit to allow of such an allusion being made without calling forth expressions of reluctance and regret from all who heard him. We trust the day is yet far distant when age or infirmity will prompt his exit from the scene. In his subsequent observations, he replied to some criticisms formerly thrown out on the subject of the Fund and the subscribers in the *Literary Gazette*; and most earnestly exhorted his brethren, especially the younger portion of them, to support this Institution, as a refuge for them in the event of their being overtaken by sickness or misfortune.

* This theatre closed its most popular and successful season on Saturday, when Mr. Yates delivered an appropriate and clever address; in conclusion thus: "I beg to announce to you, that it is Mr. Mathews's intention to be at home for the first time in his own house; and as solitude, even at home, is sometimes uncomfortable, I intend to keep him company. But though our company will be thus reduced behind the curtain, we hope that it may not be reduced before it, since it is our determination to omit no exertion that our *At Home* should attract you from yours." The new pieces of the season have been as follows:—*Wanted a Partner*, Beazley; *My Absent Son* (withdrawn), Buckstone; *May Queen*, Buckstone; *Mason of Buda*, Blanché; *A Day's Fun* (withdrawn), Lum; *Earthquake*, Planché; *Taffy* was a *Welshman* (Christmas pantomime), Buckstone; *He's no Conjuror*, Buckstone; *Monsieur Mallet*, Monerief; *Red Rover*, Ball.

and compelled to leave the stage ere yet the grave was ready to receive them.

About £1000 were subscribed at this festive meeting.

The Surrey Theatre closed on Saturday, after a prosperous campaign, in which Elliston has shewn himself a vigorous as well as experienced commander. Indeed he merits great praise for his exertions both as manager and actor; and has done much to raise the reputation of this trans-fluvial theatre.

VARIETIES.

Roman Coins.—A peasant of the circle of Gortynak (Poland) lately found in a field, half a league from the Vistula, an urn, containing eighty-three Roman coins, viz. of Nero, 1; Galba, 3; Vitellius, 1; Vespasian, 17; Titus, 3; Domitian, 17; Nerva, 14; Trajan, 21; Adrian, 5;—making 82. The 83d bears on one side the inscription:—JULIA AUGUSTA TITI AUGUSTI. On the reverse: VENUS AUGUSTA.

Miss Wright.—This famous lady, who has been seeking the amelioration of the human race, by many eccentric means, in America, has, we see from a letter in the *Times* newspaper, at last landed in New York, and commenced a course of lectures, which are described as being no less eccentric than her preceding measures. She insists, it seems, upon the equality of the sexes, and thinks it quite reasonable and proper that females should be as free as males in all their actions. Her doctrines are of the easiest morality.

Extravagance of Footmen.—"I have seen balls where, the next day, in spite of the pillage of a pack of footmen, which was enormous, I have really noticed twenty or thirty hams, a hundred and fifty or two hundred carved fowls, and forty or fifty tongues; given away! Jellies melted on all the tables; pastry, pâtés, aspics, and lobster salads; all these heaped up in the kitchen, and strewn about the passages, completely disfigured by the manner in which it was necessary to take them from the dishes in which they had been served! And this extravagance had been of use to no human being! for even the servants would not consider it a legitimate repast, were they obliged to dine on the remains of a former day's banquet! This class of persons assimilate no little to cats, enjoying what they can pilfer, but very difficult to please in what is given to them." [We neglected to quote this curious picture from Ude's "*Host-Suppers*," in the Appendix to the tenth edition of his *Cookery*, reviewed in our last.

Madame Malibran arrived in London about a week ago, and is, we perceive, announced for Tuesday's opera, *Otello*. Garcia, her father, has reached Paris from Mexico, where he was alleged to have been murdered.

Veluti intends to give concerts at the Argyll Rooms during the season, in co-partnership with Mr. T. Walsh.

Nottingham.—By the fall of a portion of the rock on which part of the town of Nottingham is built, several houses have been buried in ruins, and the inhabitants have narrowly escaped with their lives.

Earthquake.—The earthquake in Murcia has been productive of terrible consequences. Craters vomiting forth lava and torrents of putrid water, are seen where human habitations stood: the course of the river Segura has been changed; and mineral springs have been transferred miles from their former localities. The loss of lives is also lamentably great.

Lithography.—Several stones, which it is said are equal for the use of the lithographer to those brought from Munich, have lately been found in the neighbourhood of Versailles, and of Vermanton (Yonne).

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The Chronicle of Geoffrey de Villehardouin, Marshal of Champagne and Rouenne, concerning the Conquest of Constantinople by the French and Venetians in 1204, translated from the French by T. Smith—is announced for early appearance.

The publication of the Second Part of *Athenian's Fall of Nineveh* is, we hear, postponed till the beginning of next publishing season.

A Life of Archbishop Crammer is nearly ready, from the pen of Todd, the able Editor of Johnson's Dictionary.

An enlarged new edition of Boswell's Life of Johnson, with copious notes, is also preparing for the press, by the Right Hon. J. W. Croker. We have heard several interesting anecdotes of the additional matter elucidated by his ingenious inquiries. The work, we believe, will extend to five volumes, and appear before next Christmas.

Mr. T. Hood requests us to state that he has no further connexion with the Annual called the Gem. The Annual, we hear, is dropped as an Annual, but is to appear in the form of monthly Numbers, with beautiful engravings, and to commence in July.

The Oppenheim Library, consisting of many Hebrew Works, and a thousand Manuscripts, has, it is stated, been purchased for the University of Oxford for 11,000 dollars, and is now on its way to this country from Hamburg, where it has been during more than half a century.

A new monthly publication, *le Fructeur*, as the French say, to the English Magazines, was announced for the middle of April. Among the distinguished persons who have promised to contribute to it, we find the names of Castelnau Delavigne, Serbie, Veron, Rosini, &c. It is to be called *La Revue de Paris*.

The Family Library has started with that extraordinary success which proves the justice of our review of it. The subscription the first day amounted to six thousand; and the second edition of the first volume of the Life of Napoleon is already in the press. One nobleman, we are informed, subscribed for twenty copies of the whole series, with a view to distribution in the country where his estates are situated—viz. Ireland; and an eminent English prelate set his name down for twelve.

Mr. Buckingham has been very powerfully and successfully spreading the knowledge of Eastern subjects and literature; by delivering a course of 28 Lectures, not only in several large provincial towns, but also in various quarters of the metropolis. We had no opportunity of attending any of these interesting discussions at the London Tavern last week, nor at Freemasons' Hall this week; but we hope to have the pleasure of getting to Almack's (Willis's Rooms), where they are announced for the week ensuing.

In the Press.—*Beatrice*; a Tale founded on facts, by Mrs. Holland.—A Volume of Poems by Spence.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Mackay's Essay on the Reformation, 8vo. 8s. 6ds.—Common Law Commission as to Process, Arrest, and Bail, 8vo. 4s. 6d.—The Protestant's Companion, 12mo. 5s. 6ds.—Law on the Digestive Organs, 2d edition, 8vo. 6s. 6ds.—Major on Insects prevalent on Fruit-Trees, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Compton's Savings Banks Assistant, 12mo. 5s. 6ds.—Exley's Natural Philosophy, 8vo. 14s. bds.—Influence and Example, fcp. 8s. 6ds.—Howarth's British Preserves, 36 Plates, 4to. 11 16s. bds.—Deceased Estates, 12mo. 6s. 6ds.—Stafford on Scriptures, 2d edition, 8vo. 5s. 6ds.—The Instant Reckoner, royal 12mo. 5s. 6d.—Rambach's Meditations, 2d edition, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Richard's India, Vol. I. 8vo. 16s. 6d. bds. Parts I and 2, 8vo. 5s. sewed; Part 3, 7s. 6d. sewed.—Hawkins' Medical Statistics, 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Kirkby's Sermons on the Temptation of Christ, 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Scaud's Sermons, Vol. II. 12mo. 5s. 6ds.—Brown's Repentance, &c., post 8vo. 5s. 6ds.—Vanherman's House-Painter and Colourman, 8vo. 5s. 6ds.—Family Library, Vol. I., royal 12mo. 5s. 6ds. (containing Life of Buonaparte).—Outline of a New System of Political Economy, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Florence; a Novel, 3 vols. post 8vo.—Dr. Kitchen's Housekeeper's Oracle, post 8vo. 6s. 6ds.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In reply to Vindicator, we would say, that our praise of the work in question ought only to be considered with reference to its own pretensions: it would be unfair to try publications by a higher standard than that which they ingeniously propose for themselves. Therefore, as far as it goes, we cordially approve of the said book.

In answer to our correspondent R.-de, we believe that a History of George the Third will form a portion of Mr. Murray's Family Library. We agree with him, that it is a desideratum, as Belsham's History is quite out of print, Afkio's Annals of George III. only a sketch, and Bissett's work written in an inelegant and prolix style.

ERRATA.—In the review of the History of the Huguenots, in our last No. p. 234, line 15, insert the words "the stranger" after "em."—In the Literary Notice of the Tales of a Chelsea Pensioner, for *Mardi* read *Maid*.—List of New Books, for *African Monarchs* read *Apicia's* *Moels*.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.

The Gallery for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British Artists, including the Pictures of His late Majesty presenting the Sword to Earl Howe, on board the Queen Charlotte, after the Victory of the First of June, 1794; and Lord Nelson board the San Joseph, off Cape St. Vincent, presented by the British Institution to the Royal Hospital of Greenwich, is open daily, from Ten in the Morning until Five in the Evening.

Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.
WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

SUFFOLK STREET GALLERY.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS. The Sixth Annual Exhibition for the Sale of Works of Art by Living British Artists, is open to the Public every day, from Nine to Six.

Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.
T. C. HOPLAND, Secretary.

Dough Street, Pall Mall East.

THE COLOSSEUM. The Public are

respectfully invited to an inspection of this magnificent Exhibition, in its progress towards completion. The Works consist of a stupendous Vase of London, taken from the Summit of St. Paul's, a Saloon for the Reception of Works of Art, a long Range of Conservatories, stocked with the choicest Plants, and a Series of Cottages, &c. &c.

Admission, 1s. each Person, from Ten till Dark.

BRISTOL INSTITUTION. The Fifth

Exhibition of Pictures by British Artists, principally selected from various distinguished Collections, by permission of the Liberal Proprietors, is now opened, and will remain open daily, from Ten till Five in the Evening.

Admission, 1s.—Tickets for the Season (not transferable), 5s. each. Family Tickets for the season, admitting Father, Mother, and Children residing in the same House, 1l.

RUSSELL INSTITUTION, GREAT CORAM STREET.

A Course of Six Lectures on the principal Characters of Shakespeare's Plays, with Prelections on Oratory, Elocution, and the Art of Reading, illustrated by Recitations, Rhetorical and Dramatic, will be delivered at this Institution, by ROBERT JAMES ALLEN, A.B.

The Lectures will commence on Monday Evening, the 7th of April, at Eight o'clock precisely, and be continued on each succeeding Monday, at the same hour.
Tickets for the Course, price One Guinea each, to be had at the Institution, and at Messrs. Underwood, Booksellers, Fleet Street.

E. W. BRAYLEY, Secretary.

TO BOOKSELLERS AND OTHERS. To

be disposed of, on very advantageous Terms, the Stock and Good will of a long-established Business in the Old Book Department, in one of the greatest Thoroughfares in London. Coming in, about 18000.

For Particulars, inquire (if by letter, post-paid), of Mr. B. Hopkinson, No. 4, Red Lion Square, London.

MAGNIFICENT PICTURES, by

REMBRANDT and CUYP.
To be SOLD BY AUCTION, by MR. EDWARD POSTER, at the Rooms Room, 14, Greek Street, Soho Square, London, on Tuesday, 28th April, 1839, at One o'clock, the Collection of Pictures of that eminent Connoisseur, the late Richard Martin, Esq. of No. 4, Percy Street, Bedford Square, where the Pictures may be viewed until the Day of Sale.

In this Collection the Connoisseur will be highly gratified in contemplating a superb Gallery of Pictures of Rembrandt, and Rembrandt, by Rembrandt, which in the first time, and most splendid Style of Colouring: a perfect Chef-d'œuvre, formerly a prominent Ornament in the Collection of Monsieur de Calonne, Prime Minister to Louis XVI. Also a beautiful Landscape, 6 feet 8 inches by 5 feet 3 inches, with Party preparing for the Chase, by A. Cuyp, in his extraordinary easy manner: a Work of exquisite taste. Also, genuine Examples of Leonardo da Vinci, Velasquez, Claude, Jan Steen, Hobbins, William Van de Velde, Van der Meer, Wynants, and R. Wilson.

May be viewed until the Sale. Catalogues may be had at Messrs. Galignani's Library, Paris; and at Mr. Foster's Office, 14, Greek Street, Soho Square.

A DULT ORPHAN INSTITUTION.

PATRON.—His Most Gracious Majesty the KING.
Patroness.—Her Royal Highness the PRINCESS AUGUSTA.
A General Meeting of Subscribers to the above Institution will be held on Thursday, the 14th of May next, at the House of the Institution, St. Andrew's Place, Regent's Park, for the Election of Six Contributory Wardens.

The Fall to commence at One, and close at Four o'clock precisely. The Subscribers and Friends of the Institution are also invited to attend a Morning Concert, under the Patronage of Her Royal Highness the Princess Augusta, and a distinguished List of the Nobility and Gentry, will be performed at the King's Concert Rooms, Hammer Lane, on Tuesday, the 29th of May next, in aid of the Funds of the Institution.

The Managing Committee have much pleasure in announcing that several eminent Performers have kindly promised their services on the Occasion. Further Particulars will shortly be announced.

J. J. ELLIS, M.A. Secretary.

TO ARTISTS AND OTHERS requiring a

Large Exhibition Room. To Let, an elegant Room in one of the Greatest Thoroughfares at the West End of the Town, with excellent Ventilation, measuring Seventy Feet by Twenty-three, and Thirty Feet High.

For Particulars inquire at No. 3, Thibbott Street, Piccadilly.

PINACOTECA di BOLOGNA.

SIGNOR PROFF. FRANCESCO ROSASPINA begs leave to acquaint the Subscribers to his Work, the "Pinacoteca della Pontificia Accademia delle Belle Arti in Bologna, folio," that Mr. C. F. Motini, No. 14, Paternoster Row, having undertaken the Agency of the above, applications must be made to him for any Numbers wanting of those already published, as far as X. The remaining Two Numbers, XI. and XII. (to complete the work), will appear in the course of the present year.

Bologna, 31st March, 1839.

MUSIC.

This day is published, price 15s. No. I. of

THE EDINBURGH MUSICAL ALBUM, dedicated, by permission, to His Grace the Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry.

Edited by GEORGE LINLEY, Esq.
This Number contains several Songs in which Miss E. Paton is uniformly enthusiastically entered at the Scottish Concerts. R. Ackermann and Co. London; J. Lethian, Edinburgh; and Leitch, Dublin.

Proof Impressions of the Portrait, on India paper, may be had at Moon, Boys, and Graves, Pall Mall, 7s. 6d.; who have also, Ewbank's Two admired Views of Edinburgh, 10 inches by 12, 10s. each.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

FOR £30. A very superior Set of the Last Edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, in 26 vols. 4to. bound in rusia, extra gilt, marble leaves, (early impressions of the Plates).

Apply to E. Lacey, 79, St. Paul's Churchyard.

THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE for April,

price Half-a-Crown, contains—Art. I. The Cabinet and the Convention Oath—II. The Draggie of Pils—III. Narrative of some Events in the Irish Rebellion, by an Eye-witness—IV. The Christian Martyr, a Fragment—V. An Adventure near Granville—VI. The London Markets—VII. The Race Ball—VIII. Mr. Peacock's Novel—IX. The Two Miners of Samalina—X. Theatrical Matters—XI. Notes on the Month—The Dwell—Garth's Black Box—Sontag's Little One and Sam Rogers; or, Who's the Pope?—Lord Lowther and the Lions—German Princes in general, Leopold in particular—Rotterdam of an Assembly House—The Angles—Family—Colonel Labordy—Mr. Father—Attorney-General—Parliamentary Company—The Kemble Family—Burke—The Basterly Wind—Sir Geoffrey Gimcrack—Michael Angelo Palladio Wyattville, &c. &c.—Monthly Review of Literature—Scientific Varieties—Fine Arts Exhibitions—Biographical Memoirs of Eminent Persons—Agricultural and Commercial Reports—Bankrupts, &c. &c.

Published by Whittaker and Co. London; Waugh and Innes, Edinburgh; and to be had of all Booksellers in Great Britain and Ireland.

Devotees of the Court of George IV.

THE Right Hon. ELIZABETH JANE

VISCOUNTESS BARRINGTON'S PORTRAIT enriches the April No. of "La Belle Assemblée," from a Miniature by Mrs. James Robertson. This beautiful Portrait forms the Fifty-second of the Series of the Female Nobility now publishing in "La Belle Assemblée," accompanied with Memoirs, Illustrative and Genealogical, &c. &c.

The Fashions for April are exhibited by Four coloured Engravings, with Notices of the London and Parisian Variations. Price 3s. 6d.

The Numbers for January, February, and March, contained the Portraits of the Duchess of Northumberland, the Marchioness Wellesley, and the Hon. Mrs. C. Lindsay.

The following Portraits are in preparation: the Hon. Mrs. Charles Arbuthnot, from a Painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence—Lady of the Manor, by Jackson—Lady of the Manor, by Sir Thomas Lawrence—Lady Belfast—Lady Ellenborough—Viscountess Kirkwall—Lady Anne Ramsay—Viscountess Essex—Lady Sophia Grey, &c. &c.

Proofs of the Portraits to be had of M. Colnaghi, 23, Cockspur Street.

A few perfect Sets may still be had, in 8 vols. Published by Whittaker and Co. London; Waugh and Innes, Edinburgh; and Curry and Co. Dublin; and may be ordered of all Booksellers in the Kingdom.

On the 31st of March was published, price 6s. the Tenth Number of

THE BRITISH CRITIC, QUARTERLY

THEOLOGICAL REVIEW, and ECCLESIASTICAL RECORD.

Contents.—Bishop Poynter on Christianity.—Northern Poetry.—Archdeacon Trowson's Practical Discourses.—Terror on the Epistle to the Romans.—Arden's Poem.—The State of the East of Asia.—Whately on St. Paul.—Vanghan's Life of Wycliffe.—Progress of Religious Instruction in the West Indies.—Roman Catholic Relief Bill.—Charges: Bishop of Lichfield, Bishop of Lincoln, Bishop of Gloucester, Bishop of St. David's—State of the Dioceses.—Proceedings of the Universities.

Printed for C. J. G., and F. Rivington, St. Paul's Churchyard, and Waterloo Place, Pall Mall.

The First Four Volumes may now be had complete, price 12s. each, in boards. Also the Four Volumes of the Quarterly Theological Review, for the Years 1835 and 1836, price 2s. 6s. in boards; or any Number at 6s.

FLORENCE, a Novel.

Printed for Whittaker, Treacher, and Co. Ave Maria Lane.

Dr. Harrison on Spinal Diseases.
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OUR excellent telescope (superior in our opinion to that which discovered and traced the Encke comet, at least as a reflector,)—our excellent telescope, having had its smaller aperture placed towards our eye, and the larger directed towards the north, disclosed to our view, in the far horizon, but in right ascension, and near what seemed to be a full harvest moon, the apparition of the first star in the constellation of the new Waverley Novels. We had not time, unfortunately, for a deliberate contemplation; but as the records of even a peep may be interesting to our friends, we hasten to give them the fruits of our brief observation.

The first sign that struck us occurred in page or latitude 73, and is illustrative of Waverley's first visit to Scotland, where the landlord, who called himself a gentleman, was rude to his guest because he had not bespoke the pleasure of his society to supper. It is entitled "Scottish Inns," and is as follows:—

"The courtesy of an invitation to partake a traveller's meal, or at least that of being invited to share whatever liquor the guest called for, was expected by certain old landlords in Scotland, even in the youth of the author. In requital, mine host was always furnished with the news of the country, and was probably a little of a humourist to boot. The devolution of the whole actual business and drudgery of the inn upon the poor gudewife was very common among the Scottish Bonifaces. There was in ancient times, in the city of Edinburgh, a gentleman of good family, who condescended, in order to gain a livelihood, to become the nominal keeper of a coffee-house, one of the first places of the kind which had been opened in the Scottish metropolis. As usual, it was entirely managed by the careful and industrious Mrs. B—; while her husband amused himself with field sports, without troubling his head about the matter. Once upon a time the premises having taken fire, the husband was met walking up the High Street, loaded with his guns and fishing-rods, and replied calmly to some one who inquired after his wife, 'that the poor woman was trying to save a parcel of crockery, and some trumpery books;' the last being those which served her to conduct the business of the house. There were many elderly gentlemen in the author's younger days, who still held it part of the amusement of a journey 'to parley with mine host,' who often resembled, in his quaint humour, mine Host of the Garter, in the Merry Wives of Windsor; or Blague of the George, in the Merry Devil of Edmonston. Sometimes the landlady took her share of entertaining the company. In either case, the omitting to pay them due attention gave displeasure, and perhaps brought down a smart jest, as on the following occasion:—A jolly dame who, not 'Sixty Years since,' kept the principal caravansary at Greenlaw, in Berwickshire, had the honour to receive under her

roof a very worthy clergyman, with three sons of the same profession, each having a cure of souls; be it said in passing, none of the reverend party were reckoned powerful in the pulpit. After dinner was over, the worthy senior, in the pride of his heart, asked Mrs. Buchan whether she ever had had such a party in her house before. 'Here sit I,' he said, 'a placed minister of the Kirk of Scotland, and here sit my three sons, each a placed minister of the same kirk.—Confess, Luckie Buchan, you never had such a party in your house before.' The question was not premised by any invitation to sit down and take a glass of wine or the like, so Mrs. B. answered drily, 'Indeed, sir, I cannot just say that ever I had such a party in my house before, except once in the forty-five, when I had a Highland piper here, with his three sons, all Highland pipers; and deil a spring they could play among them!'

The following explain themselves:—

"Mac-Farlane's Lantern.—The clan of Mac-Farlane, occupying the fastnesses of the western side of Loch Lomond, were great depredators on the Low Country, and as their excursions were made usually by night, the moon was proverbially called their lantern. Their celebrated pibroch of *Hoggil nam Bo*, which is the name of their gathering tune, intimates similar practices, the sense being—

We are bound to drive the bullocks,
All by hollows, hirsts, and hillocks,
Through the sleet and through the rain.
When the moon is beaming low
On frozen lake and hills of snow,
Bold and heartily we go,
And all for little gain."

"The Castle of Doune.—This noble ruin is dear to my recollection, from associations which have been long and painfully broken. It holds a commanding station on the banks of the river Teith, and has been one of the largest castles in Scotland. Murdock, Duke of Albany, the founder of this stately pile, was beheaded on the Castle-hill of Stirling, from which he might see the towers of Doune, the monument of his fallen greatness. In 1745-6, as stated in the text, a garrison on the part of the Chevalier was put into the castle, then less ruinous than at present. It was commanded by Mr. Stewart of Balloch, as governor for Prince Charles; he was a man of property near Callander. This castle became at that time the actual scene of a romantic escape made by John Home, the author of Douglas, and some other prisoners, who having been taken at the battle of Falkirk, were confined there by the insurgents. The poet, who had in his own mind a large stock of that romantic and enthusiastic spirit of adventure which he has described as animating the youthful hero of his drama, devised and undertook the perilous enterprise of escaping from his prison. He inspired his companions with his sentiments, and when every attempt at open force was deemed hopeless, they resolved to twist their bed-clothes into ropes, and thus to descend. Four persons, with Home himself, reached the ground in safety. But the rope broke with the fifth, who was a tall, lusty man. The sixth was Thomas Barrow, a brave young English-

man, a particular friend of Home's. Determined to take the risk, even in such unfavourable circumstances, Barrow committed himself to the broken rope, slid down on it as far as it could assist him, and then let himself drop. His friends beneath succeeded in breaking his fall. Nevertheless, he dislocated his ankle, and had several of his ribs broken. His companions, however, were able to bear him off in safety. The Highlanders next morning sought for their prisoners, with great activity. An old gentleman told the author, he remembered seeing the commander Stewart,

Bloody with spurring, fiery red with haste,
riding furiously through the country in quest of the fugitives."

"Mr. R—d's Dream.—The legend of Mrs. Grizel Oldbuck was partly taken from an extraordinary story which happened about seventy years since in the south of Scotland, so peculiar in its circumstances that it merits being mentioned in this place. Mr. R—d of Bowland, a gentleman of landed property in the vale of Gala, was prosecuted for a very considerable sum, the accumulated arrears of teind (or tithe) for which he was said to be indebted to a noble family, the titulars (lay impropricators of the tithes). Mr. R—d was strongly impressed with the belief that his father had, by a form of process peculiar to the law of Scotland, purchased these lands from the titular, and therefore that the present prosecution was groundless. But after an industrious search among his father's papers, an investigation of the public records, and a careful inquiry among all persons who had transacted law business for his father, no evidence could be recovered to support his defence. The period was now near at hand when he conceived the loss of his lawsuit to be inevitable, and he had formed his determination to ride to Edinburgh next day, and make the best bargain he could in the way of compromise. He went to bed with this resolution, and, with all the circumstances of the case floating upon his mind, had a dream to the following purpose. His father, who had been many years dead, appeared to him, he thought, and asked him why he was disturbed in his mind. In dreams men are not surprised at such apparitions. Mr. R—d thought that he informed his father of the cause of his distress, adding that the payment of a considerable sum of money was the more unpleasant to him, because he had a strong consciousness that it was not due, though he was unable to recover any evidence in support of his belief. 'You are right, my son,' replied the paternal shade; 'I did acquire right to these teinds, for payment of which you are now prosecuted. The papers relating to the transaction are in the hands of Mr. —, a writer (or attorney), who is now retired from professional business, and resides at Inveresk, near Edinburgh. He was a person whom I employed on that occasion for a particular reason, but who never on any other occasion transacted business on my account. It is very possible,' pursued the vision, 'that Mr. — may have forgotten a matter which is now

of a very old date; but you may call it to his recollection by this token, that when I came to pay his account, there was difficulty in getting change for a Portugal piece of gold, and that we were forced to drink out the balance at a tavern.' Mr. R—d awoke in the morning with all the words of the vision imprinted on his mind, and thought it worth while to ride across the country to Invereark, instead of going straight to Edinburgh. When he came there, he waited on the gentleman mentioned in the dream, a very old man; without saying any thing of the vision, he inquired whether he remembered having conducted such a matter for his deceased father. The old gentleman could not at first bring the circumstance to his recollection, but on mention of the Portugal piece of gold, the whole returned upon his memory; he made an immediate search for the papers, and recovered them,—so that Mr. R—d carried to Edinburgh the documents necessary to gain the cause which he was on the verge of losing. The author has often heard this story told by persons who had the best access to know the facts, who were not likely themselves to be deceived, and were certainly incapable of deception. He cannot therefore refuse to give it credit, however extraordinary the circumstances may appear. The circumstantial character of the information given in the dream, takes it out of the general class of impressions of the kind which are occasioned by the fortuitous coincidence of actual events with our sleeping thoughts. On the other hand, few will suppose that the laws of nature were suspended, and a special communication from the dead to the living permitted, for the purpose of saving Mr. R—d a certain number of hundred pounds. The author's theory is, that the dream was only the recapitulation of information which Mr. R—d had really received from his father while in life, but which at first he merely recalled as a general impression that the claim was settled. It is not uncommon for persons to recover, during sleep, the thread of ideas which they have lost during their waking hours. It may be added, that this remarkable circumstance was attended with bad consequences to Mr. R—d, whose health and spirits were afterwards impaired by the attention which he thought himself obliged to pay to the visions of the night."

The following is an allusion to the only field-piece the Highlanders had in their army:

"This circumstance, which is historical, as well as the description that precedes it, will remind the reader of the war of La Vendée, in which the royalists, consisting chiefly of insurgent peasantry, attached a prodigious and even superstitious interest to the possession of a piece of brass ordnance, which they called *Marie Jeane*. The Highlanders of an early period were afraid of cannon, with the noise and effect of which they were totally unacquainted. It was by means of three or four small pieces of artillery, that the earls of Huntly and Errol, in James VI.'s time, gained a great victory at Glenlivet, over a numerous Highland army, commanded by the Earl of Argyle. At the battle of the Bridge of Dee, General Middleton obtained by his artillery a similar success, the Highlanders not being able to stand the discharge of *Musket's Mother*, which was the name they bestowed on great guns. In an old ballad on the battle of the Bridge of Dee, these verses occur:—

The Highlandmen are pretty men
For handling sword and shield;
But yet they are but simple men
To stand a stricken field.

The Highlandmen are pretty men
For target and claymore;
But yet they are but naked men
To face the cannon's roar.

For the cannons roar on a summer night
Like thunder in the air;
Was never man in Highland garb
Would face the cannon fair.

But the Highlanders of 1745 had got far beyond the simplicity of their forefathers, and shewed throughout the whole war how little they dreaded artillery, although the common people still attached some consequence to the possession of the field-piece which led to this disquisition.

The next is illustrative of the scene in Donald Bean Lean's cave, when Waverley made his first visit to the Highlands:—

"*Rob Roy*.—An adventure, very similar to what is here stated, actually befell the late Mr. Abercromby, of Tullibody, grandfather of the present Lord Abercromby, and father of the celebrated Sir Ralph. When this gentleman, who lived to a very advanced period of life, first settled in Stirlingshire, his cattle were repeatedly driven off by the celebrated Rob Roy, or some of his gang; and at length he was obliged, after obtaining a proper safe-conduct, to make the cateran such a visit as that of Waverley to Bean Lean in the text. Rob received him with much courtesy, and made many apologies for the accident, which must have happened, he said, through some mistake. Mr. Abercromby was regaled with collops from two of his own cattle, which were hung up by the heels in the cavern, and was dismissed in perfect safety, after having agreed to pay in future a small sum of black mail, in consideration of which, Rob Roy not only undertook to forbear his herds in future, but to replace any that should be stolen from him by other freebooters. Mr. Abercromby said, Rob Roy affected to consider him as a friend to the Jacobite interest, and a sincere enemy to the Union. Neither of these circumstances were true; but the laird thought it quite unnecessary to undeceive his highland host, at the risk of bringing on a political dispute in such a situation. This anecdote I received many years since (about 1792), from the mouth of the venerable gentleman who was concerned in it.

The following interested us much:—

"*Prince Charles Edward*.—The author of Waverley has been charged with painting the young adventurer in colours more amiable than his character deserved; but having known many individuals who were near his person, he has been described according to the light in which those eye-witnesses saw his temper and qualifications. Something must be allowed, no doubt, to the natural exaggerations of those who remembered him as the bold and adventurous prince, in whose cause they had braved death and ruin; but is their evidence to give place entirely to that of a single malcontent? I have already noticed the imputations thrown by the Chevalier Johnstone on the prince's courage: but some part at least of that gentleman's tale is purely romantic. It would not, for instance, be supposed, that at the time he is favouring us with the highly wrought account of his amour with the adorable Peggie, the Chevalier Johnstone was a married man, whose grandchild is now alive; or that the whole circumstantial story concerning the outrageous vengeance taken by Gordon of Abbachie on a Presbyterian clergyman is entirely apocryphal. At the same time, it may be admitted that the prince, like others of his family, did not esteem the services done him by his adherents so highly as he ought. Edu-

cated in high ideas of his hereditary right, he has been supposed to have held every exertion and sacrifice made in his cause as too much the duty of the person making it to merit extravagant gratitude on his part. Dr. King's evidence, (which his leaving the Jacobite interest renders somewhat doubtful) goes to strengthen this opinion. The ingenious editor of Johnstone's Memoirs has quoted a story said to be told by Helvetius, stating that Prince Charles Edward, far from voluntarily embarking on his daring expedition, was literally bound hand and foot, and to which he seems disposed to yield credit. Now, it being a fact as well known as any in his history, and, so far as I know, entirely undisputed, that the prince's personal entreaties and urgency positively forced Boisdale and Lochiel into insurrection, when they were earnestly desirous that he would put off his attempt until he could obtain a sufficient force from France, it will be very difficult to reconcile his alleged reluctance to undertake the expedition, with his desperately insisting on carrying the rising into effect, against the advice and entreaty of his most powerful and most sage partisans. Surely a man who had been carried bound on board the vessel which brought him to so desperate an enterprise, would have taken the opportunity afforded by the reluctance of his partisans, to return to France in safety. It is averred in Johnstone's Memoirs, that Charles Edward left the field of Culloden without doing the utmost to dispute the victory; and, to give the evidence on both sides, there is in existence the more trustworthy testimony of Lord Elcho, who states, that he himself earnestly exhorted the prince to charge at the head of the left wing, which was entire, and retrieve the day or die with honour; and on his counsel being declined, Lord Elcho took leave of him with a bitter execration, swearing he would never look on his face again, and kept his word. On the other hand, it seems to have been the opinion of almost all the other officers, that the day was irretrievably lost, one wing of the Highlanders being entirely routed, the rest of the army outnumbered, out-flanked, and in a condition totally hopeless. In this situation of things, the Irish officers who surrounded Charles's person interfered to force him off the field. A cornet who was close to the prince left a strong attestation, that he had seen Sir Thomas Sheridan seize the bridle of his horse, and turn him round. There is some discrepancy of evidence; but the opinion of Lord Elcho, a man of fiery temper, and desperate at the ruin which he beheld impending, cannot fairly be taken, in prejudice of a character for courage which is intimated by the nature of the enterprise itself, by the prince's eagerness to fight on all occasions, by his determination to advance from Derby to London, and by the presence of mind which he manifested during the romantic perils of his escape. The author is far from claiming for this unfortunate person the praise due to splendid talents: but he continues to be of opinion, that at the period of his enterprise he had a mind capable of facing danger and aspiring to fame. That Charles Edward had the advantages of a graceful presence, courtesy, and an address and manner becoming his station, the author never heard disputed by any who approached his person; nor does he conceive that these qualities are overcharged in the present attempt to sketch his portrait. The following extracts, corroborative of the general opinion respecting the prince's amiable disposition, are taken from a manuscript account of his romantic expedition, by James Maxwell of

Kirkcunell, of which I possess a copy, by the friendship of J. Menzies, Esq. of Pitfoddells. The author, though partial to the prince, whom he faithfully followed, seems to have been a fair and candid man, and well acquainted with the intrigues among the adventurer's council:—"Every body was mightily taken with the prince's figure and personal behaviour. There was but one voice about them. Those whom interest or prejudice made a run-away to his cause, could not help acknowledging that they wished him well in all other respects, and could hardly blame him for his present undertaking. Sundry things had occurred to raise his character to the highest pitch, besides the greatness of the enterprise, and the conduct that had hitherto appeared in the execution of it. There were several instances of good-nature and humanity that had made a great impression on people's minds. I shall confine myself to two or three. Immediately after the battle, as the prince was riding along the ground that Cope's army had occupied a few minutes before, one of the officers came up to congratulate him, and said, pointing to the killed, 'Sir, there are your enemies at your feet.' The prince, far from exulting, expressed a great deal of compassion for his father's deluded subjects, whom he declared he was heartily sorry to see in that posture. Next day, while the prince was at Pinkie-house, a citizen of Edinburgh came to make some representation to Secretary Murray about the tents that city was ordered to furnish against a certain day. Murray happened to be out of the way, which the prince hearing of, called to have the gentleman brought to him, saying, he would rather despatch the business, whatever it was, himself, than have the gentleman wait, which he did, by granting every thing that was asked. So much affability in a young prince, flashed with victory, drew encomiums even from his enemies. But what gave the people the highest idea of him, was the negative he gave to a thing that very nearly concerned his interest, and upon which the success of his enterprise perhaps depended. It was proposed to send one of the prisoners to London, to demand of that court a cartel for the exchange of prisoners taken, and to be taken, during this war, and to intimate that a refusal would be looked upon as a resolution on their part to give no quarter. It was visible a cartel would be of great advantage to the prince's affairs: his friends would be more ready to declare for him if they had nothing to fear but the chance of war in the field; and if the court of London refused to settle a cartel, the prince was authorized to treat his prisoners in the same manner the Elector of Hanover was determined to treat such of the prince's friends as might fall into his hands: it was urged that a few examples would compel the court of London to comply. It was to be presumed, that the officers of the English army would make a point of it. They had never engaged in the service, but upon such terms as are in use among all civilised nations, and it could be no stain upon their honour to lay down their commissions if these terms were not observed, and that owing to the obstinacy of their own prince. Though this scheme was plausible, and represented as very important, the prince could never be brought into it; it was below him, he said, to make empty threats, and he would never put such as those into execution: he would never in cold blood take away lives which he had saved in heat of action, at the peril of his own. These were not the only proofs of good nature the prince gave about

this time. Every day produced something new of this kind. These things softened the rigour of a military government, which was only imputed to the necessity of his affairs, and which he endeavoured to make as gentle and easy as possible.' It has been said, that the prince sometimes exacted more state and ceremonial than seemed to suit his condition; but, on the other hand, some strictness of etiquette was altogether indispensable where he must otherwise have been exposed to general intrusion. He could also endure, with a good grace, the retorts which his affectation of ceremony sometimes exposed him to. It is said, for example, that Grant of Glenmoriston having made a hasty march to join Charles, at the head of his clan, rushed into the prince's presence at Holyrood, with unceremonious haste, without having attended to the duties of the toilet. The prince received him kindly, but not without a hint that a previous interview with the barber might not have been wholly unnecessary. 'It is not beardless boys,' answered the displeased chief, 'who are to do your royal highness's turn.' The chevalier took the rebuke in good part. On the whole, if Prince Charles had concluded his life soon after his miraculous escape, his character in history must have stood very high. As it was, his station is amongst those, a certain brilliant portion of whose life forms a remarkable contrast to all which precedes, and all which follows it."

[To be concluded in our next.]

Stratton Hill. By the Author of "Tales from the East." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1829. Colburn.

VERY elegantly written—fortunate, too, in having its author's haunted ground, Cornwall, untrod—blending historical information with antiquarian exactness—treating of a most exciting period,—we cannot but highly commend *Stratton Hill*. It is not a work to be considered as a mere novel; for in the progress of the fiction there is less room for praise—and the faults are those very common in works of this class;—too many persons are introduced on the scene—the story goes on too leisurely—the actors are drawn with more attention to costume than to character—and, aware of the stores of his memory, the author occasionally forgets to draw upon his imagination. The original sketch is often excellent. Carries the enthusiast wanderer from the Holy Land—Trenlyon, with his noble descent from King Arthur always uppermost in his thoughts—the vindictive Nicholas—all of these might have been worked up to still greater effect. Some of the detached scenes are both spirited and original: for example—

"Seated on a low and grass-covered bank, on which he supported himself with his trembling hands, while his large eye was fixed intently on the scene before him, was an old man, with a frame, even in ruins, like that of Hercules. It was Kiltor, the once famous wrestler, and the tenant of the valley, or bottom, as it was called, of Combe, who had implored his ancient friend to have him conveyed hither, that he might gaze on the array, and smell the battle, as it were, afar off. * * * At this moment Sir Beville slowly drew nigh the spot on which he sat; the old man looked eagerly and wistfully in his face, his own strong and miserable feelings giving way to the long and almost feudal attachment to the family. 'Is it you, Kiltor?' said the former; 'how have you contrived to leave your cottage, where you have been a home-keeper so many years?' 'I cudn't resist, my lord, to look upon strife,

or the shew of it, once more afore I die. 'Tisna wi' me now as in times long ower, when I ha' seen your young eye dance wi' joy as this hand cleared one prize ater another out o' the ring.' 'We all have our day, my friend,' was the reply; 'you have had yours, and fame enough too: you were long the first wrestler of your time, and others now have taken your place.' 'They have, they have, and I'm alive to see it; mere shilderlins, Sir Beville; men o' lath, that wud na' ha' faced the grip o' my hand, or stood the clinch o' my limbs, more than a withy; and the whole countrie is runnin' ater them—could I but be strong for one day, a prize day, as I was once, and they shud see thuse boastin' boys, one hurled to his back, without a limb movin'; another wi' broken bones; and, maybe, ane goin' double all his life ater, alike Carter was for many years!' and he laughed short and fiercely at the cruel remembrance he had conjured up. 'Old man, age has not brought you mercy or kindness of heart; these are not feelings for one whom the grave is waiting for. Years have, in truth fearfully changed you: I remember, it was when I was quite a child, Sir Richard, just returned from abroad, took me to see the contest in the ring. It was you, Kiltor, that won the day.' 'You remember that day?' said the wrestler exultingly, almost starting from the ground, though the movement gave him great pain: 'it was for the tankard, my lord, the selver tankard that your grandsire put up for the whole county. 'Twas a hard-folt day, and I did na' ken your eyes saw it; then ye saw ane after the other flinged upon the yerth, like the broken ore from the kibbal: my bones were like iron, and my joints like brass—look at me now, my lord! wud ye ken me for the same?—but ye'll ne'er see another day like that in the ring.' 'I should know that giant frame again,' Sir Beville said; 'it was free and supple then, and formed in the finest symmetry: there were others as tall and stout, but none took my childish fancy so much, and my grandsire was loud in his praises.' Kiltor clasped his hands firmly together, and the big tears slowly coursed down his hard face, all unwonted: the praises of his noble patron, whom he had not seen for many long years, during which praise had never reached his ear, the memory of that day of triumph, on which such lips had dwelt, brought happier and better times back, ere disappointment and disease had overcome him. 'I was all that: few so fine made, and none so strong. Blessin' upon the words that said it; the eye followed ater me when I past by; they gathered from the east and the west round the ring, all asked the furst thing, 'Where's Kiltor, the champion?' and the auld wemmen pointed me out to the young and comelie ones. 'Twas upon Stratton Down, my last field!—all day under a burnin' sky we wrestled, and I got many a hard fall; but when the last man was thrown, they carried me away in their arms to the village. There Catern, my young wife, the boast of the whole parish, waited for me. You never saw her dark eye in its strength:—how it looked upon me so in love and pride that day! We had a carouse that evenin', and I drank hard, and then went with her to our home in the Combe, not dreamin' that I shud ne'er rejoice again. Towards mornin' I woke; the dead palsy had seized my side, and all my strength past from me, and never, never came again. I cried loud and tossed my arms, but my body was like a lost man's driftin' upon the wave, or like Victor's when I pitched un dead in the ring, with his back furrowed in

the grass!" "And did you never recover, George, your health and strength again?" "They went from me in a moment, like a judgment from Heaven, as I said; and my limbs got cold and heavy like lead, and hanged from my body like the shotten branches of an old oak. Cattern cried over me day and night, and tended me like an enfant: but by lillies I got to hate her; her dark eye and sorrowin' face were always afore me, and sometimes I tho't they mocked me; and she changed from that time, like me; her beauty wasted like the froth o' the sea: she's ould now, and fierce, an' unhappy like me,—the once milde and mistreated woman. They came to my dwellin', one day, once a month ater that, the wrastlers from the other parish; for there was a wrastlin' 'greed upon, and they did na' ken my affliction. The Germoe men were among them, my ould rivals, burnin' at their bein' owercome, they challenged me to come forth to dare them 'pon the morrow, and their eyes gloated over my helpless state; I saw them look hard and joyin' at one another, and then they mocked me wi' their words, and my friends were sad and downcast. Oh, my lord, is it any wonder if my blood turned to gall? I gnashed my teeth and cursed them; and from that hour my heart changed like my body, and I ne'er spoke a kind word, or tho't a merciful thought aterwards; 'twas that hour that broke Cattern's heart, and seared my own like a nether millstone." "Wretched man!" said his noble auditor; "your life has, in truth, little left to desire; and what can death, with such passions, have to hope for?" "The feelings o' my youth are still strong; I ha' borne too long a livin' death to make me fear to give up my breath. I ha' but one hope: to see a stricken field, my lord, afore I die; the clashin' o' swords, the hard strife o' men strugglin' for the life of others; the drownin' o' voices—the ring is nothing to that."

"Beside them was an old man, who could have borne no part in the conflict, and yet he was slain among the rest. Rendered incapable by infirmity, more than time, of acting a soldier's part, or even wielding a weapon, it might have been thought that zeal for the cause, or concern for some son in the action, had brought his trembling steps there:—it was Kiltor the champion, stretched on the last of his fields. He had followed in some vehicle from the hamlet of Combe, about fifteen miles distant, the march of the troops, and had crept in the early morning to the foot of the eminence, resolved to see the battle. Having feasted so long in imagination of what a foughten field must be, he had enjoyed the reality, as a worn-out blood-hound listens to the baying of his comrades on the track of the prey. He had been observed gazing on the havoc caused by the ordnance on the height, and turning his enfeebled body quickly from side to side, as the balls struck the advancing ranks, and the cries came quickly to his ear; and his fierce eye and nerveless hand were raised, as the flashes broke on the air every moment from above. At last a small party turned from the closer contest that followed, and, retreating down the slope, fought and fell, many of them near the spot where he sat. This was what the iron-hearted wrestler had desired to see—in his own words, 'the hard strife o' men strugglin' for the life of others; they sunk dying almost at his feet; and the grim old man had crawled to where a wounded Republican lay; and, grasping his weapon, had hastened, it was evident, the approach of death. And there he now lay, struck probably by a chance ball, his face towards the

scene of the battle, with whose duration the thin remains of his life had kept pace, and the cruel smile on his withered lips shewed that he was contented so to die."

We can best liken this work to a chronicle of the olden time, not yet advanced to the staid dignity of history, when the pages dwelt with delight on the beauty of a fair dame and the valour of a single knight. In short, this novel is a spirited and stirring memoir of these eventful times; often elegantly written, as well as finely descriptive of Cornwall (almost a new region), and its manners and characters.

Sketches of Irish Character. By Mrs. S. C. Hall. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1829. Westley and Davis.

THOROUGHLY Irish, with all the vivacity, blarney, blunders, pigs, and potatoes, of a Bannow cottage duly set forth—no exaggerated picture; a black-mud Rembrandt, with blunderbusses in the back-ground; no landscape à la Poussin, with peasants like graces, and roses and lillies à discrétion; but sketches with all the warmth yet simplicity, which says more than any preface could do for their actual truth. Mrs. Hall is particularly happy in her cottage-girl portraits—inborn coquettes, yet with a mine of deep feeling, which they are too healthy and too industrious to find time for fashioning into sentiment—

"Creatures not too bright and good
For human nature's daily food;

For heart and hearth and home content:"

always allowing for the one dear privilege of tormenting. "Lilly O'Brien" is certainly our favourite tale. The "Fisherman" is a natural curiosity, fit for a museum. Next to this we like "Hospitality." But for our own immediate purpose, that of extract, we must look among the shorter specimens. The following is very characteristic:

"Independence!"—it is the word, of all others, that Irish—men, women, and children—least understand; and the calmness, or rather indifference, with which they submit to dependence, bitter and miserable as it is, must be a source of deep regret to all who 'love the land,' or who feel anxious to uphold the dignity of human kind. Let us select a few cases from our Irish village—such as are abundant in every neighbourhood. Shane Thurlough, 'as decent a boy,' and Shane's wife, as 'clane-skinned a girl,' as any in the world. There is Shane, an active, handsome-looking fellow, leaning over the half-door of his cottage, kicking a hole in the wall with his brogue, and picking up all the large gravel within his reach, to pelt the ducks with—those useful Irish scavengers. Let us speak to him. 'Good morrow, Shane!' 'Och! the bright bames of heaven on ye every day! and kindly welcome, my lady—and won't ye step in and rest—it's powerful hot, and a beautiful summer, sure—the Lord be praised!' 'Thank you, Shane. I thought you were going to cut the hay-field to-day—if a heavy shower comes, it will be spoil'd; it has been fit for the sith these two days.' 'Sure, it's all owing to that thief o' the world, Tom Parrel, my lady. Didn't he promise me the loan of his sith; and, by the same token, I was to pay him for it; and depending on that, I didn't buy one, which I have been threatening to do for the last two years.' 'But why don't you go to Carrick and purchase one?' 'To Carrick!—Och, 'tis a good step to Carrick, and my toes are on the ground (saving your presence), for I depended on Tim Jarvis to tell Andy Cappler, the brogue-maker, to do my shoes; and, bad luck to him, the

spalpeen! he forgot it.' 'Where's your pretty wife, Shane?' 'She's in all the woe o' the world, Ma'am dear. And she puts the blame of it on me, though I'm not in the fault this time, any how: the child's taken the small pock, and she depended on me to tell the doctor to cut it for the cow-pock, and I depended on Kitty Cackle, the limmer, to tell the doctor's own man, and thought she would not forget it, because the boy's her bachelor—but out o' sight out o' mind—the never a word she could him about it, and the babby has got it natural, and the woman's in heart trouble (to say nothing o' myself);—and it the first, and all.' 'I am very sorry, indeed, for you have got a much better wife than most men.' 'That's a true word, my lady—only she's fidgetty like sometimes, and says I don't hit the nail on the head quick enough; and she takes a dale more trouble than she need about many a thing.' 'I do not think I ever saw Ellen's wheel without flax before, Shane?' 'Bad cess to the wheel!—I got it this morning about that too—I depended on John Williams to bring the flax from O'Flaharty's this day week, and he forgot it; and she says I ought to have brought it myself, and I close to the spot: but where's the good? says I, sure he'll bring it next time.' 'I suppose, Shane, you will soon move into the new cottage, at Clurn Hill. I passed it to-day, and it looked so cheerful; and when you get there, you must take Ellen's advice, and depend solely on yourself.' 'Och Ma'am dear, don't mention it—sure it's that makes me so down in the mouth, this very minit. Sure I saw that born blackguard, Jack Waddy, and he comes in here, quite innocent like—'Shane, you've an eye to 'Squire's new lodge,' says he. 'Maybe I have,' says I. 'I am y'er man,' says he. 'How, sa?' says I. 'Sure I'm as good as married to my lady's maid,' said he; and I'll spake to the 'Squire for you, my own self.' 'The blessing be about you,' says I, quite grateful,—and we took a strong cup on the strength of it; and depending on him, I thought all safe,—and what d'ye think, my lady? Why, himself stalks into the place—talked the 'Squire over, to be sure—and without so much as by y'er lave, sates himself and his new wife on the laase in the house; and I may go whistle.' 'It was a great pity, Shane, that you didn't go yourself to Mr. Clurn.' 'That's a true word for ye, Ma'am dear; but it's hard if a poor man can't have a frind to depend on.'"

The ensuing passage is for the benefit of our gentlemen readers.

"When Mr. Wortley met her, his very anxiety to render himself agreeable made him awkward; and here I really cannot avoid saying that English gentlemen, in general, do not know how to make love. I am sorry for it, and have sincerely pitied their *gawcherie*.—I suppose they find it unavoidable; it cannot be the fault of their heads, for their sagacity is proverbial; it cannot be the fault of their hearts, for the heart of an Englishman is the throne of every affectionate and noble feeling. I have often thought it was the fault of the climate; but of this I am certain, it is quite impossible to avoid laughing at their devotions, they pay them so strangely—never seem to know what to say—perhaps it goes off after a time—of that I cannot judge."

It would not be fair, after praising the pretty peasants, not to introduce one at least to our readers; we will take a sample by chance.

"Anty was a merry, laughing, blue-eyed lass, somewhat short, and without one good feature in her face; yet the gipsy was ea-

teemed pretty. It was really very provoking—she was any thing but pretty, and yet it was absolutely impossible to look on her face and think so; she had such coaxing smiles, and that heartfelt charm, a sweet low voice—‘an excellent thing in woman;’ and so many ‘ah do’s’ and ‘ah dont’s,’ and a trick of blushing—and blushes stealing over a pure white skin, are, it must be confessed, very agreeable things indeed; then there was a cheerfulness, a joyousness about her, perfectly irresistible: at wake or pattern, she had all the best boys at her command, and how she laughed at them! Anastasia M^{rs} Queen was a frequent visiter at the dilapidated castle; nay, was almost daily seen trudging towards it; her short scarlet cloak meeting the broad hem of her blue stuff petticoat, while the hood only half covered a profusion of deep but brown hair, (and here I feel it a duty to my country peasant-girls to say, that they generally have long and most luxuriant tresses, and, womanlike, are not a little proud of them); while from her well-turned but red arm hung a basket containing such presents as a Bannow maiden could present,—dried fish, or fresh cockles, delicate butter, barley or oat cakes, thin and curling, and new-laid eggs.”

In the style of Miss Mitford’s “Village,” though with more of interest in narrative, we cordially recommend these little volumes to all our readers with rural tastes, and even those who are not particularly pastoral will find much amusement in their animated pages.

Segur’s Russia (concluded).

WE promised some illustrations of the reign of Ivan IV. in this No. of our *Gazette*; and with these further examples of M. Segur’s style must close our review.

“The hideous scene opened by the naturalia of that court which the two preceding autocrats had suddenly called into existence, in the midst of coarse and brutal ignorance. Its nobles were barbarians, either upstarts or fallen from their pristine state. A great number of them were of the blood of Rurik. Formerly, the whole empire was the theatre of their ambition; its dilaceration, its division into appanages, their end; civil war their means: but, now that all was concentrated in the prince, their sole arena was his court; their end, the precarious power derived from favouritism; their means, intrigue; they were without rules, without manners, accordant to their novel situation; they knew no other restraint than an iron despotism, whose rude and ponderous mass had fallen into the hands of a female of blighted character, the mother of an infant who was only three years of age. Helena was the second regent of the Russians. Since the time of Olga, no similar instance had before occurred. Muscovite manners would have dictated that the widow of Vassili should be dead to the world; that a convent and a new name should have hidden her sorrows from public view; and the grandees were indignant to see the sceptre of Rurik in the hands of that Lithuanian widow, and of a lover, whom she dared to impose on them as a master. For four years, however, the impure couple kept their ground by means of despotism. That weapon, so illegitimate that it fits any hand that dares to wield it, gave an answer to all; to the indignation of the three uncles of Ivan, it replied by a lingering death in horrible dungeons; to their partisans,—by torture, the cord, and the axe; to those grandees who emigrated to Lithuania and Crimea, whence they brought back war,—by war and victory. But,

at length, crime did justice on crime; tortures were avenged by poison; the regent died suddenly, and the great boyards, of whom the majority were descended from princes of the blood, who formerly held appanages, seized upon the guardianship of that same despotism of which their ancestors had been the victims. In the foremost rank of these barbarians stood the Schuisky. They had long, and from father to son, been treated as the enemies of the grand-prince and of the state; their turn was now come to treat the state and its grand-prince as enemies. But the circle of their ambition was contracted amidst the crowd of other pretensions by which they were surrounded. They could only dilapidate the resources of the public, and of individuals, by their exactions; and avenge the fall of their ancestors, by the humiliations which they lavished on the heir of the grand-princes. The empire was a prey which they suffered the Tartars to rend in pieces, while they themselves exhausted it by their rapine and dissensions, and ensanguined it by their proscriptions, which they did not even deign to cover with the name of their royal ward; for the youthful Ivan was not spared any more than his subjects. His treasury was plundered, his domains were encroached upon; masters of his palace, the great boyards seemed hardly to endure his presence there; they delighted in degrading him. In his clownish brutality, Schuisky was seen to stretch forth his legs, and with the unworthy weight of his feet sully the descendant of so many sovereigns. The influence, however, of the Belsky, and of the primate, which was all at once increased by a Tartar invasion, awakened the patriotism of the nobles, restored some degree of order, and gave to the youthful Ivan a moment of dignity. But when the danger was over, the Schuisky reappeared; they surprised Moscow in the dead of the night, and made themselves masters of the palace; they pushed their brutal irruption even to the bed of their young master, whom they caused to pass suddenly from the calm of a sound sleep to all the palpitations of terror. From this refuge they violently dragged the primate, whom they ill treated, deposed, and replaced by another; and Prince Belsky, whom they murdered. Ivan supplicated them, but they disdained his prayers, and drowned them by vociferations; if he ordered, they took a pleasure in disobeying; if they saw him regret his mother, who had been their victim, their scoffs turned his filial piety into ridicule. Did his heart open to the soft and vivid friendships of childhood, they lacerated it, they tore from it the innocent object. In a council, they brutally apostrophised Vorontzof, who gave them umbrage; they darted on him like madmen, loaded him with blows, and rent with their feet the garments of the primate, who, touched by the entreaties of the grand-prince, implored them to spare the young boyard whom they wished to sacrifice. It was amidst these horrors that young Ivan reached his fourteenth year. The scene then changed, but in the personages only. This revolution was brought about by the Glinksky, who were kinsfolk of Ivan. All at once, in a hunting-party, an angry word, which they suggested to the grand-prince, thunderstruck the insolent Schuisky, and the whole train rushed immediately on that boyard, seized him, and threw him to the dogs, by which he was devoured. But his tyranny survived him; it was continued in the name of the prince. The Glinksky pushed him forward at their head in this path of blood and plunder. They allowed him to misuse his

recently acquired liberty. He squandered it in roaming without a purpose through his provinces, which were compelled to defray the charges; they were ruined by his costly presence, and astonished by his caprices. There, his unworthy kinsmen prompted him to punish without cause, and to reward beyond measure; glutting some with what was confiscated from others. They taught him not to think himself master, except when he was striking, except when he was causing to be tortured before his eyes the suppliants by whose entreaties he was wearied. These infamous beings made use of his youthful hand to massacre their enemies. Their dastardly subservience applauded his cruel sports, when he delighted himself with tormenting wild animals, and throwing down tame ones from the summit of his palace; when, in his disorderly rambles, he dashed old people to the ground, and trampled under the feet of his horses the women and children of Moscow. These ebullitions, this fermentation of the effervescent youth of a tyrant, had lasted three years, when, one day, he awoke in Moscow, surrounded by the flames of a horrible conflagration and the clamours of revolt. Ivan was only seventeen. Terror had been the first feeling of his infancy; long oppressed by its weight, his early youth had lately taken a delight in throwing it off upon the whole of his people; and now, from all points, that terror was rebounding back upon him in burning brands, in threatening cries, and in the blood of the Glinksky, whom the furious populace had torn in pieces. Amidst this universal disorder, Sylvester, a monk, one of those inspired personages who then traversed Russia, and who, like the Jewish prophets, or the derwishes, dared to stand up even against sovereigns, appeared in the presence of the frightened young despot. He approached him, the Gospel in his hand, his eye full of menace, his finger raised, and with a solemn voice he pointed out to him, in the surrounding flames, and blood, and furious cries, and the limbs of his dismembered kinsfolk, the wrath of Heaven, which his passions had at length aroused. To these terrific menaces he added the infallible effect of certain appearances then deemed supernatural; and thus working on this feeble mind, he became its master. Alexis Adascheff seconded Sylvester; they encircled the young tyrant with priests and able and prudent boyards; and, assisted by the young and virtuous Anastasia, his first and recently-married bride, they, during thirteen years, made Russia enjoy an unexpected felicity.

“Internally, every thing was bent down to earth; and yet the abject submission with which Ivan IV. was surrounded did not tranquillise him; his brain, shaken by the violent emotions of his infancy, and by his tyrant conscience, made ever present to him the phantom of a war of the public good. The strelitz did not suffice him; he formed a new guard of six thousand select men; in a word, of spies, informers, and assassins, ready to massacre all the grandees whom he might suspect to have the slightest memory of ancient independence. He chose his guards from the lower class, in order to be sure that envy would make them participate in the hatred which he felt. To these executioners he gave the property of their victims; and thus transferred eminence and nobility from those, who, having long possessed them, had any prejudices, pretensions, or habitudes whatever, to entirely new men, without principles, without prejudices even, and who thought themselves but too happy to bend to any thing that was required of them, so that they might accumu-

late riches. In his first fit of rage, several great boyards, of the family of Rurik, were put to death by beheading, poisoning, or impaling; their wives, their children, were driven by the knout into forests which echoed with their cries, and where they expired under the scourge. In a second paroxysm, he marched as a conqueror against the subjugated Novgorod; and, imagining that he imitated, or perhaps surpassed the victory of his grandfather, he pierced with his lance a throng of the unfortunate inhabitants, whom he had heaped together in a vast enclosure; and when at last his strength failed to second his fury, he gave up the remainder to his select guard, to his slaves, to his dogs, and to the opened ice of the Volkof, in which, for more than a month, these hapless beings were daily engulfed by hundreds. Then, declaring that his justice was satisfied, he retired; seriously recommending himself to the prayers of the survivors, who took special care not to neglect obedience to the orders of their terrestrial deity. Twer and Pakof also experienced his presence; Moscow, at length, again saw him, and on the same day the public square was covered by red-hot brasiers, enormous cauldrons of brass, and eighty gibbets. Five hundred of the most illustrious nobles, already torn by tortures, were dragged thither; some were massacred amidst the joyful acclamations of his savage satellites; but the major part of them expired under the protracted agony of being slashed with knives by the courtiers of the Muscovite monster. Neither were women spared any more than men; Ivan ordered them to be hanged at their own doors; and he prohibited their husbands from going out or in without passing under the corpses of their companions, till they dropped in decayed pieces upon them. Elsewhere, husbands or children were fastened dead to the places which they had occupied at the domestic table, and their wives or their mothers were compelled to sit for days opposite to these dear and lifeless remains. To the dogs and the bears which this raging madman delighted to let loose upon the people, was left the task of clearing the public square from the mutilated bodies which encumbered it. Every day he invented new modes of punishment, which his tyranny, jaded by so many excesses, still looked upon as insufficient. Very soon he required fratricides, parricides! Basmanof was compelled to kill his father; Prozorovsky, his brother! The monster next drowned eight hundred women; and, rummaging with atrocious cupidity the abodes of his victims, he, by dint of shocking tortures, compelled their remaining relations to point out the places in which their wealth was hidden. These confiscations, joined to monopolies, taxes, and conquests, accumulated in his palace the riches of the empire and of the Tartars. To this he joined those of the Livonians, whom he plundered, though he could not conquer them. In his long and fruitless wars against the Livonian knights, his transient successes were marked by frightful executions. The courageous resistance which the enemy opposed to him was, in his eyes, a revolt, and he ordered his prisoners to be thrown into boiling cauldrons, or spitted on lances, and roasted at fires which he himself stirred up. Setting himself above all laws, this lustful being married seven wives; even his daughter-in-law was forced to fly, terrified by his lasciviousness. To complete his usurpations, he assumed the manner of one who was inspired, and all those external signs which our bounded imagination attributes to the Divinity; he made himself god in the minds of his people. All that came

from his hand, blows, wounds, even the most degrading treatment, was received with resignation, nay, with adoration. In the blind and servile submission of this people, God and the Tsar were identified: their proverbial sayings bear witness to this; and to the influence of things and men was joined that of words, the power of which is more durable than it is sometimes imagined to be. Finally, in a humble supplication which was addressed to him by the most faithful of his subjects, his frenzy again saw a conspiracy of the boyards, of which the eldest of his three sons, and the only one who was capable of succeeding him, was to be the leader: transported with rage, the madman felled to the earth, with a mortal blow from a boar spear, this hope of his race, to expire himself soon after, consumed by regret without remorse, and giving orders for new executions."

These spirited pictures will suffice to indicate the ability and talent of the author; and with them we consign his volume to that extensive popularity which it is sure to enjoy.

The Botanical Miscellany. Part I. (to be continued quarterly.) By W. Jackson Hooker, LL.D. &c. J. Murray.

WE have here another new periodical addressed to the elucidation of an interesting branch of natural science, and from the eminent pen of Dr. Hooker. The object is stated to be, to give "figures and descriptions of such plants as recommend themselves by their novelty, rarity, or history, or by the uses to which they are applied in the arts, in medicine, and in domestic economy; together with occasional botanical notices and information." Of this design we cannot but cordially approve; and it affords us pleasure to see it so ably begun as it is in the first Part, now before us. It treats of the orders *Musci*, *Compositæ*, *Hepaticæ*, *Meliaceæ*, and other beautiful and useful plants, their generic characters, their varieties, their habitats, and occasional anecdotes, together with neat prints exhibiting the various distinguishing properties in flower, leaf, seed, stalk, &c. &c. &c. As these, however, cannot be illustrated by quotation, we must content ourselves with a few miscellaneous extracts, chosen rather for the sake of their own curious matter than as explanatory of the scientific system of the publication. The history of the mahogany-tree, for example, strikes us as being almost entirely novel, and to furnish some valuable particulars.

"The uses of mahogany wood (says Dr. H.) are too well known to render it necessary for me to mention them in this place; further than to say that almost all our valuable furniture is formed of it, and that it is peculiarly adapted to such purposes in consequence of its great beauty, hardness, and durability, by means of which it may be carved into splendid ornaments, and will take the most exquisite polish. It is said, too, to be almost indestructible by worms or in water, and to be bullet-proof: hence the Spaniards used to make their vessels of mahogany; and Capt. Franklin took with him to the shores of the Arctic Sea boats constructed in England of that wood, as being the lightest (in consequence of the thinness of the planks) and the most portable, combined with great strength. Although the Spaniards were, in all probability, the first to bring this wood into use, and although the French must be allowed to produce the most highly finished and ornamental work from it, it is into England that by far the largest importations of it are made, and where it is most extensively employed. Jamaica formerly yielded the greatest

quantity of this wood, and the old Jamaica mahogany is still reckoned, I believe, more valuable than that afforded by other countries. The quality depends much on the situation where the tree grows. In an elevated stony spot, where one would imagine there was scarcely soil to give nourishment to the roots, the wood is found to be of a superior grain and texture; whereas in low and alluvial situations, however vigorous and luxuriant the plant may be, the quality of the timber is always inferior, more light and porous, and of a paler colour.

"The first discovery of the beauty of mahogany wood is attributed to the carpenter on board Sir Walter Raleigh's ship, at the time that vessel lay in some harbour in the island of Trinidad, in 1595. Dr. Gibbons brought it into notice in England. He was an eminent physician about the end of the 17th or beginning of the 18th century; and a box for holding candles, and then a bureau, made of a block of mahogany, were given to him by his brother, a West Indian captain. At Honduras, a period of two hundred years is considered to be necessary from the time of the plant springing from seed to that of its perfection and fitness for cutting; an operation which commences about the month of August. The gangs of labourers employed in this work consist of from twenty to fifty each; but few exceed the latter number. They are composed of slaves and free persons, without any comparative distinction of rank; and it very frequently occurs that the conductor of such work, here styled the captain, is a slave. Each gang has also one person belonging to it termed the huntsman, who is generally selected from the most intelligent of his fellows; and his chief occupation is to search the woods, or, as it is called in this country, *the bush*, to find employment for the whole. Accordingly, about the beginning of August, the huntsman is despatched on his important mission, and if the owner be employed on his own ground, this is seldom a work of much labour or difficulty. He cuts his way into the most elevated situation among the thickest woods, where he climbs the tallest tree he can find, and thence minutely surveys the surrounding country. At this season the leaves of the mahogany-tree are invariably of a yellow-reddish hue; and an eye accustomed to this kind of exercise can, at a great distance, discern the places where the wood is most abundant. To such a spot are his steps directed; and, without compass or other guide than what his recollection affords, he never fails to reach the exact point at which he aims. On some occasions no ordinary stratagem is necessary to be resorted to by the huntsman, to prevent others from availing themselves of the advantage of his discoveries; for if his steps be traced by those who may be engaged in the same pursuit, which is a very common occurrence, all his ingenuity must be exerted to beguile them from the true scent. In this, however, he is not always successful, being followed by those who are entirely aware of the arts he may use, and whose eyes are so quick, that the slightest turn of a leaf, or the faintest impression of a foot, is unerringly perceived; even the dried leaves which may be strowed upon the ground often help to conduct to the secret spot; and it consequently happens that persons so engaged must frequently undergo the disappointment of finding an advantage they had promised to themselves, seized on by others. The hidden treasure being, however, detected, the next operation is the felling of a sufficient

Philadelphia, continued under Evergetes I. and Epiphane, terminated by Evergetes II. and Philometor, is entirely worthy of this period of decline. The portions of edifices built and decorated under the Romans are fewer; and when I quitted the island, I was surprised of this barbarous sculpture. I shall, however, stop there some days on my return, to complete the mythological part, and I shall amuse myself by examining the rocks of the first cataract, which are covered with historical inscriptions of the times of the Pharaohs.

We set sail from Philæ, to commence our voyage to Nubia, with a favourable wind. We passed Deboud without stopping, desiring to arrive as soon as possible at the extreme point of our journey. This little temple and the three pyramids are besides of modern date. On the 17th, at four o'clock in the afternoon, we were opposite the little monuments of Quarant, where I was not able to glean any thing. On the 18th we passed Taffah and Kainche, without landing. We then passed the tropic; and from that time, when we entered the torrid zone, we all trembled with cold, and were obliged to put on bernous and cloaks. That evening we slept beyond Dandour, not stopping to examine the temple. The next day, the 19th, we passed in the same manner the monuments of Ghirsche, which are of the good period, as well as a great temple at Dukkab, of the time of the Lagides. We landed in the evening at Miharrakah, an Egyptian temple of the lower ages, which was formerly converted into a Coptic church. On the 20th I stopped an hour at Ouadi Essebous, or the Valley of the Lions, so called from the sphinxes which adorn the dromos of a monument built in the reign of Sesostris; but a true provincial edifice, built of stones, joined together by mortar. At Derr or Derry I found a grotto temple, excavated in the rock, still preserving some bas-reliefs of the conquests of Rhameses the Great; and I collected there the names and the titles of seven sons and eight daughters of Pharaoh.

On the 24th, at sun-rise, we quitted Derry, passed by the ruined fort of Ibrim, and went to sleep on the eastern bank at Ghebel Mesmes, a most beautiful and well-cultivated country.

At length, on the 26th, at nine o'clock in the morning, I landed at Ypsamboul, where we remained also on the 27th. There I was able to enjoy the finest monuments of Nubia, but not without some difficulty. There are two temples entirely excavated in the rock, and covered with sculpture. The smallest is a temple of Hathor, dedicated by Queen Nofré-Ah, wife of Rhameses the Great, adorned on the outside with a façade, against which rise six colossi, each about thirty-five feet in height, also hewn in the rock, representing Pharaoh and his wife, having at their feet, the one his sons, the other her daughters, with their names and titles. These colossi are of excellent workmanship: their stature is slender, and their ornaments very elegant. I shall have very faithful drawings made of them. This temple is covered with beautiful bas-reliefs, and I have had drawings made of the most interesting.

The great temple of Ypsamboul is, alone, worth a voyage to Nubia. It is a wonder, which would be very fine even at Thebes. The labour which this excavation has cost terrifies the imagination. The façade is decorated by four seated colossi, which are not less than sixty-one feet in height. All four, of magnificent workmanship, represent Rhameses the Great. Their faces are portraits, and perfectly resemble the figures of that king which are at Memphis,

Thebes, and elsewhere. It is a work that deserves the highest admiration. Such is the entrance. The interior is entirely worthy of it, but it is a severe task to visit it. On our arrival, the sands, and the Nubians, who take care to heap them up, had closed the entrance. We had it cleared. We secured, as well as we could, the little passage which had been made, and took all possible precaution against the falling in of that infernal sand which, in Nubia as in Egypt, threatens to swallow up every thing. I threw off nearly all my clothes, and lay down flat at a small opening in a door, which, if cleared, would be at least 25 feet high. I fancied myself at the mouth of an oven, and, crawling entirely into the temple, found myself in an atmosphere heated to 51 degrees.* Rosellini, Ricci, myself, and one of our Arabs, went over this astonishing excavation, each holding a taper in his hand. The first hall is supported by eight pillars, against which lean as many colossi, each thirty feet high, and also representing Rhameses the Great. On the walls of this vast hall is a file of large historical bas-reliefs; one bas-relief, in particular, representing his triumphal car, accompanied by groups of Nubian, negro, and other prisoners, of the natural size, is a composition of the greatest beauty and effect. The other halls, of which there are sixteen, abound in beautiful religious bas-reliefs, which offer very curious particulars. The whole is terminated by a sanctuary, at the farther end of which are four fine statues in a sitting posture, much larger than life, and of very good workmanship. This group, representing Amon-Ra, Phré, Phte, and Rhameses the Great seated in the midst of them, deserved to have a new drawing made of it.

After two hours and a half spent in admiration, we felt the necessity of breathing a little fresh air, and returned to the entrance of the furnace, taking the necessary precautions on coming out. I put on two flannel waistcoats, a woollen bernous, and my great cloak, in which my people wrapped me up, as soon as I saw the light; and there, seated near one of the exterior colossi, whose immense leg defended me from the north wind, I rested for half an hour till I was rather cooler. This experimental visit proved to me that it is possible to remain two hours and a half or three hours in the temple without experiencing any difficulty of breathing, but only a weakness in the legs and joints; and thence I inferred, that on our return we shall be able to draw the historical bas-reliefs; working in parties of four at a time (not to expend too much air), and during two hours in the morning and two in the evening. It will be a severe campaign; but the result is so interesting, the bas-reliefs so beautiful, that I shall do my utmost to have them, as well as the legends, quite complete.

We quitted Ypsamboul on the morning of the 28th. Towards noon I stopped at Ghebel-Addeh, where is a small temple excavated in the rock. Most of its bas-reliefs have been covered with mortar by the Christians, who have adorned the new surface with paintings representing saints, particularly St. George on horseback; but by removing the mortar, I discovered that this temple had been dedicated to Thoth by King Horus, son of Amenophis Memnon, and I succeeded in having drawings made of three very interesting my-

* M. Champollion probably reckons by the centigrade thermometer, which, we believe, coincides with that of Réaumur; this would make the heat here stated nearly 147 deg. of Fahrenheit.

theological heresies. We then went to pass the night at Fava. On the 29th, an almost dead calm did not allow us to advance much beyond Fava; and on the 30th, at noon, we at length arrived at Ouedi Halfa, half a league from the second cataract, which is to us the pillar of Hercules.

It was not till yesterday that I set seriously to work. I have found here, on the western bank, the ruins of three edifices, but stones out of their places, which preserve only the end of the hieroglyphic legends. The first, which is the most to the north, is a small square building, without sculpture, and of very little importance. The second, on the contrary, interested me much. It was a temple, the walls of which were built of large unburnt bricks, the interior being supported by pillars of freestone and columns of the same material; but, like all those of the most ancient epochs, the columns resembled the Doric. This is the inimitable origin of the Greek orders. This first temple, dedicated to Horammon, was built under King Amempsiph II., son and successor of Thothmes III. (Morris), which I found by making my Arab sailors dig with their hands about some remains of pillars and columns where I perceived traces of hieroglyphic legends. I have been fortunate enough to find the end of the dedication of the temple on the fragments of the uprights of the first door. I have also discovered and caused to be cleared from the mud a great stele in a brick wall of the temple, surmounted with an art of adoration and the list of the gifts made to the temple by King Rhaman I., with three lines added for the same purpose by the Pharaoh his successor. Lastly, by the advice of Dr. Ricci, we set all our men to work with shovels and pickaxes in the cemetery, or rather the place which it had occupied, and we found there another great stele, of which the doctor made drawings, and which is very important, since it represents the god Mentem, one of the great divinities of Nubia, comforting and delivering to King Ousirma (of the 16th dynasty) all the people of Nubia, with the name of each of them inscribed on a sort of buckle fastened to the figure (knowing and bound), which represents each of these people, to the number of five. The following are their names, or rather those of the districts which they inhabited:—1. Arham; 2. (Dum); 3. Nebat; 4. Oucharkin; 5. Km. Three other names are entirely effaced. As for those which remain, I doubt whether they can be found in any Greek geographer; we ought to have the Strabo of 2000 years before the Christian era.

A second temple, which is larger, but as remote as the preceding, stands a little farther to the south; it is of the reign of Thothmes III. (Morris), also built of bricks, with pillars of the primitive brick. This was the great temple of the Egyptian town of Behent, of which this was the site, and which, from the extensive remains of pottery scattered in the place, which is now desert, seems to have been pretty considerable. It was, undoubtedly, the place by which the Egyptians kept in check the people between the first and second cataracts. This great temple was dedicated to Ammon-Ra and to Ptah, like most of the great monuments of Nubia. This is all that remains at Ouedi Halfa; and it is more than I expected at the first sight of the ruins.

To abbreviate this paper, we have omitted all the interesting details of the voyage, getting permission, &c. &c.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

At the annual general election on the 18th, the following alterations were made: Lord Stanhope honorary V.P. in the room of Lord Liverpool, deceased; acting V.P.'s, R. Wilson and W. R. Keith Douglas, Esq., in the room of Joseph Hume and W. Tooke, Esqrs. In the committee, the chairmen chosen were, Correspondence, G. Moore, Esq., pro Dr. Bantock; Chemistry, Dr. Bantock, pro M. Faraday, Esq.; Manufactures, H. Wilkinson, Esq., pro T. Winkworth, Esq.; Merchandise, B. Dunkin, Esq., pro T. Bramah, Esq.; Colonies and Trade, R. Twining, Esq., pro G. Twining, Esq.; the other officers remain as last year.

LONDON PHRENOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

MONDAY, April 26th. Joseph Hayes, Esq., in the chair.—Dr. Elliotson read a paper, in refutation of the remarks made by Dr. Barrow against phrenology, in his late work upon Insanity. His purpose was to shew, that Dr. Barrow had not only made various incorrect statements, and contradicted himself, but had not adduced a single fact against phrenology, or appeared to have read the works of the founder, Dr. Gall. Henry Bohlen, Esq. and Alfred Dowling, Esq., were admitted ordinary members of the Society.

ST. PAUL'S.

THE pleasure we have derived from contemplating that laborious undertaking, the Pantheon of London at the Colosseum, and the general expressions of surprise and admiration of persons of the most cultivated taste who are daily visiting this stupendous work, has confirmed the statements and opinions in our Gazette of January 17th and 31st. We revert again to this subject, from a mechanical novelty having been produced by Mr. Parrie, whose name is familiar to the public, but only as connected with the Colosseum, and with other works of art now exhibiting. That gentleman has invented an apparatus for getting at large domes, &c.; and its immediate application to the dome of St. Paul's renders it a subject of public interest.

It is well known that the difficulty of approaching the cupola, on which is painted the history of the apostle to whom the cathedral is dedicated, by Sir James Thornhill, is the principal cause of the neglect and gradual decay of the productions of that great man. The question has been often agitated, why they alone should have remained untouched at the time when the rest of the interior of the building was cleaned; which, from the contrast, renders the necessity of doing something to that part above the Whispering Gallery more absolute. The great expense of erecting a scaffold sufficient for that purpose, seems always to have been the principal difficulty—added to the want of experience of the present class of artists in the decorative department, which has indeed been on the decline for some years, and is now nearly lost in this country. The culture of this art, and with it the absence of that natural activity, endow, and knowledge of the distant effort of painting, particularly from so great an elevation, seemed to have left no hopes of any thing being ever done towards the restoration of the enrichments of that glorious edifice. All these objections are, however, at once removed, as we understand Mr. Parrie has constructed a model; and through the means of Mr. Cockrell, whose experience and judgment in all the details of scaffolding may be estimated by the restoration of his ingenious and dangerous removal of the old

ball and cross, and substituting the new on the summit of the building, has had it examined and approved. Mr. Cockrell, having seen Mr. Parrie's plan, has, with a disinterestedness worthy of public thanks, brought the invention under the notice of the authorities of St. Paul's, as a subject deserving their attention. The result has been, that a few days ago, Mr. Parrie submitted his model to the inspection of the dean and chapter, who highly complimented him for his ingenuity, and for the simplicity of the means offered for executing this needful work.

Thus every obstacle seems removed regarding the expense of scaffolding from the ground or base of the building; and we feel the greatest confidence that no time will be lost in removing that cause of universal regret, and of saving the labours of Sir James Thornhill from total annihilation.

Mr. P.'s original aim was historic painting, to which he devoted a considerable portion of his time; his anatomical knowledge of the figure is well known. We recollect an interesting picture of his, of large dimensions, exhibited at the British Gallery some years since: the subject was Christ blessing little children; but from the want of encouragement in that department, he relinquished it for the more profitable, though less dignified branches of the art. His exertions for the last three years, while engaged on the painting of London—his mechanical knowledge, displayed on several occasions, among which, his contrivances submitted to the Dean of St. Paul's, and which was actually used in a dome of nearly thirty feet more in diameter than that in question—seem to have given him advantages seldom combined in one individual.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

Oxford, April 17.—On Saturday last, being the last day of Lent Term, the honorary degree of Master of Arts was conferred on T. Pyrcroft, Esq., Commoner of Trinity College, the successful candidate for the readership in Logic lately given as a prize (as he is considered for by the junior members of the University) by Mr. Wynn.
(On the same day the following degrees were conferred: Doctor in Civil Law.—Rev. F. Warr, Preliminary of Wills, of Christ College, Grand canon of the diocese.
Bachelor in Civil Law.—Rev. J. C. Hall, Student of Christ Church.
Member of Arts.—Rev. G. H. Stoddart, Queen's College; Rev. N. Walsby, Marton College.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

On Thursday, St. George's Day, the annual election of officers, &c. of this Society took place, and the following was the result of the ballot:

George, Earl of Aberdeen, President; Thomas Amott, Esq., Treasurer; John Gage, Esq., Director, in the room of Mr. Markland (reigning); Nicholas Carls, Esq. and Henry Lunt, Esq., B.C.L., Secretaries.

On the Council remained—Lord Aberdeen, Mr. Amott, Mr. N. Lewis (Carlisle), Mr. Thoms, Mr. Lunt, Mr. Gage, Mr. Hudson (Barrow), Mr. Hallam, Mr. W. Rich. Hamilton, Mr. Markland, and Mr. C. W. Williams Wynn—and Mr. Bland, Mr. Britton, Mr. Ditcher, Mr. Lunt, Lord Farnborough, the Bishop of London, Mr. Lodge, Mr. G. Chantry, Mr. Phillips, Mr. Litherum, were elected in the room of Mr. Calry, the Bishop of Carlisle, Mr. Davies (Gilbert), Mr. E. Hartman, Mr. G. Hibbert, Dr. Merrick, Mr. Palgrave, Mr. Petrie, (apostrophe), and Earl Spencer, who went out by rotation.

After the election, about forty of the members dined together at Frodo's Tavern. Mr. Gagey in the chair.

share of attention at the present time is, that it is an early, vigorous, and uncompromising adversary of the papal power and religion.

Vindicia Ecclesie; or, the Church and its Champions, &c. 8vo. pp. 113. Hurst and Co.

THIS is a poetical (called by the writer, Mr. Orthos Pelham, a "righteous" rhapsody;" and addressed to the purpose of satirising Brunswickers and other opponents of the cause lately carried through the legislature. Of it we have only to say, that it displays smart party talents; but neither subject nor spirit are congenial to our literary pages, whatever they may be to one side of the political world.

Flowers of Fancy, exhibited in a Collection of Similes, taken from various Authors, and alphabetically arranged. By Henry Schultes. 8vo. London, 1829. Longman and Co.

THIS is a strange work,—the result of a great deal of readings, and yet hardly as applicable as the Rhyming Dictionary to the purposes of poetical composition. There is, however, a very good critical introduction, and the body of the volume contains a multitude of curious references, shewing how thousands of words, phrases, and illustrations, have been employed by many English authors of ancient and modern times.

Syllabic Spelling; or, a Summary Method of Teaching Children to Read, &c. By Mrs. Williams. 4th edition. 12mo. pp. 210. Whittaker and Co.

THE preface tells us that this edition is meant to clear up all the obscurities attendant upon the principles (of the *Sieur Berthoud*) and system which are the object of the writer to enforce, as "some persons have declared, after looking over the book, they could not form the least idea how it was to be used." Boeotians that we are, we must confess that we, even now, are compelled to join ourselves to the stupid band; for we really cannot make out any thing more than that, if this be a summary way of teaching to read, our lives would be too short to learn that useful art.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Ninth Letter of M. Champollion.

Ouadi-Halfa, the Second Cataract, Jan. 1, 1829.

I HAVE now arrived very happily at the farthest point of my voyage. Beyond it there are many monuments, but of little importance. I therefore stop here, and turn back, to begin seriously the examination of Nubia and Egypt, of which I have acquired a general idea in ascending the river: my labour really begins to-day, though I have already in my portfolio above 600 drawings; but so much remains to be done, that I am almost frightened at it. However, I hope to come off with honour, by eight months' exertion. I shall explore Nubia during the month of January; and about the middle of February I shall take up my residence at Thebes, where I shall remain till the middle of August. I shall descend the Nile rapidly, stopping only at Dendera and Abydos: the remainder is already in my portfolio.

My last letter was from Philæ. All is modern; that is to say, of the Greek and Roman times, with the exception of a little temple of Hathor, and of a propylon attached to the first pylon of the temple of Isis, which were built by the poor Nectanebo I. This, indeed, is the best part. The sculpture of the great temple begun

by Philadelphus, continued under Evergetes I. and Epiphanes, terminated by Evergetes II. and Philometor, is entirely worthy of this period of decline. The portions of edifices built and decorated under the Romans are worse; and when I quitted the island, I was very tired of this barbarous sculpture. I shall, however, stop there some days on my return, to complete the mythological part, and I shall indemnify myself by examining the rocks of the first cataract, which are covered with historical inscriptions of the times of the Pharaohs.

We set sail from Philæ, to commence our voyage to Nubia, with a favourable wind. We passed Deboud without stopping, desiring to arrive as soon as possible at the extreme point of our journey. This little temple and the three propylons are besides of modern date. On the 17th, at four o'clock in the afternoon, we were opposite the little monuments of Quartas, where I was not able to glean any thing. On the 18th we passed Taffah and Kalabche, without landing. We then passed the tropic; and from that time, when we entered the torrid zone, we all trembled with cold, and were obliged to put on bernous and cloaks. That evening we slept beyond Dandour, not stopping to examine the temple. The next day, the 19th, we passed in the same manner the monuments of Ghirsche, which are of the good period, as well as a great temple at Dakkeh, of the time of the Lagides. We landed in the evening at Miharrakah, an Egyptian temple of the lower ages, which was formerly converted into a Coptic church. On the 20th I stopped an hour at Ouadi Essebous, or the Valley of the Lions, so called from the sphinxes which adorn the domes of a monument built in the reign of Sesostri; but a true provincial edifice, built of stones, joined together by mortar. At Derr or Derry I found a pretty temple, excavated in the rock, still preserving some bas-reliefs of the conquests of Rhamses the Great; and I collected there the names and the titles of seven sons and eight daughters of Pharaoh.

On the 24th, at sun-rise, we quitted Derry, passed by the ruined fort of Ibrim, and went to sleep on the eastern bank at Ghebel Meames, a most beautiful and well-cultivated country.

At length, on the 26th, at nine o'clock in the morning, I landed at Ypsamboul, where we remained also on the 27th. There I was able to enjoy the finest monuments of Nubia, but not without some difficulty. There are two temples entirely excavated in the rock, and covered with sculpture. The smallest is a temple of Hathor, dedicated by Queen Nofré-Ari, wife of Rhamses the Great, adorned on the outside with a façade, against which rise six colossi, each about thirty-five feet in height, also hewn in the rock, representing Pharaoh and his wife, having at their feet, the one his sons, the other her daughters, with their names and titles. These colossi are of excellent workmanship: their stature is slender, and their ornaments very elegant. I shall have very faithful drawings made of them. This temple is covered with beautiful bas-reliefs, and I have had drawings made of the most interesting.

The great temple of Ypsamboul is, alone, worth a voyage to Nubia. It is a wonder, which would be very fine even at Thebes. The labour which this excavation has cost terrifies the imagination. The façade is decorated by four seated colossi, which are not less than sixty-one feet in height. All four, of magnificent workmanship, represent Rhamses the Great. Their faces are portraits, and perfectly resemble the figures of that king which are at Memphis,

Thebes, and elsewhere. It is a work that deserves the highest admiration. Such is the entrance. The interior is entirely worthy of it, but it is a severe task to visit it. On our arrival, the sands, and the Nubians, who take care to heap them up, had closed the entrance. We had it cleared. We secured, as well as we could, the little passage which had been made, and took all possible precaution against the falling in of that infernal sand which, in Nubia as in Egypt, threatens to swallow up every thing. I threw off nearly all my clothes, and lay down flat at a small opening in a door, which, if cleared, would be at least 25 feet high. I fancied myself at the mouth of an oven, and, crawling entirely into the temple, found myself in an atmosphere heated to 51 degrees.* Rosellini, Ricci, myself, and one of our Arabs, went over this astonishing excavation, each holding a taper in his hand. The first hall is supported by eight pillars, against which lean as many colossi, each thirty feet high, and also representing Rhamses the Great. On the walls of this vast hall is a file of large historical bas-reliefs; one bas-relief, in particular, representing his triumphal car, accompanied by groups of Nubian, negro, and other prisoners, of the natural size, is a composition of the greatest beauty and effect. The other halls, of which there are sixteen, abound in beautiful religious bas-reliefs, which offer very curious particulars. The whole is terminated by a sanctuary, at the farther end of which are four fine statues in a sitting posture, much larger than life, and of very good workmanship. This group, representing Amon-Ra, Phré, Phé, and Rhamses the Great seated in the midst of them, deserved to have a new drawing made of it.

After two hours and a half spent in admiration, we felt the necessity of breathing a little fresh air, and returned to the entrance of the furnace, taking the necessary precautions on coming out. I put on two flannel waistcoats, a woollen bernous, and my great cloak, in which my people wrapped me up, as soon as I saw the light; and there, seated near one of the exterior colossi, whose immense leg defended me from the north wind, I rested for half an hour till I was rather cooler. This experimental visit proved to me that it is possible to remain two hours and a half or three hours in the temple without experiencing any difficulty of breathing, but only a weakness in the legs and joints; and thence I inferred, that on our return we shall be able to draw the historical bas-reliefs; working in parties of four at a time (not to expend too much air), and during two hours in the morning and two in the evening. It will be a severe campaign; but the result is so interesting, the bas-reliefs so beautiful, that I shall do my utmost to have them, as well as the legends, quite complete.

We quitted Ypsamboul on the morning of the 28th. Towards noon I stopped at Ghebel-Addeh, where is a small temple excavated in the rock. Most of its bas-reliefs have been covered with mortar by the Christians, who have adorned the new surface with paintings representing saints, particularly St. George on horseback; but by removing the mortar, I discovered that this temple had been dedicated to Thoth by King Horus, son of Aménophis Memnon, and I succeeded in having drawings made of three very interesting my-

* M. Champollion probably reckons by the centigrade thermometer, which, we believe, coincides with that of Réaumur: this would make the heat here stated nearly 147 deg. of Fahrenheit.

thological bas-reliefs. We then went to pass the night at Faras. On the 29th, an almost dead calm did not allow us to advance much beyond Serré; and on the 30th, at noon, we at length arrived at Ouadi Halfa, half a league from the second cataract, which is to us the pillars of Hercules.

It was not till yesterday that I set seriously to work. I have found here, on the western bank, the ruins of three edifices, but stones out of their places, which preserve only the end of the hieroglyphic legends. The first, which is the most to the north, is a small square building, without sculpture, and of very little importance. The second, on the contrary, interested me much. It was a temple, the walls of which were built of large unburnt bricks, the interior being supported by pillars of freestone and columns of the same material; but, like all those of the most ancient epochs, the columns resembled the Doric. This is the incontestable origin of the Greek orders. This first temple, dedicated to Horammon, was built under King Amenophis II., son and successor of Thouthmosis III. (Mœris), which I found by making my Arab sailors dig with their hands about some remains of pillars and columns where I perceived traces of hieroglyphic legends. I have been fortunate enough to find the end of the dedication of the temple on the fragments of the uprights of the first door. I have also discovered and caused to be cleared from the sand a great stela in a brick wall of the temple, inscribed with an act of adoration and the list of the gifts made to the temple by King Rhameses I., with three lines added for the same purpose by the Pharaoh his successor. Lastly, by the advice of Dr. Ricci, we set all our men to work with shovels and pickaxes in the sanctuary, or rather the place which it had occupied, and we found there another great stela, of which the doctor made drawings, and which is very important, since it represents the god Mandon, one of the great divinities of Nubia, conducting and delivering to King Osortasen (of the 16th dynasty) all the people of Nubia, with the name of each of them inscribed on a sort of buckler fastened to the figure (kneeling and bound), which represents each of these people, to the number of five. The following are their names, or rather those of the districts which they inhabited:—1. Schamik; 2. Osou; 3. Schoat; 4. Oscharkin; 5. Kos. Three other names are entirely effaced. As for those which remain, I doubt whether they can be found in any Greek geographer; we ought to have the Strabo of 2000 years before the Christian era.

A second temple, which is larger, but as ruinous as the preceding, stands a little farther to the south; it is of the reign of Thouthmosis III. (Mœris), also built of bricks, with pillars of the primitive Doric. This was the great temple of the Egyptian town of Beheni, of which this was the site, and which, from the extensive remains of pottery scattered in the plain, which is now desert, seems to have been pretty considerable. It was, undoubtedly, the place by which the Egyptians kept in check the people between the first and second cataracts. This great temple was dedicated to Ammon-Ra and to Phré, like most of the great monuments of Nubia. This is all that remains at Ouadi Halfa; and it is more than I expected at the first sight of the ruins.

[To abbreviate this paper, we have struck out all the unimportant details of the voyage, getting provisions, &c.—Ed.]

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

AT the annual general election on the 15th, the following alterations were made: Lord Stanhope honorary V.P. in the room of Lord Liverpool, deceased; acting V.P.'s, R. Wilson and W. R. Keith Douglas, Esq., in the room of Joseph Hume and W. Tooke, Esqrs. In the committees, the chairmen chosen were, *Correspondence*, G. Moore, Esq., *pro* Dr. Bostock; *Chemistry*, Dr. Bostock, *pro* M. Faraday, Esq.; *Manufactures*, H. Wilkinson, Esq., *pro* T. Winkworth, Esq.; *Mechanics*, B. Donkin, Esq., *pro* T. Bramah, Esq.; *Colonies and Trade*, R. Twining, Esq., *pro* G. Twining, Esq.: the other officers remain as last year.

LONDON PHRENOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

MONDAY, April 20th. Joseph Hayes, Esq. in the chair.—Dr. Elliotson read a paper, in refutation of the remarks made by Dr. Burrows against phrenology, in his late work upon Insanity. His purpose was to shew, that Dr. Burrows had not only made various incorrect statements, and contradicted himself, but had not adduced a single fact against phrenology, or appeared to have read the works of the founder, Dr. Gall. Henry Behnes, Esq. and Alfred Dowling, Esq., were admitted ordinary members of the Society.

ST. PAUL'S.

THE pleasure we have derived from contemplating that laborious undertaking, the Panorama of London at the Colosseum, and the general expressions of surprise and admiration of persons of the most cultivated taste who are daily visiting this stupendous work, has confirmed the statements and opinions in our *Gazette* of January 17th and 31st. We revert again to this subject, from a mechanical novelty having been produced by Mr. Parris, whose name is familiar to the public, not only as connected with the Colosseum, but with other works of art now exhibiting. That gentleman has invented an apparatus for getting at large domes, &c.; and its immediate application to the dome of St. Paul's renders it a subject of public interest.

It is well known that the difficulty of approaching the cupola, on which is painted the history of the apostle to whom the cathedral is dedicated, by Sir James Thornhill, is the principal cause of the neglect and gradual decay of the productions of that great man. The question has been often agitated, why they alone should have remained untouched at the time when the rest of the interior of the building was cleaned; which, from the contrast, renders the necessity of doing something to that part above the Whispering Gallery more absolute. The great expense of erecting a scaffold sufficient for that purpose, seems always to have been the principal difficulty—added to the want of experience of the present class of artists in the decorative department, which has indeed been on the decline for some years, and is now nearly lost in this country. The oblivion of this art, and with it the absence of that natural activity, coolness, and knowledge of the distant effect of painting, particularly from so great an elevation, seemed to have left no hopes of any thing being ever done towards the restoration of the enrichments of that glorious edifice. All these objections are, however, at once removed, as we understand Mr. Parris has constructed a model; and through the means of Mr. Cockerell, whose experience and judgment in all the difficulties of scaffolding may be estimated by the recollection of his ingenious and dangerous removal of the old

ball and cross, and substituting the new on the summit of the building, has had it examined and approved. Mr. Cockerell, having seen Mr. Parris's plan, has, with a disinterestedness worthy of public thanks, brought the invention under the notice of the authorities of St. Paul's, as a subject deserving their attention. The result has been, that a few days ago, Mr. Parris submitted his model to the inspection of the dean and chapter, who highly complimented him for his ingenuity, and for the simplicity of the means offered for executing this needful work.

Thus every obstacle seems removed regarding the expense of scaffolding from the ground or base of the building; and we feel the greatest confidence that no time will be lost in removing that cause of universal regret, and of saving the labours of Sir James Thornhill from total annihilation.

Mr. P.'s original aim was historic painting, to which he devoted a considerable portion of his time: his anatomical knowledge of the figure is well known. We recollect an interesting picture of his, of large dimensions, exhibited at the British Gallery some years since: the subject was Christ blessing little Children; but from the want of encouragement in that department, he relinquished it for the more profitable, though less dignified branches of the art. His exertions for the last three years, while engaged on the painting of London—his mechanical knowledge, displayed on several occasions, among which, his contrivance submitted to the Dean of St. Paul's, and which was actually used in a dome of nearly thirty feet more in diameter than that in question—seem to have given him advantages seldom combined in one individual.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

Oxford, April 17.—On Saturday last, being the last day of Lent Term, the honorary degree of Master of Arts was conferred on T. Pycroft, Esq. Commoner of Trinity College, the successful candidate for the readership in India, lately given as a prize (to be contended for by the junior members of this University), by Mr. Wynn.

On the same day the following degrees were conferred: Doctor in Civil Law.—Rev. F. Warr, Prebendary of Wells, of Oriel College, grand compunctus; Bachelor in Civil Law.—Rev. J. C. Hall, Student of Christ Church.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. G. H. Stoddart, Queen's College; Rev. N. Wodehouse, Merton College.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

ON Thursday, St. George's Day, the annual election of officers, &c. of this Society took place, and the following was the result of the ballot:

George, Earl of Aberdeen, *President*; Thomas Amyot, Esq., *Treasurer*; John Gage, Esq., *Director*, in the room of Mr. Markland (resigned); Nicholas Carlisle, Esq. and Henry Ellis, Esq., B.C.L., *Secretaries*.

On the Council remained—Lord Aberdeen, Mr. Amyot, Mr. Nicholas Carlisle, Mr. Douce, Mr. Ellis, Mr. Gage, Mr. Hudson Gurney, Mr. Hallam, Mr. W. Rich. Hamilton, Mr. Markland, and Mr. C. W. Williams-Wynn;—and Mr. Bland, Mr. Britton, Mr. Dibdin, Mr. Ellis, Lord Farnborough, the Bishop of Llandaff, Mr. Lodge, Sir G. Ouseley, Mr. Phillips, Mr. Uttersoun, were elected in the room of Mr. Caley, the Bishop of Carlisle, Mr. Davies Gilbert, Mr. E. Hawkins, Mr. G. Hibbert, Dr. Meyrick, Mr. Palgrave, Mr. Petrie, Captain Sabine, and Earl Spencer, who went out by rotation.

After the election, about forty of the members dined together at Freemasons' Tavern: Mr. Gurney in the chair.

KING'S COLLEGE.

If there be any danger to the Protestant religion from the recent concessions made to our Roman catholic fellow-subjects, it ought surely to be an object with every individual who is truly, and from conviction, attached to the primitive tenets of Christianity, to rally round and support, with increased zeal, such institutions as tend not only to uphold, but to diffuse the principles of a liberal Christian education, and the practices of a pure, and rational, and essentially holy religion. Amongst these institutions, there is none which more truly deserves this character than the projected Royal College; and knowing, as we do, how rigid are the safeguards which are provided by its intended constitution against its being at any time converted into an engine hostile to the established faith of these realms, we feel confident that a numerous and brilliant attendance of its supporters will consummate this noble enterprise with their "*esto perpetua*" at the meeting of the 16th of May, when his Grace of Canterbury will both confer and derive honour from presiding on an occasion so entirely worthy of his amiable and exalted character.

Mr. Buckingham's Lectures at Almack's.—During the week Mr. Buckingham delivered his series of lectures on the geography, antiquities, climate, government, manners, productions, &c. &c. of the Eastern World. These lectures are exceedingly interesting; and though perhaps rather too long (for Almack's), the unrestrained and animated manner of the lecturer, and the occasional introduction of well-told anecdote, keeps *ennui* wholly at a distance.

His first lecture in these rooms was on Monday,—the country he chose for his subject Egypt. Tuesday's lecture embraced Arabia; and on Wednesday, Palestine and Syria were treated of.

FINE ARTS.

SUFFOLK STREET GALLERY.

(Fifth Notice.)

We proceed to select a few subjects for remark from the North Room.

No. 249. *Landscape, with Cattle.* J. Dearman.—In this, as in a larger painting already noticed, Mr. Dearman has evidently chosen Cuypp as his model, and in so doing he may have done well; but it is one thing to take a hint from a favourite master, and another to look at nature entirely through the medium of his works. Here, the sky is Cuypp, the effect of light is Cuypp, and all but the figures and the finished pencil is Cuypp. We therefore say to this young artist, as Peter Pindar said to Gainsborough, when he found him copying too largely from Snyders:

"An eye, an ear, a mouth, a nose,
Were modesty, one might suppose;
But, hang it! you must not smuggle the whole dog!"

No. 243. *Phasianus Amherstia*, &c. G. Stevens. This is a well-executed performance; but so curious and interesting a specimen of ornithology, sparkling like a gem, hardly required so much surrounding gloom to set it off.

No. 241. *A Friar collecting Herbs.* Mrs. Henderson.—Though placed too high for particular inspection, there is enough of character and effect visible in this clever work to prove its claims to attention. The simplicity of design, and the harmonious tone of the colouring, both appear to be deserving of praise.

No. 257. *Wreck off the French Coast.* J.

W. Allen.—A tremendous scene, faithfully transferred to canvas.

No. 258. *Landscape and Cattle, from Nature.* W. R. Earl.—A sweet and pleasing exhibition of nature, which forms an admirable contrast to the work just mentioned.

No. 260. *Benevolence.* H. B. Zeigler.—The subject of this picture is not very obvious; for the little group which gives it its title is merged in the landscape composition. The latter is executed with skill; but we regret that Mr. Zeigler did not make his figures more prominent.

No. 260. *Italian Girls Spinning.* J. Hollins.—Mr. Hollins has given a grace and character to his girls superior to the ordinary employment in which they are engaged. It is an interesting picture, and shows the artist's taste and powers for the higher walks of his profession.

No. 327. *Muscle-Gatherers.* A. Fraser.—In a good style of art. Mr. Fraser keeps his ground (as an Hibernian would say) both on land and on water.

No. 284. *Savoyards.* R. Edmonstone.—Mr. Edmonstone, we think, was the first to give an interest, through the medium of art, to these young itinerant musicians, and he has certainly been one of the most successful in the use of them as models.

No. 298. *Portrait of a Lady.* Miss Daniell.—An elegant and tasteful performance.

No. 308. *Property of Cadland, the property of his Grace the Duke of Rutland.* R. B. Davis.—No one knows better how and when to throw an effect of chiaroscuro over his animals, or how and when to mingle the picturesque in his works, than Mr. Davis. He knows also when the singleness of his subjects requires, with a reference to the exhibition of its points and beauty, the absence of the interference of other objects near or remote; and this he accomplishes without being common-place.

No. 317. *The Harvest Dinner.* W. Shayer.—Well imagined, and, generally speaking, well executed. The composition is good, and the varied foliage pleasingly picturesque. The part opposed to the sky is, however, in our opinion a little too hard, and somewhat formal in shape.

No. 334. *The Wye and Severn, with Chestow Castle, from Wind Cliff.* J. Glover.—As in all Mr. Glover's works, the aerial perspective and tints are beautifully represented.

No. 339. *On the Coast of Sussex—Morning.* E. Child.—To the lazy and fashionable bards of modern days, who will not have their slumbers disturbed at so early an hour, and who yet choose to write about "the dawn," it may be useful to vouch, from our own observation, for the accuracy of this representation of the approach of morning light.

No. 342. *A Mill.* A. Stannard.—Had we seen only the title in the catalogue, and the name of the artist, our imagination would have gone to work with the broken and picturesque character of the subject; nor should we have been disappointed when we beheld the real performance. We might say much the same of No. 349, *Landscape*, by J. Stark. Examples like these shew with what advantage the Flemish school may be studied by our artists, without any sacrifice of local truth.

No. 358. *Girl at the Spring.* J. Boaden.—We have seen enough of Mr. Boaden's works to know that if he chooses to take nature as his model, no one can impart a more appropriate character to his subject. In this instance, however, the artificial is much too prevalent. Instead of a simple and unconscious rustic, his girl at the spring is a coquetish lass, standing

up as if to be admired, or to have "her picture drawn."

No. 364. *The Hearty Squeeze.* R. W. Bass.—This dramatic scene between a robust country squire and an effeminate town dandy, is exceedingly entertaining. The contrasted expression of the squeezer and the squeezed is admirable; and we almost sympathize with the pallid sufferer, whose distorted features and writhing limbs shew that a shake of the hand may shake the whole frame. The accessories of the picture are also remarkably well painted.

Besides the portrait of Mr. Adolphus, to which we formerly adverted, this room contains several well deserving of notice, among which are No. 336, *Portrait of a Lady*, S. Howell, which in character and costume is truly admirable; No. 324, *Portrait of G. Hadley, Esq.*, C. Ambrose; No. 323, *Portrait of a Lady*, H. Meyer; No. 326, *Portrait of J. Carpus, Esq.*, S. J. Stamp; and No. 363, *Portrait of a Gentleman*, T. Clatter. The last-mentioned artist has, we think, added portraiture to his talent for familiar life very successfully.

[To be continued.]

MR. WEST'S PICTURES.

WE perceive with pain that the splendid collection of pictures painted by the late venerable President of the Royal Academy, which has been exhibiting in Newman Street for some years past, is advertised to be disposed of by auction next month. That this numerous and highly interesting collection, from which Mr. West derived so much justly-merited fame, should be dispersed over the face of the world, as it probably will be, thereby depriving our own country of the credit of possessing so great an ornament entire, is deeply to be lamented. The complaint is certainly a just one, that works of art of the highest order have not met among us with the encouragement which they deserve. Yet there is probably no medium so active in operating on the better feelings of our nature as graphic representations; and of painting, it may be more appropriately said than of the stage, that its effects are

"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind, in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold."

The execution of such elaborate and highly-finished productions as those to which we refer, requires not only brilliant genius, extraordinary vigour, and persevering industry; the sustaining hand of a liberal patronage is likewise indispensable. This was munificently held forth by his late Majesty, who, we are informed, conferred on Mr. West a thousand pounds per annum, to enable him to maintain his family in the respectability suitable to the elevated station he had attained, unshackled and undisturbed by worldly considerations. During the progress of the great works which his late Majesty graciously commissioned Mr. West to undertake, it was generally understood that on their completion an adequate remuneration would have rewarded the exertion of the distinguished artist's talents, and the exclusive occupation of the greatest portion of his long life. To this Mr. West was encouraged to look forward as a future provision for his family. These works were still proceeding, when an event occurred, deeply lamented by the whole nation, and to Mr. West in particular, producing effects which he could not have anticipated, and ought not to have experienced. About the year 1810, the payment of the income so considerably bestowed upon him by his royal patron was suddenly

suspended; and his hopes of future compensation were completely extinguished; and this, too, at a period when he had attained to the advanced age of seventy-two years. He had now, therefore, in the decline of life, and at the very time at which he had fondly anticipated the enjoyment of the reward of his labours, to struggle with adverse circumstances, and to bear up against impending ruin. With the renovated energy of youth, he subsequently designed and executed two of the most surprising and successful efforts of his genius, "Christ rejected by the Jews," and "Death on the Pale Horse;" compositions which, whether we consider the magnitude of their dimensions, the vigour of their conception, or their masterly execution, stand unrivalled in modern art.

If any collection of pictures can be considered of national interest, it is that formed by the works of the late President. The subjects are principally taken from the sacred writings, on which our holy religion is founded; from the history of the country, on which the glory of the nation is built; or from the classic authors, to whom the poetic minds of her sons are indebted for their most refined conceptions, and by whom they have been led to imitative acts of valour and patriotism. We repeat, therefore, our regret at the dispersion which will probably so soon take place; and we may live to see the time when the country will regret having reduced the immediate heirs of this great master to the necessity of disposing of his works by public sale.

MODERN SCULPTURE.

ANOTHER peep at Mr. Thom's "Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnny" has confirmed, and indeed increased, the high opinion which a hasty glance induced us to pronounce upon them in our last No. When it is considered that they are the first works of a young country stone-mason, who had never seen a statue in his life, and who had had no opportunity of applying himself to those preparatory studies in which many artists spend so large a portion of time; and when it is considered that (as we understand) he commenced them at once, from the block, without having made any previous drawings or models,—they appear little less than miraculous. If any thing were wanting to confound the cold metaphysical reasoners who contend that there is no such quality as genius, these statues would assuredly supply the deficiency. They go a great way also to shake, if they do not entirely overthrow, the long-received opinion, that sculpture ought not to enjoy the range of painting, but ought strictly to confine itself to the representation of lofty or tragic character and expression. Unfeigned, however, as is our admiration of what Mr. Thom has thus produced, we should only flatter him, if we maintained that he had nothing to acquire. But we do most earnestly hope that he will not be so ungrateful to nature, who has done so much for him, as to desert her school; and that what he has yet to learn, and which regards details principally, he will learn where he has already profited so largely. We are the more solicitous on this head, because we well know that he will speedily be surrounded by persons who will continually prate to him about the antique and the classical. For the refined works of ancient art we have the greatest reverence; but is the human mind to be doomed perpetually to tread a beaten path? Poetry has long given up the heathen mythology; and none but school-boys and school-girls now rhyme about Mars, Venus,

Apollo, "and the rest." Why are not the arts of design, occasionally at least, to follow their sister's example? One of the greatest charms of this young man's productions is their originality. Let him never sacrifice it. Let him scorn to be an imitator. Into close study we trust he will plunge; but let it be the study of life, breathing around him; let it not be study at second, or third, or fourth hand.

It is but justice to Mr. Thom to remark, that his statues are seen to exceeding disadvantage in the room in which they are at present placed. They are illuminated only by a reflection from a brick wall. The consequence is, that the lights are dim, and that the shadows want sharpness. As the material of which the figures are composed is itself of a middle tint, the indistinctness thus occasioned impairs, although it cannot destroy, their effect.

MR. HAYDON.—This able painter's picture of Eucles is about to be withdrawn, that it may be finished; and we are glad to hear that it has not appealed to the public in vain. Mr. Haydon's Pharaoh dismissing Moses (hitherto but imperfectly seen) is next to be exhibited: it is decidedly one of the artist's very best small pictures.

Paintings collected by the late Richard Mortimer, Esq. of Percy Street.—The artist and the amateur will find much in this collection to admire, and something (for the hand of Time has been at work) to discover out of hidden beauties and uncertain forms. But the main character which the collection bears, is the stamp of good taste and genuine art. The grand picture by Rembrandt, of Haman, Esther, and Ahasuerus, is certainly a splendid production: Of its character and composition we cannot speak too highly; and the colouring and chiaroscuro are in the first style of the master. There is a very clever picture by Albert Cuyp of Morning,—preparing for the Chase; a Harbour Scene and Calm by Dubbels—a performance that would not disgrace the pencil of the best Flemish artists in scenes of this kind. There are in all fifty-five pictures, among which are some rare and valuable paintings of the old masters.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

PICTURE OF CHINA.—NO. II.

WE have much pleasure in continuing our extracts from the Canton Journal, at once so novel and so curiously illustrative of China at the present time.

"No corpse is allowed to enter the gates of Peking without an imperial order; because, it is said, a rebel entered in a coffin during the reign of Kienlung. However, even at Canton, and in all other cities of the empire, no corpse is permitted to enter the southern gate, because the Emperor of China sits on his throne with his face towards the south."

"The emperor has been absent from the capital to the eastward to deposit the remains of the late empress his mother in their resting-place, and to pour out libations to her manes. He visited also the felicitous ground where he looks onward to dwell ten thousand years—his own mausoleum, which he found completed in a most substantial and satisfactory manner. The great officers engaged in superintending the works have all been graciously rewarded; and the people through whose grounds his route lay having been much inconvenienced by the great retinue which attended him, have

had half the land-tax for the current year remitted.

"Canton, Jan. 31st.—To-day the six men mentioned in the following document appeared before Messrs. Majoribanks, Jackson, Lindsay, and Astell, knelt down and returned thanks, in the Chinese manner, for the providential deliverance mentioned in the paper itself. Dr. Morrison handed a Chinese paper to them, stating that the English gentlemen considered what they had done as a duty which the supreme Ruler required of every man towards his fellow-creatures; and all the recompense they desired was, that the men whose lives had been saved would imitate the example set them, should it ever be their lot to meet with a drowning human being, whether native or foreigner. Mr. Jackson then delivered to them 270 dollars which had been subscribed for their relief, as the junk and cargo were completely lost. The old man of the village took away the Chinese document to shew it to others, and engrave it upon a stone, to perpetuate the advice contained in it. As the Tungkoon district is on the banks of the Canton river, from First Bar down as far as Chuenpee, there is reason to hope this occurrence may excite a feeling of humane exertion on the part of the native population. Old Wongyaming presented four copies of the thanksgiving document: one for the committee, and one each for Messrs. Jackson, Lindsay, and Astell.

"Translation.—We, Wonghestick and the others (undersigned) are natives of the villages Sungwantze and Yumowsha, in the district Tangkoonune, under the Foo of Kwongchou, in the province of Kwongting. Having been at the village Chintsune (in Shuntak district, where a great fair or market is held) to trade, we were returning home in a junk, on the 12th of the 12th moon of the 7th year of the reign of Taoukwang, when passing the Lion's Reach (Second Bar), we met with a sudden and unexpected great gust of wind, which upset the boat and sunk us in the water, where we were gradually approaching the point of death, having scarcely any breath left in us. Thanks to the English supercargoes, Jackson and others, who, a long way off, observed us, and immediately themselves came in three boats, with haste saved us and took us into their chop-boat, where they employed every means to restore us ere we were resuscitated—we have received from them life-giving favour and re-creating virtue. Further, we have to thank them for bestowing on us money to pay our expenses home, for clothes, and other things. When we got home, we proclaimed the occurrence every where, and there was not a man in the village who did not reverently praise the great virtue of these gentlemen. Therefore, the village squire and old man (Wongtowyoong and Wongyaming) led forth the four men, Wonghestick, &c., to go in person to Canton, to knock head and return thanks for this illustrious goodness. Again we have to return thanks for the bestowment of much gold to make up our loss, and to provide us clothes and food. This really is favour upon favour! Who has ever done this? What shall we do to recompense it? We shall at home erect a gold-lettered tablet, with the names of our deliverers inscribed; and knock head and return thanks, praying that they may enjoy long life, riches, and honours. And abroad we shall spread their names and disperse the fame of their virtues. This return for such illustrious goodness is but a ten thousandth part of what we owe. Especially to state these things we

present this petition. Before Mr. Jackson's bar to render thanks.

"Wonghestick, Laechongseep, Leongshingt-sim, Laemantsune.

"Knock head and worship a hundred times."

"*The New Year.*"—The Chinese make their new year commence on the new moon nearest to the time when the sun's place is in the 15th degree of Aquarius. It is the greatest festival observed in the empire. Both the government and the people, rich and poor, take a longer or shorter respite from their cares and their labours at the new year. The last day of the old year is an anxious time to all debtors and creditors, for it is the great pay-day, and those who cannot pay are abused and insulted, and often have the furniture of their houses all smashed to pieces by their desperate creditors. On the 20th of the 12th moon, by an order from court, all the seals of office throughout the empire are locked up, and not opened till the 20th of the 1st moon. By this arrangement there are thirty days of rest from the ordinary official business of government. They attend, however, to extraordinary cases. During the few last days of the old year, the people perform various domestic rites. On one evening they sweep clean the furnace and the hearth, and worship the god of their domestic fires. On new year's eve they perfume hot water with the leaves of wongpe and pumelo trees, and bathe in it. At midnight they arise and dress in the best clothes and caps they can procure; then, towards heaven, kneel down and perform the great imperial ceremony of knocking the forehead on the ground thrice three times. Next they illuminate as splendidly as they can, and pray for felicity towards some domestic idol. Then they visit all the gods in the various surrounding temples, burn candles, incense, gilt paper, make bows, and prostrate pray. These services to the gods being finished, they sally forth about day-light in all directions to visit friends and neighbours, leaving a red paper card at each house: some stay at home to receive visitors. In the house, sons and daughters, servants and slaves, all dress and appear before the heads of the family to congratulate them on the new year. After new year's day, drinking and carousing, visiting and feasting, idleness and dissipation, continue for weeks. All shops are shut, and workmen idle for a longer or shorter period, according to the necessities or the habits of the several parties. It is in Canton generally a month before the business of life returns to its ordinary channel."

SIGHTS OF LONDON.

LONDON never was so full of sights: we shall just trace our last day's round.

The Water-Colour Exhibition, which opens on Monday with no fewer than four hundred productions, of the least striking of which we might fairly pronounce the epithet of beautiful. If possible, it is superior to former years for variety and interest: it is indeed of age at this its twenty-first birth-day! We are sorry we cannot, this week, particularise: we can only say that Fielding, Robson, Prout, Barret, Dewint, Hills, Wild, Stephanoff, Richter, Varley, Harding, Cristall, Cox, Hunt, Mackenzie, and all those artists who have so much

charmed the public before, are as high as ever; and that among newer names we notice two Misses Sharpe as the authors of several exquisite performances.

From the delightful to the horrible is but a step. Burford's Panorama of Pandemonium, in Leicester Square, is an appalling scene, from Milton, and painted, we may truly observe, with both spirit and fire.

And yet more horrible is it to view the model of the prison of the Holy Inquisition at Coimbra in Portugal, one of the cleverest things of its kind that we ever saw. It takes to pieces most ingeniously; and we advise our readers to lose no time in seeing this specimen, which affords a perfect idea of the infernal system pursued by that monstrous tribunal.

Six paintings by Hogarth. Mr. Carpenter, we hear, has bought two. We have seen two at Penny's Gallery in Pall Mall. These are in the coarser manner of Hogarth, if by that eminent master.

Poor Chuney's skeleton, alas! at the Egyptian Hall: Polito's menagerie in full glory at Charing Cross Mews.

Though last, not least, a lady with a beard eight inches long, whiskers and mustachios to match. He-she exhibits somewhere about St. James's; and the dandies are leaving off the wear of the above articles in consequence.

We had almost forgotten a new musical instrument, the *Kalfithongon*, in King Street, Covent Garden. It is an engine of great powers, and worthy of the examination of the curious.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

ON Tuesday night, Rossini's opera of *Otello* introduced to the most crowded (though we cannot say to the most fashionable) audience we have witnessed this season the much-talked-of Malibran,* in the rôle of the "gentle Desdemona." The extravagant praises recently lavished upon this vocalist in Paris, excited expectations which were not altogether realised amongst the more musical portion of her impatient auditory. In the first and second acts she disappointed us much: her acting was replete with French starts, and her singing with English shakes; nor were the redundancy of roulades, in which, in the latter, she so much indulged, at all times executed with that nicety of precision we were prepared to expect. Indeed, we fear (though we hope sincerely our apprehensions may prove premature) that the indiscriminate praise of our Parisian friends has contributed more to mislead her judgment than to improve her taste. In the third act, however, the *amende* was made by Madame Malibran for her previous errors, and she put forth powers which convince us that she is a donna of no ordinary merit. Let her trust more to the purity of her naturally sound contralto tones, develop the pathos which, we are persuaded, she possesses, consign her shakes to the sirens of England, and, though last, not least in consequence, abandon her parental predilection for meretricious ornament—and we hesitate not to predict that she will ultimately become a second Pasta.

Donzelli's representation of *Otello* was not to our taste; and we are sorry to add, that he does not improve upon acquaintance. His fine, mellifluous tones won on our favour at first; but he continues to sing too much on the top of his voice; and his abrupt and unmeaning transitions from bellowing to whispering, and again

from whispering to bellowing, impress us with the opinion that he understands little of the poetry of music. Upon the dropping of the curtain, the shout of the audience raised from the dead the Moor and his bride, who both acknowledged in person their grateful obligations to the *resurrection-men* in the pit.

We have to congratulate the manager upon the acquisition of a clever little *danseuse*, who made her *début* in the divertissement.

DRURY LANE AND COVENT GARDEN.

EASTER pieces do not demand elaborate criticism. At Drury Lane, founded on a tale in Mr. Crofton Croker's admirable *Fairy Legends of the South of Ireland*, we have *Thiarna-na-Oge* very cleverly dramatised (as every thing he does is) by Mr. Planché. The dialogue, indeed, is far above the usual order of Easterlings; and great skill is shewn in making the uncouth but kind-hearted lover a fairly favourite. Mr. Weekes in this character had the best opportunity he has yet enjoyed in London for displaying his talents; and he and Mrs. C. Jones are both capital. Harley is lively and pleasant; Miss Booth energetic and interesting. The music is very sweet: the national melodies arranged with good taste. A round, "Up, up, the sun is up!" in the last scene but one, is uncommonly pretty. Of the next important accessory, the scenery, our report must also be favourable. A Subaqueous City is a splendid Martin-like composition by Stanfield; and Shebeen House by Andrews, and Ghena Bay by Stanfield, are delightfully painted. Muccrus Shore is another of Stanfield's happiest efforts; and the descent of O'Donaghue and his people, at the end, really what it ought to be—magical. The piece is performing nightly with most complete success.

At Covent Garden the *Shadowless Men* is equally fortunate. Keelley and O. Smith are resplendent in their respective walks; Miss Goward has not too much to do; and Mr. Wood has a very pretty song. The music is by Mr. Rodwell, and some of the concerted pieces do him much credit. Here also the scenery is excellent throughout; and the shadow and no shadow managed most cleverly by means of a gauze curtain, with a second person behind it to enact shadow where wanted.

VARIETIES.

Dannecker.—A colossal statue of Christ, executed in marble by Dannecker, of Stuttgart, and which is considered as one of the finest specimens of modern sculpture, has been transported to Tzarskoie-Celo, in Russia, and placed on a pavilion, erected for its reception in the imperial garden.

Prometheans.—Under this classical name, Mr. S. Jones (the contriver of several ingenious articles, such as portable kitchens, steam bug-destroyers, &c. &c.) has just invented a new method of obtaining light, merely by compressing a match, of which a boxful is likely to last a long while in any climate. We have found these matches inflame quite readily: the smell is sulphureous, and not the most pleasant.

Aërostation.—M. Giuseppe Massucci has sent to the French Academy, from Rome, the model of a boat which he has invented for the purpose of aerial navigation.

Fountains.—It has long been understood that two sheets of water, capable of furnishing constant springs of wholesome water, rising above the soil, flow under the basin of Paris. The one is between the chalk and green sand,

* "*Faust upon a Sacrifice*." His majesty has published the names of the kings and great statesmen who are permitted to eat flesh with him at the new year. Here follow the names of six kings, the heir apparent, the ministers who form a council of six, and about a dozen others, among whom we observe the name of old Sung-tajin, Lord Macartney's venerable conductor from Peking, who was reported dead two years ago."

* This lady, as Mademoiselle Garcia, some four years since, made her *début* in this country, in Meyerbeer's beautiful opera of *Il Crociato in Egitto*.

and furnishes gushing springs wherever it is allowed to escape, provided it be in a place in which the two beds which enclose it remain intact. The other sheet of water, lower than the first, is, nevertheless, capable of rising higher. It is equally wholesome, and is also capable of furnishing constant springs. Its position, however, has not been ascertained until lately; but it has been at length found by labourers working at the wet-dock of Saint-Ouen. The water rose in the first instance with great noise, and, after several applications of the pump, was brought to the level of the soil, on which it flowed, impregnated with a great quantity of green sand. In a short time, however, it became pure, and eventually threw up a jet of considerable height, and consisting of a large quantity of water. It has been recommended to bore for this water in the least elevated parts of the French capital; such as the Hôtel de Ville, the Palais Royal, the Jardin des Plantes, &c.

The idea of reforming the orthography of the French language is taken up warmly by many of the savans and literati of Paris. In the last number of the *Revue Encyclopédique* there is a very clever article on the universality of the French language; in which the author, M. Julien, although he does not go to the extreme recommended by M. Marle in his *Appel aux Français*, points out many absurdities of spelling, and of consequent bad pronunciation. As an instance of the license that is taken with words which are so written as to lead to no idea of the pronunciation that ought to be given to them, he mentions the following from Racine, as uttered at the Théâtre Français by a celebrated actor:

"Noble et brisant auteur d'une triste famille,
Toi dont ma mère osait se vanter d'être sœur."

Instead of

"Noble et brillant auteur d'une triste famille,
Toi dont ma mère osait se vanter d'être fille."

It is probable that some reform will really take place. M. Marle estimates, that if his system of writing words as they are pronounced were to be adopted, a foreigner would learn the French language in one-sixth part of the time now devoted to it.

The late Earthquake.—A letter from Ancona, of the 24th of March, states, that on the 22d of that month, the day when the earthquake commenced in Spain, two sharp shocks were felt there; they were accompanied by a rumbling noise, resembling the discharge of cannon, and many persons were violently shaken in their beds. The shocks do not appear to have occasioned any serious injury.

New Coach.—A French paper states, that a patent has been taken out in Paris for a new coach, with one wheel only, capable of accommodating from thirty to forty passengers.

Expédition de l'Atrolabe.—Messrs. Quoy and Gaymart have transmitted an account of their researches to Paris, accompanied by ninety-two plates. Sixty-two cases, filled with zoological specimens, stuffed and in spirits, are on their way to the Museum of Natural History. They have also succeeded in taking two specimens of the *babiroussa*, the first ever seen alive in France; as well as a live ape, of the black cynocephalus kind, destined for the same repository. The vessel anchored in the harbour of Toulon on the 26th of March.

It is generally supposed that the Chamber of Deputies will, during the present session, or early in the next, take into consideration the state of the criminal law, with a view to the abolition of the penalty of death in all cases except murder. M. Charles Lucas, a leading

member of the French bar, in the course of an answer to an article of the Duke of Broglie, on the punishment of death, contends that the fear of death has little influence upon the criminal, and that the chance of escaping it gives him strong encouragement. He states that, in France, a person accused of a capital crime has from fifty to eighty-two chances of acquittal in the hundred; and that even when condemned, he has an equal number of chances in his favour that he will not suffer death. In illustration of his position he gives the following table:—

	1886.	1887.
Accused	915	876
Condemned to death	150	109
Committed	28	30
Executed	110	75

From this he goes on to shew, that from the prevailing horror of the punishment of death which is felt by juries, and the legal chances of escape, the criminal is encouraged in his course; whereas the dread of solitary confinement or perpetual hard labour might operate strongly upon him. As an instance of the effect of hard labour for life, at what are called the galleys, he quotes the letter of one of the adjutants of the Bagne of Toulon, who states that from 1821 to 1824, not less than eight adjutants of that bagne were assassinated by convicts, who had no other motive for their crime than obtaining the means of getting rid of an existence which had become burdensome to them.

Magnetism of the Earth.—A young natural philosopher, of the name of Babinet, has been recently employed in a series of experiments, with a view of ascertaining the magnetic power of the globe. He has communicated to the French Academy, as the result of his investigations, the following theorem:—"A magnetic pole, which, at the distance of a *mètre*, acts on a pole equal to itself with the power of a *milligramme*, is governed by the earth with a horizontal power of three hundred and twenty *milligrammes*."—*Le Globe*.

New Pyrometer.—A new air-thermometer has been invented by M. Pouillet, for the purpose of measuring degrees of heat in very high temperatures; an object hitherto of very difficult attainment. By means of this instrument it has been ascertained, that the heat of melted silver is 1677°; of a melted mixture of one part gold and three parts silver, 1803°; and of melted pure gold 2096°.

A very fine and interesting specimen of a fossil fish has, we are told, lately been discovered in a bed of clay belonging to the Hastings sand formation, in the parish of Heathfield, in Sussex. It belongs to the genus *Lepidosteus* of Lacépède. The remains of this ichthyolite are abundant in the strata of Tilgate forest, in the white rock at Hastings, and in the sand-stone quarries near Tunbridge Wells; but they consist for the most part of detached scales only. The specimen above mentioned is in the possession of Mr. Mantell, of Lewes.

Thorwaldsen.—A bust of the late Emperor Alexander, executed in Carrara marble by the celebrated Thorwaldsen, has lately been placed in the town of Kharkof, in Russia. It is a striking resemblance; the artist having obtained three sittings of the emperor during his stay at Warsaw in 1820.

Russian Lithography.—A collection of Russian national costumes, drawn on stone, has been published at St. Petersburg, under the title of "The Russian Album." The execution of the drawings is very indifferent. A lithographic press has been established in the town of Theodosia; and the direction of it has been confided to a society of amateurs, who

intend publishing a series of drawings, representing every interesting object in the government of Taurida, a country rich in antiquities and subjects of natural history, and the scenery of which is very picturesque.

Napoleon.—In Madame Durand's Memoirs, just published at Paris, she mentions, that when Napoleon and Maria Louisa, having been affianced, met four leagues from Soissons, Maria Louisa first broke silence, by saying to the emperor, "Sire, your portrait is not flattered." Madame Durand adds, that it was flattered, nevertheless; and then, instead of censuring this piece of wretched hypocrisy as it deserves, says, with mawkish sentimentality—"but love was already exercising its sweet influence!" This must have been love at first sight, with a vengeance!

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

A Catalogue of privately printed Books, with some account of them, is preparing by Mr. John Martin, who intends to confine the list to such as have been printed in this country, with the exception of those printed abroad and naturally connected with English literature.

Messrs. Oliver and Boyd of Edinburgh have the following works in their last announcement: *Tales of Field and Flood*, with Sketches of Life at Home. By John Malcolm, author of *Scenes of War*.—*Biographical Sketches and Authentic Anecdotes of Dogs*. By Captain Thomas Brown.—And an Epitome of the Game of Whist. By E. M. Arnaud.

The papers of Mr. Stepney, who was British minister in Germany in the time of Queen Anne, have been deposited in the British Museum. There are a number of letters of Addison among them, and many other interesting documents.

The same national Institution has also recently been enriched by the papers of Count Joseph de Palaiseau, one of the leading chiefs in the war of La Vendée, which that nobleman has bequeathed to the Museum. They relate in great measure to the Vendean war, and partly to the Count's mission to Canada. Letters from Mr. Pitt, the present King of France, and many highly eminent individuals, are in this collection.

The Marquess Spineto is preparing for publication a Course of Lectures upon Hieroglyphics, delivered at the Royal Institution and at the University of Cambridge.

In the Press.—*The Family Album*; or, St. Mark's Gospel analyzed and prepared for Reading and Expounding to a Family Circle. By the Rev. S. Hinds, M.A., Vice-Principal of St. Alban's Hall, Oxford.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Clouds and Sunshine, post 8vo. 8s. 6d. bds.—Jarrin's Italian Confectioner, 4th edition, royal 12mo. 9s. bds.—Ude's French Cook, 10th edition, royal 12mo. 12s. bds.—Sadler's Ireland, 2d edition, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Tacitus's Life of Agricola, with Interlinear Translation, 12mo. 2s. 6d. bds.—Cottle's Malvern Hills, Poems and Essays, 2 vols. 12mo. 12s. bds.—Peace Campaigns of a Cornet, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 7s. bds.—Cappen's Topographical Dictionary, 8vo. new edition, 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.—Mills on the Lungs, 8vo. 8s. bds.—Williams's Views in Greece, 2 vols. Imperial 8vo. 7l. 10s. bds.; ditto, 2 vols. royal 4to. India proofs, 12l. 12s. bds.—Savigny's Roman Law, 8vo. Vol. 1. 14s. bds.—Fridolin, with Illustrations by Retzsch, 2s.—Faust, with Twenty-six Designs by Retzsch, 3s. 6d.—Hamlet, with Illustrations by Retzsch, 2s. 6d.—Holmes's Manuel de Conversation, 18mo. hf. bd. 2s. 6d.—Ten Chapters on the Bath, 18mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—Dalgrin's Practice of Cookery, 12mo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Kaye's (Bishop) Account of the Writings and Opinions of Justin Martyr, 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Crybbe's Essay on Moral Freedom, 8vo. 8s. 6d. bds.—The Antiseptic, 12mo. 4s. 6d. bds.—Foreign Tales and Traditions, 2 vols. 12mo. 15s. bds.—Forster's Mahomedanism, 2 vols. 8vo. 24s. bds.—Florence, a Novel, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 4s. bds.—Kitchiner's Housekeeper's Oracle, 12mo. 7s. bds.—Story's Magic Fountain, 12mo. 7s. bds.—Simon's Hope of Israel, 8vo. 10s. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1829.

April.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 9	From 35. to 47.	29.16 to 29.96
Friday... 10	35. to 54.	29.36 to 29.46
Saturday... 11	39. to 56.	29.66 to 29.50
Sunday... 12	43. to 57.	29.22 to 29.18
Monday... 13	46. to 49.	29.10 to 29.19
Tuesday... 14	36. to 58.	29.21 to 29.00
Wednesday 15	43. to 54.	29.00 to 29.22

Prevailing wind S.W.

Generally cloudy and raining. Wind very high on the 15th.

Rain fallen, 1.5 of an inch.

Edmonton.

Latitude..... 51° 37' 33" N.

Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Many articles are unavoidably postponed: among others, a second notice of Duple's University of Paris.

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Connected with Literature and the Arts.

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The Anniversary Meeting of the Society will be held, in conformity with the Charter, on Thursday the 30th instant, at Two o'clock, at the Society's Apartments, No. 2, Parliament Street; when, in consequence of that day being fixed for holding His Majesty's Drawing-Room, a Motion will be made to adjourn the Meeting to Thursday May the 7th, on which day the usual Business of the Society will be transacted.

RICHARD CATTERMOLE, Secretary.

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Lydia Orton is a young, beautiful, and rich convertite; and Molesworth, one of the sect of a higher order, has become insane. At a subsequent meeting, "as Lydia looked round her, expecting some one else to take up the theme, she observed a young man, whom she had not before noticed, further than as one of those whose intellectual look formed a contrast to the mass of the imbecile and the ignorant; who, seemingly under the influence of a strong

feeling of what they had just heard, sat wringing his hands, as if his mind was full of something on the subject, which he seemed doubting whether he should attempt to deliver to his fellows. After a little time, appearing to take courage, he at length rose, and, with some hesitation, made a speech, as a sequel to the former; which, from its melancholy import, its appearance of deep truth, from the logical form in which it was put, and the manner in which its propositions were made to rest on passages of Scripture; as well as the intense conviction with which it evidently was uttered, was strongly and sadly affecting. The serious young gentleman took as a sort of motto to his speech, or, as it was called, his exhortation, part of a sentence, addressed by St. Paul to the churches of Galatia—viz. the words, 'Who gave himself for us, that he might deliver us from this present evil world.' He first decanted on the general calamities of life, and the many sad and frightful events recorded in history; upon all which he dwelt with a melancholy pathos, exclaiming that the present was truly denominated by the Scriptures *an evil world*. But it was, he argued, peculiarly so to the true followers of Messiah, as had been ably shewn them in the searching address they had just heard, from the painful warfare they had constantly to wage with it; and because much of the good that it promised, was to them like the tempting apple hanging on the tree of knowledge, of which they were not permitted to eat. There was, however, he added, much comfort in the consideration expressed in the words of the prophet Isaiah, that the righteous would soon be 'taken away from the evil.' Here he remarked, that the words of this passage were usually quoted in the restricted sense in which they stood in our translation, which said, that they would be taken away from the evil to come; but it would be seen upon inspection, that the words 'to come,' printed in italics, were not in the original, and, for some unknown reason, had been supplied by the translators; that evil, in fact, was, in a peculiar manner to the righteous, at all times existing; that it was past, present, and to come: so that, at whatever time the Christian's warfare should be terminated by death, he would emphatically be 'taken away from the evil.' But still it had, in the same word, been said, 'sufficient for the day is the evil thereof;' and although we were not by anticipation to lay up for ourselves sorrow for the day of suffering, still in every day there had been, and would be, *evil* meted out to them; and sufficient for every day as it came would be found its own portion of *evil*. The ultimate consolation, however, always was, that from this evil world the Christian was soon to be taken away, and he was to be taken from the evil to the good; from evil, and sorrow, and struggle with an evil heart of unbelief, to unmixed good; and though the days of their pilgrimage on the earth, like those of the patriarch Jacob, were likely to be both few and *evil*, yet there was laid up for them in

heaven a better and an enduring substance. This species of theo-philosophy, not unfashionable as a matter of cant, even among the thoughtless and the empty, always came home to the heart of Lydia, youthful and formed as she was for relishing the happiness of life, like a sad and depressing knell. But when she remarked, that so young a man as the speaker was evidently himself deeply under the influence he described, she was ready to reproach herself for any hesitation in giving her complete assent to its truth; and, from this day, she felt willing to resign the world, and inwardly to take the veil of entire devotion to her 'high vocation.' After the singing of a hymn, expressive of corresponding sentiments, the assembly knelt down to prayer in a state of high excitement, exclaiming to themselves, 'Who is sufficient for these things?' and thinking of the present sad state of their beloved brother, Molesworth. But when, in the prayer, the member who was the organ of it, and who had been a close intimate of him whom they now bore on their spirits, began to call upon Heaven in behalf of the brother who had so often joined in their prayers, and encouraged their hearts in this very place; who was so dear to them all, but who was now afflicted with a sore affliction, and might never again lift up his voice within their humble tabernacle; the voice of the member trembled and became choked with his feelings. His words of prayer came from the bottom of his heart, amid sobs and tears, until at last he was completely overpowered, and stopped entirely. The whole assembly remained on their knees in silence, which was only interrupted by the sobs of many who were drowned in grief. Aged men round Lydia wept like infants, and she herself was dissolved in sorrow, until the assembly rose with one accord, wiping away their tears; the speaker being unable to finish the prayer. As they were about to separate, Lydia found that Mr. Keville meant forthwith to proceed to Mr. Molesworth's house, to endeavour to obtain admission to the chamber of the unfortunate, to have the satisfaction of seeing him, and haply of being able to afford him some comfort. Lydia eagerly asked permission of Mr. Keville to accompany him, which, with little hesitation, was granted; and she went to the interview with feelings of the same painful interest which one may have who is carried along to an execution, or to witness the agonies of the human being who is to be broken upon the wheel. When they arrived at Mr. Molesworth's house, they were shewn up stairs and ushered into the drawing-room without ceremony, where they found the wife and mother-in-law of the afflicted man with some young children. The whole house seemed in that disordered state which the absorbed feelings of its mistress, occupied with this terrible domestic calamity, and exclusive attention to the sick, had naturally allowed it to get into. Mr. Keville would have withdrawn upon seeing the ladies, knowing their disapproval (particularly that of his mother-in-law) of

Mr. Molesworth's religious sentiments and associates; but his amiable wife, knowing Mr. Keville's great worth, and respecting him for his sincerity, came forward and held out her hand, expressing gratitude for his visit to the house of mourning, and smiling sadly on Lydia as she led her into the room. They sat a few moments in silence, during which one of the children, who had observed Lydia sometimes at the house, along with the others of the people of — Street, when Mr. Molesworth had had religious parties, came forward, and, innocently recognising Lydia, was caressed by her. 'Do you know that lady, my love?' whispered her mother to the child, when it returned to her side. 'Yes, mamma, that is the very good lady from England, that used to come here with the poor-looking people to sing hymns with papa and Thomas Keatly the shoemaker.' This answer of the child was eagerly listened to and observed by Mrs. Molesworth's mother, who was walking backwards and forwards without deigning to notice Mr. Keville. And while that gentleman was making some inquiries regarding the sick, the old lady came forward, in consequence of what the child said, and, in a low and compassionate tone, addressed Lydia thus: 'Madam, I presume you are one of the religious people whom my unfortunate son-in-law used to be so frequently among?' 'I have often had the pleasure of meeting with Mr. Molesworth, madam,' said Lydia, as if prepared for some contemptuous speech. 'Young lady, I am sorry for you,' said the other, emphatically. 'Sorry for me, madam?' 'Yes, my dear young lady, sorry, very sorry, to see one of your appearance and connexions throwing away your happiness in the world and your reason with these people. God grant that you may never come to be in the condition of poor Molesworth!' 'I hope, madam,' said Lydia, shocked. 'I hope so too, young lady; but take an experienced woman's advice. Don't hope about the matter, but leave them; I say, leave them.' 'Mother,' interrupted her daughter, 'Mr. Keville wishes to see my poor husband. I suppose he may?' 'Oh! certainly,' said the old lady, with an expression of vexation, 'certainly, Mr. Keville! By all means, go up and see what a pretty state you have helped to bring the father of these unfortunate children to. It must be a pleasant sight to see, to be sure!' 'Mother, don't speak so,' said Mrs. Molesworth, mildly; 'I have enough to bear at present.' 'I will speak, I cannot help speaking, Mrs. Molesworth. You have always taken his part in his folly, in giving himself up to these enthusiasts. He loved them better, I believe, than his own wife and children.' 'Do not say so, mother! He was always a most affectionate husband to me,' said the poor lady, with tears. 'Ay, ay! he has brought himself and his family to a pretty pass, I think.' Mr. Keville walked humbly and sadly towards the door, and together with Lydia seemed glad to avoid this scene."

An interview with the maniac ensues; and it is a painful one to read—we give the ending.

"God have mercy upon this unhappy sufferer!" prayed Mr. Keville, as they retired amidst the shrieks of their lamented friend, which rung in their ears as they proceeded down stairs, until the very street-door was closed upon them. He continued more or less in this state, according to the account of his attendant, for two days, by which time he was unable to sit up; and on the third he fell into a stupor, which the physicians said was likely to have a fatal termination. Towards the

evening of that day, however, his eye cleared, he was propped a little up, and he seemed to busy himself silently in vain efforts to fold up one of his sleeves. 'Sir,' said his man, observing his efforts, 'I will help you.' 'You will help me!' he said scornfully; 'no, no, John!' he continued, shaking his head, and as if quite in his senses; 'you cannot help me—and in my case vain is the help of man!' And immediately he began to sing, in the clear and tasteful manner for which he was remarked when in health, the hymn beginning—

'Oh God! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our refuge from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!'

This hymn he finished to the end; and when he got to the concluding lines,

'Be thou our guide while life shall last,
And our eternal home!'

he repeated them, as usual, his voice sinking into weakness, and faltering with emotion. A few relieving tears trickled down his worn cheeks. As he laid back his head, he had just strength to raise his hand to his head and cover his eyes with his long thin fingers; the corners of his mouth dropped gradually down; and the servant, after some time observing that he did not alter his position, approached the bed-side, and found that his master was dead!"

As we have observed, this book (which it is impossible sufficiently to illustrate by quotations within our compass) will assuredly incur obloquy among the friends of Missionary and Bible Societies; but with this our Journal has nothing to do. The author is, we believe, a Mr. Andrew Picken: he is evidently a young writer; but we hear that a small volume of Tales which he published about seven years since in Edinburgh met with considerable success, and was deemed a production of promise;—the hope of which being fully realised, the *Sectarian* (whatever may be its faults or imperfections) must serve rather to increase than lessen.

Constable's Miscellany, Vol. XXXVIII. A Personal Narrative of a Journey through Norway, part of Sweden, and the Islands and States of Denmark. By Derwent Conway, author of "Solitary Walks through many Lands." Edinburgh, 1829, Constable and Co.; London, Hurst and Co.

WE remember an artist calling one fine spring morning to bid us farewell, as he was departing for Norway. "Norway!" we ejaculated; "Italy you mean; what can take you to Norway?" "An empty portfolio, which must be replenished: now, in Switzerland, Italy, &c. there is not a tree or a cottage, let alone lake or valley, that is not as well known as the Saracen's Head. Two great causes take me to Norway—necessity and novelty." He was right; never did painter return with a more exquisitely-filled sketch-book. Mr. Conway set forth on the same principles, and has also found the advantage of somewhat deviating from the beaten track; for a more amusing little volume has not for some time attracted our notice. Evidently one of those accommodating tempers that suit themselves to circumstances, and whose very acquiescence is popularity, our traveller soon seems to have made himself at home, and his domestic sketches are very real pictures: we will just spend a day with him.

"Coffee was ready in the breakfast-room at seven, or earlier. Every one drank two small cups; but no bread, nor any other thing, was eaten along with it. At about half-past eight,

breakfast was served. It consisted of cold meat and game, sliced sausages of various kinds, bread, *gammel orské* cheese, butter, potted fish, coffee, wine, and cogniac. The bread was of three kinds; the common sour bread of the country, which I already said is liked by all ranks; a sweetish rye-bread, with caraway seeds, to me extremely palatable; and wheaten-bread, which was baked once a week. The last, however, was not used by the family unless when visitors, accustomed to wheaten-bread, were in the house, an occurrence somewhat rare; nor, indeed, is it considered any luxury by the natives, who seem universally to prefer rye-bread. All kinds of meat are cut for breakfast by the Norwegians into very thin slices, which are put between pieces of bread and butter. Dinner was served at one o'clock. This is a very tedious meal in Norway, for only one dish is placed upon the table at one time.

The following is a specimen of a Norwegian dinner:—Soup is invariably the first dish; and in this article of food the cookery of the Norwegians is extremely *récherché*. They make soup of every thing; of meat, especially game; of vegetables alone; of vegetables and meat; and of fish. It is upon this last soup that the cook exhausts her art. In every kind of soup there are a number of balls made of a hard biscuit, like an English rusk crushed, and mixed with butter, beat eggs, milk, and nutmeg. Without these balls a Norwegian would consider his soup to be uneatable. If the soup be of meat, fish is the next entry; but if it be fish-soup, then fish is omitted. Roast-meat follows, accompanied by a great variety of vegetables, pickles, and preserves. Among the former are generally peas, prepared as I have detailed in a former chapter, and cauliflower stewed in cream, and seasoned with nutmeg. All vegetables are prepared for the table in a very artful manner; they are never seen in their natural state. Cream is the universal sauce, and many other kinds of seasoning besides nutmeg are mixed with it. Of pickles and preserves there is always a great variety at a Norwegian table. This will not seem remarkable, when I come to speak of the occupations of the Norwegian ladies. After roasted meats game follows—never of less than two kinds; one soup generally being some species of wild duck; and the other, woodcock or pheasant. Puddings and pastry are not much in vogue; but various kinds of sweet cake are brought upon the table along with the dessert, which, in summer, comprehends every fruit, excepting the peach, known in more temperate latitudes. Immediately after dinner, coffee is introduced—tea follows about six, and at nine supper is served. Supper is almost as substantial a meal in Norway as dinner, and is composed of nearly the same materials. I have not only seen roast hare at supper, but roasted mutton, fish, and vegetables.

But the cooking in Norway is execrable; every thing swims in cream or butter; meat and vegetables are alike spoiled by this disagreeable addition; and I believe every traveller in Norway will admit, that for some time after arriving in the country, the digestive organs become deranged, and that, in most instances, a bilious attack is the consequence." However, the method of dressing peas meets his approbation. "Instead of boiling the vegetable in a quantity of water, and straining off the water, the Norwegians stew the peas with only as much water as prevents them from burning, and with a little butter and salt, and a few young carrots cut in slices. Nothing is strained off, the whole being served up in one dish.

THE mode of preparing green peas, I prefer either to the English mode or to the French *petit pois* sugared."

The condition of the fair sex might almost call upon the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge—to much does it require amelioration.

"Eating and drinking is the great business of the Norwegians, the sole occupation of many, and the chief luxury of all; and it is owing to this that the condition of the Norwegian females is so much lower than it is in any other of the European countries. I have heard an English lady, married and settled in Norway, say, (not from her own experience, but from what she saw around her), that she would rather be a maid-servant in England, than a *frou* in Norway.

"Women even of the highest rank in Norway are slaves; the greater, indeed, the establishment, the greater the slavery, which is precisely the reverse of the condition of females in England. Whatever the number of servants may be in the different departments of a Norwegian establishment, they are not entirely trusted to in any thing; the mistress of the house is still principal housekeeper, chief laundry-maid, and head cook. The cook-maid in Norway is not intrusted with any of the great operations in the art;—her duties are precisely those of the menial who in England is designated a scullion. If a *frou* be so fortunate as to have grown-up daughters, her duties are in some degree lessened. In a family with which I had constant intercourse, the two young ladies, *frøken*s, as young ladies of quality are called in Norway, had their alternate weeks in the cooking department; at least half of every day was spent in the kitchen; and the whole truth it was to do this duty, did not take her that at the dinner-table with the rest of the company, but appeared when dinner was finally concluded; and then with cheeks that would have made rouge be superfluous. I have mentioned elsewhere, that the duties of the ladies do not end with the cooking of dinner; the young ladies (if there be any) carry in the dishes, and if there be none, the mistress of the house. They also change the plates, wipe the knives, and perform every other office that is performed elsewhere by servants; but in Norway, a servant is seldom or ever seen in a dining-room. The Norwegians would, indeed, consider it disrespectful treatment, were they to employ servants to wait upon their guests. In one house where we occasionally visited, and in which there were no young ladies, two farmer's daughters, neatly dressed, always assisted the lady of the mansion to wait upon the company. A Norwegian lady might, indeed, be cited as a pattern to any English servant in the waiting department. She is constantly walking round the table, observing the wants of the guests, and supplying them. Nor does she, in general, partake of dinner with the party, but dines either before dinner is served, or after it is taken away. There is little of the comfort of an English dinner-table in this; but daily custom at length reconciles one to it. But the duties of a Norwegian lady are not confined to preparing the dinner and serving the guests. They have other domestic duties of a still more unfeminine character. When in Norway upon a subsequent occasion, and at a different season, I heard a young lady decline an invitation to pass a week with a friend, because it was slaughter-time. What should we think in England of a young lady who should make such an apology? But the apology requires explanation. Late in the

autumn, just before winter is expected to set in, the establishment of a Norwegian family (especially if distant from any great market) is a scene of extraordinary activity and preparation; for it is at this time that the winter stores are provided; and this implies, in the first place, the slaughter of a great many animals. Then follow the various culinary operations: the salting of meat, the making of different kinds of sausages, and meat-balls for soup, and black puddings and white puddings. &c. &c.; and for all the various sausages and puddings, the meat is grated, and beaten, and seasoned—operations that require no inconsiderable time and labour. In all these matters the young ladies are the chief actors; so that it can scarcely be wondered at that the *frou* refused an invitation because it was slaughter-time. But these duties are not only performed by ladies of all ranks in Norway, but are considered by them to be agreeable; and this season of slaughter and preparation is looked forward to as a time of more than common amusement. It can scarcely be supposed that these habits should not influence the tastes and feelings of the female sex. Every young lady, and consequently every woman in Norway, is a *connoisseur* in gastronomy. There is no subject upon which a stranger will find a Norwegian lady so much *au fait* as in this. Indeed, I do not know any subject upon which a *frou* or her daughters will descant with so much interest, or to which they will lend a more willing ear, than to the secrets of cookery, or the merits of a particular dish. It has been usual to judge of the civilisation of a country by the estimation in which the female character is held, and the accomplishments which it is thought necessary that females should possess. If by this test we judge of the civilisation of Norway, we shall place it low indeed in the scale of nations. That a woman—of whatever rank—should be a good housekeeper, is the *ne plus ultra* of female excellence. And so essential is this knowledge considered, that if a young lady have not sufficient opportunities at home to become acquainted with the female duties of mincing, seasoning, stuffing, and cooking, she is sent for a time to board in some family where she may have greater facilities of being initiated in these mysteries. It is scarcely necessary to say, that in all these matters there is a perfect correspondence of opinion between the one and the other sex. Without this, indeed, the domestic régime could not be as it is. In Norway, as in most of the continental nations, young ladies look forward to be, one day, at the head of establishments of their own. But that this prospect may be realised, such an education is necessary as will enable them to regulate their own household affairs according to established and approved usage. For even if a husband were contented to dispense with the usual accomplishments of a Norwegian wife, no servants could be found qualified to take her duties off her hands. Men in Norway do not in general marry to have a companion in a wife, but to have some one to manage his establishment, and perform those services which he cannot obtain from servants. I recollect hearing a gentleman with *Von* prefixed to his name, observe one day of a lady to whom he had just been paying a visit, 'I call her an excellent wife;' and upon inquiring the grounds of this opinion, it appeared that he had found the lady assisting her servants in washing clothes. The more I saw of Norwegian society, the less I found to admire in the mental attractions of the females. I speak of their acquired, not of their natural endowments; but so long as the

indulgence of the palate is looked upon as the *summum bonum*, those female accomplishments which tend to secure this will be esteemed the highest. A woman who attends to her household duties—and these begin when she is taught the first rudiments of education—has no longer time to devote to acquirements of a higher order. There is also another cause that contributes in no small degree to blunt those refinements in thought and feeling which, in England form the great charm of female society—the necessity for being so much in the society of servants, occasioned by the nature of female duties. It is scarcely possible to conceive, that a lady who passes the greater part of every day in the kitchen, should not carry away from it some taint of coarseness, if not of vulgarity. It is only justice to add, that against the character or conduct of the Norwegian ladies I have nothing to allege, either from observation or hearsay."

They dance well, however, and also possess a not very general accomplishment. "The ladies are in general quite able to manage a sail and rudder; nor are they indifferent rowers either, with an easy boat and light oars. I was not a little surprised at the first discovery I made of this talent. A young lady who resided with her family about six miles distant from the *Stor Soen Gaard*, called one morning, and staid dinner; and I, as in duty bound, walked down to the lake with her, when she took leave. Her boat was moored to a stone; and when I had unfastened the moorings, expecting to see a boatman make his appearance, she jumped into the boat, pushed off from shore, and was soon gliding over the water, under the united impetus of a light air that filled the small sail, and the strokes of two slender oars. But the reader must not fancy he sees another 'Lady of the Lake' in her fragile skiff; for, in the first place, the lady whom, out of compliment, I have designated a young lady, was of a certain age; and in the next place, the boat was not a skiff, but a clumsy boat; and the oars, although slender, were yet heavier and larger than any poet ever contemplated putting into the hands of a heroine."

There are some amusing legendary stories; and accounts of the universal belief in the "subterraneous people." "The idea the Norwegians entertain of this supernatural race will best appear from the stories that have been related to me. These I heard not in Osterdalen, but during my residence near Drammen, which has been mentioned already. The following was related to me by the housekeeper, as a fact that happened to her uncle when he was a boy. This boy was destined for a soldier; and being one day in the fields with his father, shortly before leaving home, he happened to drop a knife upon the ground, which, notwithstanding the most diligent search, he was unable to find. A little while after this he went, abroad, and after being absent fifteen years, returned to Norway. Travelling homewards one evening, when he was about twenty-five Norwegian miles from his father's house, he became extremely weary; and feeling at length exhausted with fatigue, he walked into a cottage that stood not far from the path, which was, at that place, a forest-path,—within which there was no one but a very old woman alone. After sitting for a little while, he observed a knife lying upon a table, precisely similar to that which he had lost fifteen years back. He mentioned to the woman the circumstance of his having lost a knife at that time; and said, "If this cottage were not so far from my own home, I should have believed this to be my own

knife, it is so like it." "It may well be like it," she replied, "for it is the very same; when you dropped it, it cut my daughter's leg, who was at that time running on the ground in the shape of a mole; and, therefore, I resolved you should not get it back, but immediately turned it into a worm, which my daughter brought away." It was then, said the housekeeper, that her uncle first discovered that he was in the company of one of the subterraneous people, who, upon this occasion, had assumed the human form. After sitting a short time longer, the soldier proposed to pursue his journey; but the little woman or witch insisted upon his staying till the morrow, assuring him he should lose no time in his journey by the delay; for if he would but promise that she should have the red cow, with the fine bells at its collar, she would undertake that he should be transported home without stirring a step. To this he answered, that having been fifteen years absent, he did not know whether they had any cows at home. She told him there were seven. He said he could not make any promise, for if there were cows, the cows were not his; he agreed, however, to stay all night. Next morning, while he and the old woman were at breakfast, a bell was heard tinkling. "O!" said he, starting up, "that bell reminds me of the days of my childhood; it is the very sound of the red cow's bell you spoke of yesterday." "Well may it," said she, "for I ordered the cow here this morning." A ter breakfast the soldier took leave; and on stepping out of the cottage-door, he found himself close to his father's garden.

"They are reputed not to have the power of transforming one animal into another, but only of diminishing the size of animals, so that they may the easier carry them under the earth. I shall add but one other short tradition, not only generally believed, but which has given rise to a common Norwegian proverb, 'Remember the Bishop of Drontheim's cattle,'—used as an injunction to keep a sharp look-out upon your property. The following is the origin of the proverb:—one summer, many summers ago, the Bishop of Drontheim sent his cattle up into the mountains to graze. They were the finest cattle in all Norway; and when the bishop sent them, he gave strict orders to those who had charge of them, upon no account to lose sight of them, as many of the subterraneous people inhabited the bowels of the Rooras Mountains. The injunction, never to lose sight of them, had particular reference to the belief, that so long as a human eye is upon an animal, the subterraneous people have no power over it. The bishop's cattle were accordingly driven to the mountains; and one day, when the herds were grazing, and the herdsmen were seated upon different spots, with their eyes fixed upon the cattle, a Norwegian elk, of most extraordinary size, was seen upon the highest part of the mountains. The eyes of the three herdsmen were withdrawn from the cattle, and were fixed, for a moment, upon the elk; and when they again looked to the valley, the cattle were no more to be seen in their natural stature, but reduced to the diminutive size of small mice. The bishop's three hundred cattle were running down the mountain-side, and before the herdsmen could reach them, they were all seen to enter a crack in the earth and disappear; and so the Bishop of Drontheim lost his cattle."

There is also a large assortment of demons: one of these will be enough.

"Each river has not its distinct demon, one

being supposed to preside over them all; and, like the mountain demon, he is invisible, excepting only his hand,—so at least says a tradition current on the shores of the Miosen lake; a tradition that has been the means of saving some raisins and flour to the dwellers upon the lakes. A fisherman residing on the lake Miosen wished to present a Christmas cake to the water-sprite, and went down to the lake with it in his hand; but when he found the water frozen over, he was unwilling to lay his cake upon the ice, because that would give the demon the trouble of breaking it. He therefore returned for a pickaxe, and hammered with all his might to break the ice; but he succeeded in making only a very small hole, quite insufficient to allow the cake to pass through. He laid the cake down upon the ice in despair, uncertain what to do, when a very small hand, as white as the snow on the hills, was thrust up from under the ice, and the cake instantly becoming of a size suited to the hole, the hand pulled it down. And now, to save trouble to the demon in altering the size of the cake, the offerings of the water-demon are always made of a size suited to the smallest hole that can be made in the ice. This tradition has also furnished a compliment to the ladies, of whom it is not unusual to say, 'She has a hand like the water-sprite.'

The narrative of the inland journey is very amusing; and altogether this little volume is well worthy of its place in the excellent collection to which it belongs.

Waverley Novels (II).

Our Notes on Scott's Notes.

WHEN we last week spoke of our telescope and our hurried view of the northern hemisphere, we might have claimed more merit than we actually did claim for the glass, though we have also to notice a want of distinctness into which our haste led us,—namely, our omission to notice that Mr. R—d's dream was a note on the *Antiquary*, and not on *Waverley*, which, however, would appear to most of our readers from the mention of Mrs. Grisel Oldbuck. As for the telescope affair, it may be affirmed that ours is preferable to that which discovered the Encke Comet, since we could discern not what was in existence, but what was yet to come,—just as if an astronomer could anticipate that other ominous comet, him, her, or it, of the 1832, which is foretold to come into operation when the present lease of the earth expires.

Our remaining extracts conclude the subject of Charles Edward, of whose interesting character our last concluded with a striking sketch.

"The following account of the skirmish at Clifton is extracted from the manuscript Memoirs of Evan Macpherson of Cluny, chief of the clan Macpherson, who had the merit of supporting the principal brunt of that spirited affair. The memoirs appear to have been composed about 1755, only ten years after the action had taken place. They were written in France, where that gallant chief resided in exile, which accounts for some Gallicisms that occur in the narrative. 'In the prince's return from Derby back towards Scotland, my Lord George Murray, lieutenant-general, cheerfully charged himself with the command of the rear; a post which, although honourable, was attended with great danger, many difficulties, and no small fatigue: for the prince being apprehensive that his retreat to Scotland might be cut off by Marischall Wade, who lay to the

northward of him with an armie much superior to what his royal highness had, while the Duke of Comberland with his whole cavalerie followed hard in the rear, was obliged to hasten his marches. It was not, therefore, possible for the artillirie to march so fast as the prince's army, in the depth of winter, extremely bad weather, and the worst roads in England; so Lord George Murray was obliged often to continue his marches long after it was dark almost every night, while at the same time he had frequent alarms and disturbances from the Duke of Comberland's advance'd parties. Towards the evening of the twentie-eight December, 1745, the prince entered the town of Penrith, in the province of Comberland. But as Lord George Murray could not bring up the artillirie so fast as he wou'd have wish'd, he was oblig'd to pass the night six miles short of that town, together with the regiment of MacDonel of Glengarrie, which that day happened to have the arrear guard. The prince, in order to refresh his armie, and to give my Lord George and the artillirie time to come up, resolved to sejour the 29th at Penrith; so ordered his little army to appear in the morning under arms, in order to be reviewed, and to know in what manner the numbers stood from his having entered England. It did not at that time amount to 5000 foot in all, with about 400 cavalerie, compos'd of the noblesse who serv'd as volunteers, part of whom form'd a first troop of guards for the prince, under the command of my Lord Elchoe, now Comte de Weems, who, being proscribed, is presently in France. Another part formed a second troop of guards under the command of my Lord Balmirino, who was beheaded at the Tower of London. A third part serv'd under my Lord le Comte de Kilmarnock, who was likewise beheaded at the Tower. A fourth part serv'd under my Lord Pitligow, who is also proscribed; which cavalerie, though very few in numbers, being all noblesse, were very brave, and of infinite advantage to the foot, not only in the day of battle, but in serving as advanced guards on the several marches, and in patrolling during the night on the different roads which led towards the towns where the army happened to quarter. While this small army was out in a body on the 29th December, upon a rising ground to the northward of Penrith, passing review, Mons. de Cluny, with his tribe, was ordered to the Bridge of Clifton, about a mile to southward of Penrith, after having pass'd in review before Mons. Pattullo, who was charged with the inspection of the troops, and was likewise quarter-master-general of the army, and is now in France. They remained under arms at the bridge, waiting the arrival of my Lord George Murray with the artillirie, whom Mons. de Cluny had orders to cover in passing the bridge. They arrived about sunsett, cloely pursued by the Duke of Comberland with the whole body of his cavalerie, reckoned upwards of 3000 strong; about a thousand of whom, as near as might be computed, dismounted, in order to cut off the passage of the artillirie towards the bridge, while the duke and the others remained on horseback in order to attack the rear. My Lord George Murray advanced, and although he found Mons. de Cluny and his tribe in good spirits under arms, yet the circumstance appear'd extremely delicate. The numbers were vastly unequal, and the attack seem'd very dangerous; so my Lord George declin'd giving orders to such time as he ask'd Mons. de Cluny's opinion. 'I will attack them with all my heart,' says Mons. de Cluny, 'if you order me.' 'I do order it, then,' answered

my Lord George; and immediately went on himself along with Mons. de Cluny, and fought sword in hand on foot, at the head of the single tribe of Macphersons. They in a moment made their way through a strong hedge of thorns, under the cover whereof the cavalerie had taken their station, in the struggle of passing which hedge my Lord George Murray, being dress'd *en montagnard*, as all the army were, lost his bonnet and wig; so continued to fight bear-headed during the action. They at first made a brisk discharge of their fire-arms on the enemy, then attacked them with their sabres, and made a great slaughter a considerable time, which obliged Comberland and his cavalerie to fly with precipitation and in great confusion; in so much, that if the prince had been provided in a sufficient number of cavalerie to have taken advantage of the disorder, it is beyond question that the Duke of Comberland and the bulk of his cavalerie had been taken prisoners. By this time it was so dark that it was not possible to view or number the slain, who filled all the ditches which happened to be on the ground where they stood. But it was computed that, besides those who went off wounded, upwards of a hundred at least were left on the spot, among whom was Colonel Honeywood, who commanded the dismounted cavalerie, whose sabre, of considerable value, Mons. de Cluny brought off and still preserves; and his tribe lykeways brought off many arms;—the colonel was afterwards taken up, and, his wounds being dress'd, with great difficulty recovered. Mons. de Cluny lost only in the action twelve men, of whom some having been only wounded, fell afterwards into the hands of the enemy, and were sent as slaves to America, whence several of them returned, and one of them is now in France, a sergeant in the regiment of Royal Scots. How soon the accounts of the enemies' approach had reached the prince, his royal highness had immediately ordered *mi Lord le Comte de Nairne*, brigadier, who, being proscribed, is now in France, with the three batalions of the Duke of Athol, the batalion of the Duke of Perth, and some other troops under his command, in order to support Cluny, and to bring off the artillirie. But the action was intirely over before the Comte de Nairne, with his command, could reach nigh to the place. They therefore return'd all to Penrith, and the artillirie marched up in good order. Nor did the Duke of Comberland ever afterwards dare to come within a day's march of the prince and his army during the course of all that retreat, which was conducted with great prudence and safety when in some manner surrounded by enemies."

We hope that our next telescopic vision will exhibit the little interesting satellite (or preface) which appears to precede the larger body; all that we could see of it enables us to state that it is extremely curious.

Thompson's Visit to Guatemala.

[Second notice.]

IN our former paper* on the subject of this pleasant volume, we were obliged abruptly to quit our traveller as he entered Sansonate, the capital of Guatemala, that new republican confederation of about two millions of souls. Having established himself at head-quarters, one of Mr. Thompson's first expeditions was to a village at no great distance, called Amatitlán, where a festival was held, and where, of course, he saw a good deal of the manners of the country.

* No. 632.

"As we approached (he says) the village of Amatitlán, the country became more and more interesting. From the summit of a lofty eminence, which our animals had gained with laborious exertion, the prospects which opened before us were enchanting and terrific, like the charms of some beautiful female maniac. On our right were the mountains rising abruptly from the deep embedded valleys at their base: here there were corpses hanging over craggy ravines, whose abysses appeared bottomless, as hid from our inquiring gaze: and there, plots of ground delicately cultivated, and smiling with the harvest. On the left, I was still more struck with the appearances which the prospect presented to our observation. It was as if, in the midst of her happiest efforts, Nature had fitfully thrown up her task, prodigally wasteful of materials so choice and abundant. Amatitlán, the village to which we were going, was situated amidst forests of trees of the most exhilarating verdure. Its red-tiled houses, awakening the ideas of peaceful domesticity and social comfort, heightened the refreshing effect of the scene. Above the whole, a lofty woody mountain flung its partial shade over the fair face of the lake which reposed at its feet. The descent of the wood seemed difficult, and would have appeared impossible, but from the reflection that the journey down it was practicable, because it had often been made. As we descended, we came closer and closer to the object we were pursuing, and, different from most other objects of human pursuit, we found, that, when attained, the more interesting it proved."

The Guatemalian women, we are also assured by the author, are far superior to those of Mexico in beauty: indeed, he betrays, on some occasions, that either their charms or the climate warmed him exceedingly. Among the favourite amusements, cock-fighting is described; and the *finale* of one of these combats is thus characteristically given:—

"The spectacle was scarcely concluded before 'the rainy season began.' During the whole of my journey I had scarcely experienced one drop of wet; and now the rain poured down in such torrents, that I could hardly cross the way without being nearly drenched. There was no carriage or conveyance in the place, and hardly an umbrella, which was a great oversight, as the inhabitants ought to have learnt, without any almanack to tell them, to 'expect much rain about this time.' Indeed, the regularity and precision with which these showers fall, when they once begin for the season, are so great, that by the assistance of a tolerable watch and a good horse, you may always escape them. The present tornado, unexpected as it was, seemed very little to disarrange or inconvenience the party assembled: some walked quietly through it, whilst others laughed and chatted in the passage and doorway of the house, as if prudently, though inconsiderately, waiting for its abatement. The inanimate part of creation was differently affected: the parched ground bubbled and sputtered like a drunken toper; the lanky banana crouched down and riggled like an invalid in a shower-bath; and the red tiles were deserting their ranks one by one, like bad soldiers, leaving the way open to the enemy. Whilst the squall was at its height, I saw two horsemen come dashing up the street at full speed: they stooped at the door of the cock-pit: they were each covered with a large mantle, and, without alighting, had caught up in their arms a damsel a-piece, who adjusted themselves with wonderful activity on the pommels of the saddles. It

was still raining profusely, but the mantles were thrown round the young ladies with such skill, and so completely enveloped them with their gallant knights, who darted off again at a gallop, that I concluded they must have reached their homes in an instant, and probably without much inconvenience. The gentlemen when they had set down, returned to take up in the same manner, till the whole of the party was thus disposed of, or had found other means of reaching their respective abodes. There was something both romantic and classical in the sight. Every body has heard of the knights of old carrying off their inamoratas, and of the Romans stealing away their Sabine wives; but few can have an idea of the grace and facility with which the operation may be performed, who has not witnessed the above specimen of Guatemalian horsemanship."

A future play-house scene will further illustrate the history of diversions and climate.

"The play was something about the 'Glory of Independence,' and abounded with allusions which an English auditory would term 'clap-traps.' The acting was, however, equal to any I had seen at Mexico; and the audience altogether appeared to evince as much indifference to the pieces represented as the best-bred company in any European theatre could affect to do. I took suckets, as Johnson has it, with the young ladies; and was rather pleased than otherwise with the performance. We had also some glasses of champagne occasionally handed round to us, which excited, as I thought, the envy of some gentlemen in the pit, who had been smoking incessantly, and might consequently be rather thirsty. There was a scene, not badly drawn, representing the temple of the sun. One of the actors was describing the indestructible glory of Anahuac, and had just said that its brilliance should never be dimmed, when a tremendous shower, accompanied with thunder and lightning, took place. The rain dashed down in torrents on the crazy theatre, and spouted in volumes through the crevices of the broken roof. The audience were not to be affected by words, but, acknowledging that facts were stubborn things, mustered themselves indiscriminately in patches in the pit, or jumped into the boxes to escape the effects of the tornado. There is little encouragement given to plays at Guatemala; probably not more than was found in England previously to the time of Elizabeth."

Having returned to the capital, we find many notices worthy of extract; but our present paper is necessarily so circumscribed, that it must only be considered as keeping the subject of this interesting volume alive for future reference.

Histoire de l'Université. Par E. Dubarle.

WE cannot refrain from bringing these attractive annals again under the notice of our readers; and resume our selections by putting it to the clerical and medical throng of university aspirants whether the youthful Latimer of our days would be willing to submit to the drudgery of sixteen years of theological studies before he could contend for a bachelor's degree, or the stripling Galen to nine years' learned durance before he were allowed to grace his paternal cognomen with an M.D.? Such things were in the fourteenth century, when the classes opened at five in the morning, and the scholar was enjoined to hear lectures sitting upon the floor, not upon stools or elevated seats, which, as the bull of Urban V. sets forth, "are calculated to feed the pride of youth." In this matter, Philip Augustus deserved well

of the city of Paris when he bestowed upon the Hôtel-Dieu "all the straw of our chamber and mansion at Paris, each time that we may quit that city to sleep elsewhere;" for it must be almost superfluous to remark, that the luxury of carpets succeeded to the garnishing of our forefathers' floors with rushes or straw.

It was in the same age that the devotion of Clement VI. to the frailer sex brought down upon a sect of wretched enthusiasts the exterminating thunders of the church. "At a time when the foundation of numerous colleges," says our author, "was enhancing the splendour of the University of Paris, the emperor Charles IV., who had been educated there, raised up a foreign rival of its glories in the year 1348, when he founded the University of Prague, in his hereditary dominions of Bohemia. The object of this institution was to dispel the darkness which prevailed throughout that portion of the empire, and had given rise to a thousand religious systems and heresies, which the unenlightened multitude were eager to embrace, and for which no antidote had been devised but the fire-brand and the sword. A sect, which had sprung up and sunk into abeyance in the twelfth century, was revived by the misfortunes of the times, and at that period set Germany in an uproar; this was the sect of the Flagellants, amongst whom were a vast number of females: these deluded beings conceived they could appease the Divine wrath by offering corporeal sufferings in expiation of their offences, and spread themselves through the towns and villages, armed with whips and other instruments of torture, with which they lacerated themselves in a piteous manner. But their superstitious practices were aggravated by their intolerance, and led them to the commission of frightful excesses. The University (of Paris) had condemned them in 1349: Philip forbade them to enter France, under pain of death; and the thunders of the church were not slow in overtaking them. So austere a sect as this could not be tolerated by a pontiff whose gallant manners were the subject of public scandal. 'When he was an archbishop,' says an old historian, 'he was perfectly at ease among women; and when a pope, took no pains to conceal or restrain his weakness.' Ladies of rank frequented his chamber as assiduously as prelates; amongst others was a certain Countess de Turenne, on whom he conferred a multitude of favours; and when he was sick, he was tended by females.' This same Clement could not do otherwise than erect the battery of a bull against the Flagellants; and they speedily made their exit."

The University of Paris was accustomed to use a most effectual means of upholding its authority and maintaining its political influence; for on every occasion where it found itself likely to lose the support of the government, whether that occasion were an equitable or an arbitrary exercise of its power, it either threatened, or actually proceeded, to close its courses. Nor was it ashamed openly to proclaim this alternative as an essential principle of its policy. It possessed in a supreme degree the *vis animi* peculiar to corporate bodies; and publicly declared in 1281, "that it would shut its halls whenever the interest of even one solitary member of its body should require it; telling Philip the Bold, at the same time, 'It is the force of your prayers, sire, and our respect for you, which will induce us to order the masters to resume their courses; though it is, nevertheless, under a firm reliance that you will preserve our privileges,'" &c. It applied the same irresistible argument in its contest

with the French church, at the close of the thirteenth century, when it insisted upon a more equal distribution of ecclesiastical benefices. "This distribution had been intrusted to prelates named by the king, and it would appear that justice was not at all times the dictator of their choice. 'They gave exclusive preference,' says Barbazan, 'to their relatives and friends, who were raised to canonries before they knew how to read; nor could anything be obtained from them, excepting by members of their own families, by persons who could afford to purchase their favours, or by dint of consummate hypocrisy.' The University, being heartily sick of the contest, closed the whole of its courses, and did not re-open them until it had carried its point." A similar expedient proved similarly efficacious on the following remarkable occasion in the year 1408. "The provost of Paris, le sire de Tignonville, had caused two students, who had been guilty of the greatest atrocities, to be arrested, and offered to deliver them over to the judicial power of the University; but that body disclaimed all connexion with two such miscreants, and they were consequently condemned and hung. The Duke of Burgundy, who then reigned supreme, was a secret enemy of the sire de Tignonville, and could not forgive the active inquiries he had set on foot into the Duke of Orleans' assassination, of which those inquiries had compelled him to avow himself the author. Under these circumstances, the Burgundian raised up against him the students of the Norman nation, who were his devoted partisans; for, imitating the example set him by Duke Philip, his father, John-sans-peur had induced a party in the University to espouse his cause. This party, therefore, set about exasperating the minds of their brethren, and impelled them to protest against the violation of their privileges. An official interregnum of all lectures and studies was the consequence; and as the government appeared to sanction the provost's conduct, the University in a body sought an audience of the king, and told him, that, as justice was denied them, and their franchises were invaded, the king's daughter, to whose honour such insults had been offered, would depart like a wandering lamb, and seek an asylum elsewhere. The rector added, in order to shew she was neither ungrateful, nor unmindful of the numerous benefits which the king had conferred upon her, that she had now come to bid him farewell. 'You shall not depart,' answered Charles; 'we will not allow our well-beloved daughter, whom our ancestors have fostered so long and so paternally beneath the shade of the lily, to transfer her affection to any other parent; so far are we from desiring to retrench your privileges, that we are disposed, on the contrary, to extend them; and, as regards the business now in hand, you shall receive that satisfaction which children have a right to expect from their father.' In truth, exemplary atonement was made to the University. A decree of the council declared that the provost had acted with precipitancy and imprudence, ordered him to cut down the bodies from the gallows with his own hand, to kiss the mouth of each of them, to pay the costs of the train which was to be headed by the executioner, clothed in a surplice, and to bring up the procession with all his household: he was afterwards dismissed; whilst the bodies of the two robbers were interred in the convent of the Mathurins, and honoured with a monument, on which they were represented swinging from a gibbet, with an inscription, recording the circumstances of the occurrence, subjoined."

Contemporary writers tell us, that no event created so much uneasiness in Cromwell's mind as the publication of Allen's biting vindication of tyrannicide; and well may the soul of the canting regicide have quailed within him, when his countrymen were bidden to open the page of that holy book, "besoiled by the dung of the usurper's mouth-honour," and they would read, "as thy sword hath made women childless, so shall thy mother be childless among women." But Allen's doctrine was not then broached for the first time; and we proceed to shew, that a learned scion of the Parisian University had maintained, nearly three hundred years before, that, in certain cases, *killing was not murder*.

"From the unhappy commencement of the king's (Charles VI.) illness, France fell into a state of frightful anarchy, and the sceptre became a bone of contention to the violence of political factions, who, in the absence of a competent owner to wield it, snatched it from time to time out of each other's hands. The Duke of Orleans, the king's only brother, had just fallen by the daggers of assassins, whom the Duke of Burgundy himself had employed; and yet, so omnipotent was his influence at this period, that he did not hesitate to avow himself their abettor. Had not the page of history minutely recorded the circumstance, and the very terms made use of, it would have been difficult to have esteemed as otherwise than apocryphal, the speech delivered by his apologist on the 8th of March, 1408, before a large assembly, at which the dauphin presided in the king's absence, and in the presence of earls, barons, knights, the rector of the University, and a host of doctors and citizens. The orator was a cordelier, one Master John Petit, a doctor of the University, whose accessibility to golden persuasions induced him to enter upon a justification of this foul deed: 'Now,' said he, 'his grace the Duke of Burgundy, aware that my means were scant, hath made me partake every year of a good and great pension, whereby I might frequent the schools; from the which pension I have drawn a great part of my expenditure, and shall hereafter find it similarly available, if such shall continue to be his grace's pleasure.' After this exordium, worthy of the 'cunning livery of hell,' he advanced twelve reasons, in honour of the twelve apostles, shewing how allowable and even glorious it was to slay a tyrant, and calling upon the king to recompense the Duke of Burgundy in the same way that God recompensed 'Monseigneur St. Michael, the archangel, for having slain the devil: and it is,' continued he, 'both rightful, reasonable, and equitable, that every tyrant should perish by open force or secret blow—the proper death of disloyal tyrants; and it is not only lawful, but also honourable and meritorious in every subject, and still more so in his majesty's relatives, to kill, or cause to be killed, a disloyal tyrant and traitor; ay,' added he, 'it is a courageous thing, and a religious duty, and a sacrifice beyond all others pleasing to the Lord!'" The University itself, which sided at that time with the Burgundian party, did not raise its voice against this horrible doctrine, though it had the good taste to renounce the part it had taken, at the Council of Constance, six years afterwards. "The Duke of Burgundy himself, who was an object of terror to every soul breathing, came out of the ordeal with flying colours; and the king presented him with letters patent, in which he declared that he held him in singular esteem."

But there is a revolution in the affairs of the prince as well as the peasant; and scarce eight

years more had rolled over his head, when the omnipotent John of Burgundy found it advisable to turn his back upon Paris as a fugitive, and the multitude "whose bleared sights were lately spectacled to see him," were ready to have plunged their knives in the throats of his adherents. On the 16th of September, 1418, the parliament, yielding to the representations of the University, issued a decree, "prohibiting any one from putting another to death, or even from publishing that an individual could lawfully slay another party without the sanction of justice!" The monarch himself ate his late words, and condemned the Duke of Orleans' assassination; the University cried Marantha! over the "killing-no-murder;" tenets of John's apologist; the bishop of Paris pronounced sentence upon them before a numerous auditory; the apology itself was burned by the hands of the common executioner; and the body of Master John Petit, who had been called to his last account at Heedin, was ignominiously disinterred!

We will give the conclusion of this article in an early Number.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

First Steps to Astronomy and Geography. With Plates. 12mo. pp. 386. London. Hatchard and Son.

A CLEVER and well-digested book of instruction, in the form of dialogue; the plates neat, and the illustrations plain and clear.

The Art of Latin Poetry. 8vo. pp. 302. Cambridge, W. P. Grant; London, Simpkin and Marshall.

A VERY agreeable and useful manual, founded on the well-known work of Jani, by a member of the University of Cambridge. Written in English, it is far more likely to inform and benefit the student than any production in modern Latin; and it has besides the merit of really improving the original, both by omissions and additions. Altogether it is a volume of pleasant instruction, which we can cordially recommend.

The Magic Fountain, with other Poems. By Robert Story. 12mo. pp. 186. London, W. Croft.

LOCAL and personal, or rather inoffensively egotistical, there is nothing in these effusions to have recommended them to publication for general readers.

A Walk on the Coast of Dorsetshire, from Lyme to Lulworth. By T. H. Williams, of Exeter. W. C. Pollard, Exeter. 1828.

A PLEASING little descriptive volume, illustrated by nine etchings, chiefly outlines. Mr. Williams announces his intention of continuing his Walk to the extremity of the county; and promises a particular account, accompanied by plates, of the coal money,—a species of counters, bearing the marks of the lathe, formed from the mineral of the district, and used, in remote ages, either by the Druids in their superstitious rites, or by the natives in their commercial intercourse,—which has lately been discovered on the cliffs of Kimmeridge, beyond Lulworth.

The British Preserve. Drawn and etched by S. Howitt. T. Griffith.

WE noticed with the commendation which they deserved several of the early Numbers of this pleasing work, which is now completed, and published as a whole. It contains between forty and fifty etchings of quadrupeds and birds, more particularly of such as are the

objects of the sportsman; and it is accompanied by descriptions, illustrative of their habits, manners, &c. The plates are exceedingly well executed, exhibiting, with great accuracy, not only the forms and character of the various subjects, but the scenes to which they respectively love to resort. The descriptions, though concise, are satisfactory; and are written in a very simple, unaffected manner. It is a book that must be amusing to all readers; and will be especially interesting to the younger classes of the community.

Autographs of Royal, Noble, Learned, and Remarkable Personages conspicuous in English History. Engraved under the direction of Charles John Smith; accompanied by concise Biographical Memoirs by John Gough Nichols. Parts IX. and X. J. B. Nichols and Son.

CONTAINING together 109 autographs, and as many notices; the latter comprehending (as in the preceding portions of the work) a body of information of the most curious, entertaining, and instructive character.

Engraved Illustrations of Ancient Arms and Armour; after the Drawings, and with the Descriptions, of Dr. Meyrick. By Joseph Skelton, F.S.A. Part XVII.

THE plates and the descriptions in the present Part of this interesting publication are of—"the Target of Francis I., A.D. 1526;" "Italian Buckler and Antelaces;" "Bills and a Gisleme;" "Tartar Arms;" and "Armour of a Knight, A.D. 1360." In the continuation of the preface, Dr. Meyrick states several circumstances which had rendered the plates in his "Critical Inquiry" unavoidably imperfect and unsatisfactory.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.
SOCIETY OF ARTS.

APRIL 28th.—The subject of this evening's illustration was the manufacture of paper. The Secretary began by stating that the leaves of trees were probably the first vegetable substances used for writing on: the leaves of the Cumean sibyl, and the oracular leaves of the oaks of Dodona, were of this description. In India, and other tropical oriental countries, the leaves of various kinds of palm are even still employed for this purpose; specimens of which were exhibited. Another vegetable substance used in the state in which nature offers it, is the bark of trees; *liber*, as the Romans called it, whence our English word *library*. Specimens of birch bark, adapted to this purpose, were shewn. The bark of the beech was employed by the Teutonic nations: in the language of these people the beech was called *bock*, whence we derive our word *book*.

The Egyptians, inhabiting a country not adapted to the growth of trees, appear never to have used bark for writing on. An aquatic plant, abounding in the marshes of Lower Egypt, and known to the Greeks under the name *βύβλος* (biblos), was first remarked for the toughness and pliability of its stem, which caused it to be employed for cables and for matting. It afterwards, under the name *παπύρος* (papyrus), became celebrated as the material from which the Roman empire for several centuries derived its supply of paper. A description was given, from Pliny and other ancient authors, of the different varieties of paper made from papyrus, also of the method of making it in Egypt, and of re-manufacturing it at Rome. Specimens of the stem of the papyrus from Egypt and from Sicily were

exhibited, and a Greek MS. on a roll of this material.

In the seventh century cotton paper was introduced from the East into Europe, and superseded the use of papyrus. We are indebted for its introduction to the Arabians, who appear to have become first acquainted with it by their conquest of Samarcand, at that time the great centre of communication between China and the other parts of Asia. Paper, therefore, made from vegetable fibre appears to be one of the many ingenious and useful inventions that have arisen in China. The chief material of paper in China is the fibrous bark of the paper mulberry, of which the less civilised tribes of the Indian archipelago, and of the Polynesian islands, prepare a kind of cloth by beating the bark so as to separate its fibres in some degree from each other. Several very curious specimens of this cloth were exhibited. A paper for writing on is prepared in Java from the same bark, and by a modification of the same process; of which an interesting specimen was shewn.

The manufacture of paper in China was then described, and illustrated by a very copious series of specimens, presented to the Society by one of their members, J. Reeves, Esq. of Canton.

In Nipal, and the northern parts of India, paper is made in the same way as in China, but from the fibrous bark of a species of daphne, which, from its acrimony, has the invaluable property of not being attacked by the white ant. Specimens of daphne bark, of paper made from it in Nipal, and of the same paper re-manufactured in England, were exhibited,—as well as of a very remarkable paper made in Cashmeer.

Early in the fourteenth century, the application of linen rags to making paper was discovered. The superiority of this paper over that made of cotton was immediately perceived, and the use of this latter was soon abandoned.

The Secretary then proceeded to a detailed account of the various steps in the manufacture of paper as commonly practised in this country, illustrated by specimens; and concluded by an account of the very ingenious machine invented by M. Fourdrinier, and perfected by other artists, by means of which paper may be made of almost any length, and with a rapidity hitherto unknown.

The specimens exhibited, besides those belonging to the Society, were furnished by the East India Company, the Royal Asiatic Society, Mr. Showell, Mr. Donkin, Mr. Cooper, Mr. Anderson, curator of the Apothecaries' Garden at Chelsea, and Mr. Solly.

In the account which we gave the week before last of the lecture on glass delivered at the Society of Arts, the name Hodges has been printed by mistake, instead of Hedges. We also omitted to notice some very curious specimens of glass corroded or decomposed by long exposure to the air, being part of a window in the church of St. Neot's in Cornwall, more than 300 years old. These specimens were furnished by Mr. Hedges, under whose direction the whole of the windows of that church have been restored.

COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

ON Monday evening another conversazione was held in the hall of the College—Dr. Maton in the chair. The first paper, read by Dr. Macmichael, was entitled, "observations on the pestilential character of the plain of Ephesus." The author of this paper, Dr. George Hall, one of the Radcliffe travelling Fellows

from the University of Oxford, gave a very interesting account of a journey he had made from Smyrna, to visit the ruins of ancient Ephesus. He described the marshy plain, which is watered by the Cayster, still, as in the days of Virgil, the favourite resort of the sea-bird and water-fowl. It is surrounded on all sides by ridges of lofty hills, except to the N.E., where a narrow interval gives passage to the Cayster: there is no ventilation, and the sea breezes are shut out by the ridges of neighbouring mountains. In the summer, the sun acting upon the waters of an almost stagnant river and its marshy shores, the air becomes charged with pestilential vapours, and the inhabitants suffer from the most virulent *miasma*. Dr. Hall on his return to Smyrna did not feel the effects of his excursion for four or five days: then, indeed, the symptoms of a most alarming fever came on, from which he had the narrowest escape. The chief feature of the disorder was the affection of the head, requiring repeated bleeding, and the use of large doses of calomel: towards its close it assumed a remitting type, and was then treated with quinine.

The second paper was a very learned dissertation by Dr. Badham, Professor of Medicine at the University of Glasgow. In this he attempted to prove, that the *loimos*, or plague, of Athens was not at all like the formidable disease to which the name of plague is now given; but rather resembled the fever of the Mediterranean, or typhoid yellow fever of Gibraltar and Cadiz. The paper was full of classical allusion, and shewed that the author was quite master of the lore of antiquity, the possession of which has always been the ornament of the professors of the science of medicine.

On the upper table were placed different preparations of vegetable substances, such as morphine, &c., which have been lately introduced by the French chemists. The assembly was numerous attended.

LYNNÆAN SOCIETY.

SINCE our last notice under this head, two meetings have been held. At the former, Lord Stanley, M. P., the president, was in the chair. The paper read was entitled, "on the origin of buds in the vegetable structure," by the Rev. Patrick Keith, F.L.S. At the last meeting, A. B. Lambert, Esq. vice president, was in the chair; and the continuation of a "descriptive catalogue of Sicilian plants," by John Hogg, Esq. M.A. F.L.S. was read.

MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

THE tenth (we believe) anniversary meeting of this Society was celebrated at the Thatched House Tavern, on Saturday last—the Right Hon. the Earl Stanhope, president of the Society, in the chair, supported by Count De Moltke, the Danish ambassador; Count Ludolf, the Neapolitan ambassador; Mr. Barbour, the American minister, and Baron Cetto, the Bavarian minister; Mr. Rocafuerte, the Mexican minister; the Spanish Consul-General; the American Vice-Consul; Col. Sir John Scott Lillie, Bart.; the Secretary of the Asiatic Society; Messrs. J. Capel, M.P., and W. A. Mackinnon; Drs. Price, Sigmond, Ainslie, and Gordon; and about sixty other gentlemen, friends to the Institution.

The noble President, from the chair, very ably advocated the cause of the Society in two or three speeches during the evening, as did also the American minister and several other gentlemen. On the table were placed a great variety of very pleasing exotics, obtained, by

favour, from the King's gardens at Kew. A beautiful palm overhung the president's chair.

After several appropriate toasts were drank, Mr. Frost offered some remarks upon the plants on the table; soon after the delivery of which the President left the chair, followed by the foreign ministers.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE annual meeting of this body took place on Wednesday; Baring Wall, Esq. in the chair. Mr. Vigors read a very satisfactory report on the Society's proceedings during the past year. This report stated that the Society had obtained a charter; that thirty-three acres of beautiful ground, together with a farm, in the vicinity of Kingston, had been disposed of by the corporation of that town to the Society, upon very advantageous terms; seven acres and a half of the whole number having been bought by the Society for 1000*l.*, the remainder let for twenty-one years, with a right of renewal. The establishment at Kingston had been obtained in order that the beasts and birds belonging to the Society might breed in peace and safety. From the report it also appeared that the Society's finances were in a very prosperous state, and that 112,000 persons had visited the Gardens in the Regent's Park during the year. The report was ordered to be printed, together with the charter, and a copy of each given to the members.

After some good-humoured discussion about the death of a lion, bear, &c., the following persons were chosen to fill up the vacancies in the council; the other officers stand as heretofore.

W. J. Broderip, Esq. *vice* H. T. Colebrooke, Esq.; Rev. Dr. Hodgson, Dean of Carlisle, *vice* Viscount Gage; J. W. Hull, Esq. *vice* Dr. Goodenough; R. H. Jenkinson, Esq. *vice* Dr. Raffles; Marquess of Lothian, *vice* Sir R. H. Vyvyan, Bart.

DUTCH VOYAGE IN THE SOUTH SEA.

Frankfort, April 3d.

THE relations of our countryman Dr. Henry Macklot, who is gone to the Dutch colonies as naturalist, have lately received letters from him, the last of which is dated Amboyna, Sept. 18, 1828. He passed the summer in a voyage to New Guinea, and along the coast of that inhospitable country. The expedition left Amboyna on the 22d of April, proceeded first to the Island of Banda, from thence set sail for New Guinea, and after a tedious voyage cast anchor on the 21st of May at the mouth of the river Dourga, on the south-west coast. Here they had a skirmish with the natives, in which two officers were mortally wounded, and several of the savages killed. They then steered along the coast northwards, and after encountering many hardships and accidents, entered a bay, which they named Triton's bay, after one of the ships—situated in 3° 33' 30" south latitude, and 134° 5' longitude. Arrangements were here made for forming a colony, and building a fort for its protection. The 24th of September, being the birthday of his Majesty the King of the Netherlands, was fixed for the taking possession of the land, in the name of this sovereign. Dr. Macklot describes it as a mountainous and extremely fine country. The crew suffered much from disease.

On the 30th of August they again set sail, and on the 6th of September reached Amboyna. From hence Dr. Macklot intends to proceed to Timor, where he will pass several months in the service of the government, and calculates

to return to Java in a couple of years. He is at present much engaged in arranging his collections and observations, which will be published hereafter.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR MAY.

THE bright constellations that ornament the wintry sky are rapidly gliding into the effulgence of the solar beams, while those which indicate the progress of the vernal and the advance of the summer seasons are gaining on the celestial canopy. Shortly after the decline of the orb of day, Orion may be feebly seen, bowing his gigantic form towards the ruddy west; the Bull bathing his forehead in the lingering rays of parting light; Castor and Pollux, with the planet Saturn, reclining on the glowing tinge which marks the boundary of twilight; farther removed from "the golden lightning of the sunken sun," the Lion shines with splendour, dividing the empire of the mid-heaven with the Virgin and Boötes; in the south-east the Scorpion ascends—the dreaded sign of the votaries of astrology as the omen of every direful calamity. But, beneficent or baleful, these starry symbols of the incessant revolutions of the rolling world are associated in the mind of the student of nature with delightful recollections—the bright star Regulus, with the odorous train of Flora; Spica Virginis, with the harbingers of the beauty of summer and the bounty of autumn; Lucida Lyra, with the harmony of the groves; and even Antares, the red and inauspicious star of Scorpio, with the daisied meadow, the ripening harvest-field, and dewy eyes.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D. H. M.
☉ New Moon in Aries	2 19 57
☽ First Quarter in Leo	10 7 36
☾ Full Moon in Libra	18 7 48
☿ Last Quarter in Aquarius	25 8 19

The moon will be in conjunction with

	D. H. M.
Mercury in Aries	2 8 52
Venus in Aries	2 11 20
Mars in Taurus	5 9 0
Saturn in Cancer	8 14 0
Jupiter in Scorpio	19 9 54

4th day—Mercury in conjunction with Venus. 7th day, 13 hrs. 45 min.—in superior conjunction, passing to the south of the centre of the sun's disc. 20th day, 8 hrs. 15 min.—Venus in superior conjunction, after which this beautiful planet will be hailed as the evening star.

Mars in Taurus is too near the sun for observation. Jupiter, owing to his great southern declination, is not in a favourable position for long-continued observation, the meridian altitude being only 17°: it may easily be distinguished by its brightness and vicinity to the two bright stars in the head and body of the Scorpion, with which it forms an unequal triangle. It rises S.E. by E. at the following times respectively:—

D. H. M.	D. H. M.	D. H. M.	D. H. M.
7 9 45	13 9 19	19 8 52	25 8 24

Eclipses of the Satellites.

	D. H. M. S.
First Satellite	2 13 16 30
	9 15 10 40
	18 11 33 19
	26 13 27 35
Second Satellite	3 11 8 23
	10 18 41 49
Third Satellite	21 10 45 6
	28 14 43 16

Saturn will be visible a short time after sunset, and Uranus before sunrise.

SOLAR SPOTS.—The sun's disc has latterly been very copiously covered with spots. 20th ulto. twenty-eight of considerable magnitude were observed, besides several minute ones in the vicinity of the larger. These spots extended from the eastern quite across to the

western edge, and occupied a zone nearly sixty degrees in breadth. The bright mottled appearance, called facule, was very conspicuous towards the western regions, covering large portions of the sun's surface. 29th April—numerous spots are still traversing the disc, nearly all of which are to the north of the sun's equator. J. T. B.
Dorchester.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

THURSDAY, April 30. The President in the chair.—Lord De Dunstanville, David Pollock, Esq., and W. Pole, Esq., were severely introduced, and took their seats for the first time as Fellows. Two curious and exceedingly interesting papers were read: the first was "on the respiration of birds," by Messrs. Allen and Pepps; the second was the report of a chemical examination of Thames water, by Dr. Bostock. Amongst the donations we noticed the cast of a medallion of the head of Leonard Euler, presented by the Rev. John Hewlett, and esteemed a faithful likeness of that celebrated mathematician; the cast was executed at Petersburg in 1793, by Rachette;—Flora Batava by the King of the Netherlands; a number of lithographic plates by Hulmandel; Count de Montlivault's Cosmological Essay and Letters; and a very rare copy of Tycho Brahe's Mechanical Principles of his System of Astronomy, presented by Professor Rigaud, of Oxford.

At a late meeting, a paper was read, entitled "astronomical observations made in the observatory at Paramatta;" by Charles L. Rümker, Esq., communicated by the President.—The object of this memoir is the determination of the right ascension of two circum-polar stars of the southern hemisphere, by a direct comparison with the sun, independent of the transit, and of the solar tables. This comparison is made by deducing the superior and inferior culminations of the stars from an uninterrupted series of equal altitude, for the space of a month about the time of the equinox. This gives the difference of right ascension between the sun and stars. Finally, the distance of the sun from the equinoctial point is derived from the observed declination of the sun on those days. In an appendix, the author subjoins a list of the stars of which he ascertained the right ascensions by equal and absolute altitudes.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

THE readings of the Society have lately consisted of portions of a valuable memoir, "on the use of the ancient Cycles in settling the differences of Chronologists." This memoir is by Dr. Nolan. An outline, embracing the readings of March 4th and 18th, and April 1st and 15th, will be given in our next Number.

The annual meeting of the Society was postponed by adjournment last Thursday, on account of the Drawing-room, till Thursday next at two o'clock, when the Marquess of Lansdowne, vice-president, is expected to take the chair, in the absence of the Bishop of Salisbury, president.

THE ANTIQUARIES OF SCOTLAND held their ninth sessional meeting on Monday, when Mr. Hay's spirited design for opening the great Egyptian temple of Aseemba (see recent *Literary Gazette*) was warmly recommended to encouragement by the chair. Among the donations announced were a variety of antiquities from Sir G. Murray, which had been sent to the Right Hon. Secretary by

Mr. Warrington, the British consul at Tripoli.

MANCHESTER.—At the annual meeting of the Literary and Philosophical Society of this populous and intelligent town, on the 16th ult. John Dalton, Esq. was elected president; Dr. Holme, Dr. Henry, and Messrs. P. Ewart and G. W. Wood, vice-presidents; Mr. P. Clare and the Rev. J. J. Taylor, secretaries; Mr. B. Haywood, treasurer; Mr. W. R. Whetton, librarian; and Messrs. J. Blackwell, J. Davies, T. Hopkins, L. Buchan, J. C. Dyer, and Dr. E. Carbutt, of the council. What we have seen of the proceedings of this Society induces us to wish it every possible success in the prosecution of its useful plans, inquiries, and undertakings.

FINE ARTS.

SUFFOLK STREET GALLERY.

[Sixth and concluding notice.]

The Sculpture Room,

We have already observed, enjoys a great advantage in point of light over any room appropriated to a similar purpose elsewhere. It also exhibits a well-selected variety of works, arranged with much skill and judgment.

Among the busts interesting from the public character of the individuals represented, are No. 852, *A Bust of Lord Eldon*, L. W. Sievier; No. 837, *Marble Bust of Sir Francis Burdett*, J. Ternouth; No. 836, *Bust of the late Lord Bishop of Salisbury*, J. Kendrick; and No. 850, *A Marble Bust of Sir H. Davy, Bart. from an original in terra cotta*, by the Hon. A. S. Damer, J. Mason. The model for this last must have been made some years ago.

No. 848. *Marble Monument to the memory of the late Dr. Kitchiner, executed by order of his Son, W. B. Kitchiner*. J. Kendrick.—As a pleasant writer, as well as a most inoffensive and social man, Dr. Kitchiner will long hold a place in the remembrance and esteem of many. This monument is equally creditable to the affection of the son and the talents of the artist.

No. 830. *The Batter—Statue in Marble*. No. 832. *The Bowler—Statue in Marble*. H. Rossi.—Mr. Rossi has here shewn that the manly game of cricket can furnish studies of form and attitude as worthy of the attention of the young sculptor as many of the antique statues.

No. 834. *Eve*. T. Hughes.—"The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat." The sentiment of self-abasement and condemnation is well expressed in the character of this figure; but it strikes us that the exuberance of hair which is generally allowed to the representations of our common mother might have been more advantageously employed in the composition.

No. 846. *Equestrian Statue of the late Duke of York*. R. Lawrence.—Compositions of this kind are so generally alike, that an artist has little opportunity of exercising his invention; but must rest his claims to distinction principally on symmetry and resemblance. In both those points we think that Mr. Lawrence has very fairly succeeded.

No. 847. *The Angel Gabriel—a Sketch*. F. Tatham.—A Michael-Angelo sort of study; the attitude apparently that of fixed attention.

No. 856. *Adam and Eve lamenting over the dead Body of Abel*. J. Kendrick.—Frequently as this subject has been handled, Mr. Kendrick has imparted to it sufficient originality, and peculiar pathos.

No. 861. *A Bas-Relief, in Marble; forming part of a Monument to the memory of the*

late Sir L. T. Worsley Holmes, Bart.: to be erected in Arretton Church, Isle of Wight. J. Haskoll.—If the whole of this monumental tribute should be executed with as much taste and elegance as this portion of it, it will be a very fine work.

No. 858. *The Combat for Patroclus' Body*. C. Smith.—Conceived and designed in the true spirit of the subject. We have seldom seen a model in which muscular action has been more skilfully displayed. We are sorry to say that No. 867, *An Allegorical Idea for a Monument to the memory of the late John Kemble*, by the same artist, is by no means equally successful, either in grouping or in character.

No. 865. *Bacchus, in Marble*. L. W. Sievier.—A tasteful little figure, well suited for a cabinet or mantel ornament.

No. 869. *Monumental Sketch for a National Monument to the late Lord Dunsan*. J. Kendrick.—We like not the Roman or the Greek costume, as applied to our military, and still less as applied to our naval heroes; and, but for some superstitious notions, would banish Victories from the tombs of our "mighty dead." No. 876, *Small Sketch of the National Monument erected in St. Paul's to the memory of General R. Ross*, is in better keeping, and is exceedingly spirited. But here is a weeping Britannia, out of place in any case but that of the loss of her honour;—a loss which we trust she will never suffer.

No. 877. *A Group*. P. Mac Dowell.—A very clever performance; but the quotation in the catalogue, which refers to colour, is most inapposite. The character and expression of the gentle pair, however, sufficiently point out their feelings and sentiment.

MR. WEST'S PICTURES.

[Second notice.]

WE proceed to give a brief account of a few of Mr. West's principal pictures, both at the gallery in Newman Street, and elsewhere; together with some particulars respecting them, which we are sure will be read at the present moment with considerable interest.

Whatever may be the view taken of this great artist when he is compared with men of "the olden time," and of other countries, no impartial person can deny his title to being the first historical painter of modern days in this country. There may be found individual examples of contemporary art among us that may vie with, or even, in some rare instances, perhaps, excel the works of West; but where are we to look for so striking an assemblage, from a single hand, of pictorial excellence? The *coup d'œil* of the noble performances of his which are now arranged in the gallery in Newman Street, cannot fail of filling every enlightened spectator with admiration; and must give the foreign visitor especially a much more complete idea of the character of the British school of historic art than he could possibly acquire in any miscellaneous collection. It is a congregated whole, in which the same powers shew themselves under a variety of forms; now towering to the highest flights of a vivid imagination, and now stooping to the representation of the familiar scenes of domestic or pastoral life.

It must be the most inveterate prejudice that can contemplate such productions as "The Battle of La Hogue," "The Death of General Wolfe," and others of the same class, without acknowledging their extraordinary merit, not only as regards composition and character (of which they are among the purest and best existing models), but as respects the union of

every essential quality of art. The latter, especially, was painted under circumstances which shewed the sound judgment and independent spirit of the artist. When Mr. West commenced his career in this country, it was usual to treat historical subjects of a modern description in what was called the classical style of art; to clothe the figures in Greek or Roman costume; and to introduce as many Fames, Victories, and heathen deities, as the painter could find room for, and afford. All this it was gravely supposed imparted an air of elevation to the work. When Mr. West received the commission to paint "The Death of General Wolfe," he determined not to imitate this tasteless practice. In vain did contemporaries remonstrate; he answered only by requesting that they would suspend their opinions until his picture was finished. When that happy moment arrived, Mr. West assembled his friends, among whom were most of the living artists of eminence, and shewed them his performance. The impression which it made was immediate and conclusive; and Sir Joshua Reynolds in particular (then Mr. Reynolds) complimented Mr. West in the highest terms on the reform which he had introduced, and on the ability with which he had proved how possible it was to compel the fashion of the day to serve every purpose of pictorial representation. A similar interference with Mr. West's intentions was attempted when the commission was given him to paint "Penn's Treaty with the Indians;" and it was suggested to him that the formal and somewhat uncouth habiliments of "the friends" might be dispensed with. On such terms Mr. West declined proceeding; but being then left to pursue his own plan, the result was a lasting monument of his genius and judgment.

If, in the estimation of the classical scholar, there is higher ground on which to raise the superstructure of an artist's reputation, that ground Mr. West has most triumphantly occupied. The grandeur, or, indeed, the sublimity of some of his works of this description, has seldom been excelled in any age or country. Among the earliest of his classical productions was "Agrippina landing at Brundisium with the ashes of Germanicus." This picture originated in a conversation at the table of Archbishop Drummond, when Mr. West was present. The archbishop, probably as a hint to the young artist, mentioned the subject, narrated its details in the language of the historian, and placed its various capabilities in so interesting a point of view, that Mr. West's imagination was captivated, and the next morning he presented a sketch to his grace, who was so delighted with it that he requested Mr. West to execute a finished picture for him. Touching, however, as was the character of silent grief imparted to this work by Mr. West, and magnificent as were the architectural and other parts of the composition, it was outdone by his "Regulus." Never was manly fortitude more admirably and more affectingly portrayed than in this representation of the patriot-hero, returning amidst the grief, not of kindred, not of friends, but of a whole nation. *Salvator Rosa* stands deservedly high both in historical and in imaginative art; but how inferior is his *Regulus*, with the tub, and the spikes, and the hammers, and all its other mean and vulgar accessories, to the noble and dignified conception, and the masterly execution, of Mr. West's picture!

Of Mr. West's powers in the illustration of the drama, who that recollects his "Lear" can for a moment doubt? He here reaches the climax of the great poet's description; and touches the sublime in the character of the mad-dened monarch, without losing sight of truth in the representation of the fierce elemental warfare which rages around him.—How disgraceful to this country that so transcendent a production was permitted to leave it at a price less than the cost of the frame! Well might a late distinguished amateur (Sir George Beaumont) exclaim, on learning the occurrence, "If Raphael or Michael Angelo could revive, and sit down to paint in England, a prison or a workhouse would be his reward." Let us hope that a better and more patriotic feeling now exists; and that that feeling may be strongly manifested on the occasion which will so soon give it an opportunity of evincing itself.

[To be continued.]

EXHIBITION OF LODGE'S PORTRAITS.

WE were much gratified the other day with a private view of the beautiful gallery of portraits of the most illustrious personages of English history, which is about to be re-opened by Messrs. Harding and Lepard. It is impossible to conceive an exhibition more powerfully interesting to all the dignified and intellectual classes of the community. To the man of rank it is interesting, as illustrative of the numerous and intricate connexions existing among all the noble families in the country; to the man of letters it is interesting, as tending to elucidate, and even to revive his acquisitions of historical knowledge; to the man of taste it is interesting, as presenting an assemblage of characteristic portraits, many of them from the pencils of the most distinguished artists, and diversified by all the varieties of the costume which belonged to the periods at which the originals respectively flourished. The ambitious, the philosophical, the brave, the compassionate, the learned, the witty, the loyal, the patriotic, may all here find appropriate subjects of contemplation; and, with reference to the youthful mind especially, it is not indulging too much in fancy to say, that in this gallery emotions may be excited, which may have an extraordinary influence on the future destinies of those by whom they are experienced.

The collection has been augmented since last year by the accession of various portraits, which can now be spared from the hands of the artists engaged in executing the engravings. Among these new introductions are, the great Marquess of Granby, from the picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds, presented by his present Majesty, when Prince Regent, to the Earl of Egremont; Lord Rodney, from the picture by Sir Joshua, in the same collection; the celebrated Earl of Peterborough, from a picture by Dahl, which was a great favourite with the late lamented Earl of Liverpool; the Earl of Orford, from a picture by Jarvis, at Houghton; Sir Isaac Newton, from a picture by Kneller, at Petworth; the Hon. Robert Boyle, from a picture at Combe Wood, &c. The catalogue also states, that copies of two of his Majesty's pictures, viz. Lord Nelson and Lord St. Vincent, both by Hoppner, will be added to the exhibition in a few days, the royal sanction to the making of those copies not having been received in time to admit of their being finished for the opening. W. Hilton, R.A., Mr. Derby, and the late Mr. Satchwell, were the artists principally employed in the production of this admirable little gallery. There are two or

three contributions to it also by J. Jackson, R.A. Some inconvenience having been sustained last season in consequence of the crowd of visitors (exceeding five-and-twenty thousand in number), an additional room has been this year thrown open for their accommodation.

It appears that the monthly edition of the work for which these beautiful drawings were undertaken, the publication of which was commenced on the 1st of January last, having been exhausted in three weeks by the influx of two thousand subscribers, the interim has been occupied in the preparation of another set of plates; and that the republication of that monthly and cheap edition will commence on the 1st of May. The 37th Number of the two-monthly edition of the work has just been published, and contains portraits and memoirs of John Manners, Marquess of Granby; Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough; Sir Isaac Newton; George Lord Rodney; and the Hon. Robert Boyle. Both the plates and the biographical notices are worthy of the preceding parts of the work.

ROYAL ACADEMY.—The Exhibition opens on Monday: it is, we understand, a rich collection, which we can well believe, from the works we have seen in the rooms of artists previous to their being sent.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONG.

COME, send around the sparkling bowl—
Like Woman's eye, the wine is bright—
And every free and jovial soul
Shall revel deep in bliss to night.
Though sober mortals strive to catch
A distant ray from Wisdom's shrine,
Can they in learning's pathway match
The graceful chaplet of the vine?
Alas! the wreath the sage bestows,
Droops o'er the wrinkled brow of care;
While ours in sunny fragrance glows,
Fresh from the wine-cup, in our hair.

Bath, Jan. 25.

CECIL.

ON JEALOUSY.

O JEALOUSY! destructive as thou art,
Whence springs thy influence o'er the wither'd heart?
Why is thy power, that lasting source of ills,
Encouraged still, and cherish'd while it kills?
Or art thou from beneath or from above,
From slighted friendship or neglected love?
Or does ambition fan thy fatal flame?
Envy and thou are evermore the same.
With thee a long and dreadful train appears
Of sleepless nights and agonising years.
Look on the young, the loved, the great, the fair,
And others' bliss shall be thine own despair.
What shall elude the swiftness of thy wing,
Or heal the torment of thy serpent-sting?
O Jealousy! thy fierce, evenom'd dart
Makes hell on earth within the human heart:
Thine iron sceptre unresisted reigns,
Transfixing mortals with undying pains;
Mirth, health, and life itself, thou dost destroy—
Where'er thy poison spreads, farewell to joy!

HANNAH GOLDING.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE EARL OF BUCHAN.

THIS aged nobleman, so well known to the literary world by his writings and love of letters, and to all tourists who have visited the pastoral beauties and monastic antiquities of the south of Scotland by his possession of Dryburgh Abbey—died a few days ago at Dry-

Buchan, in his 77th year, being born on the first of June, 1742. Though Lord Buchan published only a few works (viz. a speech intended to have been spoken at the meeting of the peers of Scotland, &c. 1789;—*Life of Napier, of Merchiston*, &c., 1788;—and, in conjunction with Dr. Minto, an *Essay on the Lives and Writings of Fletcher of Saltoun*, and the poet Thomson, 8vo., 1792), yet his mind was almost continually devoted, through a long series of years, to the pursuits of literature. His correspondence with scholars and men of science, at home and abroad, may be said to have been almost unbounded; and many of the most distinguished individuals of the past and present generation were to be numbered among his friends. In Scotland patronage can rarely afford to take a very munificent form, nor did the circumstances of the Earl of Buchan enable him to become an exception to the general order. But in kind offices, in recommendations, in introductions, in suggestions, and in warmly interesting himself and others within his sphere for the promotion of deserving efforts and youthful or lowly aspirants to fame, he well merited the name of a zealous patron. His latter years were clouded with the infirmities of age. He was the eleventh earl, and brother of the late Thomas Lord Erskine: he is succeeded by H. David, the eldest son of his brother, the witty and accomplished Henry Erskine.

JOHN REEVES.

THIS gentleman, who for many years occupied so important a rank in the political-literary annals of his times, died a few days since, in Half-Moon Street, at the advanced age of seventy-seven. He was educated at Eton and Merton College, Oxford, where he took his Bachelor's degree—obtained a Fellowship at Queen's—took his Master's degree in 1778—and was called to the bar in 1780. His first publication was a law book, in 1779; which led to his *History of the English Law from the Saxons to Henry VII.*, 2 vols. 4to., 1784; and the same extended to *Philip and Mary*, 4 vols. 8vo., 1787. Political pamphlets, and productions in reviews and other periodicals, flowed from his pen during the agitated period of the French Revolution; and it may be said, that few writers, if any writer, produced more decided effects upon public opinion than Mr. Reeves. In later life his labours partook more of a religious character: witness his collection of the Greek and Hebrew Texts of the Psalms, in 1800; the *Book of Common Prayer*, with Notes, 1801; and the *Holy Bible*, in nine or ten vols. 8vo. and 4to., 1802. Mr. Reeves held some valuable official situations, the reward of his talents and of the services he rendered his country in dangerous and critical periods. He was also a Fellow of the Royal Society; and an ardent friend and treasurer of that excellent charity, the Literary Fund, from the date of its formation. In his manners, Mr. Reeves (whom we knew well) was kind and agreeable, and his conversation facetious and replete with intelligence. His habits, to the last, were those of extreme neatness, bordering on that precision which is attributed to the sect of bachelors. He lived in great intimacy with such dignitaries of the church and luminaries of the law as were his contemporaries. His library is a very fine one.

MR. KOLLMAN.

We know we shall give pain to many of our readers when we acquaint them with the demise of Mr. A. F. C. Kollman, Organist of his

Majesty's German Chapel, at St. James's Palace, which took place unexpectedly on the evening of Easter Sunday;—for no one could be more esteemed by all who knew him, through the course of a long life, than was this distinguished author. His memory, however, will live in his works, which may be designated as the *Encyclopedia of Musical Science*. Mr. Kollman was the first person who published a treatise on the Rhetoric of Music; but the chief feature of his life was his *New System of Musical Harmony*.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

PICTURE OF CHINA.—NO. III.

OUR extracts, continued, to illustrate the present state of China, need little introduction: the first short passage is new to us.

"On the frontier, the military have been detected in conniving at natives poaching, and destroying the stage, whose horns form a valuable medicine, and is claimed as imperial property."

The following shews that there are great rogues, and an inefficient police, in other cities as well as in London. It is a curious picture of manners.

"Proclamation.—Our chief magistrate in the city of Canton has published the following document, printed in large characters, and pasted against the walls of houses in the streets, as is usual with the Chinese government. 'Wang, by special appointment the principal magistrate of Kwangchow-foo, who has been promoted three steps, and honourably recorded five times, hereby issues an urgent interdict. The metropolis of this province (Canton) is a place of crowded resort, where persons from the five regions (east, west, north, south, and centre) of the empire dwell promiscuously. Inside the city, and outside in the suburbs, market places are as thick as scales on a fish. It continually occurs that there are found a number of vagabonds acting irregularly and illegally. In the day-time they grope and cut away purses from persons walking in the streets; at night, they bore their way through walls to steal and rob; so that the resident inhabitants scarcely ever sleep on a tranquil pillow. Beside, there are local blackguards, called Tekwan and Lantsae, who saunter idly about the streets, wasting their property, and neglecting their proper business: these at last make gambling their trade, and swindling their profession, on which they depend for raiment and food. There are also hard-hearted soldiers and gnawing lictors, who connect themselves with these people. Some post themselves at ferry landing-places, or station themselves about markets, or rove about the streets, to extort money under various pretences; or, maddened by liquor, act cruelly, disturb and annoy the people in a hundred ways. It is not possible to record all the poisonous and pernicious effects produced by them on the district. Since I came to the present situation, I have repeatedly commanded the inferior magistrates to act faithfully in the seizure of such persons; but the depraved spirit still prevails. The year has now attained its evening, when hurry and perturbation make pilfering easy. I therefore command all civil and military officers under me to exert themselves diligently in the apprehension of vagabonds; and I command both soldiers and people to attend to their respective duties. You, people, have each an occupation: if you keep in your own department, obey the laws, and diligently trade or work, you have plenty of ways to obtain a livelihood. Why willingly become a bandit, and cast yourselves

on the downward stream? The law's net is very broad; the meshes, though wide, suffer none to escape. Having once violated the law, you will fall into the pit of punishment. There, though you should desire to be a worthy subject of a holy age, you will be unable to effect your wishes. After this proclamation, let every one arouse, repent, and reform; let all aim to renew the skin of their faces, and avoid that repentance which is useless as a man's attempting to bite his own navel. Ye dwellers in market-places, take good heed to your doors, and shut them carefully morning and evening. If vagabonds, as before, swindle, rob, and annoy, seize them, and drag them before a magistrate. If lictors connive and combine, I shall, on the moment of detection, flog them till they die. I am resolved to shew no indulgence. Let every one tremblingly obey. Oppose not. A special proclamation."

This magistrate tells the people in another place, in a good metaphor, that though he will administer justice strictly, he will not be too unmerciful; in short, that he intends "to hold the laves by the middle."

"Jan. 29th.—Linafong, for murder, was decapitated, and the following day his head sent in a cage to be suspended where the murder was committed. On the 31st, Chingteen-shing was beheaded for robbery. At these executions it is usual for the military officer at the head of this district, called the Kwng-Chow-Heep, to attend. The person who now holds that office, however, considers executions so common-place, he declines going in person, unless five criminals and upwards are to be put to death."

"Feb. 1st.—This morning, Lamalow, for coasting piracy, was beheaded. This execution makes the number of capital punishments which have taken place during the last twelve months, within a mile of the foreign factories, amount to 202: full two-thirds of them were inflicted by the local authorities, without any previous reference to Peking. The crimes were generally robbery, rape, and murder. The modes of punishment were decapitation, strangulation on a cross, and slowly cutting to pieces. The unhappy culprit is stripped naked, and lashed to a cross; a cut is made across the forehead, and the skin of the face pulled down; then the feet, legs, hands, arms, and head, are successively cut off from the trunk, which is finally stabbed to the heart. This terrible and cruel form of death is called *dingche*, i. e. ignominious and slow,—and is inflicted for crimes against superiors, treason, the murder of parents, &c. The population of this province is perhaps equal to that of Scotland; but how widely different the number of capital punishments, besides those who die in prison annually from cruel usage!"

"Feb. 4th.—Last night, a storm of very loud thunder and heavy rain passed over Canton. Thunder in winter is considered by the Chinese as ominous of some impending calamity. It is a proverb, that thunder in the tenth moon is baneful to sovereign princes.

"Feb. 4th.—To-day is a great holiday throughout the empire. It is called *Yingchun*, i. e. meeting the spring, to-morrow, when the sun enters the fifteenth degree of Aquarius, being considered the commencement of the spring's season. It is a sort of Lord Mayor's day. The chief magistrate of the district goes forth in great pomp, carried on men's shoulders, in an open chair, with gongs beating, music playing, and nymphs and satyrs, seated among artificial rocks and trees, carried in procession. He goes to the general parade ground, on the

east side of Canton, on the following day, being *Lapchun*, the first day of spring, in a similar style. There a buffalo, with an agricultural god made of clay, having been paraded through the streets, and pelted by the populace to impel its labours, is placed on the ground in solemn state; then this official priest of spring gives it a few strokes with a whip, and leaves it to the populace, who pelt it with stones till it is broken to pieces; and so the foolish ceremony terminates. The due observance of this ancient usage is supposed to contribute greatly to an abundant year."

"The law of homicide is very unequal in China. A grandfather or grandmother killing a grandchild, a father or mother killing or wilfully murdering their own son or daughter, and a master or mistress killing a domestic slave, are only punished with sixty or seventy blows. Even if they wish to lay the murder falsely on some other person, the punishment is but eighty blows and three years transportation."

MUSIC.

NEW MUSICAL FUND.

THE annual concert on the 24th ult., in aid of this Fund for the relief of decayed and aged musicians, was brilliantly attended: Mr. F. Cramer leader of the band, and Sir G. Smart conductor. Strange to say, there were no vamped excuses for indisposition or absence made; and all the performances went off regularly in the order announced by the programme. The female vocalists were Cam-porese, Pisoni, Malibran Garcia, Blasia, Miss Graddon, Farrar, and H. Cawse, with the bewitching Lancashire chorus-singers, &c. The stars of the other sex, independently of an immense number of auxiliaries and satellites, consisted of Donzelli, Braham, Zuchelli, Phillips, Master-Smalk, Bellamy, and Taylor. "Though lowly my cot," sung by Phillips, was the only encore of the evening. Lindley's accompaniment to Braham's "Alexis" was in his best taste. Mr. Wright's harp concerto, Arnot's violin concerto, Schmidt's trombone obligato, and Fiebig's kalliethongon, were the chief instrumental attractions; but so powerfully assisted by the ablest musicians in the metropolis, the cause could not be in better hands; and they proved by their gratuitous aid that their decayed brethren were thought worthy of their sympathy and mutual interest. This feeling will not, we trust, be lost sight of, as the applicants increase, and the Fund is drawn upon by the pressure of their need.

MISS CHAMBERS.—We observe a royally and highly patronised concert on Thursday next, announced for the benefit of this lady, whose unfortunate situation,—having fallen from a state of affluence into that of dependence upon her musical talents,—has excited a generous sympathy in the public mind. We cannot but express our hope that the union of benevolent feeling with the first attractions in our existing circle of vocal and instrumental music, will prove very productive on this occasion. Miss C. herself has long been much admired as a singer in private life.

EISTEDDVOD.—On Wednesday this Welsh national concert is announced, under the direction of that true and honest Cambrian, Mr. Parry. Our readers are aware how much we are enchanted with the ancient style of Penillion singing (in which the bards chant extempore to the varying airs of the harp); and when we add our expectations of other treats

both in music and recitations, together with the distribution of medals and premiums for poems and essays, we are sure not to be disappointed in a very peculiar and pleasing entertainment.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

"VARIETY is charming," so says the proverb, and so thinks the active Laporte, who has, since the season commenced, given us as many operas as singers. The novelty of Tuesday was the newly "cast" representation of Rossini's incomparable *Barbiere di Siviglia*. Madame Malibran was the heroine of the piece; and, as far as chastity of style goes, sang more to our satisfaction in the rôle of Rosina than in that of *Desdemona*; but we question the propriety of her taking a soprano part. Her ambition may prompt her to display her versatility of talents; but the voice is not to be forced with impunity; and Madame M. must be well aware that she who sings *highest* sings not the best.

We are not disposed, like some of our contemporaries, to heap unmerited praise on this rising and really naturally gifted vocalist. We wish her well; and are more desirous to act the part of real friends in pointing out her faults, and censuring her in the right place, than flattering her vanity by applauding in the wrong. We could point out, particularly in the second act, many faults in this lady's performance of Rosina; but we shall reserve our remarks for another opportunity.

Our favourite Zuchelli personated *Figaro*; and though he sung as delightfully as ever, and acted with his wonted discretion, still the gentleman was not to be concealed under the barber's guise. The part of the Count was sustained by Bordogni; could Donzelli have only lent him his leathern lungs, his performance had been perfect. Nothing was wanting but vocal power. A Signor Graziani made his debut as *Dottor Bartolo*: his performance was not characterised by any extraordinary mark of merit—it nevertheless was spirited, and appeared to amuse the audience. In conclusion, we must express our admiration of the manner in which the choruses are gotten up at this theatre. To Velluti, we believe, the public are originally indebted for this improvement; and we only regret that the company so seldom testify their approbation of this portion of the performances, to encourage those who so well merit it.

On Thursday there was a splendid opera; the stalls, which the manager, to appease a senseless clamour, was forced to lower to 14s. 6d., were sold by agents at a guinea and a half, and two guineas each—putting this neat difference into their own pockets!!

Mdlle. Sontag has arrived to strengthen the concluding part of the operatic season.

ADELPHI.

Mathews and Yates both at Home.

ON Tuesday evening we had the pleasure of witnessing a rehearsal of their new entertainments (publicly begun on Thursday) by these incomparable masters of the mimetical and histrionic art. Were they not so amusing, we would say that their performances were astonishing. Mathews, in his *Spring Meeting*, is equal, if not superior, to the happiest of his former efforts; and story, jest, description, personation, song, patter, and transformation, diversify the scene with extraordinary vari-

semblance. Six songs: 1, a *coup-d'œil* over his preceding *At Home*; 2, "London Newspapers;" 3, "Doncaster Races;" 4, "a Ship Launch;" 5, "a Concert at Woolwich;" and 6, "the Lord Mayor's Show," afford endless opportunities for the display of his wonderful powers. In these, as well as in the prose portions, he steps out of one character into another with such instantaneous rapidity and perfect truth, that the spectator is tempted to doubt his individuality; for he is now a Yorkshire boor, now a primo buffo, now an old Scots-woman, now a child, &c. &c.;

All things by fits, and nothing long.

Among the most novel and striking of the present assumptions, we could not help being delighted with that of the late kindly though eccentric Dr. Kitchiner: it is the worthy Oracle *De arte coquinarâ in propriâ personâ*, comparing a damp bed at an inn to a wet meadow, with the moon for a warming-pan! (We wish we could see his great compeer, the immortal Ude, as ably personified: it would afford a fund of mirth.) A nose-mask makes our dramatic hero in a moment a musical hero at the Concert, where he stands before us and sings,—the real De Begnia. But the whole of the concert, with its imitations of many popular vocalists and instrumentalists, and its caricature of a pasteboard orchestra, is ludicrous in the extreme. The reappearance of the old Scotswoman, with a second tale of "the minister, ma gudeman," quite as good as the first, is another marked and delightful feature in the new piece. The Yorkshireman, in the Carlisle coach and elsewhere, is also a capital hit: his appeals to "oompany" are irresistible, and the whole peculiarly true to the northern style in gesture, voice, and character.—But if Mathews is in himself a sufficient host and magnet of attraction, what shall we add respecting the additions made by Yates, he being, besides, an entire "oompany," and doing all that might be done by some dozen of clever actors. In his first scene, which divides the *Spring Meeting* into two halves, he performs judge, counsel *pro* and *con*, and witnesses, female and male, in an Irish trial for breach of promise of marriage between a green-grocer and a butter-woman of Cork. The dialogue is humorous; and the skill with which he assumes the several parts most laughable. The dame complainant and the witness for her are so clever, that they must be seen to be appreciated; nor are the judge's puns, nor the lawyers' oratory, less effective. In the concluding act by the same versatile ubiquitous, he plays a whole pantomime—alone he plays it, and so quick are his changes, that pantaloons, harlequin, columbine, clown, house-keeper, French hair-dresser, &c. &c. seem to be upon the stage altogether at the same time. It is a marvellous exhibition; and we have only to drop the curtain upon it by advising all our readers to see it raised as soon as possible, if they want many a hearty laugh, and the sight of a species of performance, such as, we think, never was produced before. On Thursday the public opening was fully as successful as we predicted it must be: a crammed house, and the most unanimous applause.

Poor Kean is, indeed, very ill in Ireland; so much broken down (as we learn from a private letter), as hardly to leave a hope of his resuscitation for the stage.

VARIETIES.

Longevity.—Barbarini, the singer, who was once a great favourite with the Russian court, is said to be still living, at the age of 104 years, at Veronege, where he keeps an inn. He walks four or five miles daily, and frequently amuses his guests with playing on the guitar.

Westminster Abbey.—Part of the interior, near the roof, of this noble pile was discovered to be on fire on Monday night, soon after ten o'clock; but the flames were happily extinguished before any serious damage ensued. It is yet uncertain whether this is to be attributed to design or accident.

Picture Sale.—Mr. H. Phillips was yesterday selling, and continues to sell to-day, a capital collection of pictures, the property of Mr. Emmerson. The best examples are of the Dutch and Flemish schools; and some of these are of the first class.

Paris.—It is stated in a letter from Paris, that the Champs Elysées are to be laid out similar to those of Versailles: the expense will, it is supposed, amount to two millions of francs.

Currants.—The French are about to introduce into Corsica the culture of the raisin de Corinthe (currants), for which purpose a thousand plants have been imported from the Morrea. It is thought by the best horticulturists, that the climate of Corsica is well adapted to the growth of this excellent grape.

New Cannons and Rockets.—An engineer of St. Petersburg has invented a new kind of cannon for the war with Turkey, which will, it is said, prove a very formidable instrument. In size and weight it is equal to the ordinary sixty-four pounder; but the bore is calculated for a very small ball, which will range more than twice the distance of the shot now used. Russian agents are at present in this country and in the Netherlands superintending the casting of cannon on this principle. The same engineer has also invented a new rocket, which is reported to be much more destructive than the Congreve rocket.

Population of the Netherlands.—From a recent census, the population of the Netherlands is found to be 6,166,854.

Coffee from Acorns.—The use of coffee made from roasted acorns is now, it seems, becoming very general in Germany. Some of the German papers state, that persons with debilitated stomachs have been able to take this coffee when they could digest no other preparation; and that after long use, they have recovered the tone of the stomach, and acquired considerable *embonpoint*. There is nothing new in this discovery, however; for among the lower orders in many parts of Portugal, where the sweet acorns grow abundantly, they are used both for bread and coffee; although they are not considered very wholesome as an article of food, and are taken solely on account of their cheapness. They are a powerful astringent; and in cases where Peruvian bark is recommended, are said to be employed in Germany with good effect in the way of coffee.

Chlorine.—It is said that the most beneficial effects have been produced in pulmonary complaints by injections of chlorine. A physician in Paris has invented an instrument for the purpose.

Receipts of Parisian Theatres.—The receipts of the Paris theatres during the month of March were, 682,429 francs, which were thus divided: Théâtre Français, 85,607; Variétés, 84,181; Madame, 66,875; Opéra Comique, 66,174; Italian Opera, 56,940; Porte St. Martin, 55,740; French Opera, 52,875; Nouveautés,

52,803; Cirque Olympique, 47,700; Ambigu, 40,660; Vaudeville, 38,128; Gaîté, 34,764. These receipts are higher than in many of the preceding months.

Vaccination.—It is said that several thousands of persons who had been vaccinated took the small-pox in the last epidemic which reigned at Marseilles, and that that disorder proved mortal to forty-five of them; the greater number of whom were adults, whose vaccination had been quite regular. It is hence argued in the French papers, as the result of the experience of medical men, that the effect of vaccination in preventing the contagion of the small-pox diminishes with the lapse of time; and that, after a certain period, a fresh vaccination becomes necessary; but it seems to be still allowed on all hands, that when persons who have been vaccinated take the small-pox, the latter, in most cases, assumes a very mild form.—M. Robert, physician to the Lazaretto at Marseilles, has published an account of the above-mentioned epidemic, which he identifies with that which raged not long ago in the Antilles; whence he presumes it to have been brought to Havre, and thence by the boats up the Seine to Paris.

Lithography.—A new lithographic process has been announced at Paris, which, besides other advantages, is said to be much cheaper, and much more rapidly performed, than any hitherto known.

Conductors.—A commission, appointed by the French Academy, to inquire into the causes of a failure on the part of a conductor to save a powder-magazine at Bayonne from partial explosion by lightning, has reported, that the accident was attributable solely to the mal-conformation of the conductor.

Supply of Water in Paris.—A company is forming in Paris for the supply of water, by means of pipes, to every floor of the houses. The expense of the works which have been resolved upon for this purpose is estimated at fifty-one millions of francs. The water is to be taken from the Seine, at some distance from Paris, so as to ensure a pure supply.

Miss Wright.—This lady, whom we lately mentioned as having obtained some celebrity in America, had previously purchased a small territory near the Mississippi, in West Tennessee, and was peopling it with slaves, whom, in conjunction with a Mr. Flower, she purchases, and who are to be emancipated after three years' labour.

Muriate of Lime.—The use of a solution of muriate of lime has been recently adopted with good success, in the South of France, in the growth of Indian corn and other farinaceous vegetables. Two patches of corn were planted in a similar soil, one of which was watered regularly with the muriate of lime, and the other treated in the ordinary mode. The vegetation of the corn to which the muriate was applied was much more rapid than that of the other, and the produce was finer in quality and one-sixth greater in quantity.

The English.—In noticing a translation into Italian of the late Mr. John Bell's "Observations on Italy," the *Revue Encyclopédique* says: "At every moment we meet in this book with English barrenness and impassibility.* But it is the peremptory tone that accompanies its decisions which rendered it successful in England. The Englishman, in fact, makes no attempt, in matters relating to the arts, to clear up any doubt, to discuss any question; he requires a ready-made opinion, which he can

* It was this provoking English "impassibility" which gained the battle of Waterloo!—*Ed. L. G.*

briefly pronounce, and have done with it. One may apply to him the words addressed by Virgil to Dante, in crossing the hall of the lukewarm: 'To what purpose talk with these folks? Give them a look, and pass on.'

'Non ragioniam di loro; ma guarda, e passa.'

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

We observe an *Encyclopædia of Plants* announced from the able and indefatigable pen of Mr. Loudon, of which the Prospectus is full of blossom—blossom which, knowing the talents of the author, we are sure will not disappoint in the fruits. The work is to resemble Mr. L.'s highly popular volumes on Gardening and Agriculture, and will contain no fewer than nearly ten thousand engravings on wood, of which beautiful specimens are given in the Prospectus before us. Altogether, we anticipate one of the most interesting, useful, and valuable contributions which have ever been paid to botany.

The *Offering*, a new Annual, edited by the Rev. Thomas Dale, M.A., is announced for the ensuing season.

The Rev. Robert Everest, A.M. of Oxford, has in the press a *Journey through Norway, Lapland, and part of Sweden; with Remarks on the Geology of the Country, Statistical Tables, Meteorological Observations, &c.*

We learn from Italy that Dr. Uccelli has been just turned out of the Professor's chair at Pisa, for having written a work upon Comparative Anatomy, two volumes of which were devoted to Gall's system of phrenology. By a singular regulation, he is permitted to enjoy the salary of the professorship, but forbidden to instruct youth!!

Mr. William Hoaking is preparing for publication a *Popular System of Architecture*, to be illustrated with engravings, and exemplified by reference to well-known structures. It is intended as a *Class or Text-Book* in that branch of a liberal education, and will contain an explanation of the scientific terms which form its vocabulary and are of constant occurrence.

A forthcoming work, *Mémoires Complètes du Duc de Saint Simon*, is exciting great interest in Paris. These *Mémoires*, which are said to be very curious, were commenced in 1688, and finished in 1743.

In the Press.—The *Garland*, a volume of Poems, by Henry Brandreth, Jun.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Lachlan's *Leonora*, 2 vols. 12mo. 12s. bds.—Miller's *Mémoires* (Spanish), 2 vols. 8vo. 2l. 2s. bds.—Forster's *Sermons*, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 1s. bds.—Murray's *Glance at Switzerland*, 12mo. 7s. bds.—Bell on the Teeth, 8vo. 1l. 1s. bds.—*Præparanda per Spemantem*, 12mo. 4d. bds.—*Selections on Religious Subjects*, 12mo. 3s. bds.—Jones's *Sermons*, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Reay's *Morden*, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 4s. bds.—Harrison's *Tales of a Physician*, crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—D'Erbine, or the *Cynic*, 3 vols. 12mo. 1l. 4s. bds.—Hall's *Sketches of Irish Characters*, 2 vols. 12mo. 12s. bds.—Southey's *Colloquies*, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 10s. bds.—Stratton Hill, a Tale, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.—The *Sectarian*, 3 vols. 1l. 7s. bds.—*Life of Francis the First, King of France*, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 8s.—The *Hope of Immortality*, a Poem, fcp. 6s. bds.—Murray's *Practical Remarks on Modern Paper*, 12mo. 4s. bds.—The *Beavers and the Elephants*, 12mo. 2s. 6d. hf. bds.—Southey's *All for Love*, fcp. 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—*Chapters on Churchyards*, 2 vols. fcp. 12s. bds.—*Theologicum Repertorium*, by Dr. Wall, No. 1. 8vo. 6s.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1829.

April.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 16	From 40. to 47.	29.25 to 29.22
Friday... 17	— 34. — 53.	29.54 — 29.73
Saturday... 18	— 47. — 58.	29.73 — 29.60
Sunday... 19	— 35. — 52.	29.63 — 29.60
Monday... 20	— 35. — 53.	29.63 — 29.81
Tuesday... 21	— 31. — 55.	29.81 — 29.62
Wednesday 22	— 42. — 48.	29.46 — 29.54

Prevailing wind N.E. and S.W.
Except the 21st, raining almost incessantly.
Rain fallen, .875 of an inch.

April.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 23	From 39. to 59.	29.62 to 29.70
Friday... 24	— 42. — 47.	29.66 — 29.73
Saturday... 25	— 40. — 42.	29.73 — 29.96
Sunday... 26	— 29. — 50.	30.03 — 30.05
Monday... 27	— 34. — 55.	29.75 Stationary
Tuesday... 28	— 37. — 50.	29.71 to 29.40
Wednesday 29	— 34. — 45.	29.60 — 29.74

Wind variable, prevailing N.E.
Except the 26th and 29th, generally cloudy and raining.
Wind very high on the 28th and 29th.
Rain fallen, .5 of an inch.

Edmonton.
Latitude..... 51° 37' 39" N.
Longitude... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

✉ We are this week reluctantly compelled to postpone several articles intended for publication; and, indeed, to clear off several arrears, in order to make room for a mass of interesting novelties with which our tables are now laden. If therefore our present No. is not of a striking character, we can safely promise that a few of its successors must be so.

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LONDON: Published every Saturday, by W. A. SCRIPPS, at
the LITERARY GAZETTE OFFICE, 7, Wellington Street,
Waterloo Bridge, Strand, and 7, South Molton Street, Oxford
Street; sold also by J. Chappell, 38, Royal Exchange; S.
Marlborough, Ave Maria Lane, Ludgate Hill; A. Nichol,
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No. 642.

SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1829.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Anne of Geierstein.

FEELING the general interest attached to Sir Walter Scott's first appearance upon German ground, our readers will not be surprised to find that we have this week turned our big telescope in that direction, and caught a distinct view of the rising luminous body. Fortunately for us, too, it happens that, under the title of *Bannerburg's* Narrative, we have a wild tale, told by a remarkable Swiss to the English hero of the romance, respecting the house and ancestry of the heroine; which is just of a fitting length for the *Literary Gazette*, and which we have great pleasure in presenting to the public as a specimen of the mysteries, so finely and characteristically dwelt upon by the celebrated author of *Anne of Geierstein*. The following is the entire legend:—

"I told you, (said Rudolf) that the lords of Arnheim, though from father to son they were notoriously addicted to secret studies, were, nevertheless, like the other German nobles, followers of war and the chase. This was peculiarly the case with Anne's maternal grandfather, Herman of Arnheim, who prided himself on possessing a splendid stud of horses, and one stood in particular, the noblest ever known in these circles of Germany. I should make wild work were I to attempt the description of such an animal, so I will content myself with saying his colour was jet-black, without a hair of white either on his face or feet. For this reason, and the wildness of his disposition, his master had termed him Apollyon; a circumstance which was secretly considered as tending to sanction the evil reports which touched the house of Arnheim, being, it was said, the naming of a favourite animal after a foul fiend. It chanced, one November day, that the baron had been hunting in the forest, and did not reach home till night-fall. There were no guests with him, for, as I hinted to you before, the castle of Arnheim seldom received any other than those from whom its inhabitants hoped to gain augmentation of knowledge. The baron was seated alone in his hall, illuminated with ~~candles~~ and torches. His one hand held a volume covered with characters unintelligible to all save himself. The other rested on the marble table, on which was placed a flask of Tobac pipe. A page stood in respectful attendance near the bottom of the large and dim apartment, and no sound was heard save that of the night wind, when it sighed mournfully through the rusty coats of mail, and waved the tattered banners which were the tapestry of the feudal hall. At once the footstep of a person was heard ascending the stairs in haste and precipitation; the door of the hall was thrown violently open, and, terrified to a degree of ecstacy, Caspar, the head of the baron's stable, or his master of horse, stumbled up almost to the foot of the table at which his lord was seated, with the exclamation in his mouth,—My lord, my lord, a fiend is in the stable!" What

means this folly?" said the baron, arising, surprised and displeased at an interruption so unusual. "Let me endure your displeasure," said Caspar, "if I speak not truth! Apollyon—Here he paused. 'Speak out, thou frightened fool,' said the baron; 'is my horse sick, or injured?' The master of the stalls again gasped forth the word 'Apollyon!' 'Say on,' said the baron; 'were Apollyon in presence personally, it were nothing to shake a brave man's mind.' 'The devil,' answered the master of the horse, 'is in Apollyon's stall!' 'Fool!' exclaimed the nobleman, snatching a torch from the wall; 'what is it that could have turned thy brain in such silly fashion? Things like thee, that are born to serve us, should hold their brains on a firmer tenure, for our sakes, if not for that of their worthless selves.' As he spoke, he crossed the court-yard of the castle, to visit the stately range of stables which occupied all the lower part of the quadrangle on one side. He entered, where fifty gallant steeds stood in rows, on each side of the ample hall. At the side of each stall hung the weapons of offence and defence of a man-at-arms, as bright as constant attention could make them, together with the buff-coat which formed the trooper's under garment. The baron, followed by one or two of the domestics, who had assembled full of astonishment at the unusual alarm, ~~had stood by~~ between the rows of steeds. As he approached the stall of his favourite horse, which was the uppermost of the right-hand row, the good steed neither neighed, nor shook his head, nor stamped with his foot, nor gave the usual signs of joy at his lord's approach; a faint moaning, as if he implored assistance, was the only acknowledgment of the baron's presence. Sir Herman held up the torch, and discovered that there was indeed a tall dark figure standing in the stall, resting his hand on the horse's shoulder. 'Who art thou,' said the baron, 'and what dost thou here?' 'I seek refuge and hospitality,' replied the stranger; 'and I conjure thee to grant it me, by the shoulder of thy horse, and by the edge of thy sword, and so as they may never fail thee when thy need is at the utmost.' 'Thou art, then, a brother of the Sacred Fire,' said Baron Herman of Arnheim; 'and I may not refuse thee the refuge which thou requires of me, after the ritual of the Persian Magi. From whom, and for what length of time, dost thou crave my protection?' 'From those,' replied the stranger, 'who shall arrive in quest of me before the morning cock shall crow, and for the full space of a year and a day from this period.' 'I may not refuse thee,' said the baron, 'consistently with my oath and my honour. For a year and a day I will be thy pledge, and thou shalt share with me roof and chamber, wine and food. But thou, too, must obey the law of Zoroaster, which, as it says, Let the stronger protect the weaker brother, says also, Let the wiser instruct the brother who hath less knowledge. I am thy stronger, and thou shalt be safe under my protection; but thou art the wiser, and must

instruct me in the more secret mysteries.' 'You mock your servant,' said the strange visitor; 'but if aught is known to Dannischemend which can avail Herman, his instructions shall be as those of a father to a son.' 'Come forth then from thy place of refuge,' said the Baron of Arnheim: 'I swear to thee by the sacred fire which lives without terrestrial fuel, and by the fraternity which is betwixt us, and by the shoulder of my horse, and the edge of my good sword, I will be thy warrant for a year and a day, if so far my power shall extend.' The stranger came forth accordingly; and those who saw the singularity of his appearance, scarce wondered at the fears of Caspar, the stall-master, when he found such a person in the stable, by what mode of entrance he was unable to conceive. When he reached the lighted hall to which the baron conducted him, as he would have done a welcome and honoured guest, the stranger appeared to be very tall, and of a dignified aspect. His dress was Asiatic, being a long black caftan, or gown, like that worn by Armenians, and a lofty square cap, covered with the wool of Astracan lambs. Every article of the dress was black, which gave relief to the long white beard that flowed down over his bosom. His girth was fastened by a saah of black silk net-work, in which, ~~instead of a pendant or gem, was stuck a silver case, containing writing materials and a roll of parchment.~~ The only ornament of his apparel consisted in a large ruby of uncommon brilliancy, which, when he approached the light, seemed to glow with such liveliness, as if the gem itself had emitted the rays which it only reflected back. To the offer of refreshment, the stranger replied, 'Bread I may not eat, water shall not moisten my lips, until the avenger shall have passed by the threshold.' The baron commanded the lamps to be trimmed and fresh torches to be lighted, and sending his whole household to rest, remained seated in the hall along with the stranger, his suppliant. At the dead hour of midnight, the gates of the castle were shaken as by a whirlwind, and a voice, as if of a herald, was heard to demand his lawful prisoner, Dannischemend, the son of Hali. The warder then heard a lower window of the hall thrown open, and could distinguish his master's voice addressing the person who had thus summoned the castle. But the night was so dark that he might not see the speakers, and the language which they used was either entirely foreign, or so largely interspersed with strange words, that he could not understand a syllable which they said. Scarce five minutes had elapsed, when he who was without again elevated his voice as before, and said in German, 'For a year and a day, then, I forbear my forfeiture;—but coming for it when that time shall elapse, I come for my right, and will no longer be withstood.' From that period Dannischemend, the Persian, was a constant guest at the castle of Arnheim, and, indeed, never for any purpose crossed the drawbridge. His amusements, or studies, seemed centred in the library of the

castle, and in the laboratory, where the baron sometimes toiled in conjunction with him for many hours together. The inhabitants of the castle could find no fault in the Magus, or Persian, excepting his apparently dispensing with the ordinances of religion, since he neither went to mass nor confession, nor attended upon other religious ceremonies. The chaplain did indeed profess himself satisfied with the state of the stranger's conscience; but it had been long suspected that the worthy ecclesiastic held his easy office on the very reasonable condition of approving the principles and asserting the orthodoxy of all guests whom the baron invited to share his hospitality. It was observed that Dannischemend was rigid in paying his devotions, by prostrating himself in the first rays of the rising sun, and that he constructed a silver lamp of the most beautiful proportions, which he placed on a pedestal, representing a truncated column of marble, having its base sculptured with hieroglyphical imagery. With what essences he fed this flame was unknown to all, unless perhaps to the baron; but the flame was more steady, pure, and lustrous, than any which was ever seen, excepting the sun of heaven itself, and it was generally believed that Dannischemend made it an object of worship in the absence of that blessed luminary. Nothing else was observed of him, unless that his morals seemed severe, his gravity extreme, his general mode of life very temperate, and his fasts and vigils of frequent recurrence. Except on particular occasions, he spoke to no one of the castle but the baron; but as he had money and was liberal, he was regarded by the domestics with awe indeed, but without fear or dislike. Winter was succeeded by spring, summer brought her flowers, and autumn her fruits, which ripened and were fading, when a footpage, who sometimes attended them in the laboratory to render manual assistance when required, heard the Persian say to the Baron of Arnheim, 'You will do well, my son, to mark my words; for my lessons to you are drawing to an end, and there is no power on earth which can longer postpone my fate.' 'Alas, my master!' said the baron, 'and must I then lose the benefit of your direction, just when your guiding hand becomes necessary to place me on the very pinnacle of the temple of wisdom?' 'Be not discouraged, my son,' answered the sage; 'I will bequeath the task of perfecting you in your studies to my daughter, who will come hither on purpose. But remember, if you value the permanence of your family, look not upon her as aught else than a helpmate in your studies; for if you forget the instructress in the beauty of the maiden, you will be buried with your sword and your shield, as the last male of your house; and farther evil, believe me, will arise; for such alliances never come to a happy issue, of which my own is an example.—But, hush, we are observed.' The household of the castle of Arnheim having but few things to interest them, were the more eager observers of those which came under their notice; and when the termination of the period when the Persian was to receive shelter in the castle began to approach, some of the inmates, under various pretexts, but which resolved into very terror, absconded,—while others held themselves in expectation of some striking and terrible catastrophe. None such, however, took place; and, on the expected anniversary, long ere the witching hour of midnight, Dannischemend terminated his visit in the castle of Arnheim, by riding away

from the gate in the guise of an ordinary traveller. The baron had meantime taken leave of his tutor with many marks of regret, and some which amounted even to sorrow. The sage Persian comforted him by a long whisper, of which the last part only was heard,—'By the first beam of sunshine she will be with you. Be kind to her, but not over kind.' He then departed, and was never again seen or heard of in the vicinity of Arnheim. The baron was observed during all the day after the departure of the stranger to be particularly melancholy. He remained, contrary to his custom, in the great hall, and neither visited the library nor the laboratory, where he could no longer enjoy the company of his departed instructor. At dawn of the ensuing morning, Sir Herman summoned his page; and, contrary to his habits, which used to be rather careless in respect of apparel, he dressed himself with great accuracy; and, as he was in the prime of life, and of a noble figure, he had reason to be satisfied with his appearance. Having performed his toilet, he waited till the sun had just appeared above the horizon, and, taking from the table the key of the laboratory, which the page believed must have lain there all night, he walked thither, followed by his attendant. At the door the baron made a pause, and seemed at one time to doubt whether he should not send away the page, at another to hesitate whether he should open the door, as one might do who expected some strange sight within. He pulled up resolution, however, turned the key, threw the door open, and entered. The page followed close behind his master, and was astonished to the point of extreme terror at what he beheld, although the sight, however extraordinary, had in it nothing save what was agreeable and lovely. The silver lamp was extinguished, or removed from its pedestal, where stood in place of it a most beautiful female figure in the Persian costume, in which the colour of pink predominated. But she wore no turban or head-dress of any kind, saving a blue riband drawn through her auburn hair, and secured by a gold clasp, the outer side of which was ornamented by a superb opal, which, amid the changing lights peculiar to that gem, displayed a alight tinge of red, like a spark of fire. The figure of this young person was rather under the middle size, but perfectly well formed; the eastern dress, with the wide trousers gathered round the ankles, made visible the smallest and most beautiful feet which had ever been seen, while hands and arms of the most perfect symmetry were partly seen from under the folds of the robe. The little lady's countenance was of a lively and expressive character, in which spirit and wit seemed to predominate; and the quick dark eye, with its beautifully formed eyebrow, seemed to presage the arch remark, to which the rosy and half-smiling lip appeared ready to give utterance. The pedestal on which she stood, or rather was perched, would have appeared unsafe had any figure heavier than her own been placed there. But, lo! as she had been transported thither, she seemed to rest on it as lightly and safely as a linnet, when it has dropped from the sky on the endril of a rose-bud. The first beam of the rising sun, falling through a window directly opposite to the pedestal, increased the effect of this beautiful figure, which remained as motionless as if it had been carved in marble. She only expressed her sense of the Baron of Arnheim's presence by something of a quiver of respiration, and a deep blush, accompanied by a slight smile. Whatever reason the Baron of

Arnheim might have for expecting to see some such object as now presented its actual presence, the degree of beauty which it exhibited was so much beyond his expectation, that for an instant he stood without breath or motion. At once, however, he seemed to recollect that it was his duty to welcome the fair stranger to his castle, and to relieve her from her precarious situation. He stepped forward accordingly with the words of welcome on his tongue, and was extending his arms to lift her from the pedestal, which was nearly six feet high; but the light and active stranger merely accepted the support of his hand, and descended on the floor as light and as safe as if she had been formed of gossamer. It was, indeed, only by the momentary pressure of her little hand, that the Baron of Arnheim was made sensible that he had to do with a being of flesh and blood. 'I am come as I have been commanded,' she said, looking around her: 'you must expect a strict and diligent mistress, and I hope for the credit of an attentive pupil.' After the arrival of this singular and interesting being in the castle of Arnheim, various alterations took place within the interior of the household. A lady of high rank and small fortune, the respectable widow of a count of the empire, who was the baron's blood relation, received and accepted an invitation to preside over her kinsman's domestic affairs, and remove, by her countenance, any suspicions which might arise from the presence of Hermione, as the beautiful Persian was generally called. The countess Waldstetten carried her complaisance so far, as to be present on almost all occasions, whether in the laboratory or library, when the Baron of Arnheim received lessons from, or pursued studies with, the young and lovely tutor, who had been thus strangely substituted for the aged Magus. If this lady's report was to be trusted, their pursuits were of a most extraordinary nature, and the results which she sometimes witnessed were such as to create fear as well as surprise. But she accordingly vindicated them from practising unlawful arts, or overstepping the boundaries of natural science. A better judge of such matters, the Bishop of Bamberg himself, made a visit to Arnheim, on purpose to witness the wisdom of which so much was reported through the whole Rhine-country. He conversed with Hermione, and found her deeply impressed with the truths of religion, and so perfectly acquainted with its doctrines, that he compared her to a doctor of theology in the dress of an Eastern dancing-girl. When asked regarding her knowledge of languages and science, he answered that he had been attracted to Arnheim by the most extravagant reports on these points, but that he must return confessing 'the half thereof had not been told unto him.' In consequence of this indisputable testimony, the sinister reports which had been occasioned by the singular appearance of the fair stranger, were in a great measure lulled to sleep, especially as her amiable manners won the involuntary good-will of every one that approached her. Meantime a marked alteration began to take place in the interviews between the lovely tutor and her pupil. These were conducted with the same caution as before, and never, so far as could be observed, took place without the presence of the countess of Waldstetten, or some other third person of respectability. But the scenes of these meetings were no longer the scholar's library, or the chemist's laboratory;—the gardens, the groves, were resorted to for amusement, and parties of hunting and fishing, with evenings spent in the dance, seemed to announce that

the studies of wisdom were for a time abandoned for the pursuits of pleasure. It was not difficult to guess the meaning of this; the Baron of Arnheim and his fair guest, speaking a language different from all others, could enjoy their private conversation, even amidst all the tumults of gaiety around them; and no one was surprised to hear it formally announced, after a few weeks of gaiety, that the fair Persian was to be wedded to the Baron of Arnheim. The manners of this fascinating young person were so pleasing, her conversation so animated, her wit so keen, yet so well tempered with good nature and modesty, that, notwithstanding her unknown origin, her high fortune attracted less envy than might have been expected in a case so singular. Above all, her generosity amazed and won the hearts of all the young persons who approached her. Her wealth seemed to be measureless, for the jewels which she distributed among her fair friends would otherwise have left her without ornaments for herself. These good qualities, her liberality above all, together with a simplicity of thought and character, which formed a beautiful contrast to the depth of acquired knowledge which she was well known to possess,—these, and her total want of ostentation, made her superiority be pardoned among her companions. Still there was notice taken of some peculiarities, exaggerated perhaps by envy, which seemed to draw a mystical distinction between the beautiful Hermione and the mere mortals with whom she lived and conversed. In the merry dance she was so unrivalled in lightness and agility, that her performance seemed that of an aerial being. She could, without suffering from her exertion, continue the pleasure till she had tired out the most active revellers; and even the young Duke of Hochspringen, who was reckoned the most indefatigable at that exercise in Germany, having been her partner for half an hour, was compelled to break off the dance and throw himself, totally exhausted, on a couch, exclaiming he had been dancing not with a woman, but with an *ignis fatuus*. Other whisperers asserted, that while she played with her young companions in the labyrinth and mazes of the castle gardens at hide-and-seek, or similar games of activity, she became animated with the same supernatural alertness which was supposed to inspire her in the dance. She appeared amongst her companions, and vied with them with a degree of rapidity which was inconceivable; and hedges, trellage, or such like obstructions, were surmounted by her in a manner which the most vigilant eye could not detect; for, after being observed on the other side of the barrier at one instant, in another she was beheld close beside the spectator. In such moments, when her eyes sparkled, her cheeks reddened, and her whole frame became animated, it was pretended that the opal clasp amid her tresses, the ornament which she never laid aside, shot forth the little spark, or tongue of flame, which it always displayed, with an increased vivacity. In the same manner, if in the twilight hall the conversation of Hermione became unusually animated, it was believed that the jewel became brilliant, and even displayed a twinkling and flashing gleam which seemed to be emitted by the gem itself, and not produced in the usual manner, by the reflection of some external light. Her maidens were also heard to surmise, that when their mistress was agitated by any hasty or brief resentment (the only weakness of temper which she was ever observed to display), they could observe dark-red sparks

flash from the mystic brooch, as if it sympathised with the wearer's emotions. The women who attended on her toilette farther reported, that this gem was never removed but for a few minutes, when the baroness's hair was combed out; that she was unusually pensive and silent during the time it was laid aside, and particularly apprehensive when any liquid was brought near it. Even in the use of holy water at the door of the church, she was observed to omit the sign of the cross on the forehead, for fear, it was supposed, of the water touching the valued jewel. These singular reports did not prevent the marriage of the Baron of Arnheim from proceeding as had been arranged. It was celebrated in the usual form, and with the utmost splendour, and the young couple seemed to commence a life of happiness rarely to be found on earth. In the course of twelve months the lovely baroness presented her husband with a daughter, which was to be christened Sibylla, after the count's mother. As the health of the child was excellent, the ceremony was postponed till the recovery of the mother from her confinement; many were invited to be present on the occasion, and the castle was thronged with company. It happened that amongst the guests was an old lady, notorious for playing in private society the part of a malicious fairy in a minstrel's tale. This was the Baroness of Steinfeldt, famous in the neighbourhood for her insatiable curiosity and overweening pride. She had not been many days in the castle, ere, by the aid of a female attendant, who acted as an intelligencer, she had made herself mistress of all that was heard, said, or suspected, concerning the peculiarities of the Baroness Hermione. It was on the morning of the day appointed for the christening, while the whole company were assembled in the hall, and waiting till the baroness should appear, to pass with them to the chapel, that there arose between the censorious and haughty dame whom we have just mentioned and the Countess Waldstetten a violent discussion concerning some point of disputed precedence. It was referred to the Baron von Arnheim, who decided in favour of the countess. Madame de Steinfeldt instantly ordered her palfrey to be prepared, and her attendants to mount. 'I leave this place,' she said, 'which a good Christian ought never to have entered; I leave a house of which the master is a sorcerer, the mistress a demon who dares not cross her brow with holy water, and their trencher companion one who for a wretched pittance is willing to act as match-maker between a wizard and an incarnate fiend!' She then departed, with rage in her countenance and spite in her heart. The Baron of Arnheim then stepped forward, and demanded of the knights and gentlemen around, if there were any among them who would dare to make good with his sword the infamous falsehoods thrown upon himself, his spouse, and his kinswoman. There was a general answer, utterly refusing to defend the Baroness of Steinfeldt's words in so bad a cause, and universally testifying the belief of the company that she spoke in the spirit of calumny and falsehood. 'Then let that lie fall to the ground which no man of courage will hold up,' said the Baron of Arnheim; 'only, all who are here this morning shall be satisfied whether the Baroness Hermione doth or doth not share the rites of Christianity.' The Countess of Waldstetten made anxious signs to him while he spoke thus; and when the crowd permitted her to approach near him, she was heard to whisper,—'O, be not rash! try no experiment! there is something mys-

terious about that opal talisman; be prudent, and let the matter pass by.' The baron, who was in a more towering passion than well became the wisdom to which he made pretence,—although it will be perhaps allowed that an affront so public, and in such a time and place, was enough to shake the prudence of the most staid and the philosophy of the most wise—answered sternly and briefly, 'Are you, too, such a fool?' and retained his purpose. The Baroness of Arnheim at this moment entered the hall, looking just so pale from her late confinement as to render her lovely countenance more interesting, if less animated, than usual. Having paid her compliments to the assembled company, with the most graceful and condescending attention she was beginning to inquire why Madame de Steinfeldt was not present, when her husband made the signal for the company to move forward to the chapel, and lent the baroness his arm to bring up the rear. The chapel was nearly filled by the splendid company, and all eyes were bent on their host and hostess as they entered the place of devotion immediately after four young ladies, who supported the infant babe in a light and beautiful litter. As they passed the threshold, the baron dipped his finger in the font-stone and offered holy water to his lady, who accepted it, as usual, by touching his finger with her own. But then, as if to confute the calumnies of the malevolent lady of Steinfeldt, with an air of sportive familiarity which was rather unwarranted by the time and place, he flirted on her beautiful forehead a drop or two of the moisture which remained on his own hand. The opal, on which one of these drops had lighted, shot out a brilliant spark like a falling star, and became the instant afterwards lightless and colourless as a common pebble, while the beautiful baroness sunk on the floor of the chapel with a deep sigh of pain. All crowded around her in dismay. The unfortunate Hermione was raised from the ground and conveyed to her chamber; and so much did her countenance and pulse alter within the short time necessary to do this, that those who looked upon her pronounced her a dying woman. She was no sooner in her own apartment than she requested to be left alone with her husband. He remained an hour in the room, and when he came out he locked and double locked the door behind him. He then betook himself to the chapel, and remained there for an hour or more, prostrated before the altar. In the meantime most of the guests had dispersed in dismay; though some abode out of courtesy or curiosity. There was a general sense of impropriety in suffering the door of the sick lady's apartment to remain locked; but, alarmed at the whole circumstances of her illness, it was some time ere any one dared disturb the devotions of the baron. At length medical aid arrived, and the Countess of Waldstetten took upon her to demand the key. She spoke more than once to a man who seemed incapable of hearing, at least of understanding, what she said. At length he gave her the key, and added sternly, as he did so, that all aid was unavailing, and that it was his pleasure that all strangers should leave the castle. There were few who inclined to stay; when upon opening the door of the chamber in which the baroness had been deposited little more than two hours before, no traces of her could be discovered, unless that there was about a handful of light gray ashes, like such as might have been produced by burning fine paper, found on the bed where she had been laid. A solemn funeral was

nevertheless performed, with masses and all other spiritual rites, for the soul of the high and noble Lady Hermione of Arnheim; and it was exactly on that same day three years that the baron himself was laid in the grave of the same chapel of Arnheim, with sword, shield, and helmet, as the last male of his family."

Mahometanism Unveiled: an Inquiry, in which that Arch-Heresy, its Diffusion and Continuance, are examined on a new Principle, tending to confirm the Evidences, and aid the Propagation, of the Christian Faith. By the Rev. Charles Forster, B.D. Chancellor of Ardfert, and Examining Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Limerick. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1829. J. Duncan.

IT is the remark of Gibbon, respecting the article "Mahomet" in Bayle's Dictionary, that the writer "has shewn how indifferently wit and philosophy supply the place of genuine information." Yet the Mahomet of Bayle and of Voltaire, of Moreri and of Prideaux—the Saracen's head of a clumsy limner—has hitherto passed for a veritable likeness of the Arabian heresiarch. Sale, the learned translator of the Koran, was, we believe, the first Christian writer who gave any thing like a fair or competent view of the character of Mahomet and the religion which he taught. In his Introduction he has exposed many of Prideaux's inaccuracies, and has shewn how grossly the credulity of the Christian world has been abused by the legendary tales respecting the Prophet of Mecca. Even Sale, however, and Gibbon himself, have failed to do justice to the subject. The latter, through his ignorance of the oriental languages, was incapable of drawing his information from the primary sources; and while he justly censures Bayle, he has caught not a little of his spirit. The most popular account of Mahometanism in our language is contained in the Bampton Lectures of White, which, by the elegance of their composition, deserve the celebrity they have obtained. If to this praise be added the commendation due to upright and pious intentions, it is, however, the utmost that can be awarded to the writer, who was a brilliant advocate, but neither a philosophic thinker nor a sound reasoner.

Such a work as the present was much wanted. Apart from the particular theory of the author, it places the phenomenon of Mahometanism before us in its true light. It shews that its approximation to Christianity is very much closer than has usually been imagined; and that the wide diffusion and permanent dominion of this heresy are not to be satisfactorily accounted for by the secondary causes usually assigned as a solution of the problem. The candour and discrimination which are evident in the preliminary statement of the subject of inquiry must produce a very favourable impression on the reader. In the following paragraphs the real difficulty of the case is broadly and succinctly stated.

"The splendid success of Mahomet, and the unparalleled rapidity and extent of the propagation of his religion, is the favourite argument of Mahometans themselves in vindication of their creed. Mahometanism, however, possesses an argument in its favour of far greater weight than any which can be drawn from the character of its original promulgation. I speak of its *permanence*; a feature of this extraordinary superstition which has never been accounted for, and which none but the prejudiced or unreflecting can pretend to contemplate without interest. Reasonable explanations have been offered of its other chief phenomena. An

intelligible cause has been assigned for the first establishment of a religion, which is alleged to have founded itself in an artful accommodation to existing systems of belief, and to have addressed itself to the prejudices and passions of mankind: satisfactory grounds have been advanced for the successful progress of a faith which silenced opposition by force, and seconded its pretensions with the sword; but no sufficient account has yet been given or attempted of that character of permanence, which the lapse of twelve centuries has impressed upon Mahometanism. If its duration were commensurate merely with that of the empire to which it gave birth; if its spiritual sway could be measured, in after ages, by the rise and fall of its temporal power, much of the difficulty would be removed. The case, however, admits of no such relief. The whole facts of it, on the contrary, go to demonstrate that the creed of Mahomet possesses an inherent spiritual influence; wholly distinct and separable from its secular domination; and that it is not more remarkable for its despotism over the fortunes, than for its absolute dominion in the minds, of men. The completeness of its mental domination is one of the most noted and best-ascertained facts in the early history of Mahometanism. It is legible in the high enthusiasm which characterized the first Moslems, from the near friends of the prophet to his meanest followers, from the leaders of the Saracen armies to the servile refuse of the camp. But the point which now claims attention, is the durability of that first impression, the permanence of this mental subjection. To determine this point in the affirmative, it will not be enough to consider the effects of Mahometanism upon the mind, in countries where it is dominant as connected with the state; for here it may be contended that the fanatical spirit of the religion is fostered from motives of policy, and factitiously sustained by its alliance with the temporal power. Its genuine and undoubted influence can be seen only in a state of society where its votaries are unshackled by the restraints imposed by a Mahometan government; and where, consequently, neither policy nor personal interest can be supposed to operate. Such a state of society happens to obtain in a quarter of the world where Mahometanism has existed in an unestablished and insulated form, since the times of the first Saracen conquests. In their progress westward, through the deserts of Africa, the primitive Moslems left behind them the seeds of colonies, which continue to the present day thinly sprinkled over that vast wilderness; the Bedoween being naturally attracted and detained by the suitableness of the region to his desultory and predatory habits, and by the similarity of the soil and climate to those from which he had recently emerged. These roving tribes have preserved the purity of their race, with hereditary jealousy, from admixture with the native Africans; and holding little or no intercourse with foreigners, beyond the bare interchange of a few necessary commodities with the Moorish states, they present at this day the most genuine portrait-tendant of the character of their forefathers, the first Moslems. In the great desert of Africa, accordingly, there is a singular opportunity afforded of estimating the influence of Mahometanism, apart from its original and ordinary alliance with political domination. The result establishes, in the fullest extent, the fact of its permanent dominion over the human mind. The Arabs of the western desert graphically exemplify in the nineteenth century the recorded spirit of the Saracen conquerors in the

seventh. The same high enthusiasm and anti-social zeal are strikingly visible, both in their intercourse among themselves, and in their carriage towards strangers. The perpetual maintenance of their independence is still their glory and boast; and they guard with a zealous and unceasing vigilance the traditions and the faith of their Arabian ancestors. Copies of the Koran, written on skins, are carefully preserved, and constantly studied, in each family; and the calamities of shipwreck have recently afforded an opportunity of ascertaining the fanatical avidity with which its lessons are imbibed, and the opinions entertained by these sons of Ishmael respecting the character and situation of Christians. "The heads of their discourse concerning us," says a shipwrecked mariner, who learned the conversation of this savage people through the medium of a negro interpreter, "was, that we were a poor, miserable, degraded race of mortals, doomed to the everlasting punishment of hell-fire after death, and, in this life, fit only for the company of dogs." If he forgets only the intervals of time and place, this language at once transports the reader among "the companions" of the false prophet: its genuine fanaticism might have fallen from the lips of the fiery Kaled, or the ferocious Derar."

Another feature of Mahometanism, scarcely less remarkable than the permanence and completeness of its mental domination, is its power to change alike the creeds and characters of the nations it has subjected to its yoke, and those of its conquerors.

"Under the former aspect, its prompt and effectual extirpation of the idolatry of Arabia, and the unparalleled revolution of mind and manners which the action of the new religion produced among its tribes, were but preludes and precursors to succeeding triumphs, in every clime where Paganism flourished, over Paganism in its best and in its most degrading forms. The rude idolatry of Scythia or of Inner Africa, and the refined and venerable superstition of the Persian Magi, alike fell prostrate before the law of the Koran; while the new converts, bound together as brethren by this common tie, forget their personal prejudices, and national antipathies, as they fought side by side for the propagation of their adopted faith. But the memorable achievements of the followers of Mahomet in subverting idol creeds, sink into insignificance in comparison with another triumph of Mahometanism, the almost utter subversion of Christianity in the East. This divine religion, which originally won its lowly and peaceful way in triumphant opposition to the utmost violence of political power, bowed itself to the dust, in the very regions whence it first emanated, and where for centuries it had most flourished, almost without a struggle, under the sword and law of Mahomet. The strange and startling anomaly, which thus eclipsed the sun of Christendom, and which has left it, at the expiration of twelve hundred years, 'shorn of half its beams,' remains to the present hour unparalleled and unexplained. Every conquering faith beside has merged eventually in the Christian; but the banner of the cross itself has been seen to succumb before the victorious progress of the crescent. Nor is the power of Mahometanism more remarkable, in its influence, as conquering, to subvert, than in its efficacy, as conquered, to absorb, the religions with which it has come in contact. For irrefragable vouchers of this characteristic, the reader needs only be referred to the history of the Turks and Tartars. The successive inva-

sions of the Saracen empire by these Pagan hordes, during the eventful period of its decline, terminated uniformly in the conversion of the barbarian conquerors. The Gaznavide and Seljukian sultans, who shook, and the successors of Genghis Khan, who overthrew, the throne of the Caliphs, vied with one another in their adoption of the Mahometan faith. And the fourteenth century invites the philosophical historian to survey, in the career of the celebrated Tamerlane, the singular spectacle of a Tartar proselyte penetrating into India for the avowed purpose of bowing that vast peninsula to the yoke of the Koran. The enthusiastic zeal of this conqueror for the propagation of the Mahometan religion, thus founded eventually, in India, the Mahometan empire of the Great Mogul."

No prejudice has more extensively prevailed than that which imputes to the Mahometan religion an inherent hostility to the advancement of knowledge, and which confounds all the Mahometan nations under a sweeping censure as illiterate *ultra-Gothic* barbarians. "Every hearer," says White, "whose mind has ever glowed with the love of learning, or melted with the feelings of humanity, must recoil with horror from the savage and brutal barbarity of those caliphs who, not content with discouraging a spirit of inquiry among their subjects, effaced every vestige of the knowledge of former ages, and waged unnatural war against the mind, as well as the arms of their species." In this appalling description, who can detect any traces of the religion and the people which, during six long centuries of European darkness, preserved and propagated the light of knowledge through the world,—the first revivers of philosophy and science,—the link between the literature of Greece and that of modern Europe? Yet so it is, Mr. Forster remarks, that a sweeping induction is formed from the solitary and ill-authenticated fanaticism of Omar, while Mahometanism is denied all benefit from the example of Almamoon and his illustrious successors, and from the conspicuous place held by the Arabs in the history of letters. "The penetrating and enterprising genius of the Saracens is unaccountably lost sight of, and the eye seems to become exclusively fixed upon those barbarians of Mahometanism, the Turks." So completely, indeed, has this been the case, that the word Turk has come to be used as a synonyme for Moslem. A curious proof of this is supplied by the language of our venerable liturgy. In the collect for Good Friday, the church offers up its supplications on behalf of *Turks, Jews, and infidels*,—evidently comprising under those appellations the Mahometan, Jewish, and Pagan world. It could never have been intended to exclude the Persians, the Moors, the Arabs, and the Moguls, from the intercessions of the pious.

In the present inquiry, Christianity and Mahometanism are viewed as "the providential results of a two-fold promise made by God to Abraham in behalf of his sons Isaac and Ishmael; by which promise a prophetic blessing was annexed to the posterity of each; which blessings again linked the fortunes of their descendants with the providential history and government of the whole human race." Of the arguments by which this novel and somewhat startling hypothesis is supported, we cannot attempt even an abstract; but the leading heads of the inquiry are indicated in the following paragraph:—

"The inquiry will embrace the descent of the Arabs from Ishmael; the religious and

customs of the ante-Mahometan Arabs; the lights afforded by prophecy respecting Mahomet and his followers; the historical, moral, doctrinal, and ritual parallels between Judaism and Mahometanism, and between Christianity and Mahometanism; a comparison of the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments with the Koran; of the Jewish and Christian with the Mahometan sects and heresies; the contemporaneous rise and analogy of Popery and Mahometanism; the providential object and effects of the Crusades; and a comparative view of Christianity and Mahometanism in their influences on national character and civilisation; on industry, manufactures, and commerce; and on the progress of arts, sciences, philosophy, and literature."

The learning, research, and great ability, with which this extensive inquiry is pursued, render these volumes a highly valuable addition to English literature, and entitle the author to take his rank with our Turners and Hallams, our Southseys and Lingards. Among other valuable materials and rare articles to which he has had access, he has availed himself of the *Adversaria* and unpublished manuscripts of the learned Sale. To the theological student the work will be an important acquisition; while the variety of topics which it embraces of an historical and literary kind, will render it not less interesting to the general reader. It has occupied, Mr. Forster informs us, the thoughts and studies of nine years;—in this age of *facile* and rapid production, when literary vegetation springs up with tropical luxuriance, a long and tedious term. But bamboos are not oaks. The quality and durability of productions are generally proportioned to the slowness of their growth. This work will live and last."

1. *Apician Morsels; or, Tales of the Table, Kitchen, and Larder; containing a new and Improved Code of Etiquette, &c. &c.* By Dick Humelbergius Secundus. 12mo. pp. 348. London, 1829. Whittaker and Co.
2. *The Practice of Cookery, adapted to the Business of every-day Life.* By Mrs. Dalgairns. 12mo. pp. 628. Edinburgh, 1829, Cadell and Co.; London, Simpkin and Marshall.
3. *The Housekeeper's Oracle; or, Art of Domestic Management, &c. &c.* By the late William Kitchiner, M.D. 12mo. pp. 344. London, 1829. Whittaker and Co.

In all publications which affect the stomach, our readers are aware that we take a lively interest; considering, as we do, and which is the reason thereof, that unless the stomach be properly attended to and cultivated, there is no use whatsoever in attempting to cultivate and improve the head. Abilities depend entirely upon food: intellect upon digestion. This was well known to our plain-spoken and honest ancestors, who called the first places of general education boarding schools, and scholars boarders; not employing the new-fangled and fantastical terms of seminaries, pupils, establishments, students, and such-like frippery.

Having these grave considerations staring us in the face, we have taken up the several works at the head of this paper with all the becoming impartiality due to their several importance. And though we will not pretend that upon indifferent or less vitally essential occasions we may not permit our good nature to influence our critical judgment, we fearlessly assert that, in affairs of the table, in eating and in drinking, we never did and never can admit a bias to

seduce us from the stern truth which we owe to our especially confiding readers, and to a generally discerning public—discerning, because so apt to be guided by our opinions. No; may soup maigre and salt-fish be our every-day portion, if we mince matters in a question like this, upon which the comfort, the health, and the happiness of millions of our fellow-creatures depend!

Therefore, ye author, or rather compiler of *Apician Morsels*, look for no mercy at our hands: your performance is not that of a true man. Bad translations from French books, like bad imitations of the French *cuisine*, are intolerable; stale jokes do not do to be served up again, any more than stale merry-thoughts; and, altogether, coarseness and vulgarity in a *code gourmand* are worse than tough meat and ill-seasoned dishes. Let us, however, more patiently examine and dissect this *olla podrida*, which so arrogantly assumes the refined name of *Apician Morsels*. It is dangerous to meddle with foreign or ancient languages which one does not understand; yet this is the vice of the pseudo-fashionable writers of the day. Their style is as full of French or other phrases as a plum-pudding is of plums and currants—you cannot tell which is the radical tongue or the principal ingredient. It might be supposed that the English was copious enough to express all the ideas of learned, imaginative, and highly-gifted, and infinitely too copious to be needed by these literary shrimps, who have neither original thoughts nor ideas of any kind to express; and yet they interlard their home trash with so much of foreign, that it is not easy to perceive, at first sight, in what language they are trying to write. Of these faults our *Apician* scribe affords us plenty of specimens, and we shall point out a few of them as warnings to his long-eared, if not single-tongued, brethren of the mixed-style school.

What do you think of Sanctiorius saying (page 13), "*Celsi sententia non omnibus tutta est*"?—this is the first Latin *tutta* we ever met with, though it is right to a t. But Pliny's Latin is of the same kind (p. 54):

"Nunc mihi fumosum veteris propolis falernum Consul;"

and a pretty *property* he has made, though, as our Scots classics would pronounce, he has left a 'out. It shall be *properate* in the twentieth edition, should the work ever reach that enviable climax.—Matt. Paris could not be expected to be a better Latin scholar than Pliny, and therefore, not having the author for reference, we only mark in italics the words from his pen which puzzle us in the subjoined quotation:

"Et eodem tempore Juvenis Londinensis statuto pavore pro brevius, ad stadium quod quinten vulgariter dicitur, vires proprias et equorum cursus sunt experti."

At page 60 we find Christina *Pilan* quoted; but who she was, we know not; and at 69 Mr. Pegge is mentioned as the editor of the *Forme of Curry*,—meaning, we presume, *curry*, i. e. cookery, and not *curry*, an East-Indian dish, to the form of which, when well made, we have a strong predilection. The latter famous blunder is repeated at p. 74, where the editor sticks to it, that the *cury* mentioned in

"Richard's days of old,
When cury, as it then was styld,
With wise avilement was compild,"

is, *bonâ fide* and literally; the *curry* of our times!

After the "preceding poetical effusion (says he, very wisely, after quoting a poem from the Gentleman's Magazine of 1788, to Pegge, editor of the *Forme of Curry*, and which, if he had read, must have told him what *cury* meant,) in

praise of curry, we deem it a favourable opportunity to lay before our readers a receipt to make the latter famous epicurean dish: "and so he furnishes a recipe for the eastern dish so common at our tables, and which had never been heard of in Europe when the *Forme* was penned!

Floundering on in the same fashion, we hear (p. 78) of an Art of Cookery, by *Edm. King, M.D.*—the same having been written by the celebrated William King, LL.D.;* and at page 81, we are still more astonished by the news that Pliny was "the eminent Roman historian!" Perhaps, however, there is in the intermediate pages (79, 80) a mistake still more ludicrous—" *Seriatim* (says the learned Theban, implying by *seriatim* nothing less or more than seriously!), *seriatim* (says he!), the chief business of the cook being to please the palate and the eye, &c., these objects are best accomplished by the simplest process." It is hardly worth while to enlarge on such blunders,—and we shall only add a few more of this class. Mr. Montmaur is represented as having drunk off a goblet of wine "at a draught, *et negavit se unquam jucundius bibisse*, alluding to that king, who said the same, when he was forced to drink out of the hollow of his hand, for the want of a better mug." He also "called eructating (*ructus*) *inconveniences* of the table." This *inconveniences* shews how well the translator understood French; and his skill is corroborated by his calling *Petron* (*i. e. Petronius*, at p. 200) *Perron*, thus furnishing a sample of a double error in one word. But the whole of this passage is so exquisitely ignorant that we must quote it. "Read, to improve your mind, and enable you to speak learnedly on matters of gastronomy (says this author—alas! that he should never have followed his own advice!) the description which *Perron* has given of the feasts of Trimalcion, that is, of Nero. Read the moral works of Plutarch, his *Propos* of the Table. *Martial's* Epigrams *Julius Caesar, Dilempus, jehadiensis* & *soc. Jesus de Concoivis, Guidoni Pancirolli rerum perditarum, cum Commentariis Sabnahl, titulum de cibi Capiendi mode veteribus usitate*." On the page opposite to this prodigious display of learning we are told of something which *Macrobius* said "at the time the *la familia* existed"?! and have, besides, a charming example of logical precision. The passage is as follows:—

"It was not peas, as was supposed, which *Dentatus* cooked, but positively *radishes*. We have the following facts from history:—*Curius Dentatus* was three times consul, and twice enjoyed the honours of triumph. The ambassadors of the senate having found him cooking peas in an earthen pot, in that part of the country to which he had retired after his victories, offered him vases made of gold to engage him to espouse their interests. The Roman refused them, by telling them haughtily—'I prefer my earthen ware to your golden vases—I will not be rich, contented in my poverty to command those who are so.' Here we find the truth happily re-established. History ought never to be altered, even though it should only be concerning *boiled radishes*."

Now, the deuce take us, after all this happy re-establishment of the truth, if we know whether *Curius Dentatus* was cooking peas or radishes! May be, he was making a vegetable mess of both, a sort of hotch-potch.

"A German (continues our author) named

Martin Schookins wrote a work on this kind of cheese, entitled *De Aversione Casai*. We have not been able to procure this book." No wonder,—asking for it by the *Casai* name would bother the most learned of booksellers: and so would his title of another author, a person (p. 345) whom he calls *Aldus Manifutius*!! But we have exposed these pieces of ignorance enough, and shall now go to other follies. We begin with a riddle. The compiler, attempting to be facetious, declares (p. 105) "that a good dinner is brother to a good poem; with the single exception, that between four and five o'clock the former is more substantial!"?

Chapter V. is a long story, from the French, on breakfasts; and nearly all the rest of the *Morsels* is indebted to the same origin: how ably employed, the annexed notices, caught as we have run over the pages from 150, will shew. Page 153, the celebrated *Rocher de Cancale* is praised; and at page 161, it is said: "A gourmand, and all who aspire to deserve this sacred title, ought then to be punctual in their engagements, and (come to the scratch) precisely at the appointed hour;" which we cite merely for the sake of commending the elegant introduction within the parentheses, the only original part, not in the French!

"Suppose then, (resumes the editor) the dinner be named for five o'clock precisely, you must be at the spot by half-past five, where, either the host (*Amphitriton*) himself, or some of his family, will do the honours of the waiting-room, which should be a well-warmed saloon or chamber, according to circumstances, in which the morning and evening papers ought to be present. The first compliments between gourmands ought to be very laconic; and instead of the common-places salutation of 'how d'ye do?' the first question should be, 'have you a good appetite to-day?' Half an hour after the appointed time, by the note of invitation, the master of the house arrives, a napkin under his arm, to announce that dinner is up." The master of the house here painted, is, no doubt, the "*maitre d'hôtel*" of the Parisian writer; but our English translator stands on no ceremony—on the contrary, he pushes on to a capital bull—"From that time, he who is nearest the door moves on in silence, in order to pass into the dining-room; the others pass in succession, without stopping; the host closes the march, to accelerate those who are to follow." After this happy bit, he even adopts the customs of another country, and treats of them, without a word of doubt, (did he ever dine in London?!) as if they were applicable to his own. Witness—"The *Amphitriton* ought to occupy the centre of the table, as much to be within reach of serving his guests, as that he may superintend their appetites without suffering the plates themselves to direct his attention. After grace has been said, either mentally or in the common way, he distributes the soup, or first *entrée*; it belongs to the *Amphitriton* to bless the table in an audible voice, according to the formula of gourmands. The soup is served in proper soup-plates, which are piled up before him. The first, when filled, he gives to his right-hand neighbour, the second to that on the left; he then returns to the right hand, then to the left, and so on alternately. Every one remains served in his turn, without passing the plate. It is the same in every other respect with the dishes served by the *Amphitriton*. With respect to the side-dishes, every one helps himself, or asks his neighbours who are in proximity with those of which he

wishes to partake; but, be it observed, *always in silence, and sans cérémonie*."

Here the confusion of foreign manners is not more conspicuous than the confusion of language in the stupid translator, till he comes to the secret of every one asking his neighbours what they will take, but always in silence!! Pursuing the course of the French style of living, just as if the matter applied to the habits of England, our perfect gentleman and instructor in good breeding observes—"Whenever it happens that you have the misfortune of being placed by the side of a little girl, or, what is still worse, between two little boys, the best means to be employed to get rid of them is to make them tipsy as soon as possible, that papa or mamma may send them to bed. It is a most shocking inconvenience to leave any liquid behind in your glass, or any thing solid on your plate. At a long meal steer by your nose." A man who committed the first offence here advised, should not only be taken by his, but kicked out of the house into the bargain. The next piece of counsel appears to be equally genteel, judicious, and necessary. During the dessert, "conversation ought to give way to a song, a glee, a catch, or even a pun, although great care must be taken never to touch upon any smutty subject, particularly if there be any ladies present"!! The next paragraph lets us into a secret. "In recommending a song during the dessert, it is advisable to select one, the words of which are witty, gay, and distinctly articulated. None of your semi-demi-quavers, and ha-ha-ha-ing, for an unlimited space of time, like a eunuch panting for breath. Give it mouth in the true English style—suit the action to the words, and manage the muscles of the lips in a natural and unaffected manner, or the best voice will lose its effect, and be heard with an indifference bordering on disgust. A good old stave à la Dibdin, such as—Tom Tough, the Arethusa, Black-eyed Susan, the Chesapeake and the Shamoni, the Le Pique, and the Blanche,—although in the mouth of every hardy tar, might, through the organ of some of our native singers, be better received than the unmeaning effusions of 'Love among the Roses,' and other such couplets, adapted well enough for the female voice, or coxcombs of the first water, but which, in the mouth of a grenadier, a boatswain's mate, or a White-chapel butcher, would be as ridiculous as to hear them chant a lullaby, or an Anacreon in the original."

We thus learn what class of company it is for whom these precious maxims are indited—the mates, the grenadiers, and the butchers, are told what they ought, and what they ought not, to sing! Knowing this, we agree with the expediency of the concluding hint of this Chapter upon "rules between host and guest," viz. "It is considered, we conceive, superfluous to recommend to you to let your linen be always fresh and clean; because, whatever be the dinner he may have given you, it was well worth a shirt; and if you have not a clean shirt, a clean dickey, or, what is less, a false collar, will go off *passablement bien* on such occasions."

The next Chapter is entitled "good advice for good dinners;" but is a miserable failure. It sets out by running a witty tale by the mole of telling it (page 181); and immediately after, gives us a neat and cleanly (and, for this country, very requisite) instruction:—"When you are invited to breakfast, or to dine in town, never take dogs with you. It is

* An author whom the compiler should have known better, seeing he has stolen a great deal from him—we consequently suppose at second hand. See poem, p. 94—quotation murdered, pp. 95, 96, 97, &c. &c.

only the common people and *les dames à la mode* who take such liberties—which, indeed, at all times would be better tolerated in the country. A dog, how well soever he may have been brought up, spoils the furniture, and produces no small embarrassment, should he think proper to do his 'little jobs' before you; but his presence is still worse at table, where he is continually *among your legs*, or *eyeing your plate*."

Further on, in "a tale of the table," we have a dull and vulgar attempt at wit, of which all we need notice is its absurdity. *Er. gr.* At page 236 (the scene is a man of title and his lady dining with a retail shopkeeper) it is said—"My lady exclaimed, '*Lord, Mr. Busy!* how came you to put yourself to so much trouble and expense?' declaring, at the same time, she could never make a tolerable dinner without half-a-dozen things at least; making all the while signs of disgust at Miss P., and calling for brandy and water every third mouthful. Sir John and the captain tossed down half-pint bumpers of Madeira, till their 'wit began to burn'; and from the brisk circulation of the spirituous liquors before them, they soon drank themselves into an inflamed state."

These are the persons of superior manners, in the writer's estimation; and having thus described the disgusting beasts, he says, within thirty lines, "As for myself, being surfeited with the over-acted delicacy of the baronet and his corps"—So that a lady calling for brandy and water every third mouthful, and two gentlemen getting drunk at dinner, is "over-acted delicacy";—considerably over-acted, by Jupiter!

But enough for this course: our meal, we observe, must be prolonged, and we invite our friends to wait for the removes, clean plates, and—let us drink to each other's good healths till Saturday next. Reader, your health!

The Chelsea Pensioners. By the Author of "The Subaltern." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1822.

THE "Subaltern" is, unquestionably, the most popular military narrative of the present day; and we think that it deserves all the favour with which it has been received. The author, in a great measure, led the way in shewing how military operations might be told, so as at the same time to satisfy the practical soldier, and to interest the unprofessional reader. No man ever exhibited a happier talent for describing what he had seen—a talent in itself of no mean value, nor of very common occurrence. The present book, however, is an attempt in a different way. These are military narratives, in most of which the author has derived no aid from what he has seen; they are in some instances purely fictitious; and such of them as are not fictitious relate to transactions in which he bore no part, which, in fact, are slipping fast from the public memory, partly because they have never been told so vividly as in these volumes, and partly because later events, of deeper interest, have jostled them from recollection. It is true, that not even the victories of Wellington have obliterated the battle of Maida from our memory; but the heroes of that day will read with peculiar interest the narrative of their actions by a soldier of the school of Wellington; and the companions of Burgoyne, in the campaign of 1777 (if any still survive), will recognise in the tale entitled "Saratoga," the best, perhaps the only readable, narrative of that portion of

military history. The disastrous issue of the American war took away from Englishmen all relish for dwelling upon its details: while the issue was uncertain, the progress of events was watched with the deepest interest; but when the stake was irrecoverably lost, it was no pleasing task to return back, and contemplate the vicissitudes of the finished and unfortunate game. This accounts for many of the transactions of that war having fallen into comparative oblivion. The time, however, is now come, when these matters can be regarded with comparative complacency; at least, we can enter into the interest of a tale of the American war, without having our minds lacerated or materially disturbed. We think, however, that narratives of the class to which we have been referring, are in some degree misplaced in a work like the present, which, from its nature, disclaims the authority of history. The author has taken the pains to tell an authentic story; the authenticity of which, however, will never be relied on, because it will not be supposed that truth has been strictly adhered to, where the writer was at full liberty to depart from it, when, by indulging his imagination, he could increase the interest of his narrative. These, however, are, after all, matters of secondary importance; the plan of the work is that of a work of fiction; it pretends to be nothing more; and the whole question is—whether it possesses the interest which gives value to such a work. The stories are supposed to be told by a body of retired military men, who live together in an establishment, or voluntary association, to which they have given the name of "Little Chelsea." The rules of the house require each member to tell a story for the amusement of his companions. The author represents himself as having heard these stories (delivered in conformity with the rules) at the table of these social and narrative veterans. The extracts we shall give will shew that the writer of the "Subaltern" has an imagination to create, as well as an eye to see; and that he flings off a picture with equal vividness and effect, whether it be the mere creation of his fancy, or painted from the recollection of what he has seen. We can discover in the book many marks of haste, and some failures in the delineation of individual character and passion; but the clearness of the style, and the life and vigour of the narrative, never fail. The story called the "Pyrenean Adventure," being by far the shortest, we shall extract it nearly entire.

"At the period when the left column of the British army occupied the pass of Irun, the particular regiment of which I was a member pitched its tents on a sort of platform, or natural terrace, in the side of the Quatracone mountain. The situation of the camp was one of extreme beauty; indeed it was more than beautiful—it fairly deserves to be styled romantic. Sheltered from the rays of the sun by a grove of graceful dwarf-oaks, our background was formed by the bald rocks and giant shapes of the mountain, which, tier above tier, and precipice above precipice, rose in barren majesty into the clouds. On either side of our platform was a ravine: that upon the right, abrupt and of considerable depth, was darkened even to its base, and to the brow of the opposite hill, by the foliage of a dense forest; that upon the left, more gradual in its declivity, afforded room for a few corn-fields and other cultivated spots, as it sloped away into the level country. In front, again, were the mouth of the pass, the high-road, the Bidasoa, Fontarabia, and the ocean, all of them so hemmed in by the

heights of Audaye and San Marcial, as to compose one of the most splendid vistas which it has ever been my good fortune to behold. Whilst the corps was stationed here, and indeed as often as circumstances would allow, it was my custom to wander away from the camp with a gun over my shoulder, and a dog at my heels, for the double purpose of picking up a little *provident* for the mess, and indulging a spirit of roving and adventure which was then natural to me. It seldom happened that these excursions proved unproductive of at least temporary gratification. If it came to the worst, and no other advantage arose out of them, they at all events enabled me to become acquainted with some of the grandest and most sublime of Nature's works; whilst they afforded many opportunities of beholding the dispositions both of our own and of the enemy's army, such as men of more sedentary habits could not possibly obtain. Nor were these the only consequences which attended upon them. On more than one occasion I have found myself thrown into situations upon which even now I cannot look back without experiencing something of the excitement which affected me at the moment. With the circumstances attending one of these excursions, I propose, on the present occasion, to make you acquainted, warning you at the same time, that I possess no powers of description competent to convey any thing like a vivid picture either of my own feelings, or of the events which called them into play. One fine day towards the end of September, in the year 1813, my faithful Juno and her master set out, in high health and spirits, to pursue their wonted occupation. It happened that an extraordinary pressure both of public and private business had so far occupied my attention throughout the previous week, that I had not been able, during the whole of that period, to wander once beyond the bounds of the encampment; and as my fondness for liberty and field sports was then neither blunted by time nor stifled by circumstances, the fact that noon had passed ere the breaking up of a court-martial set me free to indulge my own inclinations, proved no inducement either to remain at home, or to confine my ramble within narrow and well-ascertained limits. On the contrary, having a great deal of lost time to make good, I considered that by seeking out fresh ground, a better chance would be afforded of success, than if I returned to haunts repeatedly visited before; more especially as these haunts lay at a distance from our position, and were familiarly known to other sportsmen as well as to myself. I have said, that on the right of the terrace occupied by our tents was a wooded ravine of considerable depth and steepness. At the bottom of that hollow ran a beautiful rivolet, which, after falling from a sort of detached shoulder of the Quatracone, wound onwards through the valley, till it joined the Bidasoa near the ruined bridge. I had often experienced a desire to trace that stream to its source, partly because I felt satisfied that the labour of the journey would be more than compensated by the magnificence of the scenery to which it must lead, and partly because I longed to shoot one or more of the many eagles which, from their nests among the cliffs, looked down upon us, as if in anxious expectation of the moment when the fortune of battle should consign us to their talons. This morning I resolved at all hazards to gratify that inclination; so, striking off by the rear of the camp, I made at once for the waterfall. I may not so much as attempt a description of the various and magnificent spectacles, which the progress of that toilsome,

and occasionally hazardous excursion, from time to time spread out before me. As long as my route conducted up the face of the cliff, from a basin on the summit of which the rivulet tumbled, I could, as often as I chose to turn round, look down upon towns and villages, corn-fields and meadows, tents and ships, redoubts and cottages; but from the instant that the ridge was passed, every vestige of human skill and human exertion was shut out. A long, narrow, winding vale lay beneath me; gloomy with forests, apparently trackless, and of the growth of ages; and girdled in by rocks and precipices hurled into every variety of fantastic shape. On either hand, and far off in my front, hill rose above hill, and cone above cone, as if a thousand earthquakes had been at work, or the globe had never, in this corner at least, escaped from a state of chaos. But words are wanting to describe such a panorama. If any of the party can imagine the effect which the wildest combinations of mountain scenery are capable of producing, he may, perhaps, arrive at something like a correct notion of the landscape on which I now gazed; if he be incapable of making this mental exertion for himself, I cannot pretend to assist him in it. It is sufficient to observe, that, accustomed as I had been, from childhood, to highland scenery, this perfectly astonished me, inasmuch that I remained for several minutes riveted to the spot, from which it first burst upon me. Nor was I more struck by the objects which affected my sense of sight, than by the sort of preternatural stillness which prevailed. Either the breezes blew not at all, or the trees and shrubs in the valley were entirely sheltered from them; for not a bough or a leaf was in motion. The only sounds, indeed, which reached me, were a sort of indistinct murmur, produced by the water-fall, now many hundred feet below me, and the occasional shrill cry of an eagle, as it sailed over head, at a height which placed it far beyond the reach of danger from any power except that of the storm. Having indulged for some time the feelings which such a scene was calculated to excite, as well as recovered my breath and rested my limbs, I began to look around for the purpose of ascertaining how I might most easily attain the object of my present ambition, by reaching the top of the mountain. You will understand that I was now seated upon a sort of sugar-loaf hill, connected on both sides with other hills, three or four times more lofty than itself. That upon the right seemed peculiarly rough and uneven; that upon the left, besides that the stream trickled down its surface, was more grassy and accessible; so I resolved to scale it. But I found, on putting my determination into force, that even it was far from being devoid of difficulties. Projections, which, when viewed from a distance, appeared trifling and easy of ascent, proved, when attained to, wholly impervious; whilst the grass itself was in many spots so dry and slippery, as to render it exceedingly hazardous to pass along. Nevertheless, I had proceeded too far to return now. I pushed on, winding round the base of such rocks as I found myself unable to scale, and creeping on all fours, when to walk upright became impossible; and I was rewarded, after two hours and a half of severe labour, by beholding what I took to be the last of the ridges. It was a large perpendicular cone; but there seemed to be a pass, or, as a Highlander would call it, a balloch, on one side of it, and to that I directed my steps. I was approaching rapidly to this object of my wishes,

when the cry of an eagle, coming, as it appeared to me, from the opposite side of the brow, attracted my attention. In a whisper I ordered Juno to heel, and putting a ball in one barrel, instead of small shot, I lay down on my belly, and in that position dragged myself towards the summit. I gained it with some difficulty; but you may imagine what my feelings were, when, on peeping over the ridge, I beheld, in a sort of narrow glen or hollow, the diameter of which could not exceed twenty or thirty yards, the bones and mutilated remains of not fewer than forty or fifty human beings. Upon these some dozen or two of eagles were sitting; not in the act of gorging, for in truth nothing now remained upon which they or other carnivorous animals could feed; but scraping and turning the bones about, and with their beaks tearing, as if in mockery, into minute shreds, a few remnants of what had once been military clothing. So little had I anticipated such a spectacle in these wild regions, that surprise, and to a certain extent horror, completely overcame me. I lay with my finger on the trigger, but abstained from firing, till my dog sprang upon the brow, and the alarmed birds, rising in an instant, escaped. Less annoyed at having thus permitted my prey to elude me, than curious to ascertain how so many bodies could have come into a situation so singular, I looked about for some path or sloping declivity, by which I might descend into this place of the dead; but I looked in vain. The skeletons lay in a hole, which I can compare to nothing more nearly than a disused coalpit of extraordinary dimensions; that is to say, they occupied a spot closed in on three sides by perpendicular rocks. The fourth was, indeed, open; but as far as I could judge by examining it from my present position, it was open only to a precipice. Having indulged in a few vague conjectures, therefore, and satisfied myself that I could do nothing more, I turned away, and striking off to the right, soon entered the precincts of a thick wood. Here my dog beginning to quest, I had the satisfaction to find that I had at last arrived where game promised to be abundant. She led the way down the side of the mountain. I followed, and my attention being wholly engrossed, I went on, sometimes firing with success, at other times missing, till the gradual diminution of light warned me that it was high time to think of returning to the camp."

He gets benighted and bewildered in the passes of the mountains, but at last meets with a guide among a body of guerillas. His guide relates that he and his companions had been the happy inhabitants of a secluded mountain valley; that at the close of a rustic holiday, a body of French soldiers broke in upon them, spoiled their property, burnt their cottages, and butchered their women and children. The Spaniard tells the consummation of the story in the following words:—

"Nothing now remained for us but vengeance. We betook ourselves, eighteen in number, to the neighbouring fastnesses, and choosing Francisco for our leader, we became guerillas. But we went not beyond the precincts of our own valley. No; our cry, day and night, was for vengeance; and to obtain it, we hovered round the ruins of our houses, like beasts of prey. Not a Frenchman strayed from his cantonments who returned alive; and many and many a time have we roused the whole band from their unholly slumbers with our war-shout. Exasperated at this behaviour, the

they had begun. Every male, and every aged female, who fell into their hands, perished on the first day; now they butchered and threw out to us our wives and little ones. But there was mercy in this; for how could we again receive those whom the dogs had defiled? You have seen the hollow on the top of that rock. It is called the Fuente; for tradition says that it was once a small lake, and that the ravine, across which we passed, was the channel of the river that flowed from it. I know not whether there be truth in this, but its situation is one of the most remarkable in all these districts. You observed how it is enclosed on three sides; on the fourth there is a fall of many feet; and the rocks stretching out on either hand beyond the fall, render it perfectly inaccessible. At one corner, however, it is separated from the mountain by a chasm of little more than eighteen feet in width: we laid a narrow bridge of plank over the chasm, and made the old lake our fortress. From this point we were in the daily habit of sallying out upon the enemy; and at last we made it the scene of a glorious revenge. At the suggestion of our leader, we determined, if it were possible, to lure the monsters into our den, and to destroy them there. For this purpose, we laboured hard at a huge rock which hung immediately over our bridge, till we had so loosened it as that a push from the arm of a child would roll it down the gulf. That being effected, we proceeded to carry the rest of our scheme into execution, thus. One morning, as usual, we rushed down upon the valley, and having maintained a skirmish rather longer and more animated than usual, the bloodhounds were so enraged as to pursue us up the hill. As soon as we reached the forest, all except Francisco, who was the object of their bitterest hatred, avoided the old channel, and escaped into the woods. Francisco, affecting to be wounded, made for the bridge. He crossed, and forty-five of the miscreants, including their commander, followed. This was all that we desired. Instantly the crag fell, and striking the planks exactly in the middle, it dashed them down into the abyss, cutting off all hope of escape from those within the Fuente. In the mean while we had taken our stations on the ridges, and looked down in savage exultation upon our prey. For Francisco we feared nothing, because we knew his intention, and we shouted aloud in order to give him an opportunity of carrying it into effect. We were successful. Whilst the Frenchmen, paralysed with horror, were gazing upwards upon the death which hung over them, Francisco, uttering a loud cry, ran towards the chasm, and with one desperate bound cleared it. Oh, sir, had you seen the expression of the murderers' countenances then; had you beheld their uplifted hands, and heard their screams for mercy, your blood would have boiled within you, as mine boils now. Our captain answered them. 'Mercy!' cried he, 'ay, such mercy as ye granted. Look down, friends, upon the village ye have destroyed! behold the bodies of the aged and the feeble whom ye have butchered! listen to the cry of those whom ye have violated!—and now take your reward.' This was the signal, and we opened our fire upon them. It was in vain that they ran from side to side, seeking for a place of shelter or escape, or reached the brink of the chasm in hopeless despair. Three wretches only tried the leap, and they were dashed to pieces. The rest died, one after another, as our bullets took effect; and we left them where they fell, that their bones might bleach in the rains of heaven, after their flesh should have been

devoured by the eagles.' The Spaniard here ended his story, and to my astonishment I found that we were already in the camp. I offered him money, but he refused it: indeed he seemed like one beside himself with the recollection of the scenes which he had been describing. Having satisfied me that I was at home, he abruptly turned away, and I could hear the boughs and leaves crash before him, as with the speed of a racehorse he rushed down the glen."

The length of these extracts only leave us room for a single short passage: it will speak for itself.

"Day dawned in due time, and a spectacle was presented to us, of which no man, who has not looked upon the site of a lately fought battle, can form any conception. As far as the eye could reach, the open fields were strewn with broken arms, hats, caps, pouches, bayonets, balls, and pieces of clothing; whilst here lay a tumbril or ammunition waggon dismounted from its axletree, and there a gun, abandoned and upset, as if to hinder it from being removed. In every direction the grass was trodden down; long and deep tracks of wheels cut the meadow across and across; and at frequent intervals the very soil seemed scorched, as if quantities of gunpowder had been exploded upon it. Nor were other and no less striking manifestations of yesterday's drama wanting. The dead lay around us in heaps; Englishmen and Americans, men and horses, mingled indiscriminately together; and such had been the desperation of the contest, that in some places the foot of one foeman touched the very head of another. But the most remarkable objects in this horrid panorama were several American marksmen, who hung lifeless among the branches of trees. These persons, who had mounted for the purpose of securing a good aim, and had done considerable execution, wounding, among others, an aide-de-camp of General Phillips whilst in the act of conversing with Burgoyne, soon drew towards themselves a full share of our riflemen's attention. As they furnished admirable marks, and our men were not ignorant how to strike them, very few escaped; and there they still hung, having been caught by the boughs, among which they waved to and fro like the rocking cradles in use among the Indians."

The last two volumes of the *Chelsea Pensioners* are decidedly the best. On the whole, the work will add to the fame of the author, not that it is better done than the *Subaltern*, but that it shews a sort of talent, for the exercise of which that work afforded no room.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Mirabilia; or, the Wonders of Nature and Art, &c. &c. 12mo. pp. 568. F. J. Mason. A COMPILATION of several hundred extracts relating to curiosities and natural phenomena. A work not remarkable for any extraordinary quality of selection or embellishment, but one of the many which the present improving era produces of publications which furnish a variety of intelligence and amusement.

An Inquiry, What is the one True Faith, &c. Post 8vo. pp. 393 and Index. London, 1838. Whittaker and Co.

"An ounce of mother wit is worth a pound of clergy," is the argument of the writer of this volume, who is "a layman." We asked the opinion of a rather sententious clergyman upon it; and he answered us, "He is indeed a lame one." Not being ourselves skilful in the

theological controversies, we can only say that the Inquiry shews much reading, and is temperate in tone.

Examples of Gothic Architecture. Part III. By Augustus Pugin. Illustrated with historical and descriptive Accounts, by Edward James Wilson, Architect, F.S.A. 4to. London, 1829.

AN admirable, and, to builders, a very useful work of details. This Number is devoted principally to domestic examples, and contains, amongst other subjects, elevations, parts, &c. of East Barham Manor-house, Norfolk—which, although exceedingly curious and pleasing, we take to be less pure, and, from its minute carvings, more expensive, than many others we could name—the Parsonage at Great Snoring, a beautiful specimen, and Oxburgh Hall, Norfolk. We are glad to find that Mr. Pugin has directed his labours to this branch of our own delightful style of architecture—a branch too little studied by architects, and frequently confounded with the ecclesiastical. Nor can we too highly commend the manner in which his plates are executed.

Pugin's Gothic Ornaments, selected from various Buildings in England and France. Drawn on stone by J. D. Harding. 4to. London, 1829.

ANOTHER clever and valuable work of the same class, but confined to embellishments. The plates are of the highest order, and combine the grace and elegance of Mr. Harding's drawing with prodigious accuracy of outline; but we think them somewhat deficient in antiquarian feeling;—still the work is of its kind without a parallel, and deserving of the most liberal encouragement.

Gothic Ornaments, selected from the different Cathedrals and Churches in England. By Thomas and Charles Atkinson. Folio. London. T. Griffiths.

Of this work, although a slight improvement has marked its progress, we cannot yet speak very favourably.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

MAY 1st.—The meetings resumed this evening, after the Easter recess. Mr. Smart, who is known to the public as a lecturer on elocution, and a reader of Shakespeare, entered on an inquiry concerning the audible properties of speech, with the view of throwing some light on the original pronunciation of the classical languages, particularly their long-lost accent. By a quotation from Plutarch, he shewed that, in all languages, there are three things which reach the ear simultaneously,—the sounds of the letters, the tone or accent, and rhythm. Rhythm, which is the same principle in speech that time is in music, he exemplified by the opening lines of the *Paradise Lost*, the *Jerusalem Delivered*, the *Henriade*, the *Aeneid*, and the *Iliad*. The comparative differences are these:—in English, Italian, and all other modern languages except French, the rhythm arises from the fixed or regulated accents, independently of any fixed or regulated quantities. In French there are neither fixed quantities nor fixed accents, and the rhythm arises from the general drift of the sounds: it determines, in some degree, the otherwise floating accents and quantities, but is not determined by them. In the present mode of reading Greek and Latin, the rhythm arises from the accents, as in pronouncing English; the place of the accent

being determined in both languages according to the rules proper to the Latin language; but the lecturer demonstrated that this was not the original rhythm of those languages:—their rhythm arose out of the metrical feet, formed by the quantities independently of the accents; the *arsis*, or rising of the hand, making the beginning of each foot, and the *thesis*, or posing of the hand, its completion. To obtain this rhythm, by pronouncing words with their true quantities, and yet to give them their proper accents, is the great problem which practice has yet to solve. Bishop Horley, in his *Treatise on Ancient Prosodies*, intimates that it would give us all that is really important in the difference between ancient and modern pronunciation. The lecturer then pointed out the means by which the practice might be recovered by any one who is young and persevering; while his own reading of hexameter lines seemed to satisfy (judging from the applause that was bestowed) his audience of the practicability of his theory. Mr. Smart next demonstrated our English accent to be the same as that of antiquity, (acute, circumflex, and grave,) while words are separately pronounced; but so soon as accent is employed to unite words into sentences, and to signify their united meaning by emphasis, (offices which did not belong to it in ancient pronunciation, but devolved on other agents,) it then changes its character continually—a Proteus defying the scrutiny of all but the most practised ears. Hence our learned men, who know more of Greek and Latin than of English, have been entirely misled as to its real nature, supposing it to be merely stress, or long quantity, or, indeed, any thing but what it really is. In the lecturer's opinion, if a fair comparison could be set on foot between accent as now used, and the recorded characteristics of Greek and Roman accent, the true nature of the latter would no longer be a subject of doubt and difficulty. He concluded a very eloquent and interesting discourse, amidst the approbation of a numerous audience; amongst whom we observed the Bishop of Worcester, and several other distinguished persons.

In the library were a curious collection of baggage-boats, paddles, war-clubs, drinking-cups, and drums, of the Javanese, from the collection of Lady Raffles; also some instruments of torture, (hand and finger-screws,) of Dutch construction; together with specimens of German and English lithography, and presents of books.

COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

ANOTHER assembly took place on Monday evening; Sir Henry Hallford, the president of the College, in the chair. Dr. Macmichael read a paper, from the pen of Dr. Seymour, on inflammatory disease of the lungs, apparently brought on by mental distress. The paper was illustrated by reference to the case of an eminent medical man who died a few months ago of consumption, which shewed itself soon after very severe domestic calamity. Our notice of this paper is necessarily short, because it consisted chiefly of professional details, which scarcely admit of analysis, and could only be intelligible to medical readers.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

THE anniversary of this Society was held on Friday sennight; Henry Moreton Dyer, Esq. in the chair. Mr. Lindley, the assistant-secretary, enumerated a variety of silver medals which had been awarded to sundry individuals, for certain improvements in the art of horti-

culture, during the past year. Mr. Sabine intimated, that in consequence of the backwardness of the season, the annual fête would be postponed, probably to the 27th of June. After some other routine business was disposed of, the Earl of Dartmouth, John Wood, Esq., M.P., Thomas Hoblyn, Esq., and Nicholas Aylward Vigors, Esq., were elected into the council for the ensuing year, and the meeting separated.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

Oxford, May 2.—On Wednesday last, being the first day of Easter Term, the following degrees were conferred:—
Doctor in Civil Law.—J. W. Buller, late Fellow of All Souls' College.

Bachelors in Divinity.—Rev. C. T. Longley, late Student of Christ Church, now Head Master of Harrow School; Rev. C. D. Blyth, Fellow of St. John's College.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. R. B. Robinson, Rev. H. Demain, Queen's College; Rev. W. Orger, St. Edmund Hall; Hon. Lloyd Kenyon, Christ Church; Rev. P. Hansell, Rev. C. Stone, Scholars of University College; Rev. W. Ives, Balliol College; Rev. W. Blundell, Brasenose College; R. P. Morrell, Fellow of Magdalen College; Rev. J. P. Rhodes, Wadham College; H. J. L. Williams, Rev. J. S. Jenkinson, H. J. Hutton, Magdalen Hall.

Thursday last the following degrees were conferred:—
Doctor in Divinity.—C. T. Longley, late Student of Christ Church.

Bachelors in Divinity.—Rev. W. A. Bouverie, Fellow of Merton College; Rev. C. L. Swainson, Fellow of St. John's College.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

MAY 7. The President in the chair.—John Robert Stuart, Esq. was admitted, and took his seat as a Fellow. Two papers were read: the first was entitled, "Experimental inquiries on the electric theories of galvanism," by William Ritchie, M.A., F.R.S.; the second, "On the composition of the chloride of barium," by Dr. Turner. Among the presents were—statistical works by M. Benoiston de Châteauneuf, received from Paris through Dr. W. F. Edwards, along with his own work on the Physiological Characters of the different Races of Mankind; and M. Brongniart on Fossil Vegetables and the Pollen of Plants, with numerous illustrative plates. The other presents consisted of Sir A. Carlisle's work on the alleged Discovery of the Use of the Spleen and Thyroid Gland; Mr. Curtis's Essay on the Cure of the Deaf and Dumb; Mr. Soane's work on the Public Buildings in Westminster; eleven Numbers of Prof. Schumacher's *Astronomische Nachrichten*; Dr. Lee's translation of the *Travels of Ibn Batuta*, presented by the Oriental Translation Committee;—and the Sixth Report of the Anglo-Chinese College, by Mr. R. H. Davis.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

On Thursday the annual meeting of the Royal Society of Literature took place; the Marquess of Lansdowne in the chair. The secretary read the report of proceedings; and the following elections were made, by ballot, for the ensuing year:—

President.—The Lord Bishop of Salisbury.

Vice-Presidents.—The Duke of Rutland, the Marquess of Lansdowne, Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells, Lord Bexley, the Earl of Carlisle, the Earl of Clare, the Right Hon. Charles Yorke, the Hon. George Agar Ellis, Colonel Fitzclarence, the Rev. G. Richards, D.D.

Council.—The Lord Bishop of Ely, Lord Farnborough, the Rev. H. H. Baber (Librarian), R. Blanshard, Esq., John Caley, Esq., the Rev. Richard Cattermole (Secretary), Prince Hoare, Esq., William Jacob, Esq., William Jordan, Esq., A. E. Impey, Esq. (Treasurer), Lieut.-Col. Leake, Sir Gore Ouseley, Lewis Hayes Pettr, Esq. M.P., David Pollock, Esq., William Sotheby, Esq., William Tooke, Esq.

Treasurer.—Archibald Elijah Impey, Esq.

Auditors.—L. A. De la Chamette, Esq., Frederick Madden, Esq.

Librarian.—The Rev. Henry Harvey Baber.

Secretary.—The Rev. Richard Cattermole.

Foreign Secretary.—The Rev. Henry A. De la Motte.

Accountant and Collector.—Mr. Thomas Paull.

Thanks were voted to the noble chairman, on the motion of the Bishop of Bath and Wells.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

MAY 2d.—The Right Hon. Sir Gore Ouseley, bart. V.P. in the chair. Mr. Davis read the first part of his Essay on the Poetry of the Chinese. It treated of versification, or the rules which prevail in the construction of lines, couplets, &c. and the sources whence these derive their melody and rhythm. Mr. Davis divided this part of his subject into the following heads, viz. the sound of the spoken language, the variation of tones as prescribed by rule, the use of poetical numbers, the observance of a regular cesural pause, the use of terminal rhymes, and the rhetorical effect of the parallelism of couplets. The paper was illustrated by specimens of Chinese poetry, and comparisons of it with Greek, Latin, Hebrew, &c. A great variety of very valuable donations were enumerated; amongst them were several volumes of works in Chinese, including a MS. poem descriptive of London; Notices of Mongolia in Russia, by the Monk Yakinff, presented by the imperial ministry of foreign affairs at St. Petersburg, through Prince Lieven; Sir George Staunton presented a large volume of drawings of scarce plants, executed in Paris for the Emperor of China; Mr. Davis presented a candle made entirely from vegetable wax by the Japanese. Mr. Davis has brought to England specimens of the plants from which the wax is obtained, for the purpose of trying to raise them in England. The Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature, and of some other learned and scientific bodies, were also on the table.

Viscount Holmesdale, M.P. and Capt. R. Mignan, were elected members.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

It would have been strange indeed if the parent stock of the Fine Arts in this country, from which so many vigorous shoots have sprung, had itself, with all its peculiar advantages of culture, been deficient, either in the amount or in the quality of its annual produce. It gives us great pleasure to see that that is not the case; and that it displays a profusion of blossoms and fruit, glowing in every rich variety of taste and colour. Metaphor apart, we have no hesitation in saying, that the co-joined exertions of the members of the Royal Academy and of their condutors have given to the present Exhibition at Somerset House a rank at least equal, if not superior, to that of most of its precursors of recent date. At the same time, we still wish to impress upon the Royal Academy, as well as upon other Societies, the expediency, in the existing accumulation of art and artists, of exercising a more than ordinary vigilance and discrimination in the selection of works for exhibition; and of excluding those which do not possess qualities that entitle them to the notice of the public. It is not merely that it is degradable not to encourage mediocrity, but that it is desirable to take care that the arrogant demands of mediocrity do not absolutely supersede the modest claims of genius.

But to the matter before us. On entering the great room we immediately fixed our attention on the works of Mr. Wilkie; induced to do so, not only by the expectations derived from his great and acknowledged talents, but because we were curious to remark those changes of style, which, during his late absence from

England, the observation of foreign art, as well as of foreign character, manners, costume, &c., was calculated to produce. The effect is distinctly visible; so much so, indeed, that in some of the beautiful pictures by this highly-gifted artist which adorn the present Exhibition, he appears almost to have identified himself with Spanish art, as well as Spanish feeling. Two of these pictures may be regarded as placing in strong contrast "Thought" and "Action." The first is No. 56. *The Spanish Posado*. It represents, in the words of the Catalogue, "a Guerilla council of war, at which three reverend fathers—a Dominican, a monk of the Escorial, and a Jesuit—are deliberating on some expedient of national defence, with an emissary in the costume of Valencia. Behind them is the posadera or landlady, serving her guests with chocolate, and the begging student of Salamanca, with his lection and segar, making love to her. On the right of the picture a contrabandist of Bilbao enters, upon his mule; and in front of him is an athletic Castilian armed, and a minstrel dwarf with a Spanish guitar. On the floor are seated the goat-herd and his sister, with the muzzled house-dog, and pet-lamb of the family; and through the open portal in the back-ground is a distant view of the Guadarrama mountains." The scene is one of perfect repose and tranquillity; the composition of the group of figures is remarkably good, and the expression in the countenances of those who are engaged in the consultation is finely diversified. The picture which designates "Action" is No. 128. *The Defence of Saragossa*. "The heroine, Augustina, is here represented on the battery, in front of the convent of Santa Engracia, where, her husband being slain, she found her way to the station he had occupied, stooped over his body, took his place at the gun, and declared she would herself avenge his death. The principal person engaged in placing the gun is Don Joseph Palafox, who commanded the garrison during the memorable siege, but who is here represented in the habit of a volunteer. In front of him is the reverend father Consolacion, an Augustin friar, who served with great ability as an engineer, and who, with the crucifix in his hand, is directing at what object the cannon is to be pointed. On the left side of the picture is seen Basilio Boggiero, a priest, who was tutor to Palafox, celebrated for his share in the defence, and for his cruel fate when he fell into the hands of the enemy. He is writing a despatch, to be sent by a carrier-pigeon, to inform their distant friends of the unsubdued energies of the place." Had this picture been shown to us, without our being aware by whom it was painted, we confess that we should have been at a loss to name the artist; so opposite is the singular energy which it displays to the quiet and familiar character of Mr. Wilkie's usual works. Nor is the fearless breadth of colouring and execution less opposed to his former close, careful, minute, and finished imitation of objects. This last remark is equally applicable to No. 110. *Cydnals, Priests, and Roman Citizens, washing the Pilgrims' feet*; No. 224. *A Roman Princess, with her Attendant, washing the Pilgrims' feet*; No. 293. *The Confessional*; No. 298. *The Pifferari*; and No. 403. *The Guerilla's Departure*, all by Mr. Wilkie. But the most striking proof of the versatility of Mr. Wilkie's powers is afforded by No. 91. *Portrait of the Right Hon. the late Earl of Kellie, Lord Lieutenant of the County of Fife*. It is a whole-length portrait of the size of life. Mr. Wilkie has accomplished in it all that he

ever accomplished in figures on a small scale; and those who know the difficulty of passing from the one to the other will be the best judges of the value of his success. Without referring to that consideration, however, it is a delightful and unsophisticated picture; and, with the exception perhaps of a little coolness of hue, is one of the most characteristic and interesting portraits of a venerable old nobleman that we ever saw. We rejoice to find that Mr. Wilkie's health is in a state to permit him to make such efforts; and we hail with great gratification his reappearance in the lists of art.

No. 16. *Beneath*. W. Etty, R.A.—A gigantic performance. It possesses the same grandeur of composition, energy of action, and overwhelming power of colouring, as Mr. Etty's well-known "Combat;" but the subject is very inferior, for it wants the relief and sentiment which woman pleading for the vanquished gave to that work; and is simply an extraordinary exhibition of irresistible muscular force and unsparing animal ferocity. We are sorry to observe, that there is a great disproportion between the upper and the lower parts of the principal figure. The opposition also between the group and the sky is painfully violent. It is, nevertheless, a striking and magnificent picture.

No. 31. *Hero, having thrown herself from the Tower at the sight of Leander drowned, dies on his body*. W. Etty, R.A.—In this beautiful and interesting little work we recognise the blending softness of Correggio.

No. 42. *Ulysses deriding Polyphemus*. J. M. W. Turner, R.A.—Although the Grecian hero has just put out the one eye of the furious Cyclops, that is really no reason why Mr. Turner should put out both the eyes of us, harmless critics! So red-hot a mass has seldom been applied to our visual organs. Justice, however, compels us to acknowledge, that although Mr. Turner thus continues to delight in violating nature and defying common sense, yet that, considering this performance as a gorgeous vision of the imagination, as a splendid dream of poetical fancy, it is highly captivating.

No. 92. *Night*. H. Howard, R.A.—Upon the principle of taking a glass of ice-cream after having been exposed to the blazing noon of one of the dog-days, we recommend visitors to the Exhibition to go immediately from the work which we last mentioned to that now under our consideration; and to allay the fever which Mr. Turner has raised in their blood, by contemplating the appropriately cool tones of Mr. Howard's classical and elegant production.

No. 68. *A Dutch Ferry*. A. W. Callcott, R.A.—A happy medium between the extremes to which we have just been alluding. The still expanse that here meets the view, the simplicity of the subject, and the entire truth with which it is treated, combine to produce the most soothing and delightful feelings in the mind of the spectator. It is needless to dwell upon the fine qualities of art which Mr. Callcott brings to bear upon nature. His powers are too well known to require any eulogy.

No. 10. *The Fountain: Morning*. A. W. Callcott, R.A.—Perfectly fascinating. The freshness of the early day is deliciously depicted; and the tasteful introduction of Grecian architecture and figures forms, if we mistake not, a novel feature in the development of Mr. Callcott's genius.

[To be continued.]

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

"From every point a ray of genius flows."—Rogers.

It must not be supposed from the laudatory and comprehensive motto prefixed to this notice of the Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours, which opened on Monday last, that we are not fully aware that there are many splendid stars in other hemispheres of art. Of our conviction of that fact, the pages of the *Literary Gazette* contain abundant proof. But (as might be justly expected in a collection formed exclusively by a body of artists selected for their superior skill in a particular branch of the profession) in the gallery of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours, works of high talent alone meet the eye on every side. There is none of that alloy of mediocrity, the result of either necessity or ill-judging kindness, which is occasionally so debasing and injurious elsewhere. We state this, lest, as our limits will permit us to particularise only a few of these fine productions, it might be imagined that we undervalued those to which it will not be in our power to advert.

No. 22. *A Stag*. G. F. Robson and R. Hills.—It is pleasing to see two masters, each of great and acknowledged talent in his own department, combining their powers in the production of a single composition. This friendly union was frequent among the painters of other days, but is not so common in our times. A drawing similar to the present, and executed by the same able artists, under similar circumstances, was exhibited last year. We are in doubt to which to give the preference;—if to that under our consideration, it is probably only because its predecessor is absent. In both, the wild solitude of nature, and the proud bearing of the noble and vigorous animal, rousing himself from his "heathery couch," and looking as if he were about to exclaim in the words with which Cowper makes Selkirk commence his pathetic apostrophe,

"I am monarch of all I survey,"

are admirably represented.

No. 204. *Durham*. G. F. Robson.—The recent destruction of the choir of York Minster, and the still more recent attempt to destroy Westminster Abbey, must endear to every lover of his country those venerable remains, the proofs of the piety and taste of our forefathers, which are scattered over the land, but of which it is impossible now to tell how soon the hand of some fanatic or base incendiary may deprive us; and must render doubly valuable such beautiful representations of them as this, by Mr. Robson, of that grand and picturesque pile, Durham Cathedral.

No. 117. *Distant View of the World over the Earl of Chichester's Park, from the Downs near Brighton*. Copley Fielding.—One of the most fascinating drawings that we ever saw; and in some respects, such, for instance, as the free and simple sweep of the lines, and the complete notion conveyed of wildness and extent, surpassing any thing of the kind that has heretofore come under our notice.

No. 147. *Elijah*. P. Dewint.—A classical composition, being a new feature in the practice of an artist who has hitherto so successfully devoted his rare talents to the familiar and ordinary character of landscape. Mr. Dewint has evidently brought all his powers to bear on this fine performance; and, while he has preserved the grandeur of his subject, has in the trees, the soil, the passing storm, &c., intro-

duced the results of his long and attentive study of nature.

No. 59. *A Blacksmith's Shop at Strathfield, say, Hampshire*. W. Hunt.—As true as the camera-obscura, and much more spirited and painter-like. Mr. Hunt's eye for nice discrimination of hue and tone is perfect; and his execution is singularly sparkling and brilliant. In parts, the effect is absolutely phosporic.

No. 103. *A Scene from the opening of the Third Book of the Odyssey—Telemachus going in search of Ulysses*. Copley Fielding.—A composition that might be put in competition with any of the paintings of Claude. Every object is bathed in the rich and splendid light which emanates from the setting sun. Much as Mr. Fielding has done in a similar way, we do not think that he ever before produced any thing so glowing and powerful.

[To be continued.]

MR. WEST'S PICTURES.

[Third Notice; conclusion.]

On the merits of the late venerable President of the Royal Academy, as instanced in the historical, classical, and dramatic departments of the art, we have already touched; but

"The greatest is behind."

We allude to the numerous and magnificent works on scriptural subjects which have proceeded from Mr. West's pencil; and the finest of which constitute a principal portion of the collection about to be submitted to the hammer. Now that the prejudices which have so long prevailed on that point among the least enlightened of the ministers of our holy religion appear to be giving way, and that the spirit of tasteless bigotry which prevented the metropolitan cathedral from being gratuitously enriched by the united contributions of the painters of the English school, seems no longer to exist, we trust that some of these great works will be purchased, for the purpose of being rendered the invaluable and appropriate ornaments of the noblest ecclesiastical as well as other public edifices in the country. Imbued with a strong religious feeling himself, and stimulated by a corresponding sentiment on the part of his royal and excellent patron, Mr. West embodied many of the sublime incitements to Christian virtue which abound in the Bible, in a manner calculated to produce the liveliest and most durable impression on the mind of the spectator. Most of these admirable productions are so well known to our readers, that to enter into any detail of them would be superfluous. Simply as one example, we will mention the "Moses receiving the laws on Mount Sinai." On entering the gallery, this picture is seen as through a vista; and the effect of it is grand and striking, perhaps beyond that of any other in the room. The arched approach to the inner apartment serves as a frame or margin to it; separating it from the various objects by which it is surrounded. When the magnitude of the scale on which it is painted is considered, it is difficult to conceive the possibility of filling up a large space with more simplicity. And this is effected without the slightest approximation to tameness, or to an undue expansion of the masses. The conduct of the light is one of the principal features of the work; for it is managed with so much skill as materially to assist the general impression; while it produces the required keeping between the upper and lower groups, without violently severing them: the perspective rising from the bottom to the top of the picture in perfect accordance with the character of the scene, and of the circumstances under

which it may be supposed to have been witnessed. The act of delivering the Divine Tables is represented, without bringing into view the person of the Deity; in any attempt to introduce Whom, it is not surprising that even the genius of a Raffaele or a Michael Angelo was always unsuccessful. The sentiment which peculiarly belongs to the subject, and which Mr. West has most happily imparted to it, is that of awful expectation. This sentiment is repeated in every look and gesture of the assembled group at the foot of the mount. In the centre of this group the light falls upon the head and forehead of one of the elders, and is reflected upon a countenance expressive of the most profound reverence; producing, with the corresponding elevation of the hand, and the half-uplifted eye, one of the most sublime figures that was ever depicted by the pencil of any artist, ancient or modern.

We cannot better conclude our remarks on Mr. West's powers, than by quoting two brief extracts from the elegant discourse delivered by his accomplished successor, Sir Thomas Lawrence, to the students of the Royal Academy, on the distribution of the prizes in 1825:—

"At an era when historical painting was at the lowest ebb (with the exceptions which the claims of the beautiful and the eminent permitted to the pencil of Sir Joshua), Mr. West, sustained by the benevolent patronage of his late Majesty, produced a series of compositions from sacred and profane history, profoundly studied, and executed with the most facile power, which not only were superior to any former productions of English art, but, far surpassing contemporary merit on the continent, were unequalled at any period below the school of the Caracci."—"For myself I can truly say that I never estimated the comprehensive ability of that great master so highly, as when comparing at Rome his labours, in the memory, with many of the most celebrated compositions then before me of the revivers of modern art."

The Catalogue Raisonné of Mr. West's Pictures is a very able and interesting production, and has evidently been drawn up by some one perfectly conversant with the principles and practice of the fine arts.

SALE AT CHRISTIE'S.

AFTER the deluge of picture trash we have so long been accustomed to, and the solemn mockery of invitations to view the collection of this or that eminent individual, it is quite refreshing to be enabled to call the attention of the admirers of pictorial excellence to the truly genuine, as well as capital, assemblage of pictures, the property of the late Lord Gwydir, now selling by Mr. Christie. With what heightened gusto have we looked on this collection, under the certainty of no unworthy trickery having been practised, and in the absence of all attempts to bias the judgment or misdirect the taste, by resorting to those contemptible arts to which the system and continued march of puffing give birth. Our limits will only allow us a brief mention of the most prominent. We begin with a Marine Landscape by Claude, — one of his cold but pearly-tinted pictures; a delightful *chef-d'œuvre*. — A Landscape by Both, with figures by Polemberg: — there is here a lack of harmony and consort, which creates a regret that the figures in this noble production had not been inserted by Andrew Both. Of three by Wouvermans, we have two, known by the titles of the *Abbevoir*, and the *Fêtes, et adieu des Chasseurs*, painted

in his best time, and of his finest execution. Our favourite Teniers is great in number, there being no fewer than five from his pencil; but we do not esteem any of them as capital works. The *Corporal Acts of Mercy* is undoubtedly a fine picture, but parts of it very unequal. We remember having seen more than one picture of this oft-repeated subject, wherein he has been more successful. — A *Farm-Yard with Cattle*; Paul Potter. A lovely portrayal of rural life and its occupations. We heard it whispered that a thousand guineas were offered and refused for this charming specimen, while on view. — A *Girl entering the Bath*; Rembrandt. To our mind a miracle of art; the enchanting effect produced on so small a space by the broad and giant-like touch of this master, is truly wonderful. — An *Interior, with Smoker, &c.*; Dusart. This picture compensates by its unusual excellence for the absence of A. Ostade. — A *Pair of Italian Landscapes, with Figures dancing*; Ferg. These are probably unique specimens of the degree of excellence this artist reached. We must pass over the productions, and mention only the names of Giulio Romano, C. Dold, Murillo, Panini, Cuyp, Wynants, and Berghem, that we may have space to vent our just feeling of national pride and exultation at the sight of our own Reynolds and Gainsborough in such company, bravely putting forth their just claims for admiration; and if they do not bear away, they at least dispute the palm with all we see or hear of pictured excellence. The *Repose of the Holy Family*, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, was painted for Macklin, and engraved for his Bible; the landscape part of this fine picture for richness, the figure of the Virgin and the head of our Saviour for elegance of form and delicacy of colour, have never been surpassed.

For the glorious Gainsborough we can give but a word. "We are all going to heaven, and Vandyke in our company," were the last words uttered by this unrivalled delineator of our rural and domestic scenery; and if excellence in art be the passport to the painter's heaven, this noble *chef-d'œuvre* would alone have secured Gainsborough's admission.

THE SCOTTISH ACADEMY observed an anniversary by dining together at their rooms, Waterloo Place, Edinburgh, on April 27th, — when about a hundred artists and lovers and patrons of the arts assembled. — We observe from the Scots papers, that there were a number of able speeches delivered on the occasion; and that the entertainment went off with great spirit.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Right Hon. Charlotte Isabella, Viscountess Kirkwall. Engraved by Cochran, from a Miniature by Miss Emma Kendrick. Colnaghi.

THE effect of moonlight accords well with the pensive expression of this elegant and pleasing portrait, which forms the fifty-third subject of the Gallery of Female Nobility published in *La Belle Assemblée*.

Fisher's Illustrations of England. Nos. IV. and V.

LIVERPOOL and its neighbourhood furnish the embellishments of these two Numbers. The views of "Knowsley Hall," and those of "Liverpool from the Mersey," are the most striking of the plates, and are very beautiful. The letter-press contains much interesting information respecting this great emporium.

Portraits from the Zoological Gardens. T. Landseer. Colnaghi and Co.

CHARACTERISTIC representations of the reindeer, the brown llama, the Thibet dog, the white llama, and the Wallachian ram. In the background are two of the bears, like brutes as they are, making faces at the ladies, and contending for a bun, which, we confess, is very tantalisingly presented to them.

Animals. Drawn and etched from nature by J. C. Zeitter.

THE Angora goat, the white antelope, the argali, llamas, and the cashmere goat — also from the Gardens of the Zoological Society. The execution is very creditable to Mr. Zeitter's talents.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence. Drawn by A. Wivell; engraved by W. Holl. Sams.

A COMPANION-PRINT to the portrait of his Majesty lately published by Mr. Sams. The resemblance is very striking.

BRITISH DIORAMA, OXFORD STREET.

FOUR beautiful views, three foreign and one English, from the skilful pencils of Messrs. Stanfield and Roberts, are now exhibiting at the Bazar, in Oxford Street. We think them decidedly superior to those of last year. The English view is a remarkably fine one, from the banks of the Ouse, of the city of York, of which the magnificent and venerable Minster forms the principal feature. A faint reddish light betrays itself through some of the windows of the minster; by degrees it increases in vividness, until at length the flame from which it proceeds bursts fiercely forth, illuminating the adjacent towers, and casting its reflection on the water: mingled volumes of smoke, and masses of brilliant sparks, now rapidly ascend to the skies; a great portion of the roof of the building falls in; and the dreadful conflagration is at its height when the scene closes. The effect is altogether exceedingly striking. Of the three foreign views, namely, "The Temple of Apollinopolis, in Egypt," "Entrance to the Village of Virex, in Italy," and "Interior of St. Sauveur, in Normandy, in ruins," the Village of Virex is our favourite. It is a most picturesque composition, and is very powerfully painted.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

CHANGE.

We say that people and that things are changed;
Alas! it is ourselves that change: the heart
Makes all around the mirror of itself.

WHERE are the flowers, the beautiful flowers,
That haunted your homes and your hearts in
the spring?

Where is the sunshine of earlier hours?
Where is the music the birds used to bring?
Where are the flowers? — why, thousands are
springing,

And many fair strangers are sweet on the
air;

And the birds to the sunshine their welcome
are singing —

Look round on our valley, and then question
"Where?"

Alas, my heart's darkness! I own it is summer.
[be:]

Though little 'tis like what it once used to be
I have no welcome to give the new-come;
Strangely the summer seems altered to me.

'Tis my spirits are wasted—my hopes that are weary;

These made the gladness and beauty of yore:
To the worn and the withered even sunshine
is dreary,
And the year has its spring, though our own
is no more.
L. E. L.

BIOGRAPHY.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,—I request your correction of a mistake in your *Gazette* of Saturday last with respect to Mr. John Reeves, F.R.S. and treasurer to the Literary Fund, who has for several years resided in Parliament Place, Westminster, and who, I am happy to add, is in good health. I am, sir, &c.

Perkins,
5th May, 1829.

JAMES REEVES.*

MUSIC.

THE EISTEDDVOD on Wednesday morning was extremely well attended. Lord Clive, President, awarded the royal Cambrian medals to Henry Davies, Esq., for an essay on the "settlement of the Normans in Wales;" and to Thomas Richards, Esq., for an essay on the same subject. Several poems, &c. had been received, but none of them were deemed of sufficient merit to be entitled to the premiums offered. A concert of national music was performed, in which Miss Paton, Miss Love, Madame Stockhausen, Miss Betts, Miss Byfield, Braham, Broadhurst, Atkins, Collyer, Fitzwilliam, &c. &c., sung; accompanied by an excellent band, led by Mori. The chief novelty, however, was the exquisite performance of a Welsh harper, and *Pennillion* singing by three Cambrians in their native language, which appeared to delight the company. Mrs. Anderson performed an aria on the piano-forte with variation, in the first style of excellence. Mr. Parry was the conductor: his son sung a Welsh melody, "The worth of true friendship," in a manner which gave promise of future celebrity. Fitzwilliam and Parry also sang a very characteristic duet, called "Pretty little Gwennu," which was loudly encored.

MISS CHAMBERS'S Concert, we are well pleased to state, was crowded with elegant company. Her appearance is very interesting, her voice certainly a fine one; and she was much applauded in all her performances. The whole went off with *éclat*; the chief beauties being an aria by Camporese, and a duet, violin and violoncello.

MR. HAWES'S annual Concert at the Argyl Rooms, on Thursday, was also a great musical treat. He was deservedly supported by all the great talent, vocal and instrumental, of the country.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

THE school-boy's pugilistic phrase, "one down the other come on," appears to be the adopted motto at the King's Theatre, as among King's scholars: hardly has "time" been allowed o Malibran to complete her "rounds," or o the fashionable "Fancy" to decide upon her "science," before Sontag throws up her op, and appears on the boards to claim the "championship." But whatever the Spanish spli-

* We received our information from a quarter apparently, of unquestionable authenticity; and we hastily rejoice to find we were mistaken. Since the esteemed and worthy treasurer of the Literary Fund has thus retired, we trust that his purse will be more than usually eploped at the anniversary on Wednesday next.—Ed.

rante has gained in personal appearance, the German professor has lost in looks. Sontag is sadly "out of condition:" the hollow cheek and meagre figure she exhibited on Tuesday evening, not only manifest a deficiency in "weight," but betoken symptoms of unskilful "training" during her sojourn in Paris. But to drop metaphor:—since her last appearance in London, the face and form of the "angelic Sontag" have lost much of their heavenly beauty. We know not whether this deterioration in her personal charms is attributable to sickness or sorrow, or to the combined effects of both, but certes she no longer retains those plump proportions which bereaved half her continental admirers of their sober senses. Ner is her "falling off" confined to her person: we think (which, by the by, is but a natural consequence) that her voice has diminished in power. Her style, however, of singing remains unaltered; distinguished for precision in the execution of rapid passages, and the peculiar facility with which she displays her power in accomplishing chromatic runs. But this is all: Sontag is deficient in the art of producing that light and shadow which so few professors can either comprehend or accomplish. Her declamation, if we may be permitted the phrase, is tame and thin-toned, compared with the soul-stirring strains of Pasta,—and her conceptions are poor, and, at most, but instrumental imitations, compared with the mental emanations of the gifted, though now neglected Pisoni. In a word, Sontag may be said to be the most expert performer, the first concerto player living, on the human voice; but, as a vocalist, she never approaches to the sublimity of song.

On Tuesday, the opera (*la Cenerentola*, one of Rossini's most monotonous and worst), on the whole, went off heavily. Mile. Sontag was not sufficiently supported in the female cast. When Blais, and other distinguished vocalists, are to be had, we think it a matter of regret to allow such singers as Castelli and Specchi to fill parts which they can neither adequately act nor sing. We also regret to see Zuchelli descend to buffo parts,—it is like Young playing "Punch:" his admirable style is of a higher class, and not suited to low comedy. On the other hand, we liked Donzelli's singing in this opera better than in any in which we have heard him.

On Thursday, Malibran both sang and acted better than heretofore; she has adopted our advice, and left off the trickery which could not be approved. Sontag and Pisoni played together in the second act of *La Donna di Lago*—the one appeared to draw the other out; but Sontag's tameness was strongly contrasted with the fire of Pisoni—the latter was the only performer honoured with an *encore* during the night.

DRURY LANE.

ACCORDING to long-established practice, the managers of our Theatres-Royal having deliberated upon the policy of producing a piece which has created a great sensation abroad, accepted it,—rejected it,—re-considered—and, finally, abandoned all idea of its performance; some clearer-sighted speculator dashes at once into the arena with it—makes what the Fancy call a "smashing hit," and the whole town having flocked to the fortunate establishment for thirty or forty nights, and sufficiently wondered why the subject had not been caught at by one of the winter theatres, out it comes at last—a copy, when it might have been (here at least) an original—ramped up in haste, in-

stead of being prepared carefully and leisurely—and having killed ten carpenters, two scene-painters, and a proportionate number of tailors—"fretted" the leaders'—internals—"into fiddle-strings"—worked the ballet-master off his legs—dumb-founded the call-boy, and left the prompter scarce breath enough to blow his whistle—the proprietors, if by good luck they escape the shame of defeat, find themselves but gleaners where they might have been reapers—smothered with "odorous comparisons," and bated to death with—"Very well indeed for you;"—"Vastly pretty, if we hadn't seen the other;"—"Pity you didn't do it first;" and so on, *ad infinitum*. As it was with *Der Freyschütz*, so it is with *Masaniello*, or the *Dumb Girl of Portici*; and should it replenish the treasury, which it ought, and we think will—we can only say with our esteemed old acquaintance, Sam Spring—"Providence is very kind to Drury Lane, sir;" for, undoubtedly, if it had not inspired M. Laporte with the idea of producing the ballet, the opera would never have made its appearance. But to speak of the opera, the production of which has given rise to these remarks:—Its adaptation to our stage, by Messrs. Kenney and T. Cooke, has been judiciously performed; the songs, and the few lines of dialogue which are dispersed through the piece, sensibly and feelingly written; the choruses and concerted music executed with most praiseworthy precision; and the dances, generally speaking, much superior to any thing we could have anticipated upon these boards; particularly a national dance, by Oscar Byrne and his clever little daughter. The scenery, by Stanfield, is of course beautiful; and the eruption of Mount Vesuvius is better managed here than in the Haymarket, with the exception that the mountain itself, previous to the darkening of the scene, appears rather dwarfish and insignificant. For splendour of dress and blaze of beauty, the ballet certainly immeasurably outstrips the opera; but it has, notwithstanding, been gotten up upon a liberal, if not an extravagant scale; and, making due allowances for the anticipation of its effects, and taking its own peculiar merits into consideration, it is some time since we have seen a musical piece so much entitled to the patronage of the public. Braham's *Masaniello* is a most chaste and perfect performance, full of fire, grace, and expression; no unmeaning cadences—no unnecessary violence. There is both *heart* and *soul* in every note he sings throughout the opera. His barcarol in the first scene of the second act (the favourite piece, we suspect, with the public) was rapturously encored; a tribute equally due to his delightful execution of the air "Pourquoi pleurez?" introduced by him from *Le Concert à la Cour*, almost immediately afterwards, and only withheld by the very circumstance of its following the barcarol so quickly. In short, upon no occasion have we seen this king of English vocalists displaying truer taste or greater talent. The music of this opera will, we trust, at length obtain for Auber the meed which has been hitherto begrudged him in this country. He has been repeatedly most shamefully underrated by those who set themselves up for musical autocrats here, and imagine that their laudable Molatry of the old masters empowers them "to deal damnation round" upon the new. Those who have studied the scores of Auber's operas, *La Nièce*, *Le Maçon*, *Le Concert à la Cour*, *Marie*, &c., or listened to them as performed at the Feydeau, under his direction,

and by artists who can play and sing his music, will not deny him the very high rank he is entitled to take amongst dramatic composers. The opera of *La Muette de Portici* has added considerably to his reputation abroad; and judging from the genuine applause bestowed on Monday evening upon the overture, the barcarol chorus in the first scene, the clever opening of the market scene, and the prayer at its close, we have little doubt of his becoming equally popular amongst us. We have heard it is the intention of Mr. Arnold to produce another of his operas in the ensuing season; and the success of *Masaniello* will doubtless be an additional inducement. Should any curtailment be deemed necessary, a duet between Miss Betts and Mr. Cooke, and a long song by the latter, neither of which, if our recollection serve us, belongs to the opera, or is even by the same composer, might be spared by the audience,—provided always they are not required by the scene-shifter.

The part of *Fenella* (the dumb girl) introduced to the English public an interesting candidate for their favour in the person of Mlle. Alexandrine, — a beautiful brunette, with a sweet smile, a very dangerous pair of eyes, that took ample vengeance for the restriction imposed upon her tongue, and a pair of sleeves à l'évêque, which, however out of character in a Neapolitan fisher-girl, it would have been, we suppose, an *indignité*, considering her French extraction, to have deprived her of. But that the audience of Drury Lane has little sympathy with that of the King's Theatre, Pauline Leroux might find her an awkward rival. As it is, we may safely say, that were there stalls in the pit of Drury, there would be no lack of tenants for them during the run of *Masaniello*, which we have little doubt, from its reception by a house crammed to the alips, will only terminate with the season.

COVENT GARDEN.—Peake's farce of *Masjer's Rival* has been transplanted from Drury Lane to this theatre; and its success is complete. Keeley and Wrench keep the house in roars of laughter.

VARIETIES.

Roman Camp.—A Roman camp, hitherto unnoticed, has lately been discovered at Saint Valéry-sur-Somme, in France, parts of which are in fine preservation. A plan and a description of it have been presented to the Royal Society of Emulation, at Abbeville.

The British Gallery closes this evening,—so that those who have not seen it have no time to lose.

The Artists' Benevolent Fund holds its Anniversary to-day at Freemasons' Tavern. The attendance promises to be distinguished and numerous.

Sémiramide.—Between Malibran and Sontag it is now a matter of question which is to be the heroine in the opera of *Sémiramide*. The former was announced; but the latter has arrived.

Argyll Rooms.—The concerts at the Argyll Rooms bid fair, we are told, to be fashionable. Like all other competitions, this, in rivalry of the musical entertainments in the King's Concert Room, will, we trust, lead to public benefit.

Lithography.—We have seen some specimens, from Mr. Hulmædel's office, of the application of the ruling machine to the stone, with reference to architectural, ornamental, and other subjects, in which evenness and regu-

larity of line are desirable,—the clearness and sharpness of which much transcend any lithographic production that we have heretofore met with. We understand, also, that this style of lithography is cheaply executed, and is capable of yielding a great number of good impressions.

Honours.—We rejoiced to see in our contemporary (the Government Gazette) of last week, that his Majesty had graciously marked his royal consideration of the enterprise and services of Captains Parry and Franklin, by conferring upon them the honour of knighthood. It seems to us a deficiency in our system, that no distinct order should have been instituted for the reward of high literary and scientific merit: a bit of riband, or a medal, from the hands of a Sovereign of taste, would be a cheap stimulus to the noblest exertions; and surely peace should have its laurels as well as war:—the benefactor of his species is as deserving of distinction as its most glorious destroyer!

New Discovery in the Preparation of Flax.—A French paper states, that an inhabitant of Château-Thierry has discovered a mode of giving to prepared hemp and flax the fineness, softness, and whiteness of cotton, by impregnating those substances with oil, and then exposing them, during fifteen or twenty days, to the action of frost, between two layers of snow. By this means all the inconvenience of the ordinary and tedious process of steeping them in stagnant water will be avoided.

Sculpture in Denmark.—The name of Thorwaldsen is familiar to every lover of the plastic arts. One of his pupils, Hermann Freund, who has spent the last ten years under the tuition of that illustrious sculptor, has recently returned amongst us, and has been called to fill the station of Professor of Sculpture in our Academy of the Fine Arts. A high opinion of his skill and taste has been formed from his colossal statue of St. Luke the Evangelist; and it is said that the first work on which his chisel will be employed, is a baso-relievo from a subject in Scandinavian mythology, which is intended to decorate the palace of Christiansburg. — *Copenhagen, 6th March.*

Fulminating Silver.—It has been ascertained that Bertholet's fulminating silver is formed of oxide of silver and ammonia.

Mode of Preserving Stuffed Animals.—It is stated in the last Number of the *Journal des Connaissances Usuelles*, that a bladder filled with rectified essence of turpentine, closely tied, and placed in the cupboard in which are stuffed animals or birds, will effectually secure them from the ravages of insects. The smell of the turpentine, evaporating through the bladder, destroys any insects which may already exist, and will prevent the approach or production of others.

New Stamp-Office.—Poor Spagnoletti has enough ado to keep his band, especially his horns, in order in the Opera orchestra. He was working away at a furious rate the other night with hands and feet: on which a wag observed, that the famous leader seemed to be establishing a *New Stamp-Office*.

A Freedom.—In the room where the principal singers met previous to being led into the concert at Guildhall, are hung the documents of the *freedom* presented by the city to distinguished personages. Mlle. Sontag, it is said, inquired what they were; and the gentleman who gave her the explanation, pointing accidentally to one of them over the place where she stood, added,—"That, for instance, is *Prince Leopold's freedom*." A little scene ensued.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

•• We do not think it too much again to request of parties sending us notices for this part of our Journal (which we are happy to devote gratuitously to the diffusion of literary intelligence), to authenticate their communications by their signatures. A score of signatures are this week omitted in consequence of their being anonymous!

The Village Nightingale and other Tales, by Elizabeth Frances Dagley, author of *Fairy Favourites*, the *Birth-Day*, &c.—is nearly ready for publication.

We have before us the second volume of the *Life of Napoleon* (Mr. Murray's Family Library), which we shall notice more at length next week: at present all we shall say is, that it is in every respect equal to the preceding volume; and it is hardly in our power to bestow higher praise.

We have also on our table, and intended for a more detailed report, the second volume of the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*. Though not, perhaps, of so very entertaining a character as the former, which treated of animal life, it is nevertheless full of amusing information on the subject of "Timber Trees;" the whole being made extremely popular by the judicious introduction of pleasant anecdotes and remarkable facts.

We are glad to see that Mr. Planché, whose proceeding attention to costume has done so much for the stage, has announced a new work—viz. a series of Designs for the Costumes in Richard III. The publication, in quarto, will contain full-length delineations from the best contemporary authorities, drawn on stone by C. F. Tomkins, and the letter-press descriptions, &c. by Mr. Planché. The author of the *Opening of the Sixth Seal* is about to publish a brief Essay, suggesting a more easy and practical mode of acquiring general knowledge, which will include instructions for a course of reading to be pursued by the student.

Poland.—In the year 1837 there were only four printing presses in Galicia, viz. two at Lemberg, where six works in the Polish language, and two in Bohemia, where four works in the same language, were printed during the whole of that year.

From the nineteen printing presses in Warsaw, there issued, in 1838, only 101 publications in the Polish language, exclusively of periodicals, almanacs, &c. Among the former were twenty-two novels, eleven scientific, and thirteen poetical works. The books in foreign languages were—two in Latin, one in French, three in German, and one in Hebrew. The total number of periodicals in Warsaw is at present twenty. — *Reich's Repertorium.*

At Lisbon is now publishing an entire collection of the Portuguese laws, in six volumes folio, two of which appeared last year. — *Ibid.*

Monumenta Sicula.—A programme of the university of Copenhagen, just published by Thorlacius, contains, as a specimen of a collection of "Monumenta Sicula," which he is about to edit, an account of a Greek inscription of fourteen lines upon a piece of antique leather, on which Artemis is represented as goddess of the moon, of nature, and of generation. This literary curiosity is preserved in the Museum of Syracuse. — *Danish Literature Tidende*, No. 6.

The Rev. Dr. Burrow will shortly publish a translation of a German religious work, entitled, *Stunden der Andacht—Hours of Devotion.*

In the Press.—Craig-Millar Castle, and other Poems, by John Gordon Smith, M.D., M.R.S.L.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Bacon on Syphilis, 8vo. 2s. 6ds.—Treatise on the Police and Crimes of the Metropolis, by the editor of the *Cabinet Lawyer*, 8vo. 12s. 6ds.—Tytler's History of Scotland, Vol. II. 8vo. 12s. 6ds.—Curtis on the Deaf and Dumb, 8vo. 10s. 6ds.—Sir Walter Raleigh's Works, with Lives of the Author by Oldys and Bish, 8 vols. 8vo.—Blanc on the Acts of the Apostles, 8vo.—The British Historical Intelligencer, 8vo. 12s. 6ds.—Allwood's Key to the Revelation of St. John, 2 vols. 8vo. 24s. 6ds.—Fuller on Justification, 8vo. 10s. 6ds.—Lushington's Journey from Calcutta to Europe, post 8vo. 2s. 6ds.—Bickerstaff's Christian Student, 12mo. 9s. 6ds.—Lacroix's French Grammar, 12mo. 5s. 6ds.—Sillery's Valley, a Poem, 2 vols. 18mo. 10s. 6ds.—Francœur's Complete Mathematics, Vol. I. 8vo. 15s. 6ds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1839.

		Thermometer.		Barometer.
		From 30.	to 45.	
Thursday..	30			29.83 to 29.80
May.				
Friday....	1	—	37.	— 68.
Saturday..	2	—	45.	— 68.
Sunday....	3	—	43.	— 61.
Monday....	4	—	39.	— 63.
Tuesday..	5	—	37.	— 63.
Wednesday	6	—	47.	— 64.

Prevailing wind S.W.
Generally clear; a little rain on the 3d and 5th.
Heard the cuckoo on the 3d instant for the first time this season.

Amoyton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Latitude..... 51° 37' 53" N.
Longitude..... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our Correspondent's letter shall receive the attention due to so friendly a communication; and we shall be glad to hear further from the writer, with the plan which he so obligingly offers.

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THE QUARTERLY REVIEW,

No. LXXVIII. just published.
Contents.—I. Mr. Carr.—II. The New Colony on the Swan River.—III. United States.—IV. History of Durham.—V. Journal of a Naturalist.—VI. Mechanical Philosophy.—VII. The Currency.—VIII. State and Prospects of the Country.
John Murray, Albemarle Street.

A List of Books published by J. Vincent, Oxford.
Maps and Plans, dedicated, with permission, to the Rev. Dr. Russell, Head Master of Charter House School, London.

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BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, No. CLII. for May 1839.

Contents.—I. Notes Ambrosianae. No. 42.—II. The Christening, by C. Lamb, Esq.—III. For a Young Lady's Album, by C. Lamb, Esq.—IV. Sketches on the Road in Ireland, No. 2.—V. Some of the Affections, by Mrs. Hemans; 4. The Return; 5. The Wish.—VI. Sketches, by Mrs. Hemans; 4. The Return; 5. The Wish.—VII. Sketches, by Mrs. Hemans; 4. The Return; 5. The Wish.—VIII. Sketches, by Mrs. Hemans; 4. The Return; 5. The Wish.—IX. Chapters on Churchyards, Chapter 20; the Grave of the Broken Heart, by Mrs. Hemans; 4. The Return; 5. The Wish.—X. The Irish Church Establishment, by Mrs. Hemans; 4. The Return; 5. The Wish.—XI. The British Colonies; a Second Letter to His Grace the Duke of Wellington, from James M'Queen, Esq.—XIV. Case of East Retford.—XV. Appointments, Promotions, &c.—XVI. Births, Marriages, and Deaths.—XVII. Meteorological Register, &c. &c. Printed for William Blackwood, Edinburgh; and T. Cadell, Strand, London.

On the 1st of May was published, No. V. price 2s. 6d.

THE UNITED SERVICE JOURNAL

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No. 643.

SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1829.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Année of Geierstein.

[Second notice.]

SIR WALTER SCOTT has again broken up untrodden ground, and again a rich harvest rewards the master's toil; and whether it be that he feels peculiarly at home in a land of "mountain wild and rushing flood," this tale of Switzerland is one of his very successful efforts. The period is admirably calculated for historical painting.

"The events are fixed, by historical date, to the middle of the fifteenth century,—that important period, when chivalry still shone with a setting ray, soon about to be totally obscured; in some countries, by the establishment of free institutions; in others, by that of arbitrary power, which alike rendered useless the interference of those redressers of wrongs, whose only warrant of authority was the sword. Amid the general light which had recently shone upon Europe,—France, Burgundy, and Italy, but more especially Austria, had been made acquainted with the character of a people, of whose very existence they had before been scarcely conscious. It is true, that the inhabitants of those countries which lie in the vicinity of the Alps, that immense barrier, were not ignorant, that notwithstanding their rugged and desolate appearance, the secluded valleys which winded among those gigantic mountains nourished a race of hunters and shepherds; men who, living in a state of primeval simplicity, compelled from the soil a subsistence gained by severe labour, followed the chase over the most savage precipices and through the darkest pine-forests, or drove their cattle to spots which afforded them a scanty pasturage, even in the vicinage of eternal snows. But the existence of such a people, or rather of a number of small communities who followed nearly the same poor and hardy course of life, had seemed to the rich and powerful princes in the neighbourhood a matter of as little consequence, as it is to the stately herds which repose in a fertile meadow, that a few half-starved goats find their scanty food among the rocks which overlook their rich domain. But wonder and attention began to be attracted towards these mountaineers about the middle of the fourteenth century, when reports were spread abroad of severe contests, in which the German chivalry, endeavouring to suppress insurrections among their Alpine vassals, had sustained repeated and bloody defeats, although having on their side numbers and discipline, and the advantage of the most perfect military equipment. Great was the wonder that cavalry, which made the only efficient part of the feudal armies, should be routed by men on foot; that warriors sheathed in complete steel should be overpowered by men who wore no defensive armour, and were irregularly provided with pikes, halberds, and clubs, for the purpose of attack: above all, it seemed a species of miracle, that knights and nobles should be defeated by peasants and

shepherds. But the repeated victories of the Swiss at Laupen, Sempach, and on other less distinguished occasions, plainly intimated that a new principle of civil organisation, as well as of military movements, had arisen amid the stormy regions of Helvetia. Still, although the decisive victories which obtained liberty for the Swiss cantons, as well as the spirit of resolution and wisdom with which the members of the little confederation had maintained themselves against the utmost exertions of Austria, had spread their fame abroad through all the neighbouring countries; and although they themselves were conscious of the power which repeated victories had acquired, yet down to the middle of the fifteenth century, and at a later date, they retained in a great measure the wisdom, moderation, and simplicity of their ancient manners; so much so, that those who were intrusted with the command of the troops of the Republic in battle were wont to resume the shepherd's staff when they laid down the truncheon, and, like the Roman dictators, to retire to complete equality with their fellow-citizens, from the eminence to which their talents, and the call of their country, had raised them."

The story opens with the appearance of two travellers, father and son, who, with their guide, are bewildered in the mountains by a sudden storm. To extricate themselves from a situation of such danger and difficulty, the younger attempts to scale a broken path on the side of the precipice; and the following is among our author's most vivid scenes.

"Thus estimating the extent of his danger by the measure of sound sense and reality, and supported by some degree of practice in such exercise, the brave youth went forward on his awful journey, step by step, winning his way with a caution, and fortitude, and presence of mind, which alone could have saved him from instant destruction. At length he gained a point where a projecting rock formed the angle of the precipice, so far as it had been visible to him from the platform. This, therefore, was the critical point of his undertaking; but it was also the most perilous part of it. The rock projected more than six feet forward over the torrent, which he heard raging at the depth of a hundred yards beneath, with a noise like subterranean thunder. He examined the spot with the utmost care, and was led by the existence of shrubs, grass, and even stunted trees, to believe that this rock marked the farthest extent of the slip or slide of earth, and that, could he but round the angle of which it was the termination, he might hope to attain the continuation of the path which had been so strangely interrupted by this convulsion of nature. But the crag jutted out so much as to afford no possibility of passing either under or around it; and as it rose several feet above the position which Arthur had attained, it was no easy matter to climb over it. This was, however, the course which he chose, as the only mode of surmounting what he hoped might prove the last obstacle to his voyage of

discovery. A projecting tree afforded him the means of raising and swinging himself up to the top of the crag. But he had scarcely planted himself on it, had scarcely a moment to congratulate himself, on seeing, amid a wild chaos of cliffs and woods, the gloomy ruins of Geierstein, with smoke arising, and indicating something like a human habitation beside them, when, to his extreme terror, he felt the huge cliff on which he stood tremble, stoop slowly forward, and gradually sink from its position. Projecting as it was, and shaken as its equilibrium had been by the recent earthquake, it lay now so insecurely poised, that its balance was entirely destroyed, even by the addition of the young man's weight. Aroused by the imminence of the danger, Arthur, by an instinctive attempt at self-preservation, drew cautiously back from the falling crag into the tree by which he had ascended, and turned his head back as if spell-bound, to watch the descent of the fatal rock from which he had just retreated. It tottered for two or three seconds, as if uncertain which way to fall; and had it taken a sidelong direction, must have dashed the adventurer from his place of refuge, or borne both the tree and him headlong down into the river. After a moment of horrible uncertainty, the power of gravitation determined a direct and forward descent. Down went the huge fragment, which must have weighed at least twenty ton, rending and splintering in its precipitate course the trees and bushes which it encountered, and settling at length in the channel of the torrent, with a din equal to the discharge of a hundred pieces of artillery. The sound was re-echoed from bank to bank, from precipice to precipice, with emulative thunders; nor was the tumult silent till it rose into the region of eternal snows, which, equally insensible to terrestrial sounds, and unfavourable to animal life, heard the roar in their majestic solitude, but suffered it to die away without a responsive voice."

"The solid rock had trembled and rent beneath his footsteps; and although, by an effort rather mechanical than voluntary, he had withdrawn himself from the instant ruin attending its descent, he felt as if the better part of him, his firmness of mind and strength of body, had been rent away with the descending rock, as it fell thundering, with clouds of dust and smoke, into the torrents and whirlpools of the vexed gulf beneath. In fact, the seaman swept from the deck of a wrecked vessel, drenched in the waves, and battered against the rocks on the shore, does not differ more from the same mariner, when, at the commencement of the gale, he stood upon the deck of his favourite ship, proud of her strength and his own dexterity, than Arthur, when commencing his journey, from the same Arthur, while clinging to the decayed trunk of an old tree, from which, suspended between heaven and earth, he saw the fall of the crag which he had so nearly accompanied. The effects of his terror, indeed, were physical as well as moral, for a thousand colours played before his eyes;

he was attacked by a sick dizziness, and deprived at once of the obedience of those limbs which had hitherto served him so admirably; his arms and hands, as if no longer at his own command, now clung to the branches of the tree, with a cramp-like tenacity, over which he seemed to possess no power, and now trembled in a state of such complete nervous relaxation, as led him to fear that they were becoming unable to support him longer in his position. An incident, in itself trifling, added to the distress occasioned by this alienation of his powers. All living things in the neighbourhood had, as might be supposed, been startled by the tremendous fall to which his progress had given occasion. Flights of owls, bats, and other birds of darkness, compelled to betake themselves to the air, had lost no time in returning into their bowers of ivy, or the harbour afforded them by the rifts and holes of the neighbouring rocks. One of this ill-omened flight chanced to be a *lammergeier*, or Alpine vulture, a bird larger and more voracious than the eagle himself, and which Arthur had not been accustomed to see, or at least to look upon closely. With the instinct of most birds of prey, it is the custom of this creature, when gorged with food, to assume some station of inaccessible security, and there remain stationary and motionless for days together, till the work of digestion has been accomplished, and activity returns with the pressure of appetite. Disturbed from such a state of repose, one of these terrific birds had risen from the ravine to which the species gives its name, and having circled unwillingly round, with a ghastly scream and a flagging wing, it had sunk down upon the pinnacle of a crag, not four yards from the tree in which Arthur held his precarious station. Although still in some degree stupified by torpor, it seemed encouraged by the motionless state of the young man to suppose him dead, or dying, and sat there and gazed at him, without displaying any of that apprehension which the fiercest animals usually entertain from the vicinity of man. As Arthur, endeavouring to shake off the incapacitating effects of his panic fear, raised his eyes to look gradually and cautiously around, he encountered those of the voracious and obscene bird, whose head and neck denuded of feathers, her eyes surrounded by an iris of an orange tawny colour, and a position more horizontal than erect, distinguished her as much from the noble carriage and graceful proportion of the eagle, as those of the lion place him in the ranks of creation above the gaunt, ravenous, grisly, yet dastard wolf. As if arrested by a charm, the eyes of young Philipson remained bent on this ill-omened and ill-favoured bird, without his having the power to remove them. The apprehension of dangers, ideal as well as real, weighed upon his weakened mind, disabled as it was by the circumstances of his situation. The near approach of a creature not more loathsome to the human race, than averse to come within their reach, seemed as ominous as it was unusual. Why did it gaze on him with such glaring earnestness, projecting its disgusting form, as if presently to alight upon his person? The foul bird, was she the demon of the place to which her name referred? and did she come to exult, that an intruder on her haunts seemed involved amid their perils, with little hope or chance of deliverance? Or was it a native vulture of the rocks, whose sagacity foresaw that the rash traveller was soon destined to become its victim? Could the creature, whose senses are said to be so acute, argue from circumstances the stranger's approaching death; and wait, like a raven or

hooded crow by a dying sheep, for the earliest opportunity to commence her ravenous banquet? Was he doomed to feel its beak and talons before his heart's blood should cease to beat? Had he already lost the dignity of humanity, the awe which the being formed in the image of his Maker inspires into all inferior creatures? Apprehensions so painful served more than all that reason could suggest, to renew, in some degree, the elasticity of the young man's mind. By waving his handkerchief,—using, however, the greatest precaution in his movements,—he succeeded in scaring the vulture from his vicinity. It rose from its resting-place, screaming harshly and dolefully, and sailed on its expanded pinions to seek a place of more undisturbed repose, while the adventurous traveller felt a sensible pleasure at being relieved of its disgusting presence."

"But, as he looked around him, he became more and more sensible how much he was enervated by the bodily injuries and the mental agony which he had sustained during his late peril. He could not, by any effort of which he was capable, fix his giddy and bewildered eyes on the scene around him;—they seemed to reel till the landscape danced along with them, and a motley chaos of thickets and tall cliffs, which interposed between him and the ruinous Castle of Gelestein, mixed and whirled round in such confusion, that nothing, save the consciousness that such an idea was the suggestion of partial insanity, prevented him from throwing himself from the tree, as if to join the wild dance to which his disturbed brain had given motion. 'Heaven be my protection!' said the unfortunate young man, closing his eyes,—in hopes, by abstracting himself from the terrors of his situation, to compose his too active imagination, 'my senses are abandoning me!' He became still more convinced that this was the case, when a female voice, in a high-pitched but eminently musical accent, was heard at no great distance, as if calling to him. He opened his eyes once more, raised his head, and looked towards the place from whence the sounds seemed to come, though far from being certain that they existed saving in his own disordered imagination. The vision which appeared had almost confirmed him in the opinion that his mind was unsettled, and his senses in no state to serve him accurately. Upon the very summit of a pyramidal rock that rose out of the depth of the valley, was seen a female figure, so obscured by mist, that only the outline could be traced. The form, reflected against the sky, appeared rather the undefined lineaments of a spirit than of a mortal maiden; for her person seemed as light, and scarcely more opaque, than the thin cloud that surrounded her pedestal. Arthur's first belief was, that the Virgin had heard his vows, and had descended in person to his rescue; and he was about to recite his Ave Maria, when the voice again called to him with the singular shrill modulation of the mountain halloo, by which the natives of the Alps can hold conference with each other from one mountain ridge to another, across ravines of great depth and width. While he debated how to address this unexpected apparition, it disappeared from the point which it at first occupied, and presently after became again visible, perched on the cliff out of which projected the tree in which Arthur had taken refuge. Her personal appearance, as well as her dress, made it then apparent that she was a maiden of these mountains, familiar with their dangerous paths. He saw that a beautiful young woman stood before him, who

regarded him with a mixture of pity and wonder. 'Stranger,' she at length said, 'who are you, and whence come you?' 'I am a stranger, maiden, as you justly term me,' answered the young man, raising himself as well as he could. 'I left Lucerne this morning, with my father and a guide. I parted with them not three furlongs from hence. May it please you, gentle maiden, to warn them of my safety, for I know my father will be in despair upon my account?' 'Willingly,' said the maiden; 'but I think my uncle, or some one of my kinsmen, must have already found them, and will prove faithful guides. Can I not aid you?—are you wounded—are you hurt? We were alarmed by the fall of a rock—ay, and yonder it lies, a mass of no ordinary size.' As the Swiss maiden spoke thus, she approached so close to the verge of the precipice, and looked with such indifference into the gulf, that the sympathy which connects the actor and spectator upon such occasions brought back the sickness and vertigo from which Arthur had just recovered, and he sunk back into his former more recumbent posture, with something like a faint groan. 'You are then ill?' said the maiden, who observed him turn pale; 'where and what is the harm you have received?' 'None, gentle maiden, saving some bruises of little import; but my head turns, and my heart grows sick, when I see you so near the verge of the cliff.' 'Is that all?' replied the Swiss maiden. 'Know, stranger, that I do not stand on my uncle's hearth with more security than I have stood upon precipices, compared to which this is a child's leap. You, too, stranger, if, as I judge from the traces, you have come along the edge of the precipice which the earth-slide hath laid bare, ought to be far beyond such weakness, since surely you must be well entitled to call yourself a cragsman.' 'I might have called myself so half an hour since,' answered Arthur; 'but I think I shall hardly venture to assume the name in future.' 'Be not downcast,' said his kind adviser, 'for a passing qualm, which will at times cloud the spirit and dazzle the eyesight of the bravest and most experienced. Raise yourself upon the trunk of the tree, and advance closer to the rock out of which it grows. Observe the place well. It is easy for you, when you have attained the lower part of the projecting stem, to gain, by one bold step, the solid rock upon which I stand, after which there is no danger or difficulty worthy of mention to a young man whose limbs are whole, and whose courage is active.' 'My limbs are indeed sound,' replied the youth; 'but I am ashamed to think how much my courage is broken. Yet I will not disgrace the interest you have taken in an unhappy wanderer, by listening longer to the dastardly suggestions of a feeling which till to-day has been a stranger to my bosom.' The maiden looked on him anxiously, and with much interest; as, raising himself cautiously, and moving along the trunk of the tree, which lay nearly horizontal from the rock, and seemed to bend as he changed his posture, the youth at length stood upright, within what, on level ground, had been but an extended stride to the cliff on which the Swiss maiden stood. But instead of being a step to be taken on the level and firm ground, it was one which must cross a dark abyss, at the bottom of which a torrent surged and boiled with incredible fury. Arthur's knees knocked against each other, his feet became of lead, and seemed no longer at his command; and he experienced, in a stronger degree than ever, that unnerving influence which those who have been overwhelmed by it

in a situation of like peril never can forget, and which others, happily strangers to its power, may have difficulty even in comprehending. The young woman discerned his emotion, and foresaw its probable consequences. As the only mode in her power to restore his confidence, she sprang lightly from the rock to the stem of the tree, on which she alighted with the ease and security of a bird, and in the same instant back to the cliff; and extending her hand to the stranger, 'My arm,' she said, 'is but a slight balustrade; yet do but step forward with resolution, and you will find it as secure as the battlement of Berne.' But shame now overcame terror so much, that Arthur, declining assistance which he could not have accepted without feeling lowered in his own eyes, took heart of grace, and successfully achieved the formidable step which placed him upon the same cliff with his kind assistant."

Such a heroine as this must not pass undescribed:—

"An upper vest, neither so close as to display the person—a habit forbidden by the sumptuary laws of the canton—nor so loose as to be an encumbrance in walking or climbing, covered a close tunic of a different colour, and came down beneath the middle of the leg, but suffered the ankle, in all its fine proportions, to be completely visible. The foot was defended by a sandal, the point of which was turned upwards, and the crossings and knots of the strings which secured it on the front of the leg were garnished with silver rings. The upper vest was gathered round the middle by a sash of parti-coloured silk, ornamented with twisted threads of gold; while the tunic, open at the throat, permitted the shape and exquisite whiteness of a well-formed neck to be visible at the collar, and for an inch or two beneath. The small portion of the throat and bosom thus exposed was even more brilliantly fair than was promised by the countenance, which last bore some marks of having been freely exposed to the sun and air—by no means in a degree to diminish its beauty, but just so far as to shew that the maiden possessed the health which is purchased by habits of rural exercise. Her long fair hair fell down in a profusion of curls on each side of a face whose blue eyes, lovely features, and dignified simplicity of expression, implied at once a character of gentleness, and of the self-relying resolution of a mind too virtuous to suspect evil, and too noble to fear it. Above these locks, beauty's natural and most beseeching ornament—or rather, I should say, amongst them—was placed the small bonnet, which, from its size, little answered the purpose of protecting the head, but served to exercise the ingenuity of the fair wearer, who had not failed, according to the prevailing custom of the mountain maidens, to decorate the tiny cap with a heron's feather, and the then unusual luxury of a small and thin chain of gold, long enough to encircle the cap four or five times, and having the ends secured under a broad medal of the same costly metal. I have only to add, that the stature of the young person was something above the common size, and that the whole contour of her form, without being in the slightest degree masculine, resembled that of Minerva, rather than the proud beauties of Juno, or the yielding graces of Venus. The noble brow, the well-formed and active limbs, the firm and yet light step; above all, the total absence of any thing resembling the consciousness of personal beauty, and the open and candid look, which seemed desirous of knowing nothing that was hidden, and conscious that she herself had no-

thing to hide, were traits not unworthy of the goddess of wisdom and of chastity."

The character of Arnold Biederman is a sketch as excellent as it is original: the clear judgment, the severe simplicity, the kindness, the authority of the noble Swiss, are brought out so finely. His little history will illustrate this. After relating the exploits of his grandfather in the wars with Austria, at Sempach, &c., he goes on to say:

"My father, Count Williewald, followed the same course, both from inclination and policy. He united himself closely with the state of Unterwalden, became a citizen of the Confederacy, and distinguished himself so much, that he was chosen landamman of the Republic. He had two sons, myself and a younger brother, Albert; and possessed, as he felt himself, of a species of double character, he was desirous, perhaps unwisely (if I may censure the purpose of a deceased parent), that one of his sons should succeed him in his lordship of Geierstein, and the other support the less ostentatious, though not in my thought less honourable condition, of a free citizen of Unterwalden, possessing such influence among his equals in the canton as might be acquired by his father's merits and his own. When Albert was twelve years old, our father took us on a short excursion to Germany, where the form, pomp, and magnificence, which we witnessed, made a very different impression on the mind of my brother and on my own. What appeared to Albert the consummation of earthly splendour, seemed to me a weary display of tiresome and useless ceremonials. Our father explained his purpose, and offered to me, as his eldest son, the large estate belonging to Geierstein, reserving such a portion of the most fertile ground as might make my brother one of the wealthiest citizens in a district where competence is esteemed wealth. The tears gushed from Albert's eyes—'And must my brother,' he said, 'be a noble count, honoured and followed by vassals and attendants, and I a home-spun peasant among the gray-bearded shepherds of Unterwalden? No, my father, I respect your will, but I will not sacrifice my own rights. Geierstein is a fief held of the empire, and the laws entitle me to my equal half of the lands. If my brother be Count of Geierstein, I am not the less Count Albert of Geierstein; and I will appeal to the emperor, rather than that the arbitrary will of one ancestor, though he be my father, shall cancel in me the rank and rights which I have derived from a hundred.' My father was greatly incensed. 'Go,' he said, 'proud boy, give the enemy of thy country a pretext to interfere in her affairs—appeal to the will of a foreign prince from the pleasure of thy father. Go, but never again look me in the face, and dread my eternal malediction.' Albert was about to reply with vehemence, when I entreated him to be silent and hear me speak. I had, I said, all my life loved the mountain better than the plain; had been more pleased to walk than to ride; more proud to contend with shepherds in their sports than with nobles in the lists; and happier in the village dance than among the feasts of the German nobles. 'Let me, therefore,' said I, 'be a citizen of the republic of Unterwalden; you will relieve me of a thousand cares; and let my brother Albert wear the coronet and bear the honours of Geierstein.' After some farther discussion, my father was at length contented to adopt my proposal, in order to attain the object which he had so much at heart. Albert was declared heir of his castle and his rank, by the

title of Count Albert of Geierstein; and I was placed in possession of these fields and fertile meadows amidst which my house is situated, and my neighbours call me Arnold Biederman.' 'And if Biederman,' said the merchant, 'means, as I understand the word, a man of worth, candour, and generosity,—I know none on whom the epithet could be so justly conferred.'

Sir Walter Scott's are the very *beau ideal* of executioners; and a most Rembrandt-like portrait of one is introduced.

"A faint stream of light through one of the numerous and narrow slits, or shot-holes, with which the walls were garnished, fell directly upon the person and visage of a tall swarthy man, seated in what, but for the partial illumination, would have been an obscure corner of this evil-boding apartment. His features were regular, and even handsome, but of a character peculiarly stern and sinister. This person's dress was a cloak of scarlet; his head was bare, and surrounded by shaggy locks of black, which time had partly grizzled. He was busily employed in furbishing and burnishing a broad two-handed sword of a peculiar shape, and considerably shorter than the weapons of that kind which we have described as used by the Swiss. He was so deeply engaged in his task, that he started as the heavy door opened with a jarring noise; and the sword, escaping from his hold, rolled on the stone floor with a heavy clash. 'Ha! Scharfgerichter,' said the knight, as he entered the folterkammer, 'thou art preparing for thy duty?' 'It would ill become your excellency's servant,' answered the man, in a harsh, deep tone, 'to be found idle. But the prisoner is not far off, as I can judge by the fall of my sword, which infallibly announces the presence of him who shall feel its edge.' 'The prisoners are at hand, Francis,' replied the governor; 'but thy omen has deceived thee for once. They are fellows for whom a good rope will suffice; and thy sword drinks only noble blood.' 'The worse for Francis Steinerherz,' replied the official in scarlet; 'I trusted that your excellency, who have ever been a bountiful patron, should this day have made me noble.' 'Noble!' said the governor; 'thou art mad—thou noble!' 'And wherefore not, Sir Archibald Hagenbach? I think the name of Francis Steinerherz von Blut-acker will suit nobility, being fairly and legally won, as well as another. Nay, do not stare on me thus. If one of my profession shall do his grim office on nine men of noble birth with the same weapon, and with a single blow to each patient, hath he not a right to his freedom from taxes, and his nobility by patent?' 'So says the law,' said Sir Archibald; 'but rather more in scorn than seriously, I should judge, since no one was ever known to claim the benefit of it.' 'The prouder boast for him,' said the functionary, 'that shall be the first to demand the honours due to a sharp sword and a clean stroke. I, Francis Steinerherz, will be the first noble of my profession, when I shall have despatched one more knight of the empire.' 'Thou hast been ever in my service, hast thou not?' demanded De Hagenbach. 'Under what other master,' replied the executioner, 'could I have enjoyed such constant practice? I have executed your decrees on condemned sinners since I could swing a scourge, lift a crow-bar, or wield this trusty weapon; and who can say I ever failed of my first blow, or needed to deal a second? Tristrem of the Hospital, and his famous assistants, Petit André and Trois Echelles, are

novices compared with me, in the use of the noble and knightly sword. Marry, I should be ashamed to match myself with them in the field practice with bowstring and dagger; these are no feats worthy of a Christian man who would rise to honour and nobility.' 'Thou art a fellow of excellent address, and I do not deny it,' replied De Hagenbach. 'But it cannot be—I trust it cannot be—that when noble blood is becoming scarce in the land, and proud churls are lording it over knights and barons, I myself should have caused so much to be spilled.' 'I will number the patients to your excellency by name and title,' said Francis, drawing out a scroll of parchment, and reading with a commentary as he went on:—'There was Count William of Elvershoe—he was my assay-piece, a sweet youth, and died most like a Christian.' 'I remember—he courted my mistress,' said Sir Archibald. 'He died on St. Jude's, in the year of grace 1455,' said the executioner. 'Go on—but name no dates,' said the governor. 'Sir Miles of Stockenborg—' 'He drove off my cattle,' observed his excellency. 'Sir Louis of Riesenfeldt—' continued the executioner. 'He made love to my wife,' commented the governor. 'The three Jung-herrn of Lammerbourg—you made their father, the count, childless in one day.' 'And he made me landless,' said Sir Archibald; 'so that account is settled. Thou needest read no farther,' he continued; 'I admit thy record, though it is written in letters somewhat of the reddest. I had counted these three young gentlemen as one execution.' 'You did me the greater wrong,' said Francis; 'they cost three good blows of this good sword.' 'Be it so, and God be with their souls,' said Hagenbach. 'But thy ambition must go to sleep for a while, Scharfgerichter; for the stuff that came hither to-day is for dungeon and cord, or perhaps a touch of the rack or strappadoe—there is no honour to win on them.' 'The worse luck mine,' said the executioner. 'I had dreamed so surely that your honour had made me noble; and then the fall of my sword!' 'Take a bowl of wine, and forget your auguries.' 'With your honour's permission, no,' said the executioner; 'to drink before noon were to endanger the nicety of my hand.'

"The cars, so lately placed to obstruct the passage of the street, were now joined together, and served to support a platform, or scaffold, which had been hastily constructed of planks. On this was placed a chair, in which sat a tall man, with his head, neck, and shoulders bare, the rest of his body clothed in bright armour. His countenance was as pale as death, yet young Philipson recognised the hard-hearted governor, Sir Archibald de Hagenbach. He appeared to be bound to the chair. On his right, and close beside him, stood the priest of Saint Paul's, muttering prayers, with his breviary in his hand; while on his left, and somewhat behind the captive, appeared a tall man, attired in red, and leaning with both hands on the naked sword, which has been described on a former occasion. The instant that Arnold Blederman appeared, and before the landman could open his lips to demand the meaning of what he saw, the priest drew back, the executioner stepped forward, the sword was brandished, the blow was struck, and the victim's head rolled on the scaffold. A general acclamation and clapping of hands, like that by which a crowded theatre approves of some well-graced performer, followed this feat of dexterity. While the headless corpse shot streams from the arteries, which were drunk up by the saw-

dust that strewed the scaffold, the executioner gracefully presented himself alternately at the four corners of the stage, modestly bowing, as the multitude greeted him with cheers of approbation. 'Nobles, knights, gentlemen of free-born blood, and good citizens,' he said, 'who have assisted at this act of high justice, I pray you to bear me witness that this judgment hath been executed after the form of the sentence, at one blow, and without stroke missed or repeated.' The acclamations were reiterated. 'Long live our Scharfgerichter Steinerherz, and many a tyrant may he do his duty on!' 'Noble friends,' said the executioner, with the deepest obeisance, 'I have yet another word to say, and it must be a proud one.—God be gracious to the soul of this good and noble knight, Sir Archibald de Hagenbach. He was the patron of my youth, and my guide to the path of honour. Eight steps have I made towards freedom and nobility on the heads of free-born knights and nobles, who have fallen by his authority and command; and the ninth, by which I have attained it, is upon his own, in grateful memory of which I will expend this purse of gold, which but an hour since he bestowed on me, in masses for his soul. Gentlemen, noble friends, and now my equals, La Farette has lost a nobleman and gained one. Our Lady be gracious to the departed knight, Sir Archibald de Hagenbach, and bless and prosper the progress of Stephen Steinerherz von Blutsacker, now free and noble of right!' With that he took the feather out of the cap of the deceased, which, soiled with the blood of the wearer, lay near his body upon the scaffold, and, putting it into his own official bonnet, received the homage of the crowd in loud huzzas, which were partly in earnest, partly in ridicule of such an unusual transformation."

We have no room for further extract this week; though the scenes in which the secret tribunal of the Vehme, Charles the Bold, and Margaret of Anjou, make their appearance, tempt us to further selection. The whole story is one of extreme interest, which we hope rather to have excited than impaired by our selections; as we have taken care they should be such as would not develope the mystery so loved by novel readers. In conclusion: the imagination of Scott appears here in its youthful vigour; and we predict that this will be one of his popular productions.

Fetawai Abdur-rahim; or, the Fetwabs of Abdur-rahim. 2 vols. folio. Printed at the Constantinopolitan Press, under the supervision of Ibrahim Ssaib. *Rebiulachir* 1243 (November 1827).

To many of our readers it may prove a novelty to know that the Ottoman metropolis possesses a press, as well as the capitals of Christendom. The present is by no means a solitary specimen of that press; and we promise ourselves no few thanks, hereafter, for the fund of instruction and amusement it is our purpose to extract from its productions. In the meanwhile there are few to whom a word or two on the progress of the art of printing in Turkey will be unacceptable. The first press at Constantinople was set up by Jews, and its labours were limited to works in the Hebrew tongue: their example was followed by the Greeks and Armenians, but found no imitators among the natives themselves until the year 1720, when Mehemet Effendi was sent on an embassy to Paris. His son, Said, who accompanied him on this occasion, visited every work of art in

that mart of human ingenuity; but none of them excited his admiration so forcibly as the printing-houses. On his return to the Turkish capital, seven years afterwards, he therefore solicited and obtained permission from the Grand Signior to set up a similar establishment, which he placed under the superintendence of Ibrahim Effendi, a Hungarian renegade, who conducted it with great zeal and success, and had his types cut out under his own directions. This press slowly emitted dictionaries, grammars, voyages and travels, and historical works;—nay, in spite of the Koran's injunction against pictorial symbols, it produced a work on America, which was accompanied by *engravings*. After Ibrahim's decease it gradually lapsed into a state of almost total inactivity; but its energy has been re-awakened in a remarkable manner of late years; and the reigning master of the Seven Towers is the first Ottoman sovereign by whom the mighty influence of "the press" has been felt, acknowledged, and brought into action. We should add, that it is a mistake to conceive the Turks slight the art of printing altogether, or do not look upon it with a friendly eye: they undoubtedly prefer written works, on account of their superior beauty; but this is the whole "front and bearing" of their prejudices in this particular.

Having refreshed our memory with this scrap of fitting reminiscences, we now take up *Abdur-rahim* as our index to the "march of jurisprudential intellect" within the infidel walls of Byzantium.

In the whole range of Turkish literature there is probably no work of greater importance, and certainly none on which a higher value is set, than the present Collection of Judgments. It is the compilation of the celebrated mufti,* Mentesch sade Abdur-rahim Effendi, who filled the highest dignity of Ottoman judicature for a space of many years, and died, in the enjoyment of his countrymen's veneration as a mufti, in November 1717. It consists of judgments given at different times and by various muftis; and, in fact, contains a general exposition of the oral law of Mahomedan jurisprudence. Some of the judgments are his own, though he has not designated them as such. This code of "fetwabs" immediately preceded an edition which issued from the Turkish press seven years back, of the code composed by the mufti, Durri sade Mohammed Arif, formerly the director of the Turkish chancery, and whose compilation embraced about 2000 judgments, delivered between the years 1730 and 1773. The collection on which we are about to dwell is, however, of tenfold extent, and contains nearly 20,000 "wise saws and instances" propounded by the Ottoman chancellor. The classification of subjects, in accordance with the nature of their objects, is precisely the same in this as in other well-known works relating to Turkish law:—it is divided into 944 sections, of which our limits preclude us from rendering any further account than noticing the principal heads of the forty-three books under which these sections are ranged, and extracting from each a pertinent illustration.

* The mufti, or sheik-ul-islam, i. e. "chief of the elect," is the great expounder of the Koran in all judicial proceedings, especially such as are of a criminal nature; and announces his decision with such commendable laconism, as never to vouchsafe any exposition of their grounds, though he has the modesty, in intricate cases, to wind them up with a—"God knows what is better!" and subscribe himself the poor slave of God. It is this written judgment which is styled "fetwah," whence he derives the title of Sahib-fetwa, or lord of the judicial decisions.

Begin we then with No. 1. the book of *purification*.—"If a hare fall into Seid's well and become putrid, is it necessary to empty out the whole of the water and purify the well?—Answer, Yes.

"2. Book of *prayer*.—What measure ought lawfully to be dealt towards Seid, who omits to pray five times a-day?—Chastisement and imprisonment.

"3. Book of *alms-giving*.—Is it allowable that the Moslem, Hind, Seid's wife, should bestow alms on the poor monks of a Christian church?—Yes;" (and we add,—blush, ye Christian advocates of intolerance! Go, and do likewise!)

"4. Of *fasting*.—[An Asiatic canon not fit for quotation in a European periodical.]

"5. Of *pilgrimage*.—If the Moslem, Hind, possess no husband, or male personage (*mahrem*) who is privileged to enter the harem, is it permitted to her to enter upon a pilgrimage, accompanied by some steady females of good repute?—No."

Between this and the succeeding book is inserted a long digression on tithes, duties, taxes, houses, gardens, vineyards, mills, sheep, brides, slaves, subjects, fiefs, farms, fisheries, mines, planting, bee-hives, tobacco, and so forth.

"6. The book of *seir, or campaigns*.—When the unbelieving Albanians, who are for ever warring against the Moslems, may obtain the upper hand, is it lawful to dispose of their captured men and girls, and take the latter to wife?—Yes."

There is a most extraordinary chapter interposed between this and the seventh book: it concerns offences and blasphemies against God, the Koran, learned scribes, wives, &c., and breathes the spirit of Islamism in all its purity. Take this instance in proof:—"If Seid says the Koran is not God's word, but Othman's invention, what is fit to be done?—Put the unbeliever to death." This judgment is worthy of attention in an *historical* point of view, as proving that Othman, commonly called Dschamiol-kuran, or collector of the Koran, is its real editor; a point which Hamaker has disputed in his *Bibliotheca Critica*. We resume:—"If the unlettered Seid should wax wroth with the learned Amru, and abuse him, saying,—A fig for your learning; 'tis all filth and dirt!' how is Seid to be dealt with?—Let him be scourged; and if Amru be a learned scribe, and Seid has thereby scandalised the light of the law, let him be held to renew the formularies of his faith and marriage."

"7. Of *punishments*.—If Seid do violence to the maiden, Hind, in what manner is he to be treated?—Let him be stoned.

"8. Of *theft*.—If Hind, the Moslem, have stolen valuable articles belonging to Amru out of a place of safe custody; and if, after confessing the theft, she do not restore the property, what is right to be done with her?—Let her hand be cut off.

"9. Of *those things which the law approves and disapproves*. (To wit, as to eating and drinking, dancing and music, touching and bedding, &c.)—Are the dance of the Sofi and the circular reel of the Mewlewis, accompanied by kettledrums and flutes, allowable by law?—There is nothing inherently evil in these; but they produce such evil consequences, that his majesty the padishah, the extinguisher of the prohibited, and preserver of the pure egg of Islamism, has done himself great honour by forbidding and banishing such disgraceful practices." It appears by the peroration of this

fetwah, that the flock of the prophet is not without its pharisaical leaven; which prompts our Minos to the following rebuke:—"The Sofis, who permit themselves disgraceful actions whilst they are pronouncing God's name, must in future pronounce that name with becoming reverence for the law; and the Mewlewis must wholly abandon the dance with flute and kettledrum accompaniments, and must listen like their neighbours to lectures and sermons.

"10. Of *killing and hunting animals*.—When Seid, the Moslem, on occasion of the sacrificial festival, orders Rajah Amru to slay the offering and pronounce the solemn formula, 'In the name of God,'—is this a valid act?—Yes.

"11. Of *sowing and watering*.—If Seid have an ox and possess a field, which he cultivates, and Hind contribute an ox and seed, is it a binding contract, when they agree to divide the produce between them?—No.

"14. Of *marriage*.—If Seid say, in the presence of witnesses, 'I give Hind, my youthful daughter, to Bekir, the youthful son of Amru, in marriage,'—does Hind really become the betrothed of Bekir?—Yes."

We find, between this and the succeeding book, a chapter on daughters, mothers, and degrees of kindred not admissible into the harem. The 15th book is of *suckling*; and then a chapter on marriage-portions and legal descent intervenes.

"16. Of *divorce*.—When Seid marries Hind, and waxing wroth with her before the marriage is consummated, pronounces the words, 'She shall depart thrice untouched and divorced from me,'—is she thence thrice divorced?—Yes." Under this head is introduced an exposition of the term "*lawful maintenance*," which is worthy of forming "part and parcel" of the law of England, or any other Christian land: to wit,—If destitute Hind stand in need of support, in what proportions is this to be provided by her children, the son of Amru, and her daughters, Seineb and Chaidische?—Each of the three shall contribute an equal portion."

The next, or seventeenth book, lays down a very cheap and easy mode of manumission; not found, it is true, in Bryan Edwards or Clarkson, but not on that account to be withheld from the ken of a Wilberforce or Buxton. In this book "*of manumission*," it is asked, "If Seid say of Amru, his slave, that Amru is his son,—is Amru free?" And the answer is, "YES"! Again, in the next chapter, "*of previously promised manumission*," the following question is put: "If Seid says, my maid, Hind, shall become free forty days before my death, and if he die a twelvemonth afterwards,—is Hind to be set apart as not forming a portion of Seid's chattels?" And again the mufti says, "YES."

"19. Of the *penal inflictions*.—If Seid designedly wound Amru with a sharp instrument and slay him,—what ought to follow?—The atonement of like with like."

We recommend our excerpt from the twenty-first book, "*of persons lost*," to the attention of the commissioners for reforming abuses in the Court of Chancery: our friend Abdurrahim is, beyond dispute, a scion of the old Lincoln's Inn stock. "What age must a lost individual have attained before he can be pronounced dead in the eye of the law?—NINETEEN YEARS"! More "new light" is in store for them. The twenty-second book, "*of commercial co-partnership*," recites, *inter alia*,—"If Seid and Amru are partners, and

Seid buy any article that is not stipulated in the articles of partnership, can Seid make that partnership liable?—No."

The twenty-third book, which is the most bulky of all, treats of "*ecclesiastical endowments*," and fills 180 pages, whereof a portion terminates the first volume, and the remainder occupies eleven pages of the second. Passing over the book on "*buying and selling*," we come to somewhat debatable ground, "*the rights of pre-sale*" (Schufaat); at all events, the application of such a right as is allowed under the subsequent dictum, would provide abundant food for Mr. Peel's new petty sessions. "If Seid sell a vineyard to Amru, and make it over to him, and Bekir be owner of a vineyard abutting upon the same,—can he, upon fulfilling all covenants binding upon Amru, possess himself of Seid's vineyard?—Yes!"

"28. Of *lending*.—If Amru, when going upon service, borrow a horse of Seid, on condition that two-thirds of all booty shall accrue to himself, and the other third shall be reckoned for the horse, and the horse be ruined without blame attaching to him,—is Amru bound to make good the loss?—No."

It would appear, by a decision we are about to quote from the twenty-ninth book, "*of pledging*," that in certain circumstances the Turkish owner becomes the heir of his slave's effects. "If Seid's slave, Amru, pledge 500 piastres with Bekir, and Amru die,—can his master claim the said sum from Bekir?—Yes."

The tongue is a more potent weapon in Turkey than in Christendom. *Ex. gr.* "If Seid ask Hind to give him one of her vineyards, has he admitted that the vineyard is Hind's property?—Yes." Vide p. 235, in the thirty-second book, "*of admissions*" (Ikrar).

The "statute of limitations" is unknown at Constantinople, as we gather from a case and opinion given in the thirty-sixth book, "*of demands and claims*." "If legal demands, founded on legal grounds, have not been urged during a space of fifteen years, can they be brought before the courts?—Yes."

"38. Of *evidence*.—How many witnesses are requisite to support a case of incontinency? Four."

We observe, that neither *blind men* can be clothed with judgeships, nor idiots or madmen make a will; and shall now abandon the foregoing specimens of Turkish jurisprudence to the cogitations of the inquisitive, with a valedictory citation from the *olla podrida* contained in the forty-third and last book, "*of partition walls*" (Haitan); where we find fetwahs on bridges, cessations, chimneys, baths, trees, *et eis dissimilissima*, heaped together in most admired confusion. "Can the inhabitants of a village expel Hind for treading unseemly ways?—No; because it belongs to magistrates alone to decide in cases of immoral deportment."

Narrative of a Journey from Calcutta to Europe, by way of Egypt, in the Years 1827 and 8. By Mrs. Charles Lushington. 12mo. pp. 284. London, 1829. Murray.

THE unaffected grace, intelligence, and literary neatness, by which this little volume is characterised, must recommend it to the most favourable regards of the public, independently of its novelty as being written by a lady, the first (we understand) who has performed the overland journey from India to England. We talk prodigiously of the *march of mind*, and pay it all our tributes in books, pamphlets, and

journals; but surely this period is distinguished as much by the march of female beauty and enterprise, talent, and genius, as by the boasted advances in masculine education, and, to adopt more of the cant phraseology, the "spread of knowledge!" Here is a lady braving the storms and pirates of the Red Sea, the fatigues of Egyptian deserts, the alarms of wild Arab and despotic Turk,—investigating, on the banks of Nilus, the tombs and ruins of the ancient world, and ascending the pyramids; and at the end of her interesting travel giving an account of what she has seen and done, in a style and manner which would do honour to the best-informed of the other sex. Indeed, we ought to say, that her narrative possesses a superior charm in its simplicity, and the freshness with which it describes the route itself and the objects on the way. This it owes to its origin; for, after Fitzclarence, Johnson, and other recent travellers' descriptions of the same journey, it is probable that no other male author could present us with so much that is new and pleasing as has been presented by Mrs. Lushington.

Having thus briefly introduced her to our readers, we shall proceed to extract some of the passages in her work which have chiefly contributed to produce these impressions upon us. We pass over the Indian portion of the tour, and the voyage up the Red Sea, and come to preparations for passing the desert at Cosseir.

"Some time elapsed (says our fair countrywoman) before so large a party as ours could be accommodated with camels; they were procurable in any number, though they could not be collected without a little delay. They were white and black, besides the usual dun colour. I may here remark, that the distinction between dromedary and camel is no further known in Egypt, than that the former is used for the purposes of riding and despatch, the latter for the conveyance of burthens. Our cavalcade consisted of ninety-six camels, besides many asses,—no great number, when it is to be recollected we carried with us tents, clothes, wine, water, and provisions." Amongst her fellow-travellers Mrs. L. had the good fortune to reckon Mr. Elphinstone, the distinguished Governor of Bombay, whose high personal character and extensive information, no less than his public eminence and esteem, rendered him perhaps the most valuable friend and guide which such a party could acquire. Of this a slight proof is afforded by our next quotation.

"Anniversaries passed in strange countries, and at a long distance from home, are generally celebrated by travellers with extraordinary zeal and cordiality; and though I am apprehensive of being considered tedious in dwelling upon what indifferent persons may deem uninteresting, yet I will venture to describe the fête which Mr. Elphinstone gave us on New-year's-day 1828. Ill as I was, and fatigued by pain rather than the journey, I wished on this day to join the gentlemen in the dinner tent; and I confess I was amused by the contrast of the narrative which I had been reading, with the appearance of the table and party before me. The author of the book in question described the delight of the traveller on arriving at the wells where we were then encamped, and his satisfaction, after all his privations, at quenching his thirst with plenty of water; and, in short, would have impressed us with the notion that the Desert he had passed, and in which we then were, was such a one as depicted by Burckhardt,—abounding in sand, hunger, and thirst. But

behold our party, consisting of ten persons, sitting in a comfortable tent lined with yellow baize, and cheerfully lighted up; a clean tablecloth, and the following bill of fare:—roast turkey, ham, fowls, mutton in various shapes, curry, rice, and potatoes, damson tart, and a pudding; Madeira, claret, sherry, port, and Hodgson's beer. For the dessert, Lemann's biscuits, almonds and raisins, water-melons, pumplenose (or shaddock), and a plumcake as a finale! What astonished me, was the ease with which the whole arrangement of our meals was conducted: however, I believe this was principally to be attributed to the skilful superintendence of Mr. Elphinstone's head servant, Antonio. He was active and strong; a good tailor and a good cook; speaking a little of most languages, but being master of Arabic, French, and Italian. He mended my harness like a practised saddler; and, in short, could do any thing and every thing as it was required. The cook, dining-tent, and apparatus, were sent forward early in the morning, before we started ourselves; and at six in the evening our dinner was ready."

Among the scenes witnessed by Mrs. L. she mentions the exhibition of the Almehs.

"My tukhte rowan was assailed by five or six dancing-girls, called Almehs. I immediately lowered the silk blind, which, however, I thought they would have torn off in the same clamour and struggle for *bucksees*. I could not help seeing them as I strove to keep down the curtain; and it was impossible to behold them without disgust. Their countenances appeared inflamed by drinking, their persons were greatly exposed; and altogether they more resembled common robust English women under the influence of liquor, than what I had fancied of the delicate and elegant Egyptian females. They wore the same full petticoat as the nautch-girls of India. I may seem capriciously affected by the customs of the inhabitants amongst whom I travelled, but to me these women appeared doubly bold and degraded from the absence of the veil. It is so entirely contrary to the prejudices of the country for a female to appear without it, that the lowest peasant's wife will not allow any one to pass without drawing her muffler of coarse blue cloth closer round her face; and to expose it thus must be the height of abandonment."

Having reached and crossed the Nile, Mrs. L. saw or explored Luxor, Carnac, Goornoo, the Memnonium, Medinet Haboo, and other celebrated places with which the European world are now becoming so familiarly acquainted; and her account of the spot where the party encamped is very picturesque.

"We were (she states) close to the banks of the river, commanding a fine view of Luxor, Carnac, Goornoo (the great repository of the dead), the Memnonium, Medinet Haboo, and the two colossal statues seated on the plain, like brother genii, in solitary grandeur. These two statues seem to have formed the side pillars or entrance of some enormous gateway. I understand the learned are much puzzled to discover which of the two is the one from which the sound is said to have proceeded every morning at sunrise; but I, who do not enter deeply into these discussions, am content to believe the vocal Memnon to be that which bears so many Greek inscriptions on its foot, stating that certain persons had heard the sounds, and specifying the day and the hour on which the prodigy took place. Unless these names be considered as fabrications, I do not perceive how the doubt could have arisen. While view-

ing these two statues one morning, the sight of a gentleman-like looking Turk coming towards us, (Turks are seldom to be seen in such a lonely place as we were then in,) surprised me a good deal. He made the usual Mahomedan salutations, and I was for the moment startled at hearing him address us in good English. The enigma, however, was soon solved, when the stranger introduced himself as Major Temple of the 15th Hussars, lately returned from Nubia. He, with Mr. Wilkinson, who was also attired in a Turkish dress, had fitted up two tombs, in one of the Goornoo mountains, for their residence. The Turkish garb may command some respect among the Arabs of Upper Egypt, but certainly has not the same effect in the lower provinces, where the English and French nations are so much esteemed, that a Frank dress is considered the best protection. The villagers in our vicinity, and who chiefly live in the caves of Goornoo, had a wild and resolute appearance. Every man was at this time armed with a spear, to resist, it was said, the compulsory levies of the pasha, who found it vain to attack them in their fastnesses. I, who was so delighted with the beauty and peace of our new abode, felt quite disturbed to discover that the very spot where we were encamped had, four years before, witnessed the massacre of many hundreds of Arabs, then in resistance against this recruiting system, and who were blown from guns, or shot, while endeavouring to make their escape by swimming across the river. The poor people around, however, behaved with civility to us, and I felt no apprehension at going among them with a single companion, or even alone. To be sure, we were obliged to take especial care of our property, for which purpose the chief of Luxor assisted us, by furnishing half a dozen men to watch by night round the encampment. Nevertheless, once after I had gone to sleep, I was awakened by the extinguishing of the light, and felt my little camp-bed raised up by a man creeping underneath: he fled on my crying out, and escaped the pursuit, as he had the vigilance, of our six protectors."

Nor was this the only personal adventure to which our heroine was exposed. Afterwards, at Dendera, she tells us—

"On our return from the temple I was nearly meeting with an awkward adventure. After a long ride, we found we had missed the place where we had left the ferry-boat; and that we had to cross a quicksand before we could reach our maash. In a minute my donkey sank up to the saddle, and one second more saw me off its back and thrown across the shoulder of an Arab: no sack of corn could have been treated with less ceremony. At any other time I should have shuddered at the approach of his garment to within a yard of my person: but when I had recovered from my first surprise, my ridiculous position would have made me laugh stupidly, had I not been fearful that, if the man had caught the contagion, he might have let me fall into the stream. Fortunately, I did not reflect at that moment the confession of an Arab boatman with whom I remonstrated on his want of cleanliness, and who, on my questioning him how often he washed, answered, with apparent simplicity, that he had only done so three times in his life, when the ceremonies of his religion peremptorily required it. What a contrast to the practice of the Hindoos, who never allow a day to pass without plenary ablution; and who, in the coldest weather, bathe their shivering limbs in the Ganges, allowing

the clothes, which they wash with themselves, to dry on their persons!"

And again, in ascending the great pyramid, a feat, our readers may remember, previously achieved by Lady Belmore, as Dr. Richardson relates, with "perfect ease," Mrs. L. found it more difficult—for she thus describes her exploit:—

"On my arrival I saw some persons nearly at the top, and some just commencing the ascent. They were all at the very edge; and certainly their apparently perilous situation justified me in the conviction that I should never be able to mount. However, determining to make the attempt, I commenced outside from where the entrance has been formed, and walked along the whole length of one side of the square, about forty feet from the ground, to the opposite corner; the ledge being narrow, and in one place quite broken off, requiring a long step to gain the next stone. As the pyramid itself formed a wall to the right hand, and consequently an apparent defence, I felt no want of courage till I reached the corner where the ascent is in many places absolutely on the angle, leaving no protection on either side. About this time I began to be heartily frightened; and when I heard one gentleman from above call to me to desist, and another tell me not to think of proceeding, right glad was I to return, and to attribute my want of success to their advice rather than to my own deficiency of spirit. Each of the gentlemen as they descended told me the difficulty and fatigue were great, and they evidently were heated and tired; but, at length, in answer to my question a hundred times repeated, of, Do you think I could go? they proposed to me to try at least, and kindly offered to accompany me. Away I went; and by the assistance of a footstool in some places, and the aid of the guides, and the gentlemen to encourage me, I succeeded in arriving half-way, all the time exclaiming I should never get down again; and, indeed, my head was so giddy, that it was some minutes after I was seated at the resting-stone half-way before I could recover myself. Being a little refreshed, I resumed the ascent; but the guides were so clamorous that I turned back, finding their noise, and pushing, and crowding, as dangerous as the height. The gentlemen at length brought them to some degree of order, partly by remonstrance, and partly by carrying the majority to the top, and leaving only two with me. This quiet in some degree restored my head; and the footing as I advanced becoming more easy, I reached the summit amidst the huzzas of the whole party. It was a considerable time, however, before I gained confidence to look around, notwithstanding I was on a surface thirty feet square. The prospect, though from so great an elevation, disappointed me. I saw, indeed, an immense extent of cultivated country, divided into fields of yellow flax and green wheat, like so many squares in a chess-board, with the Nile and its various canals which cause their luxuriance, and a vast tract of desert on the other side; I must, however, acknowledge that this scenery I enjoyed on recollection—for I was too anxious how I was to get down, to think much of the picturesque. A railing even of straw might give some slight idea of security, but here there was absolutely nothing; and I had to cross and recross the angle, as the broken ledges rendered it necessary—for it is a mistake to suppose there are steps: the passage is performed over blocks of stone and granite; some broken off, others crumbling away, and

others which, having dropped out altogether, have left an angle in the masonry; but all these are very irregular. Occasionally the width and height of the stones are equal; but generally the height greatly exceeds the width: in many parts the blocks are four feet high. Once the stone was so high, that as I slipped off I feared that my feet would shoot beyond the ledge on which they were next to rest, and which certainly was but a few inches wide. Another time I was in great peril: I had stretched one foot down with much exertion as far as it could reach, and as the other followed, the heel of the shoe caught in a crevice of the rock, and I had nearly lost my balance in the effort to extricate myself. In a few places the width of the ledges enabled me to use the footstool, which considerably diminished the fatigue; but the greater number were far too narrow for its three feet to rest upon, and I thought it too insecure to allow an Arab to support it with his hands while I stepped upon it. After all this, it may be supposed I was glad when I had accomplished the undertaking; for, to tell the truth, the greatest pleasure I felt in ascending the pyramid was to be enabled to say at some future time that I had been at its summit."

(A continuation in our next.)

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Richelieu. 3 vols.

A COPY of the novel under this title has reached us too late for review this week, even if we had not already devoted as large a proportion of our space as is desirable in a single number to works of that class. We cannot, however, be so ungrateful for the pleasure this book has afforded us, as to pass it over utterly in silence; though we have only room to say, that it belongs to the Scott school in the best sense of the word, and is (with perhaps a slight reservation on the score of want of character) one of the cleverest that has been produced. The author is, as yet, we believe, little known to the literary world; but we will venture to prophesy that he cannot long remain either unknown or his talents unappreciated.

Life and Times of Francis I. 2 vols.

London, 1829. Bull.

THE press of more temporary matter prevents our doing that justice to this work which its merit demands. But what was a desideratum in the historical literature of a time replete with interest is supplied by a most full and animated account of Francis—a most chivalrous monarch. We shall, probably, return to it.

Chapters on Churchyards. By the Authoress of "Ellen Fitzarthur," "Widow's Tale," "Solitary Hours," &c. 2 vols. 12mo. Edinburgh, 1829. Blackwood.

FROM the first appearance of Ellen Fitzarthur—one of the very sweetest poems that ever emanated from a female pen—to the simple and pathetic *Widow's Tale*, and the *Solitary Hours*, varied by so many moods of mind and feeling—down to the *Chapters on Churchyards*, two very charming little volumes now before us—our critical office to Miss Caroline Bowles has been a very pleasant one,—that of continued and well-deserved praise. But though we generally pique ourselves upon our priority, yet in this instance the voice of public favour has forestalled ours; for these *Chapters* have long been favourites in Blackwood's Magazine, whose readers will be glad to see them in this connected form. We make no extract from pages already so extensively circulated; but

we must bestow great praise on the talent which has given such animation to the pictures of actual and every-day life. "*Broad Summerfield*" is a most delightful sketch; and "*Andrew Cleaves*" displays a degree of deep and fearful interest, which is a striking contrast to its lighter and livelier companions. Altogether, we can cordially recommend this work to our readers—to our fair ones, especially: it is the very thing for a lady's library.

Shreds and Patches of History, in the form of Riddles. 2 vols. London, 1829. Rodwell.

A GREAT number of amusing anecdotes are here collected, and in a manner very likely to impress them on the mind; for the names being omitted, the young reader has to look in the second volume to find who is the person in whose courage, generosity, &c. he has just been interested. We doubt, however, whether this does not cultivate the memory rather than other faculties; and also whether thus turning information to amusement does not weaken that industry of application, the habit of which is even more valuable than the knowledge it acquires. It is not from insulated incidents, however entertaining, that the understanding is led to weigh those causes and effects, reflection on which can alone form the judgment. Still these little volumes are very entertaining; and the selection of anecdotes has been most judicious.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris.

WE have seriously commenced amending our ways, though not our doings, in this city of cities—the streets are paving rapidly, and in a few years English ladies may venture to walk with firm tread, instead of that elastic bounding step which excites such severe criticism amongst the amateurs of graceful movements. Another improvement of considerable importance is also promised to the public—that of establishing drains, which are to communicate with the river. The execution of such a project would be truly beneficial to society, for the vapours which arise from stagnant pools are even less supportable than English fogs and sea-coal smoke, though the impurities of the former may not equally give rise to splenetic affections, or prove as efficacious as provocatives to drowning, hanging, and poisoning.

Rather a ludicrous incident occurred the other day to a hero of the whip (a son of the Green Isle). Contrast, it appears, is one of the laws of equipment: milord determined, therefore, to observe it, not only with regard to the colour of his horses, but also to that of his servants; and for this purpose he hired a negro of blackest hue to perform the part of second lounge in the *arrière* currie seat of his barouche. Unfortunately, the African was totally ignorant of civilised customs; and growing weary of his sinecure post and the slow motion with which he was driven, he called out to his master, in an audible voice, to quicken his pace. Milord supposed the negro insane; but on the poor fellow explaining that he was not aware he was placed behind for shew, but that he imagined "massa" was coachman for the day, the mistake was pardoned. As this adventure took place *en plein jour*, at the Bois de Boulogne, it occasioned much merriment, and has given a new subject for a caricature.

I understand that M. Victor Hugo is going to give to the world some new poetical conceptions. His *Pegasus* has latterly taken the

mors aux dents; therefore I hope he will rein him in a little for the future; otherwise, we poor mortals can never follow the poet in his fanciful flights. The greater part of his late productions are totally incomprehensible to vulgar minds.

As a proof of what are the expectations of some ladies when they shall be re-animated, a fair Parisian who, *malgré elle*, was obliged to bid adieu to the pleasures of life, gave orders that a box, containing a pot of rouge, two sets of teeth, and several bands of hair, should be put in the coffin with her: she left the sum of a thousand francs to make these purchases; and then, as a balance to vanity, gave an equal sum to the poor of the parish. Charity, of course, covers foibles as well as sins; therefore, her calculation proved she had weighed the *pour et contre*.

A naturalist has just published a treatise on animals, in which he contends that cows, pigs, geese, &c. feel no pain when put to death by butchers, cooks, &c. These gentlemen would do well to reveal to their readers by what means they gain the confidence of the quadruped and feathered race: until then, we must doubt the assertions of animal historians, or rather the historians of animals.

A Spaniard has invented a new machine for building, which is (*dit on*) to accelerate the erecting of walls, laying of floors,—so that a house may be habitable in a fortnight. I rather think the inventor is more in need of “raising the wind” than houses, and that his quickly constructed edifices will turn out to be *des châteaux en Espagne*.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

MAY 8th.—The arrangement and powers of that beautiful collection of mechanical contrivances in the Dock-yard at Portsmouth, constituting “Brunel’s Block Machine,” were illustrated this evening by Mr. Faraday, before one of the fullest audiences we have seen in the Institution for several years. His Grace the Duke of Somerset in the chair.

Mr. Faraday stated that the machine was for the purpose of forming ships’ blocks with rapidity, accuracy, and economy. It was first tried at work in Portsmouth dock-yard in 1805, and has done duty from that time to the present, supplying every demand made upon it. The cost of its erection, and of part of the mill-house in which it stands, amounted to £46,000: for some years afterwards, during the war, the saving, after all expenses were paid, and interest allowed for the outlay, amounted to £25,000 per annum! It forms blocks of all sizes, up to the largest which can be made, out of one piece of wood; and when in full work with thirty men, its rate of production is about one hundred blocks per hour. It is now, after a lapse of twenty-four years, at a time, too, when machinery altogether is highly improved, still accounted a perfect specimen, and has never required any repairs but those which a small smith’s shop on the premises has been able to supply. It is impossible to describe properly all the interesting and original points belonging to this invention; Mr. Faraday, however, gave such a view of the whole as shewed the divisions of labour by the various parts of the apparatus, and succeeded in impressing on the minds of his auditory the high value of the whole, and the perfection with which it attained its objects. The lecturer illustrated his subject by means of the set of perfect models belonging to the Navy Board, which were very obligingly

lent by that department of the government to the Institution for the evening. These models were constructed by Messrs. Maudsley and Field, as was also the original apparatus: they were in working-order during the evening, under the care of Messrs. M. and F.’s men, and excited a great deal of interest and attention. They are upon the scale of an inch to a foot, and carried a block of wood, about three inches long, through the various operations of boring, mortising, cornering, shaping, scoring, &c. &c.; and had not an hour been far too short a time, the block could have been completely finished by the apparatus.

In the library were a number of interesting articles brought from the East by Capt. Waite, including exceedingly beautiful specimens of Damascus blades and Persian armour; curious shields made from the hide of the rhinoceros, and very large drinking-cups and vases from the horn of the same animal; also many presents of fine crystals, of different substances, books, maps, engravings, &c.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

MAY 12.—A meeting of the Society took place at their house in the Adelphi, for the purpose of distributing the premiums voted in the class of polite art,—his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, President, in the chair. The Secretary stated the reasons that had induced the Society to recur to their former practice of holding the distribution at their own house, instead of at the Opera House, as has been of late the practice. He then proceeded to make some observations on the two classes of amateurs and artists, in which the successful candidates were respectively arranged. The medals were distributed by his Royal Highness, with the kindness and interest that so eminently distinguish him when addressing the young; and the whole proceedings went off much to the gratification of a large assembly that filled the great room of the Society. The distribution of rewards in mechanics and the other practical arts will take place on Monday the 8th of June.

THE MAGNETIC POLE.

[Important Communication.]

Christiana, April 28.

LETTERS have been received from Professor Hansteen and his companions to 19th February. On the 12th of September they left Tobolsk, and travelled on sledges, the cold being at 40 deg. of Réaumur; so that the frozen quicksilver could be cut with a knife. On the 31st they arrived at Tomsk; on the 21st of January 1829 at Krasnojarsk; and on the 7th of February at Irkutsk, which is about 4000 versts from Tobolsk. They afterwards visited Kiachta, and crossed the frontier of China: but the most agreeable result is, that the desired object of the journey is accomplished, as the observations have proved perfectly satisfactory—and the magnetic pole is found. Centuries will perhaps elapse before Siberia will be again so thoroughly observed. When the letters were despatched, it was resolved that the journey should be extended to Nertchinsk, from which place Professor Hansteen would return to Krasnojarsk. His companion, Lieutenant Due, was to go alone to Jakutzk, 2,700 versts N.E. of Irkutsk, and perhaps proceed down the river Lena to the Frozen Ocean; and they intended to meet again at Jeniseisk in September or October.

While on this subject, we may observe that M. Arago communicated to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, at a late sitting, the result of some scientific experiments made by M. Humboldt on the magnetic needle, from

which it appears that its diurnal variation is by no means the same at Berlin and Paris. At Berlin on the 29th of January last the variation was three times greater than on the 27th; whereas at Paris, on the 29th, it was much greater than that of the 27th at Berlin. At the latter place the variation on the 11th of the same month was twice that of the 10th. At Paris that of the 10th was greater than that of the 11th. From a comparison of the tables, it is clear that this circumstance did not originate in any error of observation, but that the phenomenon of the diurnal variation is influenced by local causes. By experiments made at the mouth and lowest part of the Freyberg mines, it is ascertained that a depth of 798 feet in the earth has no sensible influence upon the power of inclination.

ANCIENT AND MODERN EGYPT.

Tenth Letter of M. Champollion.

Ypsamboul, Jan. 12, 1829.

ON a second view of the colossi which so worthily indicate the most magnificent excavation in Nubia, they appeared to me as admirable for their workmanship as they did on a first inspection. Every thing is colossal here, not excepting the labours which we have undertaken; and all who are acquainted with the spot know well what difficulties must be overcome in order to copy a single hieroglyphic in this great temple.

I quitted Ouadi-Halfa and the second cataract on the first of this month. We slept at Gharbi-Serré; and the following day, at noon, I landed on the right bank of the Nile to examine the excavations of Maschakit, a little to the south of the temple of Thoth at Ghebel-Addeh, of which I spoke in my last letter. I was obliged to ascend an almost perpendicular rock upon the Nile, to reach a small chamber hollowed in the mountain, and ornamented with sculptures which are very much damaged. I, however, succeeded in discovering that it was a temple dedicated to the goddess Anoukis (Vesta) and to the other divinities, the protectors of Nubia, by an Ethiopian prince named Polri, who, being governor of Nubia under the reign of Rhameses the Great, prays to the goddess that the conqueror may tread the Libyans and the Nomads under his sandals for ever.

On the 3d, in the morning, we moored our vessels before the temple of Hathor, at Ypsamboul. I have already given a note of this pretty temple: I will add, that on its right there is sculptured upon the rock a very large design, representing another Ethiopian prince who presents to Rhameses the Great the emblem of victory (this emblem is the ordinary badge of the princes or sons of kings) with the following inscription in beautiful hieroglyphic characters:—“The royal son of Ethiopia has said: Thy father Amon-Ra has endowed thee, O Rhameses, with a stable and pure life; may he grant thee length of days to govern the world and to keep in check the Libyans for ever.”

It seems, then, that from time to time the Nomads of Africa disturbed the peaceful cultivators of the valleys of the Nile. It is very remarkable that on the monuments of Nubia I have hitherto found only names of Ethiopian and Nubian princes as governors of the country, even under the reigns of Rhameses the Great and of his dynasty. It appears, therefore, that Nubia was so united with Egypt, that the kings wholly trusted the natives of the country itself with the command of the troops. I may mention as a proof, a stela sculptured on the rocks of Ypsamboul, in which a person of the name of Mai, commander of the troops of the king in Nubia, and born in the country of Onaou, one of the cantons of Nubia, sings the praises of the Pharaoh Mandouei I., the fourth successor of Rhameses the Great, in very emphatic terms. It appears, also, from several other stelae, that

divers Ethiopian princes were employed in Nubia by the heroes of Egypt.

On the 3d, in the evening, our labours at Ypsamboul commenced in the great temple, which is covered with such large and beautiful bas-reliefs. We have resolved to have drawings of the full size, and coloured, of all the bas-reliefs which decorate the great hall of the temple, the other chambers containing only religious subjects. [Here Mr. C. describes the intense heat to which they are exposed, till they are quite exhausted, and do not cease work till their legs can no longer support them.]

To-day, the 12th, our plan is nearly accomplished. We already possess six great pictures, representing—

1. Rhameses the Great in his car, with the horses in full gallop: he is followed by three of his sons, also in war chariots, and puts to flight an Assyrian army, and besieges a fortress.

2. The king on foot, who has just thrown down an enemy's general, and is piercing him a second time with his spear. The design and composition of this group are admirable.

3. The king is seated amidst his officers, when news is brought to him that the enemy is attacking his army. The king's car is prepared, and servants are checking the ardour of the horses, which here, as elsewhere, are drawn to perfection. Further on is seen the attack made by the enemy in war chariots, charging without order a line of Egyptian cars, ranged regularly. This part of the picture is full of life and action, and may be compared to the most beautiful battles on the Greek vases, of which these pictures constantly put us in mind.

4. The triumph of the king, and his solemn entry (into Thebes, doubtless), standing upright in a magnificent car, drawn by horses richly caparisoned, proceeding at a slow pace. Before the car are two lines of African prisoners: one of the Negro, and the other of the Barabra race, forming groups perfectly designed, and full of effect and life.

5 and 6. The king presenting captives of different nations to the gods of Thebes and Ypsamboul.

We have to finish the drawing of an enormous bas-relief, which covers almost the whole right wall of the temple: an immense composition, representing a battle; an entire camp; the tent of the king; his guards, his horses, the cars, the baggage of the army, the military games, punishments, &c. &c. In three days, at the most, this great drawing will be completed, but without colours, because the damp has entirely effaced them. This is not the case with the above-mentioned six pictures; the whole are coloured and copied in the minutest details with the most scrupulous care. Thus people will have an idea of the magnificence of the costume, and of the cars of the ancient Pharaohs, 1500 years before the Christian era; they may then comprehend the astonishing effect of these beautiful bas-reliefs, painted with so much care. I wish I could conduct into the great temple of Ypsamboul all those who refuse to believe the elegant richness which painted sculpture adds to architecture; I will answer for it, that in less than a quarter of an hour they would have perspired away all their prejudices, and that their preconceived opinions would ooze away through their pores!

Rosellini and myself have reserved to ourselves the hieroglyphic legends, often of great length, which accompany each figure or group in the historical bas-reliefs. We copy them on the spot, or from casts when they are placed at

too great a height. I compare them several times with the originals; I make a fair copy of them, and give them to the draughtsmen, who have already drawn and preserved the columns which are to receive them. I have also copied at full length the inscription on a great stela, placed between the two colossi on the left in the interior of the great temple; it contains no fewer than thirty-two lines, and is nothing less than a decree of the God Phtha in favour of Rhameses the Great, on whom he lavishes praises for his labours, and his benefits to Egypt: then follows the king's answer, conceived in terms equally polite. It is a very curious monument, and of a very peculiar kind. So far we have advanced in our memorable campaign of Ypsamboul; it is the most difficult and glorious that we can make during the whole journey. Our French and Tuscan companions rival each other in zeal; and I hope that on the 15th we shall set sail for Egypt with our historical treasures.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

Oxford, May 9.—On Thursday the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Civil Law.—Rev. J. F. Howard, M.A. Trinity College.

Masters of Arts.—T. Brown, Magdalen Hall; Rev. W. C. Kitson, Rev. J. Hadley, Scholar, Worcester College; G. Clive, Brasenose College; W. R. Bernard, Balliol College.

Bachelors of Arts.—D. V. Durell, Christ Church, incorporated from Trinity College, Cambridge, Grand Compounder; W. Flisher, St. Edmund Hall; R. Fawcett, Lincoln College; J. Swainson, Brasenose College.

CAMBRIDGE, May 9.—At a congregation on Wednesday last the following degrees were conferred:—

Doctor in Divinity.—The Rev. J. Allen, Trinity College, Prebendary of Westminster.

Bachelors in Divinity.—Rev. J. Blomfield, Emmanuel College; Rev. C. Wesley, Christ College.

Masters of Arts.—H. Ashington, H. Elphinstone, Trinity College; W. Keeling, W. H. Miller, Fellows of St. John's College; Rev. H. W. Crick, Jesus College; H. A. Brown, T. Kenyon, Christ College, Compounder; Rev. A. H. Small, Fellow of Emmanuel College.

Bachelor in Civil Law.—Rev. F. Ashmore, Christ College.

Bachelors of Arts.—G. H. Feachem, R. Devey, C. P. Hamlyn, C. H. Templeton, W. H. Tudor, Trinity College; T. Moore, W. G. Nott, T. Storer, St. John's College; F. J. Courtenay, W. Ludlow, T. Moore, H. P. Shewell, St. Peter's College; T. Heathcote, Clare Hall; E. Ethelstone, Pembroke College; C. F. Chawner, J. Hooper, G. W. Stratton, J. K. Went, Corpus Christi College; R. B. Boyes, J. M. Brown, J. Brown, C. Clark, J. H. Steble, R. Taylor, Queen's College; B. S. Broughton, J. Penfold, Christ College; A. A. Young, Magdalen College; T. J. Locke, Downing College.

At the same congregation Dr. C. R. Elrington, Professor of Divinity in the University of Dublin, was admitted D.D. *ad eundem*.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

MAY 14th. The President in the chair.—The remainder of Dr. Turner's paper on the composition of the chloride of barium, and a very curious paper from the pen of Dr. Spurzheim, on the organisation of the brain, communicated by Mr. Chenevix, were read. On the table, amongst the donations to the Society, were Professor Airy's Astronomical Observations, made at the Observatory of Cambridge, presented by that University; Mr. Green's Numismatic Atlas of Ancient History, with descriptive text; the 9th part of Professor Littrow's Astronomical Observations, made at the Imperial Observatory of Vienna, presented by the Emperor of Austria; a print of La-grange, presented by M. De Prony; the Ordnance Map of Cirencester; and a variety of other works of art.

April 30th.—A paper was read, entitled, "on the spontaneous purification of Thames water," by John Bostock, M.D., F.R.S., &c.

In the report which the author made of the result of his examination of Thames water to the commissioners appointed by his Majesty to inquire into the supply of water for the metro-

polis, one of the specimens, taken near the King's Scholars' Pond sewer, was described as in a state of extreme impurity. This water had remained in the laboratory unattended to; and after an interval of some weeks, it was observed to have become clear, while nearly the whole of the former sediment had risen to the surface, forming a stratum of half an inch in thickness, and still emitting a very offensive odour. In process of time this scum separated into large masses or flakes, with minute air-bubbles attached to them. At the end of two months longer these masses again subsided, leaving the fluid almost totally free from any visible and extraneous matter. On analysis, the water was found to contain lime, sulphuric and muriatic acids, and magnesia, in much larger quantities than in the specimens of Thames water previously examined; the proportion of saline matter being increased fourfold. The proportion of the muriates is nearly twelve times greater; that of carbonate of lime, between two and three times; and that of sulphate of lime five and a half times greater. The water, in its foul state, had given very obvious indications of both sulphur and ammonia; but neither of these substances could be detected after its spontaneous depuration. The source of these new saline bodies is referable to the organic substances, chiefly of an animal nature, which are so copiously deposited in the Thames. The depurating process may be denominated a species of fermentation, in which the softer and more soluble animal compounds act as the ferment, and are themselves destroyed; while the salts that are attached to them are left behind. Hence, the more foul the water, the more complete the depuration; and it is on this principle that the popular opinion of the peculiar fitness of Thames water for being used at sea may be explained; its extreme impurity inducing a sufficient degree of fermentation to effect the removal of all those substances which might induce any future renewal of that process.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

At the meetings of Thursday, May 7th, and the preceding Thursday, a paper was read from Mr. Britton, on Celtic or Druidical antiquities, accompanying a series of beautiful drawings from the author's sketches, representing several cromlechs and circles: the latter were divided into two classes—simple and compound. Among the latter were some interesting representations of the immense monument at Avebury, and that called Stonehenge, both in Wiltshire. Mr. Nichols communicated a paper on, and representations of, the very curious tapestry in St. Mary Hall, Coventry.

THE LITERARY FUND.

The anniversary of this noble charity, on Wednesday, was, though most respectably, by no means so highly or so fully attended as it ought always to be, and as it would always be under different circumstances. Without imputing the slightest blame in any quarter, we can only attribute the languor of such a meeting to the lassitude which too often creeps into corporate bodies, and usurps the energy and activity of less favoured, but younger and more variable, associations. The company were about a hundred or a hundred and twenty in number; and not a few were distinguished by great literary talents and consideration in life;—but this is not enough for a Fund with objects of so general a claim to human sympathy and patronage—admirable in its principle, excellent in its administration, and universal in its benevo-

lence. It is true, that the Duke of Somerset, the President, was in the chair, and (we regret to say) that several foreign ministers were present; but it unfortunately happened, in so far as it might be necessary to impress their minds with an idea of the character of this Institution, for no less a purpose than the relief of literary distress, that of twenty Vice-Presidents, only one (Mr. Fitzgerald) supported it by his presence,—that of a Council of twenty, but seven appeared,—and that even of the Committee to whom the distribution of the Fund is intrusted, no more than eight out of nineteen were present.* On this proportion of countenance we cannot but observe, that sixteen out of sixty of the individuals who constitute the government of the society, is an attendance, upon its annual festival, so inadequate as to leave no cause of surprise when we see it greatly surpassed by institutions of less public interest, and directed to more limited purposes. Surely if the same spirit and management were employed, the Literary Fund, embracing the misfortunes of the whole wide world of literature, would not lag so much behind the anniversaries on behalf of particular and numerically small classes,—such as the destitute performers of a theatre, artists, and other similar deserving, but, in comparison, confined applicants to the common feeling of beneficence. Knowing the inestimable value of this Fund, and being well acquainted with the immeasurable good it does, these remarks are written more in sorrow than in anger;—not to depreciate the society, but to suggest its increased exertion and advancement. We are well aware, that it would be folly to expect from a body of noblemen and gentlemen, engaged in the most elevated and laborious pursuits which our free and glorious country offers to honourable ambition, a constant personal appearance, year after year, at these festivals, which more peculiarly invite the co-operation of rising rank and talent; and the enthusiasm of undrained sympathies. No field, however fertile, can fairly be expected to go on producing perpetual supplies; and in philanthropy, as in farming, it is certainly well to endeavour to bring fresh patronage, like fresh lands, into cultivation, for the benefit of the poor and the afflicted. In our opinion, eligible means might very readily be devised to effect this in the Literary Fund. Beyond a reasonable point it ought not to task its old and generous benefactors,—it ought not to press on the time and purses of its long-continued and constant friends; but it might render homage to their past services by honorary distinctions, while it filled up the ranks, in which circumstances had made them only nominal auxiliaries, with others of the same liberal dispositions, and effective in the cause as well as on the muster-roll. But we have stated enough on this point, and trust the hint may meet with the consideration of the managers of the Fund.

At the dinner every thing went off very pleasantly. Speeches were delivered by the noble chairman, by Mr. Barbour the American ambassador, by the Mexican Minister, by Sir G. Duckett, by Sir E. Carrington, by Sir R. H. Inglis on behalf of the University of Oxford, by Dr. Paris for that of Cambridge, by Dr. Lardner for the London University, by Mr. H. N. Coleridge for the King's College, by Alderman Crowder for the city, and by others on various occasions. Dr. Yates, one

of the treasurers, read a very favourable report of accessions made within the year to the permanent fund, besides granting relief to distressed authors, their widows and their orphans, to an amount exceeding any former year; and also a very considerable list of subscriptions. After the chair was vacated, about forty of the staunch supporters of the charity remained, and spent a social hour together in furthering the future views of the Fund.

PINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

[Second notice.]

No. 20. *An illicit Whisky-Still in the Highlands.* E. Landseer, A.—Judging from its frequent appearance in our exhibitions, an illicit still is as favourite a subject with the artist, as its produce is with the Highlander, whose very existence, if Burns is to be believed, is linked with the enjoyment of the “mountain dew.” The truth is, that the local circumstances which attend such a subject,—the vessel itself, with its accompaniments, the sheltered nook of country in which it is usually placed, and the character of the people engaged in the secret and hazardous speculation,—are all singularly picturesque. Of those various circumstances, Mr. Landseer has most happily availed himself in the work under our consideration, of which it is high but deserved praise to say, that it is one of the most interesting and masterly productions that we have seen from his pencil.

No. 28. *Waterfall near Vallagunta, in the Peninsula of India, in the Mountains that divide the Coasts of Coromandel and Malabar; its height between five and six hundred feet.* W. Daniell, R.A.—In order to feel the full effect of this fine display of nature, in one of her grandest and most beautiful forms, it may be well to advert to No. 210, *the Tago Mah'l at Agra, viewed from the opposite side of the river Jumna*, also by Mr. Daniell, in which we are presented with as fine a display of art, in one of its grandest and most beautiful forms. We are unable to determine in which of these representations Mr. Daniell has been the more successful; but it is evident that he must have found more difficulty, and drawn more upon the resources of his judgment and taste in the latter, than in the former.

No. 132. *Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, after their Rencontre with the Yanguesian Carriers.* W. F. Witherington.—There has been palpable injustice in placing this exceedingly clever cabinet picture—than which, in conception and execution, there is nothing better in the room—in the unfavourable situation which it occupies. Another of Mr. Witherington's pictures, No. 149, *The Soldier's Wife*, is as disadvantageously hung; although we should have thought that, independently of its own merits, the subject of it, a well-known but highly creditable anecdote of his Royal Highness the late Duke of York, might have obtained for it a more honourable station. When to present facts such as these, we add the recollection of the scandalous manner in which poor Bonington was treated last year, we feel it impossible to refrain from charging the Academy with, at least, and to use the mildest expression, a great and reprehensible neglect of duty.

No. 181. *Queen Margaret of Anjou, being defeated at the Battle of Hexham, flies with the Young Prince into a Forest, where she meets with Robbers, to whose protection she confides her Son.* M. P. Briggs, A.—We regret that

in his choice of subjects, this able artist, who has already so highly distinguished himself, both in the historical and in the imaginative classes of the art, does not seem to be sufficiently aware of the charm of novelty. However, it is but justice to him to say, that he has treated the story of his present picture in a manner which differs from any management of it that we recollect; for, instead of making the prince cling to his mother for protection, he has represented him as confronting the robbers with a sort of childish sturdiness and defiance. The picture is powerfully painted; but, as in some of Mr. Briggs's preceding works, the group appears to be compressed into a space too small for it to act freely in.

[To be continued.]

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

[Second notice.]

No. 107. *An Otter.* J. F. Lewis.—A singularly beautiful drawing. But where is the otter? Aha! Mr. Lewis, you are a wag. We have discovered the animal; and a fine old picturesque otter he is; and many noble trout have no doubt fallen victims to his piscivorous propensities. When we contemplate this venerable “brother,” or rather “grandfather of the angle,” and carry our imagination back to his youthful days, we are induced to recommend “the first and the last fly” as a subject to the able writer who is at present enriching Blackwood's Magazine with a series of striking papers on “firsts and lasts.”

No. 246. *The Bachelor—Oxford.* J. F. Lewis.—At least as beautiful a drawing as that just mentioned, but of quite a different character. In composition and in execution, in its breadth and in its details, in its chiaroscuro and in its colouring, nothing can be more fascinating. The enjoyments with which Mr. Lewis has surrounded his hero,—the luxurious couch on which he is reposing and examining the lock of his Manton, the still more luxurious breakfast which is spread out before him, the cheerful fire imparting to him its genial warmth, the hookah on his mantle, the books—Sophocles side by side with the *Sporting Magazine*—and, as the climax, the miniature, indicative of his indulgence in the tender passion,—form altogether an assemblage very captivating to the imagination. When the ancient conqueror of the world observed the sturdy and scornful independence of the cynic philosopher, he exclaimed, that if he were not Alexander, he would wish to be Diogenes. When we regard this charming picture of Mr. Lewis's, we are disposed to parody the mighty Macedonian, and to declare, that if we were not a married man, we would wish to be a bachelor! This is, we believe, a portrait of Mr. Evans, an artist highly distinguished by his own works in this Exhibition.

No. 325. *The Corsair's Isle—the Parting of Medora and Conrad: Evening.* D. Harding.—We know not whether the artist who has produced this fine composition has had the advantage of a personal study of the classic scenery of Italy and Greece; but this is not the first occasion on which he has shown that his mind is thoroughly imbued with its grandeur and beauty.

No. 238. *The old Park at St. Donat's Castle, Glamorganshire.* J. Byrne.—In striking contrast to the united sublimity and loveliness of the last-mentioned performance, is the wild

* To this insufficient list of attendants from among the illustrious heads and effective officers of the Literary Fund, we may add, that not one of the three auditors was at the meeting.

* We are glad to see a work in three vols. entitled the “Five Nights of St. Alban's,” announced by Blackwood, and, as report says, from the same able pen—Ed. L. G.

magnificence of this local view; the contemplation of which carries the imagination back to past ages and the romantic events connected with them. It does infinite credit to Mr. Byrne's talents.

No. 358. *The Wedding*. Miss L. Sharpe.—A charming drawing. Execution in water-colours has never, in any instance that we remember, been carried further than in this beautiful performance. There is a delicacy and purity in the expression of the bribe quite delightful; and the curiosity and interest of the surrounding spectators are very happily depicted. We confess, however, that we wish the little episode of the deserted fair-one had been omitted. It gives to what would otherwise have been a perfect scene of truth and nature somewhat of the air of one of those mawkish and miserable novels, by the intense study of which so many of our young ladies unfit themselves for the duties and enjoyments of real life.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Select Views of Windsor Castle, and the adjacent Scenery. Drawn and engraved by William Daniell, R.A. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

WHEN eight of these beautiful views made their appearance, some months ago, they were noticed in the *Literary Gazette* with the praise which they deserved. Mr. Daniell has now published the four which were wanting to complete the set; namely, "the Royal Lodge, Windsor Park," (in which the manly and graceful figure of our gracious Sovereign, reposing on a garden-seat, is very happily introduced), "Windsor Castle from the Brocas Meadows," "the Quadrangle, Windsor Castle," and "Windsor Castle from the north-west." They are in every respect worthy of their predecessors.

Draught Horses. Painted by A. Cooper, Esq. R.A.; engraved by W. Giller. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

Two fine animals; well painted and well engraved.

Benedictine Monks at their private Festivities during Carnival-time. Painted by J. Cawse; engraved by W. Giller. P. G. Moon.

A RIGHT merry party. If the character of the group be as faithful an imitation of nature as the effect of light and shade, (which is exceedingly skilful,) the "Regula Monachorum" of the celebrated founder of the order are entirely forgotten by his descendants.

ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT FUND.

—At the anniversary of this truly excellent charity on Saturday, about two hundred sat down to dinner, and the Duke of Somerset in the chair was supported by many distinguished individuals. The subscription amounted to £600. The day passed off in much festivity, highly gratifying to the numerous party of well-wishers to the charity who attended.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

PICTURE OF CHINA.—NO. IV.

WE are glad to find that this series of Chinese sketches are so much relished by our readers, and trust they will be pleased to hear that we are provided with materials for prolonging them through a considerable number of our *Gazettes*.

"*Divorce*.—The Oanchasse, or criminal judge of Canton province, has issued the following proclamation: 'Chow, by imperial appointment the criminal judge of Canton, here-

by strictly prohibits the putting away of wives for slight causes, husbands conniving at the wife's adultery, or selling her to another man. His object is to support the public morals. The relation of husband and wife is the first of the five social bonds. The domestic female apartment is the source of all moral renovation. Husband and wife should respect each other as host and guest, and live in constant harmony, like two well-attuned instruments of music. Thus, together, they should water their own garden, and eat the fruit of their labour. No dislikes should be allowed to arise from poverty or want. The wife should look up to her husband as her heaven, and not be allowed at her pleasure to desert him. For vile practices there is no place so bad as Canton. Sometimes prosperity makes men forget a former affection. Sometimes want, induced by a disposition addicted to gaming, and a lack of food and clothes, produces sudden repudiation, without regret. Then the ejected wife, deceived by covetous go-betweens, is hired for clandestine purposes. Some sell their wives to sing and play, and submit to the embraces of others. Some invite profligate men to their own houses, and give up their wives to prostitution. Such practices inflict a deadly wound on public morals; and, therefore, Chow issues this proclamation to prohibit them. And he commands all persons, both the military and people, for the time to come, to obey the laws of decorum. Even if in deep poverty, still let them submit tranquilly to Heaven's decree. Diligence and economy must produce a competence. All should know that legitimate posterity depends upon a lawful wife; and she ought not to be lightly rejected, and sold for lewd purposes, to the disgrace of the family. Nor should there be the least connivance. If ye adulterers and adulteresses persist, and reform not, it is resolved to prosecute with the utmost rigour of the law. Under the luminous heaven and renovating sun of his present majesty's reign, it is impossible to endure you, ye wondrous and destroyers of the public morals. Let each tremblingly obey this mandate, and not induce a too late repentance.' The law of divorce is, that whoever puts away his wife, excepting for one of the seven legal causes, shall be punished with eighty blows. The seven causes are, having no son, lewdness, not serving her husband's parents, loquacity, theft or robbery, envy and malice, some noxious disease. Of husband and wife, the first bond should be kindness; the union, righteousness; the continuance, decorum. Breaches of decorum may be overlooked; but unrighteous acts, such as a wife's striking her husband, or a husband his wife, and wounding each other, make it necessary to insist on a separation; as much so as a man's forcing his wife to cohabit with another man, or hiring her out for the same purpose. To modify the seven legal causes of divorce, which are rather sweeping, there are three exceptions. Some causes may not be alleged during the three years of mourning for a parent; nor if the parties were first poor and afterwards rich; nor if the wife was received into a house at the time of marriage, but had none to return to.

"*Kiangsi Province*.—The Hoakune, or President of Literati in the province, having sold degrees clandestinely, a secret report was sent to the emperor, and he ordered two commissioners to proceed forthwith and search Fokshin the president's house. They found a hoard, amounting to 400,000 taels—a sum which a doctor of letters could not have acquired by any fair means. Ashamed, disgraced,

and beggared, poor Fokshin went and hanged himself.

"*Abuses*, against which his Excellency the Governor of Canton has issued a proclamation, forbidding their continuance, and threatening those concerned.—First abuse: the clerks and writers in public offices combine to act in concert and extort money, at which the local magistrates connive; and without distinguishing 'black from white' (i. e. the innocent from the guilty), determine after hearing only one side of the question. Second abuse: larger clans, in villages, insult smaller ones. In Canton it is the custom for kindred of different names to associate themselves, and live together in clans. The larger clans presume on their numerical strength, and seize the best lands and the most useful streams. They insult both the men and women of the smaller clans, whenever they go in or out. And when disputes arise about graves and debts, they proceed to barbarous violence, and the destruction of property, till the weaker party, from constant insult and injury, is compelled to remove from the neighbourhood. Extreme cases occur in which the two clans commence a sort of private warfare, and kill numbers on both sides. Third abuse: originating a criminal accusation against innocent persons for the sake of extorting money. This, in the slang of the public offices, is called *planting a fir-tree*. Abroad there is a class of swindlers who connect themselves with the police, and find out rich timid people, against whom they originate an accusation of housing gamblers, or keeping a brothel, or of harbouring banditti; or they bring a charge of fighting and robbing. Then they make out a list of names, and repair openly to the police, obtain, without inquiry, a warrant to bring the criminals up for trial, and forthwith proceed to seize their innocent prey. They perhaps bind them fast in the hold of a boat, or shut them up in an empty room, where they ill-use them in a hundred ways to compel them to pay for their liberation. The ignorant and simple, being afraid of appearing before a magistrate, submit to become fish and flesh to these beasts of prey. A few, perhaps, have courage to appear and state their case; then the accuser disappears, and the business sinks, or is laid on the shelf. These proceedings deserve the deepest detestation. Fourth abuse: the police runners, on receiving a warrant to summon witnesses, put themselves into a chair, attach a number of false attendants, and away they go, sometimes a great distance, to deliver the summons. On their arrival, whether the cause be trivial or important, they first demand fees for wine and flesh, and payment for the chair-bearers. Then comes the fee for the summons. If the least resistance to their demands be made, they and the chairmen begin to break the furniture, raise a clamorous disturbance, insult the women, or drag away by violence the domestic animals, and sell them to pay themselves. His excellency, therefore, disallows chairs to police runners, and commands them to travel on foot. Fifth abuse: in Canton province, of late years, a great many dikes have been raised on the banks of the rivers, to take in shallows and convert them to the purposes of agriculture. There is a class of country sharpers called sand swindlers, who connect themselves with government clerks, raise litigations on false pretences and false depositions, by which means they get the produce of new lands during the whole term of litigation, which lasts sometimes for tens or scores of years. They have been known to cut down the real owners' grain by force, and possess themselves

of it. Sixth abuse: the police, to extort money, detain people in private houses and apply every means of annoyance and illegal torture before they bring them up to the magistrate. This is done not only in cases where great crimes are alleged, such as murder and robbery, but also in questions about landed property, marriage, &c. Occasionally they cause the death of their prisoner, and then pretend he committed suicide, or died of acute disease; and to slur it over, compel the kindred to receive the remains of their murdered relation and inter them. Seventh abuse: this last abuse refers to the exacting, by violence, disallowed fees, chiefly in collecting the land-tax. One detestable mode of extorting by the government agents is to scratch and wound their heads a little, and then to impeach for refusing the land-tax and wounding his majesty's officers sent to collect it, which is a capital crime, &c. &c."

MUSIC.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

THE fifth Philharmonic Concert on Monday the 27th, from various causes, happened to be rather inferior to its predecessors; and if we except for unconditional approbation the overture to the "Magic Flute," it would not be very difficult to find more or less fault with all the other pieces. Even the charms of Haydn's *sinfonia*, letter R, in C, were considerably lessened by the blunders of the oboe, particularly in the imitative part between the flute and that instrument. The last movement was, nevertheless, encored most loudly by the professional part of the audience! Haydn's recitative and air, "Now heaven in fullest," Signor Zuchelli used to sing with enviable *éclat*—not so this evening; and the difference in the applause must have made him sensible of the difference of his performance. Mr. Schlesinger played Hummel's pianoforte concerto in B minor; and if the impression which this performance produced was but feeble, we leave it undecided whether this was to be attributed to the composition or to the player: as soon as Mr. S. shall have cultivated his style as much as his execution, there will be no room for such doubts. Madame Camporese and Signor Curioni's duet, "Ricciardo! che veggo?" we might have passed over unmentioned. It is the *lower* notes of Madame Camporese, which, (as is usual with singers advancing in age,) tell that her voice is not what it was some years since. Beethoven's *sinfonia* in D, one of the most beautiful and perfectly intelligible of these compositions, did not go off so well as we have heard it on former occasions. One great reason was, that the allegros were taken a great deal too fast, just as in the *sinfonia* of Haydn. Mr. Lindley's concertante, violin and violoncello, by him and Mr. Weichsel, could not possibly have given the least gratification even to his warmest admirers. Is there any necessity to state, that our remarks solely apply to the composition, and not in the least to his playing? Rossini's "Cruda sorte!" written for two sopranos and one tenor, was sung by Madame Camporese, Curioni, and Zuchelli; the latter having transposed his part an octave lower, as being more agreeable to the nature of his voice than to the composition. The concert concluded with Beethoven's overture to "Fidelio." The whole was under the direction of Mr. Loder, of Bath, and Dr. Crotch.

THE MELODISTS' CLUB.—We omitted in our last *Gazette* to mention the last monthly meeting of this club, which, though deprived

of the aid of Braham, afforded a delightful treat to the lovers of English melody. Among the episodes of the evening was an exquisite performance on the violin by Master Artot. Several foreigners of musical fame were present, and expressed themselves much delighted with the entertainment. H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex is expected to preside at the next meeting.

ARGYLL ROOMS.

The announcement of Velluti, together with Sontag and her sister, attracted a highly fashionable assemblage at these rooms, on Monday morning last. Velluti was in excellent voice: his singing with the German siren was an exquisite treat; nor do we think *she* has ever been heard to such advantage. The younger Sontag sung "Sull'aria" with her sister, which was unanimously encored. Curioni, Pellegrini, and Begrez, performed some admirable concerted pieces; and Blasis' voice blended beautifully with Velluti's in Nicolini's duet, "Quale arcano." The young Artot delighted the auditors by his astonishing performance on the violin. Only thirteen years of age, this boy is already master of this difficult instrument.

Among the many benefit Concerts of this season, none was, perhaps, more fashionably and numerously attended than Mrs. Anderson's, on Wednesday morning. Well she deserved so full a room, considering her excellent bill of fare. She played herself, with her usual brilliancy and taste.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

ON Tuesday evening Malibran performed the part of *Ninetta* in *La Gassa Ladra*; and, in some instances, gave us quite a new reading of it—but whether that reading was the correct one may, we think, be questioned. Her early scenes were too *hoydenish* to be in keeping with her subsequent sensitiveness, and presented too violent a contrast to be at all natural. Her predilection for perpetually "making points" is too apparent; and she is still too much disposed to "tear a passion to rags." In love-scenes she often outsteps the modesty of her sex, and seems to forget, that "woman should be wooed, and was not made to woo." With her, however, it is quite the reverse; and the manner in which she sometimes *paws* about the person of her lover is really indelicate:—so much so, that we can never say of her that "a soul feminine saluteth us." It is one of the attributes of female love to conceal the passion—not to make an openly indecorous display of it. But, with all its faults, this is the best character in which she has yet appeared. Let her rant less, and leave more to nature, and she may make the part entirely her own; though, on the whole, the performance of Blasis, particularly in the second act, was truer to nature. In Malibran you never could divest yourself of the impression that she was on the watch for a clap-trap:—her singing, however, was admirable, and in concerted pieces her voice was powerfully effective. Her "Di Piacer" was rather slow; and the second movement, strange to say of her, was somewhat tamely sung.

On Thursday Pisaroni took *Sémiramide* for her benefit, and had, as she richly deserved, an overflowing house. As *Arace*, Madame P. displayed greater powers than on any former occasion, and delighted her audience by the magnificence of her voice and the excellence of

her acting. She was ably supported by Sontag, Zuchelli, and Bordogni.

M. Laporte's benefit, announced for next Thursday, promises great novelty and attractions: we hear of French scenes and English farce, besides the best of Italian song. Should all this variety be realised, we shall certainly try to "be first in the throng."

DRURY LANE.

AT this theatre nothing goes down but *Masaniello*, *Masaniello*—and *Masaniello* every night to bumper houses. Braham is, as we before stated, the great support of this most successful opera, both by his singing and his acting. Play-goers have been surprised of late by the rather extraordinary improvement which seemed suddenly to have taken place in this always unrivalled vocalist, in the latter respect; and the secret of it is worth telling, being much to the credit and honour of all concerned. Our readers are aware, from several notices in the *Literary Gazette*, with what remarkable success Mr. Jones (of the same theatre) cultivates the study of declamation and public speaking. We are ourselves acquainted with instances in which gentlemen have been accomplished, under his tuition, for distinction in the senate, in the pulpit, and at the bar—in short, have seen bad readers and worse speakers speedily converted into impressive readers and orators. Also aware of these facts, it seems that Mr. Braham, with all his musical fame and long standing in popular opinion, has not been above becoming the pupil of his brother performer; and the result is what the public now witness with so much pleasure. We trust this anecdote will not be offensive to any of the parties; and we are sure it may serve as a useful and precious hint to many men of various professions, who will hereafter thank this journal for throwing it out.

COVENT GARDEN.

MISS SMITHSON has at length re-appeared in this country,—an exceedingly injudicious step on her part, and, we fear, an unprofitable one on that of the management. That no curiosity had been awakened concerning her in the public mind, was but too apparent by the box-book and the state of the pit benches on the rising of the curtain. It was not as if some young person from the chorus or ballet of one of our theatres had been thrown by accident into better business upon the Anglo-Parisian boards, and had there proved her capability to sustain first-rate characters. Miss Smithson had held for years a situation of some importance at Drury Lane; had occasionally played some of Miss Kelly's most favourite and effective parts, such as *Mary* in the *Innkeeper's Daughter*, &c. during the illness or the absence of that lady; and her merits and defects had long been freely canvassed and duly appreciated by a London audience. That the mere crossing the Channel should have the power of conferring genius, or twelve months acting in a foreign land even that of strengthening and sweetening a weak and not an agreeable voice, was scarcely to be expected; and the truth is, that Miss Smithson has returned to England the same melodramatic actress she left it; her pantomime, perhaps, a little improved by studying Madame Montesu or Madame Dorval; but as far as ever from the throne of Siddons, or the coronet of O'Neil. The French public are, however, to be fully acquitted of any want of discrimination. As far as they had the power of judging, Miss Smithson was undoubtedly a good actress. An

English tragedy was a pantomime to the greater portion of a Parisian audience. The situations of *Juliet* and *Desdemona* were unknown in their drama. When the former stabbed herself and writhed in her dying agonies upon the stage—when the latter struggled under the fatal pillow, the spectators absolutely mingled their shrieks with those of the mimic victim, and rushed out of the boxes into the lobbies and saloons, completely overpowered by the novel and terrible excitement. The person of Miss Smithson was fascinating, her action undoubtedly graceful and expressive, the want of *physique* in their small theatres not so apparent,—and how could they detect false emphasis, mispronunciations, provincialisms, &c. &c.? how decide even upon the correct conception of a character, the finer shades of which must of course escape them in the bald translations or brief programmes, circulated by the lenders of *lorgnettes*, or the fruit-women of the Favart and the Odeon? Much has been said respecting the choice of *Jane Shore* for an opening part. We suspect, however, that, disagreeable, unattractive, and feeble, as the tragedy may be, Miss Smithson was right in her selection, as her appearance in *Juliet* or *Belvidera* will prove. We have no doubt, in short, that confined to melo-drama, Miss Smithson might become an exceedingly useful member of any dramatic corps; but as a first-rate tragic actress, even in these degenerate days, she can never, in our humble opinion, hold her ground in England. Mr. Charles Kemble's *Hastings* was a most spirited performance; and Miss Lacy won frequent and deserved applause in her personation of *Alicia*. The less we say of the rest of the *dramatis personæ* the better.

A very clever little girl (Miss Coveney) played *Euphrosyne* here on Tuesday evening, in Milton's revived *Mask of Comus*. She was one of the juvenile operatic company at the Surrey last season, and is likely, with good instruction, to make a rapid progress in the profession she has chosen. The masque was exceedingly well got up and performed throughout.

While on the chit-chat of the stage, we may mention, that at the Literary Fund anniversary, when between forty and fifty of the company rallied for an hour round a second chair; on the health of Mr. Price, and success to Drury Lane Theatre, being toasted, that gentleman, in a neat speech, stated, among other topics, he had reason to hope for some advance in the dramatic literature of the day, as, in consequence of the success of Miss Mitford's *Rienzi*, two tragedies of very high character had been put into his hands by eminent writers. He expressed his expectation of the example being followed by others, whose efforts would redeem the Dramatic Muse from the stigma under which she had too long lain.

We see that Sontag, and her sister, the pretty little Nina, are to sing at Covent Garden on Wednesday (Mr. C. Kemble's night); thus affording the *more English* public an opportunity of being charmed with their fine talents.

Kean, it is now stated, has been able to return to the stage. It is strange that the cases of actors (with too few exceptions) are so apt to be exaggerated as to deprive them, when really suffering, of public sympathy. We would recommend the fable of the boy and the wolf to their earnest consideration: we are again told, in later papers, that Mr. K. has relapsed.

VARIETIES.

Whale.—A large whale, of a novel description, was lately thrown on the shore of the commune of St. Cyprien, in France. The state of decomposition in which it was found, rendered the examination of it not quite so satisfactory as could have been wished; but it is believed to belong to the species "Boops," of Linneus.

Architecture.—Mr. Naah and Buckingham Palace have undergone a merited *jobation* in the House of Commons this week; and we trust the time has arrived when public discussion will prevent the further perpetration of deformities, under the specious name of improvements, upon the British metropolis. So detestable, indeed, to the eye of taste are most of the things already done, that we really consider the lavish waste of money to be by far the least evil.

Entomology.—A very curious and extensive collection of insects, consisting of about 30,000 individuals, with their duplicates, all scientifically arranged, and in perfect preservation, is, we are told, expected to arrive in a short time from Sweden. They are the property, brought together with great care and expense, of a celebrated Swedish naturalist, and will prove worthy of the attention of collectors and students in this branch of zoology.

Zoological Society.—We lately noticed the occupation of a piece of land near Kingston by the Zoological Society, for the more convenient rearing of foreign animals, &c. There is some talk of having a fête here during the summer, similar to the Horticultural entertainments of that fresco kind.

Earthquake.—On the night of March 18th, soon after midnight, the shocks of an earthquake were experienced in various parts of Sweden. Their direction was N.W. and S.E., and they were accompanied by a noise in the air, like the hurdling of a hail-storm.

York Cathedral.—The late Mr. Carter made a series of large and elaborate drawings of this celebrated church, for Sir Mark Sykes. They were some years in progress, and during their execution the worthy baronet died. He had, however, advanced (as reported) £500 to the artist; and as there was a demand for £400 or £500 more, the executors declined to complete the purchase. The volume came to the hammer, with the artist's immense collection of drawings, MSS., antiquarian fragments, &c. and was knocked down for £337. It has since been purchased by John Broadley, Esq., of South Ella, Yorkshire, who has thus enhanced his very valuable and very choice library with one of the finest collections of architectural drawings ever executed. There are 24 drawings of plans, elevations, sections, and minute details, of every part of this much-famed minster; and Mr. Broadley has very generously sent this volume to London, subject to the custody of his old friend Mr. Britton, that Mr. Smirke may profit by the authentic evidence it affords in rebuilding and fitting up the choir.

Grease Spots.—The following method of removing grease and oil spots from silk and other articles, without injury to the colours, is given in the *Journal des Connaissances Usuelles*: Take the yolk of an egg and put a little of it on the spot, then place over it a piece of white linen, and wet it with boiling water: rub the linen with the hand, and repeat the process three or four times, at each time applying fresh boiling water: the linen is to be then removed, and the part thus treated is to be washed with clean cold water.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Picture Sale.—So decided is the feeling in this country for the lower styles of art, as we hold the Dutch and Flemish schools to be, that it becomes almost superfluous to mention that Mr. Christie is this week selling a very valuable collection of *Italian pictures*, many of them from the Orleans Gallery, the properties of Mr. Udney and the late Lord Ranelagh, with a mixed assemblage belonging to Mr. Birch. However, a grand Landscape by Cyp, lot 24 in Lord Ranelagh's collection, and a charming composition by the two Bottis, will fully compensate the exclusive collectors of Dutch and Flemish names for any *ennui* they may endure on beholding the preponderating influence of the neglected Italians.

Mr. Northhouse announces The Present State of the principal Debtors' Prisons of the Metropolis: comprising the King's Bench, the Fleet, Whitecross Street Prison, Horsemonger Lane Prison, the Marshalsea, and the Borough Compter: with a variety of anecdotes illustrative of the impolicy and inhumanity of imprisonment for debt, &c.

Travels in Turkey, Egypt, Nubia, Palestine, &c., are announced, by R. R. Madden. The author is stated to be a physician, and to have been sojourning for four years in these countries.

A volume of *Stories of Popular Voyages and Travels*, with illustrations; containing Abridged Narratives of recent travels of some of the most Popular Writers on South America, is announced for speedy publication.

There is preparing for publication, under the superintendence of Mr. George Don, A.L.S., a new edition of Miller's Gardener's and Botanist's Dictionary; the plants, &c. arranged according to the natural system of Jussieu; and comprising all the modern improvements and discoveries which have been made in the sciences of botany, horticulture, and agriculture, to the present time.

In the Press.—A Series of Dissertations, preliminary to a New Harmony of the Gospels, by the Rev. E. Gresswell, M.A., and Fellow of C. C. C. Oxford.

Captain Brooke, who is already known as a traveller by the works he has published on the northern parts of Europe, is about to present to the world an Account of an interesting Tour he has recently been making in Barbary and Spain.

The forthcoming Historical Romance, entitled Geraldine of Desmond, is founded on the Desmond Rebellion in the Reign of Elizabeth, and delineates the customs, manners, and the leading public characters of England at that interesting epoch.

A work under the title of *Three Years in Canada* is announced for publication, written by Mr. Macgartt, the engineer who was sent out by government to superintend the works at the Rideau Canal.

Mr. Wm. George Meredith, A.M., of Brasenose College, Oxford, is about to publish Memorials of Charles John, King of Sweden and Norway, illustrative of his character, of his relations with the Emperor Napoleon, and of the present state of his Kingdoms; with a Discourse on the Political Character of Sweden.

A new edition of the pleasant Voyage of Captain Popanilla is in the press, with illustrations by Daniel Macleae.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

63 The pressure of novelties upon us this week is so great, that we are compelled to postpone many interesting articles, to make room for which, at this busy season, we shall probably give an extra sheet, *gratuitously*, next No. We therefore request our advertising friends to send early, in order to prevent disappointments. The advertisements already over are of course entitled to precedence.

We are obliged to defer our second course of Apician Morrels and other cookery.

In answer to the inquiry respecting Captain Ross's projected expedition, we have to state that we visited, and, as well as circumstances allowed, inspected his steamer, the *Victory*, last week. An experiment on her capabilities has been tried on the Saturday preceding, which, we are informed, fully answered the sagacious and ingenious commander's expectations, but alterations were suggested, which were in progress when we saw the vessel. It was then supposed that the expedition would be all ready to start in good time.

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PROBABLE TERMINATION of the NIGER.
 By Lieut.-General SIR RUFANE DONKIN,
 G.C.H. K.C.B. and F.R.S.
 John Murray, Albemarle Street.

LONDON: Published every Saturday, by W. A. SCRIPPS, at
 the LITERARY GAZETTE OFFICE, 7, Wellington Street,
 Waterloo Bridge, Strand, and 7, South Molton Street, Oxford
 Street: sold also by J. Chapman, 90, Regent Exchange; E.
 Marlborough, Ave. Marie Lane, Ludgate Hill; A. Black,
 Edinburgh; Smith and Son, and Robertson and Atkinson,
 Glasgow; and J. Cumming, Dublin.
 J. MOYES, Took's Court, Chancery Lane.

THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE;

Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

AND

This Journal is supplied Weekly, or Monthly, by the principal Booksellers and Newsmen, throughout the Kingdom; but to those who may desire its immediate transmission, by post, we recommend the LITERARY GAZETTE, printed on stamped paper, price One Shilling.

No. 644.

SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1829.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

A Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada: from the MSS. of Fray Antonio Agapida. By Washington Irving. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1829. Murray.

THIS is another pleasant fruit of Geoffrey Grayson's pilgrimage in the romantic land of Spain. The Spanish Moors are, we need not say, about the most interesting race to be met with in European history: during several centuries they were by far the most elegant and enlightened nation in the world, and they exhibited in their minds and manners a total want of all that we are accustomed to consider as the inalienable blots of the Mussulman character—being as chivalrous in bower as in battle; or, to use the words of a famed Spanish poet, Garcilasso de la Vega—

“Caballeros aunque Moros.”

The Chronicle of the Cid, by Mr. Southey, with Mr. Frere's admirable versions for the old epic poem *Del Cid*, in the appendix, and the preface and notes to Mr. Lockhart's translations of the Ancient Spanish Ballads, afford considerable information, both as to the warlike and the peaceful manners of this singular people; and one of the noblest of the old songs called forth by the final catastrophe of their state and power, has been rendered familiar to all Europe by Lord Byron. But as yet we have had nothing like a distinct history of the Spanish Moors—even of any one considerable tract of their history; and we hail these volumes as the first essay of Mr. Irving on a field equally rich and extensive, and which, it is to be hoped, he will not quit until he has exhausted the whole of it.

The author professes to have built this narrative chiefly on the MS. annals of one Father Antonio Agapida.

“It may be asked,” says he in his preface, “who is this same Agapida, who is cited with such deference, yet whose name is not to be found in any of the catalogues of Spanish authors? The question is hard to answer: he appears to have been one of the many indefatigable writers, who have filled the libraries of the convents and cathedrals of Spain with their tomes, without ever dreaming of bringing their labours to the press. He evidently was deeply and accurately informed of the particulars of the wars between his countrymen and the Moors, a tract of history but too much overgrown with the weeds of fable. His glowing zeal, also, in the cause of the Catholic faith, enables him to be held up as a model of the good old orthodox chroniclers, who re-echoed with such pious exultation the united triumphs of the cross and the sword. It is deeply to be regretted, therefore, that his manuscripts, deposited in the libraries of various convents, have been dispersed during the late convulsions in Spain, so that nothing is now to be met of them but disjointed fragments. These, however, are too precious to be suffered to fall into oblivion, as they contain many curious facts not to be found in any other historian. In

the following work, therefore, the manuscripts of the worthy Fray Antonio will be adopted, whenever they exist entire, but will be filled up, extended, illustrated, and corroborated, by citations from various authors, both Spanish and Arabian, who have treated of the subject. The manuscripts themselves are carefully preserved in the library of the Escorial.”

The following sketch of the state of the kingdom of Granada, as existing when the warfare sprung up, may be quoted as a fair specimen of Mr. Irving's method of using Father Agapida's MSS.

“The history of those desperate and bloody wars, observes Fray Antonio Agapida, which have filled the world with rumour and astonishment, and have determined the fate of mighty empires, has ever been considered as a theme worthy of the pen of the philosopher and the study of the sage. What then must be the history of a holy war, or rather a pious crusade, waged by the most Catholic of sovereigns, for the restoration of the light of the true faith to one of the most beautiful but benighted regions of the globe? Listen, then, while from the solitude of my cell I narrate the events of the conquest of Granada, where Christian knight and turbaned infidel disputed hand to hand every inch of the fair land of Andalusia, until the crescent, that symbol of heathenish abomination, was cast into the dust, and the blessed cross, the tree of our redemption, erected in its stead. Upwards of eight hundred years were past and gone since the Arabian invaders sealed the perdition of Spain by the defeat of Don Roderick, the last of her Gothic kings. From the period of that disastrous event, kingdom after kingdom had been gradually recovered by the Christian princes, until the single, but powerful, territory of Granada alone remained under the domination of the Moors. This renowned kingdom was situate in the southern part of Spain, bordering on the Mediterranean sea, and defended on the land side by lofty and rugged mountains, locking up within their embraces, deep, rich, and verdant valleys, where the sterility of the surrounding heights was repaid by prodigal fertility. The city of Granada lay in the centre of the kingdom, sheltered, as it were, in the lap of the Sierra Nevada, or chain of snowy mountains. It covered two lofty hills, and a deep valley that divides them, through which flows the river Darro. One of these hills was crowned by the royal palace and fortress of the Alhambra, capable of containing forty thousand men within its walls and towers. There is a Moorish tradition, that the king who built this mighty pile was skilled in the occult sciences, and furnished himself with gold and silver for the purpose by means of alchemy. Certainly never was there an edifice accomplished in a superior style of barbaric magnificence; and the stranger who, even at the present day, wanders among its silent and deserted courts and ruined halls, gazes with astonishment at its gilded and fretted domes and luxurious decorations, still retaining their brilliancy and beauty, in defiance of the

ravages of time. Opposite to the hill on which stood the Alhambra was its rival hill, on the summit of which was a spacious plain, covered with houses, and crowded with inhabitants. It was commanded by a fortress called the Alcazaba. The declivities and skirts of these hills were covered with houses, to the number of seventy thousand, separated by narrow streets and small squares, according to the custom of Moorish cities. The houses had interior courts and gardens, refreshed by fountains and running streams, and set out with oranges, citrons, and pomegranates; so that, as the edifices of the city rose above each other on the sides of the hill, they presented a mingled appearance of city and grove, delightful to the eye. The whole was surrounded by high walls, three leagues in circuit, with twelve gates, and fortified by a thousand and thirty towers. The elevation of the city, and the neighbourhood of the Sierra Nevada, crowned with perpetual snows, tempered the fervid rays of summer; and thus, while other cities were panting with the sultry and stifling heat of the dog-days, the most salubrious breezes played through the marble halls of Granada. The glory of the city, however, was its vega, or plain, which spread out to a circumference of 37 leagues, surrounded by lofty mountains. It was a vast garden of delight, refreshed by numerous fountains, and by the silver windings of the Xenil. The labour and ingenuity of the Moors had directed the waters of this river into thousands of rills and streams, and diffused them over the whole surface of the plain. Indeed they had wrought up this happy region to a degree of wondrous prosperity, and took a pride in decorating it, as if it had been a favourite mistress. The hills were clothed with orchards and vineyards, the valleys embroidered with gardens, and the wide plains covered with waving grain. Here were seen in profusion the orange, the citron, the fig, and pomegranate, with large plantations of mulberry trees, from which was produced the finest of silk. The vine clambered from tree to tree, the grapes hung in rich clusters about the peasant's cottage, and the groves were rejoiced by the perpetual song of the nightingale. In a word, so beautiful was the earth, so pure the air, and so serene the sky of this delicious region, that the Moors imagined the paradise of their prophet to be situate in that part of the heaven which overhung the kingdom of Granada. This rich and populous territory had been left in quiet possession of the infidels, on condition of an annual tribute to the sovereign of Castile and Leon of two thousand doblas or pistoles of gold, and sixteen hundred Christian captives, or, in defect of captives, an equal number of Moors to be surrendered as slaves; all to be delivered in the city of Cordova. At the era at which this chronicle commences, Ferdinand and Isabella, of glorious and happy memory, reigned over the united kingdom of Castile, Leon, and Arragon, and Muley Aben Hassan sat on the throne of Granada. This Muley Aben Hassan had succeeded to his father

Ismael in 1465, while Henry IV., brother and immediate predecessor of Queen Isabella, was king of Castile and Leon. He was of the illustrious lineage of Mohammed Aben Alamar, the first Moorish king of Granada, and was the most potent of his line. He had, in fact, augmented in power in consequence of the fall of other Moorish kingdoms, which had been conquered by the Christians. Many cities and strong places of the kingdoms which lay contiguous to Granada had refused to submit to Christian vassalage, and had sheltered themselves under the protection of Muley Aben Hassan. His territories had thus increased in wealth, extent, and population, beyond all former example; and contained fourteen cities, and ninety-seven fortified towns, besides numerous unwall'd towns and villages, defended by formidable castles. The spirit of Muley Aben Hassan swelled with his possessions. The tribute of money and captives had been regularly paid by his father Ismael, and Muley Aben Hassan had, on one occasion, attended personally in Cordova at the payment. He had witnessed the taunts and sneers of the haughty Castilians; and so indignant was the proud son of Afric at what he considered a degradation of his race, that his blood boiled whenever he recollected the humiliating scene. When he came to the throne he ceased all payment of the tribute, and it was sufficient to put him in a transport of rage only to mention it. 'He was a fierce and warlike infidel,' says the Catholic Fray Antonio Agapida; 'his bitterness against the holy Christian faith had been signalised in battle during the lifetime of his father, and the same diabolical spirit of hostility was apparent in his ceasing to pay this most righteous tribute.'"

We have no desire to interfere with our readers' laudable curiosity; nor shall we fill our pages with extracts from a book which all will read who desire historic knowledge, invested with the graces and charms of romance. But there is one episode in the tale which we may make prize of, as it is the only part in which one of our own old English knights appears to take his share in the Christian war (for such it was honestly considered) against the Moors of Granada. While Ferdinand of Arragon was mustering his host at Cordova, there appeared in his camp many adventurous cavaliers, from France and Germany, and other regions.

"The most conspicuous of the volunteers, however, who appeared in Cordova on this occasion, was an English knight of royal connexion. This was the Lord Scales, Earl of Rivers, related to the Queen of England, wife of Henry VII. He had distinguished himself, in the preceding year, at the battle of Bosworth Field, where Henry Tudor, then Earl of Richmond, overcame Richard III. That decisive battle having left the country at peace, the Earl of Rivers, retaining a passion for warlike scenes, repaired to the Castilian court, to keep his arms in exercise in a campaign against the Moors. He brought with him a hundred archers, all dexterous with the long bow and the cloth-yard arrow; also two hundred yeomen, armed *cap-à-pie*, who fought with pike and battle-axe; men robust of frame, and of prodigious strength.

"The worthy Padre Fray Antonio Agapida describes this stranger knight and his followers with his accustomed accuracy and minuteness. 'This cavalier,' he observes, 'was from the island of England, and brought with him a train of his vassals; men who had been hardened in certain civil wars which had

raged in their country. They were a comely race of men, but too fair and fresh for warriors; not having the sunburnt, martial hue of our old Castilian soldiery. They were huge feeders, also, and deep carousers; and could not accommodate themselves to the sober diet of our troops, but must fain eat and drink after the manner of their own country. They were often noisy and unruly, also, in their wassail; and their quarter of the camp was prone to be a scene of loud revel and sudden brawl. They were withal of great pride; yet it was not like our inflammable Spanish pride: they stood not much upon the *pundonor* and high punctilio, and rarely drew the stiletto in their disputes; but their pride was silent and contemptuous. Though from a remote and somewhat barbarous island, they yet believed themselves the most perfect men upon earth; and magnified their chieftain, the Lord Scales, beyond the greatest of our grandees. With all this, it must be said of them, that they were marvellous good men in the field, dexterous archers, and powerful with the battle-axe. In their great pride and self-will, they always sought to press in the advance, and take the post of danger, trying to outvie our Spanish chivalry. They did not rush forward fiercely, or make a brilliant onset, like the Moorish and Spanish troops, but they went into the fight deliberately, and persisted obstinately, and were slow to find out when they were beaten. Withal, they were much esteemed, yet little liked, by our soldiery, who considered them stanch companions in the field, yet coveted but little fellowship with them in the camp. Their commander, the Lord Scales, was an accomplished cavalier, of gracious and noble presence, and fair speech. It was a marvel to see so much courtesy in a knight brought up so far from our Castilian court. He was much honoured by the king and queen, and found great favour with the fair dames about the court, who, indeed, are rather prone to be pleased with foreign cavaliers. He went always in costly state, attended by pages and esquires, and accompanied by noble young cavaliers of his country, who had enrolled themselves under his banner, to learn the gentle exercise of arms. In all pageants and festivals, the eyes of the populace were attracted by the singular bearing and rich array of the English earl and his train, who prided themselves in always appearing in the garb and manner of their country; and were indeed something very magnificent, delectable, and strange to behold."

The campaign opened at the siege of Loxa; and there Lord Rivers made a gallant display.

"This was the first time he had witnessed a scene of Moorish warfare. He looked with eager interest at the chance medley fight before him,—the wild career of cavalry, the irregular and tumultuous rush of infantry, and Christian helm and Moorish turban intermingling in deadly struggle. His high blood mounted at the sight; and his very soul was stirred within him, by the confused war-cries, the clangour of drums and trumpets, and the reports of arquebuses, that came echoing up the mountains. Seeing the king was sending a reinforcement to the field, he entreated permission to mingle in the affray, and fight according to the fashion of his country. His request being granted, he alighted from his steed. He was merely armed *en blanco*; that is to say, with morion, back-piece, and breast-plate; his sword was girded by his side, and in his hand he wielded a powerful battle-axe. He was followed by a body of his yeomen, armed in like manner, and by

a band of archers, with bows made of the tough English yew-tree. The earl turned to his troops, and addressed them briefly and bluntly, according to the manner of his country. 'Remember, my merry men all,' said he, 'the eyes of strangers are upon you; you are in a foreign land, fighting for the glory of God and the honour of merry old England!' A loud shout was the reply. The earl waved his battle-axe over his head. 'St. George for England!' cried he; and, to the inspiring sound of this old English war-cry, he and his followers rushed down to the battle with manly and courageous hearts. They soon made their way into the midst of the enemy; but when engaged in the hottest of the fight they made no shouts or outcries. They pressed steadily forward, dealing their blows to right and left, hewing down the Moors, and cutting their way with their battle-axes, like woodmen in a forest; while the archers, pressing into the opening they made, plied their bows vigorously, and spread death on every side. When the Castilian mountaineers beheld the valour of the English yeomanry, they would not be outdone in hardihood. They could not vie with them in weight and bulk, but for vigour and activity they were surpassed by none. They kept pace with them, therefore, with equal heart and rival prowess, and gave a brave support to the stout islanders. The Moors were confounded by the fury of these assaults, and disheartened by the loss of Hamet el Zegri, who was carried wounded from the field. They gradually fell back upon the bridge; the Christians followed up their advantage, and drove them over it tumultuously. The Moors retreated into the suburb, and Lord Rivers and his troops entered with them pell-mell, fighting in the streets and in the houses. King Ferdinand came up to the scene of action with his royal guard, and the infidels were all driven within the city walls. Thus were the suburbs gained by the hardihood of the English lord, without such an event having been premeditated. The Earl of Rivers, notwithstanding he had received a wound, still urged forward in the attack. He penetrated almost to the city gate, in defiance of a shower of missiles, that slew many of his followers. A stone, hurled from the battlements, checked his impetuous career. It struck him in the face, dashed out two of his front teeth, and laid him senseless on the earth. He was removed to a short distance by his men; but recovering his senses, refused to permit himself to be taken from the suburb. When the contest was over, the streets presented a piteous spectacle, so many of their inhabitants had died in the defence of their thresholds, or been slaughtered without resistance. Among the victims was a poor weaver, who had been at work in his dwelling at this turbulent moment. His wife urged him to fly into the city. 'Why should I fly?' said the Moor, 'to be reserved for hunger and slavery? I tell you, wife, I will abide here; for better is it to die quickly by the steel, than to perish piecemeal in chains and dungeons.' He said no more, but resumed his occupation of weaving; and, in the indiscriminate fury of the assault, was slaughtered at his loom. The Christians remained masters of the field, and proceeded to pitch three encampments for the prosecution of the siege. The king, with the great body of the army, took a position on the side of the city next to Granada. The Marquis of Cadiz and his brave companions once more pitched their tents upon the height of Santo Albohacin; but the English earl planted his standard sturdily within the suburb he had taken."

The closing scene of the whole Chronicle, when the unfortunate king of Granada is at length compelled to yield the last fragment of his authority to the victorious sovereigns of Castile and Arragon, is told in Irving's best and simplest manner. With that we shall conclude our quotations.

"The sun had scarcely begun to shed his beams upon the summits of the snowy mountains which rise above Granada, when the Christian camp was in motion. A detachment of horse and foot, led by distinguished cavaliers, and accompanied by Hernando de Talavera, bishop of Avila, proceeded to take possession of the Alhambra and the towers. It had been stipulated in the capitulation, that the detachment sent for this purpose should not enter by the streets of the city. A road had, therefore, been opened outside of the walls, leading by the Puerta de los Molinos (or the gate of the mills) to the summit of the Hill of Martyrs, and across the hill to a postern gate of the Alhambra. When the detachment arrived at the summit of the hill, the Moorish king came forth from the gate, attended by a handful of cavaliers, leaving his vizier, Josef Aben Comixa, to deliver up the palace. 'Go, signior,' said he, to the commander of the detachment; 'go, and take possession of those fortresses which Allah has bestowed upon your powerful lord, in punishment of the sins of the Moors!' He said no more, but passed mournfully on, along the same road by which the Spanish cavaliers had come; descending to the vega, to meet the Catholic sovereigns. The troops entered the Alhambra, the gates of which were wide open, and all its splendid courts and halls silent and deserted. In the mean time, the Christian court and army poured out of the city of Santa Fé, and advanced across the vega. The king and queen, with the prince and princess, and the dignitaries and ladies of the court, took the lead; accompanied by the different orders of monks and friars, and surrounded by the royal guards, splendidly arrayed. The procession moved slowly forward, and paused at the village of Arzulla, at the distance of half a league from the city. The sovereigns waited here with impatience, their eyes fixed on the lofty tower of the Alhambra, watching for the appointed signal of possession. The time that had elapsed since the departure of the detachment seemed to them more than necessary for the purpose; and the anxious mind of Ferdinand began to entertain doubts of some commotion in the city. At length they saw the silver cross, the great standard of this crusade, elevated on the Torre de la Vela, or great watch-tower, and sparkling in the sunbeams. This was done by Hernando de Talavera, bishop of Avila. Beside it was planted the pennon of the glorious apostle St. James; and a great shout of 'Santiago! Santiago!' rose throughout the army. Lastly was reared the royal standard, by the king of arms; with the shout of 'Castile! Castile! For King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella!' The words were echoed by the whole army, with acclamations that resounded across the vega. At sight of these signals of possession, the sovereigns fell upon their knees, giving thanks to God for this great triumph. The whole assembled host followed their example; and the choristers of the royal chapel broke forth into the solemn anthem of *Te Deum laudamus!* The procession now resumed its march, with joyful alacrity, to the sound of triumphant music, until they came to a small mosque, near the banks of the Xenil, and not far from the foot of the Hill of Martyrs, which edifice remains to the present day, consecrated

as the hermitage of St. Sebastian. Here the sovereigns were met by the unfortunate Boabdil, accompanied by about fifty cavaliers and domestics. As he drew near, he would have dismounted, in token of homage; but Ferdinand prevented him. He then proffered to kiss the king's hand, but this sign of vassalage was likewise declined: whereupon, not to be outdone in magnanimity, he leaned forward, and saluted the right arm of Ferdinand. Queen Isabella, also, refused to receive this ceremonial of homage; and, to console him under his adversity, delivered to him his son, who had remained as hostage ever since Boabdil's liberation from captivity. The Moorish monarch pressed his child to his bosom with tender emotion, and they seemed mutually endeared to each other by their misfortunes. He then delivered the keys of the city to King Ferdinand, with an air of mingled melancholy and resignation. 'These keys,' said he, 'are the last relics of the Arabian empire in Spain. Thine, O king, are our trophies, our kingdom, and our person! Such is the will of God! Receive them with the clemency thou hast promised, and which we look for at thy hands!' King Ferdinand restrained his exultation into an air of serene magnanimity. 'Doubt not our promises,' replied he; 'or, that thou shalt regain from our friendship the prosperity of which the fortune of war has deprived thee.' On receiving the keys, King Ferdinand handed them to the queen. She, in her turn, presented them to her son, Prince Juan, who delivered them to the Count de Tendilla; that brave and loyal cavalier being appointed alcaide of the city, and captain-general of the kingdom of Granada. Having surrendered the last symbol of power, the unfortunate Boabdil continued on towards the Alpuzarras, that he might not behold the entrance of the Christians into his capital. His devoted band of cavaliers followed him in gloomy silence; but heavy sighs burst from their bosoms, as shouts of joy and strains of triumphant music were borne on the breeze from the victorious army. Having rejoined his family, Boabdil set forward with a heavy heart for his allotted residence, in the valley of Porchena. At two leagues distance, the cavalcade, winding into the skirts of the Alpuzarras, ascended an eminence commanding the last view of Granada. As they arrived at this spot, the Moors paused involuntarily, to take a farewell gaze at their beloved city, which a few steps more would shut from their sight for ever. Never had it appeared so lovely in their eyes. The sunshine, so bright in that transparent climate, lighted up each tower and minaret, and rested gloriously upon the crowning battlements of the Alhambra; while the vega spread its enamelled bosom of verdure below, glistening with the silver windings of the Xenil. The Moorish cavaliers gazed with a silent agony of tenderness and grief upon that delicious abode, the scene of their loves and pleasures. While they yet looked, a light cloud of smoke burst forth from the citadel; and, presently, a peal of artillery, faintly heard, told that the city was taken possession of, and the throne of the Moslem kings was lost for ever. The heart of Boabdil, softened by misfortunes and overcharged with grief, could no longer contain itself. 'Allah achbar! God is great!' said he; but the words of resignation died upon his lips, and he burst into a flood of tears. His mother, the intrepid sultana Ayxa la Horra, was indignant at his weakness. 'You do well,' said she, 'to weep like a woman, for what you failed to defend like a man!' The vizier Aben Comixa endeavoured to console his royal master. 'Consider,

sire,' said he, 'that the most signal misfortunes often render men as renowned as the most prosperous achievements, provided they sustain them with magnanimity.' The unhappy monarch, however, was not to be consoled. His tears continued to flow. 'Allah achbar!' exclaimed he, 'when did misfortunes ever equal mine!' From this circumstance the hill, which is not far from Padul, took the name of Fex Allah Achbar; but the point of view commanding the last prospect of Granada is known among Spaniards by the name of *el ultimo suspiro del Moro*, or, 'the last sigh of the Moor.'

On the whole, this work will sustain the high fame of Washington Irving. It fills a blank in the historical library which ought not to have remained so long a blank. The language throughout is at once chaste and animated; and the narrative may be said, like Spenser's Fairy Queen, to present one long gallery of splendid pictures. Indeed, we know no pages from which the artist is more likely to derive inspiration; nor perhaps are there many incidents in literary history more surprising, than that this antique and chivalrous story should have been for the first time told worthily by the pen of an American and a republican.

Richelieu: a Tale of France. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1829. Colburn.

BEFRIENDED by all our earliest associations—association, the poetry of memory,—and gratifying that innate desire of seeing beyond the deed—passing from the mind's presence-chamber of action to its private one of motive,—no wonder that historical romance, "that fairy web of night and day," should be one of the most popular branches of popular literature. In former times, when facts and fancies, costumes and characters, were mingled together with most masquerade-like confusion—when every page was a false impression,—the utility of these productions might be questioned; but now, thanks to our Luther of literature, Scott, the novelist is as well prepared to "shew cause" as the historian; the eminent characters introduced are as accurate as elaborate; and manners, customs, &c. are portrayed with the truth of contemporary memoirs. The great error into which the followers of this new school have fallen, has been overloading their pages with details—supplying by research what they wanted in invention—black-letter MSS. printed for novels. Not being able to make their Helen interesting, they made her learned; instead of the dress illustrating the character, the character seemed but a peg whereon to hang divers curiously cut garments, slashed doublets, out-of-the-way cloaks, and other strange and antique habiliments. Our present author has no pedantry of this worst species; equally free is he from imitation; his characters are no soulless masks taken from the dead face; but he is of this school, even as the Italian painters studied the models of some great masters, which, while it fixed their judgment and refined their taste, yet left themselves with unfettered fancies to make their own originality. The eventful days of Richelieu are an admirable period, quite untrodden ground, and abounding in events of every species of the picturesque, the terrible, the mysterious, and the romantic. The female influence, which has ever been like the *maître de palais* to the Salique law, however destructive to the views of the politician, is most excellent for those of the novelist; and we congratulate Mr. James no less on the judgment which has chosen the subject, than on the talent which has developed it. We cannot do better than introduce his hero and heroine,

even as they are first introduced to the reader.

"When the carriage arrived at the *abreuvoir*, by the side of which Philip had placed himself, the footmen took the bridles from the horses' mouths to give them drink; and a small white hand, from within, drew back the taffeta curtain, displaying to the woodman one of the loveliest faces he had ever beheld. The lady looked round for a moment at the forest scene, in the midst of whose wild ruggedness they stood, and then raised her eyes toward the sky, letting them roam over the clear deepening expanse of blue, as if to satisfy herself how much daylight still remained for their journey. 'How far is it to St. Germain, good friend?' said she, addressing the woodman, as she finished her contemplations; and her voice sounded to Philip like the warble of a bird, notwithstanding a slight peculiarity of intonation, which more refined ears would instantly have decided as the accent of Roussillon, or some adjacent province: the lengthening of the *i*, and the swelling roundness of the Spanish *u*, sounding very differently from the sharp precision peculiar to the Parisian pronunciation. 'I wish, Pauline, that you would get over that bad habit of softening all your syllables,' said an old lady who sat beside her in the carriage: 'your French is scarcely comprehensible.' 'Dear mamma,' replied the young lady, playfully, 'am not I descended lineally from Cleopatra, the patroness of song and chivalry? And I should be sorry to speak aught but my own *langue d'oc*—the tongue of the first knights and first poets of France.—But hark! what is that noise in the wood?' 'Now help, for the love of God!' cried the woodman, snatching forth his axe, and turning to the horsemen who accompanied the carriage; 'murder is doing in the forest. Help, for the love of God!' But as he spoke, the trampling of a horse's feet was heard, and in a moment after, a stout black charger came down the road like lightning; the dust springing up under his feet, and the foam dropping from his bit. Half falling from the saddle, half supported by the reins, appeared the form of a gallant young cavalier; his naked sword still clasped in his hand, but now fallen powerless and dragging by the side of the horse; his head uncovered and thrown back, as if consciousness had almost left him, and the blood flowing from a deep wound in his forehead, and dripping amongst the thick curls of his dark-brown hair. The charger rushed furiously on; but the woodman caught the bridle as he passed, and with some difficulty reined him in; while one of the footmen lifted the young gentleman to the ground, and placed him at the foot of a tree. The two ladies had not beheld this scene unconcerned, and were descending from the carriage, when four or five servants in hunting livery were seen issuing from the wood at the turn of the road, contending with a very superior party of horsemen, whose rusty equipments and wild, anomalous sort of apparel, bespoke them free of the forest by not the most honourable franchise. 'Ride on, ride on!' cried the young lady to those who had come with her: 'ride on and help them;' and she herself advanced to give aid to the wounded cavalier, whose eyes seemed now closed for ever. He was as handsome a youth as one might look upon: one of those forms which we are fond to bestow upon the knights and heroes that we read of in our early days, when unchecked fancy is always ready to give her bright conceptions 'a local habitation and a name.' The young lady, whose heart had never been taught

to regulate its beatings by the frigid rules of society, or the sharp scourge of disappointment, now took the wounded man's head upon her knee, and gazed for an instant upon his countenance, the deadly paleness of which appeared still more ghastly from the red streams that trickled over it from the wound in his forehead. She then attempted to stanch the blood, but the trembling of her hands defeated her purpose, and rendered her assistance of but little avail. The elder lady had hitherto been giving her directions to the footmen, who remained with the carriage, while those on horseback rode on towards the fray. 'Stand to your arms, Michel!' cried she. 'You take heed to the coach. You three, draw up across the road, each with his arquebuse ready to fire. Let none but the true men pass.—Fie! Pauline, I thought you had a firmer heart.' She continued, approaching the young lady, 'Give me the handkerchief. That is a bad cut in his head, truly; but here is a worse stab in his side.' And she proceeded to unloose the gold loops of his hunting-coat, that she might reach the wound. But that action seemed to recall, in a degree, the senses of the wounded cavalier. 'Never! never!' he exclaimed, clasping his hand upon his side, and thrusting her fingers away from him with no very ceremonious courtesy—'never, while I have life.' 'I wish to do you no harm, young sir, but good,' replied the old lady: 'I seek but to stop the bleeding of your side, which is draining your heart dry.' The wounded man looked faintly round, his senses still bewildered, either by weakness from loss of blood, or from the stunning effects of the blow on his forehead. He seemed, however, to have caught and comprehended some of the words which the old lady addressed to him, and answered them by a slight inclination of the head, but still kept his hand upon the breast of his coat, as if he had some cause for wishing it not to be opened."

There is also a most powerfully written scene, where the Queen, Anne, is examined before the council touching her correspondence with Philip of Spain. Louis says:

"But who will vouch that those letters contained nothing treasonable? We have but your word, madam; and you well know that we are at war with Spain, and cannot procure a sight of the originals." 'Luckily,' replied Anne of Austria, her countenance brightening with a ray of hope, 'they have all been read by one whom your majesty yourself recommended to my friendship. Clara de Hauteford, you have seen them all. Speak! Tell the king the nature of their contents without fear and without favour.' Mademoiselle de Hauteford advanced from behind the queen's chair; and the king, who, it was generally believed, had once passionately loved her, but had met with no return, now fixed his eyes intently upon the pale, beautiful creature, that, scarcely like a being of the earth, glided silently forward and placed herself directly opposite to him. Clara de Hauteford was devotedly attached to the queen. Whether it sprang from that sense of duty which in general governed all her actions, or whether it was personal attachment, matters little, as the effect was the same, and she would at no time have considered her life too great a sacrifice to the interest of her mistress. She advanced then before the council, knowing that the happiness, if not the life, of Anne of Austria might depend upon her answer; and clasping her snowy hands together, she raised her eyes towards heaven, 'So help me God at my utmost need!' she said, with a clear, slow, energetic utterance, 'no line that I have

ever seen of her majesty's writing—and I believe I have seen almost all she has written within the last five years—no line that I have seen, ever spoke any thing but the warmest attachment to my lord the king; nor did any ever contain the slightest allusion to the politics of this kingdom, but were confined entirely to the subject of her domestic life;—nor even then,' she continued, dropping her full blue eyes to the countenance of the king, and fixing them there, with a calm serious determined gaze, which overpowered the glance of the monarch, and made his eyelid fall—'nor even then did they ever touch upon her domestic sorrows.'"

We will not enter into any detail of the plot,—it is too interesting to be spoiled;—but one or two of the characters are so well drawn as to merit particular commendation. Chavigni, at once politic and generous, candid by nature, but dissimulative on principle, with such opposites of character, so well shaded together, is a masterpiece; and Cinq Mars is quite a Vandyke. In fine, we dismiss Mr. James with most cordial commendation for having produced a very superior work, and one well calculated for extensive popularity. That we do not illustrate it by farther extracts, must be excused on account of our numerous claims at this productive season, which even an additional sheet is insufficient to satisfy. We have only to add, that the excellence of *Richelieu* must not be estimated by the length of our review.

Zoological Researches and Illustrations; or, Natural History of Nondescript or imperfectly known Animals. By John V. Thompson, Esq. F.L.S., Surgeon to the Forces. Parts I. and II. 1829. Cork, King and Ridings; London, Treuttel and Co.

JUDGING from the opportunities which Mr. Thompson has had for extensive observation, and the number of remarkable discoveries which have been the reward of his zeal and industry, we may even now pronounce the *Zoological Researches* to be one of the most interesting and important works of our time. The plan of Mr. Thompson's publication takes in the whole range of the animal kingdom; but his views appear to be more particularly directed to the marine invertebrate animals, which of all others are the less generally and perfectly known to naturalists. The graphic illustrations given in each Part are ample; they are drawn and etched by the author himself, with great minuteness of detail, and are thus stamped with a kind of authority superior to that of most similar works. In the prosecution of this department Mr. Thompson does not appear to have been sparing of his eyesight, from the numerous dissections made under the power of the microscope,—a difficult and dangerous task when attempted upon very small subjects.

We are glad to see that the author has adopted the plan of most of the continental zoologists, in writing in the vernacular tongue, without any unnecessary introduction of technical language; so that he appears to aim at being as popular and intelligible as the nature of the subject and the actual state of the science will permit. Another circumstance calculated to recommend Mr. Thompson's *Zoological Researches* to more general attention, and to such as may not be immediately conversant with the particular subject under discussion, is, that in place of treating of the animals which come under his observation abstractedly, he points to the groups with which they have the greatest affinity, and connects and compares the new

facts which he has been enabled to bring forward with what had been previously known.

The first memoir, on the *Metamorphoses of the Crustacea* (a fact of which we have been hitherto wholly ignorant), is of first-rate importance, and shews us that those curious and anomalous creatures, the *zoëæ*, are crustacea in the first stage of their existence, in which they are swimming animals, adapted to aquatic life alone; and it affords a satisfactory reason why the land crabs of hot climates annually resort to the sea-shore, in despite of every obstacle, that they may deposit in the sea their young progeny, which would otherwise be lost, and the race become extinct. To the *zoëæ* already known, Mr. Thompson has added three others discovered by himself; viz. two in the Atlantic Ocean, and one in the Cove of Cork: the last is very remarkable, and is admirably illustrated in his second plate.

The second memoir, on the *Opossum Shrimp (Mysis)*, develops, in the fullest and most satisfactory manner, the structure and habitudes of the individuals of this singular family, so very distinct from the true shrimps, and yet so strongly resembling them in their general form. Independent of the variety of new matter embodied in this memoir, and the satisfactory display of the structure of the opossum shrimp in the accompanying plates, the paper appears to have been called for by the circumstance of Mons. Risso (one of those amongst the French zoologists who have devoted most of their attention to the crustacea, and who has written upon them) having mistaken animals of a totally different kind for those of this genus.*

"When (says Mr. Thompson) we take into account the extraordinary peculiarities of structure which these animals present to our notice, in being provided with a quadruple row of feet or members, and with hands vastly more complicated and beautiful than in man or any known creature, there could hardly be found a subject more worthy to engage our contemplation, or more capable of inspiring us with admiration of the Divine Perfection, as manifested in the minuter works of creation. * * * It will hardly be credited (continues the ingenious writer) that such interesting peculiarities could have remained unnoticed, when it is known that the opossum shrimps are in these climates the most common of all the crustacea, that they abound to such a degree as to astonish by their countless myriads, and that (unlike all other animals of their class) they offer themselves freely to our view when we stroll along the margin of our estuaries, where, particularly in spring and summer, they may be observed forming an almost contiguous band or column of some feet in breadth, extending along either margin of the tide, from the sea up to where the water becomes almost fresh. If we stop to consider so singular a piece of negligence, it only furnishes a proof of the little attention that has hitherto been paid to this class of animals. * * * Hitherto the opossum shrimps have not been observed farther south than the precincts of the English Channel; but they occur as far to the north as the icy seas of the polar regions, where they must exist in very great abundance during the summer season, as they are said by O. Fabricius to constitute one of the principal sources of nutriment to the whale, which, taking in myriads at a gulp, separates them from the water by means of its complicated strainers, and swallows the congregated pabulum which they now form at leisure. We should hardly give credence to the fact that

an animal so disproportioned should constitute the food of this leviathan, did we not perceive that the peculiar structure of the mouth and smallness of the gullet in these enormous creatures (the mysticete whales) is in perfect accordance, and fits them for separating small and soft animals of every kind from the sea-water, while it precludes the power of masticating or of swallowing bodies of even moderate size. Abundance in this instance makes up for the individual smallness of the prey, and these little animals must be allowed to be a much more substantial food than the medusæ, upon which the whales are also understood to feed. In these climates the opossum shrimps serve as food to the herring and pilchard, and probably to many other fishes. * * * The opossum shrimps, in common with all the smaller crustacea, are animals which require the best eyes and instruments to observe properly, and the most detailed sculpture to represent; if, therefore, the accompanying figures seem minute, they are rude when compared with the originals. It is in looking closely into the structure of these little animals, that we see the perfection of the Divine Artist: Nature's greater productions appear coarse indeed to these elaborate and highly finished master-pieces; and in going higher and higher with our magnifiers, we still continue to bring new parts and touches into view. If, for instance, we observe one of their members with the naked eye—which may be the utmost stretch of unassisted vision—with the microscope it first appears jointed, or composed of several pieces articulated together; employing a higher magnifier, it appears fringed with long hairs, which on further scrutiny gain a sensible diameter, and seem to be themselves fringed with hairs still more minute; many of these minute parts are evidently jointed, and perform sensible motions. But what idea can we form of the various muscles which put all these parts in motion, and the vessels which supply them with the nutrition essential to their growth and daily expenditure, all of which we know from analogy they must possess?"

The third memoir by Mr. Thompson, on the *Luminosity of the Ocean*, blends the information hitherto obtained upon this curious subject with the proper observations of the author himself, and furnishes details of several new luminous marine animals which had escaped those who had preceded him in the same field, or rather ocean, of inquiry. It adds, therefore, considerably to our knowledge of this phenomenon, without having entirely exhausted the subject, and points out the manner in which this investigation ought to be carried on. Describing a species of luminosity of comparatively rare occurrence, and that which is the most alarming in appearance, Mr. Thompson writes thus:—"I had but once an occasion to witness and to investigate it as it occurs in the Mediterranean. Returning from a fishing party late in a still evening across the Bay of Gibraltar, in a direction from the Pomones river to the old Mole, in company with Dr. Drummond (now professor of anatomy to the Belfast Institution) and a party of naval officers, the several boats, although separated a considerable distance, could be distinctly traced through the gloom by the snowy whiteness of their course, while that in which we were seemed to be passing through a sea of melted silver; such at least was the appearance of the water displaced by the movement of the boat and the motion of the oars. The hand, a stick, or the end of a rope, immersed in the water, instantly became luminous and all their parts visible; and when with-

drawn, brought up numerous luminous points, less than the smallest pin's-head, and of the softest and most destructible tenderness, appearing on a closer inspection, out of water, like hemispheric masses of a colourless jelly, evidently, however, organised and included within an enveloping tunic."

The forthcoming No. (III.) of Mr. Thompson's work is to include a memoir on the *Cerripedes* or *Barnacles*; and from the nature of the new facts and discoveries which it embraces, it will, we doubt not, be still more interesting than the first, which contains an account of the *Metamorphoses of the Crab* tribe.

If we were inclined to institute a comparison between these memoirs and those miscellaneous periodicals which have appeared in the same department of knowledge, we should find that this work differs from all of them in recording discoveries made by the author himself, in furnishing complete details, and in its popular character. Most of the others put forward representations of objects from public museums or private cabinets, remarkable for their form or colouring, and accompanied simply by the generic and specific characters, but of which even the native country is uncertain or unknown. Works of this latter class have their use, and are adapted to the tables and pockets of the opulent; while such as Mr. Thompson's are calculated to make natural history a popular study, and to conduce to the advancement of scientific inquiry.

THE WAVERLEY NOVELS: NEW SERIES

WE have, as might have been expected from a journal like ours, in consequence of the popular interest of the subject, taken frequent opportunities to lay before the public such intelligence respecting, and such extracts from, this publication, as our intimate intercourse with literary affairs and priority of information enabled us to offer for the gratification of our readers. Thus they have been made acquainted with the general scope of the work, and have learnt the character of its additional notes and illustrations. We have now on our table the first two volumes, or the novel or *Waverley* complete, clothed in its neat crimson coat,—with its handsome vignettes and frontispieces,*—and above all, for our purpose, after what we have already done, with the *Advertisement* and *General Preface* of its author. From these ingenious and interesting documents we will therefore do our best for the present occasion, though we feel that we can do them but scant justice by any epitome.

The *Preface* and the *Introductory Notices to Waverley*, as well as to each of the other separate Tales, contain an account of such circumstances as appear to Sir Walter Scott to be worthy of being communicated to the public; and every syllable which we have yet seen authorises us to say that the public will gratefully appreciate the favour. The various legends, family traditions, obscure historical facts, which have formed the ground-works of these celebrated novels; ancient customs, superstitions, and descriptions of the places where their many scenes are laid, are to finish the design, and will, we are sure, from the first example, be equally well relished.

The author sets out by expressing his fears

* Of the embellishments we also gave some account in a preceding *Literary Gazette*: these volumes contain *Flora* singing to *Waverley*, by E. P. Stepanoff, and *Bradwardine* reading the Church Service to his Troop, by Newton. (frontispieces); and the vignettes, *Davie Gellatley* with *Dogs*, by E. Landseer, and another scene by J. Stepanoff,—all sweetly engraved by R. Graves, C. Rolla, and W. Raddon.

* Risso, *Hist. Nat. des Crustacés des Environs de Nice*.

that in his introductory account of these compositions he may be led to speak more of himself and his personal concerns than is graceful or prudent:—we can assure him that he is an object of too deep and universal interest to admit of the slightest incident connected with himself or his writings being aught but most acceptable, not only to the British public, but to the civilised world, throughout which the productions of his pen have been so justly and greatly admired. "In this particular (he proceeds, in his good-humoured fashion) he runs the risk of presenting himself to the public in the relation that the dumb wife in the jest-book held to her husband, when, having spent half of his fortune to obtain the cure of her imperfection, he was willing to have bestowed the other half to restore her to her former condition. But this is a risk inseparable from the task which the author has undertaken, and he can only promise to be as little of an egotist as the situation will permit."

Of his juvenile days we are next presented with some delightfully naïve memoranda:—"I must (he says) refer to a very early period of my life, were I to point out my first achievements as a tale-teller—but I believe some of my old schoolfellows can still bear witness that I had a distinguished character for that talent, at a time when the applause of my companions was my recompense for the disgraces and punishments which the future romance-writer incurred for being idle himself, and keeping others idle, during hours that should have been employed on our tasks. The chief enjoyment of my holidays was to escape with a chosen friend, who had the same taste with myself, and alternately to recite to each other such wild adventures as we were able to devise. We told, each in turn, interminable tales of knight-errantry and battles and enchantments, which were continued from one day to another as opportunity offered, without our ever thinking of bringing them to a conclusion. As we observed a strict secrecy on the subject of this intercourse, it acquired all the character of a concealed pleasure, and we used to select, for the scenes of our indulgence, long walks through the solitary and romantic environs of Arthur's Seat, Salisbury Crags, Braid Hills, and similar places in the vicinity of Edinburgh; and the recollection of those holidays still forms an oasis in the pilgrimage which I have to look back upon. I have only to add, that my friend still lives, a prosperous gentleman; but too much occupied with graver business, to thank me for indicating him more plainly as a confidant of my childish mystery."

To childhood, thus impressed, succeeded a long illness and a weakly constitution; during two years of which the principal occupation of the invalid was the perusal of the miscellaneous tomes of fiction, from the folios of *Cyrus* and *Cassandra* down to the most approved works of modern times, furnished by an Edinburgh circulating library. "Accordingly," he tells us, "I believe I read almost all the romances, old plays, and epic poetry, in that formidable collection, and, no doubt, was unconsciously amassing materials for the task in which it has been my lot to be so much employed."

From this period, renovated health and strength, and severer professional studies, occupied our author in the usual manner of young men entering upon the busy scene of the world. He goes on—"It makes no part of the present story to detail how the success of a few ballads had the effect of changing all

the purpose and tenor of my life, and of converting a pains-taking lawyer of some years' standing into a follower of literature. It is enough to say, that I had assumed the latter character for several years before I seriously thought of attempting a work of imagination in prose, although one or two of my poetical attempts did not differ from romances otherwise than by being written in verse. But yet, I may observe, that about this time (now, alas! thirty years since) I had nourished the ambitious desire of composing a tale of chivalry, which was to be in the style of the *Castle of Otranto*, with plenty of Border characters and supernatural incident. Having found unexpectedly a chapter of this intended work among some old papers, I have subjoined it to this introductory essay, thinking some readers may account as curious the first attempts at romantic composition by an author who has since written so much in that department. And those who complain, not unreasonably, of the profusion of the Tales which have followed *Waverley*, may bless their stars at the narrow escape they have made, by the commencement of the inundation which had so nearly taken place in the first year of the century being postponed for fifteen years later. This particular subject was never resumed; but I did not abandon the idea of fictitious composition in prose, though I determined to give another turn to the style of the work. My early recollections of the Highland scenery and customs made so favourable an impression in the poem called the *Lady of the Lake*, that I was induced to think of attempting something of the same kind in prose. I had been a good deal in the Highlands at a time when they were much less accessible, and much less visited, than they have been of late years, and was acquainted with many of the old warriors of 1745, who were, like most veterans, easily induced to fight their battles over again, for the benefit of a willing listener like myself. It naturally occurred to me, that the ancient traditions and high spirit of a people, who, living in a civilised age and country, retained so strong a tincture of manners belonging to an early period of society, must afford a subject favourable for romance, if it should not prove a curious tale marred in the telling. It was with some idea of this kind, that, about the year 1805, I threw together about one-third part of the first volume of *Waverley*. It was advertised to be published by the late Mr. John Ballantyne, bookseller in Edinburgh, under the name of 'Waverley; or, 'tis Fifty Years since,'—a title afterwards altered to 'Tis Sixty Years since,' that the actual date of publication might be made to correspond with the period in which the scene was laid. Having proceeded as far, I think, as the seventh chapter, I shewed my work to a critical friend, whose opinion was unfavourable; and having then some poetical reputation, I was unwilling to risk the loss of it by attempting a new style of composition. I therefore threw aside the work I had commenced, without either reluctance or remonstrance. I ought to add, that though my ingenious friend's sentence was afterwards reversed on an appeal to the public, it cannot be considered as any imputation on his good taste; for the specimen subjected to his criticism did not extend beyond the departure of the hero for Scotland, and, consequently, had not entered upon the part of the story which was finally found most interesting. Be that as it may, this portion of the manuscript was laid aside in the drawers of an old writing-desk, which, on my first coming to

reside at Abbotsford, in 1811, was placed in a lumber garret, and entirely forgotten. Thus, though I sometimes, among other literary avocations, turned my thoughts to the continuation of the romance which I had commenced, yet as I could not find what I had already written, after searching such repositories as were within my reach, and was too indolent to attempt to write it anew from memory, I as often laid aside all thoughts of that nature. Two circumstances, in particular, recalled my recollection of the mislaid manuscript."—These circumstances were, the publication of Miss Edgeworth's *Irish Tales*, and Mr. Scott's being called on by Mr. Murray, the bookseller, to edit the posthumous papers of Strutt, the antiquary, including the unfinished romance of *Queen-Hoo-Hall*.*

The accident by which the long-missing commencement of *Waverley* (the scene whence so many charming productions have sprung) was recovered, we heard years ago: it is now confirmed by the author's own statement.

"I happened (he relates) to want some fishing-tackle for the use of a guest, when it occurred to me to search the old writing-desk already mentioned, in which I used to keep articles of that nature. I got access to it with some difficulty; and, in looking for lines and flies, the long-lost manuscript presented itself. I immediately set to work to complete it, according to my original purpose. And here I must frankly confess, that the mode in which I conducted the story scarcely deserved the success which the romance afterwards attained. The tale of *Waverley* was put together with so little care, that I cannot boast of having sketched any distinct plan of the work. The whole adventures of *Waverley*, in his movements up and down the country with the Highland cateran *Bean Lean*, are managed without much skill. It suited best, however, the road I wanted to travel, and permitted me to introduce some descriptions of scenery and manners, to which the reality gave an interest which the powers of the author might have otherwise failed to attain for them. And though I have been in other instances a sinner in this sort, I do not recollect any of these novels, in which I have transgressed so widely as in the first of the series."

Sir Walter then refutes the reports that this novel was ever offered for sale to any London booksellers: it was published in 1814. "Its progress was for some time slow; but after the first two or three months, its popularity had increased in a degree which must have satisfied the expectations of the author, had those been far more sanguine than he ever entertained. Great anxiety was expressed to learn the name of the author, but on this no authentic information could be attained. My original motive for publishing the work anonymously, was the consciousness that it was an experiment on the public taste which might very probably fail, and therefore there was no occasion to take on myself the personal risk of discomfiture. For this purpose considerable precautions were used to preserve secrecy."

These are detailed; and the author proceeds to say why the incognito was so strenuously preserved. "I am sorry (he says) I can give little satisfaction to queries on this subject. I have already stated elsewhere, that I can render

* The concluding chapter of this romance is given as an appendix to the introduction, "for the reason (says the writer) already mentioned regarding the preceding fragment. It was a step in my advance towards romantic composition; and to preserve the traces of these is, in a great measure, the object of this essay."

little better reason for choosing to remain anonymous, than by saying, with Shylock, that such was my humour. It will be observed, that I had not the usual stimulus for desiring personal reputation, the desire, namely, to float amidst the conversation of men. Of literary fame, whether merited or undeserved, I had already as much as might have contented a mind more ambitious than mine; and in entering into this new contest for reputation, I might be said rather to endanger what I had, than to have any considerable chance of acquiring more. I was affected, too, by none of those motives, which, at an earlier period of life, would doubtless have operated upon me. My friendships were formed,—my place in society fixed,—my life had attained its middle course. My condition in society was higher, perhaps, than I deserved, certainly as high as I wished, and there was scarce any degree of literary success which could have greatly altered or improved my personal condition. I was not, therefore, touched by the spur of ambition, usually stimulating on such occasions; and yet I ought to stand exculpated from the charge of ungracious or unbecoming indifference to public applause. I did not the less feel gratitude for the public favour, although I did not proclaim it,—as the lover who wears his mistress's favour in his bosom, is as proud, though not so vain of possessing it, as another who displays the token of her grace upon his bonnet. Far from such an ungracious state of mind, I have seldom felt more satisfaction than when, returning from a pleasure voyage, I found Waverley in the zenith of popularity, and public curiosity in full cry after the name of the author. The knowledge that I had the public approbation, was like having the property of a hidden treasure, not less gratifying to the owner than if all the world knew that it was his own. Another advantage was connected with the secrecy which I observed. I could appear, or retreat from the stage at pleasure, without attracting any personal notice or attention, other than what might be founded on suspicion only. In my own person, also, as a successful author in another department of literature, I might have been charged with too frequent intrusions on the public patience; but the Author of Waverley was in this respect as impossible to the critic as the Ghost of Hamlet to the partisan of Marcellus. Perhaps the curiosity of the public, irritated by the existence of a secret, and kept alive by the discussions which took place on the subject from time to time, went a good way to maintain an unabated interest in these frequent publications. There was a mystery concerning the author, which each new novel was expected to assist in unravelling, although it might in other respects rack lower than its predecessors. I may perhaps be thought guilty of affectation, should I allege as one reason of my silence, a secret dislike to enter on personal discussions concerning my own literary labours. It is in every case a dangerous intercourse for an author to be dwelling continually among those who make his writings a frequent and familiar subject of conversation, but who must necessarily be partial judges of works composed in their own society. The habits of self-importance, which are thus acquired by authors, are highly injurious to a well-regulated mind; for the cup of flattery, if it does not, like that of Circe, reduce men to the level of beasts, is sure, if eagerly drained, to bring the best and the ablest down to that of fools. This risk was in some degree prevented by the mask which I wore; and my own stores of self-sensit were left to their natural course,

without being enhanced by the partiality of friends, or adulation of flatterers. If I am asked further reasons for the conduct I have long observed, I can only resort to the explanation supplied by a critic as friendly as he is intelligent; namely, that the mental organisation of the novelist must be characterised, to speak craniologically, by an extraordinary development of the passion for delicacy! I the rather suspect some natural disposition of this kind; for, from the instant I perceived the extreme curiosity manifested on the subject, I felt a secret satisfaction in baffling it, for which, when its unimportance is considered, I do not well know how to account. My desire to remain concealed, in the character of the Author of these Novels, subjected me occasionally to awkward embarrassments, as it sometimes happened, that those who were sufficiently intimate with me would put the question in direct terms. In this case, only one of three courses could be followed. Either I must have surrendered my secret,—or have returned an equivocating answer,—or, finally, must have stoutly and boldly denied the fact. The first was a sacrifice which I conceive no one had a right to force from me, since I alone was concerned in the matter. The alternative of rendering a doubtful answer must have left me open to the degrading suspicion that I was not unwilling to assume the merit (if there was any) which I dared not absolutely lay claim to; or those who might think more justly of me, must have received such an equivocal answer as an indirect avowal. I therefore considered myself entitled, like an accused person put upon trial, to refuse giving my own evidence to my own conviction, and flatly to deny all that could not be proved against me. At the same time I usually qualified my denial by stating, that, had I been the author of these works, I would have felt myself quite entitled to protect my secret by refusing my own evidence, when it was asked for to accomplish a discovery of what I desired to conceal. The real truth is, that I never expected or hoped to disguise my connexion with these Novels from any one who lived on terms of intimacy with me. The number of coincidences which necessarily existed between narratives recounted, modes of expression, and opinions broached in these Tales, and such as were used by their author in the intercourse of private life, must have been far too great to permit any of my familiar acquaintances to doubt the identity between their friend and the Author of Waverley; and I believe they were all morally convinced of it. But while I was myself silent, their belief could not weigh much more with the world than that of others; their opinions and reasoning were liable to be taxed with partiality, or confronted with opposing arguments and opinions; and the question was not so much, whether I should be generally acknowledged to be the author, in spite of my own denial, as whether even my own avowal of the works, if such should be made, would be sufficient to put me in undisputed possession of that character."

In the remaining portion of this interesting paper, Sir Walter refers to the rumours touching his brother, Mr. Thomas Scott, of the 70th regiment, who had once entertained the intention of entering upon a similar field of literature, but who never had the least connexion with the Waverley Novels. "The volumes, therefore, (he continues) to which the present pages form a preface, are entirely the composition of the author by whom they

are now acknowledged, with the exception, always, of avowed quotations, and such unpremeditated and involuntary plagiarisms as can scarce be guarded against by any one who has read and written a great deal. The original manuscripts are all in existence, and entirely written (*horresco referens*) in the author's own hand, excepting during the years 1818 and 1819, when, being affected with severe illness, he was obliged to employ the assistance of a friendly amanuensis."

"I have (he adds) some reason to fear that the notes which accompany the tales, as now published, may be thought too miscellaneous and too egotistical. It may be some apology for this, that the publication was intended to be posthumous; and, still more, that old men may be permitted to speak long, because they cannot, in the course of nature, have long time to speak. In preparing the present edition, I have done all that I can do to explain the nature of my materials, and the use I have made of them; nor is it probable that I shall again revise or even read these tales."

Such is the best history we can make of an essay which we confess has affected us extremely; and, to close, we shall simply quote a few of the most remarkable traits from the Appendices. (I. Fragment of Thomas the Rhymer; II. Chapters of Queen-Hoo-Hall; and III. Anecdotes of School Days.)

Of Appendix I.—"The author's purpose was, that it should turn upon a fine legend of superstition, which is current in the part of the Borders where he had his residence; where, in the reign of Alexander III. of Scotland, that renowned person Thomas of Hersildoune, called the Rhymer, actually flourished. This personage, the Merlin of Scotland, and to whom some of the adventures which the British bards assigned to Merlin Caledonius, or the Wild, have been transferred by tradition, was, as is well known, a magician, as well as a poet and prophet. He is alleged still to live in the land of Faery, and is expected to return at some great convulsion of society, in which he is to act a distinguished part,—a tradition common to all nations, as the belief of the Mahomedans respecting their twelfth Imam demonstrates. Now, it chanced many years since, that there lived on the Borders a jolly, rattling horse-cowper, who was remarkable for a reckless and fearless temper, which made him much admired, and a little dreaded, amongst his neighbours. One moonlight night, as he rode over Bowden Moor, on the west side of the Bilton Hills, the scene of Thomas the Rhymer's prophecies, and often mentioned in his story, having a brace of horses along with him which he had not been able to dispose of, he met a man of venerable appearance and singularly antique dress, who, to his great surprise, asked the price of his horses, and began to chaffer with him on the subject. To Canobie Dick, for so shall we call our Border dealer, a chap was a chap, and he would have sold a horse to the devil himself, without minding his cloven hoof, and would have probably cheated Old Nick, into the bargain. The stranger paid the price they agreed on; and all that puzzled Dick in the transaction was, that the gold which he received was in unicorns, bonnet-pieces, and other ancient coins, which would have been invaluable to collectors, but were rather troublesome in modern currency. It was gold, however, and therefore Dick contrived to get better value for the coin than he perhaps gave to his customer. By the command of so good a merchant, he brought horses to the same spot more than once; the purchaser only stipulating that he should always

come by night, and alone. I do not know whether it was from mere curiosity, or whether some hope of gain mixed with it but; after Dick had sold several horses in this way, he began to complain that dry bargains were unlucky, and to hint, that since his chap must live in the neighbourhood, he ought, in the courtesy of dealing, to treat him to half a mutchkin. 'You may see my dwelling if you will,' said the stranger; 'but if you lose courage at what you see there, you will rue it all your life.' Dickens, however, laughed the warning to scorn; and having alighted to secure his horse, he followed the stranger up a narrow foot-path, which led them up the hills to the singular eminence stuck betwixt the most southern and the centre peaks, and called from its resemblance to such an animal in its form, the Lucken Hare. At the foot of this eminence, which is almost as famous for witch meetings as the neighbouring wind-mill of Kippilaw, Dick was somewhat startled to observe that his conductor entered the hill-side by a passage or cavern, of which he himself, though well acquainted with the spot, had never seen or heard. 'You may still return,' said his guide, looking ominously back upon him; but Dick scorned to shew the white feather, and on they went. They entered a very long range of stables; in every stall stood a coal-black horse; by every horse lay a knight in coal-black armour, with a drawn sword in his hand, but all were as silent, hoof and limb, as if they had been cut out of marble. A great number of torches lent a gloomy lustre to the hall, which, like those of the Caliph Vathek, was of large dimensions. At the upper end, however, they at length arrived, where a sword and horn lay on an antique table. 'He that shall sound that horn and draw that sword,' said the stranger, who now intimated that he was the famous Thomas of Herildoune, 'shall, if his heart fail him not, be king over all broad Britain. So speaks the tongue that cannot lie. But all depends on courage, and much on your taking the sword or the horn first.' Dick was much disposed to take the sword; but his bold spirit was quailed by the supernatural terrors of the hall, and he thought to unsheathe the sword first, might be construed into defiance, and give offence to the powers of the mountain. He took the bugle with a trembling hand, and a feeble note, but loud enough to produce a terrible answer. Thunder rolled in stunning peals through the immense hall; horses and men started to life; the steeds snorted, stamped, grinded their bits, and tossed on high their heads—the warriors sprang to their feet, clashed their armour, and brandished their swords. Dick's terror was extreme at seeing the whole army, which had been so lately silent as the grave, in uproar, and about to rush on him. He dropped the horn, and made a feeble attempt to seize the enchanted sword; but at the same moment a voice pronounced aloud the mysterious words:

'Wo to the coward, that ever he was born,
Who did not draw the sword before he blew the horn!'

At the same time a whirlwind of irresistible fury howled through the long hall, bore the unfortunate horse-jockey clear out of the mouth of the cavern, and precipitated him over a steep bank of loose stones, where the shepherds found him the next morning, with just breath sufficient to tell his fearful tale, after concluding which he expired. This legend, with several variations, is found in many parts of Scotland and England."

Of Appendix II. a minstrel ballad, sung under the castle windows of a chivalrous party.

"Waken, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day;
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk and horse, and hunting spear:
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily, merrily, mingle they,
'Waken, lords and ladies gay.'
Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain gray:
Springlets in the dawn are streaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming,
And foresters have busy been,
To track the buck in thicket green:
Now we come to chant our lay,
'Waken, lords and ladies gay.'
Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the green-wood haste away:
We can shew you where he lies,
Fleet of foot and tall of size;
We can shew the marks he made,
When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed;
You shall see him brought to bay,
'Waken, lords and ladies gay.'
Louder, louder chime the lay,
Waken, lords and ladies gay:
Tell them youth, and mirth, and glee,
Run a course as well as we.
Time, stern huntsman! who can baulk,
Stanch as hound and fleet as hawk?
Think of this, and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay."

A bridal song (we rather think this has appeared elsewhere):—

"And did you not bear of a mirth befell
The morrow after a wedding day,
And carrying a bride at home to dwell?
And away to Tewin, away, away!
The quintain was set, and the garlands were made—
'Tis pity old customs should ever decay;
And wo be to him that was horsed on a jade—
For he carried no credit away, away!
We met a consort of fiddle-de-dees;
We set them a cockhorse, and made them play
The winning of Bullen, and Upsey-fires,
And away to Tewin, away, away!
There was ne'er a lad in all the parish
That would go to the plough that day;
But on his fore-horse his wench he carries,
And away to Tewin, away, away!
The butler was quick, and the ale he did tap,
The maidens did make the chamber full gay;
The servants did give me a fuddling cup,
And I did carry't away, away!
The smith of the town his liquor so took,
That he was persuaded that the ground look'd blew;
And I dare boldly be sworn on a book,
Such smiths as he there's but a few.
A posset was made, and the women did sip,
And simpering said they could eat no more;
Full many a maiden was laid on the lip,
'I'll say no more, but give o'er, give o'er.'"

Of Appendix III. we can only quote the feeling conclusion, (leaving the school story of Green-Brecks to be found in the volume itself).

"Perhaps (says Sir Walter) I ought not to have inserted this schoolboy tale; but, besides the strong impression made by the incident at the time, the whole accompaniments of the story are matters to me of solemn and sad recollection. Of all the little band who were concerned in those juvenile sports or brawls, I can scarce recollect a single survivor. Some left the ranks of mimic war to die in the active service of their country. Many sought distant lands, to return no more. Others, dispersed in different paths of life, 'my dim eyes now seek for in vain.' Of five brothers, all healthy and promising, in a degree far beyond one whose infancy was visited by personal infirmity, and whose health after this period seemed long very precarious, I am, nevertheless, the only survivor. The best loved, and the best deserving to be loved, who had destined this incident to be the foundation of literary composition, died 'before his day' in a distant and foreign land; and trifles assume an importance not their own, when connected with those who have been loved and lost."

And here, too, we must end. This edition is worthily dedicated to the King; and these two beautiful volumes cost only two crowns!

The Life and Times of Francis the First, King of France. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1829. Bull.

We have often wondered, that, amid the many memoirs which have lately added so much to our knowledge, no writer should before have chosen a monarch who from his situation played so prominent a part in the political history of his eventful period, and whose personal character added all the interest of a hero of romance. The present volumes deserve much praise: the language is good, the interspersed remarks often very judicious; and a great mass of information is most pleasantly condensed, and enlivened by a variety of anecdote. We shall select a few specimens illustrative of the author's manner.

"A peasant, who is called by the contemporary writers indiscriminately Attendulo, or Giacomuzzo, was ploughing in a field of Cotignola when some troops passed by. The spirit within him prompted him to leave the servile pursuit in which he was engaged, for one which, if not less laborious, would be more distinguished. Yielding to a common superstition, he threw his ploughshare into a tree, with the resolution, if it should fall again to the earth, to continue his toils; if not, to seek his fortunes as a soldier. The share remained among the branches, and Attendulo renounced his peaceful avocations. His valour and his prodigious strength soon gave him some consideration among the soldiers whom he joined, and procured him the name of Sforza, which he made one of the most illustrious of his time. His genius for war developed itself; he rose rapidly to command; seven thousand volunteers marched under his banners, whose services he sold to such of the intriguing and quarrelsome potentates of Italy as loved war, but loved better to carry it on with the arms of others than with their own. Wealth and distinction flowed upon him in a full current. An accidental fall from his horse, while he was yet in full vigour, terminated his life. He left legitimate sons who inherited none of his talents, and one natural son, whose skill was equal, and whose good fortune was superior to his own. Francesco Sforza, by being the protector of Milan against the invasions of the neighbouring powers, became the master of it. The emperor, who pretended that it was a fief of the empire, and had reverted to him, offered to give him the investiture on payment of a certain sum. Sforza despised his offer, and expressed his determination of keeping with his sword that which his sword had won."

A speech of the Maréchal de Gié is curious, from its coincidence with the famous declaration of Cardinal Wolsey.

"In replying to the depositions of the countess, the maréchal conducted himself with great adroitness. He laid aside all his ferocity; and without alluding to the obvious fact, that his present accusation arose out of a desire to serve her and her cause, and without seeming to insinuate a reproach, he said to her, 'Si j'avois toujours servi Dieu, comme je vous ai servi, madame, je n'aurais pas grande compte à rendre à la mort.'"

"Among the nobles who repaired to the court, was the Count de Chateaubriant: he was related by marriage to the younger branch of the house of Foix, three of the brothers of which family were in the army, and had already shewn that they were worthy representatives of a name which had long stood eminent in the martial annals of France. The Count de Chateaubriant had married their

sister, whose extraordinary beauty had made up for her want of a dowry; and with a caution, in which the event proved he was too well justified, he had declined bringing her to court. The report of her charms had, however, reached the ears of the king, who invited her husband to let her visit the metropolis. The count made various excuses; but finding that he could not resist the importunities of the king, he endeavoured to put an end to them, by assuring Francis that his wife loved her retirement too well to quit it; and that as hitherto all his persuasions had failed, he felt unwilling to repeat them, or to force her inclinations. He had foreseen that all kinds of stratagems would be resorted to for the purpose of making him display his hidden beauty; and had adopted a precaution which he believed would effectually protect him against the artifices of the king, and those minions of the court who he knew, not less from a love of mischief than from a desire of accomplishing the king's will, would endeavour to thwart his intentions. He had procured two rings, the exact counterparts of each other, one of which he had given to his countess, and the other he kept in his own possession. He told her that he should perhaps, when at court, be compelled to ask her to come thither; but he enjoined her to pay no attention to his letters, however importunately he might write, until she should receive one from him in which his ring should be enclosed. The young and innocent lady, who had always lived at a great distance from the court, who was happy in the love of her husband, and who found in his castle, situate in a remote part of Brittany, all the splendour she then desired, unhesitatingly promised him obedience. The count again appeared at court, and again encountered the half-jesting reproaches of Francis, for not having brought his wife with him. He assured the king that her own wish alone kept her at home; and, in proof of his veracity, he offered to write in such terms as the king might dictate, a request that she would join him. The ring not accompanying the letter, he received from his countess such an answer as he expected, and he triumphantly produced her epistle to the king; thus for a time relieving himself from solicitations which his jealous fears rendered extremely irksome. The mischievous perseverance of some of the courtiers, however, helped them to a discovery of his secret. He had a servant whose fidelity and attachment had gained him the entire confidence of his master. This man, who had observed the extraordinary care which the count took of his ring, asked him the reason of his solicitude; and to him the count did not hesitate to explain it, in the belief that it was of all things the least likely that he would ever divulge it. The servant was bribed by some persons about the court, for the purpose of gaining intelligence respecting the countess; and the story of the ring being thus known, it was not difficult to get him to steal it. A skillful goldsmith made a fac-simile of the jewel with great despatch; and the original, after a short absence, was placed where the count, who had been very much distressed at missing it, found it again, and believed he had mislaid it. He was then urged once more to write to the countess, which he did with unhesitating confidence. The false ring was inserted into his letter and despatched into Brittany; and his first knowledge of the fraud that had been practised upon him was derived from the sudden appearance of his obedient wife, who im-

mediately upon the receipt of the letter had hastened to Paris. Here the romance of the story ends. The king saw the countess, and was struck with her beauty. She fell beneath the artifices which were employed for her ruin; and her husband retired to his castle to hide his misery and dishonour in the scene of his former happiness, but which her frailty had made a solitude.

"Francis Sickinghen was one of those extraordinary spirits who seem born for the purpose of proving what individual activity and genius can achieve. He was a gentleman of Germany, of small fortune and obscure family; but by his courage, his eloquence, and his intelligence, he had raised himself to a position of great importance. He was acquainted with all the influential persons of Germany, and had engaged most of them in his interests. His exploits would seem a fitter subject for romance than for history, but that history is sometimes the most marvellous kind of romance. He had raised a small force, which he kept constantly on foot, and with which he carried on war against the emperor and such of the independent states as had not engaged his alliance. He traversed Germany with a rapidity which defied pursuit. He had at different periods attacked the Duke of Lorraine, the town of Metz, the Landgrave of Hesse, and had reduced them to pay him a tribute. When a force with which he could not cope was directed against him, he and his army disappeared, until, by his intrigues, he had provoked the attack of some more powerful enemy against the emperor, and thus drawn off his resentment from himself, when he returned with unabated resolution to the prosecution of his former designs. Fleuranges, who knew his value, presented him to Francis as a man whose assistance might be made of the greatest service to his projects upon the empire. The king was struck with the extraordinary talents which the German displayed, treated him with distinction, granted him a pension of one thousand crowns, and made presents to the train of gentlemen whom Sickinghen always led with him, and who, in point of birth and fortune, were infinitely his superiors. Francis, however, treated him with a reserve which wounded the pride of this haughty adventurer. He engaged him to serve in Germany; but he did not think fit to explain to him the real point at which he aimed. Sickinghen, before he departed, told his friend Fleuranges that he was grateful for the generosity, and delighted with the reception he had met with from the king, to whom he promised to devote his best services against all the world, excepting only the house of la Mark, to whom he was under indelible obligations. 'But he does not know me,' he added, 'if he thinks that I am more easily to be attached to him by his bounty than by his confidence. I see through his plans, although he and you have thought fit not to avow them—he aims at the empire. I demanded certain troops from him, and he has refused my request; he thought, perhaps, I wanted them for myself; but they were solely for the purpose of gaining for him a body of German gentlemen. Tell him that he will never be well served but by simple gentlemen such as I am. If he deals with princes and electors they will take his money and deceive him afterwards.' Sickinghen returned to Germany and exercised again the free warfare to which he was accustomed. Some traders of Germany who had been unjustly dealt with by certain Milan merchants, applied to him for assistance; and he did them right by seizing

property of the value of 25,000 francs belonging to the Milanese. The latter carried their complaints to Francis as their liege lord, and he demanded restitution from Sickinghen, who replied, that when the Germans under his protection should have had justice done to them, he would give up the effects he had seized. The king's council, who had no notion of the sort of man they had to deal with, punished the haughtiness of his answer by suspending his pension; and Sickinghen, thus freed from his engagements with Francis, became a party to those which his friends of the house of la Mark had formed with the King of Spain. He afterwards put himself at the head of a body of Suabian troops, whose services Francis might have secured, but neglected; and his presence with this force in the neighbourhood of Frankfort when the diet was assembled there, was believed to have contributed in no small degree to influence the election."

We are informed that these volumes have been concocted by a legal gentleman; and we can fairly say that they do him great credit. He has produced a pleasant history, in many places very like a pleasant romance.

Apician Morsels.

Dalgairns' Cookery.

Kitchiner's Housekeeper's Oracle.

OUR second course with the modern Apicius will not, we trust, nauseate persons of good taste; though we confess it may be unpalatable to feed too long on bad dishes. And what can be more disgusting than your inferior order of book-making?—in all things offensive, in cookery abominable. Therefore, it is probably the impertinence of the following passages, combined with the indelicacies of the Apician morsels, which has excited our anger against the volume that presents them. "Dinner (says the bold fellow who has committed this outrage) is the most interesting daily action of our lives; as being that which is performed with most eagerness, pleasure, and appetite. Sooner would a coquette *renounce* to please, a poet *to be* praised, a blackleg *to be* believed upon his oath, a comedian *to be* applauded, a rich citizen *to be* flattered, than seven-eighths of the Londoners to make a good meal. We have always been much surprised that in this diversified, book-making age, no author has ever taken upon himself the task of treating this subject with the gravity it deserves, or to have written on dinners in a philosophical manner."

To mention "book-making" in such a book, is indeed a high stretch of audacity; but our compiler has an uncommonly large stock of imperturbable effrontery, for he elsewhere tells the public to its face,—"It is a common complaint amongst the learned, that booksellers love to print trifling productions in preference to works of real value. They should not, however, complain of the booksellers, but of their readers; for, if the publishing of valuable books was as lucrative as that of those insignificant scrawls, no doubt the booksellers would prefer good works to bad ones."*

How the matter stands between the writer, his publishers, and his conscience, we cannot determine; but we will venture to predict that "the learned" will be no parties to this im-

* This passage, we surmise, lets us into the secret of this paltry book; for it is clear that on the ground here laid down the author has taken his chance: if bad works succeed in proportion to their demerits, we congratulate him on having produced a volume likely to be the most popular of any that ever was published on the subject of cookery.

posture. Yet we must divert ourselves with a few more of the gastronomic exhibitions of this precious phoenix.

"Nothing paralyses a good appetite so much as the presence of valets, or *Johns*, at table. They ought only to enter when they bring fresh dishes; after that immediately to retire; the female servants necessary to the course running with plates. It would still be better to bring in each dish in its turn, one of the guests, at the same time, getting up to go and take it from the bearer at the door." (Only fancy this, in a London party!!!) What is meant by the next reflection, we confess we are utterly unable to guess. "It is essential that a dining-room be warmed in every part. A stove effects this purpose very well; but the precaution should never be forgotten, to shelter the legs of the guest from the external air.—It is no less necessary to preserve the feet warm during the time of eating. This may be effected by various means, according to convenience, which every gourmand who has the well-being of his guests at heart will know how to contrive: the ladies—that's enough, the cold seldom strikes downwards."

It is, however, as far as we can fancy from analogy, very like cutting up an ass, to attempt the dissection of this wiseacre; and so we shall rather let him appear in his own natural hide and likeness.

"To leave any thing for *manners* on your plate, is rather a breach, than an observance, of common politeness towards your host!"

"In a leg of beef, two things are distinguished—namely, the parish-priest's piece, and the parish-clerk's. The last is the least tender; as, indeed, it ought to be, for there is scarcely any thing so *stiff* as an old humping of this caste."

"The tail of a rabbit, or of a hare, is the most delicate morsel; and is always offered to the most distinguished guest."

The tail of a rabbit or hare!—the man must be as mad as the latter in March: may-be he means the ear; but it is not easy to divine. At page 263, after telling, at pages 261-2, a very nasty story, and spoiling it by omitting the wittiest part of it, we are treated with a woodcut of Domitian convoking the senate to ascertain the mode of cooking a turbot, in which print the usual felicity of the ingenious doer of the work prevails—for he represents the emperor, who, every schoolboy could tell, was bald, with a good stock of black hair upon his imperial head! In the next page (oh, the classical dog!) he states, that every meal Vitellius took with his friends cost ten thousand crowns!—but what Roman coin that was, we have not yet ascertained.

Now pass we on rapidly through the pages, for our miscellaneous notes on a few "morsels" of exquisite gusto. Page 290 mentions "Audebonte, a king of England, who died at table from eating too much;" and we immediately asked ourselves who the dickens is this fine king? At last we (see what conjurers we are) found out that our friend with the strange name, *Audebonte*, could be no other but *Hardicanute*: the French, who make a rule of misprinting every English proper name, having so *transmogrified* that worthy monarch, and our clever translator having, in one instance at least, faithfully followed his original! The same learned page speaks of *Peson* as a Roman person who was made a prætor by Tiberius; but we have not

been so fortunate in discovering who this ancient tippler was. Lempriere knows him not, and the archives of the famous Pease or Pestle family of Calpurnia have him not in catalogue. (Vide *Piso*.)

A chapter entitled "Personal Vexations; or the Miseries of dining abroad, as well as at home," is full of foreign ills, not in the least applicable to English manners. For example, a bachelor on returning home finds he has lost the key of his street door, and must call in a blacksmith "to break in the porte," p. 296; of course this bachelor can have no servant, and only an empty house. The three following are purely Parisian and not London miseries:—

"IV. To be obliged to pass by the servant at the moment she is sweeping the staircase, and to get all over dust, because you have not time to wait. V. To take a hackney coach, that you may keep yourself clean, and on getting out of the coach, to place your foot in a heap of mud, which covers your shoes, and then to be reduced to the necessity of wiping them with your pocket handkerchief. VI. Having arrived in a hurry, although a little too late and as hungry as a hunter, in the expectation of finding the guests already seated at table, to pass the dining-room and see that the cloth is not even laid."

To what state of society the next belongs we cannot guess:—

"To be regaled during the dinner with the agreeable and polite noise of the master and the mistress of the house alternately scolding their servants, calling them names, and being called upon to be the judge between them." "To eat too fast, and, without thinking, to use the knife instead of the fork (*à l'Anglaise*), lose the road to your mouth, and wound your cheek with a sharp-pointed knife (*à la Française*)." [Mistaken!] "The small bone of a herring, or of a carp, sticking in your palate, you try all you can to get it up by coughing and spitting; at length your stomach revolts, and you serve up your dinner again in rather an unusual way." [Cleanly!!] "Having discoursed during dinner with well-informed people, and to recollect, at tea-time, that you made two grammatical errors in combating their assertions." [Important!!] "During the first quadrille or country dance with a young and pretty dancer, (the mistress of the house, for instance,) to be taken with a severe and unyielding colic, the tardy and unexpected effect of some purgative pills which you now recollect to have taken in the morning." [Very cleanly!!!] "To disturb your false collar in raising up your cravat; to be forced to do penance at some innocent game, to take off your coat, and to expose a coarse dirty shirt, full of holes about the shoulders." [Very genteel!!]

"Lastly, to return home at two o'clock in the morning, wet and dirty, because you have not been able to procure a coach; to find you have got the devil's own appetite, in consequence of coming away before supper; to be obliged to wait a quarter of an hour at the street door, before you are let in; when you do get in, there is no light, and you break the wash-hand basin, with all its appurtenances, which are upset: you can't find your night-shirt; the bed is not made; the blankets are too short, and leave your shoulders uncovered: being thus exposed to the cold, you pull up the clothes, and uncover your feet; you then knock and kick about, trying to put things to right, and, hooking in the curtains, pull down the top of the bed upon your head; lose your equilibrium, and tumble out in the middle of the floor, with the mattress, bed clothes, &c.

and upset the table with your watch upon it: at length you succeed, by dint of groping, to lay your hand upon the tinder-box, you strike a light, but find no matches; get into bed again, as well as you can, in the dark, and during the remainder of the night never once close your eyes for cold and a violent headache; at the same time, you are agreeably charmed with a neighbour in the adjoining room 'driving his pigs to market,' who has gone to sleep upon a hearty supper."

Very pleasant manners altogether, and a vastly pleasant picture of society. Assuredly the author is the man to paint them—for

He best can paint them who has felt them most.

The next chapter, a collection of gourmand receipts, is plundered from a little book called *Oxford Nightcaps*, without acknowledgment; and yet there is, p. 315, an impudent charge against Dr. Kitchiner for compiling "*shop works*" from the *Almanach des Gourmands*; and against the incomparable Ude for borrowing from *La Cuisinière Bourgeoise*. Now, without saying that the worthy Doctor did not avail himself of previous French writers, or that the inventions of the immortal Ude are altogether original—we will venture to assert, that for a single line which the one, or a single hint which the other, has taken from former authorities, their accuser has pilfered fifty; and, what is worse, has spoiled what he has stolen. With this consolation, we dismiss the modern Apicius—and a finale of two neat hits which he has made:—p. 332, we are told of "Doctor Sangrado (not our esteemed Sancho Panza), in his government of Barataria;" and, p. 320, are indulged in the neat bull, "that unusual feasting, frequently repeated, brings on a bad state of health!"

If the public can digest this stuff, they are an ostrich public, and may digest any thing; and of an appetite fit for the feat we shall append in a note, the individual being one of the public mass.*

* We find our illustrative story in the first Number of a clever little quarterly periodical called the *Provincial Medical Gazette*, which, among other interesting articles, has a case of *bulimia*, or canine appetite; and the description seems to be precisely that of a person who might have relished these Apician Morsels. The circumstances happened at Portsea, and are vouched for by Dr. Porter. "William Faircloth, æt. 19, a pale, emaciated subject, received into the Racon, Convict Hospital ship. His pulse is small and frequent, tongue furred, skin cold and pallid, eyes glassy, abdomen enlarged. Has a small carbuncle on the posterior part of the neck, and an induration on the outer side of the right leg. This latter terminated in a small abscess, which was cured under the usual treatment.—Aug. 22d. On this day the medical attention was directed to his immoderate appetite."

We are not going into the other details, which, fitting for a medical report, are not quite the literature of a *Literary Gazette*—therefore we confine our extracts to what William Faircloth consumed. "Aug. 22. Solids and spoon victuals, 95lb. 8oz., drink (by weight), 22lb. 12oz.; total, 49lb. 6oz. Pulse 68 and languid, tongue white, temperature of the surface of the body below the natural, exhaling a disagreeable odour. He takes his food in small quantities, but very often, and his call for drink is incessant. Has a pain and hardness in the region of the liver.—25th. No alteration in symptoms or treatment. Food consumed in twenty-four hours—solid, 19lb. 8oz., fluid, 23lb. 12oz.—Sept. 3d. Food, 17lb. 8oz., drink, 11lb. 12oz. From this date a diary was kept, specifying the particular articles of diet; but for brevity we shall select those dates where symptoms or treatment varied.—7th. For the first time since his admission into the hospital, perspired profusely in the night. Food, 15lb. 8oz., drink, 10lb. 8oz.—10th. On examining him minutely, we find he has gained flesh since admission, though still much emaciated. Food, 14lb. 12oz., drink, 12lb. Has had no perspiration since the night of the 7th.—15th. Food, 24lb. 12oz., drink, 12lb. 8oz.—22d. Food, 37lb. 8oz., drink, 11lb. He was put into the scale and found to weigh 105lb.—28th. Supply of animal food considered insufficient for his insatiable appetite. In addition to his mutton, beef, or other animal food, bullock's liver was procured, of which he devoured six pounds while the

† March 1. Published at Winchester by Robbins and Wheeler; London, Whittaker and Co.

* Four pages on, this memorable maxim is repeated. "It would be an insult offered to the master of the house, to leave any thing eatable on your plate, or any wine in your glass."

Mrs. Lushington's Journey from Calcutta to Europe.

HAVING devoted our former paper to the particular adventures of our fair traveller, we must step back a little, for more general subjects, to Thebes, where Mrs. L. gives a curious history of mummy-hunting.

"I accepted the invitation of Signor Piccinini, a Lucchese, in the service of the Swedish Consul at Alexandria, who had resided about nine years at Thebes, to see the opening of a mummy, that I might myself take out the scarabæus, or any such sacred ornament as might be found in the coffin. The signior's dwelling was nothing more than a mud-hut on the hills of Ghorroo. I ascended to the only apartment by a few steps; this room contained his couch, his arms, his wine, his few drawings, and all his worldly goods. The window-shutters,

cook was frying it. Vegetable diet ordered to be discontinued, as increasing the diabetic symptoms.—30th. His drink is ordered to be confined to one gallon of water mixed with two drachms of diluted sulphuric acid. Food totally animal.—Oct. 6th. Considerably better; complains of nausea at night. Food, 6lb. 15oz.; drink, 12lb. 8oz.—9th. Weighed 106lb. Opium increased to 6 grains quotide. He appears more lively and alert, and expresses himself better. Food (animal), 6lb. 12oz.; drink (acidulated), 12lb. 4oz.—16th. Weighed, fasting, 99lb. Food, 7lb. drink, 14lb.—20th. Food, 6lb. 8oz.; drink, 10lb. 8oz.—24th. Weighed, after breakfast, 106lb.—26th. Food (animal), 5lb.; drink, 10lb. 8oz.—31st. Though apparently stronger, his weight is but 96lb. Continue in diet and medicine as before.—Nov. 7th. Food, 5lb. 8oz.; drink, 8lb. 4oz.—14th. Food, 5lb.; drink, 9lb. 8oz.—17th. Complaints of headach. Food, 7lb.; drink, 10lb. 8oz.—21st. Symptoms of drowsiness disappeared. Food, 8lb. 4oz.; drink, 6lb. 4oz.—29th. Food, 3lb. 15oz.; drink, 6lb. 4oz.—Dec. 9d. Increased in weight 2lb.; viz. 97lb.—6th. Food, 4lb. 13oz.; drink, 5lb. 13oz.—8th. Weighs 98lb.—13th. Food, 6lb. 12oz.; drink, 5lb. 13oz.—19th. Increased 1lb. in weight.—20th. No alteration.—23d. Has lost 2lb. in weight.—1877, Jan. 2d. He is found this day 6lb. reduced in weight (91lb.). Food, 4lb. 12oz.; drink, 6lb. 10oz.—10th. Complaints of drowsiness occasionally. Food, 3lb. 12oz.; drink, 6lb. 15oz.—16th. Symptoms of pleurisy have supervened from exposure to cold on deck. The appetite is decreased.—20th. Symptoms grew daily worse, and on the 30th he died. The body weighed 81lb." "It will not (continue the narrative of this extraordinary case) be improper to add his own statement previous to his coming to the Hulk, corroborated by the gaoler who accompanied him from Stafford, and some fellow-prisoners who knew him before conviction. He is a native of a small village near Wolverhampton, in Staffordshire, and was commonly engaged in husbandry as a labourer. His labours were, he states, with fever and pain in the right side about five years ago, which confined him to bed six months, and incapacitated him from work for eighteen months longer. During his illness he was salivated, but does not recollect how long he was under the influence of pyalism; and from the time of his convalescence he has had a ravenous appetite. About twelve months since, while in the service of a surgeon, he had severe pains in the head, for which he was bled. Many disgusting facts are related of this man's voracity, many even revolting to nature. He would pilfer all sort of food, clean or otherwise, even from the dunghill or hog-tub. He was once found making a luxurious repast on the carrion of a dead horse; nor would he quit this *bonne bouche* till compelled by blows. At another time he stole a sheep's head and pluck from a butcher's shop; and while the owner was pursuing him he contrived to eat the whole of it! The butcher, struck with the fact, and supposing hunger and want had induced the lad to commit the theft, took him charitably into his house, and supplied him with boiled and broiled mutton, till, astonished at the immense quantity he devoured, he at last drove him out, declaring to the crowd assembled on the occasion, that 'the chap would eat a whole sheep.' At the house of a reverend gentleman he devoured a very large turkey, besides bread, potatoes, and other vegetables. On another occasion he ate five pounds of fat bacon and forty-two pounds of potatoes in the space of ten hours. During his confinement in gaol for stealing a watch from one of the canal barges, for which offence he was afterwards transported, the surgeon ordered him three men's allowance; and one day, while in the infirmary in the gaol, he consumed twenty-one pounds of bread and forty pints of water in six hours, as also the remains of thirty pounds of potatoes. Even while in the Convict Hospital ship, where ample allowance was made of good food, as per hospital journal, he would extinguish the light at night, and pilfer every morsel which he had previously turned his eye on; and in the night of October 4 he stole a jar of smelts just put into salt, and ate the whole raw, weighing about six pounds. He had an extraordinary propensity to steal dirty, not only articles of food, but even useless things; and after concealing them, would vow and declare most strenuously he had never had them, or even seen them."

steps, and floor, were composed of mummy coffins, painted with hieroglyphical figures, perhaps four thousand years old; and it was curious to observe the profuse expenditure of materials to which I had been accustomed to attach ideas of value, from seeing them only in museums and collections of antiquities. I had accompanied Signor Piccinini with great glee, thinking what a fine thing it would be to tell my friends in England. What my notions of opening a mummy were I cannot define,—something, however, very classical and antique—certainly any thing but what it proved in reality. Half a dozen Arabs were standing around, panting under heat, dust, and fatigue. They had only just brought in their barthen, and were watching with eager look the examination of its contents, (their profits depending upon the value of the prize,) while the candles which they held to assist the search lighted up their anxious countenances. The outside case of the mummy was covered with hieroglyphics, and the inner one consisted of a figure as large as life, with the face and eyes painted like a mask. On lifting up this cover, nothing was seen but a mass of dark yellow cloth, which though it must have consisted of at least fifty folds, yielded like sand to the merciless hand of the operator, and the skeleton appeared to view. It was some time before I could recover from the horror with which the scene impressed me: I saw no more, but this little was sufficient to make me consider the employment as disgusting as that of a resurrection-man, and the manner of performing it not less unfeeling. It may be called the pursuit of science, but to me it appeared nothing more than rifling the dead for the sake of the trifling ornaments with which the corpse is generally buried. This, indeed, was the fact; for the moment it was ascertained that the mummy contained no ornament, the skeleton, together with the papyrus, on which were inscribed numerous distinct hieroglyphics, and the other materials, was cast forth as worthless rubbish. Sufficient papyrus and relics have been procured for the interests of science; and I think it would redound to the pasha's credit if he were to issue an edict, to clear his country from these mummy-scavengers. He had, indeed, ordered all the corpses to be reinterred; but, according to evident demonstration, this order was habitually disregarded. Scarabæi are scarce; a few were brought us by the Fellahs, while wandering about the ruins, though none of value. Ancient coins are procurable in abundance, but they were too numerous to prove curious, and they had certainly no beauty to attract us to be purchasers. Signor Piccinini had found on a mummy some bracelets, about an inch wide, of small coloured beads, which were remarkable, from resembling so much the fashion of the present day, yet, from the absence of all device, not nearly so pretty. The beads, which were of coral, cornelian, garnets, amethysts, and vitreous porcelain of a bright blue colour, were strung together, and separated at every inch by a gold wire, or link, to which they were attached, in order to keep the bracelets flat on the arm. The signior thought them very handsome; but they appeared to me of no value, except for their antiquity. During the many years he had resided at Thebes, he had only discovered one mummy likely to indemnify him for the labour of excavation. Passing through his miserable kitchen, the shelves of which were also made of ancient coffins, we entered a tomb, where lay the mummy in question, supposed to be that of a high priest. It was placed in a stone case, the lid of which

was removed, and enclosed in three coffins, each having a gilt mask at the upper end. The entire lid of the last coffin was also covered with gilding, in vivid preservation, and the body was wrapped in a garment curiously wrought with gold lace, and apparently of a tough texture. The whole figure seemed as fresh as if it had been prepared a few months before, but the envelopment remained unfolded. Signor Piccinini said he might obtain five hundred dollars for this mummy at Alexandria, but he considered it of such value, that he thought of taking it himself to Tuscany. Whether or not this appreciation was to excite the cupidity of purchasers, I pretend not to determine. The mountains in this neighbourhood, called Ghorroo, have for centuries been the cemeteries for the dead; and notwithstanding the havoc which during some years has been made amongst them, their contents appear inexhaustible. It would scarcely be an exaggeration to say, the mountains are merely roofs over the masses of mummies within them. The coffins serve as fire-wood to the whole neighbourhood: I saw nothing else burnt. At first I did not relish the idea of my dinner being dressed with this resurrection-wood, particularly as two or three of the coffin-lids, which, as I said before, were in the shape of human figures,—were usually to be seen standing upright against the tree under which the cook was performing his operations, staring with their large eyes as if in astonishment at the new world upon which they had opened. The coffins were usually made of sycamore wood, which may serve in some degree to account for the almost total extinction of that tree in Upper Egypt, that under which my tent was pitched being the only one in the neighbourhood. This extinction, perhaps, may also be explained by the increasing aridity of the soil. As numerous pits full of mummies have been discovered in the heart of the mountains, without coffins and merely embalmed, it may be inferred that these were the bodies of the poorer classes, who could not afford that expensive mode of interment."

Her remarks on Thebes, or rather on what was Thebes, are also very interesting.

"The soil of Egypt may truly be called luxuriant, and the surprising variety of the crops gave a pleasing novelty to our rides. Plains of the richest clover, in which the cattle revelled uncontrolled, besides fields of wheat, maize, beans of the sweetest scent, indigo, cotton, flax, (and I must not omit the blue lupine, which is here used as an article of food,) were to be seen extending in every direction. Still, amidst all this fruitfulness, I could not help remarking the loneliness of Thebes itself (if I may so denominate Carnac and Luxor), and how few animals and birds, pigeons alone excepted, broke the universal stillness. To my eye, accustomed to the swarming multitudes of Calcutta, the paucity of inhabitants here was very conspicuous. The absence, also, of all fishermen on the Nile was yet more remarkable. On the Ganges, hundreds of fishermen may be observed, and vessels are frequently obliged to alter their course, to avoid injuring the numerous nets; but at Thebes I never perceived any persons engaged in that employment; and the Nile flows silently and tranquilly along, undisturbed by a single boat. Meditating on this diversity, my imagination, rapidly passing over the occurrences of many weeks, transported me back to India, and forced upon me the contrast of Calcutta, the city of palaces, in the very pruriency of traffic and population, with the once magnificent Thebes, the city of a hundred gates,

devoid of inhabitants, without commerce, and lying waste, in all the desolation of ruined majesty."

At Cairo Mrs. L. visited many of "the lions," and her details respecting them are very entertaining; but we can afford room for but little more, and even that little must wait a week.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Margaret Coryton. By Leigh Cliffe, Esq., Author of "Parga," &c. 3 vols. London, 1829. R. and S. A. Belfield; Paris, Galignani.

WERE it not that 1829 is legibly impressed on the title-page, we should have thought some chance had placed before us one of those novels in which our grandmothers delighted; when a little scandal and a little personality supplied the place of any thing like merit. It is a meagre imitation of a school long out of date—that whose model was Surr's *Winter in London*; and, moreover, we cannot but think what little story there is, very objectionable in a moral point of view. The names of the Prince (now our king), Sheridan, Mara, and other characters, are given plainly and without disguise; while disreputable anecdotes are told of them.

Leonora; or, the Presentation at Court: being the first of a Series of Tales called Young Ladies' Tales. By the Author of "Private Education," &c. 2 vols. London, 1829. Longman and Co.

As Miss Appleton, Mrs. Lachlan has been a very valuable contributor to the juvenile library; and the little volumes now before us are among those we can cordially recommend. The story is very amusing, and the principles it inculcates such as should be deeply impressed on the minds of every young person. We know of no writer *en or for* education practically superior to this lady.

We regret that a notice of Sir Rufane Donkin's volume, containing a very curious investigation and theory of the northern course of the Niger, must be deferred till next week. Meanwhile we can only warmly recommend the work to all who are interested in the solution of this great geographical problem.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, 17th May.

THE Tuilleries gardens are now in their full spring attire, and the *coquet d'ail* of their luxuriant verdure and blossom, almost remunerates visitors for the noise, bustle, and ennui of this dusty city. On entering these courtly grounds it might seem as if we were suddenly transported into some enchanted region, were it not for the chattering, whistling, coughing, sneezing, and antic tricks of those beings said to be "little lower than the angels." At half-past four o'clock, the *commencement* world arrive; what a rush of transcendents inundate the beaux walks at this hour—strutting, bowing, bending, sliding, and twirling their canes! also ladies' crape bennets, stiffened sleeves and flounces, are sacrificed without mercy to the flourishes of these—I suppose I must call them gentlemen. Those candidates for public admiration appear, however, to form a very just estimate of their intrinsic value; to exterior glitter they seem aware that they are alone indebted for the effect produced in *ecstasizing* ladies; consequently gold chains, rings, brooches, and waistcoat-buttons of precious stones, are essential to their sweep; so that the dandies of high ton resemble so many pedlars, who sport their trinkets on their own persons.

Mr. Scribe has fallen into great disgrace with papas, mammas, guardians, uncles, and all wise people, since the representation of his "Suite," to the *mariage de raison*. But, *en revanche*, sentimental demoiselles have restored him to their good graces, and forgiven his former desertion of Cupid's cause.

A poet of some fame has announced his intention of publishing a dictionary of crime and virtue. This will be a really charitable work, for our poor consciences know not where to cast anchor in the present confusion of morals. It would be easier to decide on the colour of the chameleon, than to define what is *vice*—so varied are the opinions on this question: and (as one person is gibbeted for that for which another is honoured) it will be truly delightful to possess a little pocket manual to look into as temptation presents itself.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

MAY 15.—This evening a practical discourse upon "Xylography," or engraving on wood, was delivered by Mr. Mason.

The discourse was divided into a variety of heads; viz. tools, wood, drawings, mode of engraving, white and black surfaces, tinting, ancient and present manner of holding the block, proofs, &c. &c. Of woods, the earlier artists used the apple, pear, beech, now only used by calico printers. As the arts improved, these soft woods were abandoned, and the box-tree of Turkey, brought to England, in blocks of two feet long, as ballast, on account of its superior texture and compactness, was adopted, and is now in general use amongst wood engravers. Mr. Mason next pointed out the great advantage the copper engraver possessed over the engraver on wood, as regarded his drawings; the former being enabled to present progressive proofs of his works, retaining his original drawing as a guide, unimpaired, till his work is completed; while, on the contrary, so fast as the workmanship of the wood engraver proceeded, so fast and as surely was his original cleared away. The tools also of the wood engraver were far more numerous than those of the engraver on copper, the former requiring eighteen, the latter only three! We pass over the merely mechanical parts of the art, which were practically illustrated by Mr. Mason before the audience. The mode of obtaining proofs of wood engravings, however, is simple, and a trial may be amusing. We describe the process:—A small ball covered with silk, by repeated "dabbings," is made to take up a certain quantity of fine ink, previously spread on a polished surface of marble, &c.; the ink is transferred to the block by continued beating, till the raised parts are covered; a piece of Chinese paper is then laid over the inked surface; over this again is placed a bit of hot-presser's board, which is carefully rubbed over with a steel burnisher, or skewer; the pressure being regulated as required by the various parts. Mr. Mason illustrated his subject by a vast variety (almost to the confusing of himself) of rare and very old specimens of wood engravings, obtained from the libraries of his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, Earl Spencer, Mr. Otley, the East India Company, and various others.

In the library of the Institution were a few beautiful specimens of crystals and vegetable alkali, together with works of literature and art.

COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

ON Monday evening we attended another meeting at the Hall of the College; Sir Henry Hallford, Bart. presided. The first paper read was written by Dr. Turner; it was on what is called *metastasis* of diseases, illustrated by the transition of asthma into mania. Amongst the many cases related, the author mentioned one which had occurred in the practice of Sir Henry Hallford and the late Dr. Bailey. These two eminent physicians had attended a lady in the year 1802, during the prevalence of the epidemic influenza, who laboured under severe asthma, which suddenly ceased, and was followed by an attack of derangement; this latter continued for some weeks, when it gave way to a return of the old complaint of difficulty of breathing.

Previous to the second paper being read, the President informed the assembly, that he had hoped to be able to lay before the meeting the report of the late fever at Gibraltar; but that government had not yet received it: Sir George Murray, however, had promised that as soon as it arrived it should be sent to the College.

The second paper read was entitled "Suggestions for preventing the spread of contagion at Gibraltar," by Mr. Jeffery, whose plans for making the new approaches to London Bridge, we believe, have been adopted by the government. It appears that the drains of Gibraltar, for want of a more adequate supply of water, are not sufficiently active to clear the town: to remedy his defect, the author proposes that a steam-engine of ten-horse power should be erected at Europa Point, by which the sea-water might be raised into a reservoir, whence it should be conveyed by pipes into the houses. New drains should also be made, and a portion of the fluid conveyed through the streets as surface-water. He further states, that the heat on the western side of the rock, where the town is situated, is so oppressive as to be scarcely tolerable; and that the guns on the batteries remain sensibly hot till three or four o'clock in the morning. Besides suggesting a plan for procuring water to an unlimited extent, Mr. Jeffery proposes that fresh air should be obtained by one or more galleries being cut in the rock, from east to west, so as to cause a proper ventilation, and thus convey to the parched inhabitants a refreshing breeze.

On the table lay a curious cast of the celebrated John Wilkes, taken immediately after his death.

MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

MAY 12th.—The president, the Right Hon. Earl Stanhope, in the chair.—Letters were read from their Royal Highnesses the Archduke Rudolf of Austria (Archbishop of Olmutz), and the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg Strelitz, desiring their admission to the Society as honorary members. A splendid collection of dried plants indigenous to the Kingdom of Wirtemberg's dominions, presented by his majesty the King of Wirtemberg; a collection of nearly 400 packages of seeds of the medicinal plants of the Brazil, presented by Lord Viscount Strangford; and the eleventh volume of the Transactions of the Horticultural Society of Berlin; and several other valuable donations, were enumerated by the assistant secretary.—Sir F. Baker and Mr. W. Marsden were elected Fellows.

Mr. Barbour, the American minister, stated, that he had written to the steward of his estates in N. America, for a plant used by his tenants as a general nostrum in the cure of diseases. Mr. Barbour assured the Society, that he would take every opportunity of being the organ of

communication between it and the learned men of his country, and thereby promote a science which his usual avocations had not permitted him to study with that attention which such pursuits demanded.

Dr. Sigmond delivered some very interesting observations on the science of toxicology.

LONDON PHRENOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

MAY 4th. Edward Wright, M.D., V.P., in the chair.—Dr. Epps called the attention of the Society to a pamphlet,* read before the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh, by their President, Thomas Stone, Esq., entitled, "Observations on the Phrenological Development of Burke, Hare, and other atrocious Murderers." The doctor pointed out numerous errors into which, he alleged, the author had fallen, from his ignorance of the subject; and maintained that he had not adduced a single fact in opposition to the science of phrenology. Mons. P. H. T. Baume, an eccentric Frenchman, who styles himself the *Reforming Opticist*, presented a cast of his own head. An original mask of Mr. John Wilkes was presented by Mr. Behnes.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

APRIL 28th.—Mr. Jopling presented a specimen of brick, of a handsome stone colour, and possessing the requisite qualities of hardness, weight, and sound texture; with a letter from Sir Claude Scott, descriptive of the strata in which this excellent material has been discovered. Mr. James Walker enumerated several valuable facts, obtained in a course of experiments on stone rail-ways. The granite wheel-track, when well constructed and free from dust, is found to possess advantages similar to those of iron edge-rails; the superior hardness of the latter being compensated by the *vis inertiae* of material, and the increased diameter of wheels in the former. Mr. Frost described the results to his researches on the comparative resistance to abrasion, exhibited by various minerals: this quality is possessed by flint† in a degree superior to that of granite or rock-crystal.

May 5th.—Mr. Walker's interesting paper was the subject of an animated discussion. Mr. Mills compared the calculations advanced on stone rail-ways with his observations during a late survey of the Liverpool edge-rail road, and contended that the expense of constant repair must eventually decide the comparison in favour of iron. Mr. Jardin mentioned various trials of wheel-tracks, both of iron and stone, on public roads. Iron plates, diagonally grooved, he considered preferable, in some instances, as the stone-tracks had not lasted three years. Mr. Walker mentioned the prices of the materials on the Commercial Road; to which he has lately devoted considerable attention; and, in conclusion, adduced numerous instances of the durability of good paving-stone.

Dr. Pearson, an honorary member, on his introduction to the Institution, presented his new treatise on Astronomy.

FERNANDO PO.

THE latest arrival from this new settlement in the *Bight of Biafra*, on the western coast of

Africa, informs us that a great number of mechanics had lately arrived, with other settlers, from Sierra Leone, together with a quantity of building materials. A number of the Native Regiment had also arrived, and were garrisoned on the outskirts of the town, where their services had already proved a valuable acquisition to the labourers employed in building and clearing away the trees and vegetation, in shielding them from the annoyance of innumerable bodies of natives. The king had not yet returned from the mountain, whither he had gone and had secreted himself, with a Spaniard and a number of his subjects, soon after the landing of Captain Owen. The natives were providing themselves with spears and other warlike implements, by means of bartering their fine growth of yams for pieces of iron hoops.—They are a treacherous set, and are most likely only waiting for an opportunity to make a bold incursion. Much praise appears to be due to that indefatigable officer, Captain Owen, governor and commander on the first and favourable formation of this settlement, for his endeavour to establish civilisation and the most friendly disposition among the natives and the new settlers; for his strict attention to the welfare of those under his command, and for the generous feeling of humanity evinced in the capture of so many slave-vessels, the cargoes of which have been sent to Sierra Leone for adjudication, after which they are received at the new settlement, and kindly treated. The Europeans were greatly annoyed by the sting of a species of fly which infested the island; and several, through sickness, had been invalided home. The seamen were not allowed to land without a sufficient clothing, and the Arab fashion had again been introduced (as upon Captain Owen's late survey of Africa), and the beard and mustachio had already grown to an enormous length, which, when washed, tends greatly to refresh and keep cool the *upper story* for the remainder of the day. It is generally thought that this settlement will not answer present expectation, especially while the Portuguese government have so extensive a slave-factory (in St. Paul de Leondo) a few degrees southward. However, we have reason to believe that a fuller explanation will shortly be published of this interesting part of Africa, by one of the officers belonging to the squadron, together with other interesting parts of the eastern and of the western coast of Africa, from the Persian Gulf to the River Gambia, collected during the late nautical survey, and now nearly brought to a close.

NEW PROJECT.

AMONG the plans consequent upon the Strand improvements, we have before us that of a Society for erecting and maintaining a considerable building in the metropolis, for the meetings of Religious, Charitable, and Scientific Institutions. At the head of this is Sir T. Baring, and we remark the names of many influential noblemen and gentlemen in the list of thirty vice-presidents and directors. The site obtained is in the Strand, between Burleigh Street (at the end of Exeter 'Change) and a new street which is to run towards the north, on the city side of Southampton Street; so that the Institution will have all the advantages of a central and convenient position. On looking at the plan, we observe that the entrance to the hall is by a grand staircase, between two houses which front the Strand; for the building itself is behind these, with an open area to divide them. The frontage appears to be about 110

feet. The ground floor occupied by offices, committee rooms, a secondary room for smaller meetings (58 feet by 31 feet 6 inches), and a coffee-room (46 by 26). Above, if we understand the plan correctly, is the principal room for numerous assemblages (136 by 76), and other apartments.

Approving very highly as we do of this design, and considering it likely to be very useful to the multitude of societies which exist without a local habitation in our immense metropolis, we rejoice to learn that no fewer than fourteen religious institutions are already connected with it, and that the fifty pounds shares are going off rapidly.

THE INFLUENCE OF CLIMATE ON NATIONAL CHARACTER.

[An oration pronounced by Professor Schouw, at the solemn opening of the Winter Session, 1828-29, of the University of Copenhagen.]

IN order to eradicate the common error, which induces us to consider nature as the almost exclusive modeller of the character of nations, it is of paramount importance we should carefully keep in view, that even in the physical world, however obvious an influence they may produce, the climate, soil, and natural constitution of a country, are by no means capable of explaining all the appearances which will claim the inquirer's attention. This observation applies with peculiar force to the distribution of the various families of the vegetable and animal kingdoms over the surface of the earth. It is impossible to explain on such a datum, why England and Van Diemen's Land, though similarly circumstanced as to climate, should differ so widely in respect of their animal and vegetable productions; or why the Flora of southern Africa should possess so distinct a character from that of the northern parts of the African continent, or the flowers of New Holland be so essentially peculiar to its own soil. Much less will climate or soil enable us to account for the corporeal distinctions which characterise the several races or families of mankind. We know it is customary to ascribe the dark complexion of the negro to the extraordinary heat of the solar ray in his native clime; but do not the olive-coloured Hindoo and the fairer-complexioned tenant of the isles of the South Seas inhabit similar latitudes? or does the negro's skin become less sable when exposed to the less scorching skies of Jamaica or the Floridas? Though surrounded by the same meteorological circumstances, there is a striking dissimilarity in the complexional characteristics of the European, the Asiatic, and the aboriginal Indian of North America: the natives of Greenland and Lapland possess a darker skin than their European brethren, and the inhabitant of Van Diemen's Land, though living beneath a temperate sky, is of a complexion not far removed from black. We shall find ourselves at a similar loss in the attempt to deduce other variations from the customary premises to which I have alluded: the woolly locks of the negro, the lofty stature of the Patagonian, the slender frame of the Papu, or the little twinkling eye of the Chinese, can in nowise be charged to the account of the climate, or referred to the nature of the soil. If we follow up the influence of physical causes on isolated individuals, we shall find ourselves equally sinning against every rational assumption, should we venture to deduce the mental attributes of any one human race from such causes. In the same country, in the same spot, nay, under the same roof, we meet with individuals entirely differing from each other in their intellectual features; but it would be

* We have this pamphlet before us, and entertain an opinion of it widely different from Dr. Epps: but as we intend to make it and another clever satirical publication (*Travels in Phrenology*, 8vo. Saunders and Otley), the subject of a separate paper on Phrenology, we shall not at present say more.—Ed. L. G.

† The roads around London are testimonials that mere friction without momentum is implied.

ridiculous to ascribe the dissimilitude to the effects of climate, food, or beverage. Intellect does not resemble the anana; it can neither be nurtured nor called into existence by artificial heat.

In looking at the characteristics of nations, it is impossible not to observe the marked shades of diversity which sever one people from another, even where the climate is precisely similar, or not essentially different. The Europeans cultivate the soil, dwell in towns, live under regular forms of government, and, in general, are devoted to the arts and sciences; whereas most of the Asiatic regions, where the circumstances of climate are similar, are tenanted by nomadic tribes, who derive their livelihood from rearing cattle, are entire strangers to social polity, and have no conception of a more advanced state of civilisation; whilst the aborigines of North America are untutored savages, wandering from spot to spot, from wood to plain. The feeble, peaceable, thrifty Hindoo lives beneath a climate scarcely differing from that which is breathed by the athletic, fierce, and lazy negro, or the miserable indigenes of South America, whose wild exterior and uncouth gestures excite both pity and aversion. The Chinese are, in every respect, strikingly dissimilar from any other nation surrounded by the same natural circumstances; and the proud and ingenious Briton possesses few characteristics in common with the poor, timid inhabitant of Van Diemen's Land. We find the most discordant masses intermixed and living together under the same sky; in the innermost parts of Africa the Arabian dwelling with the negro, and far surpassing the latter in every mental endowment; in its southern districts, the Caffre hording with the Hottentot, with whom he has no earthly similitude; and towards the northernmost confines of Scandinavia, the Laplander hutting with the Swede and Norwegian.

If we weigh the effect of physical circumstances, to which is usually attributed the formation of national character, it will be found to depend neither necessarily nor demonstrably upon the influences ascribed to them: on the contrary, we shall frequently find the closest affinity of character existing where those circumstances wear the most widely diverse of aspects. A clear atmosphere is held to foster gentleness of manners, and give vitality to art and science; and Greece and Italy are cited in proof of the justness of this inference. The surface of the globe, however, will shew us many a country where the atmosphere is more rarefied than in those regions; and such are the islands of the South Seas, or the elevated plains of Peru, Quito, or Mexico: yet in these, where shall we discover the manners and intellectual energy of the olden Greeks? Whilst under the dense and humid sky of England, man has reached a state of intellectual advancement to which few other nations have attained. Again; large rivers are esteemed conducive to the interchange of social relations, and, consequently, to human civilisation; and the proofs of this argument are drawn from the Nile and the Indus. Now, the largest streams which exist are those of South America, along whose banks the uncivilised Indian toils for a bare and miserable existence; whilst the Dane, who is scarcely inferior to the most intelligent of his contemporaries, treads a soil unfertilised by a single stream. The Mediterranean is brought forward to exhibit the propitious influence attending large masses of water encompassed by land; yet where shall we discover the minutest traces

of civilisation along the capacious lakes of North America, around the Caspian, or among the numberless thickly-studded isles of the Indian seas? The coasts of the Cattegat, where social intercourse is impeded by storms, and sand-banks, and floating fields of ice, are ennobled by those civil institutions and mental energies, which will be sought after in vain among the islands of that ocean, on which the name of "the Pacific" has been appropriately bestowed.

The slender influence derivable from climate will become still more apparent, when it is recollected, that nations which have abandoned their native soil, and sought a home under stranger skies, have undergone no change whatever in their character. Among the colonists who have settled in the interior of the colony at the Cape of Good Hope, there is no difficulty in recognising the Dutchman; yet his dwelling stands upon an elevated plain, which is celebrated for the dryness of its soil and atmosphere, whilst his ancestors toiled in a land, damp as it was flat and low, and enveloped in a dense atmosphere of fog. In India we shall find as little difficulty in detecting the Englishman, as the Spaniard in South America, or the descendant of the Gaul and Briton in the Canadas or United States; whilst the Jews, dispersed over the face of every nation, and scattered beneath every various sky, afford an interesting proof, that the peculiar characteristics of an individual race may be faithfully retained under the most striking dissimilarities of physical circumstances.

The lapse of time will be frequently marked by a deterioration in the national character, though soil and climate remain unchanged. In vain should we seek to discover, among the Greeks of the present day, those traits of character and expressions of intellectual greatness which distinguished their forefathers in the hour of their noblest splendour; and yet the Grecian sky is not less translucent, nor its atmosphere less kindly, than they were in former ages; and if ever this unfortunate race should succeed in raising themselves from their present low estate, one circumstance, at least, is placed beyond a doubt,—they will not owe their elevation to any revolution of their climate. The Scandinavian sky has undergone little or no alteration, yet the Scandinavian himself has risen from the depths of barbarism to a state of civilised prosperity.

Let it not be imagined that we are inclined altogether to deny the influence of climate, and other physical causes. There are regions where these operate with so sinister an effect, that the inhabitants, though incessantly contending against them, are incapacitated from attaining any eminent degree of mental refinement: and such must be the event, where the climate is overcharged with cold or heat, or where the atmosphere is loaded with unwholesome vapours. The Icelanders afford, however, a signal instance of the extent to which the inward powers of man are capable of overcoming such obstacles as these.

The effects of what are termed "moral causes" on national character are beyond the limits of the present discourse: yet we cannot refrain from observing, that in this particular, also, too great a stress has been laid upon isolated appearances. One party will profess to resolve such effects into the influence of legislation and political institutions; another will refer them to that of education; and a third, to the impulses of religion. All these causes are undoubtedly co-operative; nay, they are far more influential than any physical im-

pulses; yet are they of trivial moment, when placed by the side of those powerful agents which exist in the innate qualities of the human mind: for what are called "moral causes" are usually the immediate results of national character; and on this principle, despotism is the consequence of popular depravity and avarice.

Under every view of the subject, we are warranted, therefore, in assuming, that God has endued every nation, as well as every single individual, with a peculiar character, the expansion of which is favoured or retarded by external circumstances, though it can never become the subject of direct and unerring calculation.

LITERARY AND LEARNED. ROYAL SOCIETY.

APRIL 30th.—A paper was read, entitled "On the respiration of birds," by Messrs. W. Allen and W. Hasledine Pepys, F.R.S.

The inquiries of the authors on human respiration, and on that of the Guinea pig, and of which they communicated the details to the Royal Society in former papers, are here extended to the respiration of birds. Pigeons were the subjects of these experiments, and the same apparatus was employed as the one used for the Guinea pig, described in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1809.

The object of the first experiment was to ascertain the changes which take place in atmospheric air when breathed by a bird in the most natural manner. For this purpose a pigeon was placed in a glass vessel, containing about 62 cubic inches of air, and communicating with two gasometers, one of which supplied from time to time fresh quantities of air, and the other received portions which become vitiated by respiration. The experiment lasted 60 minutes, and was productive of no injury to the bird except a slight appearance of uneasiness whenever the supply of air was not sufficiently rapid. On examining the air at the end of the experiment, no alteration had taken place either in the total volume of air or the proportion of azote which it contained; the only perceptible change being the substitution of a certain quantity of carbonic acid for an equal volume of oxygen gas, amounting to about half a cubic inch per minute, and being equivalent to the addition of 96 grains of carbon in twenty-four hours.

Two experiments were made on the respiration of oxygen gas, obtained from chlorate of potash, and containing in the one case two, and in the other only one, per cent of azote. Under these circumstances, it was found that the volume of the gas was unaltered, and that a similar quantity of oxygen gas had been abstracted, but that a much smaller quantity of carbonic acid had been formed than in the last experiment, the remaining portion being made up by azotic gas which had been given out from the lungs of the bird, and the volume of which was just equal to that of the oxygen absorbed. The bird was somewhat disturbed during the experiment, but recovered immediately and perfectly on being released from its confinement.

In the fourth experiment, in which a pigeon was made to respire a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen with a small proportion of azote (the oxygen being in the same proportion as in common air), it was found that there was no loss of oxygen; but that a quantity of hydrogen disappeared, and was replaced by an equal volume of azote. The authors observe, that birds have a quicker circulation of blood than

other animals; and also, that they are more sensible to the stimulating effects of oxygen.

April 21. The President in the chair.—A paper was read, entitled "on the action of grooved surfaces on light;" by Dr. Brewster, LL.D., F.R.S., &c. The Rev. James Farquharson and George Douglas, Esq., were proposed as Fellows. The presents consisted chiefly of Professor Plana's *Observations* made at the Royal Observatory at Turin, together with several other mathematical treatises by the same author, and Dr. John Johnstone's *Medical Essays*.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

In a late No. we promised an outline of Dr. Nolan's able paper on the use of ancient cycles; and we only regret that it must, of necessity, be so short and imperfect.

The writer begins the introductory part of his memoir by stating that the ancient cycles all refer to a common principle, founded on periodical revolutions, by which all nations that have left historical records have marked the progress of time; by proving the antiquity, and tracing the connexion of the cycles, with reference to which principle, the main differences of chronologists may be adjusted.

An objection against the antiquity of the cycles, by the learned Dedwell, from the supposed necessity of a previous knowledge of astronomy among those nations by whom they were made use of, is answered by shewing that the knowledge of the heavenly bodies required to fix those periods was no more than ordinary observers might acquire. The cycles are coeval with the earliest celebrations of the religion of the classical notions of antiquity; the calculation of them depended rather upon their superstitions than their science. Those divisions of time which were adopted in civil affairs were derived from the national worship, and were regulated by the hierarchy. In contravention of some objections of Allin and Des Vignolles, it is shewn that the ancients, besides the public or civil year, had one which was secret or ecclesiastical; and that while the former contained only 360 days, the latter agreed in length with the Julian or bissextile. It is this secret year of the ancients, or our Julian year, which is taken as the standard of time in the present memoir.

Our first inquiries are directed to those times which form the earliest subject of historical record, beginning with the patriarchal ages.

The epoch determined by the authority of an ancient tradition, for the commencement of the earliest cycles, is A.M. 271; which, reduced to the Julian period, presents, as a corresponding elementary date, the year 981. But the period thus obtained, though preserved by a Greek tradition, when it is reduced to the chronological system of the writers of that nation, relinquishes its elementary characters. It possesses inherently superior advantages to the arbitrary epoch devised by the Talmudists, corresponding with 963 of the Julian period; while the epoch of the Samaritan chronology, whose scriptural dates have caused one of the great schisms in the science, is altogether destitute of those qualities which are required to form an elementary date.

In proceeding to apply the ancient cycles to the practical purposes of chronology, we are first directed to the *semitah*, or sabbatical cycles. That this period was observed in the patriarchal ages, is a supposition which alone furnishes a solution to several anomalies in the Jewish mode of reckoning time; and in par-

ticular the fact is traced in the uniform choice of the return of a sabbatical year for the periods of the highest solemnities of religion, such as the erection and dedication of altars. Having illustrated this circumstance by three tables, each containing six examples of the most remarkable incidents in patriarchal history, arranged according to the systems of the most celebrated chronologists, and having gone into a variety of further details in this division of his subject, the writer concludes, that in the portion of chronology which embraces the patriarchal times, the evidence of an early cycle in the sabbatical period is fully established; and that it forms an adequate instrument for deciding the points contested by chronologists. The great planetary year, from which the preceding inquiries are deduced, affords likewise the best introduction to the chronology of the Chaldees. That system is founded on a grand planetary cycle, including a period when the great conjunctions of the planets returned, associated in Chaldaic tradition with a time when the frame of the universe had suffered a violent derangement, and with an early prediction which foretold its destruction, as the effect of a similar planetary conjunction, introductory to a great restitution of nature. This great cycle is stated by Berosus to consist of 120 *sori* (an ambiguous and disputed term, shewn to have been twelve years); it therefore included 1440 years.

This calculation agrees with the explanation of Scaliger, who considers the great year of the Chaldees as the product of the genethliacal period of twelve years; and the *seculum*, or age of 120 years, given on the authority of Moses, as the time from which the epoch of the Chaldeans is deduced. Hence their great year becomes identified with the "*magnus seculorum ordo*" of the sibyl in Virgil's fourth eclogue, where the poet evidently is referring to oriental notions, and where each *seculum* is considered as a great month: now twelve months of 120 years are equivalent to 1440 years.

The writer then proceeds to the consideration of the proper epochs of the Assyrian chronology, in the period subsequent to the Deluge. Having exhibited these in a comparative table, expressing the dates which are assigned them in the schemes of the three great chronologists in whose works his principles are verified, he applies the test by which the respective merits of their systems may be determined; and the process ends in establishing the superiority of the scheme adopted by Scaliger. As the earliest epochs in the Assyrian chronology were determined on arbitrary and theoretical principles, and as the later epochs which mark the great revolutions in the history of that ancient people were effected through astrological phenomena,—the connexion became established between the system of their chronology and the scientific principle which the writer suggests for adjusting its contradictions. From the precise concurrence of those epochs in the system of that great chronologist who was the founder of the science, with the returns of the earliest cycles, particularly of the sabbatical period used by the Hebrews, and of the genethliacal period employed by the Chaldees, the writer deduces a conclusion in favour of the system of Assyrian chronology proposed by Scaliger, as contrasted with that suggested by Usher or Des Vignolles, and his followers the Benedictines.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

MAY 16th.—Sir George Staunton, Bart. vice-president, in the chair. Monsieur Théologue, a foreign member of the Society, read a paper, in French, on the Mewlewis, or dancing dervishes of the East. The communication comprises many very curious details of the peculiarities belonging to this singular sect of men; they are Mahomedans, but when in the company of Christians do not scruple to eat and drink meats and liquors forbidden by the Koran,—particularly wine, of which they are fond in their praises. The Lord Bishop of Calcutta, Colonel D. Broughton, and A. Leslie, Esq., were elected members; Colonel Vans Kennedy was proposed, and being a member of the Bombay branch of the Society, was immediately ballotted for, and elected a non-resident member. A splendid list of donations was read; it embraced a MS. copy of the Russian translation of Vachtang's Collection of Georgian Laws; and a Russian translation of the Chinese Code of Laws for Mongolia, presented by the imperial government, department of foreign affairs, through his Excellency the Prince de Lieven; also Dr. Buckland's Account of the Fossil Remains brought from Ava by Mr. Crawford; and others from Professor Newmann, Baron Schilling, Dr. Mall, Lieut. Alexander, &c. &c.

The chairman intimated that the anniversary of the Oriental Translation Fund would take place on the 30th instant, and that his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex would preside.

KING'S COLLEGE.

WE have been accustomed anxiously to watch the progress of education in this country, as well as amongst our continental neighbours; and we have seen, with deep regret, that the struggle to accomplish mere intellectual proficiency has been gradually abstracting men's minds and attention from the accomplishment of that higher, nobler, and, in every sense, more indispensable task—the cultivation of the heart. In a Christian, and, above all, in a Protestant country like ours, we therefore hail with grateful cordiality every attempt to restore to education that legitimate character by which alone it is possible to render individual integrity the means and corner-stone of national happiness. Out of this feeling has arisen our frequent advocacy of the present Institution; and out of this feeling springs the gratification with which we briefly record the result of the general meeting of its founders, held at the Freemasons' Tavern on Saturday last, the 16th inst.

We shall first observe, that if the stamp of example were requisite to recommend the cause of the College to the support of our fellow-countrymen, the following nomenclature of a few of the good and great who took part in this meeting would be sufficient to establish its claims to their munificence. The Archbishop of Canterbury presided over its proceedings as visitor; and was supported by the Archbishop of York, the Bishops of London, Durham, Winchester, Chester, Salisbury, Bath and Wells, Lichfield, Bristol, Landaff, &c.; the Marquesses of Bute and Camden; the Earls of Abingdon, Dartmouth, and Brownlow; the Lords Seley, Rolle, and Bexley; Archdeacons Cambridge and Pott; the Dean of Peterborough; Sirs C. Price, R. H. Inglis, M.P., T. D. Acland, M.P., H. Martin, C. Forbes, M.P., and W. Blizard; Hon. H. Eden, M.P., J. Capel, M.P., T. G. Eatcourt, M.P.; the Rev. Dr. D'Oyly, Dr. G. Shep-

herd, Dr. Yates; Messrs. Joshua Watson, W. Cotton, W. Sotheby, B. C. Brodie, J. D. Powles, John Atkins, M.P., Rev. J. Lonsdale, J. H. Markland, &c.

The business of the day was opened by the reading of a summary of the proceedings of the provisional committee. As the contents of this report are fully before the public, we shall confine ourselves to an enumeration of the subjects to which it referred. The first of these was the amount of the funds contributed, 126,974l. 3s. 6d.; 2. The grant, from his Majesty's government, of ground on the eastern side of Somerset House; 3d. The preparation, by Mr. Smirke (the architect), of the ground plans,—which include a chapel and public hall, library and museum, ten lecture-rooms, house for the principal, apartments for the professors, &c.; 4th. Institution of two departments for senior and junior students; 5th. Residence of students in the houses of tutors, and subject to a prescribed course of discipline; 6th. Grant of a charter of incorporation to the College, "as a seminary of sound learning and religious education, according to the doctrines of the united Church of England and Ireland;" 7th. Outline of regulations; 8th. Approximative estimate of outlay to complete the College to its fullest extent, 170,000l. independently of books, apparatus, &c.; but until the raising of an amount adequate to accomplish the whole design, the expenditure will be limited to the actual means at command; and, 9th. An appeal to the public, which the committee close in terms expressive of their firm persuasion, "that the friends of a sound education, on the principles of the Church of England, will continue their most zealous exertions in promoting a work which will secure to the rising generation in this metropolis and its vicinity the benefits of an *economical, a scientific, and a religious* course of instruction."

It is impossible for us, consistently with our limits, to attempt even a sketch of the eloquent and argumentative addresses with which the Bishops of Durham, Lincoln, and London, supported resolutions approving the proceedings of the committee, and recommending the Institution to the continued exertions and liberality of its friends. The Marquess Camden, Lord Bexley, and Sir R. H. Inglis, made similar appeals to a very numerous audience, amongst whom one general feeling of satisfaction was openly and repeatedly manifested.

Several additional donations and subscriptions were made at the close of the meeting.

PSEUDOMENOS.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,—Having, in your *Gazette* of the 7th February, published a solution of the Grecian Dilemma, I shall endeavour, in this second letter, to solve a difficulty not less known—namely, *Pseudomenos*. Various authors have, more or less clearly, described this celebrated puzzle; but as the account given by Beattie in his *Essay on Truth* is both clear and concise, I shall here be quoted.

"There was a famous problem among the Stoics, called the *Pseudomenos*, which was to this purpose: 'When a man says, "I lie," does he lie, or does he not? If he lies, he speaks truth; if he speaks truth, he lies.' Many were the books that their philosophers wrote in order to solve this problem. Chrysippus favoured the world with no fewer than six; and Philotas studied himself to death in his attempts to solve it."

Beattie leaves *Pseudomenos* exactly as he found it, not even attempting a solution. Nor am I aware that a solution has been given by any other author.

Pseudomenos, it is clear, involves a contradiction; making the proposition, "I lie," both false and true. The knot of the question hinges on this—that the proposition "I lie" contains two declarations—i. e. the declaration described as well as the declaration describing; which declarations destroy each other. "I lie": if the declaration described is false, the declaration describing is true; if the declaration described is true, the declaration describing is false. The knot of the question, I repeat,

hinges on this—that these two contradictory declarations are contained in the proposition "I lie," which proposition is therefore contradictory. Now, the difficulty will be solved, if it be shown that these two declarations cannot be contained in one proposition, but necessarily imply two propositions—i. e. an anterior and a posterior:—that in saying "I lie," the speaker must describe a former proposition of his—that two propositions are concerned necessarily, a past and a present; the declaration described being the proposition past, and the declaration describing, i. e. "I lie," being the proposition present.

As there are two propositions standing to each other in the relation of correlatives, we shall perhaps throw light on the subject by stating them in juxtaposition. 1. "I lie—i. e. I speak falsely, i. e. I make a false proposition." 2. "I speak truth—i. e. I speak truly, i. e. I make a true proposition." The first serves to form *Pseudomenos*, by appearing to involve a contradiction; the second can serve no such purpose, involving no contradiction even in appearance. "I speak falsely;" if one speaks falsely, one speaks truly; if one speaks truly, one speaks falsely; "I speak truly;" if one speaks truly, one speaks truly; if one speaks falsely, one speaks falsely. Both propositions, however, equally suppose a prior proposition, which they describe. In the second case, as in the first, two propositions are concerned necessarily, a past and a present; the declaration described being the proposition past, and the declaration describing, i. e. "I speak truth," being the proposition present.

The argument proving that each of the two correlative propositions supposes a prior proposition, is this:—if a prior proposition be not supposed, a proposition exists ere it exists—which is absurd. "I lie—i. e. I speak falsely, i. e. I make a false proposition." I here describe a proposition of mine as false. "I speak truth—i. e. I speak truly, i. e. I make a true proposition." I here describe a proposition of mine as true. If the proposition described be the same as the proposition describing, it existed ere it existed; for it existed ere it was described, and yet it existed not till it was described. 1. It existed ere it was described. A nothing, a nonentity, cannot be described. If you describe, you describe a something; and a something implies existence. You make a description about something—and yet this something did not exist till the description was made!—that cannot be. If the something described did not exist till the description was made, about what was the description? about nothing! The object of a description must be antecedent to the description. 2. It existed not till it was described. It existed not till the proposition describing, i. e. the description, existed; and the proposition describing, i. e. the description, did not exist till it did exist. Thus, as the proposition described, its existence has prior to its description; while as the proposition describing, its existence was coeval with its description. This being absurd, it follows that the proposition described cannot be the same as the proposition describing, but is necessarily a prior proposition. A proposition cannot describe itself. If it could, its existence would be both prior to, and coeval with, its description: prior to, as the proposition described; coeval with, as the proposition describing; And if a proposition cannot describe itself, if must describe another proposition. Thus, each of the two correlative propositions supposes a prior proposition.

Two things may be here briefly noticed: 1. *Pseudomenos* is not confined to the words "I lie;" other words producing a similar result. For instance: instead of the proposition "I lie," let us take the proposition "I speak ill;" and we shall have the same contradictory appearance. When a man says—"I speak ill," does he speak ill, or does he not? If true speaks ill, he speaks well; if he speaks well, he speaks ill. 2. We should perhaps see the nature of *Pseudomenos* more clearly, by considering judgments instead of propositions; judgments implying ideas only, and propositions implying ideas and words. When a man forms the judgment expressed by this proposition—"I think incorrectly," does he think incorrectly, or does he not? If he thinks incorrectly, he thinks correctly; if he thinks correctly, he thinks incorrectly. The solution given in the case of propositions is equally good in the case of judgments.

Having thus given my solution of *Pseudomenos*, I will thank you to publish it in your *Gazette*. I am, sir, &c.
13, New End, Hampstead, JOHN ROGERS.
Feb. 14, 1859.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(Third Notice.)

No. 166. *The Morning after a Storm*. W. Collins, R.A.—Who that looks upon this picture of separating clouds, and upon the wide expanse of ocean over which they are closely hovering, but must be conscious that the demon of destruction has been making clear work of it? The telescope, elevated to the eye of the experienced mariner, "gives no sign;" and the straining gaze of the sad and anxious female at his side in vain seeks for some faint indications on which to found hope. It is cheering to pass from this scene of gloom and apprehension, to the exquisite little groups of peaceful innocence and happiness executed

by Mr. Collins, in the finest style of his true and skilful pencil.—No. 103, *Scene in a Kentish Hop-Garden*, and No. 116, *Fisher Children*.

No. 134. *Sir Roger de Coverley and the Gipsies*. C. R. Leslie, R.A.—Gipsies and a green lane are of themselves sufficient materials for a painter; but when the well-remembered and favourite character of Addison is added to the pictorial drama, it would have been strange if, in the hands of so skilful an artist as Mr. Leslie, the result had not been what it is—highly attractive.

Our readers will begin to suppose that we have forgot there are portraits in the great and other rooms of the Royal Academy, and portraits of high character and interest. First in the rank of the subject, and in the talent of the artist, is

No. 57. *Portrait of H. R. H. the Duke of Clarence*. Sir T. Lawrence, P.R.A.—The same manly plainness and unaffected simplicity pervade this fine whole-length, as are to be found in the President's portrait, recently engraved, of our most gracious Sovereign. Easy, yet dignified, the gentleman and the prince are seen throughout.

No. 102. *Portrait of the Duchess of Richmond*. Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.—Manifestly resembling some of the portraits by Vandyke; and to what better source can an artist resort for hints to aid him in his own productions? There are few, however, who can avail themselves with so much judgment and success of the works of others. In the hands of an ordinary painter such assistance too frequently serves only to shew more distinctly the mediocrity of his powers; in the hands of such an artist as Sir Thomas Lawrence, whatever is derived from the great masters, blends and assimilates with what his kindred genius perceives in nature; and the result is a graceful and harmonious whole.

No. 193. *Portrait of the Marchioness of Salisbury*. Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.—Here we recognise only the taste and character of Sir Thomas's own pencil; with perhaps a little too much of its occasional glitter.

No. 143. *Portrait of Thomas Stothard, Esq.* R.A. J. Jackson, Esq. R.A.—We own that we do not greatly admire the view which Mr. Jackson has taken of this "time-honoured" artist. The portrait of him by Harlowe, and still more the bust of him by Bailey, give an elevated but just idea of his latent genius. This portrait shews us the shell indeed; but where is the kernel? Nevertheless, no one who knows Mr. Stothard can mistake it; and in point of execution it is an excellent work of art.

No. 122. *Portrait of Mrs. Vernon Smith*. J. Jackson, R.A.—We have sometimes heard Mr. Jackson's talents for female portraiture doubted. This charming head must surely set that question at rest.

No. 127. *Portrait of Jeremy Bentham*. H. W. Pickersgill, R.A.—Whatever differences of opinion may exist with respect to Mr. Bentham's political theories, whoever reads his works must acknowledge that he is no common man. A similar conviction must strike every one, however unacquainted with the original, who looks at the venerable figure which Mr. Pickersgill has here so ably and happily depicted.

No. 47. *Portrait of Sir Thomas Strange, late Chief Justice of the Supreme Court at Madras*. Painted for Christ Church College, Oxford. M. A. Shee, R.A.—It is fortunate for the painter of portraits when the cha-

racter and costume of his subject give him an opportunity of displaying his talents and taste. Mr. Shee has availed himself admirably of these advantages in the fine picture under our consideration; and has produced that which, independently of its resemblance, is valuable and interesting simply as a work of art. Nor are Mr. Shee's powers less conspicuous in several of his other portraits in the present Exhibition.

No. 43. *The Lady in St. Swithin's Chair.* From the first volume of *Waverley*. Sir W. Beechey, R.A.—Finely imagined and vigorously painted.

No. 100. *Portrait of Mr. Pratt.* E. Coleman.—A favourable specimen of the talents of a rising young artist.

No. 70. *Rebecca, a Study.* H. Howard, R.A.—Every well-painted picture must be a study, and this is one. It is a beautiful and highly-wrought production, and is evidently a close and careful imitation of the model in all its parts. Mr. Howard does not belong to the school of those dashing artists who make certain scratches and touches stand, like the arbitrary characters of a short-hand writer, for the things they profess to represent.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

(Third notice.)

No. 365. *Juliet.* Miss L. Sharpe.—A lovely creature; but not the Juliet of Shakespeare.

No. 153. S. Prout.—Although this is "a deed without a name," it requires no explanatory title. It is the representation of one of those stupendous vessels, those mighty monsters of the main, which, having long "braved the battle and the breeze," are at last compelled to yield to all-conquering time. Mr. Prout has always shewn himself remarkably successful in subjects of this description; and in the present instance he has exhibited his usual richness of tone, and his usual skill in contrasting the huge bulk that

"Amidst the breakers lies astrand,"

with the pigmy beings around it.

No. 163. *A Pastoral Scene.* J. Cristall.—When Mr. Cristall employs his cultivated powers on subjects of the classic-pastoral, he manifests a talent and a taste which may justly be termed unrivalled; but when he applies the *beau idéal* to representations of the ordinary peasantry of this country, and gives to English, Scotch, or Welsh village-girls the character of Grecian nymphs, the result is, in our opinion, heterogeneous and unsatisfactory.

No. 37. *The Sempstress.* W. Hunt.—We prefer this example to some others by the same clever artist, because it unites taste with the magic of light which he throws over all his performances. No. 45, *A Recess in a Drawing-Room*, also by Mr. Hunt, is admirable in point of effect.

No. 50. *Cologne on the Rhine; arrival of boats with fruit.* S. Austin.—Interesting to the untravelled spectator, from the novelty of the lively scene represented; interesting to the amateur of the arts, from the light, transparent, and masterly style of the execution.

No. 334. *Peasants, with their Children, in the neighbourhood of Gensano.* P. Williams.—A charming group; highly picturesque both in character and in costume. The clearness, solidity, and beauty, of Mr. Williams's mode of finishing his drawings will not admit of description. They must be seen to be duly appreciated. No. 284. *A Roman Beggar-woman, with her Child, in the Costume of Subiaco.* P. Williams.—Equal to the last-mentioned

work in other respects, although the subject is less fascinating.

No. 279. *Fruit.* Miss Byrne.—A delicious and highly-finished gem. The representation is as great a feast to the eye as the reality would be to the palate; and it has the advantage of permanency.

No. 40. *View in the Isle of France.* J. Varley.—This extensive and singularly-featured country is treated by Mr. Varley in his own peculiarly bold and striking style; of which another fine example will be found in No. 140, *Harlech Castle, Composition.*

No. 162. *Twilight.* S. Jackson.—We have been so accustomed to associate with the hour of twilight all that is tranquil and soothing, that it seems a violence done to our recollections to find any representation of it fraught with images of destruction and woe. In the pallid and death-like gloom, however, which Mr. Jackson has thrown over his work, he has shewn a deep poetical feeling.

No. 252. *Wild Ducks surprised by a Fox.* J. F. Lewis.—In this highly spirited drawing, the expression of the wily and voracious animal, who, while he has succeeded in securing one of his birds, is looking with a grin of disappointed malice at that which has escaped, is admirably depicted.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Passes of the Alps. By W. Brockedon. No. X.

THE route from Inspruck to Verona by the pass of the Brenner is the subject of Mr. Brockedon's tenth No. This is the lowest of all the roads across the great chain of the Alps, having an elevation of only 4,700 feet above the level of the sea. The route lies directly through the Tyrol,—a country, the history of which, especially its fearful and unequal contest, under the conduct of the celebrated Hofer, with the French and Bavarians in 1809, can never be recollected without strong feelings of interest. The following anecdote shews that the Tyrolese retain their ancient character of skilful marksmen:—

"When the author first visited the Tyrol in the year 1822, he witnessed a curious scene at Sterzing. While waiting at the inn, the sound of drum and fife, and a bustle in the street, announced a procession of the successful marksmen of the day. The Tyrolese practise every Sunday afternoon, and all holidays, the use of the rifle; and there are few houses in the Tyrol which are not ornamented with targets, the trophies of success, which are suspended beneath the overhanging roofs, in front of the residences of the victors. The target of the day is the prize of the best shot; and that which was won at Sterzing was borne through the street on the back of a friend of the winner, preceded by a drum and fife, and followed by the successful marksman, who, dressed out with flowers and ribands as fantastically as a May-day sweep in England, expressed his joy by dancing and pirouetting amidst his friends, who congratulated and cheered him. What degree of skill the constant use of the rifle has given to the Tyrolese may be inferred from the following fact. One of those who had been unsuccessful in the contest of that day was overtaken by the author's party near Sterzing, and offered a ride on his way home, which he accepted: he complained bitterly of his ill-luck, and attributed his failure to the weather, which had been hazy; but to shew that he had some claim to distinction as a marksman, he pointed out a young tree on the side of the road, at a considerable distance, levelled his rifle at it, and

drove a ball through the trunk, though he fired from the char in which he was riding."

The plates of this number of Mr. Brockedon's work are, as usual, very picturesque and beautiful. "The Valley of Stubay," "the Post-House on the Brenner," "the Chateau of Trostberg," "Trent," "Scene from Monte Porgine," and "Bassano," are all admirable; as are also the vignettes of "Scene near Primolano Val Sugana," and "Castle of Salurn, near Newmarkk."

The Union; Thistle, Rose, Shamrock. Painted by W. C. Ross; engraved by D. Lucas. Brookes.

AN ingenious and pleasing mode of combining the portraits of three friends or sisters.

Elizabeth, Duchess of Devonshire. Drawn by Sir T. Lawrence, P.R.A.; engraved by F. C. Lewis. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

IN general, we are enthusiastic admirers of the taste and beauty of Sir Thomas's chalk drawings; but we cannot say that we consider this as a favourable specimen of his powers.

Picturesque Views on the River Clyde. Engraved by Joseph Swan, from Drawings by J. Fleming. Parts 6, 7, and 8.

"VIEW from Dalmotter Hill," "Dunglass Castle and Bowling Bay," "Dumbarton Castle and Town," "Port Glasgow," "Hellensburgh," "Rosenath House," "Greenock," "Gourock," and "Laven Castle," form the embellishments of these three Parts. With a few exceptions, we confess we do not think that, as the work proceeds, the execution of the plates improves.

PICTURE SALES.

Sale at Christie's.—The sale of Lord Gwydir's collection, which we noticed a fortnight ago, from the sums obtained, seemed to prove that pictures are in some degree recovering from their late depression. We give a short abstract of prices and purchasers:—1st day. Lot 71. Landscape with Figures, Isaac Ostade, 206 guineas; bought by Mr. Woodin. Lot 73. Harbour, with Fleet of Ships, W. Van de Velde, 365 guineas; Mr. Yates. Lot 75. Perseus exhibiting the Head of Medusa, N. Poussin, only 100 guineas; Mr. Foster. 2d day.—Lot 71. Grooms watering Horses, Wouvermans, 305 guineas; Mr. Zachary. Lot 72. A Girl entering the Bath, Rembrandt, 165 guineas; Mr. Holwell Carr. Lot 73. Peasant with Cattle, Berghem, 225 guineas; Mr. T. Emmerson. Lot 74. Return from the Chase, Wouvermans, 680 guineas; Mr. Foster. Lot 75. The Corporal Acts of Mercy, D. Teniers, 360 guineas; Mr. Nieuwenhuys. Lot 76. Group of Cows and Farmyard, P. Potter, 1,205 guineas; Mr. Nieuwenhuys. Lot 81. Landscape, Claude, 2000 guineas; his Majesty. Lot 83. Landscape, Both, 460 guineas. Lot 86. Holy Family, Sir Joshua Reynolds, 1,900 guineas. Lot 87. Landscape, Gainsborough, 1,050 guineas; the two last purchased by the Directors of the British Institution, with the munificent intention of bestowing them on the National Gallery. The gross amount of the two days' sale exceeded 14,600*l.*

The charming picture by Paul Potter is, we rejoice to hear, still destined to ornament this country, through the liberality of Mr. Peel, who has re-purchased it of Mr. Nieuwenhuys.

Mr. Udney's and Lord Ranelagh's Pictures.—Our foreboding as to the little feeling for the Italian schools of art received a melancholy verification at the sale on Friday. The

well-known *Noli me tangere*, by Correggio, from the Orleans Gallery, was bought in at 135 guineas. The *Triumph of Love*—Cupid on the back of a couchant lion, with landscape—an exquisite specimen of Titian, who has in this picture caught the classic spirit, and even improved the charming subject of the celebrated Florentine gem,—285 guineas; bought in. *Holy Family*, Parmigiani, an Orleans picture, 150 guineas; bought in by Mr. Johnson. *Holy Family*, with saints in a romantic landscape, Pietro Perugino, a noble picture, 100 guineas; Mr. Woodin. *Virgin nursing the Infant Lord*, Caracci, 161 guineas; Mr. Peacock.—The Dutch and Flemish masters on the succeeding day had their triumph. The *Battle of Maxentius*, Rubens, after much competition, was awarded to Mr. G. Rogers at 165 guineas. The *Gazette*, D. Teniers, 250 guineas; Mr. Buchanan. *Grand Landscape*, Cuypp, 1,010 guineas; Mr. Peacock: and the *Farewell*, by John and Andrew Both, was knocked down at 355 guineas.

The collection of the late premier, the amiable Earl of Liverpool, with the exception of the portraits and pictures of the British school, which are reserved by the present lord, will be sold on Monday by Mr. Christie. We notice, among the rest, some fine specimens of *Wouwermans*, *Berghem*, *W. Van de Velde*, *Van de Capella*, *Beckhuysen*, a splendid sea-piece by *Jacob Ruysdael*, no less extraordinary for this master in subject, than it is admirable in power and general excellence; and also, what will not be the least attractive, the noble landscape with figures of *Mercury* and the *Woodman*, by *Salvator Rosa*, which was purchased for the sum of 2,100 guineas by Lord Durham, at Sir Mark Sykes' sale, in 1824, is to be submitted to the ordeal of public valuation at the same time.

The large picture by Rembrandt of *Hamam before Esther and Ahasuerus*, which was sold three weeks ago for 860 guineas, is said to have been purchased by its late owner, Mr. Mortimer, in 1796, at a sale of the effects of the celebrated *M. de Calonne*, when ambassador in this country, for 56*l*. Since the purchase, very few persons had been allowed by Mr. Mortimer to see it; but at his death, the agents of three sovereigns were supposed to be in treaty for it; and it was expected, notwithstanding the injury which it has sustained from time and ill-usage, to fetch at least 2000*l*. Considering its state, however, the price is allowed to have been liberal. The *Morning Scene*, by Cuypp, although the anatomy of the horses was much out of drawing, sold for 440 guineas, on account of the scarcity of this artist's pictures.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE SIBYL.

Would thy young inquiring eye
Pierce the dark futurity—
Read the awful book of Fate,
Oft so sad and desolate?
Mortal! ask not me to shew
What of weal or what of woe;
I, the Sibyl, there can see
Writ against thy destiny—
By the past, th' unerring past,
I thy future lot will cast.
List to me, then, whilst I tell—
Time will shew or ill or well,
Whether smiles or whether tears
Gild or shade thine after years;
So thou wilt but answer me
Simple questions, one, two, three.

When the houseless sought thy door—
When the hungry begg'd thy store—
When the lonely widow wept—
When the orphan houseless slept—
Did the homeless find a home?
Didst thou bid the famished come?
Didst thou calm the widow's grief?
Give the fatherless relief?
If thy conscience answer yes,
Great shall be thy share of bliss;
If thy conscience answer no,
Deep the measure of thy woe!
When that one, who, side by side,
In his days of joyous pride
Walk'd with thee, his bosom-friend,
Found, alas! his glories end—
Didst thou look with pitying eye
On his sad adversity?
As his misery deeper grew,
Grew thy friendship deeper too?
If thy conscience answer yes,
Great shall be thy share of bliss;
If thy conscience answer no,
Deep the measure of thy woe!

When the love that bound thine heart
To that one, as ne'er to part—
Though no crabbed law had prest
Rule or fetter on thy breast,
'Mid the sorrow and the strife,
Ebb and flow of human life,
Sorrow gain'd, and pleasure gone,
Was it still true to that one?
If thy conscience answer yes,
Great shall be thy share of bliss;
If thy conscience answer no,
Deep the measure of thy woe!

THE wandering bird that left the Ark,
(Tired of its fancied slighted lot),
And skimmed the waste of waters dark,
Nor found on earth one little spot,
One hermit-bough, whereon to rest
Its wearied foot and drooping wing,
Flew back to its forsaken nest—
A wiser, more contented thing:—
So will thy love, by fancy wiled
Far from the heart it blest'd before,
When none have pleased, though all have
smiled,
Return, nor wish to wander more.

Look on the ore of the golden mine—
Look long as thou wilt, it shall never be thine;
For the wealth of this world is a treacherous
snare,
And the wealth of this world thou art doom'd
not to share.

And look where Love weaves his web with such
glee— [thee;
Look long as thou wilt, he's not weaving for
For who, with a soul above that of a fly,
Would be caught in his meshes, to flutter and
die?
Look on those who are dazzled by Fashion's
false gem;
Why look, and thank God thou art not one of
them:
The bird for the air, and the fish for the sea,
And fashion for foplings and fools—not for thee.
But look to the peace of mind wealth never
bought;
And look to the friendship by love never sought;
Look to humble content, by no fashion apprest;
Look on these, and be wise—look on these,
and be blest.

F. I. G.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

PICTURE OF CHINA.—NO. V.

It seems that there are abuses in China, as in England, on the score of prison discipline: perhaps their gaols are worse managed than ours have even been accused of being by philanthropic reformers. *Ex. gr.*

"*A Chinese Prison.*—Prisoners who have money to spend can be accommodated with private apartments, cards, servants, and every luxury. The prisoners' chains and fetters are removed from their bodies, and suspended against the wall, till the hour of going the rounds occurs. After that ceremony is over, the fetters are again placed where they hurt nobody. But those who have not money to bribe the keepers are in a woful condition. Not only is every alleviation of their sufferings removed, but actual infliction of punishment is added, to extort money to buy 'burnt offerings' (of paper) to the god of the jail, as the phrase is. For this purpose the prisoners are tied up, or rather hung up, and flogged. At night they are fettered down to a board—neck, wrists, and ankles, amidst ordure, and filth, whilst the rats, unmolested, are permitted to gnaw their limbs! This place of torment is proverbially called in ordinary speech *Te-yuk*, a term equivalent to the worst sense of the word Hell."

The next extract possesses literary interest.

"*Dialects of China.*—In an empire so large, every province of which is equal to a little kingdom, it is natural to expect a variety of dialects. In this part of China we meet with three that are spoken extensively—the Mandarin, the Canton, and the Fokien dialects. The Mandarin is the language of the court, of government officers, and of the learned, throughout the empire. It is spoken by the people generally, in Peking, in Nanking, in Tszee-chuen, and other provinces. There are considerable varieties in it. The reigning family of Tartars have introduced a Tartar-Chinese pronunciation. They use *ch* soft for *k*, so as to make the name of the capital of China *Pei-ching*, and sometimes *Peitsing*, instead of *Pekin* or *Peking*. And there is a sort of cockney slang spoken by all those who inhabit the metropolis, which is imitated by the fashionable throughout the empire. The Fokien dialect, or that spoken by the inhabitants of Fokien province, and by most of the settlers in Java, and in the straits of Malacca, is very peculiar. They not only pronounce the Chinese characters differently from the Mandarin tongue, but have a number of peculiar words and phrases. Mr. Medhurst, an English missionary in Java, who speaks Chinese admirably, has written a Dictionary of this dialect, which the late Sir Stamford Raffles intended to have printed at the Singapore Institution; but his death, and the consequent failure of the Institution, has put an end to that design. The Canton dialect, or that of the province in which we live, differs from the Mandarin chiefly in a different pronunciation of the same words or characters. There are also some local phrases and idioms; but the Canton dialect approaches nearer to the general language of the empire than the Fokien. We have debated with ourselves whether to use, in the Canton Register, the Mandarin pronunciation of words, or the Canton dialect, and feel greatly inclined to prefer the latter; because the people who come mostly in contact with Europeans speak only this dialect. And should Dr. Morrison succeed in reducing the Canton dialect to writing, which he is attempting in an alphabetic dictionary, to be printed in Roman letters at the

Honourable Company's press, the acquisition of it will become comparatively easy. For the names of places in China and Tartary, the spelling of D'Anville and Du Halde had probably better be retained. But in the province of Canton, the names of places in the common dialect of the neighbourhood seems best."

In March 1828, the governor of the two Kwong provinces issues a strong proclamation against the smoking of opium.

"The use of drink and food (says the governor) is to induce harmony in the system,—the gulping of luscious things must be with a desire to obtain strength: but if there exists a drug destructive of life (and which, instead of possessing any pleasant taste, is 'spit out by every one with disgust), incessant efforts should be made to keep it at a distance. How is it that men, though well aware of this, still offend, with the conviction of it upon their minds; desirous, as it were, to bury themselves alive? Now, as the drug opium, bought in foreign countries, and whose nature is originally poisonous, is both offensive in taste and flavour, and debilitating to the constitution,—I am at a loss to imagine who originally conceived the idea of adapting it to the purpose of smoking, and seduced others to inhale it. He who, grasping at gain, could open a shop to yield an inexhaustible supply of poison, must have been a most worthless vagabond." [This reminds us, strikingly, of King James's famous counter-blast against tobacco;—but his excellency proceeds:] "Formerly there existed a respect for fixed regulations. There is no want of severity in the enactment of the laws. But Canton being a place where people are collected from all quarters promiscuously, both good and bad, idle vagabonds will be found, who mutually invite each other to this practice of opium-smoking, and forming themselves into groups and crowds, they sit in rings all day. Having used the drug some time, the habit is termed *sheong-yun* (i. e. subject to the drawing), for at last they must have recourse to it every day, and can by no means whatever relinquish it, till finally the poison flows in their inmost vitals. Their faces become as sharp as sparrows, and their heads sunk between the shoulders in the form of a dove. Physic cannot cure their disease: repentance comes too late for reform. In addition to all this, opium being a contraband article, and sold clandestinely, its price is necessarily high, and the use of it is succeeded by an additional longing for luscious and savoury food. People in general are not possessed of large property, and thus, in a few years, both their purses and constitutions are ruined. Although they become stupid in an excessive degree, they cannot leave off the habit. Further, it is proper to examine into the consequences of smoking opium, which are, to raise the spirits to an unusual degree,—a most stupid expedient of worthless people to excite a desire of w—g and gambling. Their substance having dwindled away, and being possessed of neither food nor raiment, they resort to stealing, picking pockets, housebreaking, and joining gangs of robbers. There is no crime that they will not commit. Injuring both themselves and others, they become involved in endless calamities. I must inquire into the affair secretly, and severely seize the offenders. It is proper to send forth a strictly prohibitory edict. I therefore publish this proclamation, that all those under my jurisdiction, military, civil, and others, may be aware. After this let every one rouse himself to attention, feel remorse, and alter his ways. Leave off your former evil courses, and avoid the de-

struction of your health and lives. Those who have dissipated their property must have recourse to trade. Do not oppose my decree by setting up shops secretly to buy and sell opium. If you persist in your wickedness, without regard to my injunctions, you will be seized and apprehended. When I receive information, I shall, in a twofold degree, punish the offenders in conformity with the laws. In examining the affair, I shall not shew any lenient treatment. Feel awe, and pay attention. Do not oppose. A special edict."

MUSIC.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

THE sixth Philharmonic Concert, on Monday the 11th, under the able direction of Mr. Potter and Mr. Mori, commenced with Beethoven's symphony in B flat, numerically the fourth; and so highly were the wishes of the audience gratified by the masterly execution of this magnificent work, that for the whole of the evening there seemed to have been no room left for a murmur. An *encore* for an adagio like that of this symphony, is hardly a compliment, inasmuch as no praise can be adequate to such a composition. The subject alone is the most beautiful conception which, perhaps, ever entered any composer's mind—to say nothing of the extraordinary harmony produced by the most ingenious use of a variety of instruments. Signor Bordogui's "Fra tante angoscie," by Caraffa, might please those well enough whose expectations were not pitched too high; but a greater treat was looked for from Mr. Cramer's pianoforte concerto, as might be perceived by the cordial reception he received on making his appearance. The grace and elegance of his style, especially in slow movements, have suffered no diminution with the increase of years, and are to this day quite unequalled. Madame Stockhausen's voice, neither of great power, compass, nor flexibility, possesses yet an extreme sweetness; and she never fails to use it in a manner, that, like Mr. Cramer's playing, she is sure to delight, though not to astonish. Thus she sang "Deh! per questo," from Mozart's "La Clemenza di Tito." A. Romberg has written two orchestral works, which, at least in Germany, have placed him in the first rank of composers for a band, viz. a symphony and an overture, both in D, and both admitted to the Philharmonic. The overture, very characteristic, by the introduction of a fugue, would have been encored but for the lateness of the evening. The same applies to Mozart's delightful symphony in C; at least the audience. Seldom is the Philharmonic audience so lavish with applause as they were this evening, after Mr. Phillips had finished "The people that walked," from the Messiah. He never sang better. Mr. Hauman, not a German, as the name would indicate, but a Belgian, appeared here, for the first time, with two concerto fragments from Rode and Mayader. His bow immediately shews him to be of the Parisian school; which, however famous for execution, precision, and a certain dexterity in the management of the instrument, is greatly inferior to the English and German school for tone. He was deservedly received with flattering encouragement. After a tertetto by Madame Stockhausen, Bordogni, and Phillips, Beethoven's last overture in C, beginning with a march, closed this delightful concert.

CONCERTS.

THESE entertainments are now so numerous, so incessant, that it is out of our power to par-

ticularise them all, or pay detailed attention to any. Yet they are generally pleasing, and some of them of rare attraction. To the latter class belonged that of De Bagnis, on Wednesday, when the performances, vocal and instrumental, were of uncommon excellence, and combined most of the highest talent at present assembled in the British capital. There was of course a crowd. On Wednesday next, Made. Stockhausen's concert promises a treat of a similarly delightful kind. On Wednesday evening, Mrs. Hammond had an evening concert at the house of Mr. Penn, in Spring Gardens; which gave great pleasure to a numerous auditory. On Wednesday, also, M. Cipriani Potter's concert took place at the Argyle Rooms: Blasius, Sontag, Camporese, and Nicholson, shone in it, and M. Potter himself was much applauded.

A Prima Donna, from Vienna, with a hard Russian name (which we cannot remember), but very amiable manners, and a high reputation, makes her *début* at the Philharmonic on Monday.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

A SUPERIOR and most successful play, called *the Partisans*, was produced here on Thursday: it is from the never-failing and prolific pen of Mr. Planché, and will raise his reputation far above that standard at which slight observers have sometimes been inclined to rate it. This has perhaps been the consequence of his often (for we do not speak of his clever revivals of old English comedies) bringing out little pieces and grafting them on foreign stocks; the critic overlooking the concomitant facts, that much ingenuity and talent have been displayed at the same time, and much judgment evinced in the superstructure of a drama from meagre materials, and much effective novelty introduced, and much neatness in dialogue, and a higher species of genius in composition added, to form an able and a justly popular whole. The present production is, however, of a more ambitious character, and will establish Mr. Planché in a rank to which accurate and more comprehensive observers have long felt that he was completely entitled. It possesses much poetry of an eminent order, which, we trust, we may demonstrate next week—our hurry at this, our latest hour, precluding the possibility now. All we have time to say is, that *the Partisans, or the War of Paris in 1649*, is a faithful picture of the violence, intrigues, and follies of that extraordinary period. The character of the first president, *Mathieu Molé*, is finely drawn, after the description of Cardinal de Retz, who in his *Memoirs* says, "Si ce n'étoit pas une espèce de blasphème de dire qu'il y a quelqu'un dans notre siècle plus intrépide que le Grand Gustave et Monsieur le Prince, je dirais que c'a été M. Molé, premier président." The attempt to assassinate him in the first scene of the play, and the bursting of the mob into his hotel in the third act, are strictly historical incidents. *The Marquis de Jarsay*, and the enterprising *Duchesse de Longueville*, are also historical personages, and depicted with great fidelity. Cooper as the *President*, Webster as *Perinet*, Jones as the *Marquis*, Miss Love as *Georgette*, J. Vining as *Henri*, and Miss E. Tree as the *Duchess*,—all excellent; but Liston in *Papelard* one of the finest pieces of acting ever seen, and quite a new epoch in his distinguished histrionic career. Here he is no *droll*, but an actor of the first class in comedy!

COVENT GARDEN.

Miss SMITHSON, after repeating *Jane Shore*, has appeared in *Juliet*, and confirmed our opinion that she did wisely in selecting the former character for her *début*. It afforded more opportunities for the display of those attitudes which particularly distinguished her performance from that of her contemporaries: the language of Rowe was as melodramatic as could be desired; and though that of Shakespeare, however indifferently spoken, cannot fail to touch the heart, and thereby enlist the auditors in some measure on the side of the actor, there was infinitely more risk to run in that awkward test—comparison. In the early scenes of *Juliet*, Miss Smithson's height and figure, her decidedly womanly appearance, militated against our mental picture of the young girl of Verona, who, according to Shakespeare, wanted a fortnight of being fourteen (and who, even as *now* described by the nurse, is not eighteen); and there was nothing in the acting to create such an illusion. Her reception of the news of Romeo's unfortunate combat, and consequent banishment, was her best effort; and it was adequately rewarded by the audience. Despite, however, of the fine acting of Kemble, who perhaps never played *Romeo* better in his life than on Monday evening, the last act went off languidly.

COVENT GARDEN MANAGEMENT.—The glorious uncertainty of the law has been again made manifest by a judgment of the Lord Chancellor in the Covent Garden cause. His lordship, on Tuesday, decided just exactly the reverse of the preceding decisions, and thus gave to Messrs. Willett, Forbes, and Kemble, what had previously been given in favour of Mr. Harris.

PRINTERS' PLAY.—A play is announced at Covent Garden for next Wednesday, and in aid of that meritorious charity the Printers' Pension Society. The entertainments are as well calculated to amuse, as the occasion is to gratify the better feelings of an audience; and a crowd is expected in the combined cause of *letters* and benevolence. Something is whispered about Keesley's delivering an address in the character of a Printer's Devil; which we are sure he would perform to the life, as this (in his line) most original and inimitable actor was bred to the business before his vocation to the stage.

The other house has also a rich treat on the same evening, for Mr. Cooper's benefit. We have hardly ever seen a more attractive bill of fare: the *Jealous Wife*, strongly cast with three "first appearances," namely, Farren, Liston, and Miss Phillips, in new characters, would seem to be enough in itself; but to this is added Malibran's *début* on the English stage, and a duet between her and Braham! with other entertainments! Well managed, Mr. Stage-Manager.

HAYMARKET.—This theatre opens, we understand, on Monday the 15th of June. Farren, Cooper, F. Vining, Webster, Miss F. Kelly, Mrs. Glover, and Mrs. Humby, commence the campaign. Liston is engaged for six weeks; and several new pieces are in great forwardness.

THE ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE will be about a fortnight later (July 1). Among the new engagements, we hear of Sapio; and it is reported that an offer has been made to Miss Paton.

GERMAN OPERA.—A company of German vocalists has lately arrived at Paris, and has commenced representing, in the Théâtre Ita-

lien, Der Freyschütz, and the other principal operas of the German school.

VARIETIES.

Recovery from Drowning.—At a late meeting of the Royal Academy of Sciences in Paris, a paper was read, "On the mode of recovering persons from drowning." The remarks on this paper were accompanied by a table, in which it was shewn that in consequence of the violence of the method now used of inflating the lungs, only two-thirds of the persons susceptible of recovery are brought to life; whereas formerly the number restored was in the proportion of nine-tenths.

The Artists' General Benevolent Institution holds its great day on Saturday next; Lord Goderich, president. The list of stewards (as the advertisement shews) is attractive, and we rejoice to learn that a distinguished meeting of rank and talent is anticipated.

The Literary Fund.—The subscriptions for this, the best of benevolent funds, amounted to about 600*l.* from anniversary to anniversary, though only 200*l.* were given at the dinner. The Greenwich *fête* is fixed for June 10th, at the Crown and Sceptre, where the friends of the charity are expected to muster in great force. The public may not, generally, be aware that this is a pleasant holiday meeting, subsidiary to the good cause of the fund, but without the ceremoniousness of a regular anniversary. Not only subscribers but any well-wishers to the Institution are welcome: the day is usually very pleasantly spent, and humanity and white bait are made to agree together.

Manufactures in France.—It appears from a French paper, that the broad cloth manufactures in France have fallen off considerably. In 1825 there were six hundred cloth manufacturers in Elbeuf and its environs—there are now only four hundred. At Louviers, within the last three years, two-thirds of the cloth manufacturers have disappeared; and at Sedan the number is reduced one-half.

Test.—At a late sitting of the Royal Academy of Metz, the following method of detecting the presence of cotton in woollen stuffs was communicated. An ounce of pure alkali is dissolved in half a pound of water, and in this the suspected stuff is boiled for two hours. If the stuff is of pure wool it dissolves entirely, and forms upon the surface a soap, which will pass through a fine sieve; but if, on the contrary, the stuff contains cotton, or any other vegetable fibre, it will not be entirely dissolved, but will shew itself when thrown into the sieve.

Comets.—M. Humboldt has made a communication to M. Arago of some remarks by M. Encke on the progress of a comet, from which he draws inferences confirmatory of the hypothesis respecting the resistance opposed to the motions of the heavenly bodies by the atmosphere.

Quick Work!—At the Paris Royal Academy of Medicine, a remarkable instance of sharp practice was mentioned at a meeting on the 16th inst. by M. Lisfranc. A patient who was suffering from tetanus, after having been bled from the arm very copiously eight times, had *seven hundred and ninety-two leeches* applied to the vertebral column and on the epigastric region (on the latter, however, only fifty of the entire number) within a period of only nineteen days, during which time he had no other food than very light broths. On the twenty-third day he was sufficiently well to leave his apartment.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Portraits of the most celebrated Beauties of all Nations is announced by Messrs. Longman and Co., under the superintendence of Mr. Alaric Watts. It is to consist of a series of portraits of the most beautiful and celebrated women of all nations, from an early period in the history of portrait-painting to the present time, with biographical notices; and comprises some of the finest specimens of Leonardo da Vinci, Raffaello, Holbein, Giorgione, Tintoretto, Titian, Sir Antonio Moro, Paul Veronese, Guido, Rubens, Velasquez, Vandyck, Mignard, Rembrandt, Murillo, Sir Peter Lely, Kneller, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Romney, David, Ople, Harlowe, and several of the most distinguished painters of the present day. For the sake of variety of style and costume, a chronological arrangement will be avoided; so that it is not improbable that the first Number may contain portraits by Titian, Guido, Mignard, Vandyck, and Sir Thomas Lawrence.

The Three Chapters, to be published monthly, under the superintendence of Mr. Sharpe, is to commence on the first of July, with an engraving from the pencil of Mr. Wilkie.

Another portion of Mr. Booth's Analytical Dictionary is now in the press.

Mr. Babin's *Battle of the Boyne* is among the most recent translations of our abundant works of fiction into the French tongue. It is done by M. Dufaupret; and we observe that the critic in the *Revue Encyclopédique* repeats our remarks upon this clever production. *Apocryph* of plagiarism unworthy of a liberal journal, the same Review, pp. 231, 2, 3, has literally translated the account of the Cherokee Phoenix (newspaper) from the *Literary Gazette*, not only without the slightest acknowledgment, but with the name of Mme. L.-Sw. Belloc appended to it, as to an original article! We expected greater candour from our contemporary, M. Jullien.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Mansford's Scripture Gazetteer, 8vo. 18s. bds.—Oliver's History and Antiquities of Beverley, 4to. 2*l.* 2s. bds.—Huss on the Council of Constance, a Poem, fcp. 4s. 6d. bds.—Parochial Letters from a Clergyman, &c. post 8vo. 8s. 6d. bds.—Zillwood's Sermons for Prisoners, 12mo. 6s. bds.—Gray's Sermons, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Gooch on the Diseases of Women, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Rowbotham's Lessons in German Literature, 12mo. 8s. bds.—Aids to Development, 2 vols. 12mo. 12s.—The Garland, 18mo. 3s. bds.—Dunage and Laver's Plans of the Royal Palace of Eltham, 4to. 1*l.* 1s. bds.—Cressey and Taylor's Architecture of the Middle Ages of Italy, imperial 4to. 2*l.* 3s. bds.—Mitt's Analysis of the Phenomena of the Human Mind, 2 vols. 16s. bds.—Donkin's Dissertation on the Niger, 8vo. 9s. 6d. bds.—Landon's Imaginary Conversations, second series, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 8s. bds.—Lawrence's Stories from the History of Greece, 18mo. 3s. 6d. hf.-bd.—Jesuitism and Methodism, 2 vols. post 8vo. 18s. bds.—Flaxman's Lectures on Sculpture, royal 8vo. 2*l.* 2s. bds.—Anne of Geierstein, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11s. 6d. bds.

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Wind variable, prevailing S.W.
Generally clear.

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CHARLES H. ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are much obliged to Shentee. Being compelled to go to press with part of our impression, on account of the extra sheet, on Thursday evening, and with the other part, as usual, on Friday, we have again to notice the impossibility of attending to communications late in the week.

☞ Since we wrote our paragraph respecting the benefit for the Printers' Pension Society, the bills not only exhibit great accessions of musical attraction, but Keesley has, we observe, announced his address in the character of a *Devil*. Considering how much he has suffered from the *Bottle Imp*, and how dread his superstitious horrors are in the *Devil's Elbow*, we consider this assumption to be the best proof of moral courage which he could give the world, and think him a brave fellow for his pains. But a good heart will do a great deal in a good cause.

BARAGUINE.—We find we were mistaken in understanding that Mrs. Charles Lushington was the first female who had performed the overland journey from India. She was the first lady from Bengal; but Lady Nightingale and another lady preceded her from Bombay in this adventurous travel.

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the LITTON PRESS, 14, Pall Mall, 1st, Wellington Street,
Waterloo Bridge, Strand, and 7, South Molton Street, Oxford
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fixed eyes and folded arms. Already had the musketeers presented their pieces; already had the victim breathed his last prayer, and, opening his eyes, was looking steadily at his executioners, that he might see their aim good and true before he gave the signal; when a cry of 'Hold, for the love of the most Holy Virgin! hold!' arrested the attention of all. Her mantilla fallen, her hair loose, her arms uplifted, her cheek flushed with the strugglings of hope and fear, Leonora de Velasco, majestic as a bright angel of mercy, rushed with winged speed, and when she found herself in the midst, between Eustace and the levelled arms, in presence of her brother and his band, she suddenly stopped, and again cried with a nervous tone, that went trembling to many a hearer's heart, — 'He shall not die! he shall not die! Brother, he spared you the night we kneeled and sung a requiem for our father. He shall not die, brother! he repaired the great Velasco's tomb. He shall not die.' 'Away! unworthy Velasco, away!' said Juan, sternly: 'will no one remove the girl?' The priest ran and caught her arm to drag her from the line of fire. With a strength lent her by despair, she threw him far and violently from her,—then turned, and was in a moment at the cross, and placed herself before it. 'Here,' said the ~~despairing~~ girl, 'here will I stand! here gladly fall, or for or with this noble enemy!—no enemy to me or living man! as a brother dear to me!' 'Fire!' cried Juan,—he was not obeyed. 'As a thousand brothers dear to me!' repeated Leonora: 'Daughter of my father! you have lived too long,' thundered Juan, as with lightning swiftness he flew to her, and she fell stabbed at his feet,—the blood of her stricken bosom flowing forth upon them. 'Brother, brother!' said she faintly, as soon as she could recover from the shock: — 'Juan, you used to love me—kiss me, Juan:—and she supported herself on her arm, and lifted up her pale lips, and kissed his murderous hand that hung stained down. 'Leonora, confess! speak, say that it was true!—say that you were guilty!' 'Of many sins against high Heaven, Juan, but none against my brother.' 'Is not this enemy your lover? Hath he not abused you?' 'Your sister is chaste and spotless as the unsunned snow,' said the voice of Eustace, now for the first time heeded; though, from the instant of Leonora's arrival, he had prayed her to let death take its course upon him. 'Brother! I forgive you more than my death-blow—I forgive you this.' With slow and solemn utterance she spoke, and paused, frowning at the close of this effort. One more she made,— 'Let it be that I have died for this good man:—and after, there were but murmurs not intelligible, and lips that moved in prayer,—and her cold cheek felt not the pressure of her brother's as he lay down by her, prostrate in his despair. The lady Castilda and Clemente found her as white and cold as marble when they arrived at the foot of the cross;—there, where she had fallen, she lay dead. Leaning against the cross, to which he was no longer

bound, stood Eustace like a statue of grief—the boy Presidio at his feet, kneeling before the cross, Juan and the priest and the guerrillas were gone.—In the chapel of San Francisco, in Cordova, there is a plain tablet of white marble to the memory of Leonora de Velasco: it records not the manner of her death, but is simply inscribed with her name: above are the words *in calo quies*. Beneath, *oveja perdida ven.*"

If the history of the most heroic courage—the most devoted affection, told in the most poetical language,—if vivid pictures of those dangers in which almost every fire-side has had some near and dear one partaking,—if such do not insure these volumes the most complete popularity, the human heart must have lost a large portion of its most ennobling affections.

The History of Napoleon Buonaparte. 2 vols. 18mo. With Engravings on Steel and Wood. London, 1829. Murray.

WERE we asked what would constitute the perfection of a book destined for universal circulation, we should say,—A subject of the utmost historical interest, an interest in which every rank took part—whose great outline, one of the memory's epochs, rivetted attention on the details—one which, while of paramount importance to our own country, involved also every foreign soil with which it had relations. Let such a subject be treated in a concise yet complete narrative; let its authority be authentic, and the charm of style be added to the attraction of incident; and let some great name, familiar even in its wonder, be the cope-stone of attention:—to these internal requisites let it join all external advantages,—a neat and portable form, beautiful printing, engravings some first-rate and all characteristic, and let it be equally calculated for the library-shelf and the drawing-room table; let it be a valuable compendium for the most experienced, and a mine of delight to the young and eager reader; lastly, let its moderate cost place it within the reach of every class;—and if all this does not constitute the perfection of a book, it at least approaches it very closely. It is but saying the simplest truth, when we affirm that all these requisites are to be found in the delightful pages under notice. Of the plan of their publication we have before expressed our cordial approbation, and we now still more cordially express our approval of the manner in which it has been executed. This is a most admirable life of Napoleon, when we only speak of the excellent judgment, the dramatic force of the narrative, the clear and flowing language, which make it a first-rate work; but when we consider the immense mass of information, the just opinions, the variety of anecdotes, condensed into two small volumes, we confess it no less excites our wonder than our warmest praise. We would fain quote a capital general view of the state of the imperial government at its zenith, but our space prevents us; and we must therefore content ourselves with the two following samples. The justice of the statement of his residence at St. Helena would alone make us extract it.

"The accusations brought by the prisoner and his instruments against the government of England, in regard to the accommodations at Longwood, the arrangements concerning the household establishment, and the regulations adopted with a view to the security of his person,—have been so often answered in detail, that we may spare ourselves the pain of dwelling on transactions little worthy of filling a

large space in the story of Napoleon. It being granted that it was necessary to provide against the evasion of Buonaparte; that the protracted separation from him of his wife and son (not, at any rate, the act of England, but of Austria) was in itself justified by obvious political considerations; and that England would have given good reason of offence to the King of France, had she complied with Napoleon's repeated demands to be styled and treated as emperor;—if these things be granted, we do not see how even the shadow of blame can attach to the much-abused ministers on whom fortune threw one of the most delicate and thankless of all offices. His house was, save one (that of the governor), the best on the island: from the beginning it was signified that any alterations or additions suggested by Napoleon would be immediately attended to; and the frame-work of many apartments was actually prepared in England, to be sent out and distributed according to his pleasure. As it was, Napoleon had for his own immediate personal accommodation a suite of rooms, consisting of a saloon, an eating-room, a library, a billiard-room, a small study, a bed-room, and a bath-room; and various English gentlemen, accustomed to all the appliances of modern luxury, who visited the exile of Longwood, concur in stating that the accommodations around him appeared to them every way complete and unobjectionable. He had a good collection of books, and the means of adding to these as much as he chose. His suite consisted in all of five gentlemen and two ladies: the superior French and Italian domestics about his own person were never fewer than eleven; and the sum allowed for his domestic expenditure was 12,000*l.* per annum—the governor of St. Helena, moreover, having authority to draw on the treasury for any larger sum, in case he should consider 12,000*l.* as insufficient. When we consider that wines, and most other articles heavily taxed in England, go duty-free to St. Helena, it is really intolerable to be told that this income was not adequate—nay, that it was not munificent—for a person in Napoleon's situation. It was a larger income than is allotted to the governor of any English colony whatever, except the governor-general of India. It was twice as large as the official income of a British secretary of state has ever been. We decline entering at all into the minor charges connected with this humiliating subject: at least a single example may serve. One of the loudest complaints was about the deficiency and inferior quality of wine: on examination, it appeared that Napoleon's upper domestics were allowed each day, per man, a bottle of claret, costing 6*d.* per dozen (without duty), and the lowest menial employed at Longwood a bottle of good Tenerife wine daily. That the table of the fallen emperor himself was always served in a style at least answerable to the dignity of a general officer in the British service—this was never even denied. Passing from the interior, we conceive that we cannot do better than quote the language of one of his casual and impartial visitors, Mr. Ellis. 'There never, perhaps (says this gentleman), was a prisoner so much requiring to be watched and guarded, to whom so much liberty and range for exercise was allowed. With an officer he may go over any part of the island: wholly unobserved, his limits extend four miles—partially observed, eight—and overlooked, twelve. At night the sentinels certainly close round Longwood itself.' It indeed appears impossible to conceive of a prisoner more liberally treated in

all these respects. There remains the constantly repeated vituperation of the climate of St. Helena. It appears, however, by tables kept and published by Dr. Arnott, that the sick-list of a regiment stationed close to Buonaparte's residence during his stay, rarely contained more than one name out of forty-five—a proportion which must be admitted to be most remarkably small. In effect, the house of Longwood stands 2000 feet above the level of the sea; the ocean breezes purify the air continually; and within the tropics there is probably no healthier situation whatever. If it be said that Napoleon should not have been confined within the tropics at all—it is answered, that it was necessary to remove him from the neighbourhood of the countries in which his name was the watch-word of rebellion and discord; and that, after all, Napoleon was a native of Corsica, one of the hottest climates in Europe, and was at all times, constitutionally, able to endure the extremes of heat much better than of cold—witness Egypt and Russia. There was a rule that Napoleon's correspondence should all pass through the hands of the governor of St. Helena—and this Sir Walter Scott condemns. Had the English government acted on the Buonapartean model, they would have made no such regulation, but taken the liberty of privately examining his letters and revealing them, after the fashion of the post-office under Lavalette. It diminishes our regret when we learn, from Sir Walter Scott's next page, that in spite of all laws and severities on this score, Napoleon and the companions of his exile contrived from the beginning to the end to communicate with their friends in Europe, without the supervision of any English authorities whatever. The finishing touch is put to the picture of unworthy duplicity by one of Napoleon's own followers and most noisy champions, General Gourgaud. This gentleman himself informed the English government, that at the time when Napoleon, in order to create the notion that his supplies were restricted beyond all endurance, sent some plate to James's Town to be broken up and sold, he, Napoleon, had in his strong box at Longwood at least ten thousand pounds in gold coin. There is one name which will descend to posterity laden with a tenfold portion of the abuse which Napoleon and his associates lavished on all persons connected in any degree with the superintendence and control of his captive condition—that of Sir Hudson Lowe, a general officer in the English army, who became governor of St. Helena in May 1816, and continued to hold that situation down to the period of the ex-emperor's death in 1821. The vanity of Napoleon appears to have been wounded from the beginning by this appointment. According to him, no person ought in decency to have been intrusted with the permanent care of his detention but some English nobleman of the highest rank. The answer is very plain—that the situation was not likely to find favour in the eyes of any such person; and when one considers what the birth and manners of by far the greater number of Buonaparte's own courtiers, peers and princes included, were, it is difficult to repress wonder in listening to this particular subject of complaint. Passing over this original quarrel, it appears that, according to Buonaparte's own admission, Sir H. Lowe endeavoured, when he took his thankless office upon him, to place the intercourse between himself and his prisoner on a footing as gracious as could well be looked for under

all the circumstances of the case; and that he, the ex-emperor, ere the governor had been a week at St. Helena, condescended to insult him to his face by language so extravagantly, intolerably, and vulgarly offensive, as never ought, under any circumstances whatever, to have stained the lips of one who made any pretension to the character of a gentleman. Granting that Sir Hudson Lowe was not an officer of the first distinction, it must be admitted that he did no wrong in accepting a duty offered to him by his government; and that Napoleon was guilty, not only of indecorum, but of meanness, in reproaching a man so situated, as he did almost at their first interview, with the circumstances—of which at worst it could but be said that they were not splendid—of his previous life. But this is far too little. Granting that Sir Hudson Lowe had been in history and in conduct, both before he came to St. Helena and during his stay there, all that the most ferocious libels of the Buonapartists have ever dared to say or to insinuate,—it would still remain a theme of unmixed wonder and regret that Napoleon Buonaparte should have stooped to visit on his head the wrongs which, if they were wrongs, proceeded not from the governor of St. Helena, but from the English ministry, whose servant he was. 'I can only account,' says Mr. Ellis, 'for his petulance and unfounded complaints from one of two motives—either he wishes by these means to keep alive an interest in Europe, and more especially in England, where he flatters himself he has a party; or his troubled mind finds an occupation in the tracasseries which his present conduct gives to the governor. If the latter be the case, it is in vain for any governor to unite being on good terms with him to the performance of his duty.' Napoleon did every thing he could to irritate this unfortunate governor. He called him *schlesener*, *thief-taker*, *har*, *hangman*; rejected all his civilities as insults; encouraged his attendants to rival in these particulars the audacity of his own language and conduct; refused by degrees to take the exercise which his health required, on pretext that it did him more harm than good when he knew himself to be riding within view of English sentinels (which was not necessary at all within four miles of Longwood), or attended by an English officer (which was not necessary unless at the distance of twelve miles from Longwood); above all, opposed every obstacle to the enforcement of that most proper regulation which made it necessary that his person should, once in every twenty-four hours, be visible to some British officer. In a word, Napoleon Buonaparte bent the whole energies of his mighty intellect to the ignoble task of tormenting Sir Hudson Lowe; and the extremes of degradation to which these efforts occasionally reduced himself in the eyes of his own attendants are such as we dare not particularize, and as will be guessed by no one who has not read the memoir of his Italian doctor, Antonmarchi. Meantime, the great object was effectually attained. The wrongs of Napoleon, the cold cruelty of the English government, and the pestilent petty tyranny of Sir Hudson Lowe, were the perpetual themes of table-talk all over Europe. There were statesmen of high rank in either house of the British parliament who periodically descended on these topics; and the answers as often elicited from the ministers of the crown, only seemed such declamations for the moment, that they might be renewed with increased violence, after time had elapsed sufficient to

allow the news to come back to England with the comments of Longwood. The utter impossibility of an escape from St. Helena was assumed on all such occasions, with the obvious inference that there could be no use for sentinels and domiciliary visitations at Longwood, except for the gratification of malignant power. But it is now ascertained that, throughout the whole period of the detention, schemes of evasion were in agitation at St. Helena, and that agents were busy, sometimes in London, more frequently in North America, with preparations which had no other object in view. A steamship, halting just beyond the line of sight, might undoubtedly have received Napoleon at certain seasons of the year without difficulty, could he only contrive to elude the nocturnal vigilance of the sentinels about the house of Longwood; and that this was impossible, or even difficult, General Gourgaud himself does not hesitate to deny. The rumours of these plots reached from time to time Sir Hudson Lowe; and, quickening of course his fears and his circumspection, kept the wounds of jealousy and distrust continually open and angry. There were moments, however, in which Napoleon appeared, to persons likely to influence public feeling in Europe by their reports, in attitudes of a far different description. When strangers of eminence (generally officers on their way to or from India), halting at St. Helena, requested and obtained permission to pay their respects at Longwood, Napoleon received them, for the most part, with the ease and dignity of a man superior to adversity. It was by these worthier exhibitions that the fallen emperor earned the lofty eulogy of Byron:

—Well thy soul hath brooked the turning tide,
With that untaught, innate philosophy,
Which, be it wisdom, coldness, or deep pride,
Is gall and wormwood to an enemy.
When the whole host of hatred stood hard by,
To watch and mock thee shrinking, thou hast smiled
With a sedate and all-enduring eye;
When Fortune fled her spoiled and favourite child,
He stood unbowed beneath theills upon him piled.

Among the visitors now alluded to was Captain Basil Hall; and he has, perhaps, presented the world with the most graphic sketch of Napoleon as he appeared on such occasions at Longwood. 'Buonaparte (says this traveller) struck me (Aug. 13, 1817) as differing considerably from all the pictures and busts I had seen of him. His face and figure looked much broader and more square—larger, indeed, in every way, than any representation I had met with. His corpulency, at this time reported to be excessive, was by no means remarkable. His flesh looked, on the contrary, firm and muscular. There was not the least trace of colour in his cheeks; in fact, his skin was more like marble than ordinary flesh. Not the smallest wrinkle was discernible on his brow, nor an approach to a furrow on any part of his countenance. His health and spirits, judging from appearances, were excellent; though, at this period, it was generally believed in England that he was fast sinking under a complication of diseases, and that his spirits were entirely gone. His manner of speaking was rather slow than otherwise, and perfectly distinct; and he waited with great patience and kindness for my answers to his questions. The brilliant and sometimes dazzling expression of his eye could not be overlooked. It was not, however, a permanent lustre, for it was only remarkable when he was excited by some point of particular interest. It is impossible to imagine an expression of more entire mildness, I may almost call it of benignity and kindness, than that which played over his features during the whole interview. If, therefore, he was at this time out

of health and in low spirits, his power of self-command must have been even more extraordinary than is generally supposed; for his whole deportment, his conversation, and the expression of his face, indicated a frame in perfect health, and a mind at ease.' These favourable reports, from seemingly impartial witnesses, lent new wings to the tale of Sir Hudson Lowe's oppression; and perhaps the exile of St. Helena continued to fill a larger space in the eye of the world at large, than had ever before fallen to the lot of one removed for ever, to all appearance, from the great theatre of human passions. It was then that Lord Byron thus apostrophised him:—

'Conqueror and captive of the earth art thou!
She trembles at thee still, and thy wild name
Was ne'er more bruited in men's minds than now
That thou art nothing, save the jest of Fame,
Who would thee once, thy vessel and became
The flatterer of thy fierceness till thou wert
A god unto thyself—nor less the same
To the astounded kingdoms all inert,
Who deemed thee for a time what'er thou didst assert.'

And it was then that an English nobleman of high rank, who throughout manifested especial interest in the fortunes of Napoleon, inscribed his statue (in the gardens of Holland House) with the lines of Homer:—

'The godlike Ulysses is not yet dead upon the earth;
He still lingers a living captive within the breach of ocean,
In some unapproachable island, where savage men detain
him.'
Odyss. book i. v. 195.

The closing review of the emperor's character is so admirable, that it would be injustice not to quote it; and with it we end our review.

'Napoleon confessed more than once at Longwood, that he owed his downfall to nothing but the extravagance of his own errors. 'It must be owned,' said he, 'that fortune spoiled me: ere I was thirty years of age, I found myself invested with great power, and the mover of great events.' No one, indeed, can hope to judge him fairly, either in the brilliancy of his day, or the troubled darkness of his evening, who does not task imagination to conceive the natural effects, on a temperament and genius so fiery and daring, of that almost instantaneous transition from poverty and obscurity to the summit of fame, fortune, and power. The blaze which dazzled other men's eyes, had fatal influence on his. He began to believe that there was something superhuman in his own faculties, and that he was privileged to deny that any laws were made for him. Obligations by which he expected all besides to be fettered, he considered himself entitled to snap and trample. He became a deity to himself; and expected mankind not merely to submit to, but to admire and reverence the actions of a demon. Well says the poet,

'Oh! more or less than man—in high or low,
Battling with nations, flying from the field;
Now making monarchs' necks thy footstool, now
More than thy meanest soldier taught to yield;
An empire thou couldst crush, command, rebuild;
But govern not thy pettiest passion, nor,
However deeply in men's spirits shed,
Look through thine own—nor curb the lust of war,
Nor learn that tempted fate will leave the loftiest star.'

His heart was naturally cold. His school-companion, who was afterwards his secretary, M. de Bourienne, confesses that, even in the spring of youth, he was very little disposed to form friendships. To say that he was incapable of such feelings, or that he really never had a friend, would be to deny to him any part in the nature and destiny of his species.—No one ever dared to be altogether alone in the world.—But we doubt if any man ever passed through life sympathizing so slightly with mankind; and the most wonderful part of his story is, the integrity of

sway which he exerted over the minds of those in whom he so seldom permitted himself to contemplate any thing more than the tools of his own ambition. So great a spirit must have had glimpses of whatever adorns and dignifies the character of man. But with him the feelings which blind love, played only on the surface—leaving the abyss of selfishness untouched. His one instrument of power was genius; hence his influence was greatest among those who had little access to observe, closely and leisurely, the minutenesses of his personal character and demeanour. The exceptions to this rule were very few. Pride and vanity were strangely mingled in his composition. Who does not pity the noble chamberlain that confesses his blood to have run cold when he heard Napoleon—seated at dinner at Dresden, among a circle of crowned heads—begin a story with, *When I was a lieutenant in the regiment of La Fere?* Who does not pity Napoleon when he is heard speaking of some decorations in the Tuilleries, as having taken place 'in the time of the king, my uncle?' This last weakness was the main engine of his overthrow. When he condescended to mimic all the established etiquettes of feudal monarchy—when he coined titles, and lavished stars, and sought to melt his family into the small circle of hereditary princes—he adopted the surest means which could have been devised for alienating from himself the affections of all the men of the revolution, the army alone excepted, and for re-animating the hopes and exertions of the Bourbonists. It is clear that thenceforth he leaned almost wholly on the soldiery. No civil changes could, after this, affect his real position. Oaths and vows, charters and concessions, all were alike in vain. When the army was humbled and weakened in 1814, he fell from his throne, without one voice being lifted up in his favour. The army was no sooner strengthened and re-encouraged, than it recalled him. He re-ascended the giddy height, with the daring step of a hero, and professed his desire to scatter from it nothing but justice and mercy. But no man trusted his words. His army was ruined at Waterloo; and the brief day of the second reign passed, without a twilight, into midnight. We are not yet far enough from Buonaparte, to estimate the effects of his career. He recast the art of war; and was conquered in the end by men who had caught wisdom and inspiration from his own campaigns. He gave both permanency and breadth to the influence of the French revolution. His reign, short as it was, was sufficient to make it impossible that the offensive privileges of *caste* should ever be revived in France; and, this iniquity being once removed, there could be little doubt that such a nation would gradually acquire possession of a body of institutions worthy of its intelligence. Napoleon was as essentially, and irreclaimably, a despot as a warrior; but his successor, whether a Bourbon or a Buonaparte, was likely to be a constitutional sovereign. The tyranny of a meaner hand would not have been endured after that precedent. On Europe at large he has left traces of his empire, not less marked or important. He broke down the barriers every where of custom and prejudice; and revolutionised the spirit of the continent. His successes, and his double downfall, taught absolute princes their weakness, and injured nations their strength. Such hurricanes of passion as the French revolution—such sweeping scourges of mankind as Napoleon Buonaparte, are not permitted but as the

avengers of great evils, and the harbingers of great good. Of the influence of both, as regards the continent, it may be safely said—that even now we have seen only 'the beginning of the end.' The reigning sovereigns of Europe are, with rare exceptions, benevolent and humane men; and their subjects, no less than they, ought to remember the lesson of all history—that violent and sudden changes, in the structure of social and political order, have never yet occurred, without inflicting utter misery upon at least one generation. It was England that fought the great battle throughout, on the same principle, without flinching; and but for her perseverance, all the rest would have struggled in vain. It is to be hoped that the British nation will continue to see, and to reverence, in the contest and in its result, the immeasurable advantages which the sober strength of a free but fixed constitution possesses over the mad energies of anarchy on the one hand, and, on the other, over all that despotic selfishness can effect, even under the guidance of the most consummate genius."

There are some very clever wood-cuts, excellently calculated to give accurate notions of the scenes described; and few things impress a particular passage on the mind more than a picture. A charge of the Cossacks, the battle of the Pyramids, and the bridge of Arcola, are particularly animated. There are good likenesses of the emperor, both the empresses, and the king of Rome; and a most spirited and beautiful line-engraving, in front of the first volume, represents Napoleon crossing the Alps.

Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe. 8vo. Colburn.

THIS is a very delightful volume—delightful for its simplicity and domestic interest. Lady Fanshawe is no "woman of great talents," who has a character to keep up on paper,—who makes the most of what she hears, sees, thinks, says, and does—who observes every celebrated person with a full intention of putting them in a book;—no such thing: she is writing a family record, and such it is; her husband is her hero—the Fanshaws, with their alliances, her world—and the kings, queens, dukes, and magnates, are only mentioned as shewing them such and such attentions, making them such and such presents, &c.:—it is just a long letter from a very affectionate, single-minded, feminine creature, placed in most painful circumstances, and supported through them, not so much by strong sense or extraordinary judgment, as by the most devoted love to her husband. But let our heroine speak for herself.

"Now it is necessary to say something of my mother's education of me, which was with all the advantages that time afforded, both for working all sorts of fine works with my needle, and learning French, singing, lute, the virginals and dancing; and notwithstanding I learned as well as most did, yet was I wild to that degree, that the hours of my beloved recreation took up too much of my time, for I loved riding, in the first place, running, and all active pastimes: in short, I was that which we graver people call a hoyting girl; but, to be just to myself, I never did mischief to myself or people, nor one immodest word or action in my life, though skipping and activity was my delight: but upon my mother's death, I then began to reflect, and, as an offering to her memory, I flung away those little childnesses, that had formerly possessed me, and, by my father's command, took upon me charge of his house and family, which I so ordered, by my excellent mother's example, as found acceptance in his sight. I was very well beloved by all our relations and

my mother's friends, whom I paid a great respect to; and I ever was ambitious to keep the best company, which I have done, I thank God, all the days of my life.

"My father commanded my sister and myself to come to him to Oxford, where the court then was; but we, that had till that hour lived in great plenty and great order, found ourselves like fishes out of the water, and the scene so changed, that we knew not at all how to act any part but obedience; for, from as good a house as any gentleman of England had, we came to a baker's house in an obscure street; and from rooms well furnished, to lie in a very bad bed in a garret; to one dish of meat, and that not the best ordered; no money, for we were as poor as Job; nor clothes more than a man or two brought in their cloak bags."

Soon after this she marries; and a little occurrence, which takes place about a year after, is so prettily told that we must extract it.

"My husband had provided very good lodgings for us, and as soon as he could come home from the council, where he was at my arrival, he, with all expressions of joy, received me in his arms, and gave me a hundred pieces of gold, saying, 'I know thou that keeps my heart so well, will keep my fortune, which from this time I will ever put into thy hands as God shall bless me with increase.' And now I thought myself a perfect queen, and my husband so glorious a crown, that I more valued myself to be called by his name than born a princess; for I knew him very wise and very good, and his soul doated on me, upon which confidence I will tell you what happened. My Lady Rivers, a brave woman, and one that had suffered many thousand pounds loss for the king, and whom I had a great reverence for, and she a kindness for me as a kinswoman, in discourse she tacitly commended the knowledge of state affairs, and that some women were very happy in a good understanding thereof, as my Lady Aubigny, Lady Isabel Thynne, and divers others, and yet none was at first more capable than I; that in the night she knew there came a post from Paris from the queen, and that she would be extremely glad to hear what the queen commanded the king in order to his affairs; saying, if I would ask my husband privately, he would tell me what he found in the packet, and I might tell her. I, that was young and innocent, and to that day had never in my mouth what news, began to think there was more in inquiring into public affairs than I thought of, and that it, being a fashionable thing, would make me more beloved of my husband, if that had been possible, than I was. When my husband returned home from council, after welcoming him, as his custom ever was, he went with his handful of papers into his study for an hour or more; I followed him; he turned hastily, and said, 'What wouldst thou have, my life?' I told him, I heard the prince had received a packet from the queen, and I guessed it was that in his hand, and I desired to know what was in it. He smilingly replied, 'My love, I will immediately come to thee; pray thee go, for I am very busy.' When he came out of his closet I revived my suit; he kissed me, and talked of other things. At supper I would eat nothing; he as usual sat by me, and drank often to me, which was his custom, and was full of discourse to company that was at table. Going to bed I asked again, and said I could not believe he loved me if he refused to tell me all he knew; but he answered nothing, but stopped my mouth with kisses. So we went to bed, I cried, and he went to sleep. Next morning early, as his custom was, he called to rise,

but began to discourse with me first, to which I made no reply; he rose, came on the other side of the bed and kissed me, and drew the curtains softly and went to court. When he came home to dinner, he presently came to me as was usual, and when I had him by the hand, I said, 'Thou dost not care to see me troubled.' To which he, taking me in his arms, answered, 'My dearest soul, nothing upon earth can afflict me like that; and when you asked me of my business, it was wholly out of my power to satisfy thee; for my life and fortune shall be thine, and every thought of my heart in which the trust I am in may not be revealed; but my honour is my own, which I cannot preserve if I communicate the prince's affairs; and pray thee with this answer rest satisfied.' So great was his reason and goodness, that upon consideration it made my folly appear to me so vile, that from that day until the day of his death I never thought fit to ask him any business, but what he communicated freely to me in order to his estate or family."

They put to sea. "When we had just passed the Straits, we saw coming towards us, with full sails, a Turkish galley well manned, and we believed we should be all carried away slaves; for this man had so laden his ship with goods for Spain, that his guns were useless, though the ship carried sixty guns: he called for brandy, and after he had well drunken, and all his men, which were near two hundred, he called for arms, and cleared the deck as well as he could, resolving to fight rather than lose his ship, which was worth thirty thousand pounds. This was sad for us passengers; but my husband bid us be sure to keep in the cabin, and not appear, the women, which would make the Turks think that we were a man-of-war; but if they saw women, they would take us for merchants, and board us. He went upon the deck, and took a gun and bandollers, and sword, and, with the rest of the ship's company, stood upon deck, expecting the arrival of the Turkish man-of-war. This beast, the captain, had locked me up in the cabin; I knocked and called long to no purpose, until at length the cabin-boy came and opened the door: I, all in tears, desired him to be so good as to give me his blue thrum cap he wore, and his tarred coat, which he did, and I gave him half-a-crown; and putting them on, and flinging away my night-clothes, I crept up softly and stood upon the deck by my husband's side, as free from sickness and fear as, I confess, from discretion; but it was the effect of that passion which I could never master. By this time the two vessels were engaged in parley, and so well satisfied with speech and sight of each other's forces, that the Turks' man-of-war tacked about, and we continued our course. But when your father saw it convenient to retreat, looking upon me, he blessed himself, and snatched me up in his arms, saying, 'Good God, that love can make this change! and though he seemingly chid me, he would laugh at it as often as he remembered that voyage.'

In the time of the rebellion, Sir Richard is imprisoned.

"During the time of his imprisonment, I failed not constantly to go, when the clock struck four in the morning, with a dark lantern in my hand, all alone and on foot, from my lodging in Chancery Lane, at my cousin Young's, to Whitehall, in at the entry that went out at King-street into the bowling-green. There I would go under his window and softly call him: he, after the first time expected, never failed to put out his head at the first call: thus we talked together; and some-

times I was so wet with the rain, that it went in at my neck, and out at my heels."

He is, however, released, and at the restoration sent ambassador to Spain: of the magnificence of that court we can say nothing; but recommend the latter pages as both amusing in themselves, and as a pleasant contrast to this very charming volume.

Notice sur Edouard Ruppel, &c. Some Account of Edward Ruppel, and of his Journey into the Interior of Africa. Rev. Germ. Strasburgh. 1829.

IN our earlier years, Burckhardt, the illustrious traveller, was our fellow-student and bosom companion: * he was as robust in mind as in body, full of activity, exemplary for his application, sincere in his friendships, endued with a keen and sound judgment, of a lively, excellent temper, and passionately devoted to every pursuit which led across the seductive field of nature. He was remarkable, even when of an age which is peculiarly obnoxious to worldly blandishments, for (we could almost call it) a relentless determination to achieve whatever task he undertook. To select the objects of his studies with discrimination, and to follow them up with unflinching perseverance, seemed, with him, to be habits, derived from nature rather than acquired by education; and to these high qualities he added a manliness and simplicity of manners, and an integrity of conduct, which rendered him respected by all, while they endeared him to those by whom virtue and talent were considered as forming a title to personal esteem, and a provocative to the intimacies of friendship. Such was John Lewis Burckhardt when we sauntered with him beneath the shades where Gellert and Zollikofer had lifted their conceptions from Nature's self to Nature's God; such was he, but with augmented experience and acquirements, when our friendship was renewed under an English sky; and such was he to the last hour of an existence, of which science has so much reason to deplore the early and melancholy termination. We may well be excused this tribute to the recollections of an intimacy, begun in youth and cemented in maturer years, when we are about to make mention of a traveller whose disinterested zeal, and talents, and indefatigable thirst after science, appear scarcely inferior to those of the lamented Helvetian.

William P. E. S. Ruppel was born at Frankfurt in 1794. At eight years of age the native bent of his genius exhibited itself (says the author of the Notice before us) "in the indefatigable zeal with which he studied every individual specimen of a small collection of minerals, which his father had purchased for him at his earnest solicitation." His education was thenceforward directed to languages, history, geography, the mathematics, and natural philosophy; and at the age of sixteen "he was perfect master of Latin, French, English, and Italian." Upon the death of his father, he came over to England, where he sojourned fifteen months in London; and from thence, after revisiting his native country, bent his steps towards the South of France and Italy, from the shores of which he embarked for Alexandria in January 1817. Of his arrival in that port, one of his letters thus speaks:—"Every thing here is new to me. I might compare yesterday to an hour spent by a countryman in gazing at the reflections of a magic lantern. My mind

* It is hardly necessary to say, that, in a journal like ours, we have many valued associates: the present review, in its language, shews its origin from one of these, and not from Ed. L. G.

was familiarised to every object by the narratives of others: I came, big with expectation, to see them with my own eyes; but I am distracted by the rapid alternation of those objects, and am anxious to survey them at my leisure: it is the work of time alone to make every thing clear and distinct."

Having terminated the commercial engagements which called him to Cairo, he employed the five succeeding months in exploring Memphis, Upper Egypt, Thebes, Syene, &c. He passed five days at the pyramids, and conceived he had seen every thing worth the trouble, when he was asked by a capuchin whether he had not visited the "Grotta della Madonna," where Mary is said to have taken refuge at the time of the massacre of the innocents at Bethlehem. His remark upon this inquiry is *naïf* enough. "By my troth, I had not once thought of such a *curiosity* as this; it did not seem worthy to be named in the same day with the ruins of Memphis."

He quitted Egypt in October, landed at Leghorn, and before reaching Frankfort once more, had resolved upon abandoning the mercantile profession, for the purpose of exclusively occupying himself with scientific pursuits. "He returned to Frankfort in the spring of 1818, at a time when several naturalists had assembled with a view of establishing a society of physics and a museum of natural history. His first interview with Dr. Cretzschmar (the director, and one of the founders of the society) lasted twelve hours, and was decisive of the important enterprise Ruppel had in contemplation. It was on this occasion that he gave expression to the generous idea he had conceived of lending his aid towards the public institutions of his native town, and presenting them with whatever treasures he should collect upon his travels; and he has carried this noble purpose into effect with the most scrupulous punctuality up to the present hour." And he at once afforded an earnest of his sincerity by bestowing some valuable donations of Egyptian rarities upon the public library of Frankfort. He shortly afterwards returned, through Switzerland, to Pavia, where he prepared himself for a second expedition into Africa by attending courses of comparative anatomy, physiology, natural history, and chemistry, and studying astronomy and archaeology. His varied attainments here brought him into intimate acquaintance with Bardi, Della Marmora, De Zach, and the first literati of Italy; and his intense application was occasionally relieved by excursions to Elba, Vesuvius, Sicily, and the Lipari Islands. The recital of his descent into the crater of the Vulcano, one of the latter group, deserves to be given in his own words. "I cannot help thinking it would prove by no means an impracticable task to descend at this moment into the depths of the crater of Etna. But when I ascended that volcano I was totally unprepared for such an attempt; nor should I have probably determined on descending into it without a companion. So much the greater was the joy I experienced on setting foot within the abyss of the volcano of Vulcano, the depth of which is four hundred feet or thereabouts. Hot, sulphureous, and murky vapours rise from betwixt its rugged and almost peaked confines. It appeared in its existing state to be almost impervious to the observant eye; for when Delue, and Spallanzani after him, descended into it, its configuration was of a different character; but the foot of ardour succeeded in groping its perilous way in this rocky region. Every side of the crater bristled with sublimations of the purest vol-

canic sulphur; and nought but the hand of industry seemed wanting to ensure the deliverer an abundant remuneration. About seven years back, Nunciante, a Sicilian noble, and Arosto, an apothecary of Messina, joined in an attempt to work this copious mine; and to this attempt we are indebted for a path which courses along the southern side upon perpendicular rocks. He was the boldest of adventurers who hazarded a first descent: in fact, an extraordinary sensation affects you when you are fairly launched into this yawning gulf of four hundred feet depth; for, independently of the sulphureous exhalations and the escape of the other gases which oppress the powers of respiration, you experience a feeling of uneasiness which increases the native horrors of the spot. Yet there cannot be found any laboratory of the volcanic powers, of so inestimable a value towards collecting facts which will probably prove the future means of establishing a theory on the origin of igneous currents. The crater of Vulcano resembles that of every other volcano; it is a flattened funnel (*entonnoir applati*), inserted in a cone of the height of nearly nine hundred feet. The exterior margin of this funnel is rounded in the shape of an ellipsoid, the greatest diameter of which, from west to east, is about eleven hundred feet, and the least seven hundred. We have already spoken of its depth as being four hundred feet; nor is it shallower even in those spots where the marge is least elevated; and the compass of the level bottom, in comparison with the circumference of the exterior marge, is in the proportion of one to two. More than one-half of the interior declivity is a peaked rock; it is the upper portion only, consisting of volcanic ashes, which narrows into the shape of a funnel. The lower segment is composed of a whitish-yellow lava, perfectly compact, and presenting fissures of an ungainly aspect. These fissures are at every point the outlets of fumes strongly saturated with sulphur and other ingredients; and the path itself traverses several spots heated by gushing vapours. When you reach the bottom, which is any thing but a plane surface, your attention is first rivetted by a cone about sixty feet in height, to the north, which emits several columns of smoke; and of these there is one of a peculiarly violent action, which forces a passage on its eastern side through an aperture about four inches in diameter. It is scarcely possible to approach within two paces of this exhaustless current of combustible atmosphere. Your ears are assailed by an unceasing and appalling din, belike the roaring of some enormous mass in a state of fusion. Sublimations of sulphur, in the form of acicular crystals, and a red and yellow crust of muriate of ammonia, four lines in thickness, are suspended around the aperture. A number of rents and small orifices give a vent to columns of vapours, impregnated with sulphur, ammonia, and muriatic acid; and in this direction the soil is not merely warm, but of burning heat. This small cone appears to be the cauldron of volcanic action. The vapours which rise from this cone, especially in an easterly and westerly direction, deposit natural boracic acid in the shape of a crust, which is said at times to cover a considerable extent of soil, and to wear the appearance of saline snow.

On the base of the crater are found fragments of obsidian, bullous lava; many of these are of enormous size, and were emitted during an eruption of ashes in the year 1786. Some of them, weighing above eight hundred pounds each, were hurled as far

as the sea-shore, which is half a mile distant. Alum, sulphur, mineral salt, vitriol, ammonia, and boracic acid, are found within the crater of Vulcano, either in a state of sublimation or of efflorescence and concretion. But how many other matters may there not exist, as concurrent agents to volcanic action, which have escaped our attention, either from the predominance of those we have designated, or from their remaining constantly in the shape of an aeriform fluid? Chemists and mineralogists ought to make a point of visiting this interesting island, where many a valuable discovery might crown their exertions."

In the course of the fourth and last year of Ruppel's sojourn at Pavia, he entered into an engagement with the Society of Natural History of Frankfort, which evinces a rare spirit of liberality and patriotism combined. "He made a free gift to them, not only of the mineralogical collection he had then made, and of his apparatus and part of his library, but of every object belonging to natural history which he might glean during his travels in Northern Africa; merely stipulating, that the society should give him Michael Hey (an anatomist) as a companion, and pay the expenses of that gentleman during his peregrinations, as well as the cost of arms, gunpowder, lead, and other necessities; and engaging, on his own part, to defray every other outlay." The society not being in a condition to comply with these terms, Counsellor Bethmann (his fellow-townsmen) generously stepped forward, and provided the means out of his private purse.

Having thus laid in ample stores, both of materials and attainments, and been joined by his young companion Hey, Ruppel left Leghorn on the first of January, 1822; and soon after his arrival at Cairo insinuated himself into the viceroy's good graces, by the eagerness he manifested to explore the gold mines of Akaba in Arabia Petrea, and the satisfactory report which he brought back concerning them. During the return of the travellers from this visit, which was extended to Suez and Mount Sinai, they were the fleshly witnesses of an extraordinary phenomenon, the *Chamsin of the Arabs*. This occurrence is related by him in a letter to M. de Zach. "On the twenty-first of May we were at a distance of seven hours journey from Cairo, and making our way through the desert, when we were overtaken by the ill-starred blasts of the south, which are the favourite subject of travellers' wonders. The wind burst violently from the S.S.W., and the atmosphere was thickened with such immense clouds of dust, that even a camel became invisible at fifty paces distance. I heard a slight noise run along the ground, and at first conceived it to be occasioned by the rolling of pebbles, driving before the fury of the wind: on the side from which it proceeded, our faces, hands, and feet, became strangely inflamed; and we felt a painful sensation, as if our skin had been pricked with needles; both were accompanied by a low crackling noise on the skin. My first impression was, that what we felt arose from the effect of pebbles being driven against our bodies by the wind; and I held out my hat that I might catch and examine them; but, to my astonishment, not a single one was to be discovered in it. It then occurred to me that the sensation was occasioned by some unknown physical cause, which I could compare to nothing better than a current of electric matter. Being thus induced to pay minuter attention to the subject, I observed that our hair stood erect, and that the pain we endured was felt

most acutely at our joints: it was precisely the same in effect, as if I had been electrified on an electric stool. In order to convince myself that the pricking sensation was not caused by pebbles, I held out a sheet of paper, well distended, in the wind's eye: the minutest grains of sand could not have been driven against it without producing articulate sounds; but not a breath of noise was heard, nor could I find any marks whatever upon the paper. I stretched out my fingers, and instantly felt the pricking with increased violence at their extremities. If I should be correct in my conjecture, that this *Chamsin*, or *Khamsin*, (for the Egyptians use either term indiscriminately), is the effect of a superabundant presence of the electric fluid, we shall find no difficulty in assigning a reason why, as African travellers report, it should be attended with so much danger as even sometimes to occasion the destruction of entire caravans."

In the month of June, in the same year, Ruppel again quitted Cairo, and proceeded on a visit to the once fertile, but at present barren, province of Payoum and lake Moeris, whence they explored the Delta and lake Menzaleh, in the marshy vicinity of which he was attacked by a severe dysentery, which compelled him to seek the aid of quinquina and calomel at Alexandria. From this spot he forwarded to Europe the multifarious specimens collected during his several excursions, and then made preparations for a voyage up the Nile, of which a future number will afford an interesting summary.

Romances of Real Life. By the Author of "Hungarian Tales." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1829. Colburn.

Two of the longest tales in this collection—the "Lettre de Cachet" and the "Reign of Terror"—have already received from us that commendation which we can freely extend to their companions: there are one or two among these stories which—for picturesque narration, for that indefinable airiness of touch which makes the merit of so many French *contes*, for a little sparkle on the surface, and a little sentiment underneath—are quite unrivalled. The "Princess's Birthday," or, to use the author's own words, "a fairy tale without a fairy," is a prettier story than has for many a month carried us out of "this work-a-day world." The following sketch of a new monarch is excellent:—

"If the mind of a king could be open to so degrading a fact, the new sovereign of Westernania was probably enlightened on the subject. Acute, cool, discerning, something of a humorist, and more of a philanthropist, Ferdinand had been trained in the severe school of royal cadetship. He had been debarred from all prospect of succession by the existence of several elder brothers, as well as by the prospects arising from the happy marriage of the reigning sovereign; and during the last twenty years, he had lived to be forgotten by all the world; saving his regiment, and the little frontier town of his royal brother's dominions assigned to his government, and for his subsistence. He was a man of inactive habits and unambitious character; and he would have been well contented to remain as stationary as the sentry-boxes that mouldered away at the entrance of his grass-grown court-yard, had it not pleased Providence to afflict him in holy wedlock with a princess who could never reconcile herself to the destiny averting from her own head one of the numerous matrimonial crowns showered down upon the arch-duchesses

her sisters. From her early youth she had been accumulating a treasury of despotic principles and arbitrary feelings, for the benefit and governance of her expected subjects; but as her hand had chanced to be accorded to a pitiful younger brother,—heir neither apparent nor presumptive to any earthly dignity beyond the paltry government of a frontier province, her highness's sense of retributive justice had determined her to bestow upon his single person the result of all the maxims of government she had acquired for the advantage of her people. Prince Ferdinand had, therefore, the good fortune to be as hen-pecked a husband as the poorest burgess finding refuge from his domestic plagues in skittles and *schnapps* throughout his brother's dominions. Thus only can the historian imagine a motive for his royal highness's singular selection of a *passetemps* for his leisure hours. Armory in all its branches was his single hobby; as if the ringing of a sledge-hammer were alone capable of deafening the *Amatarre* of feminine expostulation which rattled in his ears from morn till night. Thus harassed, and thus scantily gifted with the pleasures and privileges promised by a royal birth, Prince Ferdinand seemed destined to vegetate among files and vices, steel and iron,—when Death was pleased to befriend one whom all mankind conspired to overlook. His wife—*died*; and that at the very period when the decease of his two elder brothers began to open her views towards the throne;—the following year the reigning sovereign himself was snatched away. This last stroke, however, was far from being so endurable a calamity as the previous mortality of the family. Ferdinand loved his brother with the cordial warmth of fraternal affection, and reverence with an equal sincerity his conscientious discharge of the mighty duties of his station. Persuaded that he was himself incapacitated for fulfilling those duties with similar wisdom and perseverance, no one grieved with truer sympathy over the evil destiny which had blighted one of the happiest *ménages* in Germany, than the new King of Westermania. To recede from his appointed path was, however, impossible; and even the expression of his modest doubts whether the execution of his regal functions would redound to his own credit, or to the profit of his people, was quickly overpowered by the clamorous flattery of his brother's courtiers. During his dying moments they had ventured upon a perilous voyage of discovery, along the forgotten road leading to Ferdinand's frontier seat of petty government, in order to assure the majesty expectant, that the eyes of all Germany had long fixed themselves on his secluded retreat; that an era of new hopes had dawned upon Westermania; and that the wisest and best of princes was at length vouchsafed to the prayers of the nation. The maiden speech of the new monarch was appropriately gracious; but while he looked upon the fawning curts that licked his feet, a significant curl quivered at the corner of his eyelids, and some suppressed feeling twinkled within. 'The thieves!' said he to himself; 'would they were griped in my great vice!'

The letter which winds up the *dénouement* of the queen and her fair daughter's adventure, is too good to be omitted.

"To her Majesty the Queen Dowager of Westermania, *these*.—This letter, dearest sister, will precede but by a moment the arrival of the Prince of Casselaria. I trust Theresa will forgive his resemblance to young Herman von Haldenstadt, and that you will pardon me for

having practised upon your daughter's affections. Having discovered, through Madame d'Orledo, that my pretty niece had a vocation for becoming a heroine, I saw fit to provide a royal hero for her romance;

Sans un petit brin d'amour
On s'ennuieroit—même à la cour!

And I fancy the Princess of Casselaria will not love her husband the less, that he has been long her lover. With respect to Agneta,—*'nous avons changé tout cela,'* and even you, Paulina, will in this instance applaud my versatility. Her qualities are such, that from this hour I disclaim her as my niece!—with her mother's consent, she shall live in my bosom, and be unto me as a daughter; and you can have no further excuse for rejecting my Max as your son-in-law; he has learned to dance, as well as taught others to fight, since his last visit. Our Agneta is indeed something of the youngest for a bride; but as I should be grieved to separate such a daughter from such a mother, I trust you will receive the hereditary prince and princess of Westermania under your roof,—alternately at Westenburg, and at the Residence, where the Favorita palace is fitted for your reception. The youth and inexperience of my gentle niece will thus be remedied; my son, who has a noble heart, will make the best of husbands; and I am persuaded that the meek abbess of Kastanienwald will never drive him to the refuge of a furnace and a sledge-hammer! I do not abdicate in their favour; because history records that all monarchs who have philosophically descended from their thrones, have attempted to fight their way up again within a calendar year; and Max is all the more secure of my people's love,—for nothing surpasses the popularity of an heir-apparent. My dear Paulina, I would willingly have witnessed the meeting of the young lovers; but since my son's marriage was yesterday declared in council, every living soul in the capital has taken the road to Westenburg, as the shortest to preferment. There is no one left here to look to the palace but myself and a lame shoeblack! Wherefore, Heaven send you a joyous bridal, and a speedy journey hitherward, prays your loving brother,

"FERDINAND."

Some of the smaller tales are thrown in merely as make-weights, and might as well have been left to the oblivion of the Annuals. We observe that our author succeeds most when she trusts entirely to her own invention;—your short facts worked up into fictions are scarcely worth much;—and, what is of rarer occurrence, her longest tales are by far the best. The whole three volumes combine a great deal both to amuse and interest the reader, and nothing to induce weariness or fatigue.

Mrs. Lushington's Journey from Calcutta to Europe.

[Third notice: conclusion.]

OUR extracts from this animated and pleasing Narrative have already exceeded our usual limits for a volume of its size; but the interest of the scenes described, and the natural and truly feminine manner in which the various topics are treated, will, we are sure, be a sufficient apology for deviating from our accustomed course in the present instance; and though, even now, we could find much that we should feel pleasure in transferring to our pages, yet the pressing nature of many other novelties obliges us to conclude with a few additional samples. The first is a picturesque and graphic description of Shooobra, the country-seat of the

renowned Mahomet Pasha, and is as follows:—

"Proceeding by a fine road, planted on each side with acacias and sycamores, whose growth, owing to the richness of the soil, kept pace with the impatient disposition of the pasha, who had, at one sweep, cut down the avenue of mulberry trees three years before, we arrived at the house, which is situated close to the Nile, and commands a fine prospect of the river and city. The exterior of the building exhibited nothing remarkable. On ascending a terrace a few feet square, we passed through a rough wooden door, such as is fit only for an outhouse, and found ourselves in the pasha's room of audience. It was matted, and round the walls was fixed a row of cushions, on two corners of which were placed satin pillows, marking the seat the pasha occupied according to the position of the sun. Just over a low ledge in the door, we stepped into a small room with a bedding on the floor: this was his sleeping chamber. Surely never monarch had so little luxury or state. Thence we came at once to the magnificent suite of apartments appropriated to the chief lady of the harem. The centre of the principal room formed a sort of octagon, with three recesses, all inlaid with marble. From the four corners opened four smaller rooms, fitted with splendid divans and cushions of velvet and cloth of gold; and a set of marble baths completed this series of elegant apartments. The ceilings, executed by a Greek artist, were lofty and vaulted, ornamented with gold and representations of landscapes, or of palaces and colonnades, the whole painted in light and pleasing colours. The sultana's private sitting-room was still more sumptuous. The ceiling consisted of a circus of palaces, the columns and arches of which were delineated with a most successful regard to perspective. These apartments were until lately occupied by the pasha's deceased wife, mother of Ibrahim Pasha by a former husband. Their splendour was singularly contrasted with the plainness of those inhabited by the pasha himself. This led one of my friends to ask if I was not penetrated with so convincing a proof of the gallantry of the Turk; and he challenged me to cite the English husband who would have done so much for the exclusive gratification of his wife. To which I could only reply that, with my erratic propensities, I should not willingly resign the privilege of locomotion for such proofs of affection; and that I apprehended few English women would answer either the pasha's or Sancho Panza's idea of a good wife, by continually remaining, according to the latter proverb, 'like an honest woman, at home, as if her leg were broken.' Mahomed Ali's late consort had great influence over him during her life, as he considered his marriage with her the foundation of his good fortune. She was esteemed and beloved by the people; for her influence was ever employed on the side of justice and mercy. Much of her time was occupied in receiving petitions; but it was seldom she had to refer them to the pasha, as her power was too well known by the ministers to require this last appeal. If, however, in consequence of any demur on their part, she had to apply to him, he answered their remonstrance by saying—'It is enough. By my two eyes! if she requires it, the thing must be done; be it through fire, water, or stone.' His highness, during the heats of summer, sits below in a room particularly adapted for coolness, and having a marble fountain in the centre. On one of the walls is inscribed, in large Arabic characters, a verse

from the Koran, signifying, 'An hour of justice is worth seventy days of prayer.' The gardens of Shobbra, with their golden fruit and aromatic flowers, having already been described by former travellers, I shall pass on to the magnificent pavilion, which constitutes the chief embellishment of the place, and which was completed only a few weeks before my visit. This pavilion is about 250 feet long by 200 broad. On its sides run four galleries or colonnades, composed of elegant pillars of the finest white marble (of an order resembling the Composite), surrounding a sunken court of six feet deep, paved throughout with the same beautiful material. At each corner of the colonnade is a terrace, over which water passes into the court below in a murmuring cascade, having on its ledges figures of fish, sculptured so true to nature, that, with the flowing stream, they appear to move. The whole supply of water rises again through a fountain in the centre, and re-appears in a beautiful jet-d'eau, left, sparkling, and abundant. One seldom sees an exhibition of this character without apprehending a failure of water; but here the works are fed by the Nile, and the spectator is aware that its exuberance will not cease. In fine weather the pasha occasionally resorts to this splendid fountain with the ladies of his harem, who row about in the flooded court for the amusement of his highness, while he is seated in the colonnade. Great is the commotion when the ladies descend into the garden. A signal is given, and the gardeners vanish in an instant. We were all struck with the ruddy cheeks and healthy appearance of these men. They were principally Greeks; and the gay colours of their fanciful costume,—each with a nosegay or bunch of fruit in his hand,—combined with the luxuriant scenery around, gave them more the semblance of actors in a ballet representing a fête in Arcadia, than the real labourers of a Turkish despot."

As it is not our purpose to pursue this journey to Malta, Sicily, Naples, and England, we shall here close our notice with two or three anecdotes and incidental matters. The first is a striking trait of character, which occurred during a late "untoward battle."

"Sir Thomas Fellowes had two of his sons, one a child of nine years old, on board the Dartmouth at the battle of Navarino. These young midshipmen behaved with a coolness scarcely to be expected at their tender age; and during the action, the elder, only twelve himself, had the admirable good sense and feeling to keep his brother out of their father's sight, lest the latter's anxiety should be excited."

At Giarra, in Sicily, we have a different trait, viz. one affecting a whole crowd of "dames of Ephesus" mourning their loves!

"The village had contained 150 men, with their wives and children. From the smallness of the church, these were compelled to attend divine service at different times. The women had gone and returned first as usual, and the men occupied their places; but scarcely had they assembled, when an earthquake occurred, which destroyed the priest and the whole of the congregation—absolutely not one man in the village escaped! My informant added, that the poor women being left destitute (here I expected a tale of distress), resorted to another parish to recruit for fresh husbands; 'for what,' said he, 'could they do, but settle themselves again in matrimony as soon as possible?'"

The annexed summary respecting Egyptian antiquities, from the Appendix, may be ac-

ceptable to most readers at the present time, when we are so frequently receiving intelligence from that region.

"The following buildings in Egypt are ascertained, according to Champollion, to have been erected under the Pharaohs:—The ruins of San, the obelisk of Heliopolis, the palace of Abydos or El Arabah, a small temple at Dendera, Carnac, Luxor, Medamoud, Gournoo, the Memnonium, the palace called the Tomb of Osymandyas, the excavations at Biban ool Moolk, the hypogees in the mountain over Thebes, the temples of Elephantine, and a small part of those at Philæ. The Greeks and Romans erected the following in Egypt:—the temple of Bahbert, the Kasr-Keroun, the portico of Kaül-Kebir, the great temple and typhonium at Dendera, the portico at Esneh, the temple north of Esneh; the temple and typhonium at Edfoo; the temples of Ambos, the greatest part of the buildings at Philæ. Ptolemaic ruins:—the temple at Erment and Tuot, temple at Edfoo, Esneh, temple of Aphroditopolis, now called E'days, to the north of Esneh; Contralatopolis, a small temple on the east bank of the Nile; El Hegs (Eleithya), small but ruinous temples and interesting catacombs, east bank. The great tomb discovered by Belzoni is called also Amun Mai Ramses; Bruce's tomb, Ramses III. The third tomb was called by the ancients that of Memnon. The finest sculptures are those of the kings of the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasty. All authorities agree that Ramses, Sethosis, and Sesostris, are the same person. Plausible accounts make him contemporary with the Trojan war.—(See *Edinburgh Review*, No. LX.) Champollion, it is believed, is an exception to this opinion. Ramses Meiamon built the palace of Medinet Habon, and several parts of the buildings at Carnac and Luxor. He was father of Amenophis, and grandfather of Rhames the Great, or Sesostris. The deities in the tombs, as presiding over the dead, are different from those found in other monuments; the chief are Osiris and Isis. The attributes of different deities are confounded by being applied to each other; but the phonetic name is generally inscribed over the figure. Deities have curved beards. The throne is the only certain mark of Isis."

Here we conclude, with many thanks to the fair writer, who has proved that even for a delicate female the overland route from India (while at peace with Turkey) is preferable to the sea voyage;—requiring less time and less expense, and being in every way more pleasant and instructive. In the end, she gives directions to those who may wish to follow her gallant example; and notices, as the chief drawback, the imperfect surveys of the Red Sea:—and here we take shame to ourselves; for we have long had in our possession a valuable manuscript correction of the charts in this quarter, which want of opportunity has prevented us from publishing. This hint, however, will probably induce us to print it in an early *Gazette*.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

The Poetical Sketch-book; including a Third Edition of Australia. By Thomas K. Hervey. London, 1829. E. Bull.

WE must begin our notice by a few words of censure on the form in which this volume appears:—from a new title we expect a new work; and it would have been but common fairness to have stated that the *Poetical Sketch-book* is merely a reprint of pieces which are already familiar to every reader of poetry,

from their having been published in the different *Annals*. Having mentioned this point, there now only remains the more pleasant task of praising; and we are glad to see that Mr. Hervey has collected together many a former favourite, in a more durable shape. Florantha, the most exquisite poem of its length almost ever written, opens the work. It is needless to make a selection from what is already so popular; and we therefore close with observing, that this is a most delightful volume, and that many of the expressions and images are only surpassed in their originality by their sweetness. Mr. Hervey is a poet: but we must again protest against the deception of the title of this publication.

Lord Moreau of Hereward. 4 vols. London, 1829. Newnam and Co.

BELONGING to the better order of a former school; and narrates "divers passages" of love and warfare in the struggles between the Saxons and their Norman conquerors.

A Memento for the Afflicted. By Barzillai Quaife. 18mo. pp. 201. London. Nisbet. A SINCERE and well-meant exhortation, inculcating patience, and even satisfaction, under the deepest afflictions, as conducive to eternal happiness, however severe the suffering in this life.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, May 31st.

NOTWITHSTANDING Tivoli fêtes, the screaming of fiddles at the Champs Elysées, the vagaries of monkeys, and the swallowing of ice at Tortoni's, we should inevitably expire of ennui, were it not for the arrival of foreigners, wild beasts, and sea monsters, which give a fillip to our curiosity.

Our costumed have been lately filled forth by the German performers in the *opéra romantique du Freyschütz*. La Salle de Favart was crowded; the very passages were filled with heads (for I could perceive no bodies); nor was it possible to gain a breath of air even by leaving the box-door open. However, we were more than indemnified for being nearly stifled to death, when the curtain rose; for *le chœur d'introduction* is replete with that harmony so familiar to German composition. Madame Fischer is both a *belle et jolie femme*; her voice is clear and strong, but not always what the French term *gracieuse*; still, in the second act, and in the final prayer of the third, she merited those applauses which French gallantry at the commencement accorded to her beauty and quality of *étrangère*. As to Haintzinger, his voice alone is music; every tone reaches the soul: I never heard a finer tenor. The waltzing, too, was really "the poetry of motion;" and was partly performed *sur la scène*, which has the best effect. The demon *Samiel* crosses the stage three times in a car of fire, to the great amusement of the spectators, who by no means found his demonship a fearful personage. *La chasse aérienne* is executed by means of fantastic forms and images entirely *dans le goût* of northern traditions. The *dénouement* of the opera is rather too tedious; still the ear never wearies, though the imagination becomes impatient. I observed at the final prayer, that neither the Bohemian prince nor the hermit deigns to kneel: this is carrying aristocratic principles *jusqu'au ciel*.

The ball for the bazar sufferers took place at No. 18, Rue de Rivoli on Thursday evening: the crowds without were double the number of those within. I understand that thirty thou-

sand franks were cleared. The king gave the flowers to deck the apartments, and the proprietor of the hotel also lent his rooms gratis: *etiam*, charity had its full effect.

We are now in breathless expectation of the arrival of the *whale* which the public prints have announced as being on its way to this capital; and a wooden house of immense dimensions has been constructed for its reception on the Place de Louis Seize, where the animal is to be exhibited;—an elephant from Asia is also shortly expected: so that curiosity will at least be nourished for a short period—and of all the Parisian sensations, this is the most necessary to gratify.—I believe surgeons and builders have come to a good understanding: scarcely a year elapses without the occurrence of chimneys falling or floors giving way: even yesterday, in the Faubourg St. Honoré, several people were killed and wounded by the tumbling of a house. These accidents proceed entirely from the avidity of proprietors, who only take into consideration the rents they are to receive—not the lives of their *locataires*. It is to English example that we are indebted for the present mode of “running up houses” with walls of an inch in thickness.

I wronged Mr. Scribe in having attributed to his pen “*Les Suites du Mariage de Raison*.” Mr. Brunswick is the author guilty of portraying in this “piece” the real manners of the age, and the consequences resulting from prudent marriages.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

MAY 22.—The subject discussed in the theatre this evening was the nodal figures produced by the phonic vibrations of elastic laminæ: it was one of a series, of which the matter, illustration, and arrangement, have been contributed by Mr. Wheatstone, and the delivery confided to Mr. Faraday.

The nature of a nodal point was first illustrated upon an extended wire, which being touched at one-third of its length, had the shorter part put into a vibrating state by the application of a violin-bow, when the longer part immediately entered into a state of vibration, as if it consisted of two portions, a point of rest occurring exactly at the middle: this point was described as a nodal point, the earliest observation of which is attributed to Messrs. Noble and Pigot, two of Dr. Wallis's pupils, in the year 1673.

Mr. Faraday next directed the attention of his audience to Chladne's beautiful discovery relative to the production of regular forms by the arrangement of grains of sand sprinkled upon a horizontal and vibrating plate of glass, or other elastic substance. Thus, for instance, a round plate of window-glass being held firmly between the extremes of the thumb and second finger, applied exactly at the centre, and a violin-bow drawn over one part of the edge, a clear musical sound will be produced: if at the same time the plate be held horizontally, and a little dry sand, or metallic filings, sprinkled over the surface, the sand or filings will arrange itself into a regular form, probably a star, with 6, 8, 10, or 12 radii. The lines thus formed are called nodal lines; the sand or filings being thrown from the vibrating parts to these places; and according as the plate divides into different vibrating portions, so do the sound and the figures change. The mode of producing various forms was next entered into and fully illustrated; all the possible forms that could be obtained from square, round, and other plates, being shewn upon

large diagrams, constructed from Chladne's latest work.

Mr. Faraday then proceeded to notice the figures obtained upon surfaces vibrating only by reciprocation. Thus, sand, sprinkled upon a plate of glass properly connected by a sounding string, gave a series of figures, according to the notes produced by the string: thin membranes also, extended over frames, being sprinkled with sand, and brought over vibrating plates, immediately reciprocated to them, the sand taking regular forms. By this means various phenomena in the transformation of these figures were perceptible, which could not be observed in plates of glass.

At the conclusion, Mr. Faraday briefly noticed the mathematical investigations which had been entered upon, for the purpose of discovering formulæ applicable to these phenomena, and gave promise of bringing forward some important simplifications of the theory of these effects, made very recently by Mr. Wheatstone.

On the library-table were placed a variety of minerals, fine specimens of crystallised glass, and works of literature, presented to the Institution; together with a number of Eastern curiosities, from the collection of the Asiatic Society, including a new species of vegetable wax abundant in Japan, and obtained from a species of *rhus*.

LINNÆAN SOCIETY.

THE anniversary meeting of this Society took place on Monday, at the Society's house in Soho Square; A. B. Lambert, Esq., vice-president, in the chair; Lord Stanley, the president, not being able to attend, in consequence of a recent family affliction. The Secretary detailed the proceedings of the Society since its last yearly meeting; from which it appeared that thirty-nine Fellows, five Foreign Members, and six Associates, had been elected into the Society; while, during the same period, it had lost by death nine Fellows, amongst whom were the Duke de St. Carlos at Paris, and Archdeacon Cox; and though last, not least in the annals of science, Dr. Thomas Young: of the Foreign Members two had died, viz. Professor Thunberg, the pupil and successor of Linnæus at Upsal, and Monsieur Bosc, professor of agriculture at the Jardin du Roi. Whilst the Society deeply lamented the loss of these distinguished men, there was matter of congratulation on the other hand: the receipts for the year, including the subscription for the Linnæan Library and Collection, late the property of Sir James Edward Smith, amounted to 361*l.* 1*s.* 2*d.*; of this sum, 2200*l.* had been paid as part of the price of the Linnæan Herbarium, &c. purchased by the Society, and now arranged, for the use of the Fellows, &c., by Mr. Don, the librarian of the Institution: a variety of valuable donations had also been added to the library and museum since the last anniversary.

A ballot for officers then took place; at its conclusion the following were declared duly elected: viz. the Marquess of Bath *vice* T. Bell, Esq., W. J. Broderip, Esq. *vice* Dr. Fitton, R. E. Grant, M.D. *vice* D. Gilbert, Esq., J. Lindley, Esq. *vice* J. Sabine, Esq., N. Wallich, M.D. *vice* J. F. South, Esq.

The other officers stand as heretofore.

In the evening the Fellows and their friends dined together at the Freemasons' Tavern.

At the last meeting, M. Mirbel of the French Academy, Professor Meckel of Halle, M. Bonpland, Mr. Say of Philadelphia, and Dr. Wahlenberg of Upsal, were elected Foreign

Members; and a paper on the geology and botany of the banks of Swan River, by Mr. James Fraser, colonial botanist, New South Wales, was read.

PHRENOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

MONDAY, May 18th.—Joseph Moore, M.D., president, in the chair. A paper was read by Mr. George Taylor, being a translation of the account of Dr. Gall and his system, as given by M. Ph. Damiron, in his “*Essai sur l'histoire de la Philosophie en France au dix-neuvième Siècle*.” M. Damiron places Gall in the “*école sensualiste*,” and endeavours to prove that the science of phrenology tends to materialism: from this it was declared to be evident that he had not sufficiently examined the principles of the system, as the brain is merely the material organ through which the mind acts. Two interesting cases of phrenological pathology were mentioned by Dr. Elliotson as having been attended by him: one that of a lady who forgot the names of every thing, and, while the attack lasted, had pain in the situation of the organ of language:—the other, that of a woman in St. Thomas's Hospital, who, in consequence of her husband having taken away her child, was affected with great giddiness, rendering her unable to walk across the ward, and with intense pain in that part of the head recognised as the seat of *phlogogenitiveness*, and in that *only* the symptoms were much increased upon the child being brought to her for a few minutes, and again taken away. A chart of Dr. Gall's system, by Dr. Fossati, and a chart of Lavater's system of physiognomy, were presented from M. Otting, of Paris, by Dr. Elliotson.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR JUNE.

21st day, 6 hrs. 8 min.—the sun attains his greatest northern declination in the foot of Castor.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
● New Moon in Taurus . . .	1	5	49
☾ First Quarter in Leo . . .	9	1	23
○ Full Moon in Ophiuchus . . .	16	18	15
☾ Last Quarter in Pisces . . .	23	12	57
● New Moon in Gemini . . .	30	16	45

The moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Venus in Taurus . . .	1	12	15
Mercury in Gemini . . .	3	3	15
Mars in Gemini . . .	3	5	0
Saturn in Cancer . . .	5	3	0
Jupiter in Scorpio . . .	15	12	0

4th day, 17 hrs.—The planets Mercury and Mars in conjunction near: Geminorum, a double star of the third magnitude in the knee of Castor.

8th day.—Mercury at his greatest elongation, and visible after sunset. Venus is now an evening star; but being mingled with the solar rays, and at nearly its greatest distance from the earth, it will not be satisfactorily visible.

The asteroids Vesta and Juno are now visible; the former a little more than a degree to the south of ϕ Virginis, and may be seen, if the evening be clear, by the unassisted sight; its light being more intense than the other asteroids: it is very similar in appearance to Uranus.

The annexed will more particularly indicate the place of Juno, which may also be distinguished by its reddish colour:—

5th day, R. A. 16 hrs. 33 min.—South Declin.	3° 27'
15th . . . 16 . . . 25	3 16
25th . . . 16 . . . 18	3 18

Jupiter will be in opposition the morning of the 1st day, and consequently in the most favourable position for observation. It will continue during the summer evenings a conspicuous and beautiful object, transiting the

meridian during the month at the following times respectively :—

D. H. M.	D. H. M.	D. H. M.
1 11 57	13 11 1	25 10 6

[Want of room obliges us to postpone an interesting and minute history of Jupiter, which we hope to be able to lay before our readers in our next No.]

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, May 16th.—On Saturday last the electors appointed to decide on the respective merits of the candidates for the three Craven Scholarships, lately vacated by lapse of time, declared their choice to have fallen on the following gentlemen :—

W. H. Johnson, Commoner, Worcester College, as of kin to the Founder; J. Thomas, Commoner, Wadham College; F. Rogers, Commoner, Oriel College.

On Thursday the following degrees were conferred :—
Doctor in Divinity.—Rev. J. Webber, Christ Church, Dean of Rippon and Prebendary of Westminster, Grand Compounder.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. J. Jenkins, Merton College, Grand Compounder; Rev. W. Lockwood, University College, Grand Compounder; T. P. Meade, Fellow, All Souls College; Rev. R. Brickdale, Christ Church; Rev. H. Oldenbaw, Brasenose College; F. L. B. Dykes, Oriel College; Rev. H. Richards, Magdalen Hall; *Bachelors of Arts*.—C. Alderson, Magdalen Hall; M. R. Jeffreys, Christ Church; J. Bomors, Exeter College; R. Armistead, Worcester College; J. R. F. Billingsley, L. Armistead, G. Bellamy, J. C. Aldrich, Lincoln College; A. D. Stacpoole, R. J. Mackintosh, Fellows, New College; W. G. Duncombe, W. W. Johnson, Brasenose College; J. Armistead, Wadham College.

May 22d.—On Thursday the following degrees were conferred :—

Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. H. White, Fellow of Corpus Christi College.

Masters of Arts.—T. O. Ward, Rev. H. J. Buckoll, Michel Scholar, Queen's College; Rev. E. Girdlestone, Scholar, Rev. T. P. Holdich, D. S. Melkham, Balliol College; Hon. J. C. Talbot, Student, Christ Church; Rev. W. D. Harrison, Rev. H. Chavasse, Worcester College.

Bachelors of Arts.—C. Dowling, G. W. Bush, J. Dinning, Queen's College; Rev. A. Bromley, St. Edmund Hall; C. E. Dukinfield, C. E. Bishop, Magdalen Hall; W. B. Clark, University College; G. H. Cotton, J. C. Chaytor, Worcester College; W. W. Clarke, W. Y. Draper, E. Thomas, Wadham College; C. J. Birch, Fellow, St. John's College; J. G. Bussell, Trinity College; Sir J. T. B. Duckworth, H. J. B. Withers, Oriel College.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

MAY 28th. The President in the chair.—A paper was read, "on the nerves of the face;" by Charles Bell, Esq. E. F. Maitland, Esq., M.P., was elected. Amongst the presents were, Professor Bessel's important inquiries into the Length of the simple Seconds' Pendulum; Mons. Poisson's Memoir on the Equilibrium of Fluids; the Eighth Volume of the Memoirs of the Royal Academy at Paris, &c. &c.

May 14th.—A paper was read, entitled "on the brain as an aggregation of parts." By G. Spurzheim, M.D.; communicated by R. Chenevix, Esq., F.R.S.

The author contends that the human brain should be viewed not as a single organ, but as an aggregate of many different nervous apparatuses, each destined to the performance of a special function. What the peculiar function is which each of the cerebral organs performs, cannot, indeed, be at all inferred from its anatomical structure, but must be gathered from other evidence. In comparing the brains of different animals, this process must be reversed; and whenever we find organs performing the same function in different animals, we must conclude that they are in reality the same organs, however they may differ in their size, structure, appearance, or situation. The brains of animals belonging to the same class resemble each other in their general type, although the special apparatuses appropriated to each function may vary in their size and number.

The author next attempts to establish the proposition, that the parts of the healthy human brain are essentially the same, although somewhat modified in their size and quality, in different individuals. In support of this doc-

trine, he endeavours to shew, that the several convolutions on the surface of the cerebrum may be identified in different brains; and that this identity may be recognised in the two lateral halves of the same brain. On examining the brains of some idiots, he found that certain convolutions, which he believes to be capable of being thus identified, are defective, and others entirely wanting. He makes a similar observation on the brain of an orang-outang which exhibits a closer analogy to the human structure than that of any other mammiferous animal, and in which he could not discern some of the convolutions which exist in the brain of man. The paper was accompanied by drawings of the brain of an idiot, from a preparation in the possession of Mr. Stanley; and of that of an orang-outang belonging to Dr. Leach, now deposited in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MAY 28th. Hudson Gurney, Esq., M.P., in the chair.—Certain proposed alterations in the statutes of the Society were read and suspended in the room. A paper on the round towers of the churches in Norfolk and Suffolk, by Mr. Samuel Woodward was next read. A paper containing observations on the present state of Norwich Castle, by the same gentleman, followed; and part of a paper, by Mr. Britton, on the origin and use of bells.

At the meeting on the 21st, a very interesting paper, by Dr. Meyrick, was read, upon an ancient fibule cross; which contained remarks upon the cross used for the execution of criminals among the Romans, proving it to have been what is now called St. Andrew's cross, or what heralds call the *saltire*.

An eloquent discussion followed, on certain proposed alterations in the statutes, in which Messrs. Foss, Bland, Caley, Rosser, and Amyot; took a prominent part.

THE LONDON UNIVERSITY.

ON Saturday we enjoyed a very great gratification in witnessing the first fruits of the system of education in the London University. Though confined to the medical classes (seven in number), the distribution of prizes to the most successful students was extremely interesting. They were propounded by the various professors, Mr. C. Bell, Dr. A. T. Thomson, Mr. E. Turner, Dr. D. D. Davis, Dr. Conolly, Mr. G. S. Pattison, and Mr. J. R. Bennett, and delivered by the Marquess of Lansdowne. The former severally explained the system according to which these honours had been adjudged, and highly complimented their pupils for industry and ability. The noble marquess, in conclusion, pronounced a very eloquent address. The Duke of Somerset, Lord Auckland, Mr. Brougham, T. Moore, Mr. Hume, and other distinguished individuals, were present.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

[Fourth Notice.]

No. 36. *A Girl at a Cottage-door*. R. Westall, R.A.—A very pleasing work, distinguished by its simplicity, and at the same time by the novelty of its treatment. The management of the light is remarkably happy; and, upon the distant landscape especially, is truth itself.

No. 18. *A Greek Girl*. H. W. Pickersgill, R.A.—Of a character similar to the "Oriental Love Letter," exhibited by the same able artist two or three years ago, and possessing the same grace of form, the same sweetness of

expression; the same display of splendid accessories, harmoniously disposed. We were about to protest against the barbarity of leaving so lovely a creature barefooted, when lo! on looking at the picture again, on our second visit, we found that Mr. Pickersgill's compassionate heart had in the meanwhile induced him to supply the deficiency.

No. 4. *Subject from the Revelations*. F. Danby, A.—Mr. Danby appears this year to be making one of those pauses which sometimes intervene between the great efforts of either a poet or a painter. The smallness of the production under our notice is injurious to it. If the angel had been of the size of life (may we use such an expression?), and if the picture had been proportionably large, and had been hung up aloft instead of level with the eye, we have no doubt that the effect would have been very striking.

No. 186. *The Meeting of Abraham's Servant and Rebekah*. W. Hilton, R.A.—It is pleasing to turn the eye from dark denunciations of human woe to the calm sunshine of patriarchal times, when the care of flocks and herds was the innocent occupation of the sons and daughters of the greatest among mankind. There is no passage of Scripture which gives a more favourable view of society than that selected by Mr. Hilton as the subject of this picture; over which he has thrown a bright but rich tone of colour, finely blended and harmonised by the characteristic softness of his pencil.

No. 207. *Milton's Reconciliation with his Wife*. W. Boxall.—Full of grace and feeling; the colour and effect remarkably good; and executed in a fine, broad, artist-like manner.

We now pass (for the present, at least) into THE SCHOOL OF PAINTING, on entering which we are struck with

No. 291. *Rasham, the property of the Right Hon. the Earl of Dudley*. E. Landseer, A.—No turbaned Turk, but an admirable specimen of that noble creature, a Newfoundland dog, in the most spirited action; and painted with all the well-known vigour and skill of Mr. Landseer's pencil.

No. 263. *Scandal*. "Only think!" T. Clater.—An excellent representation of one of the greatest curses of society. The demon-like malice of both the relater and the auditors is expressed to the life. Mr. Clater has much enhanced the picturesque effect of his work by his judicious choice of costume, which is that of the last century, and by his happy adoption of the style and manner of one of the best masters of the Flemish school—we mean Terburg.

No. 282. *A Troubadour relating his Adventures to a party of Ladies*. R. T. Bone.—A very different tale from the last mentioned, we will be sworn. The spirit of love and romance pervades this elegant and well-painted group, and carries the imagination back to the days and regions of chivalrous gallantry and exploit.

No. 269. *Landscape after a Shower*. F. R. Lee.—We have always expressed a high opinion of Mr. Lee's talents; and this noble picture, which places him at once in the foremost rank of English landscape painters, confirms all our hopes of him. It is utterly devoid of trickery, or affectation, or extravagance; and is as fine a specimen of firm masterly painting as we have ever seen.

No. 322. *Hadleigh Castle: the Mouth of the Thames: Morning, after a stormy Night*. J. Constable, R.A. elect.—In his own truly original manner, Mr. Constable has here imparted a most grand and imposing character to

a scene of great diversity and extent. It is a very powerful production.

No. 246. *Camilla introduced to Gil Blas at the Inn*. G. S. Newton, A.—Cervantes and Le Sage afford excellent and exhaustive materials for the painter; and no one knows better how to use them than Mr. Newton. In the treatment of his present subject he has been very successful, with the exception (as it strikes us) of the too slender and perpendicular figure of Gil Blas, which, forming a line parallel to that of the female figure, rather hurts the composition.

No. 357. *Scene from the Tempest*. H. P. Bone.—The second scene of the first act. A subject exhibiting more contrasted passions and emotions,—pity, love, anger, resentment,—or one better calculated to shew the talents of the artist to advantage, could scarcely have been selected. It is a work which does Mr. Bone great credit.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

[Concluding notice.]

No. 256. *The Great Gallery of the Louvre, Pont Royal, Quai Voltaire, and part of the Palais des Beaux Arts, at Paris*. F. Nash.—There is not a finer work in the room, nor one which has a more resplendent effect of daylight. The grandeur of the architecture, its noble perspective, and the level and receding river, reflecting like a polished mirror the varied vessels and craft upon its bosom, altogether form a scene of beauty which is seldom to be witnessed, either in nature or in art.

No. 184. *Gleaners*. S. Austin.—Of as brilliant a character as the last-mentioned drawing, although composed of very different and of much more simple materials.

No. 233. *The Red Lion*. G. Pyne.—It is the privilege of art to confer dignity on the humblest, as well as on the most exalted, subjects. The present work, as well as No. 116, *Morning*, and No. 101, *Aylesford, Kent*, by the same artist, shew Mr. Pyne's varied talents to great advantage.

No. 100. *An old Keeper of Mr. Wyndham's at Corhampton*. W. Evans.—Carefully studied in all its parts; although as much distinguished by the plainness and simplicity of its execution, as the character represented is by the plainness and simplicity of his professional costume.

No. 97. *Scene at the Bear's Head, Eastcheap*. T. M. Wright.—This spirited little sketch is all we can find from the hand of an artist whose talents have so frequently challenged our admiration. It would be an excellent subject for a large and finished drawing.

No. 212. *Calais Pier*. D. Cox.—An admirable representation of life and motion, both by sea and land. Mr. Cox has several small, sparkling drawings in this exhibition, the tones of which are exquisitely true to nature.

No. 249. *Mor de Glace, Chamouni*. H. Gastineau.—Where shall we find in the visions of the most fertile fancy scenes as extraordinary as this reality which Mr. Gastineau has so ably presented to our view?

No. 398. *Composition*. G. Cattermole.—A masterly and beautiful sketch. Mr. Cattermole has several other little designs in the room, which do him the highest credit.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Wreckers, by Stanfield; engraved by Quilley. Moon, Boys, and Co.

We noticed this print in our review of the Suffolk Street Gallery. It is now published, and fairly enough multiplies, through the

medium of mezzotint, Mr. Stanfield's very clever and interesting picture.

Our Saviour casting out Devils. W. C. Ross. Lithographed by Hullmandel. Colnaghi, Pall Mall East.

THE large picture which did so much honour to the pencil of a young artist at the Somerset House Exhibition two or three years ago. It is well executed by Hullmandel; and, as an effort in the highest class of art, deserves our particular praise. Mr. Ross has only to proceed in his great career.

The Martyrdom of Charles the First, King of England. Drawn, transferred to stone, and printed, by J. Netherclift.

AN extraordinary specimen of what can be done by transfer from paper to the stone. We understand that Mr. Netherclift prepares the paper himself, by a novel process. Whatever may have been the means used, the result is singularly curious. As an historical document also, the print, which is large, and which contains portraits of the unfortunate Monarch, Bradshaw, Cromwell, Ireton, and Fairfax; representations of the trial and execution; and a fac-simile of the order for the latter, with the signatures of fifty-nine of the regicides,—is valuable.

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.

A CHANGE having lately been made in this very interesting and attractive exhibition, it was re-opened on Thursday last, with a View of the Interior of the Church of St. Peter's, at Rome, painted by M. Bouton; and a View of Thiers, near the Bridge of St. John, department of the Puy de Dome, France, painted by M. Daguerre. The public have become too familiar with the talents of these able artists, and with the extraordinary effects which they are capable of producing, to render it necessary for us to expatiate on those points. The Interior of St. Peter's is a most skilful piece of both linear and aerial perspective, and conveys an excellent idea of the magnificent original; but the subject is by no means so susceptible of picturesque illustration as some of the less regular interiors, or portions of interiors, of cathedrals, and other buildings, upon which M. Bouton has on former occasions employed his pencil. The View of Thiers is eminently beautiful in composition, and (with the exception of a few purplish tints near the foreground) true in colour. The ascent of smoke from a cottage-chimney, the trickling of water over stones so deceptively painted that the spectator can with difficulty persuade himself that he may not step from one to another, and the occasional appearance and disappearance of the sun, are all admirably managed. Upon the whole, without meaning to say that the present exhibition is superior, or even perhaps equal, to some of its predecessors, it is certainly one which richly deserves to be visited by every person of taste in the metropolis.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

PICTURE OF CHINA.—NO. VI.

OUR next extract from these interesting papers is not only a curious commercial anecdote, which may be worthy of attention while we are at home investigating the subject of Indian trade, but affords a remarkable proof of the jealousy of the Chinese in such intercourse.

"*Lintin Anchorage*.—The Poonu, or Whampoa magistrate, has, in pursuance of orders from the treasurer's office, been calling for securities, and giving licenses to, the ship compradors.

After the Masao expedition, Governor Pak issued orders that all compradors should be insured by the elders of their kindred, and receive from government a sealed badge, to be worn about their waist, and produced whenever called for. The badge is a piece of wood on which the comprador's name is written, and a seal is attached by the magistrate: it is called *yewpaiyinchew*. The reason assigned for this arrangement is, to prevent traitorous natives disclosing the secrets of the empire to foreigners. And the Poon-u-une magistrate adds, as an additional reason, the fact that of late years a gradually increasing number of foreign vessels anchor at Lintin, from whence they cruise about; while traitorous natives, in fishing and tanka-boats, supply them with provisions, smuggle goods, diminish the revenue, deal in contraband articles, &c. He has taken the securities, and licensed a few compradors, whom he calls substantial people, skilled in foreign languages."

Other traits of national customs, &c. follow; and the annexed is a very curious one.

"*Lares and Penates*.—March 17th. This day, being the second day of the second moon, is an annual festival in China in honour of the Fokshin Towte taan, 'felicitous gods of the district's apotheosis.' Taan means, in ordinary language, the birthday of a mortal; but in this connexion means the day when a mortal became a god. As you walk the streets of Canton, you (if observant) will see in niches and corners stone figures of a little bearded old man and an old woman sitting beside each other. These are the Towte Powsaat—the district gods and goddesses. On this day, atheistical literati, magistrates, mandarins, merchants, shopmen, and plebeians, all let off crackers, and light candles, roast pigs, and present them with geese, ducks, fowls, &c. as sacrificial victims, with dumplings, fruits, and spirituous liquors, as offerings to the Towte Powsaat. Caps, boots, jackets, &c., made of paper—a complete wardrobe—being placed in a red-paper trunk, are all burnt, and sent into the invisible state, for the use of these deified personages. These foolish observances are attended to, with special devotion, in all the government offices. The thing most dreaded on this day is the falling of rain; which indicates the opposite, viz., a drought in the course of the year. The proverb runs thus—

Tapehap Towte eechay;
Yatpakyat shal.

'The wetted divinity's clothes will take a hundred days to dry.' The worshippers of these dumb idols are on this day dressed in the best attire they can procure. Bennets are borrowed for the occasion by those who have none of their own. They perform the thrice three prostrations called saam-kwei kaw-kav,—i. e. 'three kneelings, nine knocks.' At the public offices, a master of ceremonies, in imitation of imperial etiquette, attends. He calls out, 'Approach the altar—kneel—knockhead—rise;—again kneel—knockhead—rise;—a third time kneel—knockhead—rise. The ceremony is finished.' Such are the divine honours required of an ambassador to the court of Peking. Whilst kneeling, the people often mutter indistinctly prayers to the Towte Powsaat, imploring temporal prosperity. That they may (fattsoy) 'increase in wealth,' is the first petition of the tradesmen's prayer. After these forms are gone through, plays are acted at all the public offices for many days afterwards. The populace let off an enormous rocket, called faa-paou, 'the flower gun.' There is a straw shot placed at the mouth of it, which rises a

considerable height in the air, and blesses the man on whom it falls. The people strive against each other to get possession of it, till, occasionally, lives are lost in the conflict. He who gets it is expected to provide the *fa-paou* for the ensuing year. Some go to a hundred dollars expense. All Canton feast to-day on the tens of thousands of victims offered to the *Towte Powsaat*.—The new moon and the full are days observed by all the Chinese as times of worship to the gods. People in dwelling-houses, shops, temples, and government offices, on these days burn gold and silver papers, light candles, offer incense, let off crackers, and present cups of tea, before the domestic and other idols. Some perform these rites without adding personal adoration, whilst others choose to worship and pray. Government officers usually quit their houses before day-light, and repair to some adjacent temple to burn incense. This is the custom at the new and full moon all the year round. On the first and second new moons in the year there are extraordinary observances, when sacrifices of various kinds and burnt offerings are presented to the idols, libations of wine (or rather spirits) are poured out, prayers offered in full dress, money given by superiors to children and dependents, for good luck, &c. &c. The court circular of his excellency the governor announces to-day, that on the second new moon of the present year he went out early and repaired to the temple of *Wanchfong Powsaat*, and offered incense. He then went to the red-walled, yellow-tiled imperial temple of ten thousand years, and attended the reading of the sacred edict; i. e. imperial sermons on the political and social duties of subjects. This service being finished, he repaired to the temple of the old mother of *Ursa Major*, called *Tawmowkung*, and offered incense. Then he returned to his palace, and received the congratulations of all the civil and military officers in the city on the return of the new moon. His excellency the *Fouane*, or deputy governor, went through similar ceremonies on the same day, and also attended the imperial hall. There are only sixteen of these imperial sermons, and they have been read and re-read for the last thirty years; so that, although they were written and paraphrased for the use of the people, but very few attend. The governor and his fellow-officers, who are obliged to attend, have the advice all to themselves. After the service, his excellency paid several visits, one to congratulate the commissary general of the province on his wife's birthday; another to the chancellor of the literati, &c. On his return home the Hong merchants and salt merchants waited on his excellency to congratulate him on the new moon, and all the officers of the city either called or sent their cards. A great deal of time is spent in official visiting by the Chinese officers; and an opportunity is thereby afforded, without exciting suspicion, for carrying on their intrigues by verbal communication, on subjects about which they dare not write. A man in China cares very little what he says: words vanish into thin air, and leave no trace behind. But they are very cautious what they commit to writing, because documents remain, and may be produced as proof."

MUSIC.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

THE seventh of these performances, on Monday last, was distinguished by more novelty than any preceding one. It opened with a new symphony by F. Mendelssohn, an amateur from Berlin, and a near relative of the famous

philosopher of the same name and place. As this gentleman himself directed, and the performers exerted their utmost, nothing was wanting to make the composition appear to advantage: and so it certainly did—for the audience expressed a strong desire to hear both the andante and scherzo, undoubtedly the two best movements, a second time. The design of the work, though at first not very striking, would probably become clearer on listening again to its original ideas. A M. Rosner, also a German, sang an air out of the "Magic Flute," in German words, with tolerable success. His high tenor, being any thing but a *voce di petto*, sounded, particularly in ascending, exactly like a falsetto; and his manner is somewhat too calm. In the duet for harp and pianoforte, Mrs. Anderson had but little opportunity of displaying those talents which lately gained her so much applause in the performance of Hummel and Onslow's compositions; and Mr. Dizi, besides being occasionally rather out of time, had certainly some difficulty in keeping up with his partner. The composition, by Kalkbrenner and Dizi, did not please much. Weber's scena, "Misero me," was for the most part what we should have expected from Miss Paton. There being, contrary to usage, six pieces in the second act, instead of five, the call for a repetition of the andante in Mozart's all-admired symphony (E flat) was not attended to. Madame Wranitskij, also a German singer of by no means common pretensions, made her debut with Mozart's "Non più di fiori," and was accompanied in a masterly manner by Mr. Willman on the *corno bassetto*, an instrument only recently introduced into this country, but long in use in Germany. Madame Wranitskij's voice, although neither first-rate in compass, power, or flexibility, is nevertheless rich and pleasing; and in style and expression few are superior to her: all these fine qualities combined, obtained for her the most flattering reception. Mr. Oury's performance of a violin-concerto by Kreutzer and De Beriot, was in every way calculated to make us entertain the hope that he will ere long be one of the first violin players this country has ever had. The concert concluded at a late hour with Cherubini's fine overture to *Anacreon*.

CONCERTS.

MADAME STOCKHAUSEN's concert met with the encouragement that delightful performer so richly merited it should. The duet between her and Malibran was rapturously enjoyed.

A concert for the benefit of the Adult Orphan Institution was held on Tuesday at the Hanover Square Rooms, and was not so numerously attended as it deserved,—for a more admirable charity does not exist. The performances were well varied: Malibran sang an aria from *Mercandante*; Miss Essex met with much applause for her performance on the piano: Mr. Sedlatzek on the flute, accompanied on the organ by Mr. Grestorez, was quite unique.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

THE period in which the events occurred, so faithfully delineated in the new play of the *Partisans*, seems, as an able contemporary has already remarked, with the richest materials for the dramatist and the romance-writer. The hair-breadth escapes of the principal agitators of that day—those particularly of the Duke de Beaufort from Vincennes, the Duchess

de Longueville from Dieppe (in itself a novel), the Duchess de Bouillon from Paris, the young Princess de Condé and her child from Chantilly, are all full of the most stirring and exciting incidents. The truly French mixture of fighting and dancing, amours and assassinations, fêtes and cabals, affords opportunities for situation and effect rarely to be paralleled by any other portion of European history. The wily Mazarin's confidence in the political coxcomb Jarsay, whose *entreprises dans tous les genres denotaient beaucoup d'audace*, and were yet so cloaked by a veil of frippery as to baffle all suspicion of their serious purpose; and the intriguing and restless spirit of the beautiful and witty Genevieve de Bourbon, have been most happily turned to account on the present occasion, and form an admirable contrast to the straightforward, inflexible patriotism of the First President and his almost superhuman influence over the Parisian populace. The following extracts from Monsieur le Conte de St. Aulaire's History of the Fronde, will show how closely Mr. Planché has adhered to the memoirs of the time.

"Un avocat au Châtelet nommé Deboile, à la tête d'une centaine de bandits, armés de poignards et de pistolets, demandait, avec des cris forcenés, qu'on leur livrât la grande barbe (le peuple nommait ainsi Mathieu Molé). . . . Son admirable courage ne se démentit pas un instant. Un des assassins parvenu à s'approcher de lui, appuyant la pointe d'un couteau sur sa poitrine, il lui dit, avec un regard paisible, 'Mon ami, quand je serai mort, il ne me faudra que six pieds de terre.'—Tom. i. p. 337.

"La troupe se grossissant à chaque pas, la fureur s'exaltait par le tumulte, ils arrivèrent dans le plus effrayant désordre à l'hôtel du premier président. . . . Les domestiques épouvantés barricadèrent l'entrée. . . . Mathieu Molé travaillait assis près d'une table dans son cabinet; il ne se dérangea pas, et cria seulement à ses gens, par la fenêtre, qu'ils ouvrirent toutes les portes. La populace se précipita dans les appartemens; Molé, s'avançant alors à la porte de son cabinet, leur dit, qu'ils étaient des misérables, et qu'il les ferait tous pendre, s'ils ne se retiraient à l'instant. L'autorité du premier président sur le peuple de Paris semble véritablement avoir été prodigieuse. Les plus furieux, entendant sa menace, prirent la fuite, épouvantés comme s'il eût eu le pouvoir de la faire exécuter sur l'heure."—Tom. iii. p. 47, note.

The following are our promised specimens of the language of the *Partisans*—all from the third act:—

"Bernard.—What! you thought, I warrant me, of the old adage—No pay, no Swiss: the proverb is overstrained, lady; we sell our service sometimes—but not our hearts.

Duchess.—I do believe thee! 'Tis a shameful blot Some little wit hath cast on a great nation! Men who are born upon the mountain top Are seldom greedy of the shining dross That lies so far beneath them: the pure air They breathe immaculate from heaven blows all Such earthy feelings from them!

Molé.—Jarjay in Paris! Humph, that must mean mischief!

For mischief is the atmosphere he lives in. But whether it is brewing 'gainst the state, Or the heart's peace of some poor silly woman, The devil, his dear prompter, only knows! A well-turned ankle or a wanton eye

Were bait enough to lure the coxcomb hither:— Yet he's the creature of the cardinal, And must be most closely looked to: oft beneath A veil of lightness are affairs of weight Most perfectly concealed—(about without)—More tumults toward!

What outrage next? I sicken at the sound! O Paris! queen of cities!—thou great envy Of half the world!—thou Cybele, whose crown Is made of palaces—their gilded domes— Like rival suns disputing the blue throne

Of the o'erarching sky!—how long, fair Paris,
Shall thy indignant walls hurl back the howl
Of stark rebellion and blind anarchy?
Will thy false river—the ungrateful Seine—
Which, as infected by example, now
Hath burst its banks and rises, rebel like,
To desolate the city it should serve!
Will its retiring waters wash away
The slime of treason with their own?—or leave
The filthy record, swarming with new serpents,
Like the prolific slaver of the Nile!—
O France! my country!—must the loving few
Who have strain'd every nerve to steer thee wide
Of one most dangerous rock, now run thee on't,
Rather than see thee founder in a gulf
Where all hands must be lost?

Henri.—No, not to thee, thou dark, funeral yew,
Nor to thy mournful sister, there, the cypress,
Will I intrust her fate!—nor yet to thee,
Thou coward aspen, with thy shivering leaves
White with eternal fears!—But here, around
The stem of the firm-rooted oak,—the tree
Whose sacred garlands in Rome's elder day
Circled his happy brows who had preserved
A Roman's life!—yes, yes; to thee
As to a friend whom danger cannot shake,
I will confide the precious charge: and lo!
Where close beside thee springs a silver lily!
The badge of her illustrious race!—O let the wise
Smile as they will at superstition—when
The full heart waxes an honest pray'r to Heaven,
A bird—a leaf—a pebble—seems to bring
The cheering answer back."

VARIETIES.

Gardening.—At one of the meetings of the Paris Horticultural Society, a M. Fourquet presented some potato plants upon which had been grafted the stalks of the tomato (*solanum lycopersicum* L.). The vegetation of these plants was very vigorous, and the potatoes are described to have been of excellent quality.

Earthquake in Spain.—It appears by the last accounts from Murcia, that the shock of earthquake which was felt there on the 18th ult. lasted more than thirteen minutes, and that during its continuance several columns of fire were seen to fall on the mountains. The earth in some places opened, and spout forth volcanic eruptions,—some of which are said to have been of considerable extent.

French Literary Appointments.—M. Auber has been elected a member of the Institute, in the room of M. Gossec, deceased; and M. Boissonnade, member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, is appointed Greek professor at the college of France, in the room of the late M. Gall.

The Swiss Press.—Of a hundred and thirty presses in Switzerland, about half are at present unemployed. Geneva has the greatest number, 18; Zurich, 17; Bale and Aargau, 16; Berne and Saint-Gall, only 9. The Pays de Vaud publishes three gazettes in French, Geneva only one—but it is the best in Switzerland; the Canton of Tessin publishes two gazettes in Italian; Zurich four in German. The journals which are published in the other cantons are all in German.—*Foreign Journal.*

Plinian Society.—May 12. Mr. Balfour read a communication on the state of vegetation around Edinburgh. He submitted to the Society a list of 106 plants which are now in flower in this neighbourhood; among other rare specimens were the *ornithogalum luteum* from Fife, and the *lathraea squamaria* from Roslin. Mr. B. exhibited growing specimens of a peculiar variety of the *daphne creorum*, and also a nondescript species of geranium, which is not mentioned by De Candolle, the seeds of which were sent to Scotland by Dr. Richardson, who collected them on the North American expedition. Mr. Brown read a communication, in which he endeavoured to prove that the Pretender, Prince Charles Edward,

• Madame de Motteville mentions this aggravation of the miseries of Paris, in her Memoirs. The people sailed about ropes of the streets in boats.

lived and died a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church. His proofs chiefly rested on the facts, that the prince was known to have in his possession, and to be conversant with, the Prayer-Book and Ritual of the Church of England; and that in a pamphlet written by Dr. Archibald Cameron, the brother of Lochiel, professing to be "a copy of what he intended to have delivered to the Sheriff of Middlesex at the place of execution, but which he left in the hands of his wife for that end," the doctor, among other similar declarations, solemnly avers, on the word of a dying man, that the prince assured him he was a member of the Church of England. A paper was read by Mr. Bushnaq, "on the natural history of the various plants yielding the ipecacuanha of commerce;" a very valuable collection of which the author presented to the Society's museum.—*Edinburgh Weekly Chronicle.*

A meeting of the Philosophical Society was held on Monday evening; Dr. F. Thackeray, the treasurer, being in the chair. A paper by W. H. Miller, Esq., of St. John's College, was read, "on the caustics produced by successive reflections at a spherical surface." A memoir was also read by the Rev. R. Willis, "on the mechanism of the glottis;" in which the author explained the conditions under which sound is produced by air passing between the edges of two membranes, and the manner in which the muscles of the larynx bring the organs into and out of the positions which are thus required. This communication was illustrated by various drawings, models, and apparatus, illustrating both the formation of the sound and the means by which its pitch and quality are regulated.—*Cambridge Chronicle, May 23d.*

The Irish here keep up their blundering reputation. At a *soirée* given by the Ambassador de —, a young Irishman accosted the General de C—n—t; and after many excuses and flourishes of speech, he requested to know—"S'il avoit l'honneur de parler à Monsieur le Général, ou à Monsieur son frère?" "Monsieur," answered the general, "je suis mon frère." A general laugh ensued, and several moments elapsed ere the Hibernian perceived the absurdity of the question he had made.—*Paris Letter.*

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The Lectures on the Elements of Hieroglyphics and Egyptian Antiquities, by the Marquess of Spilneto, will soon be ready for publication.

A new edition of Mr. Bowles' poem, *Departed Days*, or *Banwell Hill*, is about to be published.

There is in the press, and nearly ready, a Circumstantial Account of Persons remarkable for their Health and Longevity; exhibiting the habits, functions, and opinions of such persons in regard to the best means of prolonging life,—by a Physician. It will likewise contain a definite plan for the removal of that peculiar affection of the throat to which clergymen and other public speakers are liable.

The Second Part of Mr. Strong's Catalogue of the extensive library purchased of that well-known veteran bibliographer and bibliophile, the late Mr. Dyer of Exeter, the First Part of which we some time ago noticed, will, we hear, shortly appear, and contain from five to six thousand books in foreign theology, with every advantage of classification and description that the most diligent and laborious attention could supply.

Periodical Press of Finland.—From a recent account of the periodical press of Finland, it appears that there are in that country several periodical papers conducted with great talent, and possessing rather an extensive circulation; they are as follow: Abo Tidningar—Abo Gazette: this paper commenced in 1771: it contains important information on the history and geography of Finland. Finlande Allmanna Tidning—General Gazette of Finland: this paper, which is now nine years old, is considered the official journal of the province. Abo Underrettelser—Abo News, which has been established five years. Underrettelser fran Ketsenliga finska Hushallingsakademien—Memoirs of the Imperial Society of Economy: a paper chiefly devoted to questions of rural and domestic economy and technology. Turan Wukko Sanomat—Abo Weekly Journal, published in the Finland tongue, an

idiom hitherto but little known. Besides these publications, which have maintained their ground, several others in the Swedish language have been started, but have not succeeded.

Memoirs, by a Lady of Quality, is the present literary work *à la mode*. This style of authorship has a peculiar attraction for the multitude;—so delightful is it to learn our neighbours' failings, and to be initiated into courtly gossip!—*Paris Letter.*

M. Cuvier has presented to the French Academy of Sciences, in his own name and in that of M. Latreille, the second edition of his work called *Le Règne Animal*. He has also presented to the Academy two new volumes of his large work on Fishes: a work which he is publishing in conjunction with M. Valenciennes.

Mr. Wickens has in the press An Argument for more of the Division of Labour in Civil Life in this Country, Part I.; in which Parliament, and the distracting number of its cares, are treated of.

In the Press—Gideon, and other Poems, by the Author of My Early Years, &c.—The Hallamshire Glossary, by the Rev. Joseph Hunter, F.S.A.; to which is added, Thoresby's Catalogue of Yorkshire Words, and Watson's List, from his History of Halifax.—King Alfred's Anglo-Saxon Version of Boethius, with an English Translation and Notes, by J. S. Cardale.—The Concise Arithmetician, or Accountant's Manual.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1829.

May.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 21	From 43. to 71.	30.01 to 30.06
Friday... 22	— 37. — 73.	30.06 to 30.07
Saturday... 23	— 37. — 73.	30.04 Stationary
Sunday... 24	— 40. — 65.	30.24 to 30.11
Monday... 25	— 45. — 57.	30.26 to 30.33
Tuesday... 26	— 49. — 65.	29.34 to 29.26
Wednesday 27	— 49. — 67.	29.22 to 29.20

Edmonton.

Prevailing wind, N.

Generally clear, except the 24th, when it was raining heavily.

Rain fallen, .45 of an inch.

Extracts from a Meteorological Register kept at High Wycombe, Bucks, by a Member of the London Meteorological Society. April 1829.

Thermometer—Highest.....	57° 50'
Lowest	26
Mean	41-60208
Barometer—Highest.....	29-86
Lowest	29-68
Mean	29-78477

Quantity of rain and melted snow in inches and decimals, 4.45825.

Number of days of rain and snow, 24.

Winds.—2 East—4 West—2 North—4 South—4 North-east—0 South-east—10 South-west—4 North-west.

General Observations.—The month commenced with snow about an inch and a half fell on the night of the 1st, and the whole month was extremely cold, the mean temperature being below any one in April since 1823, and more than three degrees lower than the average of the last twelve years. Rain, with the snow on the 1st, fell on twenty-four different days—the whole quantity remarkably great, exceeding that of last year by nearly an inch. The mean of the barometer lower than for many years, although the range was not very great. Heavy gales of wind at the latter end of the month, particularly on the 28th, which were similar to those frequently experienced at the equinoxes. Thunder heard on the 10th, about 2 P. M. The evaporation 0-06125 of an inch.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are again obliged to defer our remarks on Sir Rufane Donkin's volume; but the Greek Digamma and the course of the Niger are two problems which cannot be summarily treated.

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THE readers of British history are under no common obligations to Archdeacon Coxe. Few writers have displayed more industrious perseverance in the search after materials—more candour and integrity in their use—or more skill and judgment in selecting, comparing, and combining them. Superior to the affectation of a laboured and finical style, and to the vain parade of philosophical deduction and inference, he spared neither time nor labour in tracing the peculiarities of personal character, or in unravelling the tangled web of court intrigue. The result of his investigations he clothed in that plain and perspicuous style, which proved that his purpose was to inform, not to dazzle or surprise—to depict men and their actions, not according to preconceived theories of historical keeping, or as they would appear through the medium of party prejudice or personal antipathy,—but in true and natural colours. By another species of merit, the venerable Archdeacon was no less honourably distinguished. In the compilation of his first historical work, the *Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole*, he acquired a title to general confidence, by his delicacy and discretion in the use of the valuable documents submitted to his scrutiny. This title was strengthened by his subsequent works: successive communications opened new courses of research and inquiry, till he finally was enabled to carry his investigations farther than almost any writer of modern times, into those curious and valuable, but generally sealed, documents which have been treasured up by the families and connexions of eminent statesmen.

This posthumous production will not diminish the reputation which the author had previously acquired in the course of his extended literary life, by his authentic and valuable contributions to the political history of England and of Europe. Among those works it will rank next to the *Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole*, to which it is, in fact, a sequel—Mr. Pelham having been the pupil, and, by preference, the successor, of that able statesman and financier. It claims distinction also among the writings of the deceased historian for the rich variety of important correspondence, of the most confidential kind, with which it is illustrated, and which has been judiciously employed in elucidating many transactions of a period comparatively little known. While it thus serves to dispel doubt and correct misapprehensions relative to public affairs, it sets in a new and striking light the characters of the principal actors in the political drama. For instance, that singular personage the Duke of Newcastle, brother of Mr. Pelham, here displays qualities very different from those caricatured by Smollett; and we are no longer led to wonder how his grace was enabled for

twenty-six years to hold the seals of secretary of state, and to take so essential a share, during the greater part of that period, in the conduct of public affairs. We observe him, indeed, displaying those petty traits of weakness and vanity which afforded such ample scope for ridicule; but, at the same time he appears by no means deficient in that species of knowledge which is requisite to qualify a statesman,—ready in resources, intimately acquainted with the human heart, and not merely diligent, but even laborious, in the discharge of his high duties. In Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, who has been so grossly misrepresented by Lord Orford, we find cause to admire merits of the most splendid kind—whether we consider him simply as an individual, or as a lawyer and a statesman. We also discover something more to applaud in George II. than intrepidity in the field, and mechanical regularity in the details of domestic government and the habits of social life. The minister himself attracts our regard as one of those unsuspected and incorruptible public servants who, without the qualification of shining talents, or the incentive of ardent ambition, possess commanding claims to the confidence of a nation, in their practical sound sense, their singleness of heart, and their integrity of purpose.

In contemplating the period of Mr. Pelham's administration, extending from 1743 to his decease in 1754, every reader of history will anticipate the principal occurrences connected with his public career. The leading features of civil and military policy are, the war with Spain relative to the depredations on our commerce in the American seas; the rebellion of 1745; the singular revolution in the cabinet at that perilous crisis; the negotiations which terminated in the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, and those undertaken for the purpose of fixing the imperial crown in the Austrian family, by the election of the Archduke Joseph as King of the Romans. The domestic transactions are those financial reforms, which are alike remarkable for boldness and prudence, connected with the reduction of the interest on the national debt. Under this head may also be comprised a long series of judicious and well-combined regulations for the advancement of trade and commerce, and the amelioration of internal policy. Incidentally our attention is drawn also to other measures of great temporary interest; namely, the Regency Bill, the Marriage Act, and the bill for the naturalisation of the Jews. On all these points the reader will find much original and useful information, and will observe many transactions of historical importance cleared of the doubt and obscurity in which they have hitherto been involved.

The merit of this piece of political biography does not, however, entirely rest on the details relative to national concerns, or the affairs of state. By means of the family papers opened to his investigation, the author has been enabled to introduce his reader not merely into the cabinet, but even into the closet of the sovereign; yet without violating in any degree

that rule of sound discretion, the observance of which enabled him to command so abundant a store of historical materials. We cannot better exemplify our remark than by selecting the account of a colloquy between George II. and the Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, soon after the formation of the Broad Bottom Administration. It is as characteristic of the monarch as it is pointed and dramatic.

“*Chancellor.* Sir,—I have forborne for some time to intrude upon your majesty, because I know that of late your time has been extremely taken up. But as the parliament is to meet again in a few days, I was desirous of an opportunity of waiting upon your majesty, to know if you had any commands for me—if there is any thing that it might be particularly agreeable to your majesty to give me your commands upon. [*Pause of above a minute, and the king stood silent.*] Sir—from some appearances which I have observed of late, I have been under very uneasy apprehensions that I may have incurred your majesty's displeasure; and though I am not conscious to myself of having deserved it, yet nothing ever did, or ever can, give me so great concern and so sensible a mortification in my whole life. [*Pause of above a minute, and the king silent.*] I beg your majesty will have the goodness and condescension for me, to hear me a few words upon the motives of my own conduct, the nature of your present situation, and the manner in which I humbly think it may be improved for your service. Whatever representations may have been made to your majesty, I and those with whom I have acted, if I know them at all, have had no view in the whole that has passed of late but your service and that of the public. I considered with myself that the principal point of the public service and your majesty's great object at present, is the carrying on the war; and though your majesty may have been told that we were against the war, that was a misrepresentation: we were zealously for it—but we were for it upon some practicable plan, and in such a way as we might see that it could be supported. I was always convinced that as your majesty was engaged, it was necessary to be carried on until an opportunity should arise of making a reasonable peace for the sake of your majesty and for the sake of your allies. I saw at the same time, that in the condition and disposition in which your allies are at present, it would require vast sums of money, and perhaps greater annual expenses, than this country ever bore in any former war, either in King William's or Queen Anne's reign. It would be impossible for any administration to carry them through, without taking some methods to reconcile the minds of men to the management of the war, and making it in some degree popular. This could not possibly be done without taking the nation to a certain degree along with them. I beg your majesty would consider the situation you are now in. Your old servants, and the old corps of Whigs who are connected with them, are ready and zealous to support you. The gentle-

men who are newly come in have come in upon that foundation, and have bound themselves by their declarations and engagements to support, by themselves and their friends and followers, the measures for carrying on the war; and I think the strongest of those measures has been opened to them. The gentlemen who have lately gone out of your service have, for reasons best known to themselves, declared that they will concur in all measures to support the war, and pretend to build a merit upon it. For my part, I never saw or heard of a situation which, if rightly improved, afforded a prospect of greater advantage to the crown than this. In parliament there have been generally three parties—the court party, a determined opposition, and a flying squadron: but I never yet saw a time in which all these three parties were brought to declare for the support of government in the grand essential measures of that government, and of which for some time all other measures will be but subordinate to it. There are two points for the support of the war:—one is the great proposition* from Russia; and though that cannot be brought about without a large new burden, yet if it can be turned in any practicable shape, I see a great disposition to make it effective. The other is the additional subsidy to the queen of Hungary, which is to be a method of keeping up your majesty's Hanover troops, for two views combined together; I mean the defence of your German dominions, and the support of the common cause, according to the general reason of the war.—*The King*. As to that, if they do not like it I am very easy. I do not desire it for my own sake. I can call home my troops for the defence of my own dominions.—*Chancellor*. I do not mention it in the view of a particular point of your majesty's, but as part of the general system of carrying on the war, and as an instance of their readiness to comply with expedients to get over their old prejudices. But, sir, there still remains something very material behind; how this situation may be best improved, and the advantage of it not be lost?—*The King*. I have done all you asked of me. I have put all my power into your hands, and I suppose you will make the most of it.—*Chancellor*. The disposition of places is not enough, if your majesty takes pains to shew the world that you disapprove of your own work.—*The King*. My work! I was forced; I was threatened.—*Chancellor*. I am sorry to hear your majesty use those expressions. I know of no force; I know of no threats. No means were employed but what have been used in all times, the humble advice of your servants, supported by such reasons as convinced them that the measure was necessary for your service.—*The King*. Yes, I was told that I should be opposed.—*Chancellor*. Never by me, sir, nor by any of my friends. How others might represent us, I do not pretend to know. But whatever had been our fate, and though your majesty had determined on the contrary side to what you did, we would never have gone into an opposition against the necessary measures for carrying on the war, and for the support of your government and family. For myself, I have served your majesty long in a very laborious situation, and am arrived at a length of service, which makes me very indifferent as to personal considerations. Taking your money only, is not serving you; and nothing can enable me to do that but being put into a possibility and capacity of doing so by

* "For taking thirty thousand Russian troops into the pay of Great Britain."

your gracious countenance and support. But, sir, to return to what I was mentioning, of making the proper use, and of taking advantage of your present situation.—*The King*. The change might have been made by bringing in proper persons; and not those brought in who had most notoriously distinguished themselves by a constant opposition to my government.—*Chancellor*. If changes were to be made in order to gain strength, such a force must be brought in as could bring that strength along with them, otherwise it would have been useless. On that account, it was necessary to take in the leaders, and that with the concurrence of their friends; and if your majesty looks round the House of Commons you will find no man of business, or even of weight, left, capable of heading or conducting an opposition.—[*Pause, the King silent.*]—Sir, permit me to say, the advantage of such a situation is a real advantage gained to the crown. Ministers may carry their point in parliament, and frequently do so, by small majorities; and in this way they may struggle on long; but by the same way the crown always loses both its lustre and its strength. But when things are put upon a national foot by a concurrence of the heads of all parties, and yet so as not to discourage your old friends, then a real solid strength is gained to the crown; and the king has both more power to carry his present measures for the support of government, and is more at liberty to choose and act as he pleases. Your ministers, sir, are only your instruments of government.—*The King*.—[*smiles*]. Ministers are the king in this country.—*Chancellor*. If one person is permitted to engross the ear of the crown, and invest himself with all its powers, he will become so in effect; but that is far from being the case now, and I know no one now in your majesty's service that aims at it. Sir, the world without doors is full of making schemes of an administration for your majesty for the future; but whatever be your intention for the future, I humbly beg that you would not spoil your own business for the present.—*The King*. I suppose you have taken care of that. If you have not success, the nation will require it at your hands.—*Chancellor*. If right measures are not pursued, nor proper care taken, then the nation will have reason to require it; but success is in no man's power; and that success must greatly depend on your majesty's shewing a proper countenance and support to your servants, and to what you have already done. I humbly beg leave to recommend it to your majesty, for your own sake, and for the sake of carrying those points, which are essential to you and the kingdom. In times of peace, sometimes a session of parliament may be played with, and events waited for; but in a time of war, and of such a war as this is, the case is quite different, and the ill success of it will not be the ill success of the ministry, but of the crown. It may be the loss of the whole.—[*Pause—the King silent.*]—Sir; there is another advantage that may be made of your present situation, which I think a very material one. The swarms of libels, which have gone about of late years, have greatly hurt the credit, and weakened the strength of government; and that weakness has produced an impunity to them. From this source has sprung much of the confusion and disorder which have been so justly complained of. I should think the present situation would afford an opportunity greatly to suppress and keep under that spirit; and, though this is the sea-

son of the year in which they used to abound, scarce any thing material of that kind has appeared this winter.—*The King*. I myself have seen twenty.—*Chancellor*. What strokes of that kind your majesty may have seen in the weekly papers, I cannot take upon me to say; but I have yet seen hardly any libellous pamphlets. In the last winter, before this time, there were volumes of virulent pamphlets published, which did infinite mischief. But, whatever has happened hitherto, if this work gains some solidity and * * * in the nation, it will strengthen your majesty's hands, and enable your magistrates to punish them effectually. Those who, perhaps, used to patronise and support them, will turn against them, and juries will be found now ready to convict them.—[*Pause—the King silent.*]—Sir; I ask your majesty's pardon for troubling you so long, but I thought it my duty to lay my thoughts before you.

In taking our leave of an author who is now removed beyond the reach of censure or praise, we cannot conclude without observing, that this work merits notice, even as an unusual proof of mental vigour. It was compiled under the disadvantage of total blindness, and amidst the infirmities of a very advanced age; for the venerable writer appears to have died in his eighty-fourth year.* Those who have been exercised in literary labours of less extent, and with the full possession of all their faculties, will readily conceive how great an exertion of memory, judgment, and patience, was requisite to reduce a vast mass of correspondence into order, to throw its leading particulars into narrative, to reconcile conflicting testimonies, to clear up and elucidate doubtful or misrepresented questions. How much greater, then, must have been the effort to attain all these ends, without the aid of the most necessary of the senses; a privation but partially compensated, in any circumstances, by the augmented strength which the faculties of the mind may acquire, when undisturbed in their exercise by objects of sight. From these considerations we must admit, that few authors have been enabled to heighten the merit of a well-earned reputation, by leaving behind them so extraordinary a monument of patience and sagacity, perseverance and intellectual power.

Fugitive Pieces and Reminiscences of Lord Byron; containing an entire new edition of the Hebrew Melodies, with some never before published; also Original Poetry and Letters of Lady Caroline Lamb. By J. Nathan, author of "An Essay on the History of Music." 12mo. pp. 191. London, 1839. Whittaker and Co.

A QUESTION for any debating society.—Which do us most harm, our friends or our enemies? If the French saying be true, "*On peut pardonner les injures, mais non les ridicules*," our friends are the worst. The present little volume is enough to call Lord Byron into life à coup d'épingle. Mr. Nathan is a very sweet singer, and a very worthy man; but what demon could have induced him "to write himself down" a certain quadruped, in this openness of simplicity, we are at a loss to conceive. To say nothing of a most absurd letter of mysterious invective against some unknown "*honourable gentleman*," what folly can have possessed him to

* His latest honour was that of receiving one of the two golden medals given annually by the King, and adjudged by the Council of the Royal Society of Literature; his letter of acknowledgment was a very gratifying document.—*Ed. Lit. Gaz.*

The table of contents will suffice for our next:—

"Lord Byron's penchant to see Dowton intoxicated—Dowton invited into Lord Byron's private room at Drury Lane Theatre to take wine—Raymond plentifully supplied by Mrs. Coutts—nothing but whisky—Lord Byron's skill in making toddy—Dowton's honourable retreat—Lord Byron's delight—carriage—pedestrian-like manner—highly relaxed—corps dramatic—the *rues* told against Dowton, with Lord Byron's embellishments—tumbling in the snow—spouting Falstaff to the winds—watchman knocked down because he had no spirits to drink the health of Mrs. Coutts."

The following extract, however, beats all its predecessors in absurdity hollow:—

"At the time Lord Byron was one of the managing committee of Drury Lane Theatre, Mrs. Mardyn, an actress of that establishment, had leave of absence for a fortnight: Lord Byron, on some occasion, had a necessity of quitting London about the same period. This circumstance gave rise to an immediate report through most of the newspapers, that the said lady and his lordship had eloped together, and were absolutely living at Bath: 'that there was no secret in the matter, as they were seen in the streets and elsewhere daily.' Now these reports, though false and malicious, gave him little or no uneasiness: in proof of which, I shall relate an event that offered him the most certain opportunities of contradicting them, had he thought it worth his while. I had the honour to be with Lord Byron one morning at his residence in Piccadilly, when Mr. Dowton's name was announced: he entered the drawing-room, and was received with great kindness; he, however, proposed to retire, observing that his visit at that moment was on business, but finding his lordship engaged, he would take another opportunity. 'Oh no!' replied Lord Byron, 'you shall not go: never mind Nathan: he has been composing—you love music and poetry, and you must listen to what he has done.' 'I should be much gratified,' answered Dowton; 'but I must, with your lordship's permission, relate a little anecdote, and read you a letter, in which I am, as well as your lordship, a little concerned, and which, I am proud to say, will enable me most clearly to demonstrate to the world the falsity of these reports in circulation respecting your lordship and Mrs. Mardyn; for, by heavens! my son Harry has been the gallant, and not your lordship: and he is at this moment on a living speculation with her round the Kentish coast.' Dowton here seemed in breathless anxiety to open a letter which he pulled from his pocket in a most animated manner, but could not restrain his feelings, and thus continued: 'his grandmother writes me here, that my son Harry sends her word from Dover that he is going to Folkestone, Hastings, and so on, to visit his father in London, in company with a friend: but that she had discovered that friend to be Mrs. Mardyn, who had been acting at Canterbury on the previous week.' Here Dowton made a full stop for a moment, and gave Lord Byron one of his peculiar good-humoured looks, exclaiming with great archness—'There, my lord! what think you of my Harry? There's a young dog—his father's son—a chip of the old block.' He then almost in the same breath thus continued: 'But what added to the horror his grandmother felt at the consequences was, that he had obtained from her (his grandmother) fifty pounds, under some specious pretence—which, doubtless, was to defray the cost of this hopeful adventure; adding, that she hoped I would fetch him back, and lecture him severely—not forgetting her fifty pounds.' 'Well, Dowton,' remarked his lordship, highly amused at the honest narration

of his naughty son's doings; 'what would you have me do in this affair?' 'Why, my lord,' returned Dowton, 'use this adventure in any way you please, as a contradiction of the damned calumnies heaped on yourself.' Poor Dowton, in the concluding sentence appeared very indignant: he paced the room, drew his hand across his forehead by way of cooling his rage, and warmly exclaimed against his lordship's calumniators. 'Though my boy,' continued Dowton, 'is only eighteen, and has begun his vagaries rather early, I confess; yet if your lordship chooses to use this matter, as I have before said, in any way you think proper, pray do so; for it is, after all, only a boyish folly, and cannot injure my son: therefore, my lord, pray stand upon no ceremony! As to his grandmother, she may lecture him herself: I'll be bound she'll not forget her fifty pounds—for my part I shall not notice it: he has only done what I have done before him. It's my way—it's all our ways—it runs in the blood of the Absolutes! Lord Byron—who had been listening attentively to Dowton's animated frankness, and highly entertained as well as delighted at the zeal he evinced in his cause, and the earnest manner in which he expressed himself—exclaimed with much cheerfulness, 'Dowton, I thank you; I take your offer kindly; but let them say on—it is alike to me indifferent.'"

Two or three more extracts, and we have done.

"Lord Byron's fondness for animals—beautiful parrots—one of them singularly attached to him—at war with strangers—indignation, jealousy, and affection—cottage—throne—his feelings well known to the public—Lord Byron's patience—favourite birds—his foot lacerated—'was this well done, Jenny?'—Jenny mistook her aim—imprisoned her—deceitful part—coax attention—revenge.

"He was in possession of some beautiful parrots, with which, during the intervals of his writing, he used commonly to amuse himself. He had rendered one of these so attached to him, that though entirely at war with strangers, it evinced the greatest anxiety to be always with him. If his lordship seemed to notice any person particularly, this bird would express its indignation and jealousy in the most amusing manner, and would immediately attack his lordship, until he bestowed his caresses on it. This little exhibition used to please him; and on one occasion he remarked—'This creature would exhibit no diminution of affection in a cottage, nor more if I were on the throne.' This remark was casual; but at the moment he made it his feelings were strongly aroused, from circumstances too well known to the public. My attention was one morning particularly attracted in witnessing the patience of Lord Byron when assailed by one of his favourite birds. I was leaving the room, accompanied to the door by his lordship, when one of them lighted upon his foot, which it lacerated till the blood flowed copiously: instead of being excited by the pain produced, his lordship was only lost in admiration at the strong attachment of the bird, which he instantly caressed, and, in the words of Macheath, exclaimed, 'Was this well done, Jenny?' It must be here remarked, that the bird took its name from that of the donor, given in compliment by his lordship. I waited upon Lord Byron the next morning to inquire after his foot: his lordship treated the matter with indifference, and said, 'I am confident, Nathan, that the wound was intended for you; but Jenny in her jealous fit mistook her aim.' He then imprisoned the parrot in its cage, and observed—'Jenny, like other ladies, can play a deceitful

part: she will coax your attention, and, when you least expect it, will revenge herself for yesterday's disappointment.'"

Lady Caroline Lamb's fate has been still more unhappy than Lord Byron's in Mr. Nathan's reminiscences. We cannot say too much to reprobate publicity to the ensuing abominable trash.

"The following lines were written, by Lady Caroline Lamb to Harriet Wilson, on observing some personal scurrility in a *certain publication*. The lines of themselves are couched in rather a familiar style, but they convey ironically a strong lesson; and although the tongue of calumny has been raised against her ladyship through various channels, yet accusation is no proof of guilt, especially emanating from one who by degradation had fallen so low as to preclude any thing like personal intercourse. The vile and treacherous conduct of Harriet Wilson in giving publicity to her own infamy is not overlooked: the lines reproach her with infidelity to her lovers, and urge integrity as a strong bond even to the wretched and degraded female; and here in powerful language triumphs over her enemies, by firmly stating that none could *buy or gain* the favours stated by her ladyship's calumniators; and towards the last ironically observes, that if bought, honour and integrity ought still to be revered; and, in allusion to family matters, remarks, that kindness and gratitude enjoin indissoluble ties. Her ladyship shews by the conclusion that she forgives the base attack, and makes a sacrifice of the book to the black emperor of the brimstone regions.

"Harriet Wilson, shall I tell thee where, Beside my being *cleaver*, We differ?—Thou wert hired to hold thy tongue, Thou hast no right to do thy lovers wrong: But I, whom none could buy or gain, Who am as proud, girl, as thyself art vain, And, like thyself, or sooner like the wind, Blow raging ever free and unconfined. What should withhold my tongue with pen of steel, The faults of those who have wrong'd me to reveal? Why should I hide men's follies, while my own Blase like the gas along this talking town? Is it being bitter to be too sincere? Must we adulterate truth as they do best? I'll tell thee why then! as each has his price, I have been bought at last—I am not ice: Kindness and gratitude have chained my tongue, From henceforth I will do no mortal wrong. Prate those who please—laugh, censure who that will, My mouth is sealed, my thoughts, my pen are still. In the mean time (we Lambs are seldom civil) I wish thy book, not thee, at the devil."

This is melancholy, mad degradation; and we gladly leave it even for the rubbish of Mr. Wilmington Fleming's celebration of a fête at Brocket Hall. "The following stanzas were written by a rising poet, patronised by Lady Caroline Lamb; they are of a descriptive nature, and contain a true picture of the scenes at Brocket Hall."

"Now see her with Hazard preside at the board, While Tolman right freely exhibits the board, And the song and the laughter of merriment pass, While honest enjoyment slips gay from each glass; And Hazard consigns each stormy feeling to rove By singing 'The wealth of a cottage is love!' But who is yon being that now doth appear, That roves all alone, or sits pensive and drear, As if some stray being from some distant clime, An outcast from hope—in his ruin sublime! To whom not the song nor the dance can impart One throb of that pleasure that glows in each heart? Behold how he strays, as if no one he knew, And lonely and friendless amid the gay crew, Where each has a friend and a welcome to find, While his is the solitude gloom'd by the mind. That's he!—'tis the poet!—Ah, pity his case, His heart can be grateful, though dark its despair; Though eccentric, yet spare him, nor rashly condemn him. Yet plant a fresh sting in the bosom of Fleming."

This gentleman, "in his ruin sublime," kindly informs us, in the notes, that Tolman was the housekeeper, and Hazard, "the good-natured

steward." We must quote the only things worthy of being printed—two unpublished songs of Byron's.

"I speak not, I trace not, I breathe not thy name—
There is grief in the sound—there were guilt in the fame;
But the tear which now burns on my cheek may impart
The deep thought that dwells in that silence of heart.

Too brief for our passion, too long for our peace,
Were those hours—can their joy or their bitterness cease?
We repent, we abjure, we will break from our chain—
We must part, we must fly, to unite it again.

Oh! thine be the gladness, and mine be the guilt;
Forgive me, adored one—forsake if thou wilt;
But the heart which I bear shall expire undebased,
And man shall not break it, whatever thou mayst.

And stern to the haughty, but humble to thee,
My soul in its bitterest blackness shall be;
And our days seem as swift, and our moments more sweet,
With thee by my side, than the world at our feet.

One sigh of thy sorrow, one look of thy love,
Shall turn me or fix, shall reward or reprove;
And the heartless may wonder at all we resign,
Thy lip shall reply not to them, but to mine."

"They say that Hope is happiness;
But genuine love must prize the past,
And memory wakes the thoughts that bless—
They rose the first, they set the last;
And all that memory loves the most
Was once our only hope to be,
And all that hope adored and lost
Hath melted into memory.

Alas! it is delusion all:
The future cheats us from afar,
Nor can we be what we recall,
Nor dare we think on what we are."

The folly of the present work is well meaning at least; else we could not endure for a moment the baseness of that alchymy which thus transmutes all recollections of a departed friend into shekels of silver and pieces of gold. So much for "Byron the poet, and Nathan the Jew."

Letters of Philip, second Earl of Chesterfield, to several Individuals of the time of Charles II., James II., William III., and Queen Anne; with some of their Replies. 8vo. pp. 387. London, 1829. Lloyd and Son.

As we shall take more occasions than one to call the public attention to this extremely curious volume,—throwing, as it does, much additional, though not a new, light on the manners of a remarkable period,—we need only, in the first instance, briefly characterise it, and give an extract or two.

The MS. was found in Bath House, in 1809-10, and the letters are the autograph of the writer; but they bear so resistless an internal evidence of authenticity, that no adjunct proofs in their favour are requisite. The early pages of the work furnish pictures of a very dissolute court and age: they are perhaps too prurient for the present taste of readers; but so vivid and so powerfully illustrative of the actors and the times, that, with all our dislike to such descriptions, we cannot condemn them so severely as we would under any other circumstances. Lord Chesterfield's amours with the famous Duchess of Cleveland, the king's (Charles II.) mistresses, are among the most remarkable reminiscences of these licentious days. Towards the conclusion, we have some memorable data for historical and political reflections: on these, however, we shall not now comment; nor, indeed, do more than make a few selections for the entertainment of our readers.

A ghost-story is always an acceptable variety—"and in 1652 the following singular occurrence, recorded by his lordship, is given literally from his annual remarks. 'A very odd accident this year befel mee, for being come about a law-sute to London, and lying in a lodging with my door fast locked (and by reason of the great heat that summer, all the side curtains being flung a top of the teaster of my bed), I, waking in the morning about eight

o'clock, and turning myself with intention to rise, plainly saw, within a yard of my bed side, a thing all in white like a standing sheet, with a knot a top of it, about four or five foot high, which I considered a good while, and did rayse myself up in my bed to view it the better. At last, I thrust out both my hands to catch hold of it; but, in a moment, like a shadow it slid to the feet of the bed, out of the which I leaping after it, could see it no more. The little believe I ever had in things of this nature made mee the more concerned, and doubting least some ill might have happened to my wife, I rid home that day to Petworth in Sussex, where I had left her with her father the Earl of Northumberland; and, as I was going up stairs to her chamber, I met one of my footmen, who told mee that hee was comming to me with a packet of letters, the which I having taken from him went to my wife, who I found in good health, being in company with the Lady Essex, her sister, and another gentlewoman, one Mrs. Ramsey. And, after the first salutation, they all asked mee what made mee to come home so much sooner than I intended? Whereupon I told them what had happened to mee that morning; which they all wondering at, desired mee to open and read the letter that I had taken from the footman; which having stit in my hand I immediately did, and read my wife's letter to mee aloud, wherein she desired my speedy return, as fearing that some ill would happen to mee, because that morning she had seen a thing all in white, with a black face, standing by her bed side, which had frighted her so much as to make her scribe out so loud, that her weemen came running into the room.

I confess this seemed very strange, for by examining all particulars, wee found that the same day, the same hour, and (as neer as could be computed) the same minute, all that had happened to mee had befallen her, being fortie miles a sunder. The Lady Essex and Mrs. Ramsey were witnesses to both our relations, and acquainted the Lord of Northumberland with it, who thought it a very extraordinary thing.' From this anecdote it appears that Lord Chesterfield, however generally sceptical of supernatural intervention, was occasionally liable to the impressions of fancy; for he regarded the 'singular appearance' as an omen; and it is recorded with every symptom of astonishment, united with credulity. The following relation is in a mood of similar susceptibility. 'This year (1653) I being at Tunbridge, a thing of almost as odd a nature as the former befell mee; for, being abroad one afternoon with a setting dog in a very bright day, with a gentleman named Mr. Pirs, and five or six other horsemen, as wee were beating a great stubble field, that was above mile about, and the which had no bushes or trees in it, but only a little hedge in the middle of it, which was not above ten or twelve yards long, on a sudden, wee all heard a terrible groan, and after that another much louder, and so a third, which made us all to conclude that somebody was a dying neer that little hedge, from whence the noise seem'd to come, which was within forty yards of us. And thereupon wee all went towards the hedge; but, when wee came almost to it, all our horses began to start, and fell a plunging, and did run a good way with us before wee could stop them; and afterwards, when we tried to make them goe neer the hedge, wee found it impossible: wherefore, Mr. Pirs and I alighting, went round the hedge and viewed every place about it, without finding or seeing any thing that could make that noise. But as soon as a servant of

mine heard the groans, he cried out, 'God bless my lady,' who was then big with child, and dyed three months after of the small pox; giving just three such groans when shee died; insomuch, that I being in another room and hearing her, sayd I was sure that she was a dying, for that those were the same dismal groans wee heard at Tunbridge. She lived eight days after the being brought to bed of a sonne, who only survived his mother three weeks.' The inference here deduced by Lord Chesterfield savours less of logic than of superstition: the following observation we give also in his own words. 'These two accidents before mentioned might have probably convinced any one (who had been witness to them) of the reality of the appearing of spirits; and yet, I confess, they have not absolutely cleared all my doubts on that subject, whether there be any such thing or no. 'Tis true, I know, that God can make any such things to appear; but because hee can, therefore to conclude that hee doth, is ill argued; and though divers books are full of such stories, yet the soberest sort of men, in all ages, have doubted the truth of them; and if I think with myself of what I have here mentioned, what can I conclude? for have I not known that a man waking out of a dream hath often fancied, for a good while after he was awake, that he really saw the same things that were presented to him in his dream? and is it impossible for two persons that were fortie miles asunder to have the same ideas at the same time? Secondly, as to the groans, is it not usual for horses and beasts to be frighted with an unusual noise? and may not they and men be easily deceived in thinking the sound and noise they heard to come from one place, when probably it might come from some other, at a greater distance? and where is the wonder, that a dying person should send forth groans like those that probably proceeded from some other dying animal in another place? But mankind loves to be deceived with strange stories of supernatural accidents; and is very unwilling to have the mistake or deceit of them found out.' In 1654 is the following annual remark. 'The great affliction I was in for my wife's death, made mee leave England, taking only with mee a little foot-boy. I stay'd for six weeks in France at Marsels for a passage, to have gone with pilgrims to Jerusalem; but, finding none, I went in a gallie to Cività Vecchia, and so to Room. As wee went, our gallie had a fight against two Majorkina, who boarded her twice, and killd fortie of her men. I stay'd at Room almost a year, where swimming one day in the Tiber (a rapid, muddie river) with the Earle of Lindsey, the cramp ceasing mee, I sunk down to the bottom, and not being able to rise againe upon the water, and feeling the bank under the water to slope, I crept on all four till I came out at the side; to the amazement of the Lord Lindsey and many more, who were standers by. At this time there happened a very great plague there, five persons dying out of the house where I lodged; in which sad time I received news by letters from England, that a decree in chancery being given against mee, my unkle Arthur had seized all my estate; and therefore that I ought not any more to expect returns of money; and that if I came into England, I should infallibly be imprisoned for a debt of ten thousand pound, which my unkle (who at that time was well with the Protector Cromwell) pretended that I owed him. In this unfortunat condition, having in the world but five-and-twenty pound, I left Italy, and went by sea to Marsels in France; from whence, after having made a

quarantine in the pest-house, I went to Lions; and from thence, sending my servant (for want of money) afoot to Paris, I went with the messenger; but falling desperately sick by the way of a violent fever, and having spent all the money I had, I was left alone in a cottage, and reduced to beggary. But, the merciful God did not long leave me in that condition; for a Jesuit coming along that road, who I had formerly been acquainted with in Italy, relieved me, and paid for my journey with him to Paris. At Paris Lord Chesterfield learned the tidings of his grandfather's decease; and accordingly departed forthwith for England, where, having compromised the difference between his uncle and himself, he took possession of his hereditary estate."

And a precious life he afterwards led:—his character is thus drawn, in a letter to himself, from Lady Essex, sister to his first wife, in 1658.

"My lord, had I not ever paid your lordship a very great deal of kindness and respect, I should let this quite alone, for I am almost discouraged to undertake it, believing that it will be as little thought on or regarded as you do that which is most necessary for you to have more in your thoughts than I fear and believe you have. Though I live here where I know very little of what is done in the world, yet I hear so much of your exceeding wildness, that I am confident I am more sensible of it than any friend you have; you treat all the mad drinking lords, you swear, you game, and commit all the extravagances that are incident to untamed youths, to such a degree, that you make your self the talk of all places, and the wonder of those who thought otherwise of you, and of all sober people; and the worst of all, I hear there is a handsome young lady (to both your shames) with child by you. My lord, these courses must needs undo your person, fortune, and reputation; for out of those wild persons' company you will not be esteemed, you will lose your most considerable friends, and at last make your life miserable, and, which is the saddest of all, ruin your own soul; for be confident that those momentary pleasures will have an end, and a sad one too, if you do not speedily consider your condition, and heartily repent of it. You have a person which might make you and a virtuous wife happy; you have wit, fortune, and all desirable things in this world; and you abuse them all, and turn them to wickedness, and do, I am sure, very unsuitable to what you owe to the memory of my most deserving sister. You have falsified your own words to me; for how often have you told me how honestly you lived both here and abroad, and I believed you all this while, till now that it is impossible to credit more, which truly gives me a very sensible concern? Though now that I have said thus much, I will give your lordship no more trouble nor interruption in your pleasure, but ever pray for your soul, as your most humble servant and most affectionate sister."

His answer displays tact and talent.

"Madam,—Your ladyship knows that the world is strangely given to lying, and therefore, had I not ever paid your ladyship a greater respect than to any body else, I should little care to give either your ladyship or my self the trouble of my justification; for since your ladyship has not credited my former professions, I can not now expect to be more fortunate, and therefore must leave this subject to a fitter season; only let me desire your ladyship (in the mean time) to forbear sen-

suring upon my account one of the most virtuous persons living. Madam, the concern your ladyship expresses for me in your obliging letter, has added pride to all my former good qualities, so that I am now a very accomplished gentleman, and have reason to believe, that your ladyship ought not to dislike that so singular a person should profess him self, madam, your most humble servant."

The lady was by no means satisfied with this apology, and a coolness ensued; nor does she seem to have been far misinformed of his lordship's rakish habits—witness the following letter (1659) "to a young widow."

"Madam,—I could not send to inquire of Mr. Seamer's condition, without presenting my humblest service to your ladyship, who I hope after some weeks to see at Oxford; but that will be for so short a while, that I doubt it will hardly afford us time to discourse (as formerly) of that contempt which is dew to the vanity of the world; nor, indeed, is it fit that so young, so beautiful, and so charming a creature should be any longer wayl'd with mortifying thoughts, especially while the creation smiles upon her, and invites her to those joys which can admit no blame, but for their want of being everlasting. Possibly your ladyship may think that this discourse suits ill with my former doctrine of platonicks; but what corresponds with so morose a temper as mine, would be very unfit for a young lady who is the admiration of all that see her, and whose perfections do transcend the envy of her sex.—Madam, your, &c. C."

Here we must stop till our next—but this volume is full of curious matter.

The Village Nightingale, and other Tales. By Elizabeth Frances Dagley, author of the "Birth-Day," "Fairy Favour," &c. 18mo. pp. 284. London, 1829. N. Hailes.

OF the value and importance of works placed in the hands of children too much cannot be said: to adapt itself to the simplicity, and yet meet the shrewdness, of infant judgment, requires a talent by itself; and early inculcation of kindly feelings and right principles, like early sowing of good seed, rarely fails to bring forth fruit in due season. It is the greatest praise we can give this little volume to say, that few children could read it without being benefited by that excellent morality, teaching by example, which pervades the various amusing and instructive tales.

The *Village Nightingale* sets forth most truly the mischief of injudicious praise; but we cannot do better than let the author speak for herself, by the ensuing extract from "Temptation." A poor cottager and his wife have, even with their small store, hospitably relieved the wants of an aged female; and the following conversation takes place:—

"Supper being over, and the little ones gone to bed, they began to enter into conversation; when the stranger remarked how comfortable they seemed to live in their snug little cottage. 'We do as well as we can,' said Morris; 'but—' 'Ah there is always a but,' interrupted the old dame; 'you want to be rich, and live without work.' 'By no means,' replied Morris; 'I am far from desiring riches, and least of all to lead an idle life. I should never complain of hard labour, if I could but ensure bread for my children; but the worst of it is, notwithstanding my endeavours, I am not always able to provide for the necessities of my family.' 'But that is not the worst of it,' cried Margaret, taking up the conversation; 'the worst is, that my poor husband is obliged

to be exposed to so much hardship and danger. Think, good dame, what a terrible thing it is for him to be so many hours, as he often is, tossing about on the stormy ocean; and judge how wretched it is for me to sit helpless at home, thinking of all the perils he is encountering. Oh! if we could but earn our living without Morris's being exposed to the dangers of the sea, in that bit of a fishing-boat, I should not mind any thing.' 'Truly I was not aware of all the circumstances attending your employment,' said the stranger, 'when I supposed you unreasonable in not being contented; but I see now that you have cause to complain of your condition. And now, my friends,' said the old woman rising, 'it is time to inform you, that in thus kindly relieving the wants of age and infirmity, you have discovered to the Fairy Benigna a liberality and kindness of disposition that shall not go unrewarded. I came to you at a time when, soured by your own disappointments, and oppressed by your own necessities, it would not have been surprising had you been regardless of the wants of others. I am pleased also with the moderation of your wishes, in desiring only the wealth which is acquired by diligence and industry. Take this,' continued the fairy, presenting to the astonished Morris a round grayish stone, 'and judge not the value of the present from its appearance; it is the Talisman of Independence, and one of the most valuable gifts in my power to bestow. It will not, indeed, prevent the necessity of labour, but it will make you prosperous by means of your own endeavours. There is, however, a condition belonging to my gift, which you must comply to ensure its possession. Those who hold the Talisman of Independence must learn to despise riches obtained by any other means than by their industry. On the last day of every year I shall place in your hands a casket of gold; and it is my command, that before twelve o'clock of the same night, you throw this casket, with all it contains, into the sea. Grieve not at thus bestowing the gold, and seek not to investigate the motives of the Fairy Benigna.' With these words the genius disappeared, leaving the fisherman and his wife in a state of astonishment that may easily be imagined. They talked and wondered, again and again, over the strange adventure of the night. Morris and his wife had heard of such things, and were not without their share of faith in the good fortune bestowed by fairies. Still the smooth gray stone was, in their eyes, a very insignificant possession; and a purse of gold would to them have been a far more acceptable present. As, however, according to the fairy's word, the talisman would be beneficial only in proportion to their exertions, and, whatever future good luck it might produce, was no relief to their present wants, the night being now far advanced, Hugh Morris resolved that, instead of going to rest, he would again try his fortune in his fishing-boat; and the very extraordinary success he met with on that occasion, and for a length of time after, sufficiently proved the influence of the magic gift. The Morrises now began to live in comparative comfort; but though the employment of fishing thus became more profitable, it was as perilous as ever; and recollecting that the genius had promised them success in whatever they undertook, it was resolved that Morris should transfer his labours from the sea to the land. They accordingly took a snug cottage, with a few acres of ground, and commenced the business of farming; and, considering that Hugh Morris knew little of agriculture, it was surprising to

see how well he succeeded. His crops were plentiful, and his cattle healthy; Margaret managed the dairy as well as her husband did the farm; and, even at the end of the first year, their profits were considerable. As Margaret said her husband were sitting by the fire-side, comparing the past with the present, and congratulating themselves on the comforts they now enjoyed—"Ay," said Hugh Morris, "it was, I think, this very night twelve months ago that the good fairy—" At this instant, however, he was interrupted, for the door suddenly opened, and a little dwarf, strangely habited, and of singular aspect, stood before them. Ere they could recover from the surprise which the sudden appearance of this extraordinary being occasioned, he had vanished as quickly. An ebony casket, however, was deposited on the table before them, on which the word 'REMEMBER!' was stamped in gold characters. They then recollected that this was the last day of the year, the period on which they were to fulfil the conditions annexed to the fairy gift. Again they talked over this extraordinary circumstance; again blessed their good fortune and the kind genius who, upon such easy terms, had conferred so great a benefit upon them. According to the fairy's command, Hugh Morris went and threw the casket into the sea; and all again went on as usual. Margaret and her husband continued to be diligent and industrious, and had the satisfaction of finding all their cares crowned with success. Another year rolled on in peace and plenty, and at the appointed period the mandate of the genius was again punctually obeyed. As time passed, however, the change in their circumstances made them not only forget their former poverty, but become more eager of gain than formerly; and, as is too often the case, the passion of avarice increased with their increasing wealth; and when, at the accustomed time, the ebony casket was placed in their hands, Margaret, who had never before ventured to touch the sacred deposit, now lifted it up, weighed it in her hand, and sighed, as she gave it to her husband for the purpose directed by the fairy. "What a strange thing!" said the dame, when Morris returned from executing his commission—"what a very strange thing it was for the fairy to order you to throw a casket of gold into the sea, when we consider to how many good purposes the money might be applied." "It was a strange fancy," replied Hugh, "and it is certainly rather a tantalising task to perform; however, there's no help for it." The subject then was dropped; but when another year had gone round, and the fairy's singular messenger once more put in their possession the treasure which was to be so strangely disposed of—"How provoking it is!" exclaimed Morris, "for at this very time I could make a capital bargain, by the purchase of some fine sheep, if I had but the money. True, the season has been plentiful, and I have had good returns; but at present I am short, and a moderate sum would be extremely useful." Both husband and wife were then silent for a few minutes, but at last—"What are you thinking about, Margaret?" said Hugh. "The same thing that you are," replied his wife. Morris started. "Ay," continued Margaret, "without being a fairy, I know you are thinking how glad you would be to make use of some of the money contained in that casket." "Why, truly," replied Morris, "I do consider it very hard to be under the necessity of throwing away a quantity of gold, when I am myself in want of it—in want, I should not say; but,

still, of which I could make such good use." "Well," cried the dame, "I would not advise you to do a dishonest action for the world; but, in this instance, supposing you were to take a little of the money, who would ever be the worse for it?—we should not injure any living creature. The fairy, at least, can turn whatever she pleases into gold; indeed it is a pretty clear proof how little value she sets upon money, to require you to throw it into the sea, where no one can be benefited by it. No; if it had been placed in our hands for any other purpose, I would on no account persuade you to meddle with it; but I can see no harm in taking a little of what would otherwise be entirely wasted." All these thoughts had actually passed through the mind of Morris. "At any rate," said he, "we will just, for the curiosity of the thing, open the casket. I should like to see how much there is in it; the fairy did not forbid our doing that." In an evil hour the casket was unfastened: the gold pieces rolled about the ground, and the numbers far exceeded what the Morrises had expected. In short, after seeing, counting, and touching the money, the temptation became too strong. Again they argued, that in taking some of it, no one would be wronged; and in conclusion, the sum necessary for the intended purchase was kept back; and the remainder returned to the casket, which Morris took, not without some grudge, to dispose of it as heretofore. It was a fine clear night, and as Morris raised the casket to throw it into the sea, the bright beams of the moon shone full upon it, and the word 'remember,' which, in characters of gold, was stamped upon the lid, flashed upon his sight. He started as if he had never before seen the inscription, and a feeling of terror crossed his mind. After the momentary splash occasioned by casting the treasure into the ocean, the waters closed over it, and every thing remained calm and undisturbed as before. "There certainly has been no harm in what I have done," thought Morris; but the pains he took to convince himself he had not committed a wrong action proved that his conscience was ill at rest."

Punishment—the entire loss of their prosperity—follows; but the *dénouement* is very pretty. After a long probation, the parents are restored to the favour of the fairy by the firmness of their children in each resisting temptation. There are various other interesting little tales; and as to the language of flowers, Miss Dagley might vie with any eastern maiden as its mistress. We have now only most cordially to recommend the present volume to the attention of all who would inculcate affection and uprightness in the youthful mind, and double the value of amusement by its instruction.

The Life of Belisarius. By Lord Mahon. 8vo. pp. 473. London, 1829. J. Murray.

SUPPORTED by the sole force of his genius, the history of Belisarius is the history of the Greek empire, and that, as the central point of warfare, includes almost the history of the then known world. Important in all its relations, yet has this period met with an unaccountable degree of neglect; but let our author here speak for himself.

"The events related in the following pages fall within the scope of Gibbon, in his justly celebrated history; and had he treated of them with that fulness of detail which distinguishes some other portions of his work, any further attempt to record them would be both unnecessary and presumptuous. But although

the space he has allotted to them is well proportioned to his general limits and design, yet he has dwelt so lightly on several important transactions, has omitted so many circumstances, and has merely alluded to so many others not unworthy of attention, that this interesting period may, perhaps, be thought to require a more particular narrative. A careful consideration of the original authorities has also led me in some cases to new conclusions; and thus, for instance, the mendacity and loss of sight of Belisarius, which every writer for the last century and a half has treated as a fable, may, I conceive, be established on firm historical grounds. An ancient and authentic testimony to that effect is now brought forward, which, though already printed, has hitherto been overlooked in the examination of this question."

As the physician said to his patient, in the most laudatory manner, "Ah! sir, you deserve to be ill," so we say to Lord Mahon, "You deserve to be an historian." The clearness and accuracy of the conclusions which he draws can only be equalled by the industry with which his materials are collected and weighed. His judgment is founded on his accuracy. Of the wild nature of really every-day events in those troubled times, the following sketch is a sample.

"The first act of Amalasontha, on assuming the regency, was to apprise Justinian of her son's accession, and request the continuance of the treaties and good understanding between him and the Goths. His alliance was readily granted her, so long as her influence and power seemed unshaken, but began to waver as her fortune declined. These haughty barbarians, whose ancestors had cheerfully submitted to queens, and had thereby, according to the harsh prejudice of Tacitus, sunk below slavery itself, now bore with impatience the dominion of a woman. The youth and beauty of Amalasontha appeared better fitted to adorn than to support a throne; and her lofty courage and superior talents were stained by the female frailties of capriciousness, cunning, and revenge. By her secret orders, three of the most powerful nobles, whose rivalry she feared, were treacherously seized, and executed without trial; their partisans were justly irritated by their fate, and so nearly was she overcome by domestic faction, that, on several occasions, she meditated flight to Constantinople, and had once already despatched a vessel, laden with her treasures, to the coast of Epirus. Her genius, however, succeeded in surmounting all these difficulties, but they could not fail to excite hopes of conquest in Justinian, who had probably intended to vindicate her cause, for his own advantage, had she taken shelter at his court, and who afterwards eagerly availed himself against her of the pretext which the seizure of Lilybæum afforded. This claim, which, as we have seen, had first been urged by Belisarius at Carthage, was prosecuted with vigour at Constantinople; nor was the emperor sparing in threats or warlike preparations, until a sudden change of circumstances induced him to alter his tone, and to perceive that his object would be most effectually attained under the mask of friendship for the Gothic queen. This singular revolution will require some detail. In the education of her son, Amalasontha had been desirous to enlarge his mind by liberal studies, but the loud clamours of the principal Goths, their opinion that learning was incompatible with valour, and their appeals to the ignorance of their ancestors, at last compelled her to abandon any

idea of instruction, and to leave the royal stripling almost without control. The consequences may be easily foreseen. Athalaric launched forth in pursuit of pleasure, with all the passionate ardour of early youth; his health sunk beneath his intemperance, and he expired after a nominal reign of eight years, and at the age of eighteen. It was the object of his mother to prolong her authority after his death; but as the Gothic laws now excluded females from the throne, she could only hope to govern under the protection of some other name. For this purpose she cast her eyes on Theodatus, the nephew of the great Theodoric, and offered to proclaim herself and him joint sovereigns of Italy, provided he would bind himself by a solemn oath, to content himself with the honours of royalty, without aspiring to its power and prerogatives. His advanced age, his secluded studies, his want of resolution, and his unpopularity with the Italians, were amongst his chief recommendations to her favour, for these qualities seemed auspicious to her views. She had lately, it is true, deeply wounded both his interest and his pride, by a sentence against him for some acts of oppression in his Tuscan domains; but she trusted that the preference which she shewed, and the rank to which she raised him, would change his resentment into gratitude. She was not aware that, with most minds, there can be no greater aggravation to an injury than a subsequent benefit. Theodatus subscribed to every condition, swore every oath which she required, and, having concerted his measures during a few months of seeming deference and respect, suddenly massacred her most faithful attendants, and confined her a close prisoner to an island of the lake of Bolsena. His attentive consideration spared her, at least, the pangs of suspense and uncertainty; within a few days from her arrival, she was stifled in the bath, by order of her thankless colleague."

The following is a curious, and we think probable, suggestion, of the origin of one of our present honours; speaking of the defeat of Kobad's army:—

"Inflamed with disappointment and anger, Kobad deprived the Mirraces of the golden fillet for his hair, which was worn in Persia as a most distinguished honour by special permission of the king. In this custom we may, perhaps, discover the earliest germ of those orders of knighthood, which now in almost every civilised nation reward the merit of the subject, or the favour of the sovereign. The institution is clearly the same, whether the emblems be worn on the head or on the breast. Should this conjecture be well founded, such orders have undergone a singular vicissitude in returning, as an imitation from the Europeans, to the very country whence they were first derived."

The ensuing observation on the effects of the defeat of the Vandals, is only one of many; but will shew the justice of the writer's general opinions.

"On viewing the conquest of Africa with that calmness and knowledge of results to which a contemporary writer cannot aspire, but which, at this distance of time, it is so easy to display, we shall find reason, both on political and religious grounds, to deplore the success of Belisarius. Had the Vandals remained in possession of this country, and had their valour been roused, and their discipline restored by another Genseric, a formidable, and perhaps effectual, barrier would have interposed, before the tide of Mahometan in-

vasion. Those hordes of Saracens who founded a monarchy in Spain, and carried their victorious arms to the Tiber and the Loire, might, at least in this direction, have been restrained to their native deserts; and Africa, in common with other ancient provinces of Rome, might now enjoy the benefits of civilisation and of Christianity. But the distracted and persecuting government of the Greeks in that country could only subsist by the weakness of its foes, and was subverted with little difficulty by the daring fanaticism of Hassan and Abdallah."

We have not time to enter into the discussion at the end, respecting Belisarius's blindness and poverty; but we must say, that to us Lord Mahon's arguments seem most conclusive; and we bid farewell to his work, with high appreciation of its research and talent. It is a book that does its author the greatest credit.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

A Letter on the State and Patronage of the Church in India. By a Chaplain on the Bombay Establishment. London, 1829. J. Murray.

THIS Letter is entitled to attention, because it comes from a person who actually fills a station, the nature and peculiarities of which he undertakes to describe. It contains an authentic account of the duties and position in society of the bishop, the archdeacons, and subordinate clergy in India; and the nature of the qualifications required to enable them to fill these offices with effect. The main object of the letter, however, is to point out (which it does at least with temper,) the unfitness of the Court of Directors to be the depository of the patronage of the church in India. The suggestions of the writer appear to be deserving of consideration; and the pamphlet will be read with interest by all those who attach importance to a due supply of the spiritual wants of British India.

Geraldine of Desmond: an Historical Romance. 3 vols. 12mo. Colburn.

How little could the chroniclers of olden time foresee their destiny—how their gorgeous processions, their descriptions of gold and silver raiment, their beheaded heroes and imprisoned heroines, after a period of black-letter slumber, would come forth, in clear neat type, three vols.,—in short, would cover the cost of an historical romance! A course of a few weeks' reading at the Museum seems inevitably to terminate in a novel. The present work is written quite on these principles of appropriation, instead of invention; and these materials are at once too tempting and too easy. The hero is a very fine young man, the heroine a beauty; page after page of description and costume is transcribed,

"And lo, three puddings smoke upon the board!"

We cannot better characterise this production than as an historical *Belle Assemblée*; for never did that most authentic repository detail the French fashions more minutely than its pages do all the old ones,—every dress is described with a very milliner's accuracy. The language is good, and many of the sketches spirited; but, as a story, *Geraldine of Desmond* wants both character and interest.

The Savings' Bank Assistant. By C. Compton. Longman and Co.

A USEFUL book, with tables and computations, for a very beneficial institution. It will save the friends and managers of savings' banks much labour.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, May 30.

Le Tableau du Sacre is now the grand point d'appui of conversation; and every quack connoisseur of the age criticises M. Gerard's talents with all the importance of "ignorance with looks profound." I can only say that the artist has given such spirit, movement, and action, to the personages represented in this painting, that life seems to breathe on canvass; and that the first effect is so extremely impressive, that spectators imagine themselves actually present at the coronation. The picture is, I understand, to serve as a *pendant* to *l'Entrée de Henri Quatre*, notwithstanding the severe criticisms of some rivals in the painting art.

As to new publications, there are really none worthy of mention. However, we are inundated with *poets*—that is, with such as style themselves so. Amongst the rising generation of versifiers is a M. Bébé, to whom some *gens de lettres* accord genius: I know not if his *Crispations Poétiques* have reached the London libraries: they are said to possess much originality; and are certainly calculated to set every nerve on edge, or give the nightmare.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

MAY 29.—At the meeting this evening Mr. Singer gave some observations "on the fictile vases of the ancients," including a brief outline of their history. The illustrations, which were very numerous and curious, were from the cabinet of Mr. Halsewell, consisting of Greek vases of every age, and other specimens of the *terra cotta* of the ancients. Among them was the curious and interesting Athenian cylindrical vase, brought from Greece by Mr. Graham, representing the OXHAITHOAAONOX, which the late Dr. Clarke possessed, and which Mr. Wilkins made subservient to the explanation of the sculptures in the tympanum of the western pediment of the Parthenon. It is a curious fragment of Greek art; and the freedom of the drawing, and the care with which the whole appears to have been executed, is remarkable. There were also exhibited well-executed cork models of the temple of Paestum and of two ancient tombs.

Mr. Singer adverted to Mr. Christie's theory of the origin of the forms of the ancient vases being derived from the seed-vessels of the lotus tribe of plants, and the paintings from the Skiagraphia, or transparencies of the Eleusinian shows; and this part of the subject was illustrated by a well-decorated screen, containing a series of the subjects of the Hamiltonian vases, and capital diagrams of the forms. Mr. Singer's communication, as an elementary view, was clear and comprehensive. It was well received.

In connexion with the above subject, Mr. Singer mentioned to the audience that Mr. Faraday purposes to direct his attention to the analysis of the black glaze of the ancient vases,—a subject which has puzzled many chemists, and of which, as yet, no satisfactory account has been given,—with a view to bringing the point before the Institution.

On the library-table were mineralogical and geological specimens from India, presented by Captain Blake; and in the room was hung a curious historical flag, representing the emigration of the cinnamon-peelers of Ceylon.

COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

On Monday evening a very numerous meeting took place; Sir Henry Hallford, Bart. in the chair. The first paper was read by Dr. Mac-michael; and was undoubtedly a great literary as well as medical curiosity, being no other than a medical case by the celebrated Locke, and treated by himself. It has long been disputed whether Locke, though he took the degree of M.B. at Oxford, in the year 1674, ever practised physic as a profession. Lord Grenville, in the pamphlet published lately by Mr. Murray, entitled "Oxford and Locke," says that he certainly did; and devotes a chapter in his work to make out that point; he quotes Anthony Wood, who asserts that Locke did, for a time, we know not how long, *præstare physicam* at Oxford;—besides, says Lord Grenville, his first connexion with Lord Shaftesbury was manifestly that of medical attendance, which appears from his patron's desire not to suffer him thenceforth to practise medicine out of his (Lord Shaftesbury's) house, except among some of his private friends. The case, however, which we had the pleasure of hearing read last night, puts the matter beyond all question, and fully justifies the high eulogium which Sydenham bestows upon Locke's medical talents.

Lord King, whom we saw present at the reading of this curious MS., found it lately amongst his papers, and very liberally presented it to the College. It is the history of the case of the Countess of Northumberland, the lady of our ambassador at Paris in 1677, where Locke then was,—having gone abroad a few years before, on account of his health. He describes his being called to her excellency Dec. 2, and finding her shrieking out, and in great agony from an attack of a pain in her face, which she describes as a flash of fire over its right side, from her teeth up to her ear, as if scalding liquor had been thrown upon her tongue. Locke gives a daily report of the state of his patient from this time till the 16th of the month, when she was free from the attacks. There was sometimes a complete abatement of the symptoms for many hours, when suddenly a very violent fit, without any visible cause, would come on; at other times talking was apt to induce them; sometimes touching the foot of the affected side would give her the twitches or fits, and soon after she could touch that side with impunity. The preceding summer she had had a tooth drawn to relieve a similar fit of pain, but without the slightest benefit. Locke concludes, that the root of the mischief lay in some harm done to the nerve of that side of the face. He chiefly found benefit from the employment of slight opiates, and the external application of laudanum, black-cherry water, and spirits of harts-horn, to those parts of the gums where she felt the most pain, when she had any respite from the fits. Locke adds, "But obstinate humours will not always obey remedies which one has reason to expect success from;" and it may with great truth be said, that the experience of modern times has added little to our means of relieving that formidable disease *tic douloureux*, of which this case of the Countess of Northumberland is the first well-authenticated instance with which we are acquainted.

Sir Henry Hallford, the president, then read a paper of his own, which, though he did not give it any particular title, might be called popular and classical illustrations of insanity. Some splendid passages of Horace and Shakespeare were quoted by the learned president, applicable to some forms of mental derange-

ment which had fallen under his notice. The manner in which these quotations were given was peculiarly striking, and they were so apt and felicitous, as to prove that those great poets had drawn their descriptions of mental delusion from actual prototypes, and not from their own imaginations.

MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

At the last meeting of this Society, the Prince Imperial of Austria, the Duke of Chartres, and the Grand Duke of Russia, were elected honorary Fellows; W. A. Mackinnon, Samuel Rootsey, and Samuel Dunstone, Esqrs., were elected Fellows. A paper was read, detailing different experiments made by Dr. Hancock, in the various modes of administering sarsaparilla; the author conceiving that a fermented infusion is more active than the decoction. A numerous collection of plants, from Kew Gardens, were presented by Mr. Aiton; the Earl of Stanhope also presented at this meeting the two concluding parts of Nees Von Esenbeck's complete collection of *officinal* plants, embracing nearly 440 folio lithographic coloured prints.

SOCIETY FOR THE ENLARGEMENT, & C. OF CHURCHES AND CHAPELS.

On Monday week, the 23d ultimo, was held the first annual general court of this excellent association, under the provisions of the Act of Parliament by which it was incorporated in the preceding session. The chair was taken by its president, the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was supported by the Archbishop of York, Bishops of London, Bath and Wells, Ely, Gloucester, Llandaff, Lichfield, Lincoln, Bristol, and Winchester, Lord Bexley, Archdeacons Watson and Hollingworth, the Dean of Peterborough, and a numerous assemblage of the most respectable members of the Society.

The administration of this new corporation, as we gathered from the report submitted to the meeting, is intrusted to a president, twenty-eight vice-presidents, and a committee of thirty-six members; and its objects, besides the *enlargement* and *building* of churches and chapels, now embrace the *repairing* of those edifices.

It was stated (and we hail it as a gratifying assurance of the deep root which pure Christianity has taken amongst us), that the royal letter of aid which was granted towards the close of last year, has produced no less a sum than 40,653*l.* 4*s.* 7*d.*; by which means, after defraying the numerous apportionments in furtherance of the purposes of the Society, the balance in hand on the 31st of March last was raised to 33,736*l.* 4*s.* 9*d.* The urgency of this successful appeal on the national benevolence may be inferred from the increase in the number of applications, that number having risen from 100 in 1827-8 to 140 in 1828-9, during the latter of which periods seventy-six grants, amounting to 10,583*l.* were made, and 20,004 additional sittings were obtained, inclusive of 13,604 *free sittings* for our poorer fellow-countrymen.

We have here recorded the result of a single year's exertions; but when we look at the benefits which have emanated from this Society, from its first institution down to the present time (an interval of eleven short years), we may well ask, Where is the Christian who will venture to estimate its value either as regards the present or the future, or its importance, whether in a religious or a national point of view? During that interval 120,000*l.* have been granted for enlarging or building places

of public worship; and for this sum 185,443 additional sittings have been obtained; of which number no less than 137,497 have been sittings secured for ever to the gratuitous use of those, to whom their richer brethren have thus thrown open the portals of those temples where is to be found "favour and good understanding in the sight of God and man!"

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, May 30th.—On Wednesday the following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—W. Allfree, Exeter College, Grand Compounder, W. G. Lambert, Scholar, C. C. C.; F. J. Moore, Exeter College; S. L. Hammick, Christ Church; Rev. R. H. King, Magdalen Hall; Rev. S. Wilberforce, C. H. J. Anderson, Oriel College.

Bachelors of Arts.—W. N. Gresley, St. Mary Hall; T. Farebrother, Queen's College; R. Croft, Scholar, Balliol College; J. Dennis, Exeter College; F. O. Durant, Worcester College; H. Davison, Scholar, H. Gwyn, C. Powell, Trinity College.

CAMBRIDGE, May 29th.—At a congregation on Wednesday last the following degrees were conferred:—

Honorary Masters of Arts.—Lord Wriothesley Russell, Trinity College, son of the Duke of Bedford; Lord Norreys, Trinity College, son of the Earl of Abingdon.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. J. G. Milne, St. Peter's College; Rev. E. Murray, F. F. Pinder, Trinity College; F. Osborne, Trinity Hall; Rev. J. Phillips, Sidney College; Rev. S. Bagnall, Downing College, Grand Compounder.

Licentiates in Physic.—W. J. Bayne, Fellow, Trinity College; N. F. Davison, Caius College.

Bachelor in Civil Law.—Rev. R. M. Caunter, Sidney Sussex College.

Bachelors in Physic.—A. L. Wollaston, Caius College; J. F. Bernard, C. C. C.; F. K. Fox, St. John's College.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. W. Astley, C. Luxmore, T. Phillips, King's College; C. Weymouth, H. Bowyer, F. Reid, C. Bigby, Trinity College; G. Gordon, Caius College; J. E. Holden, J. G. Palant, Christ College.

At the above congregation the Rev. S. Smith, M.A. of Christ Church, Oxford, was admitted *ad eundem* of this University.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

JUNE 4th. The President in the chair.—A paper was read, entitled, "on the geometrical representation of the powers of quantities which involve the square roots of negative quantities;" by the Rev. John Warren. Another paper was also read, descriptive of a case of a tumour removed from the head by Sir Everard Home. The Hon. J. Stewart Wortley and the Rev. Joseph Bosworth were elected Fellows; and John Shaw and S. D. Broughton, Esqrs., were proposed. The presents consisted chiefly of the *Memoirs of De Witt Clinton*, the American statesman, by Dr. Hosack of New York; Dr. Clark's work on the Influence of Climate in Chronic Diseases; and Professor Rigaud's MS. Observations made at the Radcliffe Observatory, Oxford: several interesting foreign donations were also received through M. Moreau, from Messrs. Jomard and Serullas, and the Academies of Dijon and Bourdeaux.

At a recent meeting a paper was read, entitled "on the Composition of the Chloride of Barium," by Edward Turner, M.D. Professor of Chemistry in the University of London. Communicated by the Rev. Dr. Lardner, F.R.S.

The frequent employment of chloride of barium in delicate chemical investigations, renders an exact knowledge of its composition peculiarly desirable; and this has become a more important object of inquiry since it has been made by Dr. Thomson the basis of his calculation of the chemical equivalents of sulphuric acid, and of thirteen metals and their protoxides. He has deduced from his experiments with the chloride of barium, the number 36 as the equivalent of chlorine, 70 as that of barium, and 78 as that of baryta; whence the equivalent of the chloride of barium would be 106; and accordingly, on mixing this quantity of the chloride with 88 parts of sulphate of potash, each being previously dissolved in separate portions of distilled water, he finds

a complete double decomposition has taken place; the resulting sulphate of baryta reduced to dryness, weighing 118 parts; and the muriate of potash yielding 76 parts of chloride of potassium. Hence he infers that 40 is the equivalent number for sulphuric acid, and 48 that for potash. Berzelius, however, maintained that this experiment, as well as the deductions from it, are not exact. Dr. Thomson having, in consequence of Berzelius's objections, repeated his experiments, still asserts their accuracy. The author of the present paper investigated the subject with the greatest care, employing materials in a state of perfect purity, and obtained results which coincided with those of Berzelius. He details the precautions he took for ensuring the conditions of perfect purity in the substances with which his experiments were made, and to the neglect of which he traces some of the errors which he imputes to Dr. Thomson's analysis. But there exists also a more radical cause of error in the method employed by that chemist; for Dr. Turner finds, that when solutions of muriate of baryta and of sulphate of potash are mixed together, a small portion of the latter salt adheres tenaciously to the sulphate of baryta, which is precipitated, and thus escapes decomposition. By employing different processes, the author avoids this source of fallacy. First, from the chloride of barium, previously dissolved in water, he throws down sulphate of baryta by adding sulphuric acid; and secondly, he effects a precipitation from a similar solution of the chloride by nitrate of silver, and infers the quantity of chloride from that of the fixed horn-silver obtained; having previously determined, by a separate series of experiments, the exact composition of horn-silver. The conclusion he draws from his researches is, that 100 parts of the chloride of barium correspond to 157.63 parts of the chloride of silver, which latter substance contains 34.016 parts of chlorine, and therefore leaves for the proportion of barium, 65.984 parts. The real equivalent of barium, however, will depend upon that of chlorine, which is itself not yet satisfactorily determined.

THE LITERARY FUND.

THE Greenwich meeting, at four o'clock on Wednesday next, promises to be the most numerous that has been for many years: since the anniversary a considerable amount of subscriptions and many new friends have been obtained for this admirable Institution, which the better it is known, justly acquires the more extensive support.

ORIENTAL TRANSLATION FUND.

ON Saturday the Anniversary of this Institution was held; his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex in the chair,—supported by their Excellencies the Hanoverian, Prussian, Neapolitan, Bavarian, and American ministers; Earls Spencer and Carlisle; the Marquess of Bute; Lords Amherst and Holmesdale; Sir G. Warrender, M.P., Sir Alexander Johnston, C. N. Palmer, M.P., Colonel Fitzclarence, Mr. Bowring the poet, and a great number of other persons of consideration.

The Right Hon. Sir Gore Ouseley, Bart. read the report. It stated that the knowledge of the Society had even extended beyond the eastern limits of Europe; that the friendly co-operation of the presidencies of Calcutta and Madras had been obtained; a like assurance was also daily expected from Bomb., through the medium of Sir John Malcolm. Five valu-

able Oriental works had been printed by the Society,—five more were in the press, and twenty-two were in progress of translation. The report also stated, that the Society had resolved to bestow four prizes annually for the best translations of Oriental works; two of the prizes to be in money, to the amount of fifty pounds each; the other two in gold medals, of the value of twenty guineas each. The funds of the Institution were also in a prosperous state, there remaining in the treasurer's hands, after the year's disbursements had been made, a balance of 1,250*l*.

Mr. Belfour, for his translation of Macarius, and Mr. Mitchell, for his History of the Maritime Wars of the Turks, were declared to be the successful candidates for the money prizes; and Drs. Dorn and Rosen,—the former for his History of the Afghans, translated from the Persian, and the latter for his translation of the earliest System of Algebra extant in Arabia, had the gold medals awarded to them.

The accomplished Prince in the chair, with the greatest condescension and urbanity, then presented the young Germans with their medals, which they acknowledged in suitable terms.

After the report was received, and a vote of thanks passed to his Royal Highness, the meeting separated, highly gratified with the day's proceedings.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(Fifth Notice.)

No. 321. *Children with an Ass*.—The name of the artist is omitted in the Catalogue, and we are unable to supply the deficiency. We cannot therefore be charged with partiality when we characterise this as a very clever little performance.

No. 332. *The Coronation of the Remains of Ines de Castro*. G. St. Evre.—There is much more skill displayed in the execution of this picture than there is judgment or taste in the choice of the subject; than which it is difficult to conceive any thing more revolting.

No. 306. *The Market for Hay, called La Corrateri*. Geneva. J. J. Chalon, A.—A happy combination of the grand and the familiar: the partially concealed buildings are very judiciously relieved by the mass of dark foliage through which they are beheld; and the gay and picturesque costume of the figures imparts liveliness to the scene.

No. 247. *Blowing Bubbles*; No. 252. *The Dancing Dogs*. W. Gill.—The first of these little cabinet gems reminds us of our boyish delights, and naturally prompts the inquiry, if we have not been indulging in the same amusement all our lives? Neither this nor its companion, however, is a bubble of art. Both are solid and permanent examples of skill, in character, expression, and finish.

The principal portraits in this room are, No. 338. *Portrait of John Soane, Esq.*, Sir T. Lawrence, P.R.A.; No. 326. *Portrait of David Wilkie, Esq.*, R.A., T. Phillips, R.A.; and No. 341. *Portrait of the Bishop of Rochester*, B. R. Faulkner. Of the first, it may be justly said, that it is one of the President's most successful portraits; the second is an acknowledged resemblance, and is very finely painted, although, perhaps, with rather too much of that blending or softening in the pencilling, which has a tendency to impair character; the third is a highly creditable specimen of the powers of an artist who is rapidly rising in his branch of the profession. There are other portraits of much excellence both in this

and in the Great Room, by Mrs. Carpenter, Mrs. Pearson, W. E. West, J. Ramsay, J. Linnell, Esq., but which our limits will not permit us to enumerate.

ANTE-ROOM.

No. 380. *View near Chalons sur Saone*. C. Stanfield.—Principally remarkable for the simple dignity of the composition, but possessing every essential quality of the art in point of execution and effect.

No. 379. *The Little Savoyard*. W. Davison.—The childish drollery of the character united with the picturesque costume to render this a very interesting, as it is also a very clever performance. We do not think, however, that the back-ground harmonises completely with the figure.

No. 381. *Hamlet*. R. R. Reinagle, R.A.—A firm and well-painted picture, with properties of art that would distinguish it even by the side of the old Spanish masters; but no more like Hamlet "than we to Hercules!"

No. 451. *Sketch from Nature*. T. Warington.—Say rather a study, and a very able one.

No. 478. *The Sequestered Glen*. J. A. O'Connor.—The romantic in landscape composition is the favourite feature of Mr. O'Connor's pencil; and in all that we have seen of his productions, we have thought him highly successful. It occurs to us, however, that, in his present performance, the omission of the figure would have been advantageous; and that, instead of presenting a regularly foliaged tree as a principal object, one of ruder and more irregular form would have been in better unison with the scene.

No. 460. *The Falls of the Machno, North Wales*. F. C. Lewis.—Mr. Lewis's style is also well suited to the romantic in art. These Falls will contribute to the rise of his reputation.

No. 433. *View on the Wye; Welch Bicknor Church in the distance*. F. W. Watts.—From the bold and agitated torrent we pass to the gentle and placid stream, reflecting as in a mirror the various objects by which its banks are fringed. The truth and simplicity of this fine study from nature, as well as the same qualities in No. 463. *Scene from Wood Mill, near Southampton*, also by Mr. Watts, claim our highest admiration.

No. 412. *Morning*. J. V. Barber.—It is impossible not to be struck with the freshness and beauty of this very able and original composition. Perhaps a little toning down of some of the green hues might be serviceable to it.

No. 397. *Distant View of Winchester; a Shower passing off*. C. Fielding.—It is seldom that we find an artist equally successful in two distinct branches of his profession. We have frequently expressed our high opinion of Mr. Fielding's talents in water-colours; and we have now the pleasure to speak as favourably of him in oil. The effect of this picture is singularly true, and nearly approaches to the sublime. If St. Swithin himself had presided at its execution, the humidity which pervades it could not have been more complete.

No. 445. *The Page*. T. M. von Holst.—What! Fuseli revived! or, is the doctrine of transmigration no fable; and has the spirit of the departed professor passed into the frame of M. von Holst?

No. 459. *Portrait of a young Lady*. J. Simpson.—We select this from other works by the same able artist, because it appears to unite in an eminent degree the several qualities which distinguish his very skillful pencil. It is at once deep, clear, solid, powerful, and brill-

tant. Mr. Simpson is rapidly attaining to high rank as a portrait painter.

[To be continued.]

Artists' General Benevolent Institution.

On Saturday the announced anniversary of this excellent charity took place at Freemasons' Hall—Lord Goderich, President. His lordship was supported on his right by his brother, Lord Grantham; and the table was surrounded by Royal Academicians and other distinguished persons. About 150 sat down to dinner; and Gaff, as usual, took care that they should be amply provided with good things.

We have hardly ever been present at a public entertainment where so much was done by the chair towards promoting the pleasures of the company and the interests of the benevolent object for which they had assembled. The earnestness and animation with which Lord Goderich discharged the functions of his office produced a great effect; and he was loudly cheered on several occasions. He not only kept the party convivially alive, but pleaded most successfully (witness a subscription of nearly £900!) the cause of decayed and unfortunate artists, and, generally, the cause of the fine arts themselves. In this task, too, he was very ably supported by Lord Grantham (the chairman of last year), who frequently addressed the meeting in energetic and amusing terms. Sir Thomas Lawrence, Mr. Wilkins, and other gentlemen, also spoke; and it was eleven o'clock before a separation was thought of—so agreeably was the business, or rather the gratification, of the day kept up.

Among the most interesting statements which we heard, was an allusion from Lord Goderich to the erection of a grand National Gallery, which his lordship intimated his hope of seeing accomplished; when he was sure a gallery would soon be formed superior to that of any country in the world. This opinion was loudly cheered, and strongly manifested the feeling of the public on the subject. We cordially join in the hope expressed; but trust that no boteh of architecture will be suffered to disgrace the design, and disfigure the metropolis.

TURNER'S DRAWINGS.

A BEAUTIFUL and gratuitous exhibition of Mr. Turner's drawings has been opened by Mr. Charles Heath for public inspection at the Egyptian Hall. They consist of forty subjects, chiefly for the engravings in the "Views in England and Wales," repeatedly noticed with high eulogy in the *Literary Gazette*; though there are a few for a projected work of a similar kind on Italy. With all his fondness for certain yellow tints, these drawings are splendid monuments of the artist's talents; and many of them are peculiarly striking and interesting: among the latter we might mention Richmond, Alnwick Castle, and Stonehenge. As in Messrs. Harding's Exhibition of the originals of Lodge's Portraits, we have no doubt but this display will contribute greatly to promote the success of the work which it illustrates, and effect a wider call for the productions of Mr. Heath's admired burin.

GALLERY OF ARTS, REGENT STREET.

We are glad to find this establishment gradually winning its way to public notice. We recommend a visit for two reasons—first, the view is gratuitous; secondly, there is no where else, saving at the Exhibition in Pall Mall East, so fine a collection of drawings in water-colours. Nor may it be amiss to hint to our

fair countrywomen, who are so assiduous in the manufacture of albums and scrap-books, that the critical eye of taste would frequently be less offended, and art somewhat encouraged, if these elegancies now and then enshrined specimens from some master in this truly British art. We looked over a portfolio of gems admirably fitted for such purposes. In an adjoining room are several fine pictures; especially a magnificent Giorgione.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Hanoverian and Saxon Scenery. From Drawings by Captain Batty. Part X. Jennings.

"TRENDELBURG"—"Rocks near the Bastei, Saxony"—"Bridge over the Weser, at Bremen"—"The Gammel Torv, Copenhagen"—and "the Palace of Fredericksborg, Denmark," are the plates which illustrate this No. of Captain Batty's work; and we have no doubt they "hold the mirror up to nature" very faithfully. Several of the wood-cut vignettes are highly picturesque.

The Right Hon. Jane-Elizabeth, Lady Ellenborough. Engraved by Thomas Wright, from a Miniature by Colleen. Colnaghi.

A BEWITCHING little head; although we own that we do not exactly admire this style of depicting an English wife, however youthful and lovely.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE NAMELESS BROOK.

Yon little brook that murmurs on its way
O'er shining pebbles and through clustered flowers,

Hath been to me the source of many a lay,
Warbled at times amid its fairy bowers;
Appealing to my spirit with a tone
Half like the tone of Joy, and half like Sor-
row's own!

How sweetly droops yon willow on its side,
Watching its moveless branches in the glass!
How bright, how beautifully, the waters glide,
Winning my heart to bless them as they pass!
And I will bless you, oh ye waters clear!
Of many a smile the source, and many a sweeter
tear.

Oh! not unlike the current of your tide,
In this green valley slips my life away;
To lofty name and glory unallied,
Shunn'd by the rich, and slighted by the gay.
Yet, by some faithful and unchanging friend,
Watch'd with an eye of love,—advancing to its
end! R. F. H.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

PICTURE OF CHINA.—NO. VII.

In pursuing our extracts from this (to us) very singular, amusing, and instructive Journal, we trust our readers go along with us in thinking, that for communicating curious information to the European reader, the editor of the *Canton Register* deserves warm thanks. It was a mere chance which placed his Journal in our hands—but we were much struck by its judicious illustrations of the celestial empire; and though we may never be known even as his follower to our Canton contemporary, we thank him most cordially, and intimate a just compliment to his labours when we state, that though we have omitted much interesting matter, we have yet only got through *twelve* Numbers of his first year's publication—of which we have (to the 13th December last) twenty-nine remaining; and out of which we can promise our readers a fund of such entertaining and

popular extracts as has never yet exhibited Chinese society in its domestic and true light to the European world.

"On the 9th instant the Tartar general ordered all his officers to assemble in the great hall, that he might examine them in person, as is the official duty of the general, when he has to report on their health and fitness for service. However, that was only the pretext; the real object was to ascertain the highest bidders for places at all the custom-houses, which, as a perquisite for the poor army, usage allows him to fill. For the Macao inner harbour custom-house he is said to receive ten or twelve hundred dollars annually. The Pria Grandé custom-house is also farmed or sold in a similar manner. Fellows pay sometimes more than they can get fairly, and hence extortions and rows are the consequence."

"Executions.—On the 4th inst. a nailed express was received from Peking. This nailing consists of two paper threads, passed through the envelope from side to side and sealed, which operation makes it more difficult for any inferior officer or other person to open it, till it arrives at the chief officer to whom it is sent. This tengfungmānshu, as the Chinese call it, contained an order to execute immediately two pirates who had given passes to trading boats. They were forthwith bound, and led out to be decapitated. One of them, Uhing, was unable to walk; the other, Chingyayyun, talked and laughed as if nothing were the matter. He turned round his head to Uhing, and called out, 'Don't distress yourself—we shall only be separated a short time—in sixteen years we shall come back again.'—There are more executions take place in Canton than in any other province of the empire. About twenty years ago the attention of government was called to the fact. They consulted the Chinese geomancers to ascertain the cause. These impostors said, that the earth where the executions took place, whether fertile or sterile, had an effect on the increase or diminution of crime. It was now in too fertile and prosperous a spot. It was then at the outside of the south gate of Canton; and in consequence of the sage advice of the geomancers, Tyburn was removed to the outside of the north gate for a time. The executions, however, increased; and after a trial, government reverted to the original place of execution, where it still is. It is a small spot at which there is a pottery for making clay furnaces. It is a place of blood, and a potter's field. A little lime is sprinkled on the ground before the execution, and the bodies are thrown up at the foot of a dead wall, with a mat cast loosely over them; while the heads which have to be exhibited in *terrorem*, are hung up in little cages against the wall."

"Peking.—The Censor Shingszepoon has reported that two of the common people—one the plaintiff, and the other the defendant—being confined together previous to trial, the accuser fell upon the defendant, and murdered him in the prison. The emperor has examined into it and finds that the matter in dispute was a trivial one. He complains of the officer for carelessness in confining the two together, and for delaying the adjustment of the affair several days, as well as for not placing a guard over these persons. Sungpooyatow, the officer in question, is therefore ordered to appear before the supreme criminal board called Yingpow, and be subjected to interrogation by grinding torture, to ascertain whether or not the case be really as is represented, or whether there be not some circumstances concealed."

"Canton.—Yesterday his excellency the

Foodne received from his imperial majesty the bestowment of the word *happiness*, with a haunch of venison (deer) from Peking. The usage is, on such an occasion, to throw open the gates of the public hall, admit the venison, and perform the thrice three knock-head ceremony towards the throne of the monarch, and thank him for his condescension.

"Spring Sacrifices."—The court circular from the governor-general's office announces daily the act of putting an official stamp on forms of prayer, paper scrolls, as substitutes for silk, &c., to be presented with sacrifices in behalf of government, not by priests but by civilians, to the temples of various gods—the god of literature, the god of the wind, the celestial and the terrestrial gods, and to Confucius. These prayers and sham silks are, after the necessary prostrations, burnt and passed into the invisible state, to compliment and clothe the personages to whom they are offered. On the eighth of the moon, being Sunday, the Foodne, and all the civil and military officers of the city, assembled before the altar of the gods in heaven, and the gods on earth, sacrificed and worshipped. Certain inferior scribes of the local magistrates' offices did homage to the god of the wind. After the service they all returned to their public offices to issue and receive despatches. And in the mean time the Nam-hoyune was engaged in questioning a bankrupt merchant how he had got rid of so much cotton in so short a time without any return, as is alleged he did."

The following are samples of Chinese popular news, hawked about the streets like our ballads or dying speeches:—

"In the Poonu district dwelt a young woman of the name of Ling, (which means cold and cruel). She was married to a cantonman of the name of Kwan, to be his wife. Cruelty to her became natural. I lived in her neighbourhood seven years, and calculate that she beat to death four slave girls. One day I happened to meet with two of her uncles, and talked about this business. They gnashed their teeth with indignation, and said that I had underrated her murders; and, counting with their crooked fingers, made out that she had beaten to death fifteen slave girls. I then secretly thought, 'Shall such a cruel person meet with no retribution?'—During the 12th moon of the last year it fell out that this woman became ill, of I know not what disease. Her whole body became putrid and broken. The stench was intolerable. Her cries of pain were heard outside the door. She continued alive till yesterday, at the 2d watch, when, the skin and flesh having entirely fallen from her bones, she died. This was the miserable retribution of cruelty!"

"Suicides."—In Tungwang Street, on the south side of the city of Canton, there reside upwards of fifty families. Since the new year, in less than one month, seven women and girls have hanged themselves. What demons or imps possessed them it is impossible to tell. On the west side of the city, in the suburbs, dwelt an aged widow who had attained her 70th year. She was poor, and worked with her needle, or washed, for a subsistence. She owed five or six months' rent. Her landlord unroofed her house to drive her out; and next he took away other people's clothes which she had received to wash. This entirely overpowered her, and she hung herself up to a beam. She had a poor son, who carried things for sale about the streets. He came home and found his mother dead. With what the natives consider prudence and wisdom, he let her hang, to see whether he could make a good

bargain with the landlord or not. Four days elapsed in fruitless efforts; and the dead body of his aged mother remained hanging by the neck till the local magistrate came and sat as coroner. He ordered the landlord to provide a coffin, and be at the expense of the interment. He had a right, it was granted, to ask for his rent; but he had no right to carry off other people's clothes. Whether he will be farther prosecuted remains undecided."

SIGHTS OF LONDON.

M. VICTOR, the author of *Harald, ou les Scandinaves*, a tragedy which obtained the highest literary and dramatic fame in Paris a few years ago, has now visited London; and though we have not had the good fortune to meet him, and ascertain his course precisely, we are glad to understand that a gentleman of his distinguished talents purposes to read the French dramatic classics as a public entertainment. *Zaire*, *Cinna*, &c., will thus be heard in the best style of French declamation—at the same time a pleasure and a lesson. The Duke of Orleans patronises these evenings, which, we believe, are opened by subscription, next week.

VAUXHALL.—*Fine* weather, Master Noah; and the Vauxhall Gardens opened with *éclat* on Monday. There were good comic et-cetera singing; transparencies worthy of being seen through; fire-works superior to former blazes; an Italian opera so-so; and a considerable quantity of low life, to invite the march of improvement and the police-officers. It is difficult to conduct an entertainment of this sort; and till a week or two has passed away, we will not say whether Vauxhall is a well-regulated hit, or a vicious miss. At first sight it is evident that the proprietors are anxious to please, and spare no expense.

MUSIC.

ARGYLL ROOMS.

THE announcement of such a galaxy of talent as Sontag, Velluti, Malibran, and Blasis, attracted on Saturday last the most fashionably crowded audience we have witnessed for many a day. The orchestra was literally crammed; and at least half a dozen bonnets for every bow were to be seen intermixed with the gentlemen of the band. The duet of "Questo cor," between Sontag and Velluti, was beautifully effective: the former has lost nothing by singing with the latter; in some of her most touching graces we thought we recognised the delicate style of that incomparable master. The duet of "Lasciami, non t'ascolto," in Tancredi, was given by Sontag and Malibran in a style surpassing anything we ever before heard. A German gentleman—with a long Christian name, too long for any Christian to pronounce with impunity—made his *début* on this occasion, and performed on the piano a piece termed on the card a "concert-stuck." The pianist, however, never once *stuck* in his performance; but, on the contrary, appeared to get through his work with not less satisfaction to his audience than to himself. We are sorry we cannot say the same of Mr. Rosner, his countryman:—his singing may be liked in Germany, but he is too much of a *mouther*,—moreover, his voice (we meant not to perpetrate a *double*) comes from the wrong place,—it issues from his head instead of his chest, and there is truly neither heart nor soul in his style. In fact, the German school of singing is, if possible, worse than our own; nor does this altogether proceed from the guttural

harshness of the language, but from the erroneous estimate formed by the generality of German musicians, that excellence in the vocal art consists in instrumental imitations,—forgetting that no instrument can possibly compete with the human voice, either for delicacy of tone or pathos.

We perceive, by the bills, that Velluti takes his benefit on Tuesday next, and on which occasion "he will sing an English air, written and expressly composed for him." We anticipate a bumper. We take leave, however, to suggest to this unequalled artist the propriety of getting up one or two concerted pieces. What a treat it would be to hear Velluti, Sontag, Curioni, Malibran, and Pellegrini, in some of the beautiful *morceaux* with which the opera of *Il Crociato* abounds! We trust that the signor, for his own sake, will take a friendly hint. We had nearly omitted to express our approbation of Blasis's pleasing performance. This artist is really a rising performer; and we only regret that she is not where she already has shone—on the boards of the King's Theatre.

Madame de Vigo, (for rank, talent, and merit, as a lady and a musician, one of the most interesting persons whom the misfortunes of Spain have thrown upon their own resources as exiles in this country,) has announced a benefit concert for Wednesday evening—which we warmly recommend to the favour of the patrons of the deserving and the unfortunate.

DRAMA.

ON Monday the king of British song, Braham, takes his benefit, and plays *Tom Tug*, in the *Waterman*, for the first time. A rich musical treat, including *some* fine English ballads—a ballet by the principal dancers from the King's Theatre—and *Love in Wrinkles*, and the *Paddock*, with Farren as *Mungo*, conclude this highly attractive concatenation of entertainments.

On Monday last the estimable and esteemed tragedian, Mr. Young, performed *Oroonoko*, for his own benefit, to the *Imoinda* of Miss Phillips. This play, so seldom seen, never fails to excite much sympathy: on this occasion it was eminently affecting.

VARIETIES.

State of Education in the South of France.—The number of young men at Lyons who were twenty years of age in 1827 was 835, of whom 285 could write and read, 329 read only, and 221 neither write nor read. In the rest of the department, of 1,919 young men of twenty who were examined, 787 could write and read, 139 could read only, and 993 could neither write nor read.

Orseille.—A French chemist has discovered the colouring principle of orseille, a soft paste, used in dyeing, and made from a peculiar kind of moss.

Medicine.—A discovery in medicine, which may prove to be of importance, was made a short time ago in Paris, in the case of a patient who had, with the intention of committing suicide, swallowed twenty-four grains of the acetate of morphine. To counteract the effects of this dreadful poison, the medical men administered, more by chance than otherwise, (for the report from which we borrow the account states that the result proved *au grand étonnement de ces messieurs*,) ten hours after the poison had been taken, a quantity of very strong coffee, and a mixture of vinegar and

water: this, with one bleeding at the arm, restored the patient entirely.

Mozart's Enchanted Flute by the German company, created a grand sensation at Paris; the tenor, Heitzinger, distinguished himself in it as much as in the *Freyshütz*; and Mdlle. Greigs made a very favourable *début*. The receipts at the theatre had risen to from 7000 to 8000 francs nightly.

Extensive remains of a Roman villa, and other highly interesting Roman antiquities, have been recently discovered (says the *Cambridge Chronicle*) at Litlington, in this county.

Parisian Budget.—The budget of the city of Paris has just been published by the prefect of the department of the Seine. The revenue of 1828 is stated to have been 40,921,196 fr., and the expenditure 35,215,687 fr.; which leaves a balance of 5,705,508 fr. The principal branches of revenue and expenditure are as follows:—*Revenue*: Octroi (entrance duties at the barriers) 28,500,000 fr.; duties, &c. of markets, 1,450,000 fr.; weights and measures, 410,000 fr.; grande et petite voirie, 120,000 fr.; water, 660,000 fr.; caisse de poissy, 1,350,000 fr.; abattoirs, 1,103,000 fr.; entrepôts, 470,000 fr.; markets, 179,227 fr.; rents of communal property, 101,690 fr.; farming of gaming-houses, 7,100,000 fr.; city of credits, 157,542 fr.; tax of interments, 200,000 fr.; grounds in the cemeteries, 450,000 fr.

Expenditure.—Central administration, 307,100 fr.; mayors, 349,666 fr.; administration of public works, 99,200 fr.; collection of taxes, 2,690,260 fr.; worship at charge of municipal council, 221,950 fr.; public instruction, 275,800 fr.; succour of hospitals, 5,200,000 fr.; military service at charge of municipal council, 161,500 fr.; ordinary service of water, 386,000 fr.; reserve supplies, 600,000 fr.; works for keeping up communal establishments, 206,140 fr.; pavement of Paris, 480,000 fr.; inscription of names of streets, 14,500 fr.; police (*personnel et matériel*), 3,700,000 fr.; firemen, 445,522 fr.; gendarmerie, 2,150,800 fr.; lighting of Paris, 803,042 fr.; sweeping, &c. of streets, 120,000 fr. The two latter sums are included in the expenses of the police.

Museum of the Royal Naval Hospital, Haslar, Gosport.—In the left wing of this noble edifice, the Commissioners of his Majesty's Victualling Department have recently erected two elegant rooms; the lower superbly fitted up with mahogany cases, commodious seats, &c., as a library and lecture-room for the delivery of lectures to the medical pupils; the upper finished in the most costly style of Grecian design, for the reception of a museum; the table and upright cases being of solid mahogany, with brass ornaments, and the whole arrangement strikingly tasteful. It already contains many curious specimens in morbid anatomy, and a considerable number of foreign birds, insects, shells, minerals, plants, &c., principally presented by the medical officers of his Majesty's navy. From the peculiar advantages possessed by this museum, and the professional acquirements of its directors and supporters, it may be expected to become particularly rich and valuable in morbid and comparative anatomy, as well as highly interesting as a general collection. We understand, likewise, that a lecture is delivered every Saturday at eleven o'clock by Dr. Scott, the conservator of the museum, on subjects of medical interest, and to which the medical officers of the navy are gratuitously admitted. — *Provincial Medical Gazette*.

Anodyne Paste for stopping Carious Teeth.—A cement, composed of powdered sulphate of

lime, made into a paste with water and a small portion of the acetate of morphine, is now used by some dentists for stopping painful carious teeth, in lieu of gold leaf or silver. After cleaning out the tooth with lint and warm water, the cavity is again washed with a weak solution of acetate of morphine, by means of a camel's hair pencil; the anodyne powder is then mixed with a little water, and instantly introduced, so as to fill the cavity about half full; after which it is filled up with powdered sulphate of lime, immediately on its being formed into a thick paste with water, which rapidly becomes solid. This practice, where the cavity of the tooth will admit of the cement being retained, has proved very successful. — *Ibid*.

Lessing.—On the 22d of January last the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Lessing was celebrated at Dresden. The day was spent in festivity, and in the evening the tragedy of "Emilia Galotti," which is considered to be Lessing's master-piece, was represented at the theatre.

Monti.—Several friends of the author of the *Barvigliana* have determined to raise a monument to a man of whom Italy has so much reason to be proud. A subscription has been opened for the purpose, at Milan, Genoa, Florence, Venice, Turin, &c.

Archæology.—Three silver Polish coins, of the reign of Sigismund III., have been found in a garden on the banks of the Don. One of them, struck in 1617, bears the arms of the free town of Dantzic; the other two are of the dates of 1622 and 1623.

The *Malacca Observer* announces the discovery of a rich gold mine in the vicinity of Mount Ophir, which is said to be within the Company's limits. — *Canton Register*.

Anecdotes.—When Frederick the Great's ambassador complained of want of means, Frederick replied, that he had forgotten that 300,000 men marched at his back.

A friend of ours (not a very polite one, we are sorry to say) was, with another dandy, blocking the gateway into the Park of Brussels, when a person in a plain blue coat passed between them, interrupting their conversation. Our friend observed, pretty loudly, "D—n that fellow, he's no gentleman!" Upon which the stranger turned round, took off his hat, made a bow, and said very courteously, "Gentlemen, I am the King!"

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Chinese Manuscripts.—The Archimandrite Hyacinth, who has resided for fourteen years at Pekin, and who has successfully applied himself to the study of the Chinese language, has collected several Chinese manuscripts, highly important to the history of China. The following list of them cannot fail to be interesting to the lovers of Asiatic literature: 1. Tsil-Tsun-Tsan-Gang-Mou; Annals of the Chinese Empire, in 8 volumes, already known by the translations of the Jesuits. 2. History of the dynasty Ming; 1 volume, known, but very interesting. 3. Geography of the Chinese Empire; 2 volumes, with a large map; this important manuscript is in the Russian language. 4. History of the first four Khans of the family "Ching"; 1 volume. 5. Si-Schou, or the Four Books, with long explanations; 2 volumes. 6. Description of Thibet in its present state; 1 volume. 7. History of Thibet and Tangout; 1 volume. 8. Description of the Mongolian people two centuries before the birth of Christ. 9. Description of Söngary and little Boukhary, a hundred and fifty years before Christ; 1 volume. 10. Description of the same countries in their present state; 1 volume. 11. Description of Pekin, and a plan of the city. 12. Description of the Mongolian people until the birth of Christ. 13. Treatise on inoculation for the small-pox. 14. The legal medicine of the Chinese; 1 volume. 15. System of the universe; 1 volume. 16. On the fortifications of the river Jaune; 1 volume. 17. Mongolian Code; 1 volume. And 18. Chinese Dictionary, translated into Russian; 6 volumes.

French Coast.—The second part of "the French Pilot," a work proceeding under the direction of the Minister of Marine, has been completed. It comprehends the western

coast of France, from the Point of Penmarck to the Isle of Yeu.

Oriental MSS.—Some very curious oriental manuscripts have been brought to St. Petersburg by M. Berggren, a Swedish traveller, who collected them in Turkey, Syria, Mesopotamia, Palestine, and Egypt, during the years 1820, 1821, and 1822. Among them is the Secret Law of the Druids, one of the most important oriental manuscripts ever discovered, and which M. Berggren, assisted by Professor Senkovsky, intends to publish at St. Petersburg, with a French translation. He is also about to publish a French and Arabic Dictionary, which will be exceedingly useful to all Europeans travelling in the East.

Literary Curiosities.—Rochevoucauld's Maxims have been translated into modern Greek, and published with an English translation. The first Polish work ever published in Paris has appeared there under the title of "Poesye Adama Mickiewicza," or "the Poems of Adam Mickiewicz."

A Lexicon of Aristophanes is preparing for publication by J. A. Barnes, Esq., M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

In the (Dublin) Press.—A New Edition of Dean Graves' Lectures on the Pentateuch.—An Analysis of Bishop Burnet's Exposition of the Thirty-Nine Articles, with Notes, by Thomas Newland, A.B. T.C.D.—A Second Series of M. Gregor's True Stories from the History of Ireland, containing the Reigns of the Tudors.—An Historical Account of the Siege of Derry, and Defence of Enniskillen in 1688 and 9, by the Rev. John Graham, A.M.—The Northern Tourist, or Traveller's Guide to the North and North-West of Ireland, &c.—Observations on the Rural Affairs of Ireland, &c. by Joseph Lambert, Esq.—Retrospections, a Soldier's Story.—A Spelling-Book on a New Plan, by the Rev. Richard Roe.—Tales of the Irish Peasantry.

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METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1829.

Mag.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 28	From 43. to 71.	30.19 to 30.13
Friday... 29	— 45. — 67.	30.13 Stationary
Saturday... 30	— 46. — 68.	30.13 to 30.11
Sunday... 31	— 37. — 66.	30.11 Stationary
June.		
Monday... 1	— 49. — 67.	30.12 — 30.16
Tuesday... 2	— 41. — 75.	30.21 Stationary
Wednesday 3	— 55. — 79.	30.16 Stationary

Except the 1st inst., generally clear.

Prevailing wind, N.W.

Edmonton.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37' 32" N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

Extracts from a Meteorological Register kept at High Wycombe, Bucks., by a Member of the London Meteorological Society. May 1829.

Thermometer—Highest.....	73° 00'
Lowest.....	34-00
Mean.....	51-17338
Barometer—Highest.....	30-18
Lowest.....	29-34
Mean.....	29-78010

Quantity of rain in inches and decimals, 0-506285.

Number of days of rain, 4.

Winds. — 6 East—3 West—9 North—0 South—5 North-east—2 South-east—2 South-west—4 North-west.

General Observations.—During the whole month the barometer was remarkably high, and the mean was much above any one in the last fourteen years: the quantity of rain less than since 1818—nearly an inch-and-a-half more fell in May 1828. The weather generally fine; yet the mean temperature did not reach either of those of the last two years. An indistinct lunar halo seen on the 10th, about 10 p.m., and a heavy gale of wind from the northward on the night of the 25th.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

✉ We regret that we are compelled again to postpone our notice of Sir Rufane Donkin's excellent book on the Course of the Niger,—this and many other interesting novelties of various descriptions have lately been obliged to give way to articles of so very temporary a nature, as to be absolutely useless if not inserted on the instant:—we witness our detailed weekly reports of the numerous learned bodies now holding their sittings:—but as these Societies will shortly adjourn for the season, we hope then to be able to bring up arrears with a *vet sal*.

We have always purposed using J. W.'s communication, and still intend to embody it with some remarks of our own on the important subject to which it refers, at as early a period as possible.

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ACADEMY of the ROYAL INSTITUTION. The Sixth Exhibition of the Works of Living Artists will take place early in August next, and Works of Art received until the end of July, the Regulations of which may be known on application to the Secretary, Gallery of the Royal Institution, Colquhoun Street, Liverpool.

235A Reg. 1859. CHARLES BARBER, Secretary.

HULL and EAST RIDING INSTITUTION for the PROMOTION of the FINE ARTS.

The Rooms for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British Living Artists will be opened on Thursday, the 24th July next. All Pictures intended to be exhibited, must be at the Rooms between the 1st and 15th of that month.

Hull, May 25, 1859. W. H. DIKES, Secretary.

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To be published in July 1869, dedicated, with permission, to the Bishop of Bath and Wells,
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By JOHN RUTTER,
Author of "Fonthill and its Abbey Delineated."
The Subscribers to this Work are respectfully informed, that its publication has been delayed a few weeks, owing to the Author having been made to make it far superior in the number and finish of its Illustrations, and much more comprehensive in its Literary Department, than he had anticipated. The Plates and Letter-press are, however, in a very forward state, so as to ensure its appearance in the month of July.
London: Published by Longman, Rees, and Co., and J. and A. Arch; of whom Prospectuses, with full Particulars, may be had.

WAVERLEY NOVELS; New Edition.
The Publishers beg to intimate that the Impression of Waverley, in 3 vols. being exhausted, a fresh issue will take place on Wednesday, the 17th June, till which time it will not be in their power to execute any new orders.
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Simplin and Marshall the London Publishers; sold also by every Bookseller in Great Britain and Ireland.
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No. 647.

SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1829.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Casket. 8vo. pp. 445. London, 1829. Murray.

INSTEAD of analysing the contents of the *Casket*, which we have but just opened, we cannot do better than choose a few specimens; endeavouring, like a fair lady at some favourite fête, to use our best taste in the selection. The two following, by Mr. Edward Fitzgerald, are most touchingly simple and beautiful:—

"Lines to a Young Lady, on her Marriage."

They tell me, gentle lady, that they deck thee for a bride,
That the wreath is woven for thy hair, the bridegroom
by thy side; [tone,
And I think I hear thy father's sigh, thy mother's calmer
As they give thee to another's arms—their beautiful—their
own.

I never saw a bridal but my eyelid hath been wet,
And it always seemed to me as though a joyous crowd
were met

To see the saddest sight of all, a gay and girlish thing
Lay aside her maiden gladness—for a name—and for a
ring.

And other cares will claim thy thoughts, and other hearts
thy love,
And gay friends may be around, and bluer skies above;
Yet thou, when I behold thee next, may'st wear upon thy
brow, [it now,
Perchance, a mother's look of care, for that which decks
And when I think how often I have seen thee, with thy
mild

And lovely look, and step of air, and bearing like a child,
Oh! how mournfully, how mournfully the thought comes
o'er my brain, [thing again,
When I think thou ne'er may'st be that free and girlish
I would that as my heart dictates, just such might be my
lay, [May;
And my voice should be a voice of mirth, a music like the
But it may not be!—within my breast all frozen are the
springs.

The murmur dies upon the lip—the music on the strings.
But a voice is floating round me, and it tells me in my
rust, [guest,
That sunshine shall illumine thy path, that joy shall be thy
That thy life shall be a summer's day, whose evening shall
go down, [frown,
Like the evening in the eastern clime, that never knows a
When thy foot is at the altar, when the ring hath press'd
thy hand,

When those thou lov'st, and those that love thee, weep-
ing round thee stand,
Oh! may the rhyme that friendship weaves, like a spirit
of the air,
Be o'er thee at that moment—for a blessing and a prayer!"

"Stanzas addressed to—"

You ask me, gentle maiden,
For a rhyme, as friendship's boon;
But my spirit is o'erladen,
My heart is out of tune;
I may not breathe a poet's vow,
My music is a name,—
And it seldom breaks its slumbers now
For beauty or for fame.

Yet there are some who still can break
The spell that round it clings,
And gleams of thought, that yet awake
Sweet murmurings from the strings;
But then, with something of its old
And long-forgotten art,
Oh! there mingle tones, that fall as cold
As midnight on the heart.

I hang it on a blighted tree,
In a dream-remember'd land,
Where the waters ripple peacefully,
In their beauty, to the strand,—
Beside my own father's bower,
Where I had traced her name,—
But, from that most ill-omen'd hour,
It never was the same.

Yet, though its gayer notes be flown,
My spirit doth rejoice,
When I deem that visionary tone
The echo of her voice:

For like the voice of the evening breeze,
When the autumn leaf it stirs,
And a murmuring music is on the trees,
Oh! just such a voice was hers.
Silent and sad her tomb is there,
And my early visions too,—
But her spirit is ling'ring in the air,
And her tears are in the dew,
And the light of her maidenly-mourning eyes,
On her bower hath never set,
For it dwells in the stars, and it gleams from
the skies,
On a lonely bosom yet."

Can any thing be more spirited than the fol-
lowing, by T. Marshall?

"The Hunted Stag: a Sketch."

What sounds are on the mountain blast?
Like bullet from the arbalest,
Was it the hunted quarry past
Right up Ben-ledi's dash'd?
So near, so rapidly he dash'd,
Yon lichen'd bough has scarcely plash'd
Into the torrey's tide.
Ay!—The good hound may bay beneath,
The hunter wind his horn;
He dared ye through the flooded Teith
As a warrior in his scorn!
Dash the red rowel in the steed,
Spur, laggards, while ye may!
St. Hubert's shaft to a stripling's reed,
He dies no death to-day!

'Forward!'—Nay, waste not idle breath,
Gallants, ye win no green-wood wreath;
His antlers dance above the heath,
Like chieftain's plumed helm;
Right onward for the western peak,
Where breaks the sky in one white streak,
See, Isabel, in bold relief,
To Fancy's eye, Glenartney's chief,
Guarding his ancient realm.
So motionless, so noiseless there,
His foot on rock, his head in air,
Like sculptor's breathing stone!
Then, snorting from the rapid race,
Snuffs the free air a moment's space,
Glazes grimly on the baffled chase,
And seeks the covert lone."

We regret we have not room for the "Dead
Pirate," by the same author. The next little
poem is very exquisite—"one haunting touch
of melancholy thought." It is from the pen
of Mr. E. Lytton Bulwer.

"The Complaint of the Violets."

By the silent foot of the shadowy hill
We slept in our green retreats,
And the April showers were wont to fill
Our hearts with sweets;
And though we lay in a lowly bower,
Yet all things loved us well,
And the waking bee left its fairest flower
With us to dwell.
But the warm May came in his pride to woo
The wealth of our virgin store,
And our hearts just felt his breath, and knew
Their sweets no more!

And the summer reigns on the quiet spot
Where we dwell—and its suns and showers
Bring balm to our sisters' hearts, but not—
Oh! not to ours!

We live—we bloom—but for ever o'er
Is the charm of the earth and sky:
To our life, ye heavens, that balm restore,
Or bid us die!"

The "Lines to an Orphan," by Mrs. He-
mans, are full of that sweetness yet sorrowful-
ness of affection in which she excels.

"Thou hast been rear'd too tenderly,
Beloved too well and long,
Watch'd by too many a gentle eye:
Now look on life—be strong!
Too quiet seem'd thy joys for change,
Too holy and too deep;
Bright clouds, through summer skies that range,
Seem oft times thus to sleep,—

To sleep, in silvery stillness bound,
As things that ne'er may melt;
Yet gaze again—no trace is found
To shew thee where they dwell.

This world hath no more love to give
Like that which thou hast known;
Yet the heart breaks not—we survive
Our treasures—and bear on.

But oh! too beautiful and blest
Thy home of youth hath been;
Where shall thy wing, poor bird! find rest,
Shut out from that sweet scene?

Kind voices from departed years
Must haunt thee many a day;
Looks that will smite the source of tears,
Across thy soul must play.

Friends—now the alter'd or the dead—
And music that is gone,
A gladness o'er thy dreams will shed,
And thou shalt wake alone.

Alone!—It is in that deep word
That all thy sorrow lies;
How is the heart to courage stir'd
By smiles from kindred eyes!

And are these lost? and have I said
To aught like thee—be strong?
So bid the willow lift its head,
And brave the tempest's wrong!

Thou reed! o'er which the storm hath pass'd,
Thou, shaken with the wind,
On one, one friend, thy weakness cast,
There is but *One* to bind."

There are two clever, but too allegorical,
poems by Mr. Præd: we prefer his charades,
flowing in the most musical verse, filled with
poetical imagery, and original as the character
he alone seems able to give them. How very
gracefully turned is the compliment in this one
page!

"Come from my First, ay, come!"

The battle dawn is nigh;
And the screaming trumpet and the thundering drum
Are calling thee to die!
Fight as thy father fought,
Fall as thy father fell;
Thy task is taught, thy shroud is wrought:
So—forward! and farewell!
Toll ye, my Second! toll!
Fling high the flambeau's light;
And sing the hymn for a parted soul,
Beneath the silent night!
The wreath upon his head,
The cross upon his breast,—
Let the prayer be said, and the tear be shed:
So—take him to his rest!
Call ye my Whole, ay, call!
The lord of lute and lay;
And let him greet the sable pall
With a noble song to-day.
Go, call him by his name;
No fitter hand may crave
To light the flame of a soldier's fame
On the turf of a soldier's grave!"

Need we add the solution in the name of Camp-
bell? We must find space for two or three
more.

"Morning is beaming o'er brake and bower,
Hark! to the chimneys from yonder tower;
Call ye my First from her chamber now,
With her snowy veil and her jewelled brow.
Lo! where my Second, in gorgeous array,
Leads from his stable her beautiful bay,
Looking for her, as he curvets by,
With an arching neck and a glancing eye.
Spread is the banquet, and studied the song;
Ranged in meet order the menial throng;
Jerome is ready with book and stole,
And the maidens fling flowers, but where is my whole?
Look to the hill—is he climbing its side?
Look to the stream—is he crossing its tide?
Out on the false one! he comes not yet—
Lady, forget him, yes, scorn and forget."

"My First was dark o'er earth and air,
As dark as she could be!

The stars that gilded her ebony hair
Were only two or three;

King Cole saw twice as many there
As you or I could see.

“Away, King Cole,” mine hostess said,
“Flaggon and flask are dry;
Your nag is neighing in the shed,
For he knows a storm is nigh:
She set my Second on his head,
And she set it all away.”

He stood upright upon his legs—
Long life to good King Cole!
With wine and cinnamon, ale and eggs,
He filled a silver bowl;
He drained the draught to the very dregs,
And he called that draught my Whole.”

“He talked of daggers and of darts,
Of passions and of pains,
Of weeping eyes and wounded hearts,
Of kisses and of chains;
He said, though Love was kin to Grief,
He was not born to grieve;
He said, though many rued belief,
She safely might believe:
But still the lady shook her head,
And swore, by yea and nay,
My Whole was all that he had said,
And all that he could say.”

He said my First—whose silent ear
Was slowly wandering by,
Veiled in a vapour faint and far
Through the unfathomed sky,—
Was like the smile whose rosy light
Across her young lips passed,
Yet oh! it was not half so bright,
It changed not half so fast:
But still the lady shook her head,
And swore, by yea and nay,
My Whole was all that he had said,
And all that he could say.”

And then he set a cypress wreath
Upon his raven hair,
And drew his rapier from its sheath,
Which made the lady stare;
And said his life-blood’s purple flow
My Second there should dim,
If she he loved and worshipped so
Would only weep for him:
But still the lady shook her head,
And swore, by yea and nay,
My Whole was all that he had said,
And all that he could say.”

In adding the solutions, bridegroom—night-
cap—moonshine, we confess to only guessing,
so that our readers may still exercise their inge-
nuity. We shall finish with a poem by L. E. L.

“The Fountain: a Ballad.”

Why startest thou back from that fount of sweet water?
The roses are drooping while waiting for thee;
“Ladye,” ’tis dark with the red hue of slaughter,
There is blood on that fountain—oh! whose may it be?
Uprose the ladye at once from her dreaming,
Dreams born of sighs from the violets round,
The jasmine bough caught in her bright tresses, seeming
In pity to keep the fair prisoner it bound;
Tear-like the white leaves fell round her, as, breaking
The branch in her haste, to the fountain she flew,
The wave and the flowers o’er its mirror were reeking,
Pale as the marble around it she grew.

She followed its track to the grove of the willow,
To the bower of the twilight it led her at last,
There lay the bosom so often her pillow,
But the dagger was in it, its beating was past.
Round the neck of the youth a light chain was entwining,
The dagger had cleft it, she joined it again,
One dark curl of his, one of her’s like gold shining,
“They hoped this would part us, they hoped it in vain.”

Race of dark hatred, the stars unforgiving,
Whose hearts are as cold as the steel which they wear,
By the blood of the dead, the despair of the living,
“Oh, houses of my kinsmen, my curse be your share!”
She bowed her fair face on the sleeper before her,
Night came and shed its cold tears on her brow;
Crimson the blush of the morning past o’er her,
But the cheek of the maiden returned not its glow.

Pale on the earth are the wild flowers weeping,
The cypress their column, the night-wind their hymn,
These mark the grave where those lovers are sleeping
Lovely—the lovely are mourning for them.”

We do not conceive the volume before us at
all amenable to criticism; it is an appeal to our
kindest and best feelings. Of all changes,
that from affluence to dependence is one which,
while it most imperatively calls for assistance,
yet makes that very assistance a task of the ut-
most delicacy. The plan of the editor, Mrs.
Blencowe, to whom the public are indebted for
projecting this costly of contributions from the

gifted writers of the day, is excellent; and we
think no small credit is due to the active kind-
ness which has thus followed up its first im-
pulse of benevolence. We therefore most
strongly recommend the *Casket* to our readers,
as not less deserving of favour for its intention
—the relief of misfortune—than for the many
beautiful specimens of poetry it contains.

The Life and Actions of Alexander the Great
(being No. III. of the Family Library).

By the Rev. J. Williams, A.M. London,
1829. Murray.

THE author of this volume has long been pos-
sessed of a reputation of the very first order as
an instructor of youth in classical learning.
With all the honours of Oxford on his head,
he begun this business at Winchester College;
—pursued it with great success for some
years at the College of Lampeter, in Car-
diganshire (of which place he is vicar);—
and, latterly, completed his fame by organ-
ising and establishing in complete vigour the
New Edinburgh Academy, the first northern
seminary in which the English system of
classical teaching has been adopted, and which
already, within five or six years at most,
counts some 7 or 800 pupils. Mr. Williams’s
well-won reputation attracted the notice of the
Committee of the University of London, and
he was originally appointed to their Greek
chair. Some misunderstanding, however, arose;
and Mr. W., having in the mean time vacated
his rectorship at Edinburgh, ultimately de-
clined to fill the professor’s seat in Gower
Street. Hence, for the present, leisure—hence
a book; and such a book, that we heartily de-
sire the Vicar of Lampeter may never more be
tempted from that peaceful desk which displays
no *ferula*.

If any one ask, Were there not good enough
lives of Alexander the Great in existence be-
fore now? we answer, that in our humble
opinion the lives of all the heroes of the old
world, whether eminent in arts or in arms, de-
quire to be written over again. Most certainly.
The best biographies of this class date, with
hardly an exception, full a hundred years back;
—and where is the department of knowledge
in which seven-league boots have not been at
work since then? We are satisfied that, con-
sidering the progress made in the studies of
language, chronology, and, above all, geogra-
phy, within the last century, there is an im-
mense field open before those who seem now to
be engaged in the attempt to carry the spirit of
modern philosophy and science into ancient
history and biography, as well as other branches
of “useful and entertaining” knowledge.

Mr. Williams’s book is a happy specimen of
what might be done, and ought to be done,
in respect of many a mighty name of old, be-
sides that of the Macedonian. It is really no
exaggeration to say, that one in reading it feels
—“Well, this is the first time I ever heard
this story told *rationality*.” Mr. W. seems to
be as familiar with the Macedonian court as a
modern gentleman might be expected to be with
that of Louis XIV. or Frederick the Great;
and he contrives to make his readers as fami-
liar with these things as himself, and to take
as much interest in them. Nothing can be
better told than the early history of Alexander
—his education and campaigns of the Danube
and Thebes, when

The great Emathian conqueror bade spare
The house of Phidarus.

Nor has our author failed in rendering the
internal condition of Greece at the time when
the Asiatic expedition commenced, as clear and

intelligible as could have been wished. But it
is with regard to the great expedition itself—
the state of the Persian constitution, court,
and resources—the policy of Alexander in com-
pleting, at whatever expense of time, the con-
quests of Tyre and Egypt, ere he met Darius
in the final and decisive field—the detail of the
circumstances attending Alexander’s recog-
nition by the Persian nation—and, above all,
the march into India, and the masterly pro-
ceedings subsequently, with the view of re-
storing Assyria to her ancient prosperity:—in
a word, it is on the Asiatic history of this
prince, styled by Johnson with such exquisite
absurdity a *madman*—that Mr. Williams has
bestowed his greatest exertions, and been most
splendidly rewarded. Whatever new light
could be thrown on any particular point of
Alexander’s career, by a most strict examina-
tion of all the original writings of the Greeks
and Romans—whatever could be gathered from
the literature of the Arabs and Persians—above
all, whatever the works of modern European
travellers could supply in illustration of topo-
graphical descriptions and local manners—all
this may now be found concentrated in one
handy little volume of the Family Library.
The narrative of Arrian forms the *woof*; and
in the *woof* a thousand threads are mingled—
Athenæus at the one end, and Bishop Heber
at the other.

By way of specimen, we may select Mr.
Williams’s Introduction.

“Greece, its islands, and the western part
of Asia Minor, have from the earliest ages been
the principal scene of the great struggle be-
tween the eastern and western worlds. Be-
tween the European and Asiatic, even under
the same latitude, there exists a marked dif-
ference in feelings, manners, and character.
That this difference is independent of climate
and of country, and attributable to long-
established habits, and a system of education
transmitted down from the remotest ages, is
apparent from the well-known facts, that the
Greek at Seleucia on the Tigris, at Palmyra,
Antioch, and the Egyptian Alexandria, con-
tinued to be still a Greek; while the Arab in
Andalusia and Grenada was still an Arab, and
the Turk in Europe has retained all the feel-
ings, manners, and customs, of his oriental
ancestors. It is not wonderful, therefore, that
two races so inherently different from each
other, should, where liminary, be engaged in
perpetual warfare. The great struggle has in
general been in the vicinity of those narrow
seas that separate Europe from Asia. It has
now continued, with strange vicissitudes, for
more than six-and-twenty centuries, and longer
too, if we add well-founded traditions to his-
torical records; and yet there appears no sign
of an approaching termination. By a curious
inversion of their relative positions, the Euro-
peans are on the banks of the Ganges and on
the shores of the Caspian, and the Asiatics on
the banks of the Danube and the shores of the
Adriatic. But my present object is not to
trace the result of the struggle down to our
days, but to give a short sketch of its leading
events previous to the invasion of Asia by
Alexander. I pass over the conquest of the
Peloponnesus by the Phrygian Pelops, the es-
tablishment of a Phœnician colony in Boeotia,
and of other oriental settlers in various parts
of Greece. I dwell not on the Argonautic
expedition, the conquest of Troy by Hercules,
the seizure and occupation of Rhodes and its
dependant islands by his immediate descend-
ants, not from any doubt of the facts, but be-
cause they are not in the right line that con-

ducts us down to the expedition of Alexander. The result of the second Trojan war was far different, as the superiority attained by the Europeans in that contest enabled them to seize all the intervening islands, and to occupy the whole Asiatic coast, from Halicarnassus to Cyzicus, with their Dorian, Ionian, and Æolian colonies. The first and last did not spread much; but the Ionians, the descendants of the civilised Achæans and Athenians, flourished greatly, covered the seas with their fleets, and studded the shores of the Euxine with wealthy and splendid cities. These colonists in Asia were the founders of Grecian literature. From them sprung Homer and Hesiod, Alcæus and Sappho, Thales and Herodotus. And had they possessed a system of civil polity adapted for the purpose, they had strength, knowledge, and energy, sufficient to have conquered all Asia. But their circle of action was narrowed by their confined views of constitutional governments. Even Aristotle, superior as he was to his countrymen, wrote, in much later times, that a hundred thousand and five thousand citizens were numbers equally incompatible with the existence of a free state, as the greater number would render deliberation impossible, and the less be inadequate for the purposes of self-defence. This limitation was grounded on the principle, that every Greek had an imprescriptible right to attend and vote in the great council of the nation, and to be eligible, in his turn, to the highest offices of the state. To fulfil these duties ably and with advantage to the commonwealth, the constitution supposed all free citizens to be gentlemen or wealthy yeomen, able to live upon their own means, without devoting themselves to any particular profession or pursuit. The number of such men, in comparison with the great mass of the population condemned to hopeless slavery, was very limited. Sparta in the days of Aristotle contained only nine thousand citizens. The loss of seven hundred warriors at the battle of Leuctra had consequently proved fatal to her Grecian supremacy. The number of Athenian citizens varied from twenty to thirty thousand. When, therefore, one thousand, probably the prime and flower of the nation, had fallen at Chæroneia, the blow was regarded as irreparable, and all thoughts of further resistance abandoned. Hence it is apparent that the erection of any powerful monarchy in the vicinity of states constituted on this principle, must eventually prove fatal to their independence. Such was the fate of the Grecian colonies in Asia. Their neighbours, the Lydians, under the government of the Mermnadae, a native dynasty, had become a powerful race; and the discovery of the gold excavated from Mount Tmolus, or sifted from the bed of the Pactolus, furnished them with the means of supporting a regular army. After a lengthened contest, they therefore succeeded in reducing to subjection all the continental Greeks. The conquered and the conquerors were united by Cyrus to his new empire, and became Persian subjects under Cambyzes and Darius. The Ionians revolted from the latter, but were subdued after an unavailing struggle. At the commencement of the revolt the Athenians sent a fleet to aid their colonies. The combined Athenian and Ionian forces marched to Sardes, and burnt the Lydian capital. This rash act drew on Athens and on Greece the whole vengeance of the Persian monarchs. After a long and deadly contest, the Greeks repelled the invaders, pursued them into Asia, and for a time liberated

their Asiatic fellow-countrymen. But their own civil contests diverted their attention from foreign objects, and their splendid victories had no further result. The same may be said of the two campaigns of Agesilaus in Asia, for the management of which Xenophon has praised him far beyond his merits. Then followed the disgraceful peace of Antalcidas, which once more consigned the Asiatic Greeks to the tender mercies of a Persian despot. From that period Persia changed her policy, and spared neither money nor intrigues in attempting to embroil the Grecian states with each other. For this conduct she had sufficient cause—for the expedition of the ten thousand had revealed to the hungry Greeks her weakness and their own strength. They had therefore, of late, been eager to free themselves from the harassing contests of the numerous aristocracies and democracies, and to unite under one head in a serious and combined attack upon the Persian monarchy. Jason, the Thessalian, had nearly matured his plans, and had he not been suddenly arrested in his career, the Greeks would have probably invaded Asia under him as their captain-general; but his assassination only postponed the great event. Philip, the son of Amyntas, had followed the path marked out by Jason; and by patience, prudence, and vigour, succeeded in his great object. The Thebans and Athenians, who contested the Macedonian supremacy in the field, were defeated; and the Spartans, too proud to submit, too weak to resist, sullenly stood aloof from the general confederation, and withheld their vote from the Macedonian captain-general. But Persia was again saved from invasion by the death of Philip; and Alexander succeeded to his throne and pretensions in the twentieth year of his age."

This appears to us to be a passage distinguished alike for originality and for justice of views; and it affords a fair sample of Mr. Williams's style, which possesses much strength and clearness, and sometimes rises into very noble eloquence, but has not as yet reached the felicity of perfect freedom.

By way of shewing how ingeniously and how effectually the author brings modern materials to the clearing up of old mysteries, we may turn to his account of a very striking and hitherto unexplained occurrence which took place immediately before Alexander's fatal illness—we mean the story of the slave who climbed up and seated himself on the royal throne in the midst of the guards, and the wonderful importance attached to this incident by the oriental subjects of the conqueror.

"A few days before his last illness, he was busily employed in superintending the formation of his new corps. The tent, which was his favourite residence, was erected on the plain, and in front was placed the throne, whence he could inspect the proceedings. In the course of the day he retired to quench his thirst, and was attended by all the great officers, who left the throne under the sole care of the eunuchs of the palace. An obscure Greek, who was on the field, seeing the throne and the seats on both sides empty, with the eunuchs standing in rows behind, walked up, and deliberately seated himself upon the throne. The eunuchs, it appears, were prevented by the etiquette of the Persian court from disturbing the intruder, but they raised a loud cry of lamentation, tore their garments, beat their breasts and foreheads, and shewed other signs of grief, as if some great misfortune had befallen them. The event was judged to be highly important, and the intruder

was put to the torture in order to discover whether he had accomplices or not in this overt act of treason, for such it was considered to be by all the Persians of the court. But the only answer which they could extract from the unhappy man was, that he had acted most unintentionally, and without any ulterior views. This confession, in the opinion of the diviners, gave a more fatal complexion to the omen. Without a knowledge of eastern customs it would have been impossible to discover why so much importance was paid to a trifling occurrence; but the following passage from the Emperor Baber's autobiography will illustrate this and other obscure points of eastern history. 'It is a singular custom in the history of Bengal, that there is little of hereditary descent in succession to the sovereignty. There is a throne allotted for the king, there is in like manner a seat or station assigned for each of the amirs, vazirs, and soddars. It is that throne and these stations alone which engage the reverence of the people of Bengal. A set of dependants, servants, and attendants, are annexed to each of these situations: when the king wishes to dismiss or appoint any person, whosoever is placed in the seat of the one dismissed is immediately attended and obeyed by the whole establishment of dependants, servants, and retainers, annexed to the seat which he occupies; nay, even this rule obtains even as to the royal throne itself; whoever kills the king, and succeeds in placing himself on that throne, is immediately acknowledged as king. All the amirs, vazirs, soldiers, and peasants, instantly obey and submit to him, and consider him as much their sovereign as they did their former prince, and obey his orders as implicitly. The people of Bengal say, 'We are faithful to the throne; whoever fills the throne, we are obedient and true to it.' To this passage the editor of Baber adds the following note. 'Strange as this custom may seem, a similar one prevailed down to a very late period in Malabar. There was a jubilee every twelve years in the Samorin's country; and any one who succeeded in forcing his way through the Samorin's guards and slew him, reigned in his stead. The attempt was made in 1695, and again a few years ago, but without success.' The Persians and Medes were not Hindus, but seem to have adopted many ceremonies from the Assyrians, who were a cognate people with the Egyptians and Indians. This doctrine of obedience to the throne had been established for the safety of the great body of the nation during civil contests. It furnished a valid excuse for obeying the king *de facto*, without inquiring into his title *de jure*. But the very principle adopted to insure the national tranquillity became one great cause of civil wars. For when any bold adventurer succeeded in gathering a sufficient number of marauders, bandits, and outcasts, not troubled with any conscientious scruples on the subject of passive obedience, he boldly claimed the throne, and success formed the best of titles. The chance of battle might prove fatal to the reigning monarch, and thus at once convert the loyal troops into a band of rebels. The Persians under Cyrus the Younger did not salute him as king until they had witnessed the defeat of the royal army; although Cyrus had long before claimed the crown, because he was a better man than his brother. The assassination of Darius by Bessus and his accomplices must be referred to the same principle. By the murder of his sovereign, Bessus transferred his rights to himself. But had Darius fallen alive into the hands of Alexander, they would have devolved

upon the captor. Many battles in the East have been lost in consequence of this feeling. Mahmoud of Ghisni gained the battle which opened India to his army, because the elephant of his victorious opponent became unruly, and bore the rajah off the field. And Dara, a descendant of the same Baber from whom we derive the knowledge of this feeling, lost the throne of Delhi, because, in the battle which secured the crown to his brother Aurungzebe, he happened to dismount from his elephant in the heat of the contest. From this digression we may form some opinion of the reasons which induced the Persians to treat with such severity the chance-occupant of the royal seat of Alexander."

We are greatly mistaken if this little volume do not become a school-book. It is far better fitted for that purpose than any one of recent publication with which we have chanced to meet. It will, no doubt, be a great favourite among young persons engaged in the delightful career of classical study: but we are bound to add, that it deserves a place in the collection of the most mature reader, and is, in fact, a permanent addition to the stock of standard histories in the English tongue. There is an excellent map; and two portraits of Alexander, from the best authenticated medals, both very spiritedly cut in wood.

The School of Fashion. 3 vols. 12mo.
London, 1829. Colburn.

LIKE many of its contemporaries, there is little incident, and less plot, to be found in these pages; but, unlike many of its contemporaries, there is both wit and sense, and a tone of satire which would have made a lively correspondent, had its author lived fifty or a hundred years ago. The great merit of the work lies in the first sketches of the characters introduced: were the execution as well developed as originally conceived, the story would have an interest which it now wants: but the *dramatis personæ* are only personified opinions. Of the happy touches in some of these light sketches, the following portraits are fair examples.

"Mr. Lovaine was a worthy, excellent country gentleman, and, as such, had been an M.P., who always voted for the highest duty on imported corn, conscientiously believing it was the only means of affording cheap bread to the poor. He persecuted poachers with almost more than the utmost rigour of the law, because he considered poaching, if not quite the most dangerous crime ever heard of in this country, yet, to say the least, as leading to those that were. He would not have a single Catholic emancipated for all the value he placed on his eternal salvation, because he knew for certain that if such an innovation were ever admitted, the Pope would very soon become Archbishop of Canterbury, and a general conflagration of all Protestants would be the natural consequence. He believed Napoleon to have been a coward, and by far the wickedest man (Cromwell excepted) who had existed since the days of King Herod. He looked upon alteration as innovation, and innovation as a ramification of revolution. He hated what was new because it was so, and spoke with a respect approaching to reverence of the good old times when our ancestors had nothing to fear from the dangers of mitigated small-pox, as the effect of vaccination; of explosion from steam or gas-pipes; or from too great velocity in travelling, owing to the smoothness of Macadamized roads. Let it not, however, be supposed that he was illiberal or pre-

judiced; he seldom missed an opportunity of declaring that he had no prejudices, though he hated the French (and he certainly believed all foreigners to be French); and though not illiberal, he much feared that no true modesty—no real good wives or mothers—were to be found any where but in England; and he heartily thanked his Maker every night, not so much for his creation and preservation, as for the blessing of having been born an Englishman.—Mrs. Lovaine was of a good family; but, from accidental circumstances, her coming out (as the emancipation of a young lady from the disabilities of childhood is termed) was performed at Bath instead of in London. She had charmed her patriotic husband no less by her beauty than by her high gown and long petticoats; her habitual dread of, and implicit belief in, all the dreadful and dangerous conspiracies hatched by a Citizen North and others in Pig's-foot and Pye-crust Lane (*vide* Trickleborough Hall), all of which were duly retailed to her by Mr. Lovaine; and, though last, not least, by her unfeigned admiration of his patriotism, fashion, and fortune. But times change, though men and women never do; it was the fashion at one time to dread all that was not English; it became the fashion to detest all that was so; and if Mrs. Lovaine always followed the same leader, how was she inconsistent? Mr. Lovaine, however, was obstinate, and never could be brought to see this in its proper light; and though they loved each other quite as much, if not more than many other happy couples, it certainly afforded matter of frequent discussion between them, whether there was more or less consistency in always following the times, or going in opposition to them if they changed. Mrs. Lovaine would, we have no doubt, have sacrificed much of her own amusement to promote that of her husband; but not to give Elinor every advantage which she considered necessary to her success in the *beau monde* was impossible. She would have foregone pleasure, but her duty to her child was imperative."

The following short extract is of a more general description, and may illustrate the writer's talents in that way.

"Cynics would fain teach us never to hope; and prudent, well-intentioned advisers would try to undermine this our main support in life, by hinting that hope is but the parent of disappointment. We, however, think that hope and happiness are also very nearly allied; and although the former may tell 'a flattering tale,' it is one to which it is so agreeable to listen, that we much doubt whether, if a regular debtor and creditor account could be made out, the balance would not rather be found in favour of the number of hours spent in agreeable hope, than in those of painful disappointment. We, therefore, advise all young people to indulge in the dreams of hope as long as they can; and should they awake to disappointment in this world, let them remember with pious hope, that 'Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.'"

Our concluding example is a capital touch at the imprudence of risking intimacies with parties unknown, either at home or abroad. Mrs. Lovaine gives a *fête* at Florence.

"The company began to assemble; but ere the room was crowded, the Countess Dunhaven was announced. Her height, her fine though harsh features, together with her splendid jewels and dress, gave her what is vulgarly called such a dashing appearance, that she could not fail to excite attention throughout the room. The Marquise de la Bruyère was sitting by

Mrs. Lovaine when she entered. The Marquise was of a noble French family, and from her long residence at Florence, and from her cultivation of literary society, was much looked up to both by natives and foreigners, and her house became the great resort of talent and fashion. With many amiable qualities, which endeared her to her friends and acquaintance, there was in her a propensity to imagine affronts where none had been intended, and a hastiness in shewing her displeasure that often hurried her into acts of injustice, which were not so easily forgiven by others as they were acknowledged by herself. Mrs. Lovaine, knowing that marked attention was agreeable to Madame de la Bruyère, made a point of introducing Lady Dunhaven to her before she conferred that honour upon any other acquaintance. The marquise was *prévenante*—the countess all smiles—Elinor was engaged for every dance.—Mrs. Lovaine was all joy and triumph. As soon as Madame de la Bruyère quitted the ball, Mrs. Lovaine promenaded the rooms arm-in-arm with Lady Dunhaven, and presented the wife of her old friend to all from whom she had received civility during her *séjour* at Florence, and revenged many a little wrong by withholding that advantage from others. It was a night of bliss to Mrs. Lovaine; and so fully satisfied did she feel of her own fashion and consequence, that she determined upon erasing from her visiting-book, the following day, at least thirty acquaintance, who had nothing but good character to recommend them. Balls, however, like all other earthly pleasures, must end; and so, at a late hour, Mrs. Lovaine's banquet-hall was deserted; 'its lights were fled, its garlands dead, and all but she departed.' To Elinor it had been a scene of innocent amusement: she had given pleasure by her simplicity and good nature, and she had been pleased in return by the notice bestowed upon her. But gratified vanity or satisfied ambition had formed no part of her enjoyment: she was amused; but having been unable previously to form any idea from what source she wished to derive her amusement, it was not the success of a design that had delighted her; and, at the end, though she was fully sensible of the effect, she was unconscious of the precise cause. Incessant dancing on her part, and equally incessant smiling, and being agreeable on the part of her mother, soon reconciled both to the idea of repose, and soon were they 'bound in slumber's chains,' alike unconscious of past pleasure or coming woe. It was late the following morning when Mrs. Lovaine and her daughter, with pale faces and slight head-aches, came down to breakfast: both were fatigued, and unable to settle to any employment; Mrs. Lovaine therefore desired Elinor to accompany her to Lady Dunhaven's, for the purpose of inquiring how her ladyship felt after the *fête* of the preceding night. Lady Dunhaven was at home; had slept well; overwhelmed Mrs. Lovaine with compliments upon the success of her ball, the good looks of Elinor, &c. In short, never had she been so agreeable, and never did Mrs. Lovaine feel so sure of her friendship and regard. Upon her return home, she found her table covered with cards and notes: she perused all she saw, and was leaving the room, when Elinor said, 'Here is another letter, mamma, that has fallen on the floor.' Mrs. Lovaine opened and read it with an eagerness which surprised her daughter; but her surprise was quickly succeeded by alarm when she perceived that her mother was as pale as ashes. The contents were as follow:—'If your conduct last night proceeded from igno-

rance, this note will surprise you. If, on the contrary, it arose from a disregard to your own reputation, and still more to that of your interesting and engaging daughter, the writer hopes it may at least produce some feelings of shame. The notorious and infamous Countess Dunhaven, upon whose arm you were fondly leaning, and by the introduction of whom you insulted your friends and acquaintance, is Lord Henry Fitz-Allan's divorced wife, a woman whose depraved conduct, intriguing spirit, and violent temper, rendered her so obnoxious even to her own relations, that, unpitied and unnoticed, she left Ireland with her last dupe (and, strange to say, husband!) to seek abroad an asylum from the virtuous indignation which her character universally excited at home. Your notice of her, not to say your apparent intimacy, has been the general topic of conversation and animadversion this morning."

The Marquise de la Bruyère is indignant; and, indeed, the punishment is quite enough for the error. In conclusion, we have only to add, that though very *fashionable* in its title, this production does not come within the objectionable class of trash of which so much has of late been published under similar names: on the contrary, it bears evidence of being written by a person (a female we should guess?) well acquainted with the upper circles of life, is generally spirited, an agreeable production for the lovers of light reading, and yet containing many hints that ought not to be thrown away.

Civil Architecture. Designs for completing some of the Public Buildings in Westminster, and for correcting Defects in others: humbly submitted to the consideration of His Majesty, the Members of both Houses of Parliament, the Lords Commissioners of His Majesty's Treasury, the Judges of the several Courts, the learned Counsel practising in those Courts, and to the Surveyor-General of His Majesty's Works. By John Soane, &c. &c. (Not published.)

ADMIRING as we do the good taste, talents, genius, and liberal spirit of Mr. Soane, we feel more than ordinary regret that this ill-advised volume should have the notoriety it will obtain even by private circulation. That the New Law Courts are inconveniently constructed, is, we fear, beyond all question, and that their style of decoration is eccentric and unworthy of the artist who built the Bank of England, is to us as little problematical: yet we think that Mr. Soane's feelings have been wounded with unnecessary and undeserved severity; and that in many instances there has been great want of candour on the part of his detractors, and even of those under whose direction or sanction he was proceeding, and at the time too when the evils complained of might have been remedied. We shall quote a few examples.

"In 1820 I was honoured with the commands of the lords commissioners of his majesty's treasury to prepare designs for New Law Courts, to be erected on the space between the south-west turret of the stone building at St. Margaret's Street, leading to the entrance into the House of Commons, and north-west tower of Westminster Hall, projecting in New Palace Yard as far as the buildings erected in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and which abutted on the west front of the north-west tower of the Hall. During the time I was employed in composing a design adapted to the space allotted, the site proposed for the new buildings was so materially circumscribed, that it became necessary to change the arrangements entirely, and to remodel the first design. Another

design was made, and subsequently altered; which having been submitted to his majesty, approved by the judges, sanctioned by the lords commissioners of his majesty's treasury, and a parliamentary vote for the estimated expense of the edifice granted, the works were immediately begun and carried on with so much zeal and activity, that in February 1824 they were far advanced towards the completion—the building having been inspected in its progress by the chancellor of the exchequer, the attorney-general, Mr. Herries, and other official characters—and I heard of no disapprobation until the 2d of March, when the morning papers gave the debates in the House of Commons of the preceding evening, on the defects and bad taste of the New Law Courts. According to these sources of information, it had been stated, that part of the new structure projected into the New Palace Yard was a miserable 'excrescence of the Boeotian or sixth order of architecture,' stated to have been first promulgated by one of the great luminaries of the law, and ought to be razed to the ground. The exterior also of the Court of King's Bench, not being in the Gothic style, was such a disgrace to the national architecture, that it was 'expedient to suspend the works, and to appoint a committee to examine and report on the same.' That the first disapprobation of the New Law Courts should have originated with the honourable member for Corfe Castle, and have been expressed in language so very distressing to the feelings and so injurious to the professional character of the architect, appears strange when it is recollected that the honourable gentleman, residing in Old Palace Yard, must have frequently noticed at least the exterior of the building; nay, soon after the Court of Chancery and the Vice-Chancellor's Court were completed, that honourable member, accompanied by the surveyor-general and myself, examined the works with scrupulous accuracy, seemed pleased with what he saw, and the only objection made was to the coloured glass in some of the upper lights, which, in deference and respect to the taste of that enlightened individual, was immediately removed. * * *

"I shall now proceed to give some particulars respecting the other buildings in Westminster attached to the department I hold in his majesty's office of works, commencing with the Painted Chamber. It was stated some time since in the daily journals, that the honourable member for Corfe Castle had observed, that 'he had witnessed the demolition of a part of the old palace at Westminster, the ruins of which had been converted into something that he could not mention. From the very unsatisfactory manner in which the alterations in the House of Lords had been performed, he wished to know what further was to be done, and particularly how far the work of destruction of the ancient and venerable monuments of art that once surrounded the House of Lords and parts adjacent was intended to be carried. He was sorry to have reason to understand that the system of destruction was to reach the Painted Chamber. This room—no less admirable for its beauty than its antiquity—it was unnecessary to destroy. Another honourable member said he understood from the remarks made that evening by the honourable member for Corfe Castle, that all the buildings of the ancient palace at Westminster were now devoted to destruction. With this impression on his mind, the honourable member then asked, What had become of the Painted Chamber—what was the character of the building erected in its place? Can any thing be more

incongruous or more inconsistent?' The obvious reply to these questions is, that the Painted Chamber, so far from being demolished, remains unaltered in all its essential parts."

The work contains several etchings of designs in the "Gothic style" of architecture, for the improvement of the buildings about Westminster Hall, which, happily for Mr. Soane's reputation, have not been adopted; for the "Gothic style" is not Mr. Soane's forte. There is also, amongst others, a design for a national monument, forming the western entrance into London—"an effort to 'snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,'" and "to combine together the classical simplicity of the Grecian architecture, the magnificence of the Roman, and the richly varied effects so strongly marked in our ancient ecclesiastical structures." This design is more in the manner of the artist's earlier productions, though not so high in our estimation as many of those splendid performances. On the whole, we consider Mr. Soane to have been cramped by many difficulties, even more than usually attend the execution of public works; and if we must, as holding some differences in taste, disapprove of parts of his erections, we cannot withhold from him the praise of having done much to adorn the metropolis of Britain. His imagination is perhaps too magnificent for a calculating and commercial people, and the interference which this causes must often mar the noblest projects. At any rate, we are satisfied by the present statement, that he has been blamed for faults for which he is not justly amenable; has been controlled and stopped before his labours were fairly finished; and sometimes made a scape-goat for official offenders and intermeddling dabbles, with their friends and partisans.

A Universal Prayer; Death; a Vision of Heaven; and a Vision of Hell. By Robert Montgomery, author of the "Omnipresence of the Deity." Third edition, with additions. 12mo. pp. 220. London, 1829. Maunder.

THERE is something pleasant in prophecy; and if, as Rochefoucault says, we would rather that the heaviest misfortunes befall our dearest friends, than not have our predictions verified,—if so for evil, let us, for the credit of human nature, hope still more so for good: and in this spirit we rejoice to see the public approval thus united with our own. Let any one, for a single month, read through the little hot-pressed volumes which load our table, and he will learn whether we ought not to appreciate any thing like originality of imagery, or truth of feeling. With many faults,—a diction often too turgid, a little tendency to generalise,—Montgomery has the spirit of true poetry in him; for what are such expressions as the following but poetry? For instance, where he speaks of the breezes after a tempest, "panting and wild, like children of the storm;" or the parting sailor, who "looks the promise love has often said;" or,

"When from the fluted organ, full and deep,
Billows of music through the dim aisles sweep."

And again—

"Those sweet stars that, like familiar eyes,
Are wont to smile a welcome from the skies;"
or speaking of a mother, "the fondness in thy fear": the one touch in his description of an earthquake—

"On their bowing trees
The leaves hung shuddering;"
and the streams that

"Shyly roll themselves away,
Like serpents in the sun."

These are surely touches from a poet's hand. We have only room for one eloquent burst of personal feeling.

"Nor—glory to the Power that tunes the heart
Unto the spirit of the time!—are all
The fancy and the flush of youth forgot:
The meditative walk by wood or mead,
The hush of streams, and language of the stars,
Heard in the heart alone—the boom-life
Of all that beautified or graced his youth,
Is still to be enjoyed, and hallow'd with
The feelings flowing from a better world.

Ising of Death: yet soon, perchance, may be
A dweller in the tomb. But twenty years
Have wither'd since my pilgrimage began,
And I look back upon my boyish days
With mournful joy, as musing wand'ers do,
With eye reverted, from some lofty hill,
Upon the bright and peaceful vale below.—
Oh! let me live, until the fires that feed
My soul have work'd themselves away, and then,
Eternal Spirit! take me to Thy home;
For when a child I shaped inspiring dreams,
And nourish'd aspirations that awoke
Beautiful feelings flowing from the face
Of Nature; from a child I learn'd to reap
A harvest of sweet thoughts for future years.

How oft,—be witness, Guardian of our days!
In noons of young delight, while o'er the down,
Humming like bees, my happy playmates roam'd,
I loved on high and hoary crag to muse,
And round the landscape with delighted eye:
The sky besprinkled o'er with rainbow hues,
As if angelic wings had wanton'd there;
The distanced city cap'd with hazy towers;
And river shifty roaming by its banks
Of green repose,—together with the play
Of elfin music on the fresh-wing'd air,—
Entranced with these, how often have I glow'd
With thoughts that wanted to be eloquent,
Yet only ventured forth in tears!

And now,
Though haply mellow'd by correcting time,
I thank thee, Heaven! that the bereaving world
Hath not diminish'd the subliming hopes
Of youth, in manhood's more imposing cares.
Nor titled pomp nor princely mansions swell
The cloud of envy o'er my heart; for these
Are oft delusive, though adored: but when
The Spirit speaks, or beauty from the sky
Descends into my being—when I hear
The storm-hymns of the mighty ocean roll,
Or thunder sound, the champion of the storm!—
Then feel I envy for immortal words,
The rush of living thought; oh! then I long
To dash my feelings into deathless verse,
That may administer to unborn time,
And tell some lofty soul how I have lived
A worshipper of Nature and of Thee!"

We must say of Mr. Montgomery, and it is his most encouraging praise, that we think him capable of much more than he has done: he has feelings that require to be cultivated by thoughts,—there are high models for him to emulate, and a store of years that may be sown for golden harvest;—and our parting advice is, "While we commend you for the present, let your own hopes dwell upon the future,—for futurity is the poet's best heritage."

CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS.

(Second Notice.)

As we proposed to return more than once to this entertaining and characteristic volume, (though disfigured, as we said, by a few freedom's not consistent with modern feelings,) we renew our miscellaneous task with quoting a letter, full of originality, from the celebrated and witty Sir Charles Sedley.

"My lord,—When your lordship was last in town, you made mee an offer of some venison, which I did not then lay hold off, having no occasion, neither was it then in season; but now I would thank you for a warrant for a buck; tho the town is so empty, that with all my bowling, tennis, drinking, and other general acquaintance, I shall have much a doe to find company for a party: besides, the distinction of Whigg and Tory doth much add to the present desolation. They are in my opinion (at least, the violent part on both sides) much of the same stuff at bottom, since they are so easily converted one in to an other—I

mean self-interest. For instance, the Lord Sunderland, upon the Dutches of Portsmouth's arrivall, is received at court. The Lord Anglesey was voted a libellour, and his boock against the Duke of Ormond a libell at the councill; so that tis thought hee will be three quarters Whigg. The Lord Vaughan is this week to be marry'd to the Lady Anne Savile, notwithstanding he voted her father an enemy to king and country last sessions. Tho wee are not blest with poets that can write us comedys equal to the amitiens, I beleive never was an age so comical as this; and a laugher, where ever he turns himself, will have occasion to hold his sides. Madame de Soyssons is arriv'd, whom the Lord Crafea (were he alive) would call Madame de Soy-xante—for shee is ten years older than her sister Mazarin; but whether our court will have her a beauty, a mis, a wit, or polittion, is not yet known. Ruinous play is grown the only diversion at Windsor; and a man without a thousand gineys to venture is an asse; and, on the contrary, as it has ever been the custome of people of quality that had infirmities to introduce fashions that might hide them, soe they now cover their want of sence and conversation with extravagant play. Some considerable removes are to be made at court; but what they are your lordship cannot but know before mee, so I will not trouble you with my conjectures. I could almost wish England were not so large, that it might fall within my diocess to visit your lordship—for I know no man I would speake more freely to, nor more willing hear, than your lordship, being, without compliment or any regard to the common close of a letter, your very obedient servant,—C. S."

But not the least remarkable portion of the volume before us, is Lord Chesterfield's correspondence with Mrs. Villiers, afterwards the celebrated mistress of Charles II., Duchess of Cleveland, and the progenetrix of several of our noblest families.* They afford a strange

* "Barbara, daughter of William Villiers, Viscount Grandison, of the kingdom of Ireland. She was married shortly previous to the Restoration, to Roger Palmer, Esq., a papist, the heir to an ample fortune. It is evident from the letters in the present publication, wherein she is repeatedly and warmly addressed as 'Mrs. Villiers,' that the Earl of Chesterfield was most intimate with her before her union with Mr. Palmer, to whom she adverts with marked aversion or contempt in a letter in this collection. At all events, the manuscript from which these papers are collated, furnishes intelligible proof of their voluptuous intimacy, and in terms adapted to the glowing fervour of the subject. In the thirteenth year of Charles II., Mr. Palmer was created Earl of Castlemaine, in Ireland; and during her cohabitation with her husband she had a daughter, born in February 1661. This, says Lord Dartmouth, was 'the late Countess of Sussex, whom the king adopted for his daughter, though Lord Castlemaine always looked upon her to be his, and left her his estate when he died; but she was generally understood to belong to another, the old Earl of Chesterfield, whom she resembled very much both in face and person.' Shortly after the creation of Lord Castlemaine, she openly became the mistress of the king, and was, as Burnet says, 'his first and longest mistress.' Her infidelities were numerous and flagrant, nor were they unknown to Charles, and at a time too when, according to the laws of their immoral intercourse, he might have claimed her temporary continence. In the year 1670, she was created Baroness of Nonsuch, in Surrey; Countess of Southampton, and Duchess of Cleveland, during her natural life, with remainder to Charles and George Fitzroy, her eldest and third sons, and their heirs male. In 1673, she was delivered of a daughter, supposed to be by Mr. Churchill, the illustrious Duke of Marlborough, which progeny the king disclaimed. Her children by Charles were, 1. Charles Fitzroy, born 1669, created 1673 Duke of Southampton, and after his mother's death Duke of Cleveland. 2. Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton, born Sept. 20, 1663, and killed Oct. 8, 1690, at the siege of Cork. 3. George Fitzroy, Duke of Northumberland, born Dec. 28, 1665, who died without issue. 4. Charlotte Fitzroy, born Sept. 5, 1664, married Feb. 20, 1675-7, to Sir Edward Henry Lee, Earl of Lichfield. 5. Barbara Fitzroy, born July 18, 1673, who became a nun, at Pontaise, in France. (Ann Fitzroy, whom Charles adopted, but who, according to the Earl of Dartmouth, was supposed to be the daughter of Lord Chesterfield, the author of the greater part of this collection.)

example of the open profligacy of these good old times, which, like the dissolute period of Louis XV. paved the way for change and revolution. The following are letters from Mrs. V. to Chesterfield, in 1667.

"My Lord,—I would fain have had the happiness to have seen you at church this day, but I was not suffered to goe. I am never so well pleased as when I am with you, though I find you are better when you are with other ladies; for you were yesterday all the afternoon with the person I am most jealous of, and I know I have so little merit that I am suspicious you love all women better than my selfe. I sent you yesterday a letter that I think might convince you that I loved nothing besides your selfe, nor will I ever, though you should hate mee; but if you should, I would never give you the trouble of telling you how much I loved you, but keep it to my selfe till it had broke my hart. I will importune you no longer than to say, that I am, and will ever be, your constant and faithfull humble servant."

"My Lord,—I doe highly regret my own misfortune of being out of town, since it made mee incapable of the honour you intended me. I assure you nothing is likelier to make mee sett to high rate of my selfe, than the esteem you are pleased to say you have for mee. What they are your lordship cannot but know before mee, so I will not trouble you with my conjectures. I could almost wish England were not so large, that it might fall within my diocess to visit your lordship—for I know no man I would speake more freely to, nor more willing hear, than your lordship, being, without compliment or any regard to the common close of a letter, your very obedient servant,—C. S."

The next is a still more extraordinary sample of joint intrigue: it is from Lady Ann Hambleton* and Mrs. Villiers together.

"My Lord,—My friend and I are just now abed together, a contriving how to have your company this afternoon. If you deserve this favour, you will come and seek us at Ludgate Hill, about three a clock, at Butler's shop, where wee will expect you: but least we should

Further light accrues from the following correspondence.

"My Lord,—I came just now from the Dutches of Hambleton, and there I found, to my great affliction, that the Lady Ann was sent to Windsor, and the world says that you are the occasion of it. I am sorry to hear that the having a kindness for you is so great a crime that people are to suffer for it; the only satisfaction that one doth receive, is, that their cause is so glorious, that it is sufficient to preserve a tranquillity of mind, that all their mallice can never discompose. I see that the

tion, was born on Feb. 29, 1661, and married in 1674 to Thomas Lennard, Earl of Sussex.) In July 1705, her husband Roger Palmer died, when she married a person of desperate condition, known as 'Handsome Fielding,' from whom she suffered a severe and brutal treatment, and was eventually protected by the law. A dropy put a period to her life, on the 9th Oct. 1709, in the sixty-ninth year of her age. It is impossible to fancy a more distinguished profligacy than that of this abandoned and voluptuous woman."

Pepys notices the indecency of her public behaviour: Jacob Hall, the rope-dancer, was openly said to be one of her paramours.

* "Anne, daughter of William, fourth Marquess, and second Duke, of Hamilton. His grace married Elizabeth, daughter and co-heiress of James, Earl of Drlinton, by whom he had a son, who died in infancy, and five daughters; the duke was mortally wounded at the battle of Worcester. Anne, his above-mentioned daughter, was married to Robert Carnegie, Earl of Southesk. It is obvious from the joint letter of herself and Mrs. Villiers, that a familiar intimacy existed between them; engendered no doubt by their congeniality of dispositions." This intercourse led to the obscene fact which is mentioned in Burnet, and is now to be found in the Memoirs of Grammont also, from many editions of which it had been decently withheld, but was restored again to publicity in that of Strawberry-hill of 1774, which the famous Walpole offers to the Marquise du Desfand, "comme un monument de son amitié, de son admiration, et de son respect."

fates were resolved to make me happier than I could expect, for when I came home I found a letter that came from your lordship, which makes me believe that amongst the pleasures you receive in the place where you are, which I hear affords great plenty of fine ladies, you sometimes think of her who is, &c."

"My Lord,—The joy I had of being with you the last night, has made me do nothing but dream of you, and my life is never pleasant to me but when I am with you or talking of you; yet the discourses of the world must make me a little more circumspect; therefore I desire you not to come to-morrow, but to stay till the party be come to town. I will not fail to meet you on Saturday morning, till when I remain your humble servant."

It is curious to remark the different tone of the profligate of a century and a half ago, and of the present day. Now it is the oath of constancy to one, and one alone, that is thought a plea and recommendation; then, it was the bragging and boast of success with several or many that seem to have constituted the supreme gallant or victorious lady. Witness the foregoing on the female side, and on the male side the subjoined, from Chesterfield to Lady A. Hamilton.

"Madam,—Soon after your ladyship's departure, I came to town, and went to the Park and Spring Garden, just as some do to Westminster to see those monuments that have contained such great and lovely persons. Seriously, madam, I may well make the comparison, since you, that were the soul of this little world, have carried all the life of it with you, and left us so dull, that I have quite left of the making love to five or six at a time, and do wholly content myself with the being as much as is possible, &c."

No wonder that the dissoluteness of the one sex kept pace with the flaring depravity of the other. But we pass to 1650—two years; Mrs. Villiers being now Mrs. Palmer, to whom his lordship writes "when she was very ill of the small-pox."

"My dear Life,—I have been this day extremely ill, and the not hearing from you hath made me much worse than otherways I should have been. The doctor doth believe me in a desperate condition, and I must confess, that the unwillingness I have to leave you, makes me not intertaine the thoughts of death so willingly as otherways I should; for there is nothing besides yourself that could make me desire to live a day; and, if I am never so happy as to see you more, yet the last words I will say shall be a praise for your happiness, and so I will live and stay loving you above all other things, who am, &c." * *

"Madam,—I will not believe that you are not well, for the certain newse of your being sick would infallibly make me so; and I do not find myself yet fit for another world. Besides, I am confident that if I did go to heaven before you, I should want something there till you came; and, therefore, pray send me word that you are in perfect health, and be not so unjust both to yourself and me, as to tell me any more that I do flatter you; for I was never guilty of that vice, and do know that it is much harder to speak those truths which you deserve, than to flatter any body else; and therefore I will only say that I am, &c."

But the lady becomes a duchess, and the love-story draws to its end, as it must always do where there is no foundation in constant affection. In 1661, the once-favoured lover is found thus complaining:—

"Madam,—After so many years service, fidelity, and respect, to be banished for the first offence, is very hard, especially after my asking so many pardons. If Heaven with you should be as rigorous as you are with me, I doubt you never would see it, but in your glasse: therefore use me as you do your domestics, that is, blame me for the first fault, and if I do not mend, turn away your very humble servant, &c."

"Madam,—Let me not live, if I did believe that all the women on earth could have given me so great an affliction as I have suffer'd by your displeasure. This tru, I ever loved you as one should doe heaven, that is, more than the world; but I never thought you would have sent me there before my time; I confess I have allways found you so just, and so apt to excuse the faults of your freinds, that I had rather be condemned to loose the light than your kindness; but therefore doe not suffer one to perish, who desires only to live upon your account. Besides, naturally I hate dying, and it is one of the last things I would willingly doe to shew my passion; yet, if you will neither answer my letters, nor speak to me before I goe out of town, it is more than an even lay that I shall never come into it againe; and then above three parts of all the love that mankind has for you, will be lost in, &c."

After this we hear no more of the correspondence,—which we have quoted thus at length, as throwing light upon the important and moving historical figures of a very strange and vicious era.

The Legendary; consisting of Original Pieces, principally illustrative of American History, Manners, and Scenery. Edited by N. P. Willis. London, 1828, R. J. Kennett; Boston, S. G. Goodrich.

There is a great deal of talent in this volume, especially in the prose, which in America has taken a more national character than its poetry has hitherto done. The new imagery, the new associations, the strongly marked minds of his own country,—these should be the mines of an American writer; and a store of rich material do they indeed present. Like Antæus, his strength will be in touching his mother earth. The contents of the *Legendary* are unequal; yet Elizabeth Latimer, the Step-mother, and the Camp Meeting, are original and interesting tales; but the following short sketch will, from its length, best suit our columns.

"Barney Riley, as he was termed by the whites—his Indian appellation is now forgotten—was a petty chieftain belonging to the confederacy of the Upper Creeks. Being a 'half breed,' and, like most of the mixed race, more intelligent than the full-blooded Indians, he acquired a strong influence among his native tribe. Regarding the people of his father as allied to him in blood and friendship, he took very early a decided part in favour of the United States, in the dissensions among the Creek nation; and, after the breaking out of war, in 1812, joined the American forces with his small band of warriors. Brave and hardy, accustomed to confront danger and conquer difficulties, he led his men to battle, and in many instances proved, by his activity, of material service to the army. His gallantry and abilities attracted the notice of the commander-in-chief; and Riley's name was coupled with applause in many of the despatches during the campaign. On the restoration of peace, he returned to his people, honoured with the

thanks of his 'great father,' and sat down to cultivate his fields and pursue the chase, as in times gone by. Although distinguished in war and in council, he was still young, and devoting himself to his one wife, a lovely Indian girl, he seemed contented and happy. About this time the restoration of tranquillity, and the opening of the rich lands just ceded to the United States on the upper waters of the Alabama, began to attract numerous emigrants from the Atlantic settlements, and the military road was soon thronged with caravans hastening to these fertile countries at the West. The country from the Oakmulgee to the settlements on the Mississippi, was still one howling wilderness, and many discontented spirits among the conquered tribes still meditated a hostile stroke against their white oppressors. Travelling was of course hazardous and insecure; and persons who were not able to associate in parties strong enough for mutual defence, were fain to procure the guidance and protection of some well-known warrior or chief, whose name and presence might ensure a safe passage through those troubled countries. Of this class was L—. I knew him formerly, and had heard some remote allusion to his fate. Though his misfortunes and embarrassments had driven him to seek a distant asylum, a warmer heart beat not in a human bosom. Frank and manly, open to kindness, and prompt to meet friendship, he was loved by all who knew him; and 'eyes unused to weep' glistened in bidding 'God speed!' to their old associate. L— had been a companion in arms with Riley, and knew his sagacity, his courage, and fidelity. Under his direction he led his small family of slaves towards the spot upon which he had fixed for his future home, and traversed the wild and dangerous path in safety and peace. Like most men of his eager and sanguine temperament, L— was easily excited to anger, and though ready to atone for the injury done in the warmth of feeling, did not always control his passions before their out-burst. Some slight cause of altercation produced a quarrel with his guide, and a blow from the hand of L— was treasured up by Riley with deep threats of vengeance. On the banks of yonder creek he watched his time, and the bullet, too truly aimed, closed the career of one who little dreamed of death at the moment. His slaves, terrified at the death of their master, fled in various directions, and carried the news of his murder to the nearest settlements. The story of L—'s unhappy end soon reached his family, and his nearest relatives took immediate measures to bring the murderer to justice. Riley knew that punishment would speedily follow his crime, but took no steps to evade or prevent his doom. The laws of retaliation among his countrymen are severe, but simple—'blood for blood'—and he 'might run who read them.' On the first notice of a demand, he boldly avowed his deed, and gave himself up for trial. No thought seemed to enter his mind of denial or escape. A deep and settled remorse had possessed his thoughts, and influenced his conduct. He had no wish to shun the retribution which he knew was required. When his judges were assembled in the council at the public square, he stood up and addressed them. 'Fathers!' said he, 'I have killed my brother—my friend. He struck me, and I slew him. That honour which forbade me to suffer a blow without inflicting vengeance, forbids me to deny the deed or to attempt to escape the punishment you may decree. Fathers! I have no wish to live.

My life is forfeited to your law, and I offer it as the sole return for the life I have taken. All I ask for is to die a warrior's death. Let me not die the death of a dog, but boldly confront it like a brave man who fears it not. I have braved death in battle. I do not fear it. I shall not shrink from it now. Fathers! bury me where I fall, and let no one mourn for the man who murdered his friend. He had fought by my side—he trusted me. I loved him, and had sworn to protect him.' Arrayed in his splendid dress of ceremony, he walked slowly and gravely to the place of execution, chanting in a steady voice his death-song, and recounting his deeds of prowess. Seating himself in front of the assembled tribe upon yonder fallen tree, and facing the declining sun, he opened the ruffle of his embroidered shirt, and, crossing his hands upon his breast, gave with his own voice the signal of death, unmoved and unappalled. Six balls passed through both his hands and his bosom, and he fell backward so composedly, as not to lift his feet from the grass on which they rested. He was buried where he fell, and that small mound marks the scene of his punishment; that hillock is the murderer's grave; that hovel, whose ruins now mark the spot, was erected for his widow, who lingered a few seasons in sorrow, supporting a wretched existence by cultivating yonder little field. She was never seen to smile, or to mingle with her tribe; she held no more intercourse with her fellows than was unavoidable and accidental, and now sleeps by the side of her husband."

Leaves from a Colleger's Album has a quaintness and cleverness about it, that makes us expect its author will do much more: it is by the editor, Mr. N. P. Willis, who is also the best of the poetical contributors; and, altogether, this is a work that well deserves to be continued.*

* While on the subject of Transatlantic literature, we cannot deny our European readers the amusement of an extract from a recent newspaper called "*The Trenton True American*." It is entitled, "OUR NEW COUNTRY," and is certainly one of the grandest displays of the sublime style which we ever read. "The West begins to blossom with improvements. Canals in perspective Illinois are planning, rivers are clearing, and that state, lately a wilderness, is now on the march to prosperity, greatness and wealth. Civilised man, who but recently usurped the haunts of the tawny sons of the forest, feels and asserts the proud pre-eminence of his destiny, and looks around him as 'lord of the creation' over the waning wilderness, with an eye brightening into joy at the rapid progression of enterprise and exertion. Indiana, too, catching the noble contagion, is moving with majestic strides in the highway of improvement, and is big with animation at the brilliant prospects which brighten into reality before her. Ohio is already one of the greatest among her sisters of the confederacy; and her gigantic undertakings already carrying on, and soon to be completed, mark her out as a star whose brilliant orb no disaster of fortune can obscure. The West is fast becoming the theatre of empire and power. The Mississippi presents no sufficient obstacles to the rush of improvement towards 'the setting sun.' Missouri is on the move to greatness in population, prosperity, and wealth. The mighty rivers that roll their waters through her wide domains, wash the settlements of a people who have risen with the vigour of a Hercules from the weakness of infancy to the full strength of sturdy manhood. The Rocky Mountains will soon fling their lengthened shadows over a swarming population of civilised beings; and towns and cities will lift their spires towards heaven, where now the lofty forests wave their branches. Farther south, Arkansas will soon become a state: her race of glory is already beginning to be run. Further north, Michigan is spreading her arms of empire far and wide, and lakes are about to be married to lakes by the force of invincible enterprise: that territory will also soon become a state. Huron, too, stretching still farther to the north and west, is about to receive a territorial government, and commence its civilised career. The war-whoop there will soon cease; savage haunts will be broken up; the red man will but little longer inspire the white man with dread. In little more than half a century one hundred millions of souls of white men will throng this last great empire of civilised men. The future grandeur of this American empire no prescience can foretell. Prophecy is impotent in tracing out its greatness; and should no unforeseen, no unanticipated evil befall it, the American

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

The Life of Archbishop Cranmer. By J. A. Sargent. 12mo. pp. 288. London, 1829. Hurst and Chance.

THE Life of Cranmer is a subject on which the best and most learned reasoner would venture with caution. Independently of the high and momentous objects which his career presents, there are many points in the conduct and character of the primate which must be carefully weighed in any respectable memoir of his life, and without the due examination of which it would be failing in its most important parts. In the case of Cranmer, it is impossible to write of him except as a controversialist, and we are hence doubtful of the propriety of treating his biography in so slight a manner as in this little volume. It is, however, ingeniously written as a popular work; but great and most important particulars are passed over in so rapid a way, and the strain of eulogy is so uniform, that we must give the author more praise for the diction and easy style than for the matter of this production.

P. Virgilii Maronis Bucolica et Georgica; with Notes by J. Martyn, F.R.S. Plates. Oxford, 1829. Vincent.

MR. MARTYN, we believe, was among the first men who made the brilliant discovery, that even the classical authors, if not understood, might be read without profit. His edition of the *Georgics*, with notes, was the result of this opinion; and though it has now been long published, it deserves to be regarded as a very useful little work. The present edition is still more adapted than the original one for the purposes Mr. Martyn had in view when he prepared it for the press. Many of the notes which he appended were calculated rather to weary than incite the student to activity. These have been shortened; and an appendix is given, containing explanations of the most difficult words which occur in the *Bucolics* and *Georgics*. It is altogether a useful and meritorious little work.

Tales of Field and Flood. By J. Malcolm. 12mo. pp. 329. Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; Simpkin and Marshall, London.

Tales of a Physician. By A. Harrison. London, Jennings.

THE same opinion will apply to both these little volumes—they are graceful in language, but want originality and interest; displaying cultivated taste, rather than inventive talent.

Valley; or, the Citadel of the Lake. By Charles Doyne Sillery. 2 vols.

Portraits of the Dead. By C. H. Deakin. London, Marsh.

The African. D. Moore.

The Vision of Nourredin. By Storza. 12mo. pp. 192. Hurst and Chance.

THE immense number of little hot-pressed volumes that are now swarming like bees on their musical wings, must excuse this somewhat summary mode of passing them in review. Of all the works above mentioned, there is not one that does not possess some merit; and there is considerable taste, elegance of expression, and harmony, in many of their pages.

banner will proudly float from the Atlantic to the Pacific, over ten thousand cities, and its only barrier be ocean everlasting waves. The kingdoms and empires of Europe, disrobed of the gorgeousness of their past greatness, will dwindle into atoms by the side of this great republic. Their day of glory has passed; like Troy, 'they have been.' While the American empire, glowing as brilliantly as the temple of the sun, shall be the favourite star of heaven. Its history will terminate only when time shall cease, and the story of its greatness and its fame will be told in eternity"!!!!

But want of originality is their besetting sin: one catches up sword and shield, and follows Scott;—Byron, Moore, Hemans, L. E. L., &c. are the poetical godfathers and godmothers of others;—all find their inspiration in some favourite author—not in their own hearts and minds; and hence comparative failure, oblivion, and disappointment, where fifty years ago, when poetry was less prolific, success, fame, and applause, would have been the result. There is a fine and characteristic anecdote of Sir Walter Scott in the literary circles. Speaking of modern poets one day to Moore, the great northern Magician said pleasantly to the Lyrist of Erin—"I'll tell you what—it is well for us we made our reputations in time!"

D'Erebine; or, the Cynic. 3 vols.

Simpkin and Marshall.

THE veriest trash that ever attempted to depict fashionable life, of which its author is evidently ignorant; and the endeavour at romantic incident is as tiresome as it is improbable.

Jesuitism and Methodism. 2 vols.

Simpkin and Marshall.

ONE of those books written for the sake of a popular title, and falling in with the prejudices of the period;—a bad specimen of a bad class, and, in a literary point of view, unworthy of notice.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

FRIDAY, June 5th.—It may probably be remembered, that amongst the enterprising travellers who have ascended Mont Blanc, the names of Dr. Clarke and Captain Sherwell are to be found. These gentlemen made their successful attempt in August 1825.

On this evening a very full audience was delighted by a *visd voce* account of the ascent of Mont Blanc from Dr. Clarke. It was given with great freedom and spirit, and accompanied with excellent illustrations, consisting of paintings, drawings, models, specimens of the instruments used in the ascent, and of the rocks and plants of the mount and its neighbourhood; and conveyed an idea, perhaps, only less vivid than that which is to be obtained on the spot itself.

The Dr. described the particular nature of the fatigue, hazard, and casualties, incurred during the ascent; spoke of the impropriety of many of the precautions and provisions usually made for that end; and of others, by neglecting which, certain destruction awaited the traveller. This position he illustrated by referring to the melancholy case of three persons who attempted to reach the summit in the season of 1822, but, disregarding the instructions and entreaties of the guides, (who, by the by, frequently and freely ran great risk of their lives,) tumbled headlong down a snowy chasm of immeasurable depth. Of the bodies of these unfortunate individuals, Dr. Clarke observed, that it was highly probable they were now making their way through the heart of the snow and ice of Mont Blanc, and doubtless would one day be discovered, possessing all that ruddy glow of countenance which was the distinguishing mark of living persons in that part of the world. The lecturer particularly cautioned those of an apoplectic tendency against making an attempt to ascend, — the great rarefaction of the air increasing those symptoms to an alarming extent.

An interesting geological, mineralogical, and botanical collection was upon the lecture-table;

an exceedingly choice specimen of the *ansonis*, a butterfly which is seen to flit over the top of Mont Blanc, was much admired. It is to be hoped that Dr. Clarke will, on some future evening in the ensuing session, detail the circumstances and peculiarities of his descent;—during the present one it was enough for him to reach the top.

Amongst the objects on the library-table was an ancient Arabian astrolabe, which we understand will be the subject of investigation by some literary and scientific men;—it has already been partially examined, and is considered to be extremely curious.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

MAY 19th.—Various experiments on the durability of granite and whinstone pavement were adduced by Mr. Walker, as a sequel to his paper on stone railways. Specimens of different qualities were so disposed as to undergo the traffic of the road between the West India Docks and the city; and after a trial of some months during last winter, a trifling loss of weight was the only observable change. Guernsey sienite thus proved, was found superior to the Aberdeen granite and the Northumberland whinstone.

Mr. Wood stated the comparative wear of malleable and cast-iron rails, occurring in his experience at the Keningworth colliery. Mr. Cottam explained the advantage of malleable rails to consist in the texture of the metal, which is composed of longitudinal fibres, and therefore is more adapted to the strain and friction of tram wheels, than the uncertain crystallised grain of the cast-iron.

A model of a crane, which has been successfully applied in the repairs of harbour jetties at Wick, in Caithness, was presented to the Institution by the president, in the name of Mr. Bremner.

MAY 25th.—The question, "Can any sections be obtained of the strata sunk through in boring for wells in and near the metropolis?" was selected for discussion. Mr. John Donkin and Mr. Gravatt gave a variety of sections obtained from borings at Isleworth and Greenwich, and in London. Mr. Mills described the strata near Croydon, where the water, from borings passed through the blue clay, overflows the surface at 150 feet above high water in the Thames. Mr. Simpson mentioned the process of boring, and accounted for a remarkable change of level in the wells at the bishop's palace, Fulham, where a junction of the upper and lower land-springs had taken place, the former of which is affected by the tide. Mr. Gibb detailed the mode of sinking iron cylinders by pile engines instead of boring.

A sufficient collection of facts to form a correct judgment of the strata which underlay London, is the object of this question; and it is important to remark, from the observations already elicited, that a supply of water equivalent to the wants of even one district of the metropolis cannot be obtained from the water bearing strata beneath the blue clay.

SUPPLY OF WATER TO THE METROPOLIS.

A STATEMENT has been drawn up and circulated by Mr. Wright, to whom the inhabitants of the metropolis are so deeply indebted for his efforts to procure for them a supply of wholesome water, detailing the history of his proceedings, and the steps which the various water companies have already taken, or are preparing to take, to remedy the evil. "When

I first took up the subject," says Mr. Wright, "I had no conception that it would have demanded so large a portion of my time and attention; but, urged on by a conviction of its paramount importance, and by the great interest which it excited, I could not recede. It has, necessarily, interfered with my usual occupation—that of editor of 'Hansard's Parliamentary Debates;' but, whatever may have been the personal inconvenience with which it has been attended, I cannot lament that my time has been so diverted, believing, as I do, that the inevitable result will be, the speedy attainment, to the whole of the metropolis, of a pure supply of an element of life—the purity of which element has been justly pronounced to be 'almost equal in importance with the air we breathe.'"

Prefixed to Mr. Wright's "Statement" is the following honourable recommendation, signed by a number of the most distinguished professional men in London; among whom are Sir Henry Hallford, Sir Astley Cooper, Sir Everard Home, Dr. Paris, Dr. Turner, Dr. Bree, Dr. Merriman, Dr. Macnichael, Mr. Brodie, &c. It will certainly be but a bare act of justice on the part of the public to carry this recommendation into immediate effect:

"We, the undersigned, deeply impressed with a conviction of the value of Mr. Wright's zealous and successful exertions, during the last three years, to obtain for the metropolis the removal of a gross nuisance, and a supply of purer and more wholesome water, consider it to be our duty to call the attention of the inhabitants to the subjoined statement; and earnestly to recommend for their consideration the propriety of indemnifying him for the loss of time, and for the sacrifices which he has made for the attainment of an object so immediately connected with the comfort and health of so large a portion of his majesty's subjects."

FRENCH IRON.

It appears by an official inquiry lately made into the state of forges and furnaces in France, that the prohibitory system adopted in France in the year 1814, for the protection of the French manufacture from foreign competition, although it has increased the production of iron in that country, has not benefited the manufacturer; since the price of wood, which enters so largely into the forging and casting of iron, has undergone a corresponding increase. It also appears that the manufacture of iron by means of coals instead of wood is gaining ground in France, and threatens destruction to the latter process.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Hall's Atlas. Part XIV

A PUBLICATION of which every new Part only calls for new praise. Now within three of completion, the present, containing the Eastern Hemisphere, Portugal, and Northern Africa, is eminently worthy of its precursors. The last, in particular, has some useful geographical additions.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

At a recent meeting a paper was read, entitled "Experimental Examination of the Electric and Chemical Theories of Galvanism." By William Ritchie, A.M. F.R.S.

After shewing that the theory of galvanism originally proposed by Volta, and generally termed the electric theory, is still the universally received doctrine among continental philosophers, the author adduces several expe-

riments proving the fallacy of the principles on which that theory is founded. He points out the inconclusiveness of the reasoning by which it has been inferred, that dissimilar metals, by being simply placed in contact with one another, are instantly thrown into opposite electric states: for in all the experiments which have been made with a view of establishing this fundamental principle of the electric theory, the metals have been exposed to the oxidizing action of the air, which is a constant source of electric disturbance, and the operation of which has been strangely overlooked. The author found, by forming galvanic circles with two different metals and an interposed acid, that when he used different kinds of acid, or varied the degree of their dilution, the electro-magnetic effects, as measured by a delicate galvanometer, bear no sort of relation to the conducting power of the fluid, as is assumed in the voltaic hypothesis. He deduces the same conclusion from experiments made with an apparatus by which the fluid is confined in a rectangular box, divided by a membranous diaphragm into two compartments, so as to allow of the addition of an acid to the fluid contained in one of the compartments, and thereby limiting its action to one of the metallic surfaces. By means of another contrivance, the author ascertained, that of two different metals, the one which when acted upon by an acid combines with the greatest quantity of oxygen, as measured by the volume of hydrogen disengaged, is always positive with respect to the other metal. Even two pieces of the same metal, differing in hardness, will be acted upon by the same acid in different degrees, and may thus be brought into different states of electricity. In general it is the harder of the two pieces of metal which becomes positive; but with steel the reverse obtains. It would appear, however, that with the same pairs of metallic discs, the direction of the electric current is determined by the nature of the acid employed: thus nitrous acid, acting upon zinc, copper, or iron, gives rise to a current in a direction opposite to the current which is produced by the sulphuric, nitric, or muriatic acids. Variations in the temperature of the metals will also occasion diversities in the results, not hitherto satisfactorily explained on any theory. From one experiment the author is led to infer, that an acid is capable of combining with a pure metal, without the latter being previously reduced to the state of an oxide.

NUMISMATICS: CELTIC REMAINS.*

Paris, March 6, 1829.

YOU are aware that the class of coins called Gallique, from their extreme rudeness, and total absence of legend, have hitherto been the despair of all numismatists: I exclude, of course, those where two or three misshapen letters have given scope upon which to exercise the imagination. The coins I mean are totally devoid of any thing having the least pretensions to the respectable *confrérie* called the alphabet; but are usually known by a sort

* For this interesting letter we are indebted to a friend whose own numismatic labours and discoveries, especially in the Anglo-Norman, &c. coins of our Henrys and Edwards, will soon form a remarkable epoch in the history of these curious documents of our early conquest and possessions in France. In a postscript he tells us of many important acquisitions he has lately made to his already unequalled collection, viz. seventeen of gold of Aquitaine, including an obolus struck by Henry II., a gros of Henry V., and an obole of Edward III., all unique. The lights thrown upon general history by our esteemed friend's exertions, lead us to anticipate the volume, which he is liberally and handsomely preparing, with great impatience.—Ed. L. G.

* London is divided into eight districts under the present monopoly.

of head, setting all "fair proportions" utterly at defiance; and on the reverse, a chariot, or rather wheel of a chariot, with a horse or two and a charioteer, whose whip is like a bunch of spring radishes. Of the Jehu you seldom see more than his head; but then his head is like head, shoulders, and body! The coins are in gold, silver, and copper, and the type of the reverse is taken both from Greek and Roman; the biga, triga, or quadriga, driven by Victory. This most discouraging department has found, in a friend of mine, a person determined to grapple with every difficulty. I know him to possess the requisite perseverance and knowledge, as well as ability. Of the first quality he has already given proof, for he has persevered in this uninviting study for several years, during which he has collected what ought to be called a warehouse of Celtic remains, rather than a cabinet. It consists of an immense quantity of implements and tools which that ancient people employed, mostly of stone (flint), before the use of copper and iron was known to them. Several utensils are of leather; and a prodigious number of their coins occupy a distinguished place in the warehouse. His work must throw a new light on the history of the early possessors of the soil of France. But hear what he says himself: I will not disfigure his French by a translation. "*Mais travail sur les Gaulois sera, je crois, d'un très grand intérêt pour les savans de toutes les nations. J'espère que j'ouvrirai une route inconnue, ou du moins que je l'indiquerai; car moi-même, je ne pourrais faire qu'un petit trajet sur cette nouvelle voie: je poserais de principes, j'en montrerais l'application par de nombreux détails; je présenterais quelques problèmes à résoudre; et je prouverais qu'en suivant le même chemin que moi, on finira par arriver à de grands résultats.*" It is a most important work, and the coins form only a division of the whole: it will be some time, however, before it appears. I need not conceal the learned author's name, although his intension in publishing is known to very few. It is M. De Meurcius, formerly a vice-president of the Celtic Society at Paris, a Fellow of many learned societies, and author of the second volume (a comely 4to.) sur les Antiquités de Vesone, (now Périgueux), and one or two approved works on antiquities.—I have read for the second time, with much pleasure, l'Histoire des Expéditions Maritimes des Normans, et de leurs Etablissements en France, two vols. 8vo. Paris, 1826, par M. Depping. The account of the Normans is most interesting; the first half of the first volume particularly so: and his state of the most ancient nations in the North, their origin, manners, traditions, and habits, is the best I have read. The Society of Antiquaries of Normandy, a very zealous and distinguished body, of which the venerable Abbé de la Rue is the head, lately sent the diploma of foreign associate to the admirable Sir Walter Scott, Drs. Brewster and Brunton, Thomas Thomson, Esq.—to whom all interested in the preservation and illustration of the ancient records in the Register House of Scotland, (of which he is the Deputy Lord Registrar), owe so much—and lastly, to E. Drummond Hay, Esq. the unwearied Secretary to the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, of which the other eminent persons are office-bearers. This friendly feeling of the Norman society, I have reason to believe, will be met by a corresponding sentiment towards the office-bearers of the *Nouvelles*, by transmitting the diplomas of the antiquaries of Caledonia.

THE PRUSSIAN UNIVERSITIES.

UPON an investigation of the system pursued in the six universities in the Prussian dominions, (*Berlin, Bonn, Breslau, Greifswald, Halle, and Königsberg*), we have felt perfectly astounded at the lavish extent to which the professorial department is carried in most of these institutions. From four to six is the general limit of the ordinary professorships in other European universities, whether for the faculty of medicine or of philosophy; but so paltry an establishment would seem totally incommensurate with the zeal of the Prussian ministry, or the presumed requirements of its subjects, if we are to judge of either from the subsequent facts. The "medical faculty" of the university of Berlin comprises *thirteen* ordinary and *nine* extraordinary professors, besides *thirteen* lecturers! And the "philosophical" corps musters *nineteen* ordinarios, *seventeen* extraordinarios, and *twelve* doctores legentes. This last alone exceeds the *entire* professorial establishments of either Oxford, Cambridge, or Edinburgh; neither of which is altogether so abundantly supplied as the solitary faculty of *philosophy*, which enumerates twenty-seven professors and six lecturers at Halle, and twenty-four professors and three lecturers in the twelve-years-old university of Bonn! Some may say, *superflua non nocent*; but others will reply, with equal reason, "*omne nimium vertitur in vitium.*" For our own parts, we opine that the higher powers in Prussia have lost sight of the Horatian prescription, "*Est modus in rebus, sint certi denique fines.*"

TYPOGRAPHY.

LEIPZIG, the great Teutonic bazar of typographers, book-makers, et *ad genus omne*, contains two-and-twenty printing-establishments, which keep 128 presses and 549 mechanics and apprentices in an incessant state of activity, and annually consume 40,437,000 sheets of paper. These establishments afford occupation to at least 200 founders, copper-plate printers, and lithographers. The number of regular book-sellers amounts to 60; and 450 foreign establishments have their agents within its walls. The sale of books at the great fair during the three weeks at Easter has been estimated at 3,000,000 of dollars (460,000*l.*).

Christiania, the Norwegian book-mart, possesses seven printers, three principal book-sellers, and one lithographic press.

The most northern library in Europe, or perhaps in the world, is at Reikiavik, the capital of Iceland. It contains about three thousand six hundred volumes; and a second is forming at Ekefjorden, for the northern quarter of that island.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.
(Sixth Notice.)

No. 456. *Portrait of the Bishop of Jamaica*. C. W. Fagler.—The fine effect of this able portrait ought of itself to be enough to induce our right reverend prelates, and indeed all our other dignified persons, to abandon those absurd and hideous accumulations of horse-hair, grease, and dirt, called wigs.

No. 454. *Brigands disputing the Spoils of their Victim*. Collin.—A well-painted picture. The feud is evidently a deadly one. What a pleasant world would this soon become if all the rogues in it would thus engage in a war of extermination!

No. 462. *Portraits of two young Gentlemen*. W. Bagg.—Graceful and energetic.

No. 449. *Sylvan Festivities*. Rev. T. J.

Judkin, H.—There is a great deal of glitter in this classical composition; but it also manifests much talent.

No. 455. *Portrait of Mrs. Locke, sen.* Sir T. Lawrence, P.R.A.—How, in the present age of wear and tear to health and complexion, has this venerable lady contrived to retain the clear and florid hues of youth? There is so much of apparent truth and reality in the performance, that we are not inclined to think it the flattery of art.

No. 38. *Idlers*. T. S. Good; No. 212. *Guspowder Plot*. T. Webster.—We take leave to be sometimes erratic in our course, and, before we descend to the lower apartments, we beg to introduce these two pictures, as cause and effect; for all must allow that idleness is but too frequently the suggester of mischief. The latter performance, the subject of which is, boys blowing up the apparatus of an old fruit-woman's stall, is so completely in the spirit of Mr. Webster's former works, that it confirms us in the opinion which we some time ago took the liberty of expressing of his own juvenile disposition. Nothing of that sort can be inferred from the other picture: as a man, it is evident that the artist is good; and we have no doubt that he was a good boy. There is great talent in both these entertaining productions.

We now proceed to the miscellaneous assemblage in the antique Academy, where oil and water-colours unite, as far as light and situation will permit, to attract attention. We say "as far as light and situation will permit;" for, in several cases, so unfavourable are these circumstances, that some of the works exhibited might just as well be hung with their faces to the wall. As a striking instance of utter disregard, on this point, of the feelings of the artist, and of the character of the subject, we may point out

No. 577. *Portrait of Robert Montgomery, Esq., author of "The Omnipresence of the Deity," &c. &c.* W. Hobday.—That at some future day Mr. Montgomery's effigy may decorate the Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey, no one who has read the beautiful works which he has already produced can doubt; but there is a wide difference between that resplendent corner, and the miserable corner into which Mr. Hobday's clever and characteristic portrait has been thrust,—a corner, in which the little light that enters, enters only to destroy. This is really great injustice on the part of those whose duty it is to discriminate, and to render to merit the attention to which it is entitled.

A similar remark is applicable to No. 512. *Portrait of A. T. Weinsright, Esq., J. Wood*; No. 521. *Portrait of Campbell Riddell, Esq., J. Partridge*; No. 525. *Portrait of T. G. Street, Esq., J. Simpson*; No. 535. *Portrait of Marquess Clanricarde, J. Lonsdale*; No. 554. *Portrait of Francis Denby, Esq. A., J. King*; No. 584. *Portrait of J. Taylor, Esq., J. Lonsdale*; and No. 592. *Portrait of John Parker, Esq., T. Woodward*. These are all very clever portraits, and well entitled to much better situations than they occupy.

Of paintings which come under the class of works of imagination, there are but few in this room. No. 595, by H. Corbould, is pretty and sentimental; No. 611. *Young Swiss Peasants crossing a River*, W. Foy, a very pleasing performance.

No. 594. *Dead Game*. A. J. Oliver. A.—We have before spoken of Mr. Oliver's talents in still-life. This is an additional specimen of them.

No. 587. *Going to the Well*, C. Horn, is an

exceedingly well-treated rustic group, but hung too low for convenient inspection. No. 607. *Portrait of an Artist*, H. Room, is, on the other hand, hung too high for its merits: the effect is admirable.

No. 488. *Henry Bone, Esq., R.A.*, and No. 489. *The late John Flaxman, Esq., R.A.*, both enamelled by H. Bone, R.A., after pictures by John Jackson, Esq., R.A., are very beautiful productions.

No. 505. *Portrait of Mrs. Damareq*; No. 613. *Portrait of Miss Gordon*; and No. 605. *Portrait of Mlle. Sontag*; all by A. E. Chalon, R.A., are eminently elegant and attractive drawings.

No. 503. *Head of a Child from Nature*; and No. 507. *Portrait of a Lady*; by R. J. Lane, A.E.—Full of the taste which always pervades Mr. Lane's works. The execution is singularly curious, and finished so as almost to defy scrutiny.

No. 499. *Portrait of Miss Georgiana Ward*, Miss L. Sharpe.—Again we ask, why is this exquisite drawing, which deserved to be made a leading feature among the best of its class, placed so miserably?

No. 601. *An enraged Hound*, J. F. Lewis.—A very spirited representation of a very spirited animal; provoked, we conjecture, for the purpose of study.—rather a hazardous experiment.

Fruit, flowers, and birds, pour their rich tints in profusion upon the sight from various parts of this room. We are unable to do justice to all; and can only select as among those most entitled to admiration, No. 564. *Fruit*, and No. 567. *Fruit and Flowers*, Mrs. D. Dighton; No. 566. *Different Species of Cactus, from Nature*, E. D. Smith; No. 565. *Foreign Birds, from Mr. Leddier's collection*, A. Peltier; No. 586. *Flowers and Fruit*, Mrs. Pope; No. 549. *Fruit and Flowers*, Mme. de Comolera; No. 566. *Roses from Nature*, Miss Cecilia Gandy; No. 622. *Flowers and Fruit*, Mrs. Withers; No. 639. *Fruit and Flowers*, Mme. Edine Robin; and No. 614. *Group of Helly-hocks, &c. from Nature*, V. Bartholomew. The last mentioned is an extraordinary specimen of brilliance of colour, and power of execution.

BRITISH GALLERY.

THE splendid "Selection of the Works of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, Dutch, and English Schools," which was opened to public view on Tuesday last, affords an additional proof of the almost inexhaustible stores of art in this country: stores which, if they could be accumulated, would undoubtedly constitute the most magnificent and valuable national gallery in the world. As we have observed on former occasions,—but it is an acknowledgment which cannot be too frequently repeated,—the public are deeply indebted to the liberal proprietors of these fine works, who thus deprive themselves for a time of their personal enjoyment, for the general gratification and advantage. On the merits of these beautiful productions, many of which are *chef-d'œuvre*, it would be easy and delightful to expatiate, were it not that, under the circumstances in which they have been brought together and exhibited, we do not consider them to be the legitimate subjects of critical remark. Some notion, however, may be formed of the quality of the collection, when we state that it consists of the works of Netscher, Teniers, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Cuypp, Vandyke, Both, Pólemburgh, Rembrandt, Van der Velde, A. Ostade, Garofalo, Salvator Rosa, Munnio, Le Sueur, Ruyssdael, Jan Steen, Paul Potter, J. de Inola, Claude, Wouverman, John

Wouverman, A. Sacchi, A. Caracci, Vander-neer, Metz, Vander Heiden, Watteau, Terburg, Hobbema, Bourgoigne, Vander Helst, Rubens, Camilli Procaccini, De Witt, G. C. Procaccini, Paul Veronese, Fran. Mola, Le Nain, Seb. Bourdon, Carlo Dolce, Spagnioletto, Berghem, Moucheron, A. Van der Velde, Hondekoeter, G. Poussin, P. da Cortona, Gainsborough, Gerard Douw, Guardi, L. Caracci, Titian, Mieris, Vander Meulen, Canaletti, Bassan, P. da Hooze, Tintoretto, Maas, Lingelbach, Carlo Maratti, Fran. Halls, Velasquez, Cavaliere d'Arpino, Guido, Schiavone, Raphael, Luca Giordano, Dietrich, Sir Peter Lely, Weenix, Isaac Moucheron, Gonzalez, Pynacker, Guercino, M. Zouge, Swaneveldt, Vander Cappella, Pordenone, Leonardo da Vinci, Sir Godfrey Kneller, Corregio, Scipio Gaetano, and Gyselles. The number of pictures is 194. Of these, His Majesty has contributed 13; the British Institution 2; W. Wells, Esq. 9; Earl Brownlow 4; A. Baring, Esq. 6; Lord Wharnclyffe 5; A. W. Roberts, Esq. 8; C. Dixon, Esq. 4; G. J. Cholmondeley, Esq. 4; Duke of Buccleuch 16; Sir S. H. Clarke, Bart. 2; C. A. Bredel, Esq. 3; M. M. Zachary, Esq. 5; Right Hon. R. Peel, 2; Earl of Caledon 4; W. Wilkins, Esq. 7; Earl of Mulgrave 4; Viscountess Cremorne 3; J. Wardrop, Esq. 1; F. B. Morland, Esq. 1; H. Rogers, Esq. 3; J. Barchard, Esq. 1; Duke of Wellington 5; F. Perkins, Esq. 2; Hon. G. Agar Ellis 7; Sir R. Frederick, Bart. 7; Marquess of Lansdowne 3; H. Howard, Esq. 1; Sir A. Hume, Bart. 7; G. W. Taylor, Esq. 1; N. W. R. Colborne, Esq. 3; Earl Howe 1; J. Fairlie, Esq. 2; Earl of Hardwicke 3; Marquess of Aylesbury 1; Earl Grosvenor 1; Colonel H. Baillie 2; H. Barnes, Esq. 2; Earl of Carlisle 5; W. Collins, Esq. 1; T. Hamlet, Esq. 3; Earl of Orford 1; W. Hastings, Esq. 2; Sir W. Gomm 2; Earl of Plymouth 2; Lady Holland 1; Earl of Darlington 4; Lord Holland 1; Sir J. R. Reid, Bart. 1; Lord Heytesbury 3; Rev. Sir S. C. Jervoise, Bart. 4; Earl of Tyroconnel 1; G. Wilbraham, Esq. 4; C. B. Wall, Esq. 1; Sir W. Beechey 1; T. Jones, Esq. 1; H. Briggs, Esq. 1; R. Palmer, Esq. 1; J. P. Anderdon, Esq. 1; Hon. Henage Legge 1; and Sir J. Stewart, Bart. 1.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Fresh-Water Fishes of Great Britain. Drawn and described by Mrs. T. Edward Bowdich. No. II. Ackermann.

WHEN it is considered how laborious a task it must be to produce the multiplied drawings which illustrate this beautiful and interesting publication, it is not surprising that so long a period has elapsed since we announced the appearance of the first No. The present No., like its predecessor, does Mrs. Bowdich's taste and industry the highest credit. The drawings, which are of the perch, the chub, the common eel, and the minnow, have a brilliance and a truth in them which we have rarely seen equalled, and never surpassed; and the descriptions, both scientific and general, are very satisfactory.

Fisher's Illustrations of England, Nos. VI. and VII.; *Fisher's Illustrations of Ireland*, No. IV.

THE plates in the two Numbers of the English work are "Speke Hall," "Hale Hall," the "House in which William Roscoe, Esq. was born, Mount Pleasant," "Liverpool Royal Institution," "Childwall Abbey," "Wavertree Hall," "County House of Correction, Kirk-

dale," and "Sessions House, Kirkdale." The plates in the No. of the Irish work are the "Vice-Regal Lodge, Phoenix Park;" "Terenure, co. Dublin;" the "King's Bridge, Dublin, West View;" and the "King's Bridge, Dublin, East View." They are all very pleasingly designed and engraved.

Picturesque Antiquities of the English Cities. By John Britton, F.S.A. M.R.S.L. &c. No. III. Longman and Co.

JUDGING from the beauty of the plates and other embellishments, this must be a very expensive publication; but the same cause ought eventually to remunerate, and no doubt will eventually remunerate, the spirited and indefatigable editor. There are in the present No. two Views in London, one in Bristol, one of Bath, one of, and one in Worcester, one in Salisbury, and two in Lincoln. They are all fine; but those of the magnificent Cathedral of Lincoln are transcendent, and make us envy Old Nick the prospect which proverbial tradition declares he is always enjoying:

"As sure as I look over Lincoln,
That never shall happen which you think on."

Prior.

The woodcuts also, of which there are six, are highly picturesque, and are executed with singular skill.

Lady Jane Gray importuned to accept the Crown. Engraved in meszotint by John Bromley, after the original painting by C. R. Leslie, R.A. Bowyer.

OUR remarks on this painting, in June 1827, will be found highly in commendation of the performance, as one exhibiting the talents of the artist to very great advantage, both in historical composition and in the truth and power of expression, in which the silent pleadings of the mother's look, and the reluctant consent of the daughter, are depicted with a skill that will not easily be surpassed. In spirit and execution the print has lost nothing of the character of the original; and if we except the right hand of the young Lord Dudley, which has too much of colour, or rather of blackness, and seems smaller than the left, the engraving cannot fail of being a favourite with the public, as the subject has ever been with the poet, the painter, and the historian, who have severally exercised their genius in lamenting the fate of these ill-starred, and it may be said innocent, victims. It is indeed one of the finest and most captivating specimens of the art which has issued from the press for a long, long period.

The Fountain of Tophana, Constantinople. Drawing of W. Page; engraved by R. G. Reeve. Coloured. Ackermann.

THIS print exhibits a truly magnificent specimen of Turkish architecture. It is of peculiar form, highly ornamented, and the overshadowing roof is a singular feature in the building. The whole is rendered attractive by the varied colours and costumes of the gay groups which occupy the space on every side. It is altogether a beautiful and splendid production, and published at a time when the interest attached to the fate of the original building and its living contemporaries render it more likely to be highly popular. A neat memoir accompanies it, from the pen of Mr. John Landseer.

An Introduction to Perspective, Drawing, and Painting. By Charles Hayter. 4th edition. Kingsbury, Parbury, and Allen.

A New Practical Treatise on the Three Primitive Colours. By Charles Hayter. Booth.

THE earlier editions of the former of these

works have rendered it well known to the public; and it has been generally acknowledged by the best judges to be an excellent elementary treatise. Since its original appearance, however, it has been considerably augmented. The first edition consisted of but 168 pages; the fourth contains 400. One of the most curious portions of the additional matter is a conversation on finding the vanishing point of architectural back-grounds to be out of the picture; in which it clearly appears that both Sir Joshua Reynolds and Gainsborough, able artists as they were, have in that respect repeatedly violated the laws of the science of perspective.

Of the Treatise on Colours it is impossible to convey to our readers any idea, without the assistance of the diagrams. As far as we have been able to examine it, it seems to us to exhibit in a manner which must render it exceedingly useful to artists and to amateurs of the fine arts, the numerous and beautiful combinations of which the three original colours are susceptible.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

An Historical Ballad.

It was the Duke of Normandy
Rode forth at break of day,
With pennons curling on the breeze
In bright and proud array:
The flower of all the continent
Composed his valiant train;
The knights of Flanders and Poitou,
Bologne, Orleans, and Maine.

It was at ancient Pevensey,
On the noble Sussex coast,
The bold Duke William landed
With a fierce and warlike host,
Of sixty thousand gallant men,
With splendid arms supplied—
Cross-bows and quivers at their back,
And broad-swords by their side.

To win fair England's glorious crown
Duke William rode that morn,
With battle-axe, and spear, and dart,
With sounding drum and horn.
Nor long nor weary was the way
They march'd ere fall of night,
When, by the brave King Harold led,
Came the rival host in sight!

Then spake the Duke of Normandy:
"Speed, herald, bold and free,
To the leader of yon martial host
This challenge bear from me—
In single combat to decide
Our stern and mortal feud;
Thus blood of thousands may be spared,
If either falls subdued."

One moment, in the monarch's sight
The fearless herald stood,
And gallantly the challenge gave,
To spare the waste of blood.
Scarce breathed the word, ere on him lower'd
Full many a dark'ning glance—
A hundred warriors struck the shield,
And grasp'd the ponderous lance!

Straight answer made the wrathful king:
"Return thou to the duke;
To meet his chivalrous desire
Would rouse our chiefs' rebuke:
Unto the God of Arms we leave
The chances of the fight;
And wear his brow the victory
Whose sword is in the right!"

With banquet-song and revelry,
Within the British tent,

The hours from dusky evening
To twilight dawn were spent.
Not thus within the Norman camp—
A different scene shone there,—
Hands clasp'd in deep solemnity,
Knees lowly bent in prayer!

Ere yet the purple morning hour
Illumed the eastern sky,
The clash of arms rang merrily
With the stirring battle-cry.
A fatal shower of piercing steel
From the Norman cross-bows flew,
And many a valiant Kentishman
On the stormy onset slew!

But swift to closer fight they rushed,
And briker warm'd the strife;
And deadlier the contention grew,
Fiercer the thirst for life!
Beneath the bold, adventurous duke
Three fiery steeds were slain!
His falchion waved the goriest
Upon that gory plain!

On spurr'd the Saxons to the charge,
While axe and glaive swept far;
And bravely smote they to the hilt,
Like lions bred to war!
Full to the centre of their square
The Normans felt the shock;
Yet stood they firm and steadfastly,
As stands the giant rock!

Like lightning through the element
A trenchant arrow flashed,
And into Harold's royal brain
Through helm and temple dashed!
He sank: yet to the death his voice
Was heard in hoarse command;
And fiercely grasped, his reeking blade
Gleam'd in his red right hand!

Then joyous shouts of victory
Far shook the circling air;
And helms were doffed, and banners waved,
And knees were bended there!
With—Live, long live the Conqueror!
Did thousand voices ring:
God save illustrious William,
Our great, our glorious king!

CHARLES SWAIN.

BIOGRAPHY.

FREDERIC VON SCHLEGEL.

THIS celebrated writer died of apoplexy at Dresden on the 11th of January last. He was born at Hanover in the year 1772, and was afterwards apprenticed to a merchant in Leipzig; whilst his elder brother, A. W. von Schlegel, was highly distinguishing himself at Göttingen. Frederic, however, evincing a decided distaste for the mercantile profession, returned upon his father's hands, and was permitted to follow the natural bent of his genius, which led him, during his sojourn at the universities of Göttingen and Leipzig, to devote himself to the study of languages with exemplary ardour. He entered the lists as an author at a very early age, attracted the attention of the public by the novelty of his opinions on subjects connected with ancient literature, and acquired no little note by his critical labours in the field of ancient and modern poetry. His first attempts, the "History of Poetry among the Greeks and Romans," which appeared in 1792; and the "Greeks and Romans," which followed in 1797, were very favourably received. At a later period, particularly after his conversion to the Roman Catholic religion, his favourite pursuit was ethics and romantic literature, in which departments his "Prelections on German History," and

"History of Literature," are highly creditable to his attainments. His public lectures on Modern History, and on the Literary Annals of all nations, delivered in 1811-12, created a deep sensation throughout Germany, as combining a high degree of literary attainments with much originality of perception. His manner of viewing and treating these subjects, no less than his dramatic compositions and poems, afforded abundant aliment to the new school of the *romantiques* in that country, soon after its foundation had been laid in contra-distinction to the "classical school," and through the chief instrumentality of his brother. An overwrought impression of the pre-eminent genius and glory of the middle ages strengthened the principles his mind had already imbibed; and though himself the son of a Protestant clergyman, he scrupled not to pass over to the Roman Catholic religion, within the exclusive pale of which he conceived the regeneration of that golden epocha to be placed. Having prevailed upon his wife, a daughter of the celebrated Jewish deist, Mendelssohn, to follow his example, he had associated himself with Gents and other converts to the same opinion, and in 1808 transferred his residence to Vienna, where he was appointed to the situation of counsellor of legation in the imperial chancery by Prince Metternich; and for several years conducted the affairs of secretary to the Austrian envoy at the diet of Frankfort; where the fervour of religious feeling does not appear to have rendered him a less useful tool in promoting the machinations of his princely patron. In 1819 he was allowed to retire from official avocations, and zealously embarked in labours calculated to promote the interests of the faith to which he had attached himself: his days were now absorbed by religious studies and spiritual speculations, and the fruits of his investigations were exhibited in the lectures he had begun to deliver at Dresden a few days before his decease. It is a remarkable circumstance, that the intelligence of his death so deeply affected his fellow-labourer and bosom-friend, Adam Müller von Nütendorf, that he died of grief the day after the tidings reached Vienna.

Sir H. Davy is stated, in letters from Geneva, to have died there on the 29th ult.

Lord Blessington, a nobleman of literary taste and pursuits, also died about a fortnight ago at Paris; and Lord Thurlow, another literary nobleman, died a few days since, at Brighton. We have, at present, no materials for obituaries of any of these individuals beyond what are well known.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE CHATEAU D'OLIFERNE.

[A tradition of the department of the Jura, in France.]
ON the ridge of a long chain of mountains, which bounds the horizon towards the west, is the celebrated Château d'Oliferne; less renowned for the sieges which it underwent in the sixteenth century, than for the fables which the sight of its mouldering walls revives. The approach to it is almost inaccessible; the rocks on which it stands overhang a deep valley; and, looking from its battlements towards the east, the waters of the Ain glitter like a blue girdle fallen into the plain. In the wars of the Conquest, the French, irritated by its long resistance, put to death all the inhabitants, and dismantled the old ramparts, — not leaving a single bastion to be a memorial of the glory of its defenders.

Among the extraordinary incidents in the fabulous chronicles of this place, is one which

might advantageously occupy the pen of the romance writer. One day,—and who can describe the dreadful jealousies of which the crime was the result?—three young ladies, rivals in grace and beauty, were doomed by the tyrant of Oliferne to the punishment of Regulus. In a cask lined with sharp nails, they were rolled, from the summit of the rock, into the waters of the Ain; so beautiful, so pure, so like the heaven which they reflected. For a long time the horrible machine floated on the river,—such groans proceeding from it as had never before disturbed the peaceful banks, and which were redoubled whenever the eddies drove it upon the shoals. At length it sunk, and soon after, dashed to pieces by the furious waters, a passage was opened from it for three bleeding spectres; who, stopping at the rocks opposite the château, seated themselves, and there established their eternal abode. These rocks are *Les Aiguilles des trois Dames*, which the traveller may still distinguish in the midst of the rude channel. Every night the spectres quit the rocks to go and visit their ancient dwelling. Sustained by the air, they gently descend on the banks of the river, lightly bathe their long white robes, mount to the ruins of the old palace, which they rapidly traverse, and then, at sunrise, regain, borne on the morning mists, their silent rocks.

The cruel baron did not remain unpunished. Since his death he has been constantly hunting in the neighbouring mountains. At break of day, when the three ladies retire to rest on their rocks, the lord of Oliferne issues from the great gate of the castle, with his courtiers and his household, followed by a led horse, bloodhounds, greyhounds, pages, and huntsmen; and the echoes resound afar with the bugles of the dreadful band. The bears and the wild-boars are vehemently pursued by this intrepid hunter; and there is not a peasant in the mountains who does not declare that he has witnessed all these prodigies, and who does not retire from the chase when he fancies he hears the howls and barking of the Lord of Oliferne's pack. It is the Freyschütz of the Jura. These old traditions have probably given some repose to the bears of these rocks, and have enabled them to continue their race until the present day; for the mountain of Oliferne is the only mountain of the Jura on which they yet occasionally appear.—*Voyage Pittoresque et Romantique de l'ancienne France.*

SIGHTS OF LONDON.

M. VICTOR'S READINGS.

WE anticipate great delight from the dramatic readings of M. P. Victor, which commence this evening at the Argyll Rooms, and are highly patronised. They are to be given on four days during the ensuing fortnight, from the *Zaire* of Voltaire, the *Cinna* of Corneille, *Marie Stuart* of Le Brun, and M. Victor's own striking play of *Les Scandinaves*. From what we have seen and heard of this gentleman, we look for very instructive as well as effective examples of French elocution on these occasions; and trust that, as a foreigner and man of letters, he will meet with the encouragement his merits claim.

Among the present sights of London, Haydon's *Pharaoh*, *Passover*, and other capital works, exhibiting while the artist is finishing his *Eucles*, deserve to be noticed with much praise.

MUSIC.

VALLUTI's concert, on Tuesday, was exceedingly well attended, and most deservedly so:

his own performance was admirable. We doubt whether, as far as musical science goes, he does not carry it to its utmost perfection.

Graziani's concert, the same morning, was also crowded. Malibran sang delightfully; and a Mr. Lennox, a pupil of Graziani's, has a voice of much promise, and does credit to his master, who sang himself with his usual spirit.

Miss Gautherot's concert was held on Wednesday evening. Sontag and her pretty little sister Nina sang delightfully; and Mr. Phillips did his country justice amid so many foreign voices. But the great novelty was the exquisite manner in which Miss Gautherot executed the "Recollections of Wales" on the harp. She is a very charming performer; and both from talent, amiable character, and situation, deserves all possible encouragement.

Madame de Vigo's concert, which we recommended in our preceding Number, was spoken of so that, without reference to the advertisements, the night might have been mistaken for last instead of next Wednesday; and lest we might injure where we wished to serve, we take this opportunity of setting the date right. The Dowager Marchioness of Salisbury, we perceive, patronises this accomplished exile; and Camporese, Stockhausen, Blasius, Miss Wilkinson, Braham, Donzelli, Curioni, &c. &c. afford her the aid of their great talents.

DRAMA.

THE winter theatres are on the eve of closing, and benefits are consequently crowding on each other. We regret to hear that few of them have been truly benefits. The important assistance of the Sontag produced bumper houses to Miss Paton, Mr. Farren, and Mr. C. Kemble,—and Braham's is always an overflow; but the rest, with few exceptions, have woefully disappointed the unfortunate speculators. Since Easter, both theatres have been deserted by the town; and we should not wonder if in a year or two, Drury Lane and Covent Garden should close with Lent, and throw the field open to the summer theatres. The only novelty within the last fortnight has been the performance of a German opera company at Covent Garden; but John Bull has been as uncourteous to the foreigners as to his own countrymen, and, despite the very clever acting and singing of Mr. Schütz as *Caspar*, and the usually attractive idea of listening to something he cannot understand, the obstinate old gentleman has kept aloof, and left the theatre in the quiet possession of red devils and blue devils. Drury Lane, we understand, is to close on the 20th, and Covent Garden on the 24th. Miss Smithson also had a good benefit on Thursday, when she played *Belvidera* excellently, to the *Jaffier* of a débutant, Mr. Cathcart,—an able performer.

The Haymarket opens on Monday, with a one-act farce by Mr. Poole, entitled, *Lodgings for Single Gentlemen*.

VARIETIES.

Vaccination.—It appears, from a table lately published in Paris, that the number of individuals vaccinated under the direction of the committee appointed by the Academy of Medicine within twenty years past, is about eight millions; and the number of persons vaccinated throughout France in the same period is thirty millions.

Literary Fund: Greenwich Meeting.—The meeting of Wednesday amounted to about 70 friends of the Institution; Lord Torrington, a V.P. in the chair. There were a number of

literary men present, and, we are sure, not a few firm friends added to the cause of the Charity by the good-humour and social enjoyments of the day. M. Roscafuerte, the Mexican Minister, in returning thanks for his health being drank, made an admirable speech, in which patriotic feeling, penetration, sound sense, and an ardent admiration of the best establishments of England, were conspicuous. Sir W. Betham also addressed the chair in a neat speech, on having his health proposed. At nine o'clock the party broke up, much pleased with their entertainment.

The British Institution has complimented Mr. Pickersgill with one hundred guineas, as a mark of admiration of the talents he has displayed in several recent works, which it did not fall within the plan to purchase.

Chlorure of Lime.—The chlorure of lime, which some time ago was so advantageously used in the Penitentiary at Milbank, has lately been applied with great effect in the purification of the spinning places for silk-worms, in France. It has been found preferable to the more rapid and frequently too powerful operation of Guyton-Morveau's disinfecting process.

Antiquities.—The last number of the *Bulletin Universel* contains an account of the discovery of some Roman antiquities at Baval, in France. One of the inhabitants, while digging his garden, found a large human skeleton, lying from east to west, having between its legs a two-edged sword, the blade alone of which measured three feet and a half French, so that the whole sword must have considerably exceeded in length four English feet. The feet of the skeleton rested upon a bronze helmet, and near the head was a small vase of gray clay, containing a Roman medal of the reign of Antoninus Pius. The same publication contains a notice of the researches, made by order of the minister of the interior, in the Amphitheatre of Frejus: among other things discovered, are part of a column of white marble, a bronze medal with the effigy of Adrian, and several pieces of well-sculptured marble, which appear to have formed part of a frieze.

Subterranean Warehouses for Grain.—Considerable interest seems to have been excited in Paris, during the late scarcity and high price of corn, by the opening of several siloes which had been made three or four years ago by M. Ternaux, the celebrated agriculturist and manufacturer, and the supply of corn, in a perfect condition, at something less than the market price. M. Ternaux has been more fortunate in his experiments than others who have made similar attempts to preserve grain under the earth; but the result which has at length been obtained shews that perfect success may be secured under proper management. One of the first persons who has endeavoured to introduce this mode of housing corn into France in modern times is General Demarcay. He began in 1823, and in 1825 opened the siloes which had been made. They were found nearly filled with weevils, and the corn was in almost a rotten state from humidity. At the time of closing the siloes, every precaution that could be thought of had been used to prevent the admission of air; but it seems that the air contained in the straw and in the ears of the grain was quite sufficient to support the weevils. The moisture was found to be occasioned by the evaporation of the earth; to remedy which, new siloes were made in a spot which was constantly in the shade, and means were taken to express the air from the straw with which the siloes were covered. On re-opening the new

silos, the corn was found to be in a much better condition than what had been previously housed, but still not perfect; however, as the mode adopted by M. Ternaux has succeeded, little doubt is entertained by M. Demarçay that his next attempts will also be successful. This gentleman housed a quantity of corn in an ice-house, and on removing it the following year, it was found to be in the best possible condition. The process of this mode of preserving grain is not given; but it is probably similar to the plan adopted by the gardener of Prince Leopold, at Claremont, to preserve vegetables. The articles to be preserved are first covered with powdered ice, then with small pieces of ice, and then with larger, and so on until all air is effectually excluded, and a proper supply of cold is kept up. In this way cauliflowers, asparagus, and other vegetables, are kept until the following year, without the slightest deterioration in appearance or flavour.

Production of Cochineal in Spain.—The *Bayonne Gazette* of the 16th January last contained an account of the successful cultivation of this branch of industry, near Cadiz, by a gentleman, who obtained 4½ lbs. of very fine cochineal. It is now stated in a letter from Madrid, that cochineal has been produced in much larger quantities at San Fernando and Puerto Real, and that there is every prospect of its becoming an important branch of commerce.

Use of Salt for Cattle.—The practice of giving salt to cattle has been introduced into Bavaria, but (with the exception of cows) without the beneficial results which are attributed to its use in this country by Mr. Curwen and other distinguished agriculturists. The cows, however, in Bavaria are said to thrive amazingly upon food in which salt is mixed; and the milk from cows thus fed is said to be as abundant and as rich in quality in the winter as in the spring.

Royal Shooting.—The following account of the field sports of Charles X. appears in a French paper called the *Courier des Electeurs*. "There is printed every year a volume called *Livret des Chasses du Roi*. Of this book only fifteen copies are printed, which are intended as presents. It contains not only the history of the field excursions of his majesty, but also an exact inventory of the heads of game destroyed by him and the persons who are permitted to share in his pleasures. Each of these has an account opened in the *Livret*, in which the kind and quality of the game and the nature of the shots are enumerated. In 1836 the king killed 11,954 heads of game, in which are included three rats, who had the misfortune to quit their holes and expose themselves to the royal lead. The expenses of the shooting establishment for the year were 1,800,000 francs (upwards of £70,000), being at the rate of 150 francs for each head of game. It is proper to add, that this sum is paid out of the civil list."

Foreign Uniforms.—It is in contemplation by the French ministry to substitute the red colour in the army for blue. The madder, from which the red is dyed, is produced in large quantities in France; and by the change, it is said a saving of 1,500,000 francs a year will be effected. Part of the troops forming the garrison of Paris were reviewed, dressed in red, last week by the dauphin, in order that he might judge of the effect.

"Pompey's Statue."—Lord Hertford, who is living like a prince at Rome, has, it is stated, purchased the celebrated spada Pompey, at the foot of which "great Caesar fell," for £5,100.

Spain.—Spain appears to be rousing from

the deep sleep in which for the last two hundred years she has been sunk. The loss of her South American colonies, and of the precious metals which she used to derive from that source, seems to have brought about this favourable change in her character. A work has lately been published at Madrid, recommending the formation of companies for the digging of coal, for the establishment of foundries, for the manufacture of steam-engines, for the construction of iron railways, bridges, and machines of all kinds, for the casting of cannon, for the completion of the canals of Castile and Arragon, for the preservation of the forests, for the cultivation of agriculture, and, in short, for giving to every description of industry and commerce a new and powerful impulse. It is very gratifying to learn that these plans have received the cordial support of the Spanish aristocracy—hitherto so disdainful of useful and laborious employments.

Académie des Sciences.—The Académie des Sciences lately ballotted for a corresponding member in the sections of agriculture and rural economy. Of forty-eight votes, M. Gasparin, of Orange, obtained twenty-six; Sir John Sinclair, of Edinburgh, seventeen; and M. Bonnafont, of Turin, five. M. Gasparin was consequently elected.

Clubs of Paris.—Notwithstanding the severity of the police regulations against the formation of even literary clubs in Paris with more than a limited number of members, new societies of this kind are forming daily; and it is expected that the law prohibiting them will be relaxed. The chief political clubs in Paris are la Réunion Beausset, la Réunion Marbé, Marbois, et Choleseul, and la Réunion de la Rue de Rivoli. The first consists of constitutional royalists; the second of pure constitutionalists; and the third of liberals—such as Ternaux, Gevandan, and Lafitte. In addition to these, there are several political *soirées*, chiefly frequented by literary and professional men: the principal is that of Lafayette, who contrives to get together on every Tuesday evening, at his house in the Rue d'Anjou, from two to three hundred persons of all nations.

Ecstasy.—The animal magnetisers of Paris pretend that when they have thrown any one into a state of what they are pleased to call "ecstasy," the body is insensible to suffering; and they are just now circulating and attaching great importance to the case of an old lady of sixty-four, who, having been thrown by them into a state of ecstasy, underwent, as they say, the severe operation of having an ulcerous cancer cut out of her neck, without experiencing the slightest pain! During the whole of the operation, adds the statement, she exhibited no sense of suffering, or even of sensation, until towards the end, when she laughed, like a person who was being tickled, and exclaimed, "Finissez, ne me chatouillez pas—Leave off, do not tickle me." Previous to each dressing of the wound she was again magnetised, with perfect success, and the cure was complete.

Anticatelephor.—We have received several papers descriptive of a new and curious engine with the above name, invented by Mr. T. W. C. Edwards, Lecturer on Experimental Philosophy and Chemistry, and designed for "the instantaneous conveyance of intelligence to any distance." After noticing some of the greatest inventions of preceding times, Mr. E.

"Undertakes to demonstrate clearly and briefly, in the work which he has now in the press, the practicability and facility of transmitting from London, instantaneously, to an agent at Edinburgh, Dublin, Paris, Vienna, St. Petersburg, Constantinople, the Cape of Good Hope,

Madras, Calcutta, &c., any question or message whatever; and of receiving back again at London, within the short space of one minute, an acknowledgment of the arrival of such question or message at the place intended, and a distinct answer to it in a few minutes." He adds:—"In principle this engine is altogether different from every kind of telegraph or semaphore, and requires neither intermediate station nor repetition. In its action it is totally unconnected with electricity, magnetism, galvanism, or any other subtle species of matter; and although the communication from place to place is instantaneous, and capable of ringing a bell, firing a gun, or hoisting a flag, if required, yet this is not effected by the transit of any thing whatever to or from—nor in the operation is sought either audible or visible, except to the persons communicating. It may be proper, however, to state, that a channel or way must previously be prepared, by sinking a series of rods of a peculiar description in the ground, or dropping them in the sea; but these, after the first cost, will remain good for ages to come, if substantial when laid down."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The MS. note-books of the Rev. Gilbert White, the author of the *Natural History of Selbourne*, containing many curious observations not hitherto published, are at present in the possession of Mr. Murray, of Albemarle Street, who will issue in a few days a cheap and elegant edition of that work. The labours of editor have fallen into the hands of a gentleman eminently qualified for the undertaking; and the addition of notes and new illustrations will scarcely fail to bring into more general notice this delightful book, whose merits, owing to the cumbersome and unpopular form in which it has hitherto appeared, are not known as they deserve.

Views of Bath and its Environs. In a popular form, are announced by Mr. Worsley, an artist, of that city.

The author of *Reginald Trevor* has a new novel in the press, entitled, *Laurence Mertoun, or a Summer in Wales*. It is, we hear, descriptive of modern Welsh manners, and contains some sketches of character especially referable to the highlands of Merionethshire.

Progress of Periodical Literature.—At Bucharest, in Wallachia, and at Yassi, in Moldavia, newspapers have recently been established: they are (according to accounts—for we have not seen either) very unlike the more mature press to which we are accustomed; but, nevertheless, we trust they will go on and do good, though we cannot expect it unmixd with evil.

The translation of the Books of Confucius, by the principal of the Anglo-Chinese College, the Rev. David Collie, was, by last accounts from the Straits, expected to be out in March.

A Life of Sir Walter Raleigh, by Mrs. A. T. Thompson, authoress of the *Memoirs of the Court of Henry the Eighth*, is announced for early publication.

We are glad to hear that Don T. de Trueba, author of the *Castilian*, &c. &c., is engaged in writing the *Life of Hernan Cortes*, including the History of the Conquest of Mexico. This work is for *Constable's Miscellany*.

In the Press.—Observations upon the Condition of Negro Slavery in the Island of Santa Cruz, and some Remarks upon Plantation Affairs; with a Notice of the Danish West India Islands.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Coxe's *Pelham*, 2 vols. Imperial 4to. 10s. 10s. bds. 2 vols. 4to. M. 6s. bds.—Staflon on *Ulen*, 8vo. 5s. bds. Hurwitz's *Hebrew Elements*, 8vo. 6s. 6d. bds.—Lacroix's *Sketches of Switzerland*, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Knight on the *Parables*, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Gombert's *Catechism of French Grammar*, 18mo. 9s.—Hind's *Catechism Manual*, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—*Five Nights of St. Alban's*, 3 vols. post 8vo. 12s. 6d. bds.—Hall's *North America*, 3 vols. post 8vo. 12s. 6d. bds.—Horatius, 18mo. 6s. bds.—*The Concise Arithmetician*, 18mo. sheep, 2s. 6d.—Dagley's *Village Nightingale*, 18mo. 6s. bds.—Blanchard's *Les Jeunes Enfants*, 18mo. 3s.—*Contes pour les Enfants*, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—*Everest's Journey through Norway*, &c. 8vo. 14s. bds.—Richardson's *Zoology of Northern British America*, 4to. 12s. 6d. bds.—Blunt's *Nine Lectures*, 18mo. 4s. 6d. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1839.

June.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday ..	4 From 38. to 73.	29.95 to 29.98
Friday	5 — 49. — 57.	29.92 — 29.98
Saturday ..	6 — 37. — 56.	30.11 — 30.19
Sunday	7 — 46. — 63.	30.23 — 30.26
Monday	8 — 45. — 63.	30.26 Stationary
Tuesday ..	9 — 53. — 63.	30.26 Stationary
Wednesday 10	— 54. — 69.	30.26 — 30.51

Prevailing winds, N.E. and N.W.

Generally clear; a little rain on the 8th.

Rain fallen, .025 of an inch.

Edmonton.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37' 33" N.

Longitude..... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

¶ We are sorry that we received the card for Mr. Forster's lectures on the Ventilation of Coal-mines too late to attend; and the more so, as we are informed they developed great practical intelligence, and opened some very ingenious views on this important subject. Many concert and other tickets have also failed to reach us in time.

ADVERTISEMENT

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FALL MALL.

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WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

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PORTRAITS OF THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONAGES OF GREAT BRITAIN, from the Galleries of His Majesty, the Nobility, and from Public Collections, is open daily, from Nine till Six, at Messrs. Harding and Lepard's, No. 4, Pall Mall East, Corner of Suffolk Street.

Admission by Tickets only, which may be had free of expense, on application to Messrs. Harding and Lepard.

THE COLOSSEUM. The Public are

respectfully invited to an Inspection of this magnificent Exhibition, in its progress towards completion. The Works consist of a stupendous Panorama of London, taken from the Summit of St. Paul's, a Saloon for the Reception of Works of Art, a long Range of Conservatories stocked with the choicest Plants, and a Swiss Cottage, &c.

Admission, 6s. each Person, from Ten till Dusk, daily.

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LONDON: Published every Saturday, by W. A. SCHIFFS, at the LITERARY GAZETTE OFFICE, 7, Wellington Street, Waterloo Bridge, Strand, and 7, South Molton Street, Oxford Street; sold also by J. Chappell, 95, Royal Exchange; R. Marlborough, Ave Maria Lane, Ludgate Hill; A. Black, Edinburgh; Smith and Son, 2, Rotherhithe; and Atkinson, Glasgow; and J. Cunningham, Dublin.
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THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE;

AND

Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

This Journal is supplied Weekly, or Monthly, by the principal Booksellers and Newsmen, throughout the Kingdom; but to those who may desire its immediate transmission, by post, we recommend the LITERARY GAZETTE, printed on stamped paper, price One Shilling.

No. 648.

SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1829.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Constantinople in 1828. A Residence of Sixteen Months in the Turkish Capital and Provinces; with an Account of the present State of the Naval and Military Power, and of the Resources of the Ottoman Empire. By Charles Macfarlane, Esq. 4to. London, Saunders and Otley.

THE publishers having been obliging enough to put into our hands the narrative portion (consisting of 352 pages) of this well-timed and, at present, peculiarly acceptable volume—we feel much pleasure in rendering it subservient to the information and amusement of our readers. That it may the more effectually fulfil these objects, we have passed over the author's journey through part of Asia Minor, and proceeded at once to what appears to possess higher immediate interest, as bearing upon the grand problem now at issue between Turkey and Russia—involving, indeed, all the important views and politics of the world. The book itself is easily (if not quite elegantly) written:—the production of an intelligent and observant gentleman; though perhaps the languor of ill health, alluded to in the preface, may have been the occasion of a little feebleness which is here and there visible in the general execution of the work. But it is a redeeming merit in Mr. Macfarlane that he is, though a *liberal* in the best sense of the word, obviously and happily free from any political bias to distort his remarks; and the consequence is, that we have here a simple and faithful record of his impressions, just as they were made upon his own mind. Among other prominent matters, we find a sketch of the reigning Sultan *Mahmood*, very spiritedly drawn; and the volume abounds with anecdotal and piquant details, which readily assist our judgment upon the existing situation and probable future destinies of this remarkable empire and curious people. But we will detain our readers no longer from the extracts to illustrate this brief introduction:—we begin with their head.

“Mahmood the Second, the reigning monarch of the Osmanli people, who has had the fortune and the merit to attract so great a portion of the attention and interest of Europe, was born in the year of the Hegira 1163, or 1785 of the Christian era. He is the son of Sultan Abdul-Hamid, and the only survivor of a very numerous family of brothers and sisters. At the deposition of his cousin, Sultan Selim III., he was, as he had been from the moment of his birth, a close prisoner in the harem, confined to the society of slaves, and denaturalised men and women. This abominable system of captivity and demoralisation, which was first instituted by Soliman the Magnificent, about the middle of the sixteenth century, to avoid the dangers of revolt and disputed successions, was not, however, rigorously adopted until the reign of the fratricidal mon-

ster, Mahomet III.* at the commencement of the seventeenth century. Since that period, the princes of the Ottoman race languish within the walls of the seraglio until death liberates them, or the course of events calls them to a throne, for the duties of which, the whole of their preceding life has directly tended to unfit them. The effect of the system has been to give to the Ottoman empire, instead of spirited and warlike princes, such as the brilliant and uninterrupted series of their first ten monarchs, a disgraceful succession of imbecile and effeminate sultans—cruel, but cowardly; luxurious, yet barbarous in their very luxury; a compound of the characters of the malignant eunuch, and the sensual uninformed woman. It is true there have been no more direct revolts and disputed successions between the princes of the blood; they have been passive tools in the hands of the janissaries and oulemas, who have dethroned them, or girt them with the kingly sabre, at their caprice; and if a father, a brother, has been strangled on his fall, by the imperial mandate, that measure of guilt has been dictated by the ruling will of the sultan's masters more frequently than by his own hate or jealousy. When Selim was deprived of his throne, and returned to his original imprisonment in the seraglio, the imperial stock of the blood of Osman was reduced to so weak a state as might terrify the Turks, who are attached to legitimacy, and consider their political existence as interwoven with the perpetuity of the Osman dynasty, which has given them their names,† and ruled, or at least occupied their throne, for the lengthened period of five hundred years. With the exception of the deposed Selim, the son of Mustapha III.,‡ there were but two princes surviving children of Abdul-Hamid, and cousins to Selim. Mahmood, being the younger of the two, was left to share the captivity of Selim; and his brother, the imbecile Mustapha, was called to the throne by the united voice of the mufti, the oulemas, and janissaries. Had the gentle Selim possessed the character of many of his ferocious predecessors, he might yet have saved his throne and life; for when obliged by his rebellious subjects to take refuge in the interior of the seraglio, he could instantly have put to death the princes his captives, and thus, re-

maining alone of the sacred race, have secured to himself safety for the present, and full immunity for the future; and the deed might have been excused in the eyes of a sanguinary people, by the natural impulse of self-preservation. But of such deeds, the nature of Selim was incapable; he could not be moved to the bloody tragedy by the cries of the blind, ungrateful mob, who were hailing Mustapha, his cousin, as his successor; and as the mufti, deputed by the insurgents to announce his deposition, approached the strong and well-defended walls of the seraglio, he mildly ordered the gates to be opened to him; he listened with dignified silence to the discourse of the arch-hypocrite, whose benefactor he had been, and, shrinking at the picture of civil war and bloodshed, he bowed his head to the decrees of fate, retired to his prison, and left his puerile cousin an undisputed throne. The misfortunes of Selim were productive of the greatest advantage to Mahmood; the deposed monarch—who, on the threshold of the throne he was retiring from, is said to have had the magnanimity to advise the dazzled Mustapha, who, with ungrateful eagerness was stepping in his place, and to wish him more happiness on it than he had experienced himself—beguiled the irksome hours of captivity in instructing his youthful cousin and fellow-prisoner, whose mental development had hitherto been favoured or checked by the obsolete science and benumbing dogmas of a chodga chosen from the fanatic body of the oulemas—the only instructor allotted to these unhappy princes. The lights and information acquired from the sagacious Chelibi-Effendi, and the few others of his subjects who had broken the bonds of Moslem restriction and prejudice—the imperfect, but still valuable reflex of European thought and civilisation he had sedulously sought after, even in converse with Christians—all the experience and knowledge gained by a naturally intelligent mind whilst the master of his own actions and the monarch of a vast empire, Selim might impart to an attentive hearer; and in the midst of the barbarity that surrounded them, the secluded cells of the captive princes might be looked upon as an ‘academe,’ the resort of wisdom and worth. The decline of the Ottoman empire from its original splendour, and the rapid rise of their Christian neighbours, who had trembled at the Osmanli name—the inferiority of lawless, ignorant, and disorganised bands, to the disciplined troops of their enemies, and all his projects of reform, and all his political views—could not fail of forming a part of the discussions between Selim and his pupil. And in addition to the practical course of instruction which had qualified him to reign and to reform a barbarous people, the mind of Selim had been humanised by the cultivation of oriental literature and the study of the Arabian poets. He was himself a poet and musician; and from him Mahmood acquired a taste for poetry, and a proficiency in his own and the Arabic languages, which is said, by those who are not his flatterers, to

* “I have heard the number of the children of Abdul-Hamid (or the servant of God) differently stated,—at twenty, twenty-four, and thirty, male and female.”

* “Le lâche et cruel Mahomet III fit périr ses dix-neuf frères, et toutes les concubines que son père avait laissées enceintes, et resta seul de toute sa famille. Par suite de cette politique barbare, tous les enfans mâles nés du mariage d’une sœur ou cousine du sultan régnant avec un des sujets de l’empire, sont condamnés à une mort inévitable au moment de leur naissance. Des actes trop fréquents de cette politique cruelle ont exposé plusieurs fois la dynastie Ottomane au danger imminent de son extinction.—*Juchereau de Saint-Denis, Révolutions de Constantinople. Paris, 1819.*”

† “Osman (the founder of the dynasty), hence Osmanli, or the children of Osman, which is the name the Turks prefer. They indeed consider our word *Turk* as insulting; and I remember seeing a poor Greek well kicked for exclaiming: ‘*Turques*,’ where he thought no Turk would hear him.”

‡ “The order of succession is not, as in European monarchies, from father to eldest son; but on the death or deposition of a sultan, the eldest prince of the race, be he brother, cousin, or son, is called to the throne.”

surpass the acquirements of most of the professedly learned of his subjects.* He may have paid more attention to these literary pursuits than it is the usual practice of princes to do: his brother Mustapha, a young man, might reign many years—his own accession was an uncertainty—he might finish life in the prison where life began; and every mental occupation was to be prized in the unvarying monotony and tedium of such a state of existence. But what Selim did not (for he could not change the fiery nature of the man), was to infuse into the mind of Mahmood his own mildness, forbearance, and mercy: the example of his own gentler virtues was lost; and his cousin continued headstrong and violent, and gave indications of a cruel and unrelenting disposition. There was one illustrative anecdote of the captive princes which affected me extremely. Some trifling act of neglect or omission in an attendant slave drove Mahmood into a paroxysm of rage more than usually violent: he started from the sofa where he was sitting with Selim, struck the trembling offender on the mouth, threw him down, and trampled upon him. 'Ah! Mahmood,' said the deposed sovereign, reproachfully, 'when you have been tried in the furnace of the world's troubles, like me, so slight a matter will not discompose you: when you have suffered as I have, your heart may feel even for the sufferings of a slave!' If tales like this—and there are many such—admit of doubt where authentication is difficult or impossible, their prevalence will at least prove the estimation in which the Turks hold the memory of the injured Selim, and the character of the violent Mahmood. When Selim, as a captive, undertook the instruction of his cousin, Mahmood was twenty-two years old; and we ought rather to be surprised that at such an age he should have profited intellectually so well as he seems to have done, than wonder at his not having reformed the vices of original disposition, hitherto unchecked, and now confirmed in the stability of manhood. Those very vices, however, have served him well in his stormy career, as their opposite virtues had been fatal to Selim. The impetuosity of Mahmood has overthrown obstacles that seemed insurmountable to the cooler philosophy of his cousin; his unrelenting nature has enabled him to wade through torrents of blood to his object, without shrinking or hesitation; and remorseless as unsympathising, he has set human suffering and justice and right at naught, whenever they have interfered with his projects and gratifications. To those who consider success as merit, and look to the end without reference to the means, the partial, yet important reforms effected, will veil the atrocities by which they have been wrought; and the character of Mahmood will be honoured with admiration and applause: but still those who are so injudicious in this calculating world as to retain the more amiable feelings of our nature, and to revolt at cruelty and injustice, whatever be their result, will only place him among those moral hurricanes which, like their physical proto-

types, may purify the air and the earth they desolate, but can never become the objects of sympathy or affection. The reign of Mahmood's brother Mustapha, who had stepped so unfeelingly on the throne of Selim, was destined to be as brief as it was inglorious."

His deposition was effected by Mustapha-Bairactor; and the details of the tragical revolution are very striking.

"The manes of Selim were conciliated by the sacrifice of his degraded murderers, and of the parasites of his cousin Mustapha. On the day that Mahmood ascended the throne, thirty-three heads were exposed at the gate of the seraglio; among which, the hideous deformity of the chief of the black eunuchs shone conspicuous on a silver dish, allotted to him on account of the dignity of his office. The officers of the Yamacks (a division of the janissary corps that had been peculiarly obnoxious to Selim, and the chief agents in the revolution that dethroned him fourteen months before), or all that could be seized, were strangled and thrown into the Bosphorus; and such of the women of the seraglio who had manifested joy at Selim's death, were sewn up in sacks and drowned at the tower of Kiz-Koulessi, opposite the seraglio point."

The well-known and bloody revolt of the janissaries, which, on their defeat, led to the death of Mustapha, is a frightful picture; and "From this dreadful moment (continues the author) Mahmood may be said to have borne a charmed life. He felt this; and strong in the peculiarity of his situation, and the concurring prejudices of a whole nation, he undertook and accomplished measures which none of his predecessors dared contemplate, and which would many times have hurled him from the throne, had there existed other princes of the blood of Osman to substitute in his place. The birth of sons did not immediately endanger his safety, as the Turks have no idea of regencies, and count their princes as nothing until they reach the age of manhood; yet the sudden death of his eldest son, (on whom the eyes of the party adverse to reform and innovation were fixed), in the tenth year of his age, is by many attributed to poison administered by a jealous and unnatural father; though such a crime would have been premature, and it seems more probable that the child died of the small-pox."

The following is a very curious illustration of our preceding quotations:—

"A man who has shewn the strength and superiority of mind that Sultan Mahmood has unquestionably done, might be supposed to have emancipated himself from the trammels of a degrading superstition; but, be it remembered, he is still a Turk; his superiority is elicited only by comparison with his own barbarous race and predecessors; and we should be guilty of folly, if, in our admiration of the good qualities he may possess, we give him credit for others which from education and situation he can have no conception of: if we make of him, as too many have done, a miracle of intelligence and talent; the regenerator of a countless people; the creator of armies, compared to whom the great Czar Peter is an unenlightened savage, and Frederic of Prussia nothing but a drill-sergeant. Mahmood retains near his person, as his predecessors have done,

—though astrology is denounced by the Koran as a crime only inferior to idolatry,—a *munedjim-bashf*, or head astrologer; and it has been said, in circumstances of extraordinary hazard and difficulty, he has had also recourse to other seers and conjurers, of whom he had learned extraordinary things from his courtiers and officers, who are just as superstitious as the mob. The following story was current at Constantinople a short time after my arrival. I pretend not to have penetrated the recesses of the imperial kiosks, or to have had opportunities of observing a sultan's private amusements or occupations; I can hardly vouch for the truth of the ridiculous tale, but it was in the mouth of all the Turks. It is strikingly in character, and may amuse as a specimen of Osmanli ingenuity. The story was this:—The sultan sent for a conjurer of repute, to learn from him what would be the result of the war in which he was already engaged with Russia, and of the prospective difficulties with England and France. The conjurer brought into his presence four cocks. Each of these cocks he selected to represent a nation; thus, one was England, another France, one Russia, and one Turkey. He placed Turkey in the centre of the kiosk, and then threw England, France, and Russia, upon him. But the three cocks, instead of falling upon Turkey, presently began to fight among themselves; the combat was indeed general, but in pairs. Turkey had most bottom, he fought the longest, and remained conqueror of the field; while Russia was severely treated, and had one of his wings broken. The inference was plain: the sultan was to be more confident of success than ever, his army must beat the Muscovites, and the French and English would cry out *avvala*.* The typical representation might do honour at least to the necromancer's quickness of perception and knowledge of human nature, under political modifications. The three allies being thrown on Turkey, and then fighting among themselves, is a good idea; and as his object was to flatter, he would have been a fool not to choose the gamest cock of the four for the emblem of the Moslem empire. Other professors, however, were less favourable and auspicious; they practised among the vulgar, and not in the serais of the great. The effect produced on a credulous people might be bad, and it was not thought beneath the care of government to check or suppress them: the sultan would have no seers or prophets but such as saw and predicted in his way. In the month of April, a certain Turk of Constantinople asserted that a sainted *hadji*, long since defunct, had appeared to him several times on the point of a minaret of the mosque nearest to the spot where his ashes reposed, and had announced in solemn terms the calamities of the empire, which would result from the sultan's subversion of the law and usages of the people of the prophet. As this voice from the other world coincided with the opinions and prejudices of thousands of Turks in this, it rapidly circulated through the city, and could hardly fail of reaching ears to which it was disagreeable. It came to those of the sultan, who, declaring the Stambouli seer to be a child of the devil, had him severely bastinadoed—a process which was said to have completely destroyed his supernatural perceptions for the future. To explain the nature and tendency of his numerous reforms, military and civil, already in operation, or projected, and to conciliate the minds of the Montenapins,

* "*Avvala*, a common Turkish exclamation, equivalent to *bravo! bravo!*"

* "Some of his hatt-i-sherifi and state papers are said to have been composed solely by himself, and are cited as models of composition. The poetry of Selim is often spoken of; and there are several little songs attributed to him in the mouths of all the Turks. I once heard a strapping fellow singing one of these in a public bath. The air, like all the Turkish airs I am acquainted with, was simple and monotonous, but not devoid of a natural pathetic melody. The burden of the song was—'There is no happiness here below'; a fact which the chorister's circumstances at the moment seemed to deny; for, stretched on a couch, disencumbered of his clothes, and sipping a cup of coffee to his chibouk, he was certainly enjoying beatitude, the acme of Turkish bliss."

* "The following are the dates of the rapidly succeeding revolutions and atrocities: Selim was deposed the 31st of May, 1807. Mustapha was deposed, after having murdered Selim, the 28th of July, 1808. Mahmood was girt with the imperial sash on the 11th of August, 1808, at the mosque of Eyoub, and put his brother Mustapha to death the 16th of November following."

Sultan Mahmood had recourse to a measure extraordinary in an oriental despotism,—he addressed public opinion! A work entitled 'The Basis of Victory,' was composed, under his superintendence, by the most enlightened of the few pretenders to literature that still illuminate the Turkish capital. The prejudice for manuscript copies was despised; it was desired that the work should circulate widely and rapidly; and it was elegantly printed at the press established by the unfortunate Sultan Selim, at the Asiatic suburb of Scutari. I was much surprised at the elegance of the volume: it was about the size of our larger octavo, but broader, and still more resembled the form of the small quarto impressions of the Spaniards. The types were set, and the sheets drawn by Armenians,—a portion of the rayahs that I have already described, as possessing considerable mechanical dexterity. Christendom had furnished the paper, for of the two manufactories established by the same ill-starred reformer, one at the bottom of the port of Constantinople, near 'les Eaux Douces,' had been abandoned; and the other, on the Asiatic bank of the Bosphorus, opposite to Therapia, can furnish but a coarse, thick article, which, though used by the Turks in their common writing with reeds, could not be adapted to printing. I saw some copies of this book very prettily bound in morocco. This popular measure of the sultan, which I have designated as extraordinary, has, however, one solitary precedent. In the time of Sultan Selim, Chelibi-Effendi, one of the principal dignitaries of the empire, and a man revered for his age and reputed wisdom, drew up a defence and explication of the reforms of the day, and applying more particularly to the institution of the Nizam-Djedid, the reform of the janissaries, and the formation of disciplined troops on the European model. And indeed, to judge from copious translations I had made to me from the volume, the 'Basis of Victory' seemed but a repetition and extension of the work of Chelibi-Effendi. Like its predecessor and its model, it exposes that the empire of the Crescent, once so glorious, has been shorn of its beams; and now, instead of inspiring terror to the infidel nations, is reduced to feel it in its own bosom. This change is attributed to the demoralisation of the janissaries, and to the ridiculous prejudices of the Moslems,—prejudices falsely pretended to have their origin in religion, and in the institutions of the prophet,—against adopting the discipline and military improvements of their enemies."

(A continuation in our next.)

Forest Scenes and Incidents, in the Wilds of North America; being a Diary of a Winter's Route from Halifax to the Canadas, and during Four Months' Residence in the Woods, on the Borders of Lakes Huron and Simcoe. By George Head, Esq. 12mo. pp. 362. London, 1829. J. Murray.

THIS is a very amusing, Robinson Crusoeish sort of book—one of those actual truth-telling narratives where we seem to take a personal interest, and where the writer appears more like a friend whose letter, than an author whose book, we are reading. We can conceive no situation more disconsolate, on the first glance: a log-hut, in which the snow is a familiar visitant, surrounded by trackless forests; frost and fly-bitten; no society, no books,—the case is decidedly a desperate one: no such thing; Mr. Head goes skating, shooting, wood-cutting; talks of his good fires and good sport, till, had we been a few years younger, we

should have thought a winter in the American wilderness one of the finest things imaginable. But let Mr. Head give his own account.

"On entering the wood, I ascended a steep acclivity, which I had no sooner surmounted than I found myself amongst a parcel of small huts, made up of a few poles, thatched over with spruce boughs, scattered here and there; and from two or three of these it was that the smoke issued. There was not such a thing as a log-house to be seen; but I observed, that one of the huts was rather better finished than the rest, and a farther distinction was allotted to it by a flag, which was placed upon the roof. It was evident that none of them could have been long erected, the snow was so excessively deep, and the foot-marks so few; however, I made my way immediately towards the one with a flag, where I found Captain C—, of the navy; and I had no sooner entered and introduced myself, than I received a very cordial welcome. Captain C— immediately afforded me the assistance of a couple of men to build me a hut; and, as it was necessary that it should be ready for me to sleep in the same night, I went back to the place where I had left my servant with the baggage. I told him where I would have the hut built; and, leaving him to superintend the works and remove the things, I returned to Captain C—, where I was regaled with a fine piece of boiled beef, which I was hungry enough to think excellent, though from its toughness it would hardly remain upon the fork. Captain P— and Lieutenant E—, the other officers appointed to the establishment, had assembled at the commodore's hut, and with them I remained till nearly seven o'clock, when I left the party, to attend to my own affairs. I had directed my hut to be erected on the summit of the brow which rose close from the bay; and when I returned to the spot I found my servant busily arranging my different articles of property in an edifice which, if not equal in splendour to the renowned palace of Aladdin, had been, at least, completed nearly in as little time. By the help of a few poles and cedar boughs, I had now, such as it was, a house of my own. There were at least two sides, with a back part, and the front was open; but a brilliant fire was blazing before it, big enough for the kitchen of the London Tavern, and in itself a world of comfort. The plan of the hut was not of my own contriving; it was such as local experience had determined upon, and of the following description: the front, where the fire was burning, was six feet high, and eight feet broad; but the roof dipped towards the extreme end, which was only four feet high; and the length was exactly ten feet. The snow had been well cleared away from the bottom, and, being banked up, it helped to support the poles which formed the framework. A bundle of spruce boughs laid across the extreme end, with a sack of potatoes for my pillow, formed my bed; and if I had no door opposite, all the cold that got in necessarily passed through the fire and smoke. My baggage,—that is, a very small valise, a gun-case, and some other little packages,—was easily disposed of within these narrow limits, and every thing was perfectly ready for my repose soon after it was dark.

"Early this morning I provided myself with one of the workmen's axes, and began, by way of practice, to cut down trees; and there were many ways of turning this exercise to account. Of all things, I was the most anxious to keep the smoke out of my hut, and contrived various

methods for the purpose, but unfortunately all without effect; so, not succeeding in my first object, I set about making a bedstead. To this end I got four short, upright, forked pieces, upon which I placed poles across, tying them with strips of the bark of the bass tree, which I also wove in longwise and across, so as to make a tolerable substitute for a ticking, on which I might lie before the fire high and dry; on this I placed a mattress of spruce boughs; and altogether, with my buffalo skin for a covering, I rested comfortably."

There is a most spirited sketch of his pleasure in skating. While so employed, he sees "at a distance on the ice, what appeared to be a mound of earth thrown up,—an appearance, under present circumstances, not to be readily accounted for; so I made towards it, that I might see what it was. As I approached within a few hundred yards, I thought I perceived it move a little, and, halting for a moment, I saw that that was really the case. It was of a light-brown colour; but the figure was so indistinct, that while I watched it attentively I could not decide what it could possibly be. A bear would have been blacker, and I knew of no living creature of those regions answering its description. But, whatever it might be, there it was; and it was therefore necessary to be a little cautious, as I had no arms, in approaching it. I stood for some seconds thinking what I should do, and had almost determined to go home for my gun, when I saw the hide which caused all my speculation thrown suddenly aside to make way for the head and shoulders of an Indian, who protruded his rough matted locks into daylight from under it. This solved the problem in a moment, and I saw that the man had been employed in fishing, and had so completely enveloped himself in a large buffalo-skin, that no part of his body, head, feet, or hands, were to be discovered. He sat over a square hole cut in the ice, with a short spear ready to transfix any fish which might be attracted by his bait. The hole was about a foot square, and the bait was an artificial fish of white wood, with leaden eyes and tin fins, and about eight or nine inches long. The ice where he had cut it was about three feet thick. Being within a few yards of him, I commenced a parley by signs, for he did not appear to understand a word of English; but he seemed to wish me any where else, and to be much annoyed at having been interrupted in his occupation. As my object was to pacify him, I gave him a small ball of twine I had in my pocket, and with this he was highly gratified; much more so, however, by my skates, which he viewed with marks of great astonishment. He looked narrowly at the straps which bound them to my feet; but when I made him acquainted with their use, there were no bounds to his delight: at the same time he kept his own interest in view; for he tried to persuade me to give him a piece of a red shirt of flannel which I wore, to make a bait with. This I refused, by shaking my head, and saying, 'No, no!' rather loudly; but he kept on entreating, taking hold of a corner of the collar with his finger and thumb. I persisted in refusing, and kept him off. But he was not so easily answered, and offered me his knife, giving me to understand I might cut it from what part of the garment I pleased. So, shaking him by the hand, and patting his shaggy locks, I skated away.

"The frost continued, and the cold increased to a very low temperature, the effect of which, upon the extended sheet of ice which

covered the bay, was somewhat remarkable. It cracked and split from one end to the other, with a noise which might have been mistaken for distant artillery; but this, when it is taken into consideration that the sheet of ice was of fifteen or sixteen square miles area, and three feet thick, may be easily imagined. Nor was this all; I was occasionally surprised by sounds produced by the wind, indescribably awful and grand. Whether the vast sheet of ice was made to vibrate and below like the copper which generates the thunder of the stage, or whether the air rushing through its cracks and fissures produced the noise, I will not pretend to say; still less to describe the various intonations which in every direction struck upon the ear. A dreary undulating sound wandered from point to point, perplexing the mind to imagine whence it came or whither it went, whether aerial or subterranean; sometimes like low moaning, and then swelling into a deep-toned note, as produced by some Eolian instrument; it being, in real fact, and without metaphor, the voice of winds imprisoned on the bosom of the deep. This night I listened for the first time to what was then perfectly new to me, although I experienced its repetition on many subsequent occasions, whenever the temperature fell very suddenly. The weather being so excessively severe, I had added an extra covering of spruce boughs to my hut, by means of which, and the profusion of logs which I heaped upon my fire, I was better defended from its effects. Nevertheless, I was obliged to rise before daylight and heap on eight or ten more, which lay ready for the occasion, each of them as big as I could conveniently lift."

The rest of the officers leave the settlement, and he remains sole proprietor of the logwood hut.

"Returning to my house through the snow, I found my servant had put every thing in order. The fire was replenished, and my simple repast was nearly ready. What was to be done? I had no books; and if I had, my house was too cold to sit still in. Reading, therefore, was out of the question. I fashioned a couple of forked boughs with my axe, to be fastened with a cord in a warm place over the fire, to support my gun, which I had taken out of its case and put together; and, confiding in the private communication I had received, I resolved to fancy myself at least settled for some time to come in my present abode. The house of the Canadians was about 150 yards from mine; and with these men my servant, whose services I seldom needed, resided. When I wanted his assistance, I opened my door and shouted; and if the wind happened to set the right way, my summons was heard. If not, I was obliged to wade through the slushy snow to fetch him. Rising soon after daylight, I immediately breakfasted; dined at noon, and supped at sunset. To prepare these meals cost little trouble; my toilette less; and the wood for my fire I chopped and piled myself, keeping the latter always alive both day and night. I began to make a bedstead, such as I had at Penetanguishene, and spread moss and spruce boughs before the fire to dry, intending to make a bed whereon I could lie undressed so soon as the bedstead was finished; for I had, besides my buffalo skin, four small blankets, as many sheets, and a strong rug. These arrangements took up nearly the whole of the day, and served to banish the apathy which in the morning had made me unwilling to attach

myself to any sort of occupation. — March 16th. Before noon I had perfectly finished my bedstead, and heaped upon it as much spruce boughs and moss as necessary, confining the whole by a long cord made of strips of bark tied together, which I wound round and round till the whole was not only tight and compact, but soft withal to lie upon. This done, I laid my buffalo skin on the top, then my sheets and blankets — and all was ready. A large bundle of spruce boughs, confined with strips of bark, made also a good pillow. Having thus provided for my rest, I took my gun off the hooks over the fire, and sallied forth into the forest, in hopes of finding any thing to shoot, no matter what, that would come in my way. The snow had been frozen hard; but the top, thawed by the sun of the morning, was so soft, that sometimes I sank in up to my knees. The walking was excessively heavy and difficult, and the solitary appearance of the woods moderated my expectation of success. (I wore moccasins during my walk now, as at all other times, except when I was obliged to wear shoes for the purpose of skating.) The tracks of squirrels were abundant, and there were also some woodpeckers which I saw, speckled with white and scarlet; and I perceived on the snow the track of a larger bird, which, as it was quite fresh, I followed for a good way. It turned backwards and forwards and round and round, twisting about the trees in such a manner as to make it difficult to follow the track; and I was on the point of giving up the pursuit, when I heard the sound as of a pheasant rising into a tree close by me. Turning round, I saw the partridge I had been pursuing sitting on a bough, and shot him. An unsportsmanlike act, certainly! but to be justified by the stupid disposition of the bird, which nothing can persuade to fly. Besides, a pound of any sort of fresh meat was then to me a prize not by any means to be neglected. This was a beginning in the way of partridge shooting. With game in the woods, there was an end of solitude; and so, blowing at the feathers of the bird, and minutely examining his plumage, I put him into my pocket, with the intention of having him, ere long, twirling at the end of a string before my fire. * * *

"March 17th. This was a very tempestuous day. An unusually high wind hurried along clouds of small drifting snow, which penetrated the sides and roof of my house from top to bottom. Not a dry place was to be found in it; and upon my table, which stood close to the fire, I could write my name with my finger in the covering of snow which, like powder, lay upon it. The temperature, too, was exceedingly low. Finding it impossible to stay in the house, I took my axe and went to the most sheltered spot that I could find in the forest, where I worked, without stopping, till I made myself warm, when I returned home to dinner. The partridge had served me for supper the evening before, and now the squirrel and woodpecker [shot also on the preceding day] were put before me in a pudding. * * *

"I had walked this morning, with my gun on my shoulder, some distance from my house, considerably farther than I had ever ventured before, having come upon a spot so clear from snow, as to induce me to extend my ramble, as the day was fine, without thinking of my return. Trusting only to my footsteps, and neglecting all other means of precaution, it was not till I began to attempt to return home, that I perceived I was bewildered and

unable to find my way back. I grew very eager, and ran backwards and forwards in the hopes of being able to retrace the path by which I had arrived at the spot where I was, but to no purpose: at last I came quite to a stand still, and very soon became completely puzzled. Very uncomfortable reflections immediately suggested themselves, not at all calculated to assist the dilemma, and they were not much relieved when, having climbed to the top of a high tree, I could see nothing but the waving summits of trees in all directions. I began to think of my own folly and the change in my life and prospects thus effected within the space of a few short minutes. I might, by good fortune, find my way back, but should I take a wrong course, the long odds were certainly against me. Not to make a bad matter worse, I thought it as well to sit still and think a little, being moreover as near the summit of the tree as I could venture without the immediate chance of breaking my neck. Having observed the highest spot of ground, and taking the best observation I could of the direction of this point, I descended and made towards it, notching the branches as I went on with my knife. Then making choice of the highest of the trees, I climbed to the top, where I received payment in full and compound interest for my trouble, by catching a glimpse of the ice in the bay. I very joyfully made towards it, marking the trees in my way as before, and having arrived at the shore, found I was not more than three miles from my house, to which I bent my steps as straight as possible; so much so as to toil pretty hard in clambering over the trunks of the huge trees which impeded my progress, and floundering through the deep snow. My exertions brought to my mind reflections relating to the scanty way I had provided myself with clothes; for I had not calculated upon the extra wear and tear to which my manner of life subjected my wardrobe. What with working with my axe, moving and piling heavy logs, and such sort of occupations, I had been for some days past very much out at elbows; and when I got home, after this morning's adventure, the state of my dress was a matter of serious consideration. In climbing the trees, I had really left parts of my things sticking on the branches, from the eagerness with which I went up and down; and now that I came to take a cool survey of myself, I found that I was literally in rags, and that too without a tailor to help me. I had, however, needles and thread in abundance, which nothing but sheer necessity could induce me to use; but the time was come, and I employed myself upwards of two hours in the evening, by the light of the fire, in cutting out patches and sewing them on as well as I could."

While employed in making a kind of mask or veil against the flies, he is surprised by some visitors.

"My attention was attracted to the latch of my door, which was lifted up, and at the same moment two very pretty young Indian squaws appeared, by their smiling looks, to be asking admittance to my dwelling. Even in these uncivilised regions there was, nevertheless, a spirit of flirtation in their manner, which has existed no doubt throughout all ages, even from the day when, upwards of two thousand years ago, Galatea threw a hard apple at the head of the Roman poet. The minds of both were evidently made up to pay me a visit, though it appeared they were undetermined which of the two ought to walk in before the other; and so the one pushed her friend by

the shoulders. Thus, she that was first could not help being pushed, and being pushed, could not help being first. Not much time was expended on the threshold, for their scruples, whatever they might have been, were speedily adjusted, and on tip toes, with a cautious step, they commenced an inquisitive survey of every thing I had, of which my double-barrelled gun seemed most to attract their attention. Bound to do the honours of my house, I was equally civil to both, and my civilities had of late been but little in demand. In the wilds where I had lived, civil speeches, compliments, &c. had been frozen up, as it were, like the music in Baron Munchausen's French horn, and now I had occasion for all at once. I continued to hold an intelligible conversation, although neither of the damsels could speak a word of English, and I was equally ignorant of their language. Their quickness of apprehension, however, was such, that I was readily understood. One of them took the needle and sewed the strings to the mask I had been making, which very much amused them both. And they recommended me to rub my face with grease, by way of a certain defence against all sorts of flies. Disagreeable as it may seem, I resolved, in case of the failure of my present plan, to follow their advice. After a sufficiently long morning visit, my guests seemed at last anxious to depart, and I accompanied them to the edge of the bay, where they had left their canoe. They were, it seemed, without other company, and, stepping lightly into their little vessel, they paddled away round a point of land between the spot on which I was standing and the head of the bay. They waved their hands as long as they were in sight. I knew nothing of their history, and I regretted that I might never see them again. Such, indeed, was the case! In point of clothes and appearance they were superior to any I had seen of their race, and in face and figure seemed to me really beautiful. They had silver ornaments in their ears, a necklace each of blue beads, and quantities of scarlet serge disposed about their dress instead of riband."

The simple, unaffected animation with which these Forest Scenes are depicted deserves much praise; and we can only tell our readers, that we have been very much amused ourselves, and recommend them to be amused also, and read these pages at their earliest convenience. The author is, we believe, the brother of Captain Head, with whom we scamped so delectably over the Pampas.

The Five Nights of St. Albans. 3 vols. 12mo. W. Blackwood, Edinburgh; T. Cadell, London. 1829.

THE question whether our present author has been fortunate or not in his choice of a subject, is so completely matter of taste, that, hardened critics as we are, it is a case where we hesitate to pronounce judgment. Some readers enjoy being carried out of this every-day world, and

"Love to dream
On summer night by haunted stream."

We have heard one of our greatest barristers, a potent signior of the Chancery Court, protest, that nothing ever gives him so much pleasure as reading the *Arabian Nights*; and we have more than once seen the long, dim, spectre-like candle bear witness to the fearful fascination of German *diablerie*. A reader must have some imagination himself to enter properly into works of this kind; and we promise those who read the *Nights of St. Albans* an ample store of horrors, mysteries, wonders, all those "shadowy terrors of the other world," which con-

stitute the charm of such wild tales. The following is the scene in which the hero appears:—

"Before Peverell had quitted his chamber the next morning, he was informed that a stranger was below who wished to speak with him. 'He will not tell his errand,' quoth the serving man, 'but he will wait your pleasure.' 'What like is he?' said Peverell. 'Of my troth,' replied Francis, 'I cannot say, except that he be tall enough for a May-pole. He is closely wrapped in a cloak from head to foot; and save a glimpse I had of one of his eyes, which was as fierce as a dragon, and as black as a raven, I did not see so much as a hair of his beard.' 'Bid him tarry awhile,' rejoined Peverell, 'and I'll be with him.' He was not long before he descended into the room where the stranger was waiting. Upon his entrance, he was standing with his back towards him, contemplating with apparent earnestness a painting of the crucifixion, which hung over the fire-place. The approach of Peverell roused him from his meditation. He turned round, and with an air of much dignity as well as of courtesy, saluted him. Peverell surveyed him with a hasty glance. His stature was gigantic, but well proportioned withal: and as he strode across the chamber to meet Peverell, the solid oaken flooring seemed to creak beneath his tread. He had suffered his cloak to fall back, and the richness of his apparel denoted a person of superior rank. His entire dress was sable, of the most costly texture, and in his hat waved a lofty plume of ostrich feathers of the same colour. He appeared to be about the middle-age of life, but his black hair and beard were flecked with gray. On his ample forehead sat deep thought, while from his large, penetrating eyes, flashed a dauntless and resolute spirit, without, however, any mixture of ferocity."

He proceeds to give the following narration: "I am but a sojourner in this land, and, as my tongue declares, not a native. My name—but there will be another time for ancestry and descent—call me, as I call myself, plain Fitz-Maurice. Do you see this scar?" and he parted his hair on one side of his forehead, when Peverell perceived a crimson transverse mark, with a freshness of appearance as if it were a newly-healed wound. 'When I was in Mauritania, now some twenty years since, I adventured my person and my life against a fell magician, who by midnight spells and potent charms, had power to wake the dead—to make charnel houses yield up their clattering bones, and the deep-dug grave its shrouded tenant. The fiendish dwarf, for he was as misshapen in body as in soul, could visit with swift death, too (where his malice aimed at life), by occult sympathies of the contagious air which he infected; or strike the limbs with hideous distortion, foul sores, and wasting disease, by his sorcery. This imp of Acheron dwelt in a cave, or den, a mile beyond the city, whose entrance was guarded by a monster, engendered, as it was said, by his necromantic art, from the seed of the serpent cast into the seething blood of infants (the first-born of their parents), during an eclipse of the moon; and kept boiling for nine-times-nine hours, by a fire fed with maidens' eyes. The fairest and the loveliest drooped and died, to make the accursed charm complete. But the wealth of princes, in rare jewels, in precious stones, and bars of unwrought gold; bales of rich silk, dyed in all the colours of the rainbow, and any one of which had been a dowry for an empress; pearls beyond price; aromatic gums, gathered in the phoenix' nest;

the essence of an Egyptian mummy, distilled two thousand years ago by a sibyl, who, in a prophetic mood, called it *Yenarkon*, or the 'GIVER OF LIFE,' from its power of bestowing immortality upon whomsoever should obtain it at the peril of life and soul:—these, and the privilege to wife with the noblest and fairest damsel in the country, even though she stood next the throne itself, were offered to him who should slay the magician of the den. A largess like this tempted many, but none ever came back to tell of their encounter. Their bones whitened the ground in front of the cave, and their flesh fattened the monster which guarded its mouth. I was journeying through Mauritania, and heard the things which I have related. I offered myself for the enterprise, and the reward, if I succeeded. My offer was accepted. To tell you how I fared were tedious. I should myself grow weary of a tale I have told through many a summer's day, in bower, in court, and hall, to wondering listeners. Suffice it, that I prevailed. I slew the monster—I penetrated into the den—grappled the dwarf devil by the throat—and mangle his pestiferous breath, which belched forth poison, as he yelled within my grasp, while the surrounding hills rebelled with his roar, I held him, dashed his talisman to the earth, and then threw his fell carcass from me—a black and strangled corpse. In the conflict I received this,' pointing to the scar on his forehead: 'I know not how or when; I felt no blow—I was conscious of no wound; but there it ever remains, fresh as if done but yesterday—a crimson trophy of my victory I choose to call it. There are times, indeed, when it seems to burn inwards to my brain; but I know how to quench its fires. I returned to the city in triumph. The people fell down before me in an ecstasy of gratitude and admiration. The mighty wealth which I had earned—the wondrous riches that awaited me, I refused—I wanted them not, and they would have encumbered me. I claimed only, and I obtained, the prophetic sibyl's elixir, which I ever carry about me. Whether it have the power of bestowing immortality, or whether the deed I performed fulfilled the condition upon which that power depended, must be read in some page that futurity shall open before me."

As a variety, we quote the affecting description of a girl who falls a victim to the first night of supernatural appearances:—

"The night was dark, but in the deep-blue vault above, myriads of stars were gleaming with that calm lustre which seemed to shed no light beyond their own spheres. And now a scene presented itself which struck terror into the stoutest heart. The abbey clock began to strike—when suddenly a sound like the rushing of mighty waters, or of a blast of wind roaring through a grove of forest-trees, was heard, and the next moment, devouring flames appeared to wrap the walls in one vast sheet of fire. A cry of horror burst from the multitude—the shrieks of women, and the screaming of children, were mingled with the hoarser exclamations of fear uttered by the men; some fled in dismay, others threw themselves on the ground; wives clung round the necks of their husbands for safety, and hundreds fell upon their knees in a wild agony of prayer. Meanwhile the rushing noise continued with increasing loudness—the flames tossed and heaved about, like the waves of a troubled ocean, now seeming to dart from the windows in masses resembling pillars of fire; then curling up the walls as if instinct with life, or flickering in fantastic shapes round the buttresses and towers. But most

strange it was, that neither light nor heat was emitted from this awful mockery of a conflagration. From the bottom to the top, it was one burning surface; yet the grass and weeds that fringed the former were no more revealed to the eye by it, than they were before the mysterious volcano blazed forth. . . . One melancholy circumstance accompanied this night of mystery and panic. A poor idiot girl, about sixteen years of age, had been left in bed by her mother, (who was of humble occupation), while she stole out to join the throng of anxious spectators. It was never known under what impulse, or in what way, this witless creature, with merely her night-clothes on, had wandered forth; but so it was; for on her return, the distracted mother found her gone; and the next morning she was discovered a corse, beneath the walls of the abbey. Whether she had strayed unobserved to the spot, beheld the strange scene of the night before, and fell a victim to terrors which she could only feel, but not express; or whether, having roamed beyond her knowledge of return, she, after a while, laid her down to sleep, close by where she had seen what she deemed a warming fire, and so perished from cold, thinly clad as she was, could be nothing more than surmise. It was too true that the poor idiot died, and that her wretched, self-accusing mother, felt more than a mother's anguish for her death. She was her only child, and the very calamity which shut her out from all the rest of the world, made her tenfold more dear to her. 'She could have borne her loss,' she said, 'had it pleased God to take her in the usual way; but she knew her poor Marian had gone in search of her, who had never left her thus before, and so she met her death; and that thought she could not bear.'"

We have not attempted to analyse the story, still less to forestall the *dénouement*; and to such readers as wish to give free course to their imagination, "sup full of horrors," and fairly leave our counting, common-place life behind, we cannot do better than recommend these volumes to their notice.

A Dissertation on the Course and probable Termination of the Niger. By Lieut.-Gen. Sir Rufane Donkin, G. C. H., K. C. B., and F. R. S. 8vo. pp. 195. London, 1829. Murray.

THOUGH we have postponed our notice of this publication for several weeks, till we are ashamed to defer it any longer, we feel that we have not yet given sufficient time to those researches which, alone, could enable us to decide positively upon its merits, or the truth of the difficult positions it undertakes to maintain. We must, therefore, that we may not allow its novelty to pass away, rather report upon, than criticise it; and this we do with great pleasure, as a means of recommending it to the attention of the literary world.

In commencing, we may observe, that it is a gratifying thing to see a person of Sir R. Donkin's experience, rank, and fame, turning from the habits of an eventful life, to adorn the quiet of these peaceful times with learned and scientific speculations. The letters appended to his name in the title-page, indeed indicate both the successful soldier and the scholar; but it is not always that we find such initial capitals realised by the absolute facts of the individual case, and long and active military services combined with the studious and laborious inquiries of the man of science. This, which is a high attainment, is very elegantly alluded to in an apolo-

getical form, in the dedication to the Duke of Wellington: "The only excuse I can offer for this intrusion is, the leisure and inactivity to which persons of my profession have been reduced by your Grace's victories; which, having given peace to Europe, leave the soldier without occupation."

With regard to the main question for investigation—that question which has perplexed geographers from the days of Herodotus to the days of Barrow, some three-and-twenty centuries—the course and termination of the Niger of Central Africa, Sir Rufane supposes that "the reason why geographers and travellers had hitherto failed in settling this question was, because they had made a verbal or grammatical error in stating the object of their search to be the Niger, or rather the Nile, (for by the name of Nile, the great river of Central Africa has been generally known to ancient and Arabian writers,) instead of searching for a Nile, or a Niger; and they have thus been endeavouring to unite and reconcile in some one individual river qualities and circumstances which have been predicated of several distinct rivers, and they have thus confounded a specific appellative with a generic and descriptive one. My attempt in the following pages will be to reconcile all or most of what has been said of the Niger, from the times of Herodotus and Ptolemy, down to those of Park and Denham, notwithstanding the many apparent contradictions we find in it; and this I hope to do partly by the rectification and proper use of a grammatical particle, in following out the solution of the geographical problem before us. My research, then, shall be directed to the discovery, not of the Niger or Nile hitherto demanded, which shall unite in itself all that has been related by ancient and Arabian writers, and by natives, of several Niles watering North and Central Africa,—but to shew that all, or most of what has been said or written, if applied to a Nile—that is, to some Nile or great river, and not to any specific one—will be reconcilable with fact and reason."

The author then enters upon the etymology and meaning of the word *Nile* or *Neil*, which he states to imply a blue, black, or dark colour, in the river alluded to, not only in Africa, but in the East.

"In the Hindoostanee, as well as in the Persian and Arabic languages, 'Nile,' 'Neil,' or 'Neel,' means *blue*. 'Neil-gau,' is the blue cow,—an animal most of us have seen in Europe, though a native of Asia. Neil-panee is blue water, and in Hindoostanee is applied to any mass of deep water. A greater intensity or depth is implied by the word 'kolla,' or 'kala,' black, as 'kala-panee,' or the 'black water,' which is the name given in Hindoostan to the great ocean, over which the English pass, say the natives, in going to and coming from Europe. Now here we have the term or idea blue, or black, applied by Asiatics to water when congregated in great quantities; and we shall see by and by the same idea and word, 'Neil,' imported by Arabian merchants into Central Africa, and applied to all the large rivers of which they have any knowledge in that country. The natives of India generalise in the same way; and they call the river Indus, not only a Kala-panee, or the Kala-sinde, but they give it the descriptive generic name of 'Nile.' The people on its banks, I am told, call it the Nile, using the definite article to express their great river,—in the same way as an Arabian geographer would call our Thames the Nile of

England, while the Severn and the Humber would be called each a Nile. The definite article is used also in Egypt by the natives when speaking of their Nile; and I once heard a native of Hindoostan, who had travelled a good deal, call the Ganges 'the Nile.' In all which cases nothing more was meant than a great or blue river. But the name given by the Greeks to the Egyptian Nile was *Μαλας*; and in Hebrew that river is called 'Shihor,' both which words imply 'a black river.' Again, the Syracusans call their largest river the Cyane, or *Κυανη*, from its deep or blue waters: in short, Cyane means 'Neil-panee.' Ovid personifies and makes the Cyane all over as blue as indigo. By the way, Neil is the Hindoostanee word for indigo. Ovid says of this river nymph,

'Cerulei crines, digitique et crura, pedesque.'

The chief river of Æthiopia is called 'Bahr el Azrek,' or the Blue River. Here, then, is another Nile: and thus it was that the earlier geographers, in speaking of a large river in Central Africa, called it by the generic name of 'Nile'; while some of the Arabian writers, fully aware of the true meaning and general use of this term, called the river of which we are speaking, 'the Nile of the Negroes,' by way of distinction. I will here just remark, that the name of 'Niger' is unknown both to the Arabian geographers, and to the natives of Central Africa. We have further an exemplification of the force of the word Nile or Neil, *ex contrario*, from an opposed name being given to the upper part of the Egyptian river, which is called there a 'Bahr Abiad,' or White River, to mark its white, shallow, foaming course amongst rocks, in contradistinction to the deep blue Nile, which it becomes lower down. Park, unconsciously catching the descriptive language of the country in which he had been for some time, on first seeing the Gambia, or some large branch of it, rolling under the mountain on which he stood, calls it 'the Black River;' and he also speaks of the plain which extends from the Faleme to the 'Black River.' But Major Denham gives us a notable instance of the generic application of the word 'Nile;' and I only wonder that the question he records did not at once awaken his attention to the fact, that 'Nile' was the general appellative of all large rivers, and not of a specific one only. 'I had before been asked,' says Major Denham, 'if the Nile was not in England?' the real meaning of which was, 'Have you no Nile, or large river, in England?' But Major Denham, not so understanding it, said, 'No, the Nile is not in England.' Now if this Moor were a literary man, and kept, as Major Denham did, an account of his travels, I can quite imagine such an entry as the following in his journal:—'On such a day I met a white man called Major Denham, a man of courage, discretion, and truth: he, like all the other travellers from his country, which is far in the North, inquired constantly for a great river, calling it the Niger, a name we know not of,—but it is clear that they all want to see a great river. From this I conclude that they have no great river in his country, called England; indeed I asked him, and he said there was none. I suppose, therefore, that his country must be a dry, bad country, not like ours, watered by a Nile; and I begin to suspect that these white men want to discover a country where Niles are to be found, that they may leave their own deserts, and come and live by our deep waters.' Now, after all, such a conclusion on the part of the Moor

would be about as fair as some we have come to on the same subject. Of the word or name *Quorra*, *Quolla*, *Kosorra*, and others similar, applied to the Niger, and apparently to other rivers, I can give no etymological account; I am assured by a competent orientalist and Arabic scholar, that it is not an Arabic word, or traceable to the Sanscrit, Persian, or Hindoostanee. I conclude, then, that it is an African name given by the natives, but evidently used, by what Park, Denham, and Clapperton say, in a general sense, and applied to any large river, as the word Nile is; and if so, we shall have here another instance of the generalisation of a word by the natives, which our travellers have not perceived, but have taken the word or name *Quorra*, *Quolla*, or *Kosorra*, (for they are all the same,) for the specific name of the river on the banks of which they were standing, or about which they were talking."

Succeeding this curious illustration, we have an inquisition into the Euterpe of Herodotus and the Geography of Ptolemy; and the author contends, that the river mentioned by the former as seen by the five young Nasamonians, and the Ni-Geir of the latter, is demonstrated by all authorities to have run from west to east. The great point, however, in this discussion is, that Sir Rufane argues, with every appearance of proof, in support of his having detected a gross error in the received opinion of the longitude as laid down by Ptolemy. The discussion is altogether learned and curious, but we can only give its result, viz., that instead of the ancient geographer's first meridian being drawn through Ferro, as by Montanus, Gerard Mercator, D'Anville, and others, it ought to be drawn through the westernmost of the Cape Verd (as he contends, Ptolemy's "Fortunate" Islands.) By this rectification, seven degrees of west longitude is gained; and assuming this, the author applies it very ingeniously to all his after argument on the course of the Niger, and the positions of lakes, &c. in central Africa. The Geir of Ptolemy and the Nile of Bornou being considered identical, on these and other premises, Sir R. goes on to shew, that after the river is lodged in the lake Dombou, it pursues a northern course to the Mediterranean, into which it originally poured itself by the Gulf of Syrtis, but is now lost in the vast sands of the great desert, which have for so many ages been encroaching on the once fertile and populous region of the Negro Nile. "If we turn (says he) to the valley of the Nile of Egypt, we shall see at this moment the very process going on by which the lower part of the Niger, or Nile of Bornou, has been choked up and obliterated by the invasion of the Great Sahara, under the names of the Deserts of Bilmah and Libya. There has been rubbed out from the face of the earth a river which had once its cities, its sages, its warriors, its works of art, and its inundations like the classic Nile: but which so existed in days of which we have scarcely a record. . . . In the same way shall perish the Nile of Egypt and its valley! its pyramids, its temples, and its cities! The Delta shall become a plashy quicksand—a second Syrtis! and the Nile shall cease to exist from the Lower Cataract downwards; for this is about the measure or height of the giant principle of destruction already treading on the Egyptian valley, and who is advancing from the Libyan Desert, backed by other deserts whose names and numbers we do not even know, but which we have endeavoured to class under the ill-defined denomination of Sahara,—advancing, I repeat, to

the annihilation of Egypt and all her glories, with the silence, but with the certainty too, of all-devouring time! There is something quite appalling in the bare contemplation of this inexorable onward march of wholesale death to kingdoms, to mighty rivers, and to nations; the more so, when we reflect that the destruction must, from its nature, be not only complete, but eternal."

Pursuing his system of the course of the Niger, Sir Rufane strengthens himself by reasoning on the recent statements of Jackson, Park, Denham, Clapperton, and other travellers, through which our limits forbid us to follow him. He scouts the idea of the river running into the Congo; and, in fine, if he does not convince us of the perfect accuracy of his opinions, (for who could expect to do this upon so knotty and so bewildering a subject?), he does produce much that is entertaining even to the general reader, and much that deserves the consideration of the scholar and philosopher. In one of his digressive illustrations he falls upon the famous Greek Digamma—a question as puzzling as the course of the Niger itself; and as this must afford scope for the talents of our classical and biblical critics, we shall conclude by copying his theory upon it.

"My belief is, that the Greek Digamma was used universally in all the dialects, and that it was nothing more or less than a variable euphonic, interposed at the will or taste of the speaker, to prevent either a hiatus, in which case it was a consonant; or to give melody to the sentence, in which case it was a vowel; or to impart force to the *ictus metricus* of the passage, in which case it was an aspirate: and my opinion further is, that those learned persons who have thought proper to represent the digamma at all times, and in all situations, by any particular letter, or by any unvarying mark, have been in error: indeed, I object to the name of digamma as descriptive or explanatory of the thing I am speaking of, which in truth was, 'vox et præterea nihil.' If one might venture to give it a new name, I would call it *αεφ*—the Greek Euphonic; but as a change of that sort must come, if ever, from much higher authority than mine, I shall continue to speak of the sound in question by the usual and received term—Digamma. The digamma, then, was a nonentity, without either form or substance, until it was called into existence, properly and gracefully, by the good taste of the speaker. The delicate organs of the Athenians made them, no doubt, above all the other Greeks, pre-eminent performers on the digamma, if I may so express myself; while a Boeotian would probably introduce his intended euphonic in bad taste, just as a bad performer now might introduce an unharmonious or impertinent 'grace' into a piece of music. The educated and polished amongst the Greeks doubtless used, in general, the digamma with a taste and judgment analogous to the delicacy of their organs. But who shall say now, with any thing like certainty, what this variable and airy euphonic was? whether it was always the same in the same dialect? or whether it was changeable and uncertain as the taste and fancy of each speaker? or whether there was some rule directing its use in particular places and before particular words or letters, as the moderns pretend is the case with some words, particularly the word *ἐπὶ*, before which, say they, there must always be the digamma sounded 'Vau?' Who shall give answers to these queries, particularly in England, where we have lost, perhaps in a greater degree than any where else, all vestige of the

true pronunciation of the Greek and Latin languages? . . .

"It would not be difficult, I think, to shew that the digamma is virtually used in other languages besides the Greek—I think I have detected it in Latin, on the Duilian Rostral Column at Rome, where we find an indurating D introduced every now and then, as in 'Marid,' for 'Mari.' This is a sign of very bad taste in the earlier Romans—for their language was always, from first to last, too abundant in consonants, and consequently too hard and inflexible. Virgil felt this, and did all he could to melodiise and soften his native tongue by introducing Greek names, and, above all, Greek cadences—I will take one instance:

'supervent Egie,
Ægle, Naldum pulcherrima'

into which one of the old hard-bitten Romans would have wedged a digammic D or two. But our neighbours the French, whose agreeable language is not very mellifluous, but which is formed by them for conversation, in which they excel, found they could not get on without an occasional digamma. For instance, their pronunciation would have broken down, and their rapidity of speech would have been brought to a full stop, without the aid of a digammic T in the following colloquial sentence—*n'y a-t-il pas*. Let any one insert the above phrase in a sentence, and leaving out the T, try to pronounce the whole in the usual style of conversation, and he will feel where he will be without the friendly support of the French digamma:—but, strange to say, the Hottentots at the Cape of Good Hope have *their* digamma. Their language is extremely vocal—perhaps indeed they have no consonants strictly speaking; but as it would be impossible, or very difficult, to go on talking always in vowels, the Hottentots have invented a sort of clicking, hard sound, which they modify *ad libitum*, but of which it would be in vain to try to give the least idea by the combination of any letters of any known alphabet, but which prevents their words and sentences from being melted down into one another in one mass. We Europeans cannot ever learn to imitate this digammic clicking sound when we hear it; but as we are obliged to try to write down the Hottentot names of places, I will take the name of a river, the Keis-Kama, for what we do in this way, in which the first K and the second K are meant to represent the Hottentot digamma as we hear it, or as we think we hear it. The ears and voices of the Hottentots are naturally very musical; and those who have been taught to sing by the Moravian missionaries excel as vocalists. Should it be objected that the Hottentots are too low in the scale of civilisation to deal in such luxuries, I will ask, How much higher in that scale did the Pelagot stand, when they brought their harsh language and the digamma from Thrace into Greece, according to the theory of the right reverend and learned author of the 'Horn Pelasgics?' It rather appears, from all we can collect on the subject, that the good old substantial digamma was of very barbarous origin; and that, like the nymph Echo, it was only by degrees that it dwindled away to its graceful tenuity in Homer's days—'corpus adhuc Echo—non vox erat,' but, by and by,

'in ætra succus
Corporis omnis abit'

and we find the hard Pelasgic digamma at last refined down into a sort of musical sound. But it is time to say something of the character F, by which the learned have been accustomed to

represent the Æolic digamma. This may, or may not, have been the mark peculiarly used by the Æolians—or they may have had more than one mark to indicate the introduction of some adventitious sound; but I feel a strong conviction on my mind that the ancient Greeks had many other modes of noting where, and even how, a required euphonic was to be introduced into a word or sentence which had either too many or too few vowels; but the sound and power of the digamma so introduced would vary according to the genius and character of the dialect to which it was to be applied. If the dialect abounded in vowels, a consonantal digamma would be interposed as an *appoggiamento*; if consonants were too thick and hard, they would be softened by a digammic ou, vau, or waugh, or some diluting sound—perhaps by the letter L. The vau has generally been attributed to the Ionic dialect. Homer is supposed to have graced his verses with it; but I never could hear of any satisfactory reason for the rule which has been laid down for prefixing the vau always to the word *ἴφι*, although I confess I myself feel the want of it, or something like it, to prevent the hiatus in Homer's

ἴφις ἰφὶ κλισίῃ.

Mr. Payne Knight, in his Analytical Essay, says, that the digamma was 'certainly pronounced rather as a simple aspirate, than as an aspirated consonant.' If this learned gentleman had taken a wider view of the subject, he would have extended the power of the digamma, and have discovered that it was necessary, in forming a complete idea of Greek cadence and intonation, that the digamma should be assimilated to the dialect to which it was appended—a consonant in some, a vowel in others—and only every now and then merely an aspirate, as suggested by Mr. Knight. Professor Dunbar, of Edinburgh, whose admirable work on Greek Prosody ought to be better known and more highly appreciated than it yet appears to be in this southern part of our island, quotes Hesychius to shew that the letters B and F were frequently employed by different tribes *instead* of the digamma. I will extend Hesychius's remark, and say that B and F were actually and absolutely the digamma of those tribes; or, to speak more philosophically, these two letters were their adjuvatory euphonia;—they felt the want of such sounds in their dialects, and introduced them accordingly. But, even now-a-days, moderns—nay, Englishmen—may have their ears so Hellenised by a residence in the Greek islands, that they acquire a craving after a digamma when speaking modern Greek;—so much so, that a most amiable and accomplished acquaintance of mine, the late Mr. F. Douglas, adopted one off-hand in an interview he had with Ali Pasha, when the pasha seeing him in some volunteer or militia uniform, asked him abruptly, 'Where have you served?' 'On this,' said Mr. Douglas, 'I immediately tipped him the digamma, and answered, *ἐν τῇ Εὐμβλίῳ κλισίῃ*;' giving to his F the force of Gh, strongly aspirated, to avoid the painful hiatus of *ἐν τῇ Οὐμβλίῳ κλισίῃ*, as our vernacular Wimbledon would be spelt in modern Greek. This shews how much taste and ear have to do in the selection of an appropriate digamma. Had Mr. Douglas applied the vau as an inhabitant of Bow would have done, it would have produced a most unclassical effect, and would have been an instance of the very *σαῶς* in euphonia. It will be seen by this, that a speaker of even modern Greek, whose ear is properly attuned, will in-

terpose a well-suited digamma wherever it is wanted; and I have no doubt but the accomplished scholar of whom I have just spoken did vary his according to the principles I have been laying down, and which he appears to have applied in his answer to the pasha."

We cannot do better than finish with this example illustrative of the use and need of digammic interpolation. We ought to add, however, that two maps serve greatly to elucidate the author's ingenious positions, which will no doubt provoke much learned controversy.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, June 7.

THE *beau monde* are daily leaving this capital for their *beaux châteaux* in the provinces; news, therefore, is on the decline,—as literary meetings, which are now the principal resource against ennui, contribute but little to the volume of scandalous anecdotes. Some evenings since, I had the honour of being admitted to a *réunion of blues*: an assembly of monks, friars, nuns, and saints, would have been far preferable; for a day spent at La Trappe is infinitely less calculated to give the vapours or a fit of the spleen, than an evening passed with *intellectuals*. There were gathered together from at least sixty to seventy *savans* and *savantesses*, who had all of them mounted their wise looks. On entering the *salon*, my attention was first attracted by a little old man, who stood in a theatrical attitude, waving his arm backwards and forwards, whilst he repeated verses, which he had composed in memory of the late General Foy. The words *charmant! charmant!* being reiterated with enthusiasm by his auditors, I also expected to be *enchante et ravi*; but the same poetic effusions which excited such energetic applause from learned judgments, had a similar effect on my ignorant and untrained organs as the tinkling of a bad guitar, or the monotony of the drone of a Scotch bagpipe. Being no amateur of irritating sensations, I joined another group of gesticulators, whose monkeyish grimaces highly amused me: politics was the point in discussion; no one listened, but each strove to talk down his opponent's opinion, not by force of reasoning, but by dint of contortions and volubility of speech. I could not retain a single sentence, neither do I believe they knew themselves what they said; and as it would have been a Herculean labour to have essayed to understand them, I did not make the attempt, but entered an adjoining boudoir. There I hoped to hear what is termed trifling conversation, as the Venuses, Mercuries, Cupids, Apollos, Daphnes, &c. with which the walls were hung seemed a *bon augure*, and to promise some happy inspiration: but, oh! "disappointment dire," amidst these loves and graces, a lady was holding forth on the science of craniology, and in a long harangue explained the difference between the skulls of cats, dogs, asses, hogs, elephants, owls, eagles, and human beings. I was uncharitable enough to wish her struck dumb, at least for some hours. A young antiquary next besieged our ears with an account of his travels and his discoveries: he had been in every country in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America; he had mounted to the top of the pyramids of Egypt; (it was a great pity he ever came down!); and, *selon lui*, understood the hieroglyphical characters better than the most learned of the Egyptians. Amongst other assertions, he pretended that the ancients held an ass in great

veneration; this I easily conceived, from the adulation which moderns paid to the speaker: folly in every age, no doubt, has had its votaries, and stupidity its worshippers. Then came a philosopher with a Bacchus mien, who insisted that he could prove, beyond a doubt, that pleasure and pain were equally delightful to a well-regulated mind, and fasting and feasting similar in their effects on the body; he, however, decidedly preferred the latter, if it be permitted to judge from a corpulency which would do honour to a cardinal, and a pair of ruddy cheeks not unworthy of a middle-aged alderman. This philosopher is also a mathematician: according to his calculations, *l'esprit* has attained its grand climacteric, and must of necessity now decline, until the human species be reduced to a mere state of animality, and the passions be so weakened, that by degrees the race will become extinct; so as to leave place for a new creation, which are to spring up, and are to be endowed with superior reason and a larger portion of soul. These beings will be gifted with wings, tails, fins like those of fishes, and horns similar to a stag's. As to food, they are to exist on *arome*. Here the lady of the mansion interrupted this seer into futurity, to expatiate on the delights of that state when mortals should no longer experience the vulgar necessity of eating and drinking. *En attendant*, it would have been only merciful to have suited her refreshments to the actual nature of her guests, for, alas! she deemed sugar and water a sufficient digestive to a feast of reason. The English who were present by no means shared her opinion in this respect; for at each apparition of the footman they hoped to behold ham, sandwiches, *ponche*—in fact, some less intellectual food than that which they had already enjoyed; nor could they conceal their disappointment as their hopes vanished: one would have supposed they were yawning for a wagger.

The German singers and the *royal whale* share the public attention: a portrait of the latter is hung up in the print-shops, and sells for fifteen sous; whilst for three francs the original may be seen. This *very English* price does not alarm the Parisians, or prevent them from gratifying the passion of curiosity. We buried the Marshal Hoënlohe last week, consequently the public prints have exaggerated him into a hero. Such is the effect of death, that once we have made our exit, detractors become instantly warm panegyrist: as said an Irishman, "It is almost worth while to die, that we may hear ourselves praised!"

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

FRIDAY, May 12th. — His Grace the Duke of Somerset in the chair. The meetings for the session were closed this evening by Mr. Faraday, who delivered as full an account as an hour would allow, of the experimental researches which have already been adverted to in the *Lit. Gaz.* as carried on by that gentleman in the laboratory of the Institution, for the purpose of improving the manufacture of glass used for optical purposes. We gathered from Mr. Faraday's opening statement, that his experiments were neither quite so complete as he could have wished them, nor as a week or two would probably make them.

These inventions, it may be necessary to state, were set on foot by a committee of the Royal Society, and the expenses of the necessary materials were defrayed by government: this committee, after a time, appointed Messrs.

Herschel,* Dollond, and Faraday, to be a working sub-committee. In September 1827, the experiments were carried on at the Royal Institution,—being before that period conducted elsewhere, we suppose; and in September, last year, the train of investigations respecting a new kind of glass was commenced; the general results of which formed the subject for this evening.

Mr. Faraday first took a brief view of the discovery made by Dollond, in 1758, of the principles and manufacture of achromatic object-glass; and touched upon the important services rendered by Guinard, and others, in their laborious inquiries regarding the manufacture of glass. He next referred to Barlow, and others, who had tried by the use of fluids to avoid the almost inseparable difficulties attending the use of the flint glass; and by a reference to the present state of the difficulties encountered by the optician, shewed to what extent the question at this time interested the scientific world. The object was to obtain a glass perfectly homogeneous throughout, and uniform in its action upon light; the nature of striae, veins, tails, bubbles, &c. &c. was pointed out, and illustrated by referring to specimens of glass, and of various fluids. The experiments in flint glass were then briefly noticed, and passed for the moment, to admit of describing a new kind of glass,—or at least new in its application,—which, according to the experiments that have already been made, promises to have all the advantages of flint glass, with some very important points of superiority. But here, and indeed in every part of the discourse, Mr. Faraday seemed to us rather willing to say too little than too much, and expressed a desire, that no hopes should be raised beyond those which could be justified by what had actually been done.

Numerous specimens of the glass were upon the lecture-table; amongst them a telescope of 1-three-fourth inches in aperture; and two object-glasses, the one four inches in aperture, constructed by Mr. Dollond, possessing a high dispersive power, and giving a pale yellow colour; the other was nearly of the same extent of aperture. The piece of glass, out of which it had been constructed, was only taken from the furnace in the beginning of the week. It was remarkably pure, no striae could be discovered in it on the closest examination; there were some bubbles, but these, when few in number, do not affect the performance of the telescope.

Before quitting the table, Mr. Faraday, in the name of the committee of management for the evening meetings, took leave of the members and friends of the Institution; not, however, without first earnestly calling their attention to the principles and practice which, within the last few years, have made the Institution so highly interesting. He also claimed their united assistance for the next year, in the good cause of advancing and diffusing science and knowledge,—the only objects which the Institution had in view.

In the library were, amongst the presents, a magnificent specimen of the Venus fan coral, presented by Mrs. Jones; and casts of the Canterbury pilgrimage and processions in Ivanhoe, executed and presented by Mr. Henning. There were also some pieces of oak timber from the New Forest, upon which experiments relative to their strength had been tried; the particulars of which, with drawings, were laid on the table by Mr. Hillyer; also

models of various mechanical inventions; and an original drawing, in water colours, of the west window of Westminster Abbey, by Sir James Thornhill.

On a review of the past session, it appears that about fifty new members have been added to the list. Amongst the deaths are those of Sir H. Davy and Dr. Wollaston. Dr. Young, though not a member, was formerly a lecturer in the Institution. Mr. Faraday, in his observations, referred to these three distinguished men as having formed a triumvirate, the loss of which science would long have to deplore. During the year considerable accessions, both to the library and museum, have been made. Mr. Fuller's medal, we are led to understand, will be given away next year.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

A FEW days ago, the last sectional division of the rewards of this Society took place. The prizes were delivered in the following order, by his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, the President of the Society; viz.—

1. Mr. J. Vandramlin, 14, Brompton Row, for his engraving from the picture by Sebastian del Piombo of the raising of Lazarus, the large gold medal.—2. Mr. J. Robertson, Worton House, Isleworth, for his improvements in the art of painting in water-colours, the gold Isis medal.—3. Mr. Joseph Nethercliff, 9, Newman Street, for his improved method of making lithographic transfers, twenty pounds.—4. Thomas Dowler, M.D., for his musical instrument called the glassophone, the large silver medal.—5. Mr. J. Cuthbert, 5, Purbeck Place, Lambeth, for his stand for an astronomical telescope, the large silver medal and twenty pounds.—6. Mr. W. H. Hilton, 10, Regent Street, for his pump for racking wine, the large silver medal.—7. Mr. R. Parvin, 3, Carpenter Street, Mount Street, for his improved French window, the silver Isis medal and five pounds.—8. Mr. W. Tindall, Leeds, for his wheel with an oblique axle, the silver Isis medal.—9. Mr. W. Aust, Hoxton New Town, for a copper lining to a leaden pump-barrel, five pounds.—10. Mr. T. Williams, Lieut. R.N., for his own to be worked by one hand, the large silver medal.—11. Mr. W. P. Green, Lieut. R.N., for his spoke for a disabled rudder, the silver Isis medal.—12. Mr. W. Rodger, Lieut. R.N., for his syphon for watering ships, the gold Isis medal.—13. Ditto, for his make-shift anchor, the large silver medal.—14. Mr. Edward Carey, R.N., for his method of preventing dry rot in ship timber, the large silver medal.—15. Mr. T. Reynolds, 13, Arbour Terrace, Commercial Road, for his repeating stop for a naval sextant, the gold Isis medal.—16. Mr. D. Davies, 15, Wigmore Street, for a fire-escape, the large silver medal.—17. Mr. S. Mordan, 22, Castle Street, Finsbury, for his self-centering lathe-chuck, the large silver medal.—18. Mr. Joseph Clement, 19, Prospect Place, St. George's, Southwark, for his self-acting double-driver for a lathe-chuck, the large silver medal.—19. Mr. James Roberts, 7, Abbey Street, Bethnal Green Road, for his improvements in weaving velvet, five pounds.—20. Mr. J. Hughes, 93, Sebright Street, Bethnal Green, for his improved cards for weaving figured silks, the silver Isis medal and fifteen pounds.—21. Mr. C. S. Smith, 3, Kirkman's Place, Tottenham Court Road, for his method of manufacturing melting pots for iron and steel, twenty pounds.—22. Mr. R. Green, 67, Ernest Street, Regent's Park, for his draining plough, fifteen pounds.—23. Mr. J. Pearson, Frittenden, Kent, for his draining plough, the large silver medal and fifteen pounds.—24. Joseph Kirby Trimmer, Esq., Strand on the Green, Kent, for his flock of improved Merino sheep, the large gold medal.—25. Josias Booker, Esq., Liverpool, for his substitution of machinery in aid of slave labour, the large gold medal.

His Royal Highness then retired, amidst the plaudits of a numerous meeting.

Expedition up the English and Dundas Rivers, on Capt. Owen's Survey of Africa, in 1822.

ABOUT 2 P. M., a party left the ship in four boats: Mr. Vidal and Tambo in the first, Captain Lechmere and Mr. Watkins in the second, Mr. Rozier and myself in the third, and Mr. Daniel and Mr. Williams in the fourth. We were supplied with a pilot, as an interpreter, from the Port Juan fort, rockets for comparing time with the ship, two chronometers, two tents and a marquee, arms, ammunition, and provisions for fourteen days, with

directions to proceed first up the northern branch as far as navigable, then to examine any other considerable branch, to ascertain our position by observation when practicable, and to invite the natives to intercourse, as well as to make remarks on their habits and customs. With the wind easterly and half flood, we made a fair progress. At 4 observed a break in the woods to the left, with canoes hauled up. Saw a large flight of flamingoes, with hawks, pelicans, cranes, and storks. Saw a fire at 30 min. past 4, on the right-hand side, and another on the left. At 5 h. 10 m. we arrived, after proceeding in a westerly direction about ten miles, to where the river widens and branches off in three different directions: one to the N.W., another to the W., and a third to the S.W.; the latter being, to all appearance, the most considerable. Here all the boats met and disembarked the baggage of the crews, and pitched their tents for the night; this being the only eligible situation we could see within a considerable distance, as the shores on both sides of the river are covered with trees and bushes to the water's edge. Mr. Forbes, naturalist, shot a crane, but the bushes were so thick it could not be found. The wind at this time was E.N.E. After settling ourselves in the tents to dinner, we found that the tide rose so high as completely to enclose us in an island, as indeed we found the place in reality to be so afterwards. This place of encampment is on the western side of a large opening or basin in the river, about two miles across. Wind S.W.: high water. From past 6 till 10 the following morning, we had heavy rain, thunder, and lightning. We obtained a meridian altitude of the moon in the morning for the latitude; and at six we struck the tents, breakfasted, and put off again for the northern branch of the river. Mr. Forbes shot a toucan at this island, and a crane, which latter was soon roasted and made an end of, in the middle watch, by the men. We entered the northern river at 9 o'clock A. M., and shortly after came to a place where the river again branches into two parts, one to the westward, and the other to the northward. About 9 h. 40 m., wind S.W., and rain; half ebb. The latter branch of the river being the largest, we proceeded through it. We were annoyed all this forenoon by small rain, which wet all our writing materials through. We now began to see great numbers of hippopotami, which animals, it seems, do not frequent the saltier parts of great rivers. Here the banks on both sides were covered with impervious woods to the water's edge, principally mangroves and mimosa. We saw great numbers of cranes, storks, vultures, kites, herons, curlews, king-fishers, *certhia*, and a number of other species of birds whose names we did not know. About 11 A. M., wind N. W., we passed a boat full of natives, which we saluted, and which they cordially returned. After proceeding up here some miles, the river gradually decreases from 800 to 2 or 300 feet, the banks become less woody, and the country appears crowded with inhabitants and their huts. Both banks of this northern river, as well as that of the western side of the southern branch, are under the dominion of king Ma-taub; and all the eastern side of this latter branch acknowledges king Capell. Both these nations are in amity together, but there is an active warfare carried on against them by a people whom they call the Horrentantos, who seem to be a fierce set of marauders, that keep these people in continual dread of an invasion. The few canoes that the natives possess are in constant requisition to carry their wives, chil-

* This gentleman, we are informed, has retired from the committee.

* Of this splendid engraving (one of the greatest works of its class ever produced in this country) we spoke in the highest terms on its publication, a few months since. It now ornaments almost every fine collection of prints at home and abroad.—Ed.

dren, and baggage, from one side of the river to the other, as their fear of this nation happens to drive them. We came to a place where the hippopotami were in such numbers, and rose so close to the boat, that we were tempted to fire at them repeatedly, none of which, however, seemed to take any effect, but a shot from Captain Lechmere caused the animal immediately to get off into deeper water out of our reach. From what we afterwards observed of these animals, I have reason to think a musket ball will not penetrate their skins, so great is its toughness and thickness. About 1 h. 30 m. P. M., low water, we landed several times to look for watering and traffic with the natives: none of the former, however, could we obtain, such is the scarcity of fresh-water wherever we have been; but we purchased some spears and a shield, made offers of friendship to the natives, and invited them to bring their things to the ships for sale. At 2 h. 40 m. we passed a dead child on the bank, above high-water mark, which had apparently been drowned. On our return we examined it, and found a great many beads on its neck and legs: it seemed to have been purposely drowned. 3 h. 30 m. We had rain, thunder, and lightning, for two hours, which inconvenienced us very much. About this time we had proceeded nearly seven or eight miles in a direct line, and twelve or fourteen through the windings of the river, the stream diminishing to the breadth of thirty or forty feet; and it becoming difficult to go further, even in the boats, we turned about, having accomplished our object in this direction. On our return we shot a vulture and several other birds; but the want of convenience and room prevented them from being properly preserved, as well as a number of specimens of plants which were collected by Mr. Forbes, who quartered himself in the whale-post this afternoon. The banks, too, being generally a foot deep in mud, and the ground near the Point, where we were obliged to encamp, soft and wet; so that we have been (through necessity) kept in a continual state of dirt and filth both in the boats and in our persons. At 5 h. 40 m. P. M. we landed and pitched our tents on the right banks, about half-way down the river, which seems to be nearly the extent to which it is navigable for small vessels. The place where we encamped is a complete haunt for hippopotami, as the banks are all torn down by them, and their tracks were round us in every direction—indeed, we heard them repeatedly, both in the woods and in the river, snorting like a war-horse in the water; and one of them roared so close to Mr. W. and the cooks, who were a little outside the tents, that they dropped their utensils in a hurry and ran away. The method adopted with respect to the officers' mess was, for each boat to take it in rotation to supply the rest and cook for them, which was found to be much the best plan, as the work would become too tiresome for any single person.

On the 5th, cloudy, with rain. The run of this river being nearly north and south meridian, we were anxious to obtain an observation for the latitude at this place; but the weather was so bad all night, that we could see neither moon nor star. At 6 A. M. we struck our tents and proceeded down, with a view principally to look for water. At 7 h. 30 m. wind S.W. and ebb tide. At 9 A. M. the Hard and Hardy landed for that purpose on the left bank; and having met an officer of King

Mataanb's, with his assistance we obtained some. We also made some exchanges of beads and buttons for assegays. Nothing could exceed the amazement which the natives evinced on beholding their own images in a looking-glass: some started back, others screamed and ran away, and all hallooed out, "O!" and "Augh!" in all the various keys of pleasure, surprise, and even horror: none of the girls and women, however, joined in this general confusion. At 10 A. M. we met a tribe crossing the river, with their wives and children, and all their little household. Near the entrance of this northern river another branch goes off to the left, which we now entered a little way, but found it too inconsiderable to be worth pursuing. At noon we reached the place where we encamped the first night, and Mr. V. landed to obtain the latitude. After looking into the west river, and finding a large shoal extending over the western side of the basin (no doubt occasioned by it), we entered the south river about 1 P. M. The aspect of the country here is nearly the same as in the northern river, only not quite so woody; the trees and bushes are very thick near the banks, but on proceeding a little way inland, the country is variegated with plains and villages, and is pretty thickly inhabited. The trees are principally mimosas, (which grow to a great size, and are almost naked from want of moisture,) mangroves, palms, euphorbia, and a kind of sweet-smelling hawthorn, with small white flowers. Mr. Forbes got a fine orchid here, and a few other plants, and shot several birds. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the kingfishers and small birds of the order of *certhia*, which are here very numerous, as well as the birds mentioned before, among which we observed a large quantity of vampire bats. At 5 P. M. we pitched our tents on the right bank, near a village, and sent a party in search of water, which we at length found in a dirty puddle, after hunting for more than an hour. We met with a son of King Capell's in the village, who was pretty civil; but he had a most troublesome secretary, who was constantly begging something from us, and even wanted to make us pay for the muddy water we took away. The place where we encamped was more uncomfortably wet than the last, but there was no better ground to be had, except by retiring farther from the boats. We were tormented all the first part of the night by a tribe (Vatois) coming down, under pretence of selling bullocks and fowls,—but no doubt to steal,—till we were obliged to threaten to fire upon them. At twelve we observed three rockets in the north-east quarter from the ship, and fired two in return; which, we found from the natives, in passing this place on our way back, had so frightened the Vatois, a tribe of marauders who infest these parts, that they have never troubled them since. Indeed, the whole country seemed to be in alarm all this night, for there were large fires kept up in every direction.

At seven, on the morning of the 6th, we proceeded onwards, and met with nothing particular, except a little trafficking with the natives, and shooting a few birds. A vulture that we wounded was immediately attacked by a hawk; and we saw numerous instances of that bird being in fight with hawks,—usually two of them against one vulture. It is difficult to lay down any scale for the value of articles here, as it depends altogether upon the whim of the seller. Sometimes we got three fowls for a Malay knife, and at other times a spear for a twopenny looking-glass. No

doubt every thing would have been cheaper were it not for the warfare which prevails in all these parts. At 5 P. M. we landed on the left bank; but before we could pitch the tents there came a very heavy shower of rain, with thunder and lightning. This encampment, as well as most of the others, is surrounded with the tracks of hippopotami, zebras, buffaloes, deer, and other wild animals, which we sometimes saw in our course along the river; and at one time a leopard. At night a party went a-rod to look for hippopotami in their retreats, but without any success. At 7 h. 30 m. on the morning of the 7th, Capt. Lechmere shot two hares. At 7 h. 40 m. we started, and at 9 came to a place where Capell's people were flying from the Oorontotes. We carried their women and children across, who trusted themselves to us without the least fear; but finding the men would not follow, at their own request we carried them back again. At 10 we landed on the right bank to look for water, which we found after hunting about several minutes; and had some trafficking with the natives. The numbers of the hippopotami increased very much; but our bullets never seemed to have any effect. At last, however, about 5 P. M. we took a cub in the mud; and shortly after encamped on the right bank. This animal seemed very young, as it could only totter, and refused all kind of food. Its weight might be about 100 lbs., and its shape something between a hog and an elephant. This encampment was covered with the traces of wild beasts, exclusive of ourselves. At 7 A. M. we started, and came to where the river branches off. We followed the southern, being the largest; and about noon it becoming impracticable, only the Cockburn and Hardy reached this place,—the Troughton, a larger boat, could not proceed so high; and we drank a bottle of wine on the occasion, upon ground which might rival our best parks in England, although uncultivated, and where probably no European adventurer dare make three days' halt, without some serious kind of disaster. The water here was tolerable. Shot a Guinea fowl. As the hippopotamus could not long live entirely from its usual element, we killed it for dinner, and found it made an excellent stew, being of the colour of veal, and not very unlike it in taste, skin, &c. We were detained this whole day in survey; and Mr. Forbes having surprised a hippopotamus asleep on shore, a large party sallied forth, armed with boarding pikes, spears, and musketry; but having first waited, like Englishmen, to fill their bellies, we saw no more of the enemy, as we now called that animal, from the fatigue and trouble it had so repeatedly occasioned. Soon after our return a body of seventy or eighty of the tribe of Oorontotes, entered the plain, armed with spears and shields. A few of us advanced towards them, with signs of friendship; but they appeared too much alarmed at our appearance to know how to act; and they made a retreat into the woods. Ever after this a guard was kept round the tents, to watch against any further surprise of these natives. One of the crew having been missing during the night, led to the discovery of the natives' mode of trepanning the hippopotamus, which was by means of a pit being dug near the river, and carefully scattered over with thick grass, into which our adventurer had fallen, and was with difficulty extricated by his comrades, perchance passing within hail of his alarm.*

* This was truly a noble sight, and created good sport to all hands.

* Captain Owen's survey (as the readers of our many notices may recollect) occupied four years and a half; and upwards of thirty officers lost their lives upon

On the Existence of the Unicorn as a distinct Animal of our own Times.

"His horns are like the horns of unicorns."—
Deut. xxxiii. 17.

It may not be known, even to some of our naturalist readers, that the male camelpard or giraffe is not only furnished with two short horns above the ear and on each side of the upper part of his head, but with a third, rising from the centre of his forehead, and in this respect distinguishing him from every other species of ruminating creature of which the animal kingdom as yet affords us any example. When we combine with this circumstance the no less remarkable fact, that the three horns are distinct bones seated upon the sutures of the skull, it is impossible not to draw inferences of a deep importance towards establishing the veracity of the Scripture and of many ancient records, where they speak of the *re'em*, *raam*, *parimim*, or unicorn, an animal which the sacred writings celebrate for its strength, noble bearing, and wildness; and Pliny for its ferocity; whilst Elian and Solinus relate that its feet are undivided and like the elephant's; but Vartemannus, on the contrary, that the two specimens he saw at Mecca were footed like a goat, and of the size of a colt. To the testimony of travellers who have reported the existence of this animal in the remote deserts of Africa, or steppie wastes of Asia, and to every attempt at proving that some other known animal was that which the ancients recognised as the unicorn,* the anatomist has always replied, it was inconsistent with any hitherto observable law of nature in her conformation of the horns of animals, that a single horn should rise from the centre or sagittal suture of their forehead. Recent observation, however, has demonstrated, in the instance of the male of the giraffe species, that such a frontal horn is quite within the pale of the laws by which the structure of animals is ordered, and has consequently removed every doubt as to the possible existence of the unicorn. The late discovery of the Addax, which was hitherto supposed to have existed only in the credulous imaginations of Strabo and Pliny, but the description of which they drew, it is now evident, from reports derived from Northern Africa, induces us to anticipate, with something like a confident expectation, that the time is not distant when the perseverance of some enterprising traveller will place the positive existence of the unicorn beyond the cavil of scepticism.

We have another and scarcely less tenable ground for indulging in this expectation. Ruppell, in a letter written during his sojourn in Kordofan, mentions that the unicorn is well known in that country, under the appellation of the *nillekma*. "The information which I have acquired," says he, "in regard to this animal, from individuals of various classes, uniformly agrees in the following particulars: its skin is of a reddish hue; it is of the size of

it. It extended to the entire eastern coast of Africa, beginning from the Cape of Good Hope, including the whole of the coasts of Madagascar, with the numerous channels of the Mozambique Channel, and those lying to the N.E. of Madagascar, as well as the Mauritius, Bourbon, and other islands. He again commenced from the Cape, and surveyed the western shore of Africa up to the Right of Benin, including Fernando Po, of which place he was subsequently appointed to be governor. Leaving the Gold Coast, he again employed himself about Sierra Leone and the River Gambia, and included the Isles de Lo, as well as part of the Bijago Islands. Captain Boteler, one of the officers who served under Captain Owen, is now engaged in completing the survey of the north-western coast of Africa.

* Some affirm it to have been the Indian ox or ass; and others the rhinoceros, oryx, or hippopotamus, which last has grown into a generally received opinion.

a small horse; its stature is slender as the gazelle's; and the male *nillekma* has a long, straight, narrow horn protruding from his forehead, which is not the case with the female. Some of my informants reported that it has split or cloven hoofs, others that the hoof is entire. It is an inhabitant of the steppes, which lie to the south of Kordofan, possesses great swiftness, and occasionally strays as far north as the mountainous range of the Koldagi, which borders on Kordofan. I have conversed, at different times, with three Arabians, who have themselves seen this animal after it had been killed. One of my own slaves, on seeing the antelopes M. Hey had slain in the desert of Korti, of his own accord described the *nillekma* in terms which entirely coincided with the information I afterwards obtained: he had eaten of its flesh in his native country, and spoke of it as being a remarkably handsome animal. This slave came from Koldagi, and I have had repeated opportunities of ascertaining the veracity of his assertions; for we always found his previous descriptions of the animals we met with on a subsequent occasion to be extremely correct."

Ruppell had afterwards another opportunity, when in company with Arabians, of hearing mention made of the unicorn, as inhabiting the desert already alluded to. They called it the *Anase*; and he observes that "the description given by these Arabians, who had seen the unicorn whilst they were engaged on a southerly incursion along the banks of the Bahhar-Abiad, corresponded with the accounts I had received in Kordofan, as well as from my slave. They asserted positively that its hoofs were cloven."

S.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, June 13th.—The regius professorship of divinity in this University, to which are annexed a canonry of Christ Church, and the rectory of Ewelme, Oxfordshire, has been given to the Rev. E. Burton, B.D., late student of Christ Church, and chaplain to the deceased bishop. Mr. Burton is known to the literary world as the author of a theological work on the "Testimonies of the Antient Fathers to the Divinity of Christ." On Saturday last, being the last day of Easter term, the following degrees were conferred:

Masters of Arts.—H. H. Bobart, Christ Church; Rev. F. Annesley, St. John's College; Rev. J. Missing, Magdalen Hall; L. B. Wither, Oriel College; Rev. E. True-man, Worcester College.

Bachelors of Arts.—C. Marriott, Queen's College; E. H. Orme, St. Mary Hall; Sir T. F. F. Boughby, bart., Sir J. Mordaunt, bart., E. Hulse, W. S. London, Christ Church; W. H. Mackworth, Balliol College; J. Lawson, St. Alban Hall; J. S. Slater, Worcester College; W. W. Ellis, E. A. Waller, B. V. Townshend, Brasenose College; T. Lewis, W. Bowling, W. Lloyd, C. Lloyd, Jesus College; R. B. Wilson, W. H. Rooper, University College; A. C. Bridge, H. Mogg, W. Littlehales, C. Moore, T. W. Martyn, Exeter College; H. Fleisher, Lincoln College; C. J. Laprimaudaye, St. John's College; H. Matthie, Pembroke College; G. R. Marriott, O. C. Huntley, J. Forbes, J. H. Hallett, Oriel College.

On Wednesday last, being the first day of Act term, the following degrees were conferred:

Bachelor in Civil Law.—W. H. Smith, Queen's College.

Masters of Arts.—J. Johns, Brasenose College, Grand Compounder; Rev. A. Neate, Trinity College; Rev. J. B. Gwyn, J. Jones, Rev. J. Price, Jesus College; Rev. J. Trevelyan, Rev. N. Small, St. Mary Hall; W. Jones, Rev. J. Kynaston, Rev. A. Browne, Christ Church; Rev. R. Lewis, Magdalen Hall; E. Ray, Rev. C. W. Pitt, Brasenose College; Rev. G. Wyle, Rev. S. Bellas, Queen's College; Rev. J. West, W. S. Bricknell, Worcester College; Rev. C. Reed, Exeter College; Rev. J. F. Hone, Rev. J. C. Campbell, University College; J. L. Lamotte, Rev. G. Lea, Wadham College; Rev. R. Whitelock, Rev. H. M. Spence, Lincoln College; D. L. Badham, Pembroke College; W. J. Trower, Fellow, Oriel College.

Bachelors of Arts.—Hon. A. J. Ashley Cooper, C. O. Mayne, S. C. J. Berdmere, W. Moore, Christ Church; R. Healis, W. Leech, W. Hutton, M. Burnham, H. T. Streeten, J. Tardiffe, H. Sweeting, Queen's College; J. K. Simpkinson, C. T. Dawson, Balliol College, Grand Compounder; C. T. Cary, E. Bagnall, Magdalen Hall; F. Reyroux, St. Edmund Hall; R. Stranger, W. Gilkes, Pembroke College; E. Williams, T. Davies, W. D. Phillips, J. Roberts, Jesus College; R. Suckling, C. T. James, M. Monahan, Exeter College; G. Kennard,

E. E. Blencowe, A. Stewart, D. Lang, St. Alban Hall; E. Lilley, Worcester College; G. J. Quarmby, G. J. Gould, Lincoln College; E. Meade, Wadham College; A. T. Corfe, All Souls College; J. Pope, H. Horn, G. E. Smith, St. John's College.

Mr. Edwards, B.C.L. of Cambridge, was admitted as student.

CAMBRIDGE, June 13th.—On Saturday last the Chancellor's gold medal for the best English poem by a resident undergraduate, was adjudged to A. Tennyson, of Trinity College. Subject, *Timbuctoo*.

The Porson prize (for the best translation of a passage from Shakespeare into Greek verse) was on Saturday last adjudged to C. R. Kennedy, of Trinity College. Subject, Henry VIII., Act IV., Scene 2, beginning, "This cardinal," &c., and ending, "Peace be with him."

At the congregation held yesterday the following degrees were conferred:

Bachelors in Divinity.—Rev. E. D. Rhodes, Rev. E. Boteler, Rev. C. Smith, Fellows of St. Peter's College; Rev. T. H. Horne, Rev. T. Jones, St. John's College; Rev. G. H. Bowers, Clare Hall; Rev. W. Thomas, Jesus College, Compounder.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. W. Metcalf, Fellow, J. A. D. Meakin, St. John's College; Rev. C. W. Hughes, Corpus Christi College, Compounder; Rev. W. Powley, Jesus College, Compounder; Rev. A. T. R. Vicary, Jesus College.

Bachelors in Civil Law.—R. Cargill, Catharine Hall; F. Trotter, Christ College.

Bachelors in Physic.—A. Murray, A. Frampton, St. John's College; T. Bilgic, Caius College; F. Johnston, Jesus College.

Bachelors of Arts.—W. Whittier, St. John's College; F. Elwes, Pembroke College; J. Abbott, G. Kemfer, H. W. Stuart, Queen's College; T. Brand, Magdalen College.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

JUNE 18th. The President in the chair.—A paper was read "on the conversion to a vacuum of the experiments with Captain Kater's pendulum;" by Captain Sabine, Sec. F.R.S. The presents enumerated were, the first Part of Dr. Richardson's *Zoology of the Northern Parts of British America*, containing the quadrupeds.—Mr. Brande's *Outlines of Geology*—the third volume of M. Legendre's *Treatise on Elliptical Functions*—the Baron De Prony's *Historical Notice of Perronet*—the Baron Roger's work on the *Onolof Language*—along with the *Transactions of numerous learned Societies*. Bransby B. Cooper, Esq., of Guy's Hospital, was ballotted for, and elected. E. F. Maitland, Esq., M.P., was introduced, and took his seat as a Fellow. C. Collier, Esq., late of Ceylon, Dr. W. Nicholl, and J. W. Moss, Esq., were severally proposed.

The worthy President, in taking a seasonal farewell of the Fellows, congratulated the Society upon its continued prosperity, and paid a just tribute to the memory of Wollaston, Young, and Davy, whose loss the Royal Society felt in a particular manner: but, said the President, whilst we lament their death, let us hope that their mantle will descend upon others. The meetings were then declared adjourned for the season.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

SATURDAY, June 13.—Sir Alexander Johnston, V.P. in the chair. The meeting took into consideration the propriety of holding the Society's meetings every Saturday during the remainder of the session. A resolution to that effect being proposed by the Chairman, was carried unanimously.

Baron De Ferussac, the able editor of the "Bulletin Universel des Sciences et de l'Industrie," who has arrived in England on a scientific mission, was present at the meeting.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Open your Mouth, and shut your Eyes! Painted by R. Farrier; drawn on stone by W. Fairland.

A PIECE of boyish waggery, very entertainingly represented. Two urchins, who have induced a third to obey the command compe-

handed in the title, are about to pop a candle between his teeth, instead of the cherry for which his mouth is watering. This is really a wicked trick.

Engraved Illustrations of Ancient Armour. After the Drawings, and with the Descriptions of Dr. Meyrick. By Joseph Skelton, F.S.A. Part XVIII.

THE plates in the eighteenth Part of this interesting publication are "Indian coat of plate;" "Ancient Britannie arms of bronze;" "Armour of a German Ryter, A.D. 1640;" "Roman arms;" "Fluted breast-plates, A.D. 1500;" "Japanese and Bootan arms;" and "Partisan of the Guard of Louis XIV."

Her Highness the Princess Victoria. Engraved by T. Wright, from a drawing by S. Catterson Smith. Colnaghi.

THIS is a very tasteful and interesting little print. The Princess is just at that age so delightful in female childhood, when the eye beams with innocence as well as with intelligence, and the heart is not agitated, or the countenance clouded, by those passions against which even royalty is no protection.

The Right Hon. George Canning. Painted by Sir T. Lawrence; engraved by C. Turner. Colnaghi, Son, and Co.

THE President's admirable whole-length portrait of the late lamented Premier, finely scraped in mezzotint by Mr. C. Turner. It represents Mr. Canning in a frock-coat and undress, standing with his arms folded, (a usual position with him), and the full face looking at the spectator. The expression is mild and quiet—not one of those ever-varying, lighted glances, which passed with such rapidity over his beautiful yet sufficiently masculine countenance, and indicated the emotions which touched the soul, or the flashes of genius which irradiated the inner mind. It is indeed a pleasing and grateful recollection of the most amiable and intellectual man, and the most illustrious and patriotic minister, of our eventful age; and must be highly prized by the British public.

Holy Family.—Mr. Kruseman, a Dutch artist, who has acquired great celebrity at Rome, has recently sent to this country a fine picture of the Holy Family, which we have seen at Mr. Smith's in Bond Street. Having been recommended to our notice by a correspondent, we lost no time in examining this work of art; and we are glad to be able to bear testimony to its high merits. There is great beauty in the countenances of the mother and child; and great skill in the grouping. The colouring is also charming; though we think there is a greenness in the flesh-shades more like the imitation of an ancient master, than like nature—but, altogether, we have seen no modern work on this oft-repeated subject, so well-deserving of eulogy. It does honour to the Dutch school, in a style which it has rarely attempted, and must have raised the painter high in the estimation of his country. The picture should be visited by amateurs.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FAME: AN APOLOGUE.

The Three Brothers.

"The sands of those deserts which lie to the westward of Egypt are encroaching on and narrowing, by a constant and irresistible inroad, the valley of the Nile of Egypt. We see the pyramids gradually diminishing in height, particularly on their western sides; and we read of towns and villages which have been buried in the desert, but which once stood in fertile soils, some of whose minarets

were still visible a few years ago, attesting the powers of the invading sand. . . . Advancing, I repeat, to the annihilation of Egypt and all her glories, with the silence, but with the certainty too, of all-devouring time! . . . We have a broad and inextinguishable flood of light breaking in on this death-like gloom."—*Sir Rufus Donkin's Course, &c. of the Niger.*

I.

THEY dwelt in a valley of sunshine, those Brothers; [dwelling;]
Green were the palm-trees that shadowed their Sweet, like low music, the sound of the fountains [home:]
That fell from the rocks round their beautiful There the pomegranate blushed like the cheek of the maiden [lover,
When she hears in the distance the step of her And blushes to know it before her young friends. [corn-field]
They dwelt in the valley—their mine was the Heavy with gold, and in autumn they gathered The grapes that hung clustering together like rubies;
Summer was prodigal there of her roses, And the ringdoves filled every grove with their song.

II.

But those Brothers were weary; for hope like a glory
Lived in each bosom—that hope of the future Which turns where it kindles the heart to an altar,
And urges to honour and noble achievement: To this fine spirit our earth owes her greatest; For the future is purchased by scorning the present,
And life is redeemed from its clay soil by fame. They leant in the shades of the palm-trees at evening, [the mountain:]
When a crimson haze swept down the side of Glorious in power and terrible beauty, The Spirit that dwelt in the star of their birth Parted the clouds and stood radiant before them:—
Each felt his destiny hung on that moment; Each from his hand took futurity's symbol— One took a sceptre, and one took a sword; But a little lute fell to the share of the youngest, And his Brothers turned from him and laughed him to scorn.

III.

And the King said, "The earth shall be filled with my glory;" [lumn]
And he built him a temple—each porphyry column Was the work of a life; and he built him a city—
A hundred gates opened the way to his palace (Too few for the crowds that there knelt as his slaves,) [walls.
And the highest tower saw not the extent of the The banks of the river were covered with gardens;
And even when sunset was pale in the ocean, The turrets were shining with taper and lamp, Which filled the night-wind, as it passed them, with odours. [monarch;]
The angel of death came and summoned the But he looked on his city, the fair and the mighty, [fame."
And said, "Ye proud temples, I leave ye my

IV.

The Conqueror went forth, like the storm over ocean, [vanquished;
His chariot-wheels red with the blood of the Nations grew pale at the sound of his trumpet, Thousands rose up at the wave of his banners, And the valleys were white with the bones of the slain. [him,
He stood on a mountain, no foeman was near Heavy and crimson his banner was waving

O'er the plain where his victories were written in blood,
And he welcomed the wound whence his life's tide was flowing;
For death is the seal to the conqueror's fame.

V.

But the youngest went forth with his lute—and the valleys
Were filled with the sweetness that sighed from its strings;
Maidens, whose dark eyes but opened on palaces, Wept as at twilight they murmured his words. He sang to the exile the songs of his country, Till he dreamed for a moment of hope and of home; [tives,
He sang to the victor, who loosened his cap—While the tears of his childhood sprang into his eyes. [cypress,
He died—and his lute was bequeathed to the And his tones to the hearts that loved music and song.

VI.

Long ages past, from the dim world of shadows
These Brothers return'd to revisit the earth; They came to revisit the place of their glory, To hear and rejoice in the sound of their fame. They look'd for the palace—the temple of marble—
The rose-haunted gardens—a desert was there; The sand, like the sea in its wrath, had swept o'er them,
And tradition had even forgotten their names. The Conqueror stood on the place of his battles, And his triumph had passed away like a vapour, And the green grass was waving its growth of wild flowers, [place.
And they, not his banner, gave name to the They past a king's garden, and there sat his daughter,
Singing a sweet song remember'd of old, And the song was caught up, and sent back like an echo, [beside.
From a young voice that came from a cottage Then smiled the Minstrel, "You hear it, my Brothers,
My songs yet are sweet on the lute and the lip." King, not a vestige remains of your palaces; Conqueror, forgotten the fame of your battles: But the Poet yet lives in the sweetness of music—
He appeal'd to the heart, and that never forgets.

L. E. L.

MUSIC.

ARGYLL ROOMS.

ON Monday last, Mr. T. Welsh took his benefit at these rooms. From an individual of his tact and professional experience, we had anticipated a better selection of vocal music. A drowsy duet by tame tenors, or a fly-away solo by a capering soprano, are not sufficient to support a concert. We name no one—Mr. Welsh will, doubtless, understand us; and we only regret, for his own sake, that he did not think proper to avail himself of our former advice with respect to getting up concerted pieces. We think it injudicious in Mademoiselle Sontag to allow Miss Nina yet to venture on a solo. Name may do a good deal with *Mister* and Mrs. Bull; but we agree with Ollapod, that "name's nothing, merit's all—rhubarb's rhubarb, call it what you will." We throw this out as a friendly hint to the blue-eyed siren.

* "See, in the West, what clouds of sand arise,
Parching the earth, and dark'ning all the skies!
'Tis He—the giant of the desert's there—
Death on his foot, and in his look despair!
At each fell step see panting Nature die,
And all deform'd beneath the whirlwind lie."

On the same day, that meritorious teacher and excellent musician, M. Pio Ciancettini, had a benefit at the King's Concert Room, which was (as he well deserved) fully attended; and the musical treat comprised the first-rate talents of the day in every department.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

THE long and uninterrupted run which the operatic compositions of Rossini have had at this theatre, to the almost total exclusion of those of Mozart, has, for some time past, given considerable umbrage to the *soi-disant* dilettanti of the day. Nor have the critics altogether been silent on the subject. The press, to which nothing comes amiss, and which, by virtue of office, is necessarily competent to discuss all subjects of science, but more particularly matters connected with the fine arts,—whether music or a mill,—a fight or a fugue,—a pugilistic or a vocal round,—has not only assailed the bad management of the manager, but the bad taste of the *ton*, for their unaccountable predilection for Rossini.

Upon three or four occasions this season, the operas of Mozart have been produced, and upon each the house has been literally crammed long before the curtain had risen. Yet, strange as it may at first sight appear, the first act of each representation had hardly been completed, ere the gapings in the pit, and the somniferous symptoms in the boxes, proclaimed that any thing but the delight anticipated by the impatient auditory had been realised. To account for the disappointment experienced on these occasions by the greater portion of the audience, would, it strikes us, be no very difficult task. Rossini has, for the last ten or twelve years, throughout Europe, kept strong possession of the Italian stage. Both abroad and at home his music has been in vogue; and as there is a fashion in music as well as in millinery, (the one not being a whit more arbitrary than the other), the ear, like the eye, becomes imperceptibly reconciled to the prevailing taste, and ultimately recognises no other. Were the Elizabethan mode of millinery revived, the “bussell,” in less than a “little month,” would yield to the heavier hoop, and the tenant of the huge umbrella-bonnet would soon have to hide her diminished head. So it is in music. Were the scientific fugues of Sebastian Bach introduced by a Wellington instead of a Wesley,* the pleasing lightness of Rossini would soon be pronounced as heavy as Handel. But this is not the sole secret which has caused Rossini to be now more popular than the gifted German. The music of the latter, and we speak it not profanely, is not so dramatic as that of the former. The bustle and business of the stage is better conveyed by the Italian composer; but scenic effect was not so well understood in the days of Mozart as it is at present. Witness the compositions of Weber. Much may be done by orchestral accompaniments to assist situation and heighten the effect of scenic illusion; and it is in this particular that we consider Rossini to surpass his great predecessor. It is true that the music of Mozart, strictly speaking, is more conversational than that of the present popular composer; but dialogue, however elegant and classic, is not sufficient for dramatic effect.

Addison's Cato is an admirable composition in the closet, but on the stage it is monotonous and tame, and has consequently, as an acting

tragedy, sunk into the scenic tomb of the Capulets.

We cannot better illustrate our remarks than by comparing Mozart and Rossini in situations where instrumental aid is essential to add to the business and stir of dramatic incident. In the scene in the *Nosse di Figaro*, where the Page is discovered by the Count concealed in the chair, and subsequently when Susanna persuades him to jump out of the window, Mozart has given nothing but a few chords to add to the effect of these striking incidents. How different would this have been managed by Rossini! Witness his accompaniments in several of his scenes in *La Gassa Ladra*, particularly those wherein search is made for the spoon suspected to be stolen by Ninetta, and where depositions are taken by the magistrates. Nor is this Rossini's only dramatic excellence. His choruses are always effective, and his finales, though frequently noisy, are always dramatic. Not so with Mozart. He seldom introduces a chorus; and some of his finales, dramatically speaking, are very ineffective. To wit, the last in the *Nosse di Figaro*.

On Saturday this opera was performed; and as our previous remarks are every way applicable to its representation, we shall not notice it further. There were one or two *encores*, out of compliment to Sontag and Malibran; but the attempt, upon the fall of the curtain, to demand a repetition of the opera, utterly failed. We shall close our observations with a short colloquy which occurred between ourselves and a fat, full-faced, commercial-looking gentleman, who sat by our side in the pit. “Are you sure, sir,” asked our aldermanic amateur, upon the close of the first act, “that this is *Mister Mozart's* music?” “Quite sure,” was the reply. “Then all I can say,” rejoined the city connoisseur, “is, that there is a great quantity of opium in it; for it has set me once or twice a-nodding.” “We are a’ nodding,” hummed we, and withdrew.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

THE Haymarket theatre opened on Monday last, with the pleasant comedy of *Spring and Autumn*, a new ballet, a new comic piece by Mr. Poole, and the opera of *John of Paris*. Why, with a very fair comic company, many excellent stock pieces of the Haymarket genus, and a good promise of new matter (for the bills announce that “various novelties are in preparation”)—why, we say, under such circumstances should the manager detract from the gratification of the laughter-loving public, who consider the Little Theatre as the only true Temple of Thalia, by meddling with mummery and music, of which, Heaven knows! we have enough elsewhere at this season of the year; and, moreover, in the quality of which Richardson would beat him hollow? The infiction is as cruel as it is unnecessary. If his ears are proof, however, against the “harsh discords and displeasing sharps” of his vocal corps, we imagine they could not have been deaf to the broad hints of the audience, who very properly damned the ballet, and were not over-gracious to the opera. As a set-off to this misfortune, we are happy to have it in our power to record the complete and deserved success of *Lodgings for Single Gentlemen*. It is written in Mr. Poole's happiest vein, smart, and full of incidents; and the character of Mrs. Prattle, admirably acted by Mrs. Glover, is nearly equal to his illustrious *Paul Pry*. Mrs. Prattle is the paragon of landladies,—of that daily increasing class of landladies who rent a large house, live in a

cupboard, and let every other nook and cranny to government clerks and half-pay officers. She talks of her parlours being out all night, of the studious propensity of her drawing-rooms, and the utter derangement of the household affairs, in consequence of an amour between Betty and the back-attic! It has almost driven her to the desperate resolution of turning her kitchen out of doors! The portrait is from the life—not a whit overcharged, though rich as a caricature. All the actors did well. Mr. Webster, from Drury Lane, is likely to be a very useful member of this company, and contributed greatly to the success of the piece. Let us hope to see the *Female Sentinel* relieved by another farce of this description. We love the Haymarket, despite its inconvenient boxes and wretched scenery, and shall rejoice to see it flourish; but our conscience hanging about the neck of our heart, will not permit us to wink at its ballet, or shut our ears to its opera: we wish, for our own sakes, it would. There have been some creditable *débuts* this week, which we will notice in our next.

THE English Opera House opens next Saturday; and Mr. Arnold has been making exertions worthy of his preceding seasons, to produce both novelty and excellence in the musical and dramatic departments, and in the company.

VARIETIES.

Cornelle.—The French papers some time ago endeavoured to rouse public sympathy on behalf of M. P. Cornelle, a descendant of the illustrious poet, who is in a state of great distress. A few days since a representation was given at the Theatre Français, in Paris, for his benefit; but the receipts were too trifling to be of any permanent assistance to the unfortunate man for whom they were intended.

Bones.—At the sitting of the Paris Academy of Sciences on the 8th inst. a letter was read from two gentlemen of Montpellier, announcing the discovery of a cave, containing bones of animals, at Argant, near Vingran, in the department of the Eastern Pyrenees. Among the bones found in this cave were those of the *rhinoceros theoricinus* of Cuvier, an antediluvian animal; of the wild boar, horses, oxen, different kinds of sheep and of deer, of the species still existing, mixed with the bones of several species which are now extinct. As there were no bones of carnivorous animals among them, it might be inferred that the received opinion of these caves having been the habitual retreat of hyenas and other carnivorous animals, was not quite correct; but it has been observed, that there is nothing in this discovery to overthrow the general doctrine, as there are many carnivorous animals which have no habitual retreat, and therefore carry their prey to some lonely spot, where they devour it. Such might have been the case in the present instance.

Repression of Duelling.—At one of the recent sittings of the sovereign council of Geneva, a member of the assembly, M. Fazy Pasteur, moved that the law relative to duelling presented in France, should be adopted at Geneva. “Duels (said M. Fazy) have been very frequent, even among us, since the wars of the empire have ceased, and particularly since the Court of Cassation of France has decided that such cases are not provided for by the French penal code, which has compelled the ministry to request the legislature to replace this barbarous prejudice in the catalogue of crimes.

* Samuel Wesley, the celebrated organist, who, though no relation to the late Lord Mornington, spells his name in the same way.

As we have the same code at Geneva, we ought to follow in the same path. Besides, surrounded as we are by Savoy, where duelling is punished with death—by the Canton de Vaud, where severe penalties are attached to it—and by France, which is about to class it among assassinations,—can we remain in the back-ground; and ought our territory to become a place of refuge, an asylum where the duellist may bring his victim, and sacrifice him with impunity?" M. Pasteur concluded by stating that he could not possibly foresee any grounds for rejecting his proposition. The motion was warmly supported by Professor Bellot and M. Bellamy Aubert.

Gelatine.—The use of gelatine from bones is becoming very general in the French hospitals as an article of diet. In the hospital of La Charité, in Paris, upwards of 1000 rations a day are produced by means of a steam-apparatus. This gelatine is said to be much liked by the patients, as it is pure, and may be flavoured in any way that is desired.

Accounts from Rome, dated the 31st May, state, that shocks of an earthquake continue to be felt daily at Albano. Columns of smoke were seen to rise from the banks of the lake, but at the time of the first shock only, and that only twice. This appears not to be a new phenomenon; for a similar circumstance occurred in 1766, when the shocks of an earthquake continued at the same spot, or in the environs, every day from September to New Year's Day. In 1799, shocks were felt for nineteen days in succession. Albano is always the centre of these commotions, which extend as far as Marino, Larioci, and Gensano. It is apprehended, that the volcanoes in this region—of the eruptions of which no memory remains, but in whose extinct craters lakes now exist (Albano, Nemi, &c.)—are again on the eve of breaking out. The fears of Rome are great; and a commission of men of science has been sent out to examine the country.

The epidemic disease which we noticed last year as having made such ravages at Paris, on the borders of the Seine, is stated to have again made its appearance with equal intensity.

Cost of Sugar on the Continent.—It is stated in an article in the last Number of the *Revue Encyclopédique*, that although, in consequence of the colonial system, sugar is so expensive an article in France, the best refined sugar was to be had at Antwerp, duty paid, at sixpence or sixpence-halfpenny per pound; in Prussia, for nine-pence or nine-pence-halfpenny; and in Hamburgh for seven-pence or sevenpence-halfpenny; and that sugar exported from France, with the allowance of the drawback, is sold in Switzerland at about half the cost at which it is to be had by the consumer in France. In consequence of this high price of sugar, the consumption in France, except among the better classes, is very small—it is only at the rate of five pounds to each individual in the population; whereas in the United States, according to Humboldt, it is eight pounds; in England fourteen pounds; in Hamburg ten pounds; and in the rest of Germany six pounds.

Eau de Cologne.—The last Number of the *Journal des Connaissances Usuelles* contains the following recipe for making eau de Cologne of the purest quality:—Spirits of wine of thirty-six degrees, four litres (the litre is about an English quart); essential oil of cedar and of citron, each three drachms; oil of bergamot, two ounces; oil of lavender, one drachm and twenty-four grains; oil of thyme, twelve grains; neroli, three drachms; oil of

rosemary, three drachms and twenty-four grains. Put the oils into the spirits of wine and leave them to infuse for one month, then filter through blotting-paper: put into the mixture when bottled one pint of eau de melisse.

Musical.—A Signor Canzi, of Naples, has invented a new musical instrument called the *trumpet-flute*, from its pleasing, yet powerful tone.—*Beck's Repertorium.*

A new and extremely interesting periodical, *Der Musikalische Ausseiger*, begun only in February last at Vienna, and edited by the very popular poet Castelli, contains excellent critiques on the musical publications of the day. In the tenth No. it is stated, that a new opera, *La Straniera*, by Bellini, has been extraordinarily successful at Milan; and in the first No., that a gigantic bass has lately been invented, which has seven strings, and the bow of which is moved by a machine. The effect, the writer says, is wonderful.

The Week.—Towards the close of our week we often receive communications, and see and hear things, which, though we have not time to notice at length, seem to be deserving of a brief record. A paragraph including them has suggested itself to us as a closing memorandum, and it shall appear when necessary under the above title.

Drury Lane closes to-morrow with the veteran Spring's benefit: Covent Garden keeps open till next Thursday inclusive.—A collection of the late Mr. Bonington's drawings, &c., above two hundred in number, are on private view at Sotheby's to-day and Monday, previously to being brought to the hammer. There is also on the same days a farther sale of Mr. West's productions, and of articles of virtu belonging to him.—We have received the complete volume of Mr. Macfarlane's work since writing our first review: it is stated to us, with reference to the war of last year, that the highest military as well as political authority in England has said, "On one side I see nothing but blunders; but I cannot detect a single false move on the other." So much, as a corollary on Turkish tactics!—The lighted exhibition of the British Institution on Monday night was most brilliant, and brilliantly attended by rank and beauty. Most of the pictures were seen to great advantage, till the fashionable crowd presented other attractions to promenaders.—At the last meeting of the Royal Society of Literature for the season, on Wednesday, Mr. Sotheby, at the request of the Council, read a portion of his translation of the Iliad. The part selected was the description of the shield of Achilles; which, on recital, seemed to be as poetical as it was close to the splendid original.—At the King's Theatre a new ballet, called *Les Dégisements Imprévus*, and founded on Boieldieu's *Fils au Village Voisin*, has been successfully produced.—A most disgraceful plan for building over Hampstead Heath has nearly been smuggled through Parliament: we trust that resort of the valetudinarian and the artist may yet be preserved from this unhallowed design.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Parisian Periodicals, 1839.—A correspondent at Paris has kindly favoured us with a complete list of the periodicals published in that capital; adding a detail of their objects, their periods of publication, prices, &c. Classing them according to their character, it appears that there issue at present from the Parisian press, on subjects connected with Bibliography, 4 journals; Commerce, Industry, and Finance, 16; Husbandry, 3; Jurisprudence, 20; Administration (customs, prisons, domains, &c.), 6; Military Science, &c., 3; Religion, 9; Education, 61; General Science, 13; Medicine, 22; Literature, 18; Music, 5; Fashion, 2; Funnecuary, 1; the Lottery (1) 1.

—Independently of seven annual publications, and thirty-two daily papers. Of a truth, if the "march of intellect" among the Gauls keep pace with the march of letters, every other competitor must rapidly be put *hors de combat*. Our correspondent, however, bids us take comfort, and allay our apprehensions; for, says he, "l'imagination gallopie; le jugement ne va que le pas!"

A Paris correspondent writes:—"Some of the English papers having stated that M. Cesar Moreau, the late French Vice-Consul at London, was engaged upon an important work for the young Duke of Bourdeaux, I have taken some pains to get information concerning it. I find that M. Moreau has undertaken to prepare a sort of Library of Reference of all the Works of Interest in the fifty public and forty extensive Libraries in this capital. There are in these libraries about six millions of volumes of books, and two millions of manuscripts; and M. Moreau intends to analyse them all, so as to take about one million of the best books and about 500,000 manuscripts, of which he will make a Catalogue of Reference, so that the young prince may, at a glance at the titles, be able to turn to the work of every author of note, on whatever subject. For this purpose a room is to be prepared, fitted up with drawers, on each of which will be pasted the title: each drawer will form a division, and within will be the subdivisions and sections, with the heads.—For instance, the word *population* will be placed on a drawer, in which will be found cards of reference to every author, ancient and modern, who has written on the subject, with notes by M. Moreau; and so with every other title. This useful work will of course require a long time for completion; but it has already advanced considerably, although M. Moreau has only four amanuenses to assist him. He is now in London, collecting materials for his undertaking."

Under the title of "a Commentary, Mythological, Historical, and Geographical, on Pope's Homer and Dryden's *Æneid* of Virgil," we recognise that excellent work "the Classical Manual," republished by Mr. Murray at the reduced price of twelve shillings. This reduction brings it within the reach of young persons and teachers at schools and private tutors, to whom it has already been so strongly recommended in various critical publications, that any further praise from us would be superfluous. We must, however, observe, that it is not merely adapted to the classes of readers above mentioned, but will afford amusement and instruction to persons of either sex and of every age.

A new (the sixth) edition of the Little Villager's Vase-Book, by Mr. Bowles, is announced.

Sir Jonah Barrington has nearly ready a third volume of his amusing work.

Dr. Burrows, Dean of Cork, announces a volume of Sermons on the First Lessons of the Morning Service for the Sundays from Septuagesima to Trinity Sunday.

At Hamburgh the first edition of the *Second-æneid* in the original, with a critical and exegetical preface, is printing under the superintendence of Professor Olshausen, of Kiel, at the expense of the Danish government.—*German Papers.*

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Spinoza's Lectures on Hieroglyphics, 8vo. 16s. bds.—Kennedy's *Æschylus Agamemnon*, royal 8vo. 12s. bds.—Maddin's Travels in Turkey, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 4s. bds.—Waldgrave, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 7s. bds.—Josephine's Memoirs (French), Vol. III. 8vo. 8s. bds.—Macfarlane's Constantinople, 4to. 2l. 10s. bds.—Carleile's Account of the Privy Chamber, 8vo. 1l. bds.—Adventures of a King's Page, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.—Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, 8vo. 14s. bds.—Parry's Anthology, 8s. 8vo. 4s. bds.

METHEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1839.

June.	Thermometer.			Barometer.	
Thursday .. 11	From 35.	to 71.		30.31	to 30.39
Friday 12	— 47.	— 75.		30.36	to 30.94
Saturday ... 13	— 63.	— 79.		30.94	to 30.19
Sunday 14	— 58.	— 80.		30.19	to 30.11
Monday 15	— 49.	— 77.		30.08	to 29.90
Tuesday ... 16	— 50.	— 68.		29.76	Stationary
Wednesday 17	— 41.	— 70.		29.76	to 29.77

Wind variable, prevailing S.W.

Wind variable, prevailing S.W.
Generally clear, till the 16th, when a little rain fell. On the 17th several claps of thunder, and a few flashes of lightning from the N.E.

Rain fallen, .475 of an inch.
Barometer. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Latitude 51° 37' 39" N.
Longitude 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. H. H., of the Temple, does indeed seem to be "an amorous boy;" and we advise him, besides communicating directly with the lady of the "pulpy lip" which says, "I will be kissed," to allow the nearest surgeon about Fleet Street to take twenty ounces of blood from his left arm.

If any body is obliged to be near one Mr. Robert Story, of Gargrave, Craven, who appears by a letter we have received with his signature, to have had some concern in a work called "the Magic Fountain," we advise them to beware of that individual, for he is certainly in a rabid state, and may do them mischief, as he has done us to the tune of *elevenpence*.

Our concluding notice of the Somerset House Exhibition is unavoidably deferred till next week.

ERRATUM.—In our review of *Tales of a Physician* (No. 647) we mentioned A. Harrison as the author: it should have been William Henry Harrison.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

SUFFOLK STREET GALLERY.
SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.
The Sixth Annual Exhibition for the Sale of Works of Art by
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HULL and EAST RIDING INSTITU-
TION for the PROMOTION of the FINE ARTS.
The Rooms for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British
Living Artists will be opened on Monday, the 3d of August next.
All Pictures intended to be exhibited must be at the Rooms
between the 1st and 30th July. The Daily List of Pictures to and
from the Exhibition will be defrayed by the Institution.
Hull, June 15th, 1850. W. H. DIXON, Secretary.

Pictures, finished and unfinished. Sketches, Portraits, &c. by
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size; Studies of Thetis bringing the Armour to Achilles; Infant
Saviour, with Mary and Joseph; a beautiful Study of Wilson;
the large Cartoon for the Painted Windows of Windsor Castle;
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"My uncle did as his ancestors had done before him; and, cheap as the dignity had grown, went up to court to be knighted by Charles II. He was so delighted with what he saw of the metropolis, that he forewore all intention of leaving it, took to Sedley and champagne,

flirted with Nell Gwynne, lost double the value of his brother's portion at one sitting to the chivalrous Grammont, wrote a comedy corrected by Etherege, and took a wife recommended by Rochester. The wife brought him a child six months after marriage, and the infant was born on the same day the comedy was acted. Luckily for the honour of the house, my uncle shared the fate of Plimneus, king of Sicily, and all the offspring he ever had (that is to say, the child and the play), 'died as soon as they were born.' My uncle was now only at a loss what to do with his wife, that remaining treasure, whose readiness to oblige him had been so miraculously evinced. She saved him the trouble of long cogitation,—an exercise of intellect to which he was never too ardently inclined. There was a gentleman of the court celebrated for his sedateness and solemnity; my aunt was piqued into emulating Orpheus, and six weeks after her confinement she put this rock into motion,—they eloped. Poor gentleman! it must have been a severe trial of patience to a man never known before to transgress the very slowest of all possible walks, to have had two events of the most rapid nature happen to him in the same week. Scarcely had he recovered the shock of being ran away with by my aunt, before, terminating for ever his vagrancies, he was ran through by my uncle. The wits made an epigram upon the event; and my uncle, who was as hold as a lion at the point of a sword, was, to speak frankly, terribly disconcerted by the point of a jest. He retired to the country in a fit of disgust and gout. Here his own *bon naturel* rose from the layers of art which had long oppressed it, and he solaced himself by righteously governing domains worthy of a prince, for the mortifications he had experienced in the dishonourable career of a courtier. Hitherto I have spoken somewhat slightly of my uncle; and in his dissipation he deserved it, for he was both too honest and too simple to shine in that galaxy of prostituted genius of which Charles II. was the centre. But in retirement he was no longer the same person, and I do not think that the elements of human nature could have furnished forth a more amiable character than Sir William Devereux, presiding at Christmas over the merriment of his great hall. Good old man! his very defects were what we loved best in him; vanity was so mingled with good nature that it became graceful, and we revered one the most, while we most smiled at the other. One peculiarity had he, which the age he had lived in, and his domestic history, rendered natural enough, viz. an exceeding distaste to the matrimonial state: early marriages were misery; imprudent marriages idiotism; and marriage at the best, he was wont to say, with a kindling eye and a heightened colour, marriage at the best—was the devil. Yet it must not be supposed that Sir William Devereux was an ungallant man. On the contrary, never did the *beau sexe* have a humbler or more devoted servant. As nothing in his estimation was

less becoming to a wise man than matrimony, so nothing was more ornamental than flirtation. He had the old man's weakness, garrulity, and he told the wittiest stories in the world, without omitting any thing in them but the point. This omission did not arise from the want either of memory or of humour, but solely from a deficiency in the malice natural to all jesters. He could not persuade his lips to repeat a sarcasm hurting even the dead or the ungrateful; and when he came to the drop of gall which should have given zest to the story, the milk of human kindness broke its barrier despite himself, and washed it away. He was a fine wreck, a little prematurely broken by dissipation, but not perhaps the less interesting on that account; tall, and somewhat of the jovial old English girth, with a face where good nature and good living mingled their smiles and glow. He wore the garb of twenty years back, and was curiously particular in the choice of his silk stockings. Between you and me, he was not a little vain of his leg, and a compliment on that score was always sure of a gracious reception."

The following scene is a good contrast:

"I approached the apartments appropriated to my mother—I knocked at her door; one of her women admitted me. The countess was sitting on a high-backed chair, curiously adorned with tapestry. Her feet, which were remarkable for their beauty, were upon a velvet cushion; three handmaids stood round her, and she herself was busily employed in a piece of delicate embroidery, an art in which she eminently excelled. 'The count—madam!' said the woman who had admitted me, placing a chair beside my mother, and then retiring to join her sister maidens. 'Good day to you, my son,' said the countess, lifting her eyes for a moment, and then dropping them again upon her work. 'I have come to seek you, dearest mother, as I know not if, among the crowd of guests and amusements which surround us, I shall enjoy another opportunity of having a private conversation with you—will it please you to dismiss your women?' My mother again lifted up her eyes—'And why, my son?—surely there can be nothing between us which requires their absence; what is your reason?' 'I leave you to-morrow, madam; is it strange that a son should wish to see his mother alone before his departure?' 'By no means, Morton; but your absence will not be very long, will it?—dear, how unfortunate,—I have dropt a stitch.' 'Forgive my importunity, dear mother—but *will* you dismiss your attendants?' 'If you wish it, certainly; but I dislike feeling alone, especially in these large rooms; nor do I think our being unattended quite consistent with our rank; however, I never contradict you, my son;' and the countess directed her women to wait in the ante-room. 'Well, Morton, what is your wish?' 'Only to bid you farewell, and to ask if London contains nothing which you will commission me to obtain for you?' The countess again raised her eyes from her work. 'I am

greatly obliged to you, my dear son, this is a very delicate attention on your part. I am informed that stomachers are worn a thought less pointed than they were. I care not, you well know, for such vanities; but respect to the memory of your illustrious father renders me desirous to wear a seemingly appearance to the world, and my women shall give you written instructions thereon to Madame Tourville—she lives in St. James's-street, and is the only person to be employed in these matters. She is a woman who has known misfortune, and appreciates the sorrowful and subdued tastes of those whom an exalted station has not preserved from like afflictions. So, you go to-morrow—will you get me the scissors, they are on the ivory table, yonder.—When do you return? ‘Perhaps never!’ said I, abruptly. ‘Never, Morton! how singular—why?’ ‘I may join the army—and be killed.’ ‘I hope not. Dear, how cold it is—will you shut the window?—pray forgive my troubling you, but you would send away the women. Join the army, you say?—it is a very dangerous profession!—your poor father might be alive now but for having embraced it; nevertheless, in a righteous cause, under the Lord of Hosts, there is great glory to be obtained beneath its banners. Alas, however, for its private evils!—alas, for the orphan and the widow!—You will be sure, my dear son, to give the note to Madame Tourville herself; her assistants have not her knowledge of my misfortunes, nor indeed of my exact proportions; and at my age, and in my desolate state, I would fain be decorous in these things—and that reminds me of dinner. Have you ought else to say, Morton?’ ‘Yes!’ said I, suppressing my emotions—‘yes, mother! do bestow on me one warm wish, one kind word, before we part—see—I kneel for your blessing—will you not give it me?’ ‘Bless you, my child—bless you!—look you now—I have dropt my needle.’ I rose hastily—bowed profoundly—(my mother returned the courtesy with the grace peculiar to herself)—and withdrew. I hurried into the great drawing-room—found Lady Needleham alone—rushed out in despair—encountered the Lady Hasleton, and coquetted with her the rest of the evening. Vain hope! to forget one’s real feelings by pretending those one never felt.”

From the many witty and dramatic dialogues we select a single one.

“Boulainvilliers! Comte de St. Saire! What will our great-grandchildren think of that name? Fame is indeed a riddle! At the time I refer to, wit—learning—grace—all things that charm and enlighten—were supposed to centre in one word—*Boulainvilliers!* The good count had many rivals, it is true; but he had that exquisite tact peculiar to his countrymen, of making the very reputations of those rivals contribute to his own. And while he assembled them around him, the lustre of their *bons mots*, though it emanated from themselves, was reflected upon him. It was a pleasant, though not a costly apartment, in which we found our host. The room was sufficiently full of people to allow scope and variety to one group of talkers, without being full enough to permit those little knots and coteries which are the destruction of literary society. An old man of about seventy, of a sharp, shrewd, yet polished and courtly expression of countenance, of a great gaiety of manner, which was now and then rather displeasingly contrasted by an abrupt affectation of dignity, that, however, rarely lasted above a minute, and never withstood the shock of a *bon mot*, was the first

person who accosted us. This old man was the wreck of the once celebrated Anthony Count Hamilton! ‘Well, my lord,’ said he to Bolingbroke, ‘how do you like the weather at Paris?—it is a little better than the merciless air of London—is it not?’ ‘Slife!—even in June, one could not go open-breasted in those regions of cold and catarrh—a very great misfortune, let me tell you, my lord, if one’s cambric happened to be of a very delicate and brilliant texture, and one wished to penetrate the inward folds of a lady’s heart, by developing, to the best advantage, the exterior folds that covered his own.’ ‘It is the first time,’ answered Bolingbroke, ‘that I ever heard so accomplished a courtier as Count Hamilton repine, with sincerity, that he could not bare his bosom to inspection.’ ‘Ah!’ cried Boulainvilliers, ‘but vanity makes a man shew much that discretion would conceal.’ ‘*Au diable* with your discretion!’ said Hamilton, ‘’tis a vulgar virtue. Vanity is a truly aristocratic quality, and every way fitted to a gentleman. Should I ever have been renowned for my exquisite lace and web-like cambric, if I had not been vain? Never, *mon cher!* I should have gone into a convent and worn sackcloth, and, from Count Antoine, I should have thickened into *Saint Anthony*.’ ‘Nay,’ cried Lord Bolingbroke, ‘there is as much scope for vanity in sackcloth as there is in cambric; for vanity is like the Irish ogling master in the Spectator, and if it teaches the playhouse to ogle by candle-light, it also teaches the church to ogle by day! But, pardon me, Monsieur Chaulieu, how well you look! I see that the myrtle sheds its verdure, not only over your poetry, but the poet. And it is right that, to the modern Anacreon, who has bequeathed to Time a treasure it will never forego, Time itself should be gentle in return.’ ‘Milord,’ answered Chaulieu, an old man who, though considerably past seventy, was animated in appearance and manner, with a vivacity and life that would have done honour to a youth—‘Milord, it was beautifully said by the Emperor Julian, that Justice retained the Graces in her vestibule. I see, now, that he should have substituted the word *Wisdom* for that of *Justice*.’ ‘Come,’ cried Anthony Hamilton, ‘this will never do. Compliments are the dullest things imaginable. For God’s sake, let us leave panegyric to blockheads, and say something bitter to one another, or we shall die of ennui.’ ‘*Vous avez raison*,’ said Boulainvilliers:—‘let us pick out some poor devil to begin with. Absent or present? Decide which.’ ‘Oh, absent,’ cried Chaulieu; ‘’tis a thousand times more piquant to slander than to rally! Let us commence with his majesty: Count Devereux, have you seen Madame Maintenon and her devout infant since your arrival?’ ‘No!—the priests must be petitioned before the miracle is made public.’ ‘What!’ cried Chaulieu, ‘would you insinuate that his majesty’s piety is really nothing less than a miracle?’ ‘Impossible!’ said Boulainvilliers, gravely; ‘piety is as natural to kings as flattery to their courtiers: are we not told that they are made in God’s own image?’ ‘If that were true,’ said Count Hamilton, somewhat profanely—‘if that were true, I should no longer deny the impossibility of atheism!’ ‘Fie, Count Hamilton,’ said an old gentleman, in whom I recognised the great Huet, ‘fie—wit should beware how it uses wings—its province is earth, not heaven.’ ‘Nobody can better tell what wit is not, than the learned Abbé Huet!’ answered Hamilton, with a mock air of respect. ‘Psha!’ cried Chaulieu, ‘I thought, when we once gave the rein to satire,

it would carry us *pêle-mêle* against one another. But in order to sweeten that drop of lemon-juice for you, my dear Huet, let me turn to Milord Bolingbroke, and ask him whether England can produce a scholar equal to Peter Huet, who in twenty years wrote notes to sixty-two volumes of Classics,* for the sake of a prince who never read a line in one of them?’ ‘We have some scholars,’ answered Bolingbroke; ‘but we certainly have no Huet. It is strange enough, but learning seems to me like a circle—it grows weaker the more it spreads. We now see many people capable of reading commentaries, but very few, indeed, capable of writing them.’ ‘True,’ answered Huet; and in his reply he introduced the celebrated illustration which is at this day mentioned among his most felicitous *bons mots*. ‘Scholarship, formerly the most difficult and unaided enterprise of Genius, has now been made, by the very toils of the first martinet, but an easy and common-place voyage of leisure. But who would compare the great men, whose very difficulties not only proved their ardour, but brought them the patience and the courage which alone are the parents of a genuine triumph, to the indolent loiterers of the present day, who, having little of difficulty to conquer, have nothing of glory to attain? For my part, there seems to me the same difference between a scholar of our days and one of the past, as there is between Christopher Columbus and the master of a packet-boat from Calais to Dover!’ ‘But,’ cried Anthony Hamilton, taking a pinch of snuff, with the air of a man about to utter a witty thing—‘but what have we—we spirits of the world, not imps of the closet,—and he glanced at Huet—‘to do with scholarship? All the waters of Castaly which we want to pour into our brain are such as will flow the readiest to our tongue.’ ‘In short, then,’ said I, ‘you would assert, that all a friend cares for in one’s head is the quantity of talk in it?’ ‘Precisely, my dear count,’ said Hamilton, seriously; ‘and to that maxim I will add another applicable to the opposite sex. All that a mistress cares for in one’s heart is the quantity of love in it.’ ‘What! are generosity, courage, honour, to go for nothing with our mistress, then?’ cried Chaulieu. ‘No; for she will believe, if you are a passionate lover, that you have all those virtues; and if not, she won’t believe that you have one.’ ‘Ah! it was a pretty court of love in which the friend and biographer of Count Grammont learnt the art!’ said Bolingbroke. ‘We believed so at the time, my lord; but there are as many changes in the fashion of making love as there are in that of making dresses. Honour me, Count Devereux, by using my snuff-box, and then looking at the lid.’ ‘It is the picture of Charles the Second which adorns it—is it not?’ ‘No, Count Devereux, it is the diamonds which adorn it. His majesty’s face I thought very beautiful while he was living; but now, on my conscience, I consider it the ugliest phiz I ever beheld. But I pointed your notice to the picture because we were talking of love; and Old Rowley believed that he could make it better than any one else. All his courtiers had the same opinion of themselves; and I dare say the *beaux garçons* of Queen Anne’s reign would say, that not one of King Charles’s gang knew what love was. Oh! ’tis a strange circle of revolutions, that love! Like the earth, it always changes, and yet always has the same materials.’ ‘*L’amour, l’amour—toujours l’amour*, with Count Anthony Hamilton!’ said Boulainvilliers. ‘He is always

* “The Delphin Classics.”

on that subject; and, *sacre bleu!* when he was younger, I am told he was like *Cacus*, the son of *Vulcan*, and breathed nothing but flames.' 'You flatter me,' said Hamilton. 'Solve me now a knotty riddle, my Lord Bolingbroke. Why does a young man think it the greatest compliment to be thought wise, while an old man thinks it the greatest compliment to be told he has been foolish?' 'Is love foolish, then?' said Lord Bolingbroke. 'Can you doubt it?' answered Hamilton; 'it makes a man think more of another than himself! I know not a greater proof of folly!' 'Ah! *mon aimable ami!*' cried Chaulieu; 'you are the wickedest witty person I know. I cannot help loving your language, while I hate your sentiments.' 'My language is my own—my sentiments are those of all men,' answered Hamilton; 'but are we not, by the by, to have young *Aroust* here to-night? What a charming person he is!' 'Yes,' said Boulainvilliers. 'He said he should be late; and I expect Fontenelle, too, but he will not come before supper. I found Fontenelle this morning conversing with my cook on the best manner of dressing asparagus. I asked him the other day, what writer, ancient or modern, had ever given him the most sensible pleasure? After a little pause, the excellent old man said, 'Daphnus'—'Daphnus!' repeated I, 'who the devil is he?' 'Why,' answered Fontenelle, with tears of gratitude in his benevolent eyes, 'I had some hypochondriacal ideas that suppers were unwholesome; and Daphnus is an ancient physician who asserts the contrary; and declares—think, my friend, what a charming theory!—that the moon is a great assistant of the digestion!' 'Ha! ha! ha!' laughed the Abbé de Chaulieu. 'How like Fontenelle! what an anomalous creature 'tis! He has the most kindness and the least feeling of any man I ever knew. Let Hamilton find a pithier description for him if he can!''

We reserve till our next some further specimens and remarks; including the grand feature of the novel—the character of Lord Bolingbroke; and we hope the author and the public will pardon us for offering so hasty a sketch of a work we have so greatly admired: our excuse is, a hurried reading previous to publication.

The Life of John Locke; with Extracts from his Correspondence, Journals, and Common-place Books. By Lord King. 4to. pp. 407. London, 1829. Colburn.

WHEN we had begun to look for some relaxation from our labours, towards the usual close of the publishing season, we find ourselves (not disagreeably for the *Literary Gazette*, nor, we trust, for its readers) almost overwhelmed with a mass of new and very interesting works. Of these, certainly one of the most important, and one which must ever remain a standard book in English libraries, is Lord King's *Life of John Locke*. With the opinions of the noble author, which we consider the least valuable portion of the volume, we shall have nothing to do: whether his dislike to High Church doctrines, or his general polemical and political sentiments, are right or wrong, we leave it to others to canvass,—for on such points no one can determine; while we thank him with all our hearts for the delightful addition he has here made to the literature of our country.

Where almost every page teems with matter which claims attention or admiration, it is no easy task for a Reviewer to do justice to his original,—and especially in a periodical like ours, so various, and, of course, so limited;

since, in endeavouring to afford a comprehensive view of all that is really worthy of public regard in letters, science, and the arts, so as to guide our contemporaries in their choice and judgment, and serve as a useful index and reference to those who are to succeed us, it will readily be seen that we have it not in our power to dwell at length upon the elucidation of any one subject, however desirous we might be to shine in the character of elaborate critics, rather than in the more humble department of faithful reporters. In this instance, in order to do as much as we can, we shall pass over the biography of Mr. Locke, as well known to the world in its leading circumstances, from his birth in 1632, to his death in 1704, and address ourselves to these papers, so happily preserved by their having gone into the possession of Sir Peter King, the ancestor of Lord King, his near relation and sole executor. 'They consist of the originals of many of his printed works, and of some which were never published; of his very extensive correspondence with his friends, both in England and abroad; of a journal which he kept during his travels in France and Holland; of his common-place books; and of many miscellaneous papers; all of which have been preserved in the same acutroire in which they had been deposited by their author, and which was probably removed to Ockham in 1710.'

Speaking of the design, Lord K. adds: 'It is impossible, after the lapse of one hundred and thirty years, to portray with accuracy those minute features of character which make biography often so interesting when sketched by the hand of contemporaries and friends. The most authentic account of Locke which has hitherto been published, is to be found in the *Bibliothèque Choisie* of 1716, written by Le Clerc, about twelve years after the death of his friend. In the present attempt, the order of events, and in part also the narrative of Le Clerc, has been followed; and I have endeavoured, from the letters and memorials which still remain, to make Mr. Locke, as far as possible, his own biographer. * * * It appears from the character of the hand-writing in Mr. Locke's original sketches, that after having well considered his subject, he was able at once, without the least hesitation, to draw upon his own ample resources, and striking out his work, as it were, at a heat, to write down his thoughts, *currente calamo*, without difficulty, hesitation, or impediment. Perhaps this decision of the author, proceeding from his habit of previous reflection, and from his devotion to the cause of truth, gives to his writings that peculiar spirit which distinguishes them. His works intended for publication, had of course the advantage of revision and correction; but as many of the following were extemporaneous thoughts, committed hastily to paper, and never afterwards corrected, the reader will make allowance for any inaccuracies that he may find in them. Some persons may think that too many, and others that too few of the letters have been published; the great difficulty was to make a selection, and to shew, without fatiguing the reader, the interest which was felt by Mr. Locke on so many different questions, the versatility of his genius, and the variety of his occupations. Of the letters from different correspondents found amongst Mr. Locke's papers, the whole of those from Sir Isaac Newton, and the greater part of those from Lord Shaftesbury and Lord Peterborough, are now printed. Of the remainder, nearly one hundred are from Limborch; perhaps double that number from Monnier

Toinard, containing the scientific news of Paris from 1679 for several years following; many from Le Clerc; from M. Guenelon, of Amsterdam; from Lord Ashley, afterwards the third Earl of Shaftesbury; from Mr. Tyrrel and Dr. Thomas, Mr. Clark of Chipstead, to whom the *Thoughts on Education* were addressed; and from A. Collins, &c. &c. amounting altogether to some thousands in number. The desire of keeping this publication within reasonable bounds, has prevented the publication of more than a very few of these letters.'

Such is the scope of the work before us: of what has been retained, we are ignorant; but we can truly say, that ten times as much as has been permitted to appear, if of any thing like the same quality, would be most acceptable to every reader of taste and intellect. So early as page 3 we have a charming letter—a model of filial affection—from Locke to his father; and to p. 41, where his foreign journal begins, in 1675, there are ample materials for an interesting paper. But we can only select the briefest examples.

In advising Lord Peterborough respecting the choice of a tutor for his son, Mr. L. says finely and wisely: 'I must beg leave to own that I differ a little from your lordship in what you propose; your lordship would have a thorough scholar, and I think it not much matter whether he be any great scholar or no; if he but understand Latin well, and have a general scheme of the sciences, I think that enough; but I would have him well-bred, well-tempered; a man that, having been conversant with the world and amongst men, would have great application in observing the humour and genius of my lord your son; and omit nothing that might help to form his mind, and dispose him to virtue, knowledge, and industry. This I look upon as the great business of a tutor; this is putting life into his pupil, which when he has got, masters of all kinds are easily to be had; for when a young gentleman has got a relish of knowledge, the love and credit of doing well spurs him on; he will, with or without teachers, make great advances in whatever he has a mind to. Mr. Newton learned his mathematics only of himself. * * * With the reading of history, I think the study of morality should be joined; I mean not the ethics of the schools fitted to dispute, but such as Tully in his *Offices*, Puffendorf de *Officio Hominis* et *Civis*, de *Jure Naturali* et *Genitum*, and above all, what the New Testament teaches, wherein a man may learn to live, which is the business of ethics, and not how to define and dispute about names of virtues and vices. True politics I look on as a part of moral philosophy, which is nothing but the art of conducting men right in society, and supporting a community amongst its neighbours.'

While at Cleve, in 1665 (where he was Secretary to Sir W. Vane, our envoy to the Elector of Brandenburg), we have pleasing specimens of Locke's playfulness and good humour, in letters to a friend (Mr. John Strachy)—they exhibit him in a more amiable and social point of view than any of his correspondence yet published; and we wish we could copy more of them than the following mosaic bits:—

'You must not expect any thing remarkable from me all the following week, for I have spent it in getting a pair of gloves, and think, too, I have had a quick despatch; you will perhaps wonder at it, and think I talk like a traveller; but I will give you the particulars of the business. Three days were spent in

finding out a glove; for though I can walk all the town over in less than an hour, yet their shops are so contrived, as if they were designed to conceal, not expose, their wares; and though you may think it strange, yet, methinks, it is very well done, and 'tis a becoming modesty to conceal that which they have reason enough to be ashamed of. But to proceed: the two next days were spent in drawing them on—the right-hand glove (or, as they call them here, hand shoe), Thursday, and the left hand, Friday; and I'll promise you this was two good days' work, and little enough to bring them to fit my hands and to consent to be fellows, which, after all, they are so far from, that when they are on, I am always afraid my hands should go to cuffs one with another, they so disagree: Saturday we concluded on the price, computed, and changed our money; for it requires a great deal of arithmetic and a great deal of brass to pay twenty-eight stivers and seven doits; but, God be thanked, they are all well fitted with counters for reckoning: for their money is good for nothing else, and I am poor here with my pockets full of it. I wondered at first why the market people brought their wares in little carts, drawn by one horse, till I found it necessary to carry home the price of them; for a horse-load of turnips, would be two horse-load of money. A pair of shoes cannot be got under half a year: I lately saw the cow killed out of whose hide I hope to have my next pair. The first thing after they are married here is to bespeak the child's coat, and truly the bridegroom must be a bungler that gets not the child before the mantle be made; for it is far easier here to have a man made than a suit. To be serious with you, they are the slowest people, and fullest of delays, that ever I have met with, and their money as bad. * * *

"I had formerly seen the size and arms of the duke's guards, but to-day I had a sample of their stomachs (I mean to eat, not to fight; for if they be able to do as much that way too, no question but under their guard the duke is as much in safety as I believe his victuals are in danger). But to make you the better understand my story, and the decorum which made me take notice of it, I must first describe the place to you. The place where the elector commonly eats is a large room, into which you enter at the lower end by an ascent of some few steps; just without this is a lobby: as this evening I was passing through it into the court, I saw a company of soldiers very close together, and a steam rising from the midst of them. I, as strangers used to be, being a little curious, drew near to these men of mettle, where I found three or four earthen fortifications, wherein were intrenched peas-porridge, and stewed turnips or apples, most valiantly stormed by those men of war: they stood just opposite to the duke's table, and within view of it; and had the duke been there at supper, as it was very near his supper-time, I should have thought they had been set there to provoke his appetite by example, and serve as the cocks have done in some countries before battle to fight the soldiers into courage; and certainly these soldiers might eat others into stomachs. Here you might have seen the court and camp drawn near together, there a supper preparing with great ceremony, and just by it a hearty meal made without stool, trencher, table-cloth, or napkins, and, for ought I could see, without beer, bread, or salt; but I stayed not long, for methought 'twas a dangerous place, and so I left them in the engagement. I doubt by that time you come to the end of this course of entertainment, you will be as weary of reading

as I am of writing, and therefore I shall refer you for the rest of my adventures (wherein you are not to expect any great matter) to the next chapter of my history."

It was ten years later, in 1675, that Locke went to reside in France for the benefit of his health, and kept the interesting daily journal from which the following are selections:—

At Lyons "they shewed us, upon the top of the hill, a church, now dedicated to the Virgin, which was formerly a temple of Venus: near it dwelt Thomas Becket, when banished from England. * * * About half a league from St. Vallier, we saw a house, a little out of the way, where they say Pilate lived in banishment. We met with the owner, who seemed to doubt the truth of the story; but told us there was mosaic work very ancient in one of the floors." At Montpellier "I walked, and found them gathering of olives—a black fruit, the bigness of an acorn, with which the trees were thick hung. All the high-ways are filled with gamesters at mall, so that walkers are in some danger of knocks. * * * Parasols, a pretty sort of cover for women riding in the sun, made of straw, something like the fashion of tin covers for dishes. * * * Monsieur Renaie, a gentleman of the town, in whose house Sir J. Rushworth lay, about four years ago, sacrificed a child to the devil—a child of a servant of his own, upon a design to get the devil to be his friend, and help him to get some money. Several murders committed here since I came, and more attempted; one by a brother on his sister, in the house where I lay." [This species of crime is therefore not so new in France as recent cases have induced the philosophical to imagine.]

"At Toulouse saw the chartreux, very large and fine; saw the relics at St. Sernin, where they have the greatest store of them that I have met with; besides others, there are six apostles, and the head of the seventh; viz. two Jameses, Philip, Simon, Jude, Barnabas, and the head of Barthelmy. We were told of the wonders these and other relics had done being carried in procession, but more especially the head of St. Edward, one of our Kings of England, which carried in procession, delivered the town from a plague some years since.

"Paris, Dec. 20th.—In the library of the Abbé de St. Germain, M. Covell and I saw two very old manuscripts of the New Testament, the newest of which was, as appeared by the date of it, at least 800 years old, in each of which I John, chap. v. ver. 7, was quite wanting, and the end of the eighth verse ran thus, 'tres unum sunt;' in another old copy the seventh verse was, but with interlining; in another much more modern copy, ver. 7 was also, but differently from the old copy; and in two other old manuscripts, also, ver. 7 was quite out; but as I remember in all of them the end of the eighth verse was 'tres unum sunt.' The story of the nuns of Lodun possessed, was nothing but a contrivance of Cardinal Richelieu to destroy Grandier, a man he suspected to have wrote a book against him, who was condemned for witchcraft in the case, and burnt for it. The scene was managed by the capuchins, and the nuns played their tricks well, but all was a cheat. 23d. At the king's levee, which I saw this morning at St. Germain, there is nothing so remarkable as his great devotion, which is very exemplary; for as soon as ever he is dressed, he goes to his bed-side, where he kneels down to his prayers, several priests kneeling by him, in which posture he continues for a pretty while, not being

disturbed by the noise and buzz of the rest of the chamber, which is full of people standing and talking one to another. The Marquis de Bordage, who married M. Turenne's niece, being at Rome about the year 66 or 67, being at a mass where the Pope was present, and not above a yard or two from him, a very considerable cardinal, who was just by him, asked him just after the elevation: 'Che dice vostra signoria di tutta questa fanfantara?'"

The next is a remarkable paragraph to contrast with our day:—

"At Paris, the bills of mortality usually amount to 19 or 20,000; and they count in the town about 500,000 souls, 50,000 more than at London, where the bills are less. Quere, whether the Quakers, Anabaptists, and Jews, that die in London, are reckoned in the bills of mortality."

We proceed with some amusing anecdotes:

"They tell here, that the Bishop of Bellay having writ against the Capuchins, and they against him, Cardinal Richelieu undertook their reconciliation, and they both promised peace; but the Capuchins writing again under another name, the bishop replied; so that the cardinal, seeing him some time after, told him, that had he held his peace he would have canonised him. 'That would do well,' replied the bishop, 'for then we should each of us have what we desire; i. e. one should be pope, and the other a saint.' Cardinal Richelieu having given him the Prince of Balzac and the Minister Silhon to read (which he had caused to be writ, one as a character of the king, and the other of himself), demanded one day, before the king, his opinion of them; to which the bishop replied, 'Le Prince n'est pas grande chose, et le Ministre ne vaut rien.' A devout lady being sick, and besieged by the Carmes, made her will, and gave them all: the Bishop of Bellay coming to see her after it was done, asked whether she had made her will; she answered yes, and told him how: he convinced her it was not will, and she desiring to alter it, found a difficulty how to do it, being so beset by the friars. The bishop bid her not trouble herself for it, but presently took order that two notaries, habited as physicians, should come to her, who being by her bed-side, the bishop told the company it was convenient all should withdraw; and so the former will was revoked, and a new one made and put into the bishop's hands. The lady dies, the Carmes produce their will, and for some time the bishop lets them enjoy the pleasure of their inheritance; but at last, taking out the other will, he says to them, 'Mes freres, you are the sons of Eliah, children of the Old Testament, and have no share in the New.' This is that bishop of Bellay who has writ so much against monks and monkery.

"The Mémoires de Sully are full of fables and self-flattery, so concluded by the company chez Mr. Justel; the same which Mr. Fénelon had before told me; those of the Duc de Guise, a romance; but those of Modena, concerning Naples, good.* I saw the Père Cherubin, the Capuchin so famous for optics, at least the practical part in telescopes, at his convent in the Rue St. Honoré. The Capuchins are the strictest and severest order in

* "During his residence at Paris, Locke made acquaintance with Mr. Justel (whose house was then the resort of the literati of France); and with him he continued to correspond long after his return to England. He also formed an acquaintance with Mr. Guessen, the celebrated physician of Amsterdam; these friendships were most useful some years afterwards, during his retreat in Holland. He became also intimately acquainted with Monsieur Toinard, the author of Harmonie Evangelicorum."

France, so that to mortify those of their order, they command them the most unreasonable things, irrational and ridiculous: as to plant cabbage-plants the roots upwards, and then reprove them, the planters, because they do not grow. As soon as they find any one to have any inclinations any way, as Père Cherubin in optics and telescopes, to take from him all that he has done, or may be useful to him in that science, and employ him in something quite contrary; but he has now a particular lock and key to his cell, which the guardian's key opens not. This severity makes them not compassionate one to another, whatever they would be to others. Within this year past, were bills set up about Paris, with a privilege for a receipt to kill lice, whereof the Duke of Bouillon had the monopoly, and the bills were in his name. Par permission et privilège du Roy, accordé à perpétuité à Monsieur le Duc de Bouillon, Grand Chambellan de France, par lettres patentes du 17 Sept., 1677, vérifiées en parlement par arrêt du 13 Dec. au dit an, le public sera averti que l'on vend à Paris un petit sachet de la grandeur d'une pièce de quinze sols, pour garantir toute sorte de personnes de la vermine, et en retirer ceux qui en sont incommodés sans mercure. Il est fait défense à toutes personnes de le faire, ni contre-faire, à peine de trois mille livres d'amende. Extrait de l'affiche."

Having now copied so many characteristic traits in the picture of France, we hope our readers will receive equal amusement from the following directions, which "appear to have been set down for some foreigner about to visit England. They are curious, as affording a comparison with the improvement of the present time. *England, 1679.*—The sports of England, which, perhaps, a curious stranger would be glad to see, are horse-racing, hawking, and hunting: bowling,—at Marebone and Putney he may see several persons of quality bowling, two or three times a week all the summer; wrestling, in Lincoln's Inne Field every evening all the summer; bear and bull-baiting, and sometime prizes, at the Bear-Garden; shooting in the long-bow and stob-ball, in Tothill Fields; cudgel-playing, in several places in the country; and hurling, in Corn-wall. *London.*—See the East India House, and their magazines; the Custom House; the Thames, by water, from London Bridge to Deptford; and the King's Yard at Deptford; the sawing-windmill; Tradescant's garden and closet; Sir James Morland's closet and water-works; the iron mills at Wandsworth, four miles above London, upon the Thames; or rather those in Sussex; Paradise by Hatton Garden; the glass-house at the Savoy, and at Vauxhall. Eat fish in Fish Street, especially lobsters, Colchester oysters, and a fresh cod's head. The veal and beef are excellent good in London; the mutton better in several counties in England. A venison pasty and a chine of beef are good every where; and so are crammed capons and fat chickens. Rattles and heath-pots, ruffs, and reeves, are excellent meat wherever they can be met with. Puddings of several sorts, and creams of several fashions, both excellent; but they are seldom to be found, at least in their perfection, at common eating-houses. Mango and saio are two sorts of sauces brought from the East Indies. Bermuda oranges and potatoes, both exceeding good in their kind. Cheddar and Cheshire cheese. Men excellent in their arts. Mr. Cox, in Long Acre, for all sorts of dioptrical glasses. Mr. Opheel, near the Savoy, for all sorts of machines. Mr. —, for a new invention he has,

and teaches to copy all sorts of pictures, plans, or to take prospects of places. The king's gunsmith, at the Yard by Whitehall. Mr. Not, in the Pall Mall, for binding of books. The Fire-eater. At an ironmonger's, near the May-pole, in the Strand, is to be found a great variety of iron instruments, and utensils of all kinds. At Bristol see the Hot-well; St. George's Cave, where the Bristol diamonds are found; Ratcliff church; and at Kingwood, the coal-pits. Taste there Milford oysters, marrow-puddings, cock-ale, metheglin, white and red muggets, elvers, sherry, sack (which, with sugar, is called Bristol milk), and some other wines, which, perhaps, you will not drink so good at London. At Gloucester observe the whispering place in the cathedral. At Oxford see all the colleges, and their libraries; the schools and public library, and the physic-garden. Buy there knives and gloves, especially white kid-akin; and the cuts of all the colleges graven by Loggins. If you go into the North, see the Peak in Derbyshire, described by Hobbs, in a Latin poem, called 'Mirabilia Pecci.' Home-made drinks of England are beer and ale, strong and small; those of most note, that are to be sold, are Lambeth ale, Margaret ale, and Derby ale; Herefordshire cider, perry, mede. There are also several sorts of compounded ales, as cock-ale, worm-wood-ale, lemon-ale, scurvygrass-ale, college-ale, &c. These are to be had at Hercules Pillars, near the Temple; at the Trumpet, and other houses in Sheer Lane, Bell Alley, and, as I remember, at the English Tavern, near Charing Cross. Foreign drinks to be found in England are all sorts of Spanish, Greek, Italian, Rhenish, and other wines, which are to be got up and down at several taverns. Coffé, thé, and chocolate, at coffee-houses. Mum at the mum houses and other places; and molly, a drink of Barbadoes, by chance at some Barbadoes merchants'. Punch, a compounded drink, on board some West India ships; and Turkish sherbet amongst the merchants. Manufactures of cloth that will keep out rain; flanel, knives, locks and keys; scabbards for swords; several things wrought in steel, as little boxes, heads for canes, boots, riding-whips, Rippon spurs, saddles, &c. At Nottingham dwells a man who makes fans, hand-bands, necklaces, and other things of glass, drawn out into very small threads."

And here we must, for the present, close; leaving much of what is admirable, both in the miscellaneous style of these quotations, and in far more important things (*ex. gr.*, some remarks on *Study*, on *Error*, &c.) to enrich our columns hereafter.

Macfarlane's Constantinople in 1828.

(Second Notice.)

THE state of the sultan's new troops is a circumstance of so much importance, that we endeavour to place the author's view of it before the public.

"Considering that these troops were, at the time, of little more than a year's standing, they went through their evolutions in good style; they handled their muskets with great activity and tolerable precision; but they had not yet caught the military march-step. The marching, indeed, was the worst part of the exhibition; and its slovenliness is perhaps to be accounted for by the habitual locomotion of the Turks, which is performed by something which I should describe as between a shuffle and a strut, and by their wearing clumsy *papousses*, which fit ill to their feet. The most striking deficiency, of course, was that of non-commis-

sioned officers and subalterns; these being imperfect in their service, threw all the work on a few of the superior officers, who were seen running from place to place, performing the duties of drill-sergeants: even the colonel did this, and was seen racing and storming, and using the flat of his sword, until he appeared ready to drop from heat and fatigue. Strange work this for a colonel! but so few were the subjects possessing any previous knowledge of the military art, that they were obliged to submit to it. Another strange sight to see, was, that many of the officers carried thick heavy horse-whips, made of plaited thongs, not merely for ornament, as was demonstrated by their frequent application to the shoulders of the awkward or careless soldiers. This endurance of blows, which the tacticoes bear with the equanimity of an Austrian recruit, is considered, by those acquainted with the proud and fiery character of the Turkish people, as not one of the least strange workings of the 'new order of things.' The colour of the uniform of the Smyrna corps of regulars is blue; their jackets, like those frequently worn by Italian sailors, are long, and rather more loose than become military *tenue*; their trowsers are very wide down to the knee, where they are tied in, thence they fit close to the leg, and descend to the instep; neither stock nor stockings have been introduced, and the want of them, and bare necks and feet, give a dirty, forlorn look to the whole man in the eye of a European. The European military hat, or *shako*, has not been introduced; but the eastern turban has been entirely put aside. They wear red cloth caps (not small, and gracefully clapped on the crown of the head, as with the Albanians, but large), padded, and descending over the whole of the upper part of the head, and reaching the ears: a blue tassel in silk or wool is pendant from the crown, as an ornament. This description will certainly not convey a splendid idea of the uniform of the tacticoes; but even this, as worn by some of the officers, properly made to fit, and in good materials, with a crescent worked in silver, or in small brilliants (according to their rank), on the breast, with a good cap, and flowing bushy tassel, and a neat pair of morocco leather boots, or at least a pair of stockings in their slippers, does not look amiss. The best part of an officer's equipment is, however, a cloak or mantle, worn occasionally: this is fastened round the neck by a silver clasp, and descends below the knee in loose folds: the colour is a rich Turkish red. It has a graceful and military appearance; and so sensible are the wearers of this, that they can scarcely be induced to resign it by the heat of the dog-days. No people, perhaps, are more attached to dress than the Turks; and had the grand signior's finances permitted, it would have been wise in him to create an affection to his essay (the regular service) by giving them a dashing uniform. The muskets and bayonets of the troops, which were furnished by a house at Marseilles, are of inferior French manufacture, and were not kept remarkably clean. The belts and cartouche boxes were extremely slovenly, and hung too low; a trifling defect to the eye, which they share with the French. The instructors and officers were all Turks. At the commencement, the pasha had a Piedmontese; but he was dissatisfied by his entire ignorance of the Turkish language, without which it was impossible for him to do much; and the soldier of fortune, on his side, thought his services inadequately recompensed, and retired. The colonel and one or two elderly officers had acquired their knowledge during the fatal attempt made

by Sultan Selim to introduce discipline and European tactics. Indeed, it was a few of these men who escaped massacre at the time from the hands of the janissaries, and who were found alive at the suppression of that body, that formed the nucleus of the infant Turkish army of Mahmoud. It was on these men the sultan called, and on them he relied. A very false idea prevails in Europe as to the number of Christians employed in the formation of the new troops, and also as to those actually in Mahmoud's service. The fact is, he never has had more than a few individuals employed merely as instructors, without rank or command in his army, and they had dwindled down to almost nothing before the opening of the Russian campaign of 1828. As the Turks of the *Nisam djeid*, under Sultan Selim, were instructed by French officers, and as the Europeans employed by the present sultan were either French or Italians who had served in Buonaparte's army, the French system of drill and evolution has been naturally adopted for the new troops.

"The countenance and admiration of the fair sex to the new military, and to 'the pomp and circumstance of glorious war,' even though such were but imitations of the faithless Christian, seemed to be pretty generally shared by the young Turks, particularly by those of the city. There were, however, not wanting sneerers and scoffers, and deprecators of the departure from the old and true Osmanli arms and tactics, and the modern and impious adoption of the *unmanly* weapons, and riddling, incomprehensible manoeuvres of the Ghiaours. Such men, indeed, were numerous both at Smyrna and Constantinople, though in the latter city the expression of their contempt and complaints was, for good reasons, much more guarded. Besides the exclusive attachment to what was Mussulman and antiquated—besides their religious fanaticism—a considerable portion of the spirit of janissaryism entered into all this. A grim old Osmanli, from the inland district of Magnesia, a true Turk, who looked upon every change as a crime, happened one morning at the review to enter into conversation with a Levantine gentleman, with whom he was acquainted. 'So these are the new troops,' said he, 'that I have heard so much of; these are the troops that are to defend the Ottoman empire from its enemies! And what, in Allah's name, can the sultan expect to do with these beardless, puny boys, with their little shining muskets? Why, they have not a yataghan among them! What does this mean? It was with the yataghan the Osmanlis conquered these territories and the countries of the Christians; and it is with the yataghan they ought to defend them. The yataghan is the arm of Mahomet and of his people, and not that chibouque-wire I see stuck at the end of their guns. Mashallah! And what sort of a monkey's dress is this? What sort of ugly-faced, shrivelled, puling dogs are these? Why they don't look like Osmanlis! And the land of Mahomet to be defended by such as these! — Baccaloom!' He continued somewhat in this style, blaming all he saw, and breathing his choler from time to time with a—'If it please Allah!' 'Allah be praised!' 'We shall see!' 'What is written is written!' and other good Turkish orthodox exclamations. Of their deploying, their lines, their squares, and other mathematical figures the *tacticoes* formed in the course of their evolutions, he could make out nothing, except that it all appeared very silly. But when they came to firing; when he saw a regular rolling fire maintained along

the line; the firing in platoons; the means of defence of a solid square;—all which was very tolerably executed,—and other things which his philosophy had not dreamt of,—he was obliged to confess, that it would not be so easy as he had imagined to charge and cut such troops to mince-meat, with the yataghan in hand. Indeed, at length his progress to conversion seemed merely impeded by the conviction that, though clever and effective, this mode of warfare was wicked and unbecoming of the children of Mahomet, being derived from profane, infidel sources. One remark of the prejudiced old man does, however, merit attention, at least in my opinion, as I have frequently made the same myself. The *tacticoes*, in fact, do not look like Turks (generally a fine set of men, physically considered); they are short in stature, clumsily made, by no means robust, and abominably ill-visaged. Only a trifling part of this difference can be accounted for by the change in their dress, the rest must be sought for in other causes, to which the following circumstances may afford some induction. On carrying into execution his long-favoured plan for raising a disciplined army, the grand signior directed the levies to be made among young lads, and principally in districts remote from the great cities of the empire; thus wisely ensuring to himself a superior degree of docility, and running little risk of his conscripts having the dangerous taint of janissaryism among them. The regular service, as may be well imagined, was not much affected; and the better class of Turkish peasants bought off their sons from the officers and local authorities, who, in Turkey, are universally corruptible by bribes, to an extent perhaps unknown in any other country. The weight fell on the most degraded of the peasant caste, and for the most part in poor, mountainous, rude countries. The Turkish people, when they first came in contact with the nations of Europe, were remarkably ugly, and their great improvement has been attributed to the intermarriages, once very frequent, with women of different countries, where the standard of beauty is high. But immense portions of the original race, that remained stationary in remote districts (particularly in the interior of Asia Minor, which has furnished so great a part of the levies), can have had no such opportunities of improvement, and may have retained their original Tartar ugliness. To bid farewell to the *tacticoes* of Smyrna, for the present, I will say, from the experience of several months, that they were remarkably docile, inoffensive, and quiet; and that when the news of the battle of Navarino arrived, and the Christians dreaded some movement of popular fury, they considered their presence a valuable protection."

From these *tacticoes* we leap to those of Constantinople (some 300 pages of the volume before us):—

"I have described a portion of the *tacticoes* at Smyrna in the beginning of this work; and though their brethren of the capital were generally somewhat more advanced, most of my early details may apply to both. The uniform, with a variation of colour* for the jacket, was the same, except a great improvement in the article of *chaussure*, which seemed, however, almost confined to the imperial guards, who wore Christian-like shoes, clasped over the instep with a small buckle, instead of the loose, shuffling papousses. Stockings, however, were

* "Some wear Turkey red, some blue, some brown; but when I arrived at Constantinople, they had put on their summer dress of white cotton, the regiments being distinguished by the caps and collars."

scarce even with them. I have said that the want of stock and stocking, and bare legs and bare necks, give a dirty, forlorn look, to the *tacticoes* in the eyes of a European; and were I inclined to further cavil, I might find fault with their wide, baggy trousers, which, confined above the knees, hang about the 'nether man' in a loose, slovenly manner, and should seem to impede the freedom of motion. But the Turks have always been attached to an amplitude in that portion of their toilette, and are accustomed to call a shabbily dressed fellow 'tight breeches.' Great reforms cannot be carried at once, and the sultan satisfied himself by curtailing a few feet of the ambitious diameter. The regulars of Smyrna I have described as an ill-looking set of fellows, unlike Turks; and in my third chapter I have attempted to account for the physical inferiority, which struck me equally at Constantinople, except in a portion of the guards that were picked men. A humorous friend of mine would maintain, that the only difference that struck me arose from the change of dress. 'In their eastern and orthodox attire of loose robes and ample turbans,' said he, 'the Osmanlis impose on the eye; but peel them—strip me the monsters to the skin,' like Colman's ghosts, and what are they?—neither more athletic nor better favoured than these poor recruits.' But wit here, as usual, was not argument, and I still maintain that the *tacticoes* are generally 'short in stature, clumsily made, by no means robust, and abominably ill-visaged.' The good-looking Stamboulis certainly were of my opinion, and wondered where the sultan had collected such a set of scare-crows. Such as they are, however, they almost universally possess a valuable quality in a military view, which the rest of the Turks seem deficient in. They are extremely active, and quick in all their movements. I several times saw them perform evolutions with a rapidity that astonished me, even with the *cette* in manœuvring of some fine European regiments fresh in my memory. These, it is true, were not done neatly or symmetrically, but the result was obtained,—lines were changed, squares, solid or hollow, formed, and the troops again deployed with celerity; and if their style of step and march would not satisfy the critical eye of an English or a German sergeant-major, there was nothing to be said against the promptness and regularity of their fire. I am speaking, it will be understood, of the troops of the oldest standing, and more especially of the imperial guards. There were, at the time, from two to three thousand men at the capital in this advanced stage; the rest were bad indeed. At the breaking out of the present war with Russia, the total of the grand signior's regular troops was rather below than above thirty thousand, in which must be included all those raised in the Asiatic as well as European provinces; and raw recruits, and half-instructed *tacticoes*, must have formed a considerable portion of this whole. [Our author adduces proofs in support of this calculation.]—A conversation I and my friend D. S. had at Smyrna, with a Russian *diplomatic*, after the departure of the ambassadors, but previous to the publication of the sultan's hatt-i-sherif, and several months before the Emperor Nicholas's declaration of war, may throw some light on the feelings and real motives which induced the cabinet of St. Petersburg to a fresh attack on Turkey. 'Do you think,' said this gentleman, 'that Russia can stand by as a quiet spectator, whilst Turkey is thus raising armies on every side?' 'But Russia has no right to interfere with the mili-

tary, any more than with the civil organisation, of a country that owes her no allegiance. The sultan is only replacing with better materials the troops he has suppressed; he is not as yet raising armaments that might awaken the jealousies and apprehensions of his neighbour. 'We will waive the question of abstract right, and look to circumstances as they stand. Russia has grievances of which she may sooner or later be constrained to seek redress from Turkey: now, is it to be expected that she can see with complacency the progress of measures in Turkey that must render the obtaining of that redress more and more difficult? would it be prudent for the emperor to wait, like a hero in the list of chivalry, until the sultan shall have put on all his arms and appointments, and throw the gauntlet in his teeth?' Substituting expediency to right, there was, indeed, nothing to be advanced against the argument, and Nicholas was prudent to seize the moment he did. I return to the tactics. I remarked at Constantinople, as well as at Smyrna, a want of a sufficient number of well-instructed non-commissioned officers and subalterns; a deficiency which threw too much of the business on a few superior officers. This was not so obvious in the guards, but it existed even among them. Another defect, in part consequent on the former, was, that there was not a sufficient gradation of respect and subordination. To the eyes of the troops, the Bimbashi or colonel, with his scarlet cloak and diamond crescent, seemed, indeed, a great personage, and was properly honoured; but the subalterns, dressed little better than themselves, and perhaps, generally, not much superior in condition, education, or manners, were treated with great familiarity. For instance, a fellow in the lines would call or make a sign to his officer, and on his approach, whisper in his ear, or talk and laugh with him aloud; and this I have seen many times during drills. Another fault I could not help observing, was a too general neglect of cleanliness of dress and person. The imperial guards were, during summer, a uniform composed of strong, coarse, white cotton stuff, which too frequently betrayed the marks of powder and gun-polishing, mixed with the stains of the pluff-kettle and contents. The idleness of the Turks would be delighted with our sensible plan of bronzing muskets, but it has not yet been introduced: theirs appear mostly in a dirty condition."

Here we must stop;—perhaps, in a future No., to admit a miscellaneous notice of the anecdotes, &c. with which Mr. Macfarlane's agreeable volume relieves the tedium of graver discussions.

Travels in North America, in the Years 1827 and 1828. By Captain Basil Hall, R.N. 12mo. 3 vols. Edinburgh, Cadell and Co.; London, Simpkin and Marshall.

A book replete with sound sense and judicious information; but one to which even long leisure and mature analysis could not enable us to do sufficient justice. Captain Hall investigates, weighs, and discusses the many subjects presented to him so fully, that our remarks and extracts must fail to exhibit any one of them in all its bearings: we must, therefore, after a hasty perusal too, as the work reached us late, and is only published this day—be content with a very imperfect selection of examples—a selection which, we confess, can furnish but a poor idea of the whole work, and merely serve as suggestions of its character and importance to our readers. It will, we are sure, be amply noticed by others, on both sides

of the Atlantic. Our first specimen is towards the conclusion of a striking inquiry into the relative popular feelings of England and America towards each other.

"The artificial structure of society in the two countries is, besides, so dissimilar in nearly all respects, and the consequent difference in the occupations, opinions, and feelings of the two people on almost every subject that can interest either, is so great, and so very striking, even at the first glance, that my surprise is not, why we should have been so much estranged from one another in sentiment and in habits, but how there should still remain—if indeed there do remain—any considerable points of agreement between us. It will place this matter in a pretty strong light to mention, that during more than a year that I was in America—although the conversation very often turned on the politics of Europe for the last thirty years—I never, but in one or two solitary instances, heard a word that implied the smallest degree of sympathy with the exertions which England, single-handed, had so long made to sustain the drooping cause of freedom. It will be obvious, I think, upon a little reflection, how the same causes have not operated in America to keep her so entirely ignorant of England, as we in England are of America. Nearly all that she has of letters, of arts, and of science, has been, and still continues to be, imported from us, with little addition or admixture of a domestic growth or manufacture. Nearly all that she learns of the proceedings of the other parts of the world also comes through the same channel, England—which, therefore, is her chief market for every thing intellectual as well as commercial. Thus, in a variety of ways, a certain amount of acquaintance with what is doing amongst us is transmitted, as a matter of course, across the Atlantic. After all, however, say what they please, it is but a very confused and confined sort of acquaintance which they actually possess of England. There was, indeed, hardly any thing in the whole range of my inquiries in the United States, that proved more different from what I had been led to expect, than this very point. At first I was surprised at the profundity of their ignorance on this subject; though I own it is far short of our ignorance of them. I was also wellnigh provoked at this sometimes, till I recollected that an opinionated confidence in our own views, all the world over, is the most prominent characteristic of error. The Americans, of course, very stoutly, and I am sure with sincerity, assert their claims to infallibility on this point; and accordingly they receive with undisguised incredulity the more correct accounts which a personal familiarity with both countries enables foreigners to furnish. I learnt in time to see that similar causes to those already stated, though different in degree, in addition to many others, were in action in America to render England as ungrateful a topic with them as America is undeniably with us. The nature of the monarchical form of government, with its attendant distinctions in rank, we may suppose is nearly as repugnant to their tastes as democracy is to ours. The eternal recollections, too, of all the past quarrels between us, in which—probably for want of any other history—they indulge not only as an occasional pleasure, but impose upon themselves as a periodical duty, and celebrate, accordingly, with all sorts of national rancour, at a yearly festival, render the Revolutionary war in which they succeeded, nearly

as fertile a source of irritation to them, with reference to poor Old England, though the issue was successful, as its disasters formerly were to us, who failed. But there is this very material, and, I take the liberty of saying, characteristic, difference between the two cases:—we have long ago forgotten and forgiven—out and out—all that has passed, and absolutely think so little about it, that I believe, on my conscience, not one man in a thousand amongst us knows a word of these matters, with which they are apt to imagine us so much occupied. Whereas, in America, as I have said before, the full, true, and particular account of the angry dispute between us—the knowledge of which ought to have been buried long ago—is carefully taught at school, cherished in youth, and afterwards carried, in manhood, into every ramification of public and private life. If I were asked to give my countrymen an example of the extent of the ignorance which prevails in America with respect to England, I might instance the erroneous, but almost universal opinion in that country, that the want of cordiality with which, I grant, the English look upon them, has its source in the old recollections alluded to. And I could never convince them, that such vindictive retrospections, which it is the avowed pride and delight of America to keep alive in their pristine asperity, were entirely foreign to the national character of the English, and inconsistent with that hearty John Bull spirit, which teaches them to forget all about a quarrel, great or small, the moment the fight is over, and they have shaken hands with their enemy in testimony of such compact. At the same time, I cannot, and never did deny, that there existed amongst us a considerable degree of unkindly feeling towards America; but this I contended was ascribable, not by any means to past squabbles, recent or remote, but almost exclusively to causes actually in operation, in their full force, at the present moment, and lying far deeper than the memory of those by-gone wars, the details of which have long been forgotten, even by the few eye-witnesses who remain, and about which the English of the present day are either profoundly ignorant, or—which comes to the same thing—profoundly indifferent. Be the causes, however, what they may, the curious fact of our mutual ignorance is indisputable. At least so it appears to me; and I have good reason to believe, that such is the opinion of almost every foreigner, continental, as well as English, who has visited America. We, however, in England, as I have said before, frankly and fully admit our very small acquaintance with that country; whereas the Americans, probably with as much sincerity, proclaim their perfect acquaintance with England. The conclusion is odd enough: both parties are satisfied—they are convinced that they know all about us; and we are perfectly conscious that we know nothing about them. While, therefore, I may perhaps indulge myself in the expectation of being able to furnish some slight information to people on this side of the water respecting that country, I have had far too much experience of the hopeless nature of the converse of the proposition, to attempt changing the opinions of the Americans as to what is passing in England. On this topic, indeed, to use the words of Burke in speaking of another nation, the inhabitants of the United States are, it is to be feared, pretty nearly—reason-proof."

Our next extracts relate to the press—an object of infinite importance to every nation of the earth:—

"No foreigner, unless he be a resident in the United States, can take out a copyright in America, either openly or by indirect contrivance. An American publisher, therefore, who succeeds in obtaining a copy of a book written in Europe, may reprint and put it into circulation, without sharing the profits with the author, or having any connexion with him at all. Mere extent of sale, it may be observed, is the grand object aimed at by the American republishers; and as nothing secures this but low prices, competition takes the direction of cheapness alone. This circumstance affords a sufficient explanation of the miserable paper, printing, and binding, by which almost all reprinted books in that country are disfigured. It is very true, they serve their purpose; they are read and cast aside, or, if kept for any time, they inevitably go to pieces. Except in the large cities, in the houses of the wealthiest persons, or in public institutions, there is no such a thing to be seen as a library. Undoubtedly, a vehement passion pervades America for reading books of a certain light description; but there does not exist the smallest taste, that I could ever see or hear of, for collecting books, or even for having a few select works stored up for occasional reference. In truth, the rambling disposition of the great mass of the people, their fluctuating occupations and habits of life, even in their most settled state, and various other causes, some domestic, and some political, puts it out of their power to form libraries;—at all events, be the causes what they may, very few individual persons ever seem to think of such a thing—a transient perusal being all that is looked for.

"The sale of a book does not go on from month to month, or from year to year, as with us—the whole being over in a few weeks, or, at the most, months;—consequently, the printer who is most expert, and most ingenious in cheap devices, makes the most profit while the public curiosity is alive."

We copy, as a miscellany, the account of a visit to Franklin's last resting-place, near Philadelphia:—

"On the 12th of December, we made a pilgrimage to the tomb of Franklin—dear old Franklin! It consists of a large marble slab, laid flat on the ground, with nothing carved upon it but these words:—

BENJAMIN
AND
DEBORAH } FRANKLIN.
1790.

Franklin, it will be recollected, wrote a humorous epitaph for himself; but his good taste and good sense shewed him how unsuitable to his living character it would have been to jest in such a place. After all, his literary works, scientific fame, and his undoubted patriotism, form his best epitaph. Still, it may be thought, he might have been distinguished in his own land by a more honourable resting-place than the obscure corner of an obscure burying-ground, where his bones lie indiscriminately along with those of ordinary mortals; and his tomb, already wellnigh hid in the rubbish, may soon be altogether lost. One little circumstance, however, about this spot is very striking. No regular path has been made to the grave, which lies considerably out of the road; but the frequent tread of visitors having pressed down the rank grass which grows in such places, the way to the tombstone is readily found without any guide."

Our last, for the present week, affords a curious sketch of manners:—

"One day, when walking through the streets of Baltimore, my eye was caught with the following title-page of a book stuck in a shop window:—'The American Chesterfield, or Way to Wealth, Honour, and Distinction, &c. &c., with alterations and additions, suited to the Youth of the United States. By a Member of the Philadelphia Bar.' The work in question I found to contain, besides an abridgement of Lord Chesterfield's Letters, 'a chapter addressed to the Americans.' I should probably not have ventured to touch on these delicate topics, had it not been for this casual opportunity of quoting the words of a witness who must be supposed impartial. 'The foregoing instructions,' says the writer, were originally written for the improvement of a European. The editor of this work takes the liberty of adding a few remarks, addressed particularly to the young gentlemen of the United States. As there is no nation that does not exhibit something peculiar in its manners worthy of commendation, so there is none in which something peculiar cannot be observed that demands reproof. Should an American gentleman, during a visit to Europe, be seen chewing tobacco, it matters not what may be his dress, or his letters of introduction, he will immediately be set down as a low-bred mechanic, or at best, as the master of a merchant vessel. No gentleman in Europe ever smokes, except it be occasionally, by way of frolic; but no person, except one of the very lowest of the working classes, is ever seen to chew. The practice of chewing leads to that most ungentlemanly and abominable habit of spitting upon the floor and into the fire. No floor in the United States, however clean,—no carpet, however beautiful and costly,—no fire-grate, however bright,—not even our places of divine worship, are free from this detestable pollution. A person who is guilty of so unpardonable a violation of decorum and outrage against the decencies of polished life, should be excluded from the parlour, and allowed to approach no nearer than the hall-door steps. When in a house, and a person has occasion to spit, it should be into one's pocket handkerchief, but never upon the floor or into the fire. The meanest and the rudest clown in Europe is never known to be guilty of such an indecorum; and such a thing as a spitting-box is never seen there, except in a common tavern. There is another habit, peculiar to the United States, and from which even some females, who class themselves as ladies, are not entirely free; that of lolling back, balanced, upon the two hind-legs of a chair. Such a breach of good-breeding is never committed in Europe. Lolling is carried even so far in America, that it is not uncommon to see attorneys lay their feet upon the council-table; and the clerks and judges theirs also upon their desks, in open court. But, low-bred and disgusting as is this practice, how much more reprehensible is it in places of a still greater solemnity of character! How must the feelings of a truly religious and devout man be wounded, when he sees the legs extended, in the same indecent posture, in the house of God! Another violation of decorum, confined chiefly to taverns and boarding-houses of an ordinary class, is that of reaching across a table, or across three or four persons sitting next to him, who wishes for some particular dish. This is not only vulgar, but inconvenient. It is a sure sign of having been accustomed to low company, and should be avoided by every one who is ambitious of being thought a gentleman. The nasty practice of carving with one's own knife and fork, and of using one's own knife or spoon when wanting salt or

sugar, does not call less loudly for amendment; but cannot always be dispensed with, unless the mistress of the house will be careful in performing her duty, by seeing that the table is fully provided with such things as a decent table requires.' Upon these statements I have only to observe, that while I bear testimony to their too great fidelity, I think it right to state, that I never saw the slightest indecency of the kind above alluded to, or of any other kind, in an American church; on the contrary, there always appeared to me the most remarkable decorum in every place of worship which I entered in that country. Neither did it ever fall in my way to see an American judge in the strange attitude above referred to; but I have seen many a legislator extended in the manner described by the American Chesterfield,—a posture of affairs, by the way, which, by bringing the heels on a level with, or rather higher than, the head, affords not a bad illustration of the principle as well as the practice of democracy."

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Beauties of the Modern Dramatists; with Notes. Pp. 174. G. Man.

WE give the editor of this little work great credit for industry; but we must confess, these *Beauties* of our Modern Dramatists do not impress us with any very overpowering admiration. The wit ("we call it so, wanting more fitting term,") is as deficient in antithesis as in point,—at least so it is with the great mass of extracts; and the poetical specimens are, too generally, as commonplace as even the comprehension of the galleries could desire. The Drama has declined: we judge by its "*Beauties*!"

Sermons on Christian Duty. By the Rev. Plumpton Wilson, LL.D. Second edition. pp. 317. Rivingtons.

WE do not wonder that these volumes should have reached a second edition; eloquent, luminous, and with a style worthy of subjects of such elevated nature. We most cordially and universally recommend them to our readers: they will be the better for them.

Palaeographia Critica, auctore Ulrico Frederico Kopp Hasso Casselano. 4 vol. 4to. Mannhemii, 1829.

Or this great and learned work, we have seen, perhaps, the only copy which has reached this country; and we take the opportunity of mentioning it as an astonishing monument of human labour and erudition. The first and second volumes treat of the ancient Greek and Roman tachygraphy, or "art of swift writing," and are full of extremely curious information, for the use not only of modern short-hand professors, but of all scholars. The third and fourth volumes apply to the difficulty of interpreting such writings, and discuss some of the most mysterious secrets of antiquity—inscriptions, numbers, symbols, &c. &c. The whole is, as we have said, a very extraordinary production, and illustrated by a multitude of figures, engravings, and fac-similes.

The Adventures of a King's Page. By the Author of "Almack's Revisited." 12mo. 3 vols. London, 1829. H. Colburn.

WHEN Herbert Milton, afterwards Almack's Revisited, appeared, about the end of 1827, we spoke of its author as a clever observer of the world, and a smart writer. The *mystification* of that period ascribed the publication to Colonel Leach; but we are now given to understand that the author is a Captain White. With regard to the King's Page, if we could recall all

the preliminary advertisements about it which have graced the newspapers, it would be as curious a story of preparation and expense as ever were lavished on any publication; but as we have no vocation for such a tale, we shall merely content ourselves with saying, that the novel is one of those in which many individuals who can be readily recognised are made to figure, and many of the circumstances of the day, reviews, races, &c. &c. are described, so as, with a narrative of hero and heroine adventures, to make a book which may amuse the class of readers who patronise circulating libraries, though of a kind which we, as public and literary critics, never can approve.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, June 15th.

Marino Faliere is now the piece in vogue; consequently, the theatre of the Porte Saint Martin is crowded to such an excess, that those who trust to chance for places must either stand for hours waiting for the opening of the doors, or take a seat behind a three-row hedge of bouquets and turbans. Fortunately, much Christian forbearance is evinced on all occasions where curiosity is to be gratified; and even being broiled, squeezed, jostled, fried, and steamed, are deemed but small evils in comparison to the pleasures arising from vivid emotions. Rapid sensations are as necessary to Parisian constitutions as the air they breathe; and perhaps no author has better succeeded in electrifying the imagination than M. Casimir de la Vigne in his last dramatic work.—On Saturday I went to see *Marino Faliere*; and though we had paid for box tickets, we were obliged to be satisfied with places in the balcony; where we were so unsuccessfully wedged together, that not only was it impossible to move heads or limbs, but a very sigh would have deranged the economy of our packing. This tight stowage of human beings did not, however, prevent the box-opener from coming every quarter of an hour to insist on our reducing our size (as though she imagined us of an elastic nature), to admit of her cramming between us some slight percentage of twenty stone weight;—for whenever a pecuniary advantage is to be attained, impossibilities appear possibilities. I never recollect to have witnessed so much enthusiasm as the public testified during the scene between the *Doge* and *Israël*; even the working classes appeared alive to the flashes of *esprit* with which it abounds. Now and then there were a few reproving voices heard when the senate's dignity was called into question; but the pervading sentiment was that of admiration. Ladies, of course, shed tears—weeping being the peculiar privilege of the tender sex, and one they use largely, to the great inconvenience of their less sensible neighbours: for nothing is more provoking than pocket-handkerchiefs being flourished every now and then before the eyes, or having one's attention interrupted by sobs. M. de la Vigne has received much credit for having, in opposition to Lord Byron, made the *Doge's* wife a victim to love previous to her marriage. It seems a strange contradiction, that to render a heroine interesting, she must be guilty of the only fault for which human charity makes no allowance! The English bard is said to have used, or rather abused, his poetical license in imagining an immaculate woman—such being contrary to nature. There is, however, something novel and pure in the idea of a being rising above earthly passions; and here, at least, Byron shewed his superior

taste: besides, one grows weary of Magdalens, remorse, and repentance;—a virtuous woman, even in ideal life, would create some variety.—The arrival of English actors and actresses is looked forward to with impatience; and the amateurs of Shakespeare and British performances have already purchased tickets. We also expect here a Spanish *troupe* of comedians, as the theatres in Spain are to be closed for six months.

There are few of the new works worthy of notice; memoirs are still the order of the day. *On s'ennuie des rois et de leurs maîtresses*; for, thanks to the revelations of "a lady of quality" and Madame de Barry, we hear of nothing else; and kings are reduced from demigods to less than demi-men. "Monumens des Grands Maîtres de St. Jean de Jerusalem," by the Vicomte de Villeneuve-Bargemont, is an extremely interesting work—much superior to the Abbé de Vertot's History of Malta; at least M. de Villeneuve does not exaggerate humanity into divinity, or make his heroes angels. The pamphlet entitled "Le Fils de l'Homme," composed by two liberal poets, was seized some days ago; several copies, however, were saved, and sent into foreign countries, notwithstanding the precautions of an active police.—It is reported that General Clausel is to be chosen *Maréchal*, in place of the Prince de Hohenloe-Bartenstein.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR JULY.

1st day—the sun in apogee, and appearing under its least angle of 31 min. 3 sec.: its daily motion at its minimum of 57° 11' 48".
19th day—enters the constellation Cancer.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
☾ First Quarter in Virgo	8	18	31
☾ Full Moon in Sagittarius	16	9	42
☾ Last Quarter in Aries	22	18	14
☾ New Moon in Cancer	30	5	39

The moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Mercury in Gemini	1	4	40
Venus in Gemini	1	16	20
Mars in Gemini	2	0	0
Saturn in Cancer	2	17	7
Jupiter in Scorpio	12	16	45

5th day, 3 hrs. 30 min.—Mercury in inferior conjunction. 16th day—stationary. 26th day—greatest elongation, and visible as a morning star.

1st day—nearly the whole of the disc of Venus is illuminated: the following are its proportions:—

Illuminated part	11/78736
Dark part	0/24264

3d day—Venus in perihelion. 13th day, 19 hrs.—in conjunction with Regulus in Leo.
8th day, 5 hrs.—Mars in conjunction with Venus; 19th day, with Saturn.

29th day—Jupiter stationary. This beautiful planet continues in a very favourable position for observation, and will, during the remainder of the summer, shine the brightest gem on the brow of eve. The northern belt of Jupiter has been very conspicuous the past month.

Eclipses of the Satellites.

	D.	H.	M.	S.
First Satellite, Emersion	12	10	31	17
	28	8	50	5
Second Satellite, do.	31	9	48	49
Third Satellite, Emersion	3	10	37	19
	3	13	7	50

1st day—the following are the proportions of the ring of Saturn:—

Transverse axis	1/000
Conjugate axis	0/356

30th day, 23 hrs. 45 min.—Saturn in conjunction.

27th day—Uranus in opposition, in Capricornus.

From the preceding sketch of the positions of the planets, it appears, that, excepting Jupiter and Uranus, the whole of the system will be nearly in conjunction at the commencement of the month; and if supposed to be seen from a point in the heavens in the direction of the head of Sagittarius, the sun, earth, moon, Mercury, Venus, and Mars, would be in close proximity to each other in the constellation Gemini, and separated about nine degrees from Ceres and Saturn.

Occultation of Aldebaran.—25th day, midnight.—Owing to the position of the moon's nodes, several occultations of this bright star occur in the present year: that in April was not visible; and the one in this month will be over a short time before the moon rises: when above the horizon of the British Isles, the star will be seen close to the dark edge of the moon: the emersion will be visible to all places a few degrees to the east of the first meridian. The following are the times of its occurrence at three principal observatories:—

	Sideral Time.	Mean Solar Time.
	H. M.	H. M.
Dorpat	21 36	13 29
	22 29	14 16
Königsberg	21 7	12 54
	21 59	13 46
Vienna	Below the horizon	Immersion.
	21 35	18 21
		Emersion.

The other occultations of this star will occur in August, October, and December; and very interesting problems are proposed to be solved by a special attention to the phenomena,—relative to geographical position and terrestrial compression, but principally to a singular phenomenon which has been observed more frequently in occultations of Aldebaran than of any other star,—that, immediately preceding the immersion or emersion, the star has appeared projected on the disc of the moon, as though it was between it and the earth. A similar appearance was observed in the occultations of Jupiter and his satellites, and of Uranus, in the year 1824, which appeared for a few seconds as if embedded in the limb, and yet separated from it by a fine line of light. An attentive observation of the ensuing occultations will, it is hoped, assist in deciding the question, whether this appearance is to be attributed to a lunar atmosphere, or some hitherto unexplained optical inflection.

Deptford.

J. T. B.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

TUESDAY, June 16.—The last meeting for the season took place this evening; Robert Brown, esq. V.P. in the chair. A paper was read on "the anatomical construction of the organs of voice in birds," by Mr. William Yanell, F.L.S. This paper may be considered as supplementary to a former one on the same subject, which has been published in the Society's Transactions. On the present occasion the author described the various muscles attached to the superior and inferior larynx in birds, by the action of which their extraordinary powers are produced. By numerous drawings he exhibited the modifications in the form as well as the number of the muscles which the various orders present. This communication is esteemed a very interesting one by the Society. George Ord, esq. the distinguished naturalist of Philadelphia, was introduced, and took his seat, for the first time, as a fellow. Several excellent works were on the table: amongst them Dr. Richardson's *Fauna Boreali-Americana*; and Baron De Ferussac's *Histoire des Mollusques*, with the Zoological Atlas to Rüppell's *Travels*

in Northern Africa, presented by these eminent writers. Adjourned till Tuesday, 3d November.

At the previous meeting, a paper, by the Rev. R. T. Lowe, was read, on the *Chamaejas coriacea* and *sempervivum glutinosum*, two plants natives of the island of Madeira.

MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

At the last meeting of this Society the Director took the chair. Earl Stanhope presented Titford's *Hortus Botanicus Americanus*; M. J. Le Souef gave Barton's Essay towards a *Materia Medica* of the United States; and Mr. Aiton several valuable plants, amongst which were the camphor, the coffee, tamarind, and mango trees. Mr. Rocafuerte, the Mexican minister, was admitted a foreign member; and, in presenting a very valuable work on the plants of Mexico, expressed a hope that the correspondence he maintained with the learned men of his own country, and other parts of South America, would not be unprofitable to the Society. A letter was read, addressed by the Right Hon. Sir John Sinclair, Bart. to the President, directing the attention of the Society to the medicinal properties of marine plants. A paper on the prepared extracts of the hemlock and dandelion, by Joseph Houlton, esq. was also read.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

Oxford, June 30th.—The following degrees were conferred:

Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. A. B. Clough, Fellow and Tutor, Jesus College.

Bachelor in Civil Law.—W. Evans, Jesus College.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. J. Oliver, Worcester College; Grand Compounder; Rev. G. Heron, Brasenose College; Rev. H. Fowler, University College; Rev. W. M. Ellis, W. Dowdewell, Christ Church; F. V. Woodhouse, Rev. W. S. Robinson, Rev. G. G. Gardiner, Rev. J. Ley, Rev. H. Willoughby, Exeter College; Rev. R. W. Kemplay, Queen's College; Rev. W. Tahourdin, Fellow, Rev. P. Maurice, Chaplain, New College; Rev. H. W. Hikes, E. Benbow, Pembroke College; Rev. D. Wilson, Wadham College; W. Purton, Trinity College.

Bachelors of Arts.—S. H. Whittrick, A. Hadfield, St. Mary Hall; J. F. West, Scholar, H. C. Partridge, Brasenose College; J. S. Williams, W. Williams, Jesus College; S. H. Palaret, Worcester College; E. Fitzgerald, J. Ekins, H. B. Lott, Balliol College; J. Wood, Merton College; E. M. Atkins, Magdalen College; R. Jones, Oades' Exhibitioner, Pembroke College; B. W. R. Boothby, C. Baring, Students, the Earl of Osowry, W. R. Fremantle, Christ Church; W. Synes, Wadham College; H. Wells, Trinity College.

The prizes for the year 1839 have been adjudged to the following gentlemen:

Latin Essay.—Mr. Sewell, Fellow of Exeter College.
English Essay.—Mr. Denison, Fellow of Oriel College.
Latin Verse.—Mr. Willmot, Scholar of Balliol College.
English Verse.—Mr. Cloughton, Scholar of Trinity College.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

JUNE 2d.—Hudson Gurney, Esq. M.P. V.P. in the chair. The secretary read, for the third time, the proposed alterations in the rules of the Society, which, after some discussion, were confirmed by ballot of 21 to 2. The meetings of the Society, in consequence of Whitsun-week, were adjourned to June the 18th. Henry Hallam, Esq. V.P. in the chair. A communication from Sir William Betham (Ulster) was read respecting a bronze hand and arm, bearing inscriptions in the Irish character, which was exhibited to the Society some time since, when considerable interest was excited respecting it. The inscriptions on it had been accurately lithographed by Mr. Crofton Croker, and were circulated among the most distinguished Irish scholars, but they were unable to decipher them; all agreed, however, that the characters were extremely ancient. Sir William conjectures this singular relic to have been an ecclesiastical badge of office used as a mace; and stated, that he had found two similar arms

figured in saltier on a seal dug up at Clonmethan, in the county of Dublin, which proved to be the seal of the pope's legate in Ireland in the 16th century. The conclusion of Mr. Britton's paper upon bells, and some other communications, were also read. The meeting of the Society was then adjourned to November next.

In bringing our report of the session to a close, we cannot help remarking on the benefit which the Society of Antiquaries will, in all probability, receive from the new arrangements adopted by the president and council for a conversation taking place after the business of the meeting is over. We also feel it just to advert to the handsome present of a tea service made to the Society by Mr. Hudson Gurney, one of the vice-presidents.

ASIATIC SOCIETY.

JUNE 20th.—Sir Alexander Johnston, V.P. in the chair. The Right Rev. the Bishop of Calcutta was introduced, and took his seat for the first time as a member; on which occasion the chairman congratulated the Society on such an accession to their body. Drs. Christie and Kennedy, the Rev. Dr. Mill, principal of Bishop's College, Calcutta, and several others, were elected; Professor Charnoy of St. Petersburg, and the Rev. R. J. A. Gonsalves of Macao, were chosen foreign members. A great variety of donations were on the table; amongst them we noticed sundry specimens of the *materia medica* of Java, a copy of the *Grammatica Latina ad usum Sinensium*, Mr. Green's *Nismatic Atlas of Grecian History*, Burnouf's edition of the text of the *Vendidad Sade* (a work of Zoroaster's), Jomard's *Description de la Ville du Kaire*, and numerous other foreign works of literature. A dissertation on the establishment and present state of the Arabic press, both in the East and West, by F. C. Balfour, Esq. was read.

STATE OF OPINION IN INDIA.

As the Parliament of Great Britain will very soon be called upon to legislate for eighty millions of British subjects in India, it is important that the people of this country should be informed of the opinions and feelings which the natives of that part of the world entertain at present upon the subject of education, and upon that of every branch of science and literature, and every department of the administration of justice and government; and also the great sense of gratitude which they are capable of entertaining for all those who promote their welfare, and improve the state of their government.

Sir Alexander Johnston, as Vice-President of the Royal Asiatic Society of Literature in London, at their last anniversary meeting, in congratulating them on the strong feeling which had recently shewn itself in every part of India in favour of education, science, and literary research, alluded to a variety of interesting documents illustrative of this spirit. Of these we have selected the three following, as coming from different parts of India and different classes of the people: they afford the strongest and most interesting proof of the rapid and general progress of the feeling to which we have alluded. The first is an address presented by the principal native inhabitants of Bombay to the two surviving judges of the King's Supreme Court at that place, on the death of the late Chief-Justice West, who had rendered himself popular with the natives of the country by the manner in which he carried into effect amongst them the provisions of the Act of Parliament of 1826, by which those

rights and privileges of sitting upon juries, which had been introduced amongst the natives of Ceylon with so much success by Sir Alexander Johnston in 1811, were, in consequence of that success, extended to the natives of the continent of India.—The second is a letter from the King of Tanjore to Sir Alexander Johnston, thanking him for a colossal bronze bust of Lord Nelson, executed by the late Hon. Mrs. Damer, which her relative Sir Alexander had sent to the king, with a diploma nominating him the first honorary member of the Royal Asiatic Society.—The third is a letter from Radhakant Deb, a native of high caste and considerable talents, and the native vice-president of the Agricultural Society at Calcutta, to the same distinguished individual, in return for his having proposed him as a corresponding member of the Asiatic Society, in consequence of the ability which he had displayed in some communications made by him to that Society upon subjects of oriental literature and science.

To the Honourable Sir Charles H. Chambers, Knight, &c. and the Honourable Sir John Peter Grant, Knight, &c., Judges of his Majesty's Supreme Court of Judicature, Bombay.

My Lords.—We, the undersigned members of the several tribes composing the native community, subject to the jurisdiction of his Majesty's Supreme Court of Judicature under the Bombay Presidency, beg leave respectfully to present ourselves before your honourable bench, for the purpose of offering a last mournful tribute of affection to the memory of your late distinguished colleague, our gracious chief-justice, the Honourable Sir Edward West. We are conscious that it is a novelty for the people to come forward to address a bench of English judges on such a subject; it is no less a novelty (actually witnessed by many of us) to be rescued, in the short space of twenty-nine years, since the establishment of a regular court of British law on this island, from the evils of an inefficient and irregular administration of justice which previously existed. Grateful for such advantages, we resort to those means which alone are open to a community constituted like ours, to express publicly our sense of them; and, indeed, we should justly merit the reproach of want of feeling, did we now silently confine within our own breasts, the grief, the unfeigned sorrow, we experience in the event which has deprived us of him at whose hands those advantages have been so largely extended and confirmed to us. In expressing to your lordships our sorrow for the death of Sir Edward West, we seek a balm for our sufferings, and would fain hope thereby to alleviate the distress with which you must contemplate your earthly separation from a colleague so able and indefatigable, so undaunted and upright. The time is past when any commendation of ours, or, indeed, any earthly honours, can be of value to him, whom the joys and sorrows of this world can no longer affect, and who is, therefore, equally removed beyond the reach of human censure and of human applause. But we should deem it an omission of duty, as well as of gratitude, did we not come forward, now that our motives cannot be misconstrued! to mark, in the strongest manner, the deep sense we entertain of his virtuous administration. The spirit of even-handed justice which prompted his decisions; the unconquerable assiduity and unshaken firmness which he evinced in discharging the functions of his high office; the unshrinking zeal which animated him in making salutary reforms;

but, above all, that high principle of independence and integrity which led him to sacrifice so much of his private happiness to the conscientious performance of his public duties:—these, my lords, are the virtues which have grown upon our gratitude, since every day's succeeding experience teaches us to appreciate their value. In briefly noticing the most prominent features in the administration of Sir Edward West, we cannot but dwell with grateful delight on the easy access which that humane and honourable judge at all times afforded to the poor and needy part of our countrymen. That he rendered the administration of law less expensive to the inhabitants of this Presidency, thus throwing open to the poor the avenues of justice, so long barred against them, is not the least solid advantage derived from a career fertile in benefits. But, great and salutary as was this reform, it did not satisfy that glowing spirit of philanthropy, ever thoughtful to devise, and active to execute, what might lessen the distresses, or increase the happiness, of his fellow-creatures. Scrupulous in the discharge of his high functions as a judge, which alone seemed labour too great even for his energetic mind, he found leisure, and had the condescension, to become himself the advocate of the indigent. But amongst the many great favours received at the hands of Sir Edward West, that for which we would chiefly record our gratitude, is the manner in which, jointly with your lordships, he carried into execution the recent provision of the British legislature for admitting the natives of this country to sit on juries. The wise and conciliatory method he took to give effect to the wishes of Parliament, the condescension with which he conferred with every class of the native community, the prudent deference he paid to all their national and religious feelings, the zeal with which he laboured to overcome innumerable difficulties arising out of the multiform constitution of our body, and the solicitude he displayed to set the intention of the enactment in its true light,—are fresh in the recollection of us all. To these exertions it is owing that the natives of Bombay are now in the enjoyment of one of the greatest privileges of freemen. A knowledge of the virtuous and enlightened character of the late chief-justice cannot fail to have prevailed throughout a large portion of our countrymen in India; but it has only been permitted to the inhabitants of this island to enjoy the immediate fruits of his distinguished judicial administration. However imperfect, therefore, any further addition may prove to this record of our deep sorrow for his demise, and respect for his memory, we beg to announce that we have raised a sum of money which it is designed to make over to the Native Education Society, to be vested by them in government securities, for the endowment of one or more scholarships, and the distribution of one or more annual prizes, according to the amount of interest realised from the total fund, to be denominated 'Chief-Justice West's Scholarships and Prizes.' Engaged as the late judge was himself so earnestly in improving the condition of the natives, we humbly hope that we have devised the most durable and appropriate method of perpetuating the grateful recollection of him among them, and training up our children to the proper discharge of those public duties to which he first shewed them the way. With a firm reliance on the continued favour and kindness of your lordships, we are, with the greatest respect, my lords, your lordships' most obedient and most humble ser-

vants. (Signed by about 140 of the principal Hindoos, Parsees, Mohammedan merchants, and inhabitants.)

Bombay, 1st October, 1828.

To the Hon. Sir Alexander Johnston, &c. &c. his Highness Chatterputry Rajeswari Maharajah Sirfojee Rajah Sahab presents his compliments.

SIR,—The letter which you did me the favour to write to me, together with the bust of the late Admiral Lord Nelson, and the diploma appointing me the first honorary member of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain, reached Tanjore in safety some time ago, and were delivered to me by the resident. I must beg that the delay which has occurred in acknowledging their arrival, may not be considered as any proof that I am indifferent about such flattering marks of distinction; on the contrary, I request that you will assure both the Royal Asiatic Society and the Hon. Mrs. Damer that I fully appreciate the compliment which they have respectively been pleased to pay to me. I wish I could persuade myself that these compliments were well-merited; but I am sensible that I am indebted for them to the partiality of your representations. It is true, indeed, that I have always taken great pleasure in endeavouring, by the establishment of free schools and every other means in my power, to promote among my people the general diffusion of useful knowledge, and the study of such arts and sciences as I thought might be conducive to their temporal advantage or moral improvement; but it would be wrong to say that from what little has been done much good has already resulted. The character and manners of every people are necessarily in some degree modified by circumstances, which, though certain in their result, are more or less slow in operation. In the present state of India, while knowledge is unprofitable, few can afford to become wise, or to devote themselves, whatever predilections may exist, to any particular study or pursuit which does not hold out a fair prospect of a livelihood; but the British nation must ere now have seen enough of their Asiatic subjects to know that they are naturally clear-sighted to their own interests, and keen and persevering in the pursuit of them: they will therefore very readily cultivate such talents as are likely to find profitable and honourable employment, and better their actual condition in life as well as enlighten their understandings. For a long time to come these two objects must of necessity go hand in hand; but concluding that a liberal and enlightened government, anxious for the happiness and prosperity of its subjects, will not be sparing in the requisite incentives to laudable ambition and honourable exertion, I hope it will be found that the moral and political improvement of the people, the development of useful talents and good qualities, and their progress in literature, science, and the arts, will keep pace with the encouragement held out to them, and the confidence bestowed upon them by those rulers in whose hands Providence has placed their destiny. I must again repeat my acknowledgments to your relation the Hon. Mrs. Damer, who at so much personal trouble has sent me a very beautiful specimen of an elegant art: and I beg you will do me the favour to assure the Royal Asiatic Society that I trust their labours may tend to make Europeans and Asiatics better acquainted with each other, and be rewarded with all the other benefits and advantages contemplated by

its illustrious and enlightened founders. What can I say more?

(Signed) SREE RAM PRETAP.

Tanjore, October 11, 1828.

To Sir Alexander Johnston, Chairman of the Committee of Correspondence of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland, &c. &c. &c.

SIR,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your favour of the 4th July, 1828, and beg to express my deep sense of obligation for your kind attention to my communication of the 20th May, 1827, returning you at the same time my sincere thanks for the honour which the Royal Asiatic Society, in compliance with your proposal, was pleased to confer on me, by electing me a corresponding member, and transmitting me a copy of their Transactions. I had the pleasure of replying to their corresponding secretary's letter a short time ago, and of forwarding to him, by the ship Lord Amherst, the second volume of the Sanscrit Dictionary, of which the first volume was before sent for the Society's kind acceptance. It is highly gratifying to me, indeed, that you entertain so good an opinion of the talents of the inhabitants of Asia, as to be anxious to promote their literary attainment, and thus advance their happiness as well as the improvement of their country. Although the encomium you have deigned to bestow on me is perfectly undeserved by any merit in me, yet I feel infinitely obliged for your kindness in forwarding to the governor-general of India a copy of the Society's resolution, in order that his lordship may, as would seem best, encourage my literary pursuits. I have collected some interesting matters to submit to your valuable Society, amongst which, I have been translating into English a small Persian work on horticulture, which I will do myself the honour of sending you as soon as finished.—I have the honour to be, sir, &c.

RADHAKANT DEB.

Calcutta, January 12, 1829.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(Seventh Notice.)

MINIATURES.

It is no small disadvantage to these gems of art, that they come clustering upon the sight in almost unavoidable confusion. They exhibit, however, an ample show of talent; although we must confine ourselves to the general statement, that among the most attractive are those from the pencils of Mr. A. E. Chalon, Mr. S. J. Rochard, Mr. A. Robertson, Mr. W. J. Newton, Mrs. J. Robertson, Mrs. Green, Miss Madeline Ross, Mr. W. C. Rols, Mr. M. Haughton, Mr. W. Hudson, Mr. C. R. Bone, Miss E. Jones, Miss Heaphy, Mr. Harding, &c.—On coming to 738, *Portrait of the late William Corder, Esq. painted from recollection, from a pencil outline, J. M. Davis*, we looked, paused, reconsulted our catalogue, looked again, rubbed our eyes, applied our glass, and softly repeated "William Corder! No, it is impossible. Esquire: if so, there's an end of the squirarchy; for who would be an esquire after this?" We were proceeding to give line to our thoughts, on which to hang a notice, when caution whispered "It may not be; and, as the old tombstone has it, 'Silence is wisdom!'"

SCULPTURE.

There is little in the sculpture of this year's exhibition to mark the present as an era of

* This signature marks the Mahratta family of the celebrated Sevajee, from whom the Rajah is descended.—*Ed. L. G.*

general improvement in this department of the fine arts, or greatly to distinguish individual excellence. Still there is enough to excite attention, and to shew, that, if works of imagination, and forms of grace and beauty, do not abound, as on former occasions, when the "Lord's Prayer" of Flaxman, the "Children" of Chantrey, the "Eve" of Baily, and the "Psyche" of Westmacott, adorned the sculpture-room of the Royal Academy; there is yet talent enough to fulfil the promise of national reputation which those and similar works held out, whenever it may please the public to elicit it.

No. 1198. *Statue of Sir Edward Hyde East, Bart. to be erected in the Court House, Calcutta.* F. Chantrey, R.A. — This statue is in the same character of chaste simplicity which first brought Mr. Chantrey's great powers into notice, and which, with the admirable truth of his busts, has established his reputation at an elevation far beyond that to which it seems probable that any efforts of his chisel in the classic of art would have raised him. In the latter part of this observation we allude to his basso relievos; No. 1217, *The Parting of Hector and Andromache*, and No. 1218, *Penelope with the Bow of Ulysses*.

No. 1196. *A Brahmin*; No. 1201. *A Mussulman Moulah*; — *Statues in marble; being parts of a monument to the Right Hon. Warren Hastings, proposed to be erected at Calcutta.* R. Westmacott, R.A. — These two fine statues come in excellent contrast to each other; although it is impossible fully to appreciate their merits; as much must depend upon their relative situation in the monument to which they are to belong. In such a case as this, we think it would always be advantageous to the artist, if a drawing of the whole composition accompanied the separate parts.

No. 1199. *Cupid, a statue in marble.* J. Gibson. — This youthful figure is evidently formed on the model of the antique, and is full of beauty and elegance.

No. 1197. *Marble Statue of the late Dean of St. Asaph.* J. Ternouth. — It is for the benefit of the living that the memory of departed excellence is thus perpetuated; but subjects of this nature do not task the imagination of the artist: all that they require is truth in the resemblance, and a certain quiet dignity in the disposition of the figure. In both these respects Mr. Ternouth has been eminently successful.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

England and Wales. From Drawings by J. M. W. Turner, Esq. R.A. With descriptive and historic Illustrations, by H. E. Lloyd, Esq. No. 6. Jennings.

THIS work may be considered, with reference to English landscape, as on a par with Mr. Lodge's elegant publication with reference to English portrait. The Views in the present No. are, "Malmesbury Abbey," "Kilgarren Castle, Pembroke," "Exeter," and "Richmond, Yorkshire." They are all beautiful; the View of Kilgarren, especially, is singularly powerful and picturesque.

A Turk, Plate 13, and Portraits of the Lady Caroline Lascelles, the Lady Georgiana Agar Ellis, and the Countess Gower, Plate 14, of Lithographic Imitations of Sketches by Modern Artists, by R. J. Lane, A.R.A.

THE first is a picturesque little fragment of poor Bonington, whose loss to the arts of this country can never be sufficiently lamented; the second is a combination of three tasteful

sketches, *en profile*, by J. Jackson, Esq., R.A. We doubt if the subject of the first of these interesting plates ever had in his harem three such lovely women as the subjects of the last of them.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

MATRIMONIAL WISHES.

(Anecdote verified.)

A HAPPY pair, in smart array,
By holy church united,
From London town, in open *shay*,
Set off, by love incited.

The day was dull as lead could be,
So (dreaming of no pun)
Quoth John, "I hope, my dear, that we
May have a little sun."

To which his bride, with simple heart,
Replied ('twas nature taught her),
"Well!—I confess—for my own part,
I'd rather have a daughter!"

HYMEN.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

ON the night of our last publication, Rossini's opera of *Tancredi* was performed at this theatre. Of Madame Malibran's personification of the juvenile hero, we are sorry that we cannot speak altogether in favourable terms. With the exception of that most beautiful and effective duet of "Lasciami, non t'ascolto," in the second act, and in which Sontag takes an equal part, the performance of Malibran was more characterised for vocal flourishing and histrionic gesticulation, than for appropriate feeling and pathos. From the extravagant tumblings, ground and lofty, of Madame M., in the vocal execution of Rossini's beautiful cavatina of "Di tanti palpiti," we could hardly recognise the original melody of that exquisite air. The music of Rossini is already sufficiently embroidered, and does not require any tasteless tinsel, or gingerbread gaudery, to add to its original garb. How different in this particular is Pasta! Pasta rather diminishes than adds to the numberless notes of this popular composer: aught of alteration she makes in the text of her author is always for the better. With Malibran it is quite the reverse. This proceeds, in a great measure, from an ambitious desire in the latter to display the extraordinary compass of her voice. But Madame M. should bear in recollection, that though she possesses a voice of great extent, and in which, by the by, there are two distinct registers, yet it is not, by nature, sufficiently flexible to give full effect to *executional* passages, — and this is principally the cause why she so frequently fails in her wandering flights.

On Monday night a variety of dramatic sketches were given on these boards; as much (with the exception of one, Mr. Begrez) for the benefit of the different performers' fame as for the benefit of Mr. Bochsa's pocket. The novelty of the night was *Acis and Galatea*. Braham personated the Sicilian shepherd, and acquitted himself to the universal satisfaction of his crowded auditory: — never was he in higher song. The part of *Galatea* was sustained by Miss Paton; and into abler hands it could not possibly have fallen. But another chief attraction of the piece was Zuchelli, in the character of the celebrated Cyclops. We have heard Bartleman in his best day; but even the performance of that gifted vocalist must sink in recollection, after the extraordinary effect produced by Zuchelli in the part of *Polyphemus*.

The succeeding performance was that of the tomb scene in *Romeo e Giulietta*. Malibran personated the distracted lover. Her performance of this character — (and, after our previous remarks, we should be doing her injustice not to record it) — approximated nearer to perfection than that of any other character in which she has as yet appeared. In her recitative she displayed her beautiful rich contralto tones to the greatest advantage; all unmeaning embellishment was abandoned, — and had she not, in Pasta's celebrated song of "Ombra odorata aspetta," indulged in her wonted predilection for flights of fancy, her *Romeo* had been faultless. In *Giulietta*, Sontag had but little to do; she was a "sleeping partner," until she rose from the silent tomb — and was roused to excited action by the appalling intimation of *Romeo's* unfortunate fate. Here Sontag played admirably up to Malibran. The whole of this scene excited intense interest. The dying moments of Malibran, and her final drop, were given quite *à-la Kean*. The ladies in the boxes, who were not prepared to witness a female fall flat upon her face, were quite electrified. The curtain dropped behind the departed lovers; and both bodies lay prostrated for some seconds on the boards, until removed by the stage servants. This, however, added considerably to the dramatic effect; and the illusion had been complete, but for the busy interference of the *resurrection men*, who now practise their calling within the walls of this theatre. We must not, though late, omit to mention the admirable acting and singing of Blais in *La Vestale*. We conclude by seriously advising Mr. Begrez never again to meddle with the music of Handel.

DRURY LANE AND COVENT GARDEN.

DRURY LANE closed last Saturday, and Covent Garden last Thursday. The season, we regret to say, has been far from profitable. Each theatre has had its flashes of good fortune; but they have been but flashes, like the lightning's, which are gone

"Ere one can say 'it lightens.'"

Want of novelty cannot have been the cause, for there have been twenty-seven new pieces produced between them, — sixteen at Drury Lane, and eleven at Covent Garden; — nor want of success, as *Rienzi*, *Charles XIIth*, *Massaniello*, *the Maid of Judah*, and *Home, sweet Home* — to say nothing of pantomimes and Easter-pieces — have all for a term brought large sums of money. That these establishments should suffer, in common with all others, from the peculiar pressure of the times, is to be expected; yet as, despite the want of money as generally complained of, the best pieces produced this season have really brought it in shoals, we have a right to place the heavy loss to the account of circumstances unconnected with the public. Law has pounced upon Covent Garden; and the poor theatre quivers in its clutch like a sparrow in the talons of a hawk. The star system — the next most fatal misfortune on the theatrical list — has shed its baneful influence upon Drury Lane. Did the management put up the *Provoked Husband*, or the *Jealous Wife*, with *Love in Wrinkles*, or *Massaniello* — away went from sixty to eighty pounds between three performers, before the regular nightly expenses could be thought of. Place only twenty or thirty such evenings at the back of a rent of 12,000*l.*, and let our readers say if the lessee or proprietor of a theatre royal has not some reason to shudder at a bad box-book, or a pit you may count the heads in.

The strength of Drury Lane has this season lain in its new pieces. The tragedy of *Rienzi*,—the dramas of *Charles XII.*, the *Youthful Queen*, and the *Partisans*,—the farce of *My Wife! what Wife!* and the operas of *Massaniello* and *Love in Wrinkles*, rank justly high amongst modern dramatic productions, either for their intrinsic merit as compositions, or for the effect of their situations and music. Covent Garden has existed principally upon revivals, and the popularity of Mr. Kean, Miss Paton, and Madame Vestris. Out of the eleven new pieces produced upon its stage, only one (*Woman's Love, or the Triumph of Patience*), has had any pretension to language or character as a drama; and but two (the *Maid of Judah*, and *Home, sweet Home*), have, by their music and decorations, merited the approbation of the press and the public. We have excepted the pantomimes and Easter-pieces at both houses—those necessary gew-gaws having, like *Tom Thumb*, done their duty, and done no more. We shall conclude this brief sketch of the winter campaign with our usual list of the killed and wounded on both sides.

Drury Lane: Season, 1828-29.

Oct. 9.	<i>Rienzi</i> , Tragedy	Miss Mitford.
24.	<i>Youthful Queen</i> , Drama	Shannon.
Nov. 11.	<i>Rhyme and Reason</i> , Farce. (5 nights)	Lunn.
22.	<i>The Beggar's Daughter</i> , Comedy. (Withdrawn)	Knowles.
Dec. 4.	<i>Love in Wrinkles</i> , Opera	Lacy.
11.	<i>Charles XII.</i> , Drama	Planche.
26.	<i>Queen Bee</i> , Pantomime	Barrymore.
Jan. 12.	<i>Cassillon</i> , Tragedy	Walker.
Feb. 12.	<i>Master's Rival</i> , Farce. (4 nights)	Peake.
21.	<i>Peter the Great</i> , Drama. (6 nights)	Morton and Kenney.
Mar. 10.	<i>The Casket</i> , Opera. (2 nights)	Lacy.
21.	<i>All at Sixes and Sevens</i> , Farce. (Withdrawn)	C. Dibdin.
April 2.	<i>My Wife! What Wife!</i> Farce	Poole.
20.	<i>Thierne-Na-Oge</i> , Easter-Piece	Planche.
May 4.	<i>Massaniello</i> , Opera	Kenney.
21.	<i>The Partisans</i> , Historical Play	Planche.

To which may be added four new Divertissements.

Covent Garden: Season, 1828-29.

Nov. 5.	<i>The Soldier's Stratagema</i> , Comedy. (2 nights)	Lacy.
Dec. 5.	<i>Sublime and Beautiful</i> , Farce—altered from the Sultan by	Morton.
17.	<i>Woman's Love</i> , Play. (5 nights)	
26.	<i>Harlequin and Red Riding-Hood</i> , Pantomime	Farley.
Jan. 15.	<i>Nymph of the Grotto</i> , Opera	Dimond.
Feb. 3.	<i>Widows Bewitched</i> , Comedy. (4 nights)	Lunn.
5.	<i>Yvra, Melodrama</i> . (3 nights)	Bishop.
23.	<i>Battle of Pultowa</i> , Melodrama	Raymond.
Mar. 7.	<i>Maid of Judah</i> , Opera	Lacy.
19.	<i>Home, sweet Home</i> , Musical Drama	Pocock.
April 30.	<i>Devil's Elixir</i> , Easter-Piece	Bail.

To which may be added, two new Divertissements, and the farce of *Master's Rival*, successfully transplanted from Drury Lane.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

M^r. POOLE's pleasant little comedy is established in public favour, and, in the hands of two or three clever performers, stands admirably out from the rest of the entertainments, which, with few exceptions, have scarcely deserved that name. We regret to be so often obliged to tell the manager of this theatre, that operas are out of place at it, even had they a company capable of supporting them decently. As it is, without even a second-rate singer attached to it, the murdering of Mozart and Rossini, Boteldieu and Bishop, passes all endurance, and we are bound to enter our critical protest against it. When Miss Paton and Madame Vestris were members of the company, there were reasons for introducing some music in the light and lively pieces written to display their peculiar talents; though even then they bore the burden alone, having neither tenor, bass, chorus, or orchestra, fit to support them. But with them the spirit of song departed, which, by the way,

never had any business there, but was merely an agreeable intruder for the time being. Besides this, operas were not then performed during the summer in the capital way they now are at the Lyceum. Times have changed, and it seems downright folly for the Haymarket to volunteer a nightly display of its deficiencies, and provoke the most mortifying comparisons, when it is in its power to defy competition in its own legitimate, and we may say unique, style of performances. We have another complaint to make of the management of this theatre;—the unexampled lateness of the hour at which its entertainments conclude. The curtain frequently rises for the last piece after midnight; and the other evening, *The Heir at Law*, a long five-act comedy, commenced after two other dramas, at nearly eleven o'clock. We are convinced this cannot be good policy. Both actors and audience are tired to death, and the *répertoire* of the theatre is unnecessarily exhausted and deteriorated. We have no doubt we shall be set down amongst the list of "d—d good-natured friends" for volunteering this advice and remonstrance; but we shall, notwithstanding, persevere in pointing out such reforms as we sincerely think will ultimately benefit all parties. Of the new performers, Miss Melton and Mr. Western appear to have most claim on our approbation: but we repeat, operas are so foreign to the soil of the Haymarket, that it is unfair to criticise singers so situated. No music, earlier hours, and better scenery,—and the Haymarket would be the pleasantest theatre in London.

VARIETIES.

Gas-Lighting in Egypt.—The Viceroy of Egypt is about to make an arrangement with an English company for lighting Cairo and Alexandria. He has already made an experiment at a palace of his own near Cairo, and is said to have been much delighted with the effect produced.

Climbing-Boys.—A philanthropic society has just been formed at Paris, for the purpose of ameliorating the condition of the numbers of children formerly seen in the streets, who gained but a scanty subsistence by sweeping chimneys. The plan of the society is, to get together a number of these young chimney-sweepers, and to put the amount of their labour into one common purse. In order to provide them lodging, clothing, religious instruction, and education; and even, if possible, to procure for them another trade, and to send them back to their parents. This society seems to be highly deserving of the public patronage, as it supports itself without soliciting charitable contributions. A regular table of prices has been made out, so that no inconvenience can arise in this respect. The charge for sweeping a first-floor chimney is about three-pence; and the scale rises at the rate of about a halfpenny more for each floor. About eight-pence is charged for sweeping a kitchen chimney; and persons who like to subscribe, may have their chimneys swept about five-and-twenty per cent cheaper.

Lusus Naturæ.—At one of the recent meetings of the Academy of Sciences in Paris, M. Geoffrey St. Hilaire presented a drawing of a living girl having two heads and two busts. She was born at Sassari in Sardinia, in March last, and is now exhibiting at Turin, from whence she will be brought if possible to Paris. This extraordinary production of nature was baptized by two names, Ritta and Christina. Her size at the time of the birth was that of a

fully-formed infant: Ritta, it is stated, appears to suffer; but Christina has good health. The description of this double child, which was necessarily imperfect, from the want of good information to M. Geoffrey St. Hilaire, led to a long conversation, in which three or four instances of living children with two heads and bodies were mentioned. Among others alluded to, was that of the twin female in England; and another of an individual with two heads, who lived twenty-eight years.

Liberia.—The new establishment of Millsburg, in the American colony of Liberia, in Africa, is in the most flourishing state. Every colonist has a fine farm, well stocked, and the building of the houses is almost finished. It is the same with the two other establishments of Caldwell and Halfway Farms. The missionaries, who had all been ill, are out of danger. They are also about to build at Millsburg a sufficient number of houses to receive a reinforcement of between a hundred and fifty and two hundred additional emigrants.

Civilisation of Africa.—One of the chiefs of the town of Usu, near the Danish fortress of Christianbourg, on the coast of Guinea, sent, in the year 1826, into Denmark his son, Noi-Davanna, sixteen years of age, to receive a European education. The king especially intrusted M. d'Abrahamson, his aide-de-camp, with the charge of this youth, who had masters of every description. After having accepted with pleasure the religious instruction offered him, he consented, with lively demonstrations of gratitude, to be baptized. The king was his godfather. In August, 1828, Frederick Davanna returned to his country, accompanied by four young priests, to whom had previously been communicated all the information and materials necessary for the purpose of diffusing religious and other knowledge by the means of mutual instruction.

Hint for a little Drama.—Near Fort Hardy, in North America, celebrated for being the place at which General Burgoyne surrendered to General Gates, is the following simple inscription, cut in the bark of a yellow pine—"Jane M'Crea, 1777." This young American female, at the moment at which she was about to be married to an officer of General Burgoyne's army, saw her lover compelled to depart, in the conduct of the troops whom he commanded, on their retreat before the American army. Retained by his duty, the young soldier sent for his bride an escort of Indians, who followed the English as auxiliaries. Animated by joy and hope, Miss M'Crea accompanied them without distrust. They massacred her; and when her lover hastened to meet her, an Indian presented him with her bleeding scalp!—*Milbert's Itinéraire Pittoresque du Fleuve Hudson, &c.*

The Heart.—M. Martini, Professor of Physiology at Turin, has published a curious and interesting work on the heart, its passions, and feelings. M. Martini does not agree with those physiologists who, like Bichat, refer them all to organic life; or, like Cabanis, impute them to the state of various viscera; or, like Gall and Spurzheim, fix their seat in the cerebral organs. He thinks they depend on the general organisation, influenced by climate, temperament, constitution, age, sex, imagination, education, health, and a thousand other physical and moral causes; and he allows to particular organs only an operation, more or less direct, on their development and modification. Self-love, the primordial instinct from which all the other instincts proceed, is, according to M. Martini, the impulse and the object of all

the passions. In conclusion, he endeavours to shew how each of them may receive a direction leading to happiness.

Tunbridge Wells.—The Messrs. Bramah (so universally known for their many ingenious inventions and useful and scientific improvements) have, we observe from a circular letter, undertaken to extend and increase the attractions and accommodations of Tunbridge Wells. Long a favourite resort of ours, we are glad to see this necessary task undertaken by such competent and able parties.

A French paper says, "The system employed throughout Austria for spreading instruction among the lower orders is attended with great success. In each village are schools, of which the masters are paid by government. No one is allowed to marry who cannot read, write, and shew some acquaintance with arithmetic; and, under a penalty, no master can employ a workman who is not able to read and write. Small works on moral subjects, written with great care, are circulated among the lower classes. Hence crimes are extremely rare; and in the course of a twelvemonth scarcely two executions take place at Vienna."

From a table published by the *Gazette des Cultes*, it appears that the bequests made to the clergy and ecclesiastical establishments of France, in real and personal property, during the four years, 1825, 1826, 1827, and 1828, amounted to 20,750,984 francs, of which 67,547 francs only were made to non-catholic establishments. During these four years the bequests to hospitals amounted to 17,263,505 francs; to communes, 2,966,833 francs; to the fine arts, 32,276 francs; to monts de piété, 9,300 francs. The department of the Seine alone figures for the clergy 2,488,257 francs; and for communes, 71,852 francs. It is shewn that in the departments which were the seats of the principal establishments of the Jesuits, the bequests were in an exorbitant proportion. Thus in those of the Somme and Vienne, where St. Acheul and Montmorillon are situated, the bequests during 1827 and 1828 were, in the former, 467,238 francs; and in the latter, 600,053 francs.

A tragedy, entitled *Marino Faliero*, by Thomas Zanli Sajani, has recently been published at Bastia in Corsica. It is in most parts similar to the *Marino Faliero* of Lord Byron, but differs in the catastrophe.

It is stated in a French paper, that the King of France, the Duke of Bourdeaux, and the Dauphin, have between them more than one hundred aides-de-camp, who receive pay as such; whereas the King of England has only two aides-de-camp, the King of Prussia, and the Emperor of Austria, one each.

Bavarian Silk.—Last year's cultivation of this material in Bavaria produced 366 pounds weight of cocoons, and thirty pounds of spun silk. For the support of the worms, 82,844 old mulberry trees are at hand, and 1,500,000 young plants in a thriving state.

Human Merit: Epigram.

With some their merit lies in what they've done;
With some that what they've done they have re-
pent;
But the chief merit of a thousand to one
(Having none other, and, too, wishing none)
Is, that they are contented. S. W.

The Week.—The French Theatre ended its campaign on Friday the 19th, and we are sorry to learn that it has not been very successful. Perhaps greater variety was required—vaudevilles and light pieces—and the regular drama only when a more powerful and efficient company could be mustered.—Among the dramatic news, we are sorry to have to record the death

of poor Terry, on Tuesday last. He had been long a severe sufferer, and fell at last before a fatal attack of paralysis. The better portion of Mr. T.'s life was spent in Scotland, where he married Miss Nasmyth, the daughter and sister of the celebrated artist, and herself eminent as a landscape-painter. He was much esteemed, and long enjoyed the intimacy of Sir Walter Scott and the leading literati of that country.—Among our periodical contemporaries some changes are announced. The London Magazine has been bought by, for incorporation with, the New Monthly.—A sweet portrait of Mrs. Arbuthnot, engraved by Giller, after Lawrence, is already in our hands: it is to adorn the next Belle Assemblée.—Captain Ross sailed on the 13th from Stranraer, in his steamer; leaving behind him, however, the vessel which was intended to carry stores, provisions, &c.—A fine etching, by Burnet, of Wilkie's Chelsea Pensioners, was shewn by the Duke of Wellington to the company which his Grace entertained on the anniversary of Waterloo. This engraving promises to be a *chef d'œuvre*.—The Horticultural Fête of to-day, clouds and atmosphere favouring, bids fair to be a fine entertainment, as indeed it ought to be, agreeably to the prices paid. We are not of the grumbling class, nor much inclined to find fault with the doings of the world; but the means by which the cost of the tickets for this show has been doubled, seem to us very unworthy of a respectable Society. Unintentionally, no doubt, looking at the character of the managers, the vouchers for tickets to members were so inexplicit and so loosely worded, that many, to these in their possession, were not aware the limit of time applied not to their sending in their requests, but to the future exchange of one sort of cards for another. To their surprise, when they came to understand this, they found, that for the pleasure of having kept half a dozen tickets (called orders for delivery of the other tickets of admission) in their pocket a few days, they were charged *two* guineas instead of *one*!! Such an imposition on the members for such a mistake, arising out of the committee's own want of plain-dealing, must, we fear, excite feelings very injurious to the Institution, both with regard to its fêtes and to its general interests.—The meeting of the Melodists on Thursday (the last but one of the season), was well attended, and went off with great éclat. Braham was encoined in one of his songs; and Nicholson's flute was another of the lions of the evening.—Mr. Jefferey's editorship of the Edinburgh Review ceases, we hear, with No. 98, when Mr. Macony Napier takes up the task.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

St. Walter Scott.—A review in *Le Globe* of a work recently published under the title of "Soirées de Walter Scott à Paris, recueillies et publiées par M. P. L. Jacob," commences in the following lively manner:—"They who are not engaged in literary commerce are not aware how important it is to the success of a work that its title should be striking, new, and well-chosen. Many a clever work has been sacrificed by a bad title; and many a stupid work has a good title saved. Publishers have a marvellous talent in this respect. Even the typographical composition of the title is occasionally full of skill. For instance, is some old translation reprinted, to which a learned man of the present day has merely added a few brief notes?—the name of the translator disappears in imperceptible characters, while that of the annotator glares in magnificent capitals. A man of talents, enmeshed with our elder language, and who loves to clothe his thoughts in the phraseology of Marot and Rabelais,—who delights in the freedom of our ancient fabulists, and whose pen is not prudish, throws on paper various whims of his fancy. These essays he wishes to publish. A bookseller soon forms of them a thin octavo. But a title is requisite:—a title that is not common. So many 'Historical and Dramatic Sketches' have appeared, that the public are quite tired of them. Of Walter Scott

alone they are not yet tired. The author must therefore put the name of Walter Scott to his book. How is this to be done? The purchaser sees on the back of the binding, 'Walter Scott à Paris.' That excites his curiosity. He reads in the false title, 'Soirées de Walter Scott.' Where did they take place? At Paris or at Abbeville? That fidgets him. Then he reads in the title itself, 'Soirées de Walter Scott à Paris.' Mind how the insignificant gradually advances!—and, after all, is it not delightful to find that there is not a single word about Walter Scott in the whole volume!"

Mr. Sharpe's new periodical work, under the title of the Three Chapters, is about to issue from the press, containing, besides essays, criticism, biography, and a picture of manners and society, a portion of the Anniversary, together with one of the plates, so as to form the work complete at the end of a year as a Midsummer annual: this constitutes one of the Chapters. The second and third, in a similar manner, are to form two separate volumes at the same period.

The Life of Dr. Richard Bentley, by Dr. Monk, Dean of Peterborough, is expected next season; and is reported to contain much literary information, collected from original sources, so as to form a history of the University of Cambridge for a period of forty years.

The eleventh volume of the Works of Lord Bacon, edited by Mr. Basil Montagu, is on the eve of publication. In the Press.—A revised edition of the Life and Works of Richard Hooker; with an Introduction, additional Notes, and portrait engraved by E. Finden, after Hollar. —The second volume of the Extractor.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Smith's Medical Witnesses, fcp. 8vo. 5s. bds.—Medical Transactions, Vol. XV. Part I. 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Shepherd's Poems, fcp. 8vo. 6s. bds.—Harleian Dairy Husbandry, 8vo. 1l. 1s. bds.—Brown's Italian Tales, &c. 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Bucke's Classical Grammar of the English Language, 12mo. 3s. bds.—Head's North America, post 8vo. 8s. 6d. bds.—Mawe's Journey from the Pacific to the Atlantic, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Castle's Botany, 12mo. coloured, 12s. 6d. bds.—The Chelsea Pensioners, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.—King's Life of Locke, 4to. 2l. 2s. bds.—The Indian Chief, 3 vols. 12mo. 15s. 6d. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1829.

June.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday ... 18	From 48. to 64.	29.78 to 29.96
Friday ... 19	— 45. — 64.	29.96 Stationary
Saturday ... 20	— 49. — 73.	29.96 to 29.93
Sunday ... 21	— 55. — 73.	29.74 Stationary
Monday ... 22	— 53. — 69.	29.76 Stationary
Tuesday ... 23	— 55. — 75.	29.77 to 29.69
Wednesday 24	— 56. — 76.	29.92 — 29.93

Wind variable, prevailing S.W. and S.E.

Generally clear, except the 18th and 22d, when it was raining.

Rain fallen, 1 inch.

Edmonton.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude 51° 37' 32" N.

Longitude 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Belzoni Family.—The deep interest we always took in the fate of Belzoni induces us to publish the following extract from the letter of a distinguished literary character, respecting his remaining relatives—in the hope that it may interest the humane and charitable:—"The unhappy mother of the celebrated traveller Giovanni Belzoni, not yet recovered from the sorrow which she felt for his death, in Africa, in the year 1823, has very recently lost her two surviving sons—Domenico, who died on the 9th, and Francesco, who died on the 12th of January, 1829. The distress of three young children and the widow, left by Domenico, has placed the grandmother in the greatest affliction, who, herself nearly eighty years of age, has no means of relieving them. This grandmother now humbly and earnestly begs, on account of her grandchildren, the assistance of that generous and humane people who so nobly patronised her son in all his attempts to make useful discoveries." To this we have only to add, that Mr. Murray, of Albemarle Street, has kindly volunteered to receive subscriptions, and to pass them to the persons for whom they are intended.

Mr. Fenton's poem is of too religious a cast for our miscellaneous pages.

* * * * * Though we have given so much of our Review in this Gazette to fresh and striking novelties, we have been compelled to postpone others equally interesting. We have the pleasure to say that "the Subaltern's" Chelsea Pensioners (which we noticed weeks ago, has, after too long delay, appeared, and is now gratifying the public generally. The first Part of Dr. Richardson's Fauna Boreali-Americana is also in our hands;—an able and pleasing production. Lieutenant Maw's Passage from the Pacific to the Atlantic down the Amazon River, is another new book, full of curious matter; and Everett's Norway, &c. worthy of our early attention.

ADDENDUM.—Of the officers alluded to in our notice of Captain Owen's African expedition, Mr. Vidal is now Captain Vidal, on half pay; Captain Lechnere, who served as a volunteer, died of fever at Delagoa, in November 1822; Watkins, a midshipman, died of fever, December 1822, at Delagoa; Rogier, at present at Fernando Po, with Captain Owen; Williams, a midshipman, died at Mahé, one of the Seychelles, January 1823; Mr. Forbes, a botanist attached to the expedition, died at Senne, September 1823.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW,
No. XXI. will be published on the 30th of June, containing the following Articles:—1. Corn Laws—2. Life and Writings of P. L. Courier—3. Living Poets of Hungary—4. Last of the Plantagenets—5. Cobden's Career—6. Discoveries in the Interior of Africa—7. The Village Patriarch—8. Physiology of Trees and Ornamental Planting—9. Modern Italy—10. Civil Government of Canada—11. Vidocq's Memoirs—12. I. Taylor's Translation of Herodotus—13. Southey's Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society—14. Anne of Gelestein—15. Historical Records of the Peruvian Indians—16. Greatest Happiness Principle, and the Edinburgh Review.

No. XXII. will be published on the 30th September.
Office of the Westminster Review, No. 2, Wellington Street, Strand.

Works published during the week by Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green.

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THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE; AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

This Journal is supplied Weekly, or Monthly, by the principal Booksellers and Newsmen, throughout the Kingdom; but to those who may desire its immediate transmission, by post, we recommend the LITERARY GAZETTE, printed on stamped paper, price One Shilling.

No. 650.

SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1829.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Journal of a Passage from the Pacific to the Atlantic, crossing the Andes in the Northern Provinces of Peru, and descending the River Marañon, or Amazon. By H. Lister Maw. Lieut. R.N. 8vo. pp. 486. London, 1829. J. Murray.

WHEN we look upon the great globe which we inhabit, and ponder over its form and features, there is no part of the stupendous structure that more attracts our interest and excites our admiration, than those mighty streams which, like veins and arteries, pervade its surface, and carry life, motion, and fertility, throughout the system. To have followed the course of the largest of these prodigious veins that circulate over our earth, is indeed a memorable achievement; and we rejoice that it has first been accomplished by an officer of the British navy. It is worthy of the profession and of the country to which he belongs!

The wonderful confluence of waters* thus explored, need we remind our readers, traverses the broadest region of South America, from the Peruvian Andes to the Atlantic, where, after a winding career of from four to five thousand miles,† it pours its flood into the ocean, by a mouth of a hundred and eighty miles in width, and in such a mass, that the salt-sea brine is displaced to the distance of four hundred miles!! We have now to trace this splendid enterprise.

Towards the close of 1827, Lieut. Maw, being at Lima, on the eve of returning to England, resolved on taking the route across Peru and down the Marañon, to examine these imperfectly known regions, and to supply that information respecting the interior, so much desired for the purposes of commerce and the advancement of science. We pass over the preliminary steps and preparations. From Lima he went to Truxillo, (where a Mr. Hinde joined him in the adventure), and thence to Chicama, and ascended the Andes towards Casca. Surmounting the first and second Cordilleras, (by Caxamarca and Selendin), our travellers saw the Marañon pursuing its path between the mountain ridges, from its parent lake at Huannuco, and crossed it at Balas. They then climbed the third Cordillera, stopped at Chachapayas, Toulea, Moyobamba, and thence finally journeyed five days on foot to Balsa Puerto, where, on the 15th of January, 1828, they embarked in two canoes, and paddled down the river Cachi Yaco, which runs into the Guallaga, which, again, bears the voyager into the Marañon, near Ourarinas, not far below where it becomes navigable. The journal hitherto occupies 165 pages of the volume. The junction of other rivers with that moving sea on which they were now floating; the Ucayali, Madeira, Tapajos, Xingu, Tocantins, &c. from the south; the Japura, Negro, &c.

* It is computed that about two hundred rivers contribute to swell the Amazon on its way.
† Probably in length a fifth of the earth's circumference. The author descended about 3000 miles.

from the north, furnish topics of much interest, as progress is made to the final port of Para. Before leaving Peru, we learn with sorrow that the upper portion of the westernmost branch of the Marañon has been sadly oppressed.

"It is, (says Mr. Maw), I believe, but too well ascertained, that the Spaniards, having driven the Indians from this and other agricultural districts to work in the mines, reduced the population of Peru from about ten millions, which it is supposed to have been at the time of the conquest, to its present estimate of two millions."

The earliest view of the river, from the top of the second Cordillera, also deserves quotation.

"We reached the top of the rugged ridge a little before sunset; and it was from this point we first got sight of the Marañon. I cannot conceive that any thing on earth or water could exceed the grandeur of the scenery, nor do I believe any person capable of describing it justly. The rain was clearing off, whilst a perfect and brilliant rainbow was extended across the river, which, about sixty yards in breadth, rushed between mountains whose summits, on both sides, were hid in the clouds, on which the extremes of the rainbow rested."

This is picturesque. The author continues: "The Marañon is not navigable in this part. A little above the ferry it descends over a sloping bed of large gravel; and at a short distance below, it is said to be fordable on horseback. Further down, there are reported to be cataracts. The valley is extremely narrow in some parts, barely affording sufficient breadth for the river. Abreast the ferry there are small banks, on which the most luxuriant verdure is produced. A variety of fruits are raised in great perfection, with plantains of a remarkable size."

From this point (Mr. M. observes, at the conclusion of his long journey) "we, step by step, receded from the light of civilisation, passing towards people little advanced from a state of savage wildness; amongst whom the utensils they needed, or the ornaments they admired, were received in payment for natural productions, or for personal services—whose vices were those only of savages. Continuing our route, we reached marks of—not European civilisation—but of European demoralisation. The uneducated, unenlightened branco, finding himself unchecked by those laws and authorities that existed in the country he has left—finding himself amongst a people inferior to his countrymen, and not comprehending the advantage or necessity of restraining his inclinations, assumes arbitrary power, and commits uncontrolled enormities; whilst the unfortunate wretches amongst whom he fixes, suffer from his tyranny, and acquire his vices. It is perhaps not possible to behold human nature more degraded; and with just retribution the evil recoils on the offender, if not in his own time, in that of his descendants,

who, following his example, either compel the Indians to fly from oppression, or destroy them by its effects. Slowly, and with difficulty, we passed through this state of things, until we again met with a general commerce, which, in such cases, may be said 'to bring healing on its wings,' by importing true civilisation, and proving the necessity of just laws, and well-regulated authority. Returning to the figure of light, it can scarcely be conceived the glare that bursts forth on first arriving in a highly civilised country, after being long immersed in so deep a gloom; indeed, on being beheld, it can scarcely be comprehended. What a population of brancos, few of whom are not superior to the lords of the land passed through! What buildings—what wealth—what power—what an excessive cultivation, and what an extraordinary value of the soil!—the price of districts being incalculable, which in the country left might have been had by occupation."

"On the river, Fahrenheit's thermometer stood at eighty degrees nearly the whole way down. The climate became more moist as we entered Brazil, and was excessively damp at Para, but it was the rainy season. Respecting the source of the Marañon, or as to which branch is best entitled to be considered the head of the river, different opinions have existed and have been vehemently opposed to each other. I do not, however, conceive that the branch which bears the name of Marañon, and continues the furthest in an east and west direction, is, as it has been sometimes represented, much inferior to the Ucayali. Taking the junction of the two rivers as a centre from which to measure, I think it probable that the western branch will be found the most considerable at the greater distance, although some of the small streams that form the Ucayali exceed it in extreme length: moreover, the Ucayali and other branches appear rather to be formed by a collection of streams, whilst the Marañon flows throughout from between the Cordilleras as a main channel. These remarks, of course, do not affect the communication with Lima, some of the streams that form the Ucayali flowing more immediately from the direction of that city. On the passage, I inquired what was the meaning of the name Marañon, and was told that it was a compound word, signifying 'not the sea.'"

But that we may, obeying in criticism the law of nature, go regularly with the stream to the main, we shall replace ourselves at the upper region of the Andes, and descend with our author from Balsa Puerto, noting, as examples of his journal, the most curious particulars which have struck us on the way. At Toulea, Mr. Maw relates:

"Mr. Hinde mentioned to me a curious anecdote, with which he had become acquainted respecting the watch-dogs. It was, that these dogs, when young, are taught to suck the flock to which they are afterwards to belong as guardians; and being brought up in this manner, when grown to full size, they continue to attend the flocks; going out with them in the

morning, remaining during the day, and bringing them home in the evening, without the necessity of herdsman. He said also, that some English spaniels had been sent out to the British merchants resident in Truxillo; and being much admired, puppies were distributed as presents to some of the principal natives; amongst others, one was given to the prefect, who, being desirous that it should be trained in a particular manner, and become attached to him and his people, sent it up to his 'hacienda' (estate). When full grown, it was brought down to Truxillo, but it did not remain long in the city before it began to find out that the British residents were its countrymen, and, in common with other puppies that had been similarly distributed, deserted its master, to seek quarters in the merchants' houses. Mr. Hinde said, that these dogs would even know an Englishman in the street, and join company, when walking, to the annoyance of their masters. It certainly was the case that, when I arrived at Truxillo, the mother spaniel thought proper to acknowledge me as a countryman, in a manner that was not agreeable, inasmuch as, from her lying constantly at my feet, numerous fleas, with which the coast of Peru naturally abounds, migrated from her fur to my clothes. A peculiarity of the South American, at least the Peruvian dogs, is, that they generally attack in packs of two or three together. Their manner of biting also is different from other dogs. If an unfortunate stranger (dog) makes his appearance, the packs of two or three neighbouring ranchos will unite, and the visitor comes badly off. Individually they are not powerful, but from their offensive alliances, it is not altogether agreeable going near the ranchos unarmed after dark. Mr. Hinde was nearly suffering on one occasion. The Toulea dogs were so poor that their bones might almost be counted through their skins. Yet their tastes and appetites were so accommodating, that there were few things they would not eat,—for instance beans, such as are given to horses."

The overland, montana, travelling is described as full of inconveniences and perils; but these have frequently been told by South American adventurers; and we are at Moyobamba, where, says Mr. M., "we dined with the intendente, when we learnt that neither Mons. Du Bayle nor ourselves were the first European visitors to Moyobamba. An English, at least a British, sailor, named Michael Ramsay, or, as he was there called, 'Miguel Ramos,' had by some means found his way there from the coast, and had displayed his salt-water manoeuvres to such effect, that the Moyobambians appeared somewhat at a loss whether to be most surprised, amused, or afraid of him. He had married, and remained for some time, until, getting tired, he went off and left his wife. On the whole, he had not produced a favourable impression on the minds of the natives. We occasionally heard of this man afterwards, where he had made his appearance in an extraordinary manner. A padre, who had seen him, told us that he, the padre, had asked him why he did not work, as he was very strong. His answer was, No; he liked to order better."

What a savage!! Nobody exists of such a disposition in England, or other civilised countries?

On the Cachi Yaco, the first tributary river which received our countrymen, we have a good picture of the natives.

"The manner of building the ranchos at Balsa Puerto is entirely different from that of

the coast. With the exception of the church, and the governor's and curate's houses, which were plastered, and the latter divided into apartments, the ranchos of Balsa Puerto consist each of a single room, from twenty to thirty yards long, and about a third of the length in breadth. The sides are made of small bamboos, six or seven feet long, placed vertically, and close together; but, from their inequalities, admitting light and air. The roofs are made of the leaves or branches of palms, the leaves on one side of the stem being turned back, so as to make them double. . . . The roofs are supported

by piles driven into the ground, with poles lashed to them, and sloping upwards, so that the ranchos are some of them twenty or thirty feet high in the middle part of the roof, whilst the sides are not more than six or seven. The roofs require renewing every three or four years, and are not entirely water-proof during heavy rain. There are no windows, the inequalities of the bamboos that form the walls admitting sufficient light and air. The doors are made of bamboos tied together, instead of being fixed into the ground. These ranchos have a neat appearance outside; and the interior of those we looked into was clean. They contain little furniture beyond a few cooking utensils and straw hammocks; and four or five married couples live in each rancho. We followed a path a short distance beyond the pueblo, and found the country was not entirely covered with wood. Some cattle, which we afterwards understood to belong to the former governor, were feeding, and were in fine condition. Being near sunset, we met several Indians returning from their chacras. The men had their pucunas (tubes for shooting poisoned arrows) in their hands, and netted bags filled with fruit, &c., slung across their backs. Most of them had also different-coloured feathers, red and yellow, suspended from their necks. The women carried cargoes that appeared to be heavier than the bags and pucunas of the men. Both sexes had their faces and various parts of their bodies stained with red and purple dyes; which, added to their figures not being good, their dark complexion, and the long black hair of the men, as well as women, gave them a barbarous appearance; but they were peaceable in their manners, and most of them saluted us as we passed.

"Sunday being here kept as a day of suspension from duty, the Indians were all painted in their best style, dressed in clean white or blue frocks and trousers, and their hair ornamented with a few red and yellow feathers tied to tails behind. They collected at an early hour, and went quietly and respectfully to the church, where they remained about half an hour, although there was no clergyman to officiate. Having returned in a similar manner, the day's amusements commenced, the most favourite of which appeared to be dancing to the music of drums and fifes made of bones; whilst they occasionally partook freely of chewed yucachicha. The dyes with which they stained themselves were evidently considered first-rate ornaments: some had red stripes or diamonds on their forehead; others a red stripe downwards under each eye; and several were rouged; a purple dye was applied as a substitute for whiskers, beards, and mustachios; whilst some of the females had supplied themselves with boots of the same material. A tall, stout deputy of the curaca, who appeared to be considered one of the most fashionable of the party, had a red stripe under

each eye, and red or yellow feathers in his hair. There were several deputies to the curaca, their badge of office being a small supple stick, with which they inflict punishment on their fellow Indians whenever the curaca deems it necessary. The deputies did not consider it beneath their dignity to join in the general amusements; but, on the contrary, were the musicians, going about from rancho to rancho playing most cheerfully, until towards the evening, when the chicha produced an effect, and several, not excepting females, were intoxicated. . . . On

Monday morning all the women of the pueblo mustered in the plaza to know what work they were to perform,—there being a law which obliges them to labour for a certain time during the first three days of each week, in keeping the pueblo clean, or otherwise, as the governor may direct. We were employed during the day in airing such of our clothes, &c., as had been damaged by the Indians in wading, and in endeavouring to get an account of some seeds I had picked up on the walk from Moyobamba. We found the natives far from intelligent; several of the seeds were not known; and although the district we had passed through abounded with the trees from which cascarrilla is produced, I had not been able to learn which was it.

"Early on the 15th we went to the governor's house, when I got from him what information I could relative to the productions of the country, and bought a few specimens, with some provisions for our passage: amongst the latter were some dried monkeys, recommended for our own private stock, they being considered greater delicacies than the dried wild boars, with which we were to feed the Indians."

Thus provisioned, they embarked with seven Indians in their two canoes, each about 20 feet long, and protected by palm-thatched awnings, under which they could sit upright. But we must remain at anchor for a whole week.

The Brunswick: a Poem. In Three Cantos. 8vo. pp. 108. London, 1829. W. Marsh.

"I AM quite pleased with the resemblance between my two niggers Caesar and Pompey (said a Virginian planter), they are so very like each other—"specially Pompey?"!—and so may we express ourselves in compliment to our present author, he is so 'specially like Byron.' Indeed, there is so much of talent in his poem, that though perhaps he never would have written it had not his noble prototype written Juan, we cannot find in our hearts to give it the depreciating name of an imitation. On the contrary, in spite of its taking up one of the most untoward subjects which could, we think, have been chosen—the catastrophe of the Brunswick Theatre—it is a very happy exhibition both of the comic and the philosophic that characterises the order to which it belongs. The playful touch alternates with the acute and sarcastic remark; or the pathetic, not carried too far, blends gently into the terse reflection and sometimes ludicrous picture of affected sentiment. Being thus impressed with a high opinion of the author's capabilities, we trust he will receive that encouragement which will lead him on to apply them to a long course of successful writing, and to the choice of better themes. In the meantime we shall lend him a page to make his present merits known. The Brunswick, we are told—

"—was reared amidst a world of cares,
Where all unsightly things the ways were stopping:
It stood 'midst warehouses, and wharfs, and wares,
'Midst scenes of trading, trafficking, and shopping,

Haunts which the river with the city shares,
A dingy land, half Birmingham, half Wapping,
Quite out of Pleasure's way, you would suppose,—
But she into strange holes and corners goes—

There was a general fear
Last fire should lay this ill-star'd building low;
And so all arts were tried the house to clear,
And patent pipes sent water from below;
And it might seem perhaps a little queer,
(If any thing in this world could seem so),
That they should aim their efforts one and all
Against a fire, but none against a fall.

We shun one evil while another kills:
None saw the danger of the coming morn.
And oh! how Destiny, as she fulfils
The fates of men, must laugh their ways to scorn,
Seeing them guard against all other ills,
All save th' appolated one to which they're born;
While that, fast held within her mighty grasp,
They ne'er elude, but almost seem to clasp!

Its opening.

"The ev'ning came—all ev'nings will at last,
If you'll but wait—a fact which they should know
Whose young hearts bent on pleasure beat too fast,—
And being come, they will as surely go.
The parts were ready, just as they were cast,
The house was crowded to an overflow,
The lamps shone out, so did the fiddlers too,
Tinkled the bell, and up the curtain flew!
And the stage-manager poured forth his strain
Of admiration (a whole hecatomb),
Love, and respect, and honour, such as men
Must feel for some two thousand others, whom
They never saw before, or may again,
Wishing a thousand years might be their doom,
And hoping they would only please to smile,
And patronise the Brunswick all the while;
And promising them his perpetual care
To study objects worthy of their taste—
Their taste! the thing with which that compound rare
A British public is supremely graced,
So much so they quite breathe it like their air.
Wishing all this, while in his reach were placed
But two small days—a thing to make one ponder
On human wishes—but I must not wander."

The next day's rehearsal.

"One moment, and you might have witnessed here
Music and mirth, and all the charms they gave;
Another changed and checked that bright career,
And shrieks were heard, but there was none to save;
All was despair—they had no time for fear,
With but one step from pleasure to the grave.
Death was above them, round them, and beneath,
And all they felt, and heard, and saw, was death.
So fares it with the projects of this earth;
Years bring to pass an instant may destroy.
With trembling, anxious hearts we watch their birth,
And while hope glittering glides the beautiful toy,
E'en in the moment when we count its worth,
Comes the dread fiend that mocks at human joy,
Add stamps at once his sport as well as spoil,
Man and his work, the toiler and the toll!"

The fall brings on a recollection of the burn-
ing of old Drury, when—

"For many a league—the season (midnight) heightened
The horror that was everywhere installed,
And gentle ladies on that night were frightened,
And found their maids (by courtesy so called)
With faces pale as if they had been whitened,
Preparing for that final blast and scald
Which will be—here without a moment's warning—
And won't be—in the papers the next morning."

There are some fine reflections on favourite
actors who have passed away—

"Truly it's
A sad thing to remember in one's day
Some five-and-twenty Romeos and Julietes;
And all their stalling, swearing, poisoning, loving,
Seen for the hundredth time, is far less moving.
Another thought, too, in that brilliant sphere
Will sometimes operate our mirth to mar—
To see how changed from many a former year,
When they and we were younger than we are,
The first companions of our lives appear—
It gives one's pleasant thoughts a frightful jar;
An early friend whose eye has lost its glimmer,
Reminds us that our own are somewhat dimmer."

Beside some mansion tottering to its fall,
That once bore witness to their ancient ways,
Or by some ruined arch or crumbling wall,
We seem to see the actors of past days;
While mellowing distance throws her dim gray pall
O'er all their doubtful deeds of blame or praise,
And almost consecrates the very crimes,
Whose action bears the stamp of other times.
The past! What is it on this peopled earth
That makes us dwell so fondly on the past?
Men see the future, like a mine of worth,
Unfold its treasures beautiful and vast,
And scarce the present joy survives its birth,
Lost in the haze which those visions cast;

But wherefore with such deep emotion pore
On men and scenes that shall return no more?

'Tis for that self-same reason that we gase
So fondly, that they never shall return;
They had their past and future, nights and days,
Cares to feel, hopes to cherish, griefs to mourn;
They wandered, as we wander, through the maze
Of man's existence to his final bourn;
And we, exhaled this petty, paltry breath,
From the same life shall sink to the same death—
Leaving of our existence scarce a trace."

The foregoing extracts are from the first
canto of only sixty-nine stanzas, and, we trust,
fully justify our praise of the author:—but we
proceed to further proof, only apologising for
its want of connexion, as we do not think it
necessary to follow the narrative.

"The 'good old people' of the 'good old days,'
Who hail no innovations with respect,
But lavish on the past their piteous praise,
Ascribed it to the march of Intellect:
'If such new-fangled structures you will raise,
They must come down, what else can you expect?—
On your own heads,' said Bigot, 'be the blame!'
And he was right—for on their heads it came.
Some people on the architect cried shame—
Some on the managers their strictures passed—
Some 'gainst the public folly did exclaim,
For hurrying there with such an eager haste.
Whom misery befalls men always blame
In this strange world in which our lot is cast;
The cup of woe, when once begun, soon fills—
Misfortune is a magnet to all ills."

The days we live in, are they not the date
Of steam, and gas, and tunnels? though the first
Leads sometimes to a fire-and-water fate,
The next explodes, the last are apt to burst;
Likewise of stomach-pumps, which, when you've ate
And drank, restore your hunger and your thirst?
Whereby, in fact, you eat and drink for ever,
Which must extremely tantalise the liver."

Have we not been long since a ruin'd nation?
First by the war, which laid the tax on;
Then by the peace, our trade's annihilation;
Then by the paper currency, since gone;
Then by the mines and mining speculation;
Then by the panic, which produced a run
Upon our banks; and now, to quench all hope,
Are we not being ruin'd by the Pope?

Yet, after all this ruin, here we are,
A jolly, thriving, paying, gambling people:
The tide of wealth still flows through Temple Bar,
The joyous bells ring out from many a sleaze,
Exulting Pleasure sits in Fashion's car;
And if at times our debts should make us sleep ill,
We pay a part; and, having done our best,
Like our good government, we owe the rest.
Such are the wonders of our age and clime,
Surpassing all the ancients ever knew;
But then the people of the olden time
In miracles the moderns much outdo;
And strange it seems (I wish 'twould also rhyme),
That while some certain volumes, old and new,
Contain of miracles some thousand entries,
We should not have had one in eighteen cent'ries."

The Brunswick!—ay, the Brunswick!—we were there;
No, we were not—we are much better here;
But we were there in the mind's eye to stare
With horror at the rude untimely bier
Of men who little dream'd how they should fare
That morn'—'twas strange—but now without a fear,
Now dead!—And yet compare this mode of dying
With fling'ring long on splendid couches lying.

What though attendants, when you groan'd or cough'd
on,

Were near to smooth the pillow where you lay,
With all appliances your fate to ease,
Kind looks that can do all but pain allay;
Physicians calling in, God knows how often!
To take their fee, look solemn, and away!—
And then to die after six months in bed,
I'd rather have the Brunswick on my head.

One good in dying thus we may discover,
That people may repent—but then they won't;
They still keep hoping that they shall recover,
And put it off until they find they don't;
And thus their trifle on till all is over.
It grieves me much, and I've thought much upon 't:
But 'while there's life there's hope,' 'tis an old sentence,
And while there's hope there is not much repentance."

The crowd comes—

"And first the gen'ral impulse was to save—
In human breasts that impulse is the strongest;
Of all the sympathies which Nature gave,
'Tis that which earliest wakes and lasts the longest.
All enmities are buried in the grave,
And stry;—if thou doubtest it, thou wrongest
Our nature, which can ruin, injure, hate,
But not 'er'guish men makes common cause with Fate."

Canto III, commences thus:

"Hope still deceived is still before our eyes,
Queen of the sanguine heart and youthful brain;
Her visions fade—she bids new visions rise—
On, on they come, still beautiful and still vain,
Dancing and sparkling with a thousand dyes,
Till Mem'ry adds them to her motley train;
Like brightest streams ordain'd their course to take,
Till swallow'd in the mass of some dull lake.
Eternal charm of Hope! behold her bless
Each man according to his different part;
Warriors with glory, lovers with success,
The artist with the guerdon of his art,—
All with their pictur'd forms of happiness:
Oh! who would break the bubble to man's heart,
Light though it were, and thin as airy dream,
That bears him along life's hurrying stream?
And there, ev'n there, that dreary dome within,
'Mid relatives with breaking hearts, who came
To seek their bleeding and their mangled kin—
If they but found one spark of vital flame,
The light of Hope broke in upon the scene—
She was at hand her wonted pow'r to claim—
O'erleapt the present, whisper'd health and home,
And peaceful days and happiness to come."

Now was the saddest task of all the day,
The wounded from the dead to separate;
Those o'er whose features life yet seem'd to play,
From those that had no more to fear from fate;
And men were marshall'd forth to bear away
Upon their shoulders that disastrous weight."
Digression on our humanity, a digression upon
our other national characteristics relieves the
sad spectacle.

"We're now the greatest people upon earth,
As all must know who've thought at all about it;
We have been taught so from our earliest birth
By all around us, and we cannot doubt it;
Our loyal papers all proclaim our worth,
Our playmen rant it, and our people about it;
For various things we're famous—but the chief
Is our great bullshiness and love of beef.
In the first place John Bull the nation's nam'd;
The name of beef-eaters our yeomen take;
Throughout the world our prowess is proclaim'd
For cooking and for eating a beef-steak;
Beef makes our warriors and prize-fighters famed,
Who fight for beef, and call it glory's sake;
And when our happiness is past control,
We always kill an ox and roast him whole."

The rage for witnessing trials, executions,
accidents, and other painful sights, is well
ridiculed.

"I deprecate all pleasures of this sort.
But most my female readers I advise
To shun, not seek, the crowded anxious court,
Nor on the trembling culprit fix their eyes;
It is to make another's woe their sport.
Domitian began by teasing flies,
But came to smothering wretches for his pleasure,
And other cruelties beyond all measure.
Full well I know, my readers fair, that you
Must, being human, some excitement find;
Some take to literature, and turn blue—
Some with accomplishments amuse the mind—
Some choose religion—I know one or two
Extraordinary cases of the kind—
Some find their husbands' friends extremely handy—
Some take to metaphysics;—some to brandy—
In short, a thousand methods are pursued
To cheat the dull vacuity of living;
But that which does most evil and least good,
Is this persecution of another's grieving;
A taste which cannot be too soon subdued!—
Pray, gentle ladies, take the hint I'm giving;
I seldom moralise, and never preach
But when I really have some good to teach.
The two great passions of the English nation
Are curiosity and love of scandal;
The first picks up materials for narration,
And to the second is a sort of bangle;
It was the first which brought on this occasion
So many people to the Brunswick; and all
For what?—the sufferers wanted air and space—
They spilt the air and chok'd up all the place."

Among others was a dandy, painted at a
touch.

"A cane was in his hand, upon whose tip
An eye-glass shone, which would have marr'd his
sight.
If used; he daintily contrived to sip
Both a cigar and snuff, and thus emits
The two tobaccos on his upper lip;
He was to all exceedingly polite,
And only begg'd the people not to smear him
With those unseemly things they brought so near him."

We are sorry to pass an admirable sketch of
susceptibility; but we can only give the last
stanza.

"Such is it—such its pow'r is ever lightning
Across the path of those who feel its sway,
All pangs that dwell in human bosoms heightening,
As hate, love, fear, joy, sorrow, will have way,
Blackening each sable hue, each gay one brightening;
Thus it anticipates thy touch, Decay!
And leaves us blighted, blasted, at the time
When men of calmer mould are in their prime."

We have to censure a sort of poetical confession of faith—the subject of religious belief is out of place;—yet it is not profanely done, it is only a want of good taste in *loco*; and the following arguments for the immortality of the soul are worthy of the bard.

"Why do we gaze upon the lonely beach
And broken cliff we never saw before,
And feel a joy beyond the pow'r of speech
In the wild sands and on the summit hoar?
Why does the vast, th' eternal ocean teach
Deep lessons, which with Heav'n unite us more
Than all the world's temptation and its pow'r
Can work upon us in their happiest hour?
Nor let external nature bound thy range;
Look how the soul of man hath been endued;
The sympathy which binds in union strange
Congenial souls, the links of gratitude,
Of mutual minds the blissful interchange,
The pow'r of saving, joy of doing good,
The solemn farewell, the sweet recognition,
And all the nobler types of man's condition.
But, oh! beyond all these, if thou hast known
What 'tis to have thy heart's affections placed
On some fond being, whom thou lovest alone
With tender ardour, passionate yet chaste,
Whose love to thee is dearer than a throne;
If e'er the look of rapture thou hast traced
In th' all-confiding, happy, conscious eye—
Think, think of these, and yet thou canst not die!"

And with this fine stanza we close:—the extent of our Review of so short a production may be received as a testimony of our admiration. The author's name is, we believe, Charles Thomson; and we hail him as a very clever fellow.

The New Forest. By the Author of "Brambletye House," &c. 12mo. 3 vols. London, 1829. Colburn.

Of the contents of these volumes we shall only give our readers a hurried glance, without entering into aught of critical examination. The popular author of the "Rejected Addresses" has taken a completely new path: in the times of Henry VIII. his accuracy was such, that he seemed to have feasted with the merry monarch; and as to Jerusalem, if he had been a Jew he could not have been better acquainted with his native city. But the present work is of a time only just anterior to our own; we have plain misters and mistresses, as vain and as foolish as if they were our own particular acquaintance; and a story of love, danger, and mystery, which we sympathise too much with our young lady readers to unfold. The following is one of the most striking scenes: it relates to a youth who, with manners and appearance far above his condition, has joined a band of smugglers, whose captain has, we must premise, a very lovely daughter:—

"In his attempt to screen the captain, he had received a ball which had broken the bone of his leg, notwithstanding which he had contrived to scramble some little distance along the shore, and, favoured by the darkness, threw himself down beneath a crag, which had been detached from the cliff, and lay near the water's edge. In this situation he remained, propping himself against the crag, and groaning with torture, until the morning broke, when, upon casting his eyes to the sea, he could just recognise the cutter scudding away to the south, and chased by the revenue vessel, though far a-head of her. No other vessel was in sight; he was hidden from the beach; he could hear no sound of voices; all was silent where but lately all had been clamour and

tumult. Ignorant of his fate, his comrades had probably left the shore; it was not impossible, however, that some of them might still be lurking under the cliff, waiting for day-light to look out for him; and in order to avail himself of their services, it was necessary that he should render himself visible by climbing to the top of the crag. Easy as it appeared, he found it impossible to carry this design into execution. Sick, dizzy, faint with fatigue and the loss of blood, he found that his powerless limbs refused to obey him, and, after several ineffectual efforts, which only aggravated his sufferings, he fell back into his former position, and resolved to abandon the attempt. Almost at the same moment, he made the appalling discovery that he had crawled beneath this fatal rock at low water, and that the flowing tide, which now nearly touched his extended feet, threatened speedily to overwhelm and destroy him! At the first conviction of this inevitable fate, the perspiration started in large beads from his forehead, a sudden and deep flush overspread his features, which, almost immediately resuming their ghastly paleness, wore an expression of mingled agony and horror. He was naturally of a resolute and almost undauntable spirit, but the hopelessness of all succour or escape now inspired him with gloomy despair. Life, however, had long been a burden to him, and now that he could no longer retain it without the probability of his being made a prisoner, and exposed to public shame, or the certainty that, even if he were rescued by his comrades, he must undergo some painful operation for his broken leg, perhaps after all to die in miserable anguish, he became in some degree reconciled to his fate, and resolved to encounter his approaching death without flinching; and, if possible, without even a regret. Fixing his eyes therefore upon the advancing waters with a stern composure, his thoughts reverted to all the faults, follies, and crimes of his past life, a retrospect that filled him with compunction and remorse; while the hopelessness of the future, even if he could escape his doom, left him little to bewail in dying. A pang, indeed, shot through his heart as the image of Mary passed athwart his mind, and he murmured her name with a deep sigh; but such was the cruel waywardness of his lot, that even this, his last, his only chance of happiness upon earth, was rendered unattainable by insuperable impediments. Conscious that his end was approaching, he withdrew his thoughts from all worldly objects, and determining to employ the short space that was yet to be allowed him in imploring forgiveness of his offences, he fixed his haggard looks upon the sky, and remained absorbed in penitent and fervent prayer. Not so completely, however, could he abstract his thoughts from the earth, but that he felt an involuntary shudder as the waters flowed over his legs, while he imagined that he heard his death-knell ringing with a terrific loudness in his ears as the waves broke with a splash against the crag. Every succeeding surge rose higher and higher, sending a more icy chill to his heart; and as he mentally calculated to what part of his frame the next would reach, and how long it might be before his sufferings would terminate, nature recoiled from a death so appallingly slow and protracted, and yet apparently so inevitable. While thus gloomily meditating, he felt the buoyancy of the element which had already begun to enwrap his body, and a sudden flash of hope shot like lightning through his mind. By the assistance of the rising waters he might perhaps lift himself to the top of the little crag.

This too, he was well aware, must be speedily overflowed by the tide, and in that case he would only have deferred his wretched fate; but in the short interval he might be seen by some of the comrades, he might be saved! Life is sweet even to the most miserable: his despair was momentarily chased away; a new hope inspired him with fresh energy; instead of contemplating the waves as his fell, inexorable executioners, he hailed them as his guardian angels, his preservers; and buoying himself as well as he could upon their surface, he succeeded, after the most painful and convulsive efforts, in dragging himself to the top of the crag, so weak and exhausted that he lay outstretched upon its summit, just able to raise up and wave his right arm as a signal. At this critical moment, Mary, having reached the summit of the cliff above, threw her anxious eyes along the beach in the direction of the Isle of Wight, over the hills of which the sun had just risen, throwing broad shadows from its shores, and tipping with a crown of light the summits of the Needle Rocks. She could perceive no moving object except some distant fishing-boats; but as her looks wandered in another direction, she discerned something moving upon the crag. At first she imagined it to be sea-weed, blown up by the wind; but on viewing it more intently, she discovered that it was a human being; and the instant suspicion of the truth sent an electrical shock through her whole frame. It might be, it must be George, rendered helpless by his wound, and left thus miserably to perish! Be it whom it might, not a single second would her generous heart pause to deliberate. She leapt from her horse, ran like an antelope down the precipitous gap, plunged into the waves, hurried to the crag, and uttering a piercing shriek as she recognised the agonised features of George, she fell upon the rock beside him. Conscious, however, that not a moment was to be lost, she instantly recovered herself and started up, intending to support and assist him to the shore; but his blood-shot eyes, his death-like countenance, his faltering, gasping voice, his wounded leg, which had dyed the crag with gore, superadded to her fatigues during a sleepless night, and the shock of violently contending emotions, were altogether too much for her. Her's was a courageous heart, but after all it was a woman's; nature was unequal to the struggle she had previously undergone, and the hideous, the withering spectacle on which she was now gazing with looks of horror. The scene floated dimly before her eyes, a hollow noise rung in her ears, she murmured a few inarticulate sounds, and slipped fainting from the crag. George had convulsively grasped her hand, but totally powerless to raise her from the sea, he was doomed to the unutterable anguish of seeing her sink into the waters beside him. Her dishevelled tresses floated around her head; once—twice—thrice did the waves flow over her pale, lifeless face, as she lay extended like a beautiful marble statue. He could no longer bear the heart-rending sight, but with a deep groan sunk down insensible upon the hand which he still retained in his unconscious grasp."

Among the most amusing characters introduced are, Penguin, a retired tradesman turned geologist *faute de mieux*, and who submits to not a little dogmatism from his wife for the sake of "drawing out her character;"—Pompey, a negro, whose ejaculation, when, with all the cunning of folly, he has hit on some weak point of his auditor, is, "Ah,

massa, dere is de hiccory nut for you to crack ;"—and we must not forget the hero himself, a young Malthusian, who argues on marriage in a style to delight the Westminster Review, and answers a challenge to point out two grammatical errors in its wording: but these instances are amply sufficient to shew how completely different these volumes are to their predecessors from the same source.

Devereux. By the Author of "Pelham."

(Second Notice.)

WE regret that our limits will only permit us to give a meagre outline of what is a finished portrait; but as, according to the old proverb, "much would have more," those whose curiosity is stimulated by our selected traits, will rather rejoice that our few columns are only a small part of three volumes, and three volumes of a sufficient variety to gratify, we think, the taste of every reader. The character of Lord Bolingbroke is a new and bold attempt in novel-writing. In the various memoirs, &c. of the times, our author has sought for all that could give historical accuracy; he has studied his hero's character in his works, both in the more elaborate, where the mind holds forth its own *beau idéal*—and in the familiar letters, where it betrays so much of its reality; but, above all, he has drawn the picture in the spirit of one fine mind entering into and appreciating another. We shall best express our opinion of its excellence by likening it to some of the living sketches which make the glory of old classical writers: but let the following extracts speak for themselves:—

"He was in the very prime of life, about the middle height, and of a mien and air so strikingly noble, that it was some time before you recognised the general effect of his person sufficiently to examine its peculiar claims to admiration. He lost, however, nothing by a farther survey: he possessed not only an eminently handsome, but a very extraordinary countenance. Through an air of nonchalance, and even something of lassitude, through an ease of manners sometimes sinking into effeminate softness, sometimes bordering upon licentious effrontery, his eye thoughtful, yet wandering, seemed to announce that the mind partook but little of the whim of the moment, or of those levities of ordinary life over which the grace of his manner threw so peculiar a charm. His brow was, perhaps, rather too large and thick for the exactness of perfect symmetry; but it had an expression of great mental power and determination. His features were high, yet delicate; and his mouth, which, when closed, assumed a firm and rather severe expression, softened, when speaking, into a smile of almost magical enchantment. Richly, but not extravagantly dressed, he seemed to cultivate rather than disdain the ornaments of outward appearance; and whatever can fascinate or attract seemed so inherent in this singular man, that all which in others would have been most artificial, was in him most natural: so that it is no exaggeration to add, that to be well dressed seemed to the elegance of his person, not so much the result of art, as of a property innate and peculiar to himself.

"I was roused by a gentle touch upon my shoulder; I looked up, and saw St. John. 'Pardon me, count,' said he, smiling; 'I should not have disturbed your reflections, had not your neglect of an old friend emboldened me to address you upon his behalf.' And St. John pointed to the volume of Cowley which he had taken up without my perceiving it. 'Well,' added he, seating himself on the turf

beside me, 'in my younger days, poetry and I were better friends than we are now. And if I had had Cowley as a companion, I should not have parted with him as you have done, even for my own reflections.' 'You admire him, then?' said I. 'Why, that is too general a question. I admire what is fine in him, as in every one else; but I do not love him the better for his points and his conceits. He reminds me of what Cardinal Pallavicino said of Seneca, viz. that he 'perfumes his conceits with civet and ambergris.' However, count, I have opened upon a beautiful motto for you:

'Here let me, careless and unthoughtful lying,
Hear the soft winds above me flying,
With all their wanton boughs dispute,
And the more tuneful birds to both replying,
Nor be myself too mute.'

What say you to that wish? If you have a grain of poetry in you, such verse ought to bring it into flower.' 'Ay,' answered I, though not exactly in accordance with the truth; 'but I have not the germ. I destroyed it four years ago. Reading the dedication of poets cured me of the love for poetry. What a pity that the divine inspiration should have for its oracles such mean souls!' 'Yes, and how industrious the good gentlemen are in debasing themselves. Their ingenuity is never half so much shewn in a simile as in a compliment; and I know not which to admire the most in Dryden, his translating the *Æneid*, or his ordering the engravers of his frontispiece (upon the accession of King William) to give poor *Æneas an enormous nose*.' I smiled at the anecdote; and St. John continued in a graver tone: 'I know nothing in nature more melancholy than the discovery of any meanness in a great man. There is so little to redeem the dry mass of follies and errors from which the materials of this life are composed, that any thing to love or to reverence becomes as it were the sabbath for the mind. It is bitter to feel, as we grow older, how the respite is abridged, and how the few objects left to our admiration are abased. What a foe, not only to life, but to all that dignifies and ennobles it, is Time! Our affections and our pleasures resemble those fabulous trees described by St. Omer—the fruits which they bring forth are no sooner ripened into maturity, than they are transformed into birds, and fly away. But these reflections cannot yet be familiar to you. Let us return to Cowley. Do you feel any sympathy with his prose writings? For some minds they have a great attraction.' 'They have for mine,' answered I; 'but then I am naturally a dreamer; and a contemplative egotist is always to me a mirror in which I behold myself.' 'The world,' answered St. John, with a melancholy smile, 'will soon dissolve, or for ever confirm your humour for dreaming; in either case Cowley will not be less a favourite. But you must, like me, have long toiled in the heat and travail of business, or of pleasure, which is more wearisome still, in order fully to sympathise with those beautiful panegyrics upon solitude, which make, perhaps, the finest passages in Cowley. I have often thought that he whom God hath gifted with a love of retirement, possesses as it were an extra sense. And among what our poet so eloquently calls 'the vast and noble scenes of nature,' we find the balm for the wounds we have sustained among the 'pitiful shifts of policy;' for the attachment to solitude is the surest preservative from the ills of life: and I know not if the Romans ever instilled, under allegory, a sublimer truth than when they inculcated the belief, that those inspired by *Feronia*, the goddess of woods and forests, could walk barefoot and uninjured over

burning coals.' At this part of our conference, the bell swinging hoarsely through the long avenues and over the silent water, summoned us to the grand occupation of civilised life: we rose and walked slowly towards the house. 'Do not,' said I, 'these regular routines of petty occurrences—this periodical solemnity of trifles, weary and disgust you? For my part, I almost long for the old days of knight errantry, and would rather be knocked on the head by a giant, or carried through the air by a flying griffin, than live in this circle of dull regularities—the brute at the mill.' 'You may live even in these days,' answered St. John, 'without too tame a regularity. Women and politics furnish ample food for adventure; and you must not judge of all life by country life.' 'Nor of all conversation,' said I, with a look which implied a compliment, 'by the insipid idlers who fill our saloons. Behold them now, gathered by the oriel window, yonder; precious distillers of talk—sentinels of society, with certain set phrases as watchwords, which they never exceed; sages, who follow *Face's* advice to Dapper—

'Hum thrice, and buzz as often.'"

"The queen died—and a cloud already began to look menacing to the eyes of the Viscount Bolingbroke, and therefore to those of the Count Devereux. 'We will weather out the shower,' said Bolingbroke. 'Could not you,' said I, 'make our friend Oxford the talapat?' and Bolingbroke laughed. All men find wit in the jests broken on their enemies! One morning, however, I received a laconic note from him, which, notwithstanding its shortness and seeming gaiety, I knew well signified that something not calculated for laughter had occurred. I went, and found that his new majesty had deprived him of the seals, and secured his papers. We looked very blank at each other. At last Bolingbroke smiled. I must say, that, culpable as he was in some points as a politician—culpable, not from being ambitious (for I would not give much for the statesman who is otherwise), but from not having inseparably linked his ambition to the welfare of his country, rather than to that of a party—for, despite of what has been said of him, his ambition was never selfish—culpable as he was when glory allured him, he was most admirable when danger assailed him! and, by the shade of that Tully whom he so idolised, his philosophy was the most conveniently worn of any person's I ever met. When it would have been in the way—at the supper of an actress—in the levées of a court—in the *boudoir* of a beauty—in the arena of the senate—in the intrigue of the cabinet—you would not have seen, no! not a seam of the good old garment. But directly it was wanted—in the hour of pain—in the day of peril—in the suspense of exile—in (worst of all) the torpor of tranquillity, my extraordinary friend unfolded it piece by piece—wrapped himself up in it—sat down—defied the world, and uttered the most beautiful sentiments upon the comfort and luxury of his raiment, that can possibly be imagined. It used to remind me, that same philosophy of his, of the enchanted tent in the Arabian tale, which one moment lay wrapped in a nut-shell, and the next covered an army. Bolingbroke smiled, and quoted Cicero; and after an hour's conversation, which on his part was by no means like that of a person whose very head was in no enviable state of safety, he slid at once from a sarcasm upon Steele into a dis-

"A thing used by the Spaniards for the same purpose now use the umbrella."

ousion as to the best measures to be adopted. Let me be brief on this point! Throughout the whole of that short session he behaved in a manner more delicately and profoundly wise than I think the whole of his previous administration can equal. He sustained with the most unflagging, the most unwearied dexterity, the sinking spirits of his associates. Without an act, or the shadow of an act, that could be called time-serving, he laid himself out to conciliate the king and to propitiate parliament;—with a dignified prudence, which, while it seemed above petty pique, was well calculated to remove the appearance of that disaffection with which he was charged, and discriminated justly between the king and the new administration, he lent his talents to the assistance of the monarch, by whom his impeachment was already resolved on, and aided in the settlement of the civil list, while he was in full expectation of a criminal accusation."

"There are some men whom one never really sees in capitals; one sees their masks, not themselves: Bolingbroke was one. It was in retirement, however brief it might be, that his true nature expanded itself; and weary of being admired, he allowed me to love and, even in the wildest course of his earlier excesses, to respect him. My visit was limited to a few hours, but it made an indelible impression on me. 'Once more,' I said, as we walked to and fro in the garden of his temporary retreat,—'once more you are in your element—minister and statesman of a prince, and chief supporter of the great plans which are to restore him to his throne.' A slight shade passed over Bolingbroke's fine brow. 'To you, my constant friend,' said he, 'to you,—who of all my friends alone remained true in exile, and unshaken by misfortune,—to you I will confide a secret that I would intrust to no other. I repent me already of having espoused this cause. I did so while yet the disgrace of an unmerited attainder tingled in my veins; while I was in the full tide of those violent and warm passions which have so often misled me. Myself attained—the best-beloved of my associates in danger—my party deserted, and seemingly lost, but for some bold measure such as then offered: these were all that I saw. I listened eagerly to representations I now find untrue; and I accepted that rank and power from one prince which were so rudely and gallingly torn from me by another. I perceive that I have acted imprudently—but what is done is done; no private scruples, no private interest, shall make me waver in a cause that I have once pledged myself to serve; and if I can do ought to make a weak cause powerful, and a divided party successful, I will:—but, Devereux, you are wrong, this is *not* my element. Ever in the paths of strife, I have sighed for quiet; and while most eager in pursuit of ambition, I have languished the most fondly for content. The littleness of intrigue disgusts me; and while the *branches* of my power soared the highest, and spread with the most luxuriance, it galled me to think of the miry soil in which that power was condemned to strike the *roots* upon which it stood, and by which it must be nourished.' I answered Bolingbroke as men are wont to answer statesmen who complain of their *métier*—half in compliment, half in contradiction; but he replied, with unusual seriousness,—'Do not think I affect to speak thus: you know how eagerly I snatch any respite from state, and how unmovedly I have borne the loss of prosperity and of power. You are now about to enter those perilous

paths which I have trod for years. Your passions, like mine, are strong! Beware, O beware, how you indulge them without restraint! They are the fires which should warm: let them not be the fires which destroy.' Bolingbroke paused in evident and great agitation—he resumed: 'I speak strongly, for I speak in bitterness; I was thrown early into the world: my whole education had been framed to make me ambitious: it succeeded in its end. I was ambitious, and of all success—success in pleasure, success in fame. To wean me from the former, my friends persuaded me to marry—they chose my wife for her connexions and her fortune, and I gained those advantages at the expense of what was better than either—happiness! You know how unfortunate has been that marriage, and how young I was when it was contracted. Can you wonder that it failed in the desired effect? Every one courted me, every temptation assailed me; pleasure even became more alluring abroad—when at home I had no longer the hope of peace: the indulgence of one passion begat the indulgence of another; and though my better sense prompted all my actions, it never restrained them to a proper limit. Thus the commencement of my actions has been generally prudent, and their continuation has deviated into rashness, or plunged into excess. Devereux, I have paid the forfeit of my errors with a terrible interest: when my motives have been pure, men have seen a fault in the conduct, and calumniated the motives; when my conduct has been blameless, men have remembered its former errors, and asserted that its present goodness only arose from some sinister intention: thus, I have been termed crafty, when I was in reality rash; and that was called the inconsistency of interest, which in reality was the inconstancy of passion. I have reason, therefore, to warn you how you suffer your subjects to become your tyrants; and, believe me, no experience is so deep as that of one who has committed faults, and who has discovered their causes.'

"I was informed that Lord Bolingbroke was at his farm. Farm? how oddly did that word sound in my ear, coupled as it was with the name of one so brilliant and so restless! I asked the servant to direct me where I should find him; and, following the directions, I proceeded to the search alone. It was a day towards the close of autumn, bright, soft, clear, and calm as the decline of a vigorous and genial age. I walked slowly through a field robbed of its golden grain; and as I entered another, I saw the object of my search. He had seemingly just given some orders to a person in a labourer's dress, who was quitting him; and with downcast eyes he was approaching towards me. I noted how slow and even was the pace which, once stately, yet rapid and irregular, had betrayed the haughty but wild character of his mind. He paused often, as if in thought; and I observed that once he stopped longer than usual, and seemed to gaze wistfully on the ground. Afterwards (when I had joined him) we passed that spot, and I remarked, with a secret smile, that it contained one of those little mounds in which that busy and herded tribe of the insect race, which have been held out to man's social state at once as a mockery and a model, held their populous home. There seemed a latent moral in the pause and watch of the disappointed statesman by that mound, which afforded a clue to the nature of his reflections.

"The last time I saw you," said he, "how widely did our hopes and objects differ,—yours

from my own: you, seemingly, had the vantage-ground; but it was an artificial eminence, and my level state, though it appeared less tempting, was more secure. I had just been disgraced by a misguided and ungrateful prince. I had already gone into a retirement, where my only honours were proportioned to my fortitude in bearing condemnation; and my only flatterer was the hope of finding a companion and a Mentor in myself. You, my friend, parted with life before you, and you only relinquished the pursuit of fortune at one court, to meet her advances at another. Nearly ten years have flown since that time; my situation is but little changed; I am returned, it is true, to my native soil, but not to a soil more indulgent to ambition and exertion than the scene of my exile. My sphere of action is still shut from me; *my mind is still banished*. You return young in years, but full of successes. Have they brought you happiness, Devereux? or have you yet a temper to envy my content?' 'Alas!' said I, 'who can bear too close a search beneath the mask and robe? Talk not of me now. It is ungracious for the fortunate to repine; and I reserve whatever may disquiet me within, for your future consolation and advice. At present speak to me of yourself: you are happy, then?' 'I am,' said Bolingbroke, emphatically. 'Life seems to me to possess two treasures: one glittering and precarious; the other of less rich a show, but of a more solid value. The one is power, the other virtue; and there is this main difference between the two. Power is intrusted to us as a *loan*, ever required again, and with a terrible arrear of interest. Virtue obtained by us as a *boom*, which we can only lose through our own folly, when once it is acquired. In my youth I was caught by the former—hence my errors and my misfortunes! In my declining years I have sought the latter—hence my palliatives and my consolation! But you have not seen my home, and *all* its attractions,' added Bolingbroke, with a smile, which reminded me of his former self: 'I will shew them to you.' And we turned our steps to the house. As we walked thither, I wondered to find how little melancholy was the change Bolingbroke had undergone. Ten years, which bring a man from his prime to his decay, had indeed left a potent trace upon his stately form and the still unrivalled beauty of his noble features; but the manner gained all that the form had lost. In his days of more noisy greatness, there had been something artificial and unquiet in the sparkling alternations he had loved to assume. He had been too fond of changing wisdom by a quick turn into wit—too fond of the affectation of bordering the serious with the gay—the business with the pleasure. If this had not taken from the polish of his manners, it had diminished his dignity, and given it the air of being assumed and insincere. Now all was quiet, earnest, and impressive; there was tenderness even in what was melancholy; and if there yet lingered the affectation of blending the classic character with his own, the character was more noble, and the affectation more unseen. But this manner was only the faint mirror of a mind which, retaining much of its former mould, had been embellished and exalted by adversity, and which, if it banished not its former frailties, had acquired a thousand new virtues to redeem them. 'You see,' said my companion, pointing to the walls of the hall, which we had now entered, 'the subject which at present occupies the greater part of my attention. I am meditating how to make the hall most illustrative of its owner's pur-

suits. You see the desire of improving, of creating, and of associating the improvement and the creation with ourselves, follows us banished men even to our seclusion. I think of having those walls painted with the implements of husbandry, and through pictures of spades and ploughshares to express my employments, and testify my content in them.' 'Cincinnatus is a better model than Aristippus—confess it,' said I, smiling: 'but if the senators come hither to summon you to power, will you resemble the Roman, not only in being found at your plough, but in your reluctance to leave it, and your eagerness to return?' 'What shall I say to you?' replied Bolingbroke: 'will you play the cynic if I answer no? We should not boast of despising power, when of use to others, but of being contented to live without it. This is the end of my philosophy! But let me present you to one whom I value more than I valued power at any time.' As he said this, Bolingbroke threw open the door of an apartment, and introduced me to a lady with whom he had found that domestic happiness denied him in his first marriage—the niece of Madame de Maintenon. This most charming woman possessed all her aunt's wit, and far more than all her aunt's beauty: she was in weak health; but her vivacity was extreme, and her conversation just what should be the conversation of a woman who shines without striving for it. . . . I took the opportunity to remark, that I was rejoiced to find him so happy, and with such just cause for happiness. 'He is happy, though, at times, he is restless. How, chained to this oar, can he be otherwise?' answered Lady Bolingbroke, with a sigh: 'but his friends,' she added, 'who most enjoy his retirement, must yet lament it. His genius is not wasted here, it is true: where could it be wasted? But who does not feel that it is employed in too confined a sphere? And yet?'—and I saw a tear start to her eye—'I, at least, ought not to repine; I should lose the best part of my happiness if there was nothing I could console him for.' 'Believe me,' said I, 'I have known Bolingbroke in the zenith of his success; but never knew him so worthy of congratulation as now.' 'Is that flattery to him or to me?' said Lady Bolingbroke, smiling archly; for her smiles were quick successors to her tears. 'Detur digniori!' answered I; 'but you must allow that, though it is a fine thing to have all that the world can give, it is still better to gain something that the world cannot take away?' 'Et vous aussi êtes philosophe!' cried Lady Bolingbroke, gaily. 'Ah, poor me! in my youth, my portion was the cloister; in my later years I am banished to the porch! You have no conception, Monsieur Devereux, what wise faces and profound maxims we have here; especially as all who come to visit my lord, think it necessary to quote Tully, and talk of solitude as if it were a heaven! *Les pauvres bons gens!* they seem a little surprised when Henry receives them smilingly, begs them to construe the Latin, gives them good wine, and sends them back to London with faces half the length they were on their arrival. *Mais voici, Monsieur, le fermier philosophe.*' And Bolingbroke entering, I took my leave of this lively and interesting lady, and stepped into his carriage."

We have said there is sufficient variety for every reader in these volumes; and we repeat it: the historian may read them for their accurate and animated social painting, the philosopher for their acute and enlightened views, the man of the world for their keen and lively sarcasm, while the poet will no less enjoy the

imagination which sheds over parts a beauty of a superior order. A second perusal has only raised our first estimate of this interesting story; and if we said, in our introductory remarks, that a first-rate novel was now the production of a first-rate mind, we have no hesitation in avowing, such is the work to which we now accord this pre-eminent praise.

Lord King's Life of Locke, &c.

IN our last we sufficiently introduced this valuable book to the notice of our readers; and as it is one, the merits and interest belonging to which need only be known to insure its extensive circulation, we shall abstain from filling our columns with more of its contents than seem to be absolutely necessary as illustrations of its character. We are perhaps more susceptible of the hard-hitting points in the drawing of such a portrait as the following than the generality of the world—for we are often brought into contact with the order to which the individual belongs. The party in question was met by Locke at Cleves, and is distinctly one of those whom a pleasant friend of ours calls a *bore jure*, or sworn bore; and it is some consolation to us to find that the class existed above a century and a half ago, was to be found in foreign lands as well as at home, and had the power of infesting great literary personages then and there just as they may now do us!!

"I was no sooner rid of a divinity disputation (says our immortal philosopher, in a sportive letter to a friend) but I found myself up to the ears in poetry, and overwhelmed in Helicon. I had almost or rather have been soused in the Reyne, as frozen as it was, for it could not have been more cold and intolerable than the poetry I met with. The remembrance of it puts me in a chill sweat; and were it not that I am obliged to recount all particulars, being under the laws of an historian, I should find it very difficult to recall to mind this part of my story: but having armed myself with a good piece of bag pudding, which bears a mighty antipathy to poetry, and having added thereto half-a-dozen glasses of daring wine, I thus proceed:—My invisible master, therefore, having mounted me, rode me out to a place, where I must needs meet a learned bard in a threadbare coat, and a hat, that though in its younger days it had been black, yet it was grown gray with the labour of its master's brains, and his hard study or time had changed the colour of that as well as his master's hair. His breeches had the marks of antiquity upon them, were borne, I believe, in the heroic times, and retained still the gallantry of that age, and had an antipathy to base pelf. Stockings I know not whether he had any, but I am sure his two shoes had but one heel, which made his own foot go as uneven as those of his verses. He was so poor, that he had not so much as a rich face, nor the promise of a carbuncle in it; so that I must needs say that his outside was poet enough. After a little discourse, wherein he sprinkled some bays on our British Druid Owen, out he drew from under his coat a folio of verses; and that you may be sure they were excellent, I must tell you that they were acrostics upon the name and titles of the Elector of Brandenburg. I could not escape reading of them: when I had done, I endeavoured to play the poet a little in commending them, but in that he outdid me clearly, praised farther than I could, preferred them to Lucan and Virgil, shewed me where his muse flew high, squeezed out all the verjuice of all his conceits; and there was not a secret

conundrum which he laid not open to me; and in that little talk I had with him afterwards, he quoted his own verses a dozen times, and gloried in his works. The poem was designed as a present to the elector; but I being Owen's countryman had the honour to see them before the elector, which he made me understand was a singular courtesy, though I believe one hundred others had been equally favoured. I told him the elector must needs give him a considerable reward; he seemed angry at the mention of it, and told me he had only a design to shew his affection and parts, and spoke as if he thought himself fitter to give than to receive any thing from the elector, and that he was the greater person of the two; and indeed, what need had he of any gift, who had all Tagus and Pactolus in his possession? could make himself a Tempe when he pleased, and create as many Elysiums as he had a mind to. I applauded his generosity and great mind, thanked him for the favour he had done me, and at last got out of his hands."

We before alluded to, and expressed our regret, that from among the notes and dissertations interspersed in Locke's journals, we could not (on account of their length) extract two admirable articles on *Error* and on *Study* (pp. 90 and 281): these, and others, are replete with the finest examples of a high reasoning faculty applied in the most captivating and convincing manner. We cannot, however, resist the gratification of selecting a scrap or two, as specimens of the whole.

"May 16th, 1681.—The three great things that govern mankind are, reason, passion, and superstition; the first governs a few, the two last share the bulk of mankind, and possess them in their turns; but superstition is most powerful, and produces the greatest mischiefs."

"The usual physical proof (if I may so call it) of the immortality of the soul is this: matter cannot think, *ergo*, the soul is immaterial; nothing can really destroy an immaterial thing, *ergo*, the soul is really immaterial. . . .

"*Enthusiasm* is a fault in the mind opposite to brutish sensuality; as far in the other extreme exceeding the just measure of reason, as thoughts grovelling only in matter, and things of sense, come short of it. . . .

"*Opinion*.—A thinking and considerate man cannot believe any thing with a firmer assent than is due to the evidence and validity of those reasons on which it is founded; yet the greatest part of men, not examining the probability of things in their own nature, nor the testimony of those who are their vouchers, take the common belief or opinion of those of their country, neighbourhood, or party, to be proof enough, and so believe, as well as live, by fashion and example; and these men are zealous Turks as well as Christians. . . .

"The old opinion, that every man had his particular genius that ruled and directed his course of life, hath made me sometimes laugh to think what a pleasant thing it would be if we could see little sprights bestride men (as plainly as I see here women bestride horses), ride them about, and spur them on in that way which they ignorantly think they choose themselves. And would you not smile to observe that they make use of us as we do of our palfreys, to trot up and down for their pleasure and not our own?"

The following are miscellaneous curiosities:—

"1681, March 1st.—This day I saw Alice George, a woman, as she said, of 108 years old at Allhallow-tide last: she lived in St. Giles's parish, Oxford, and has lived in and about

Oxford since she was a young woman: she was born at Saltwyck, in Worcestershire; her father lived to eighty-three, her mother to ninety-six, and her mother's mother to 111. When she was young she was neither fat nor lean, but very slender in the waist; for her size she was to be reckoned rather amongst the tall than the short women; her condition was but mean, and her maintenance her labour. She said she was able to have reaped as much in a day as a man, and had as much wages. She was married at thirty, and had fifteen children; viz. ten sons and five daughters, besides five miscarriages; she has three sons still alive, her eldest, John, living next door to her, seventy-seven years old the 25th of this month. She goes upright with a staff in one hand; but I saw her stoop twice without resting upon any thing, taking up once a pot, and at another time her glove, from the ground. Her hearing is very good, and her smelling so quick, that as soon as she came near me, she said I smelt very sweet, I having a pair of new gloves on that were not strong scented. Her eyes she complains of as failing her since her last sickness, which was an ague that seized her about two years since, and held her about a year; and yet she made a shift to thread a needle before us, though she seemed not to see the end of the thread very perfectly. She has as comely a face as ever I saw any old woman have, and age has neither made her deformed nor decrepit. The greatest part of her food now is bread and cheese, or bread and butter, and ale. Sack revives her when she can get it; for flesh she cannot now eat, unless it be roasting pig, which she loves. She had, she said, in her years a good stomach, and ate what came in her way, oftener wanting victuals than a stomach. Her memory and understanding perfectly good and quick. Amongst a great deal of discourse we had with her, and stories she told, she spoke not one idle or impertinent word. Before this last ague she used to go to church constantly, Sundays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays; since that she walks not beyond her little garden: she has been ever since her being married troubled sometimes with vapours, and so is still, but never took any physic but once, about forty years since. She said she was sixteen in 1688, and went then to Worcester to see Queen Elizabeth, but came an hour too late; which agrees with her account of her age.*

At Amsterdam (1684) "M. Bremen shewed us, at Dr. Sibilius's, the way of making thé, in use amongst the Japanese, where he lived eight years. He beat the yolks of eggs with sugar-candy in a basin, pouring on them the hot infusion of thé by degrees, always stirring it."

"The Essay on Human Understanding, which had been finished during the author's retirement in Holland, and the English version of the Letter on Toleration, were published on his return to his native country (in 1689*)." "

* He received £30 for the copyright of the first edition; and "by agreement, made several years afterwards, the bookseller was to deliver six books well bound for every subsequent edition, and also to pay ten shillings for each additional sheet. For the Reasonableness of Christianity, the price was ten shillings each sheet. For the copy of several other books, which I believe to be the Consideration of raising the Value, or lowering the Interest of Money, the Reasonableness of Christianity, and vindication of the same, the sum received was '44*l*. 1*s*." For the Treatise on Education, 3*l*. for every impression, and twenty-five books bound in calf. Of this book Mr. Clive, the celebrated surgeon, said that it had contributed more to the general health of the higher classes of society, by one rule which the author lays down, than any other book he had ever read. 1690. My Reply to the Bishop of Worcester's second answer 14*l*. 10*s*.

"During the last four years of his life, increasing infirmities confined him to the retirement he had chosen at Oates, near High Laver, in Essex; and, although labouring under an incurable disorder, he was cheerful to the last, constantly interested in the welfare of his friends, and at the same time perfectly resigned to his own fate. His literary occupation at that time was the study of and Commentary on St. Paul's Epistles, published amongst his posthumous works. In October 1704, his disorder greatly increased: on the 27th of that month Lady Masham not finding him in his study as usual, went to his bedside, when he told her that the fatigue of getting up the day before had been too much for his strength, and that he never expected to rise again from his bed. He said that he had now finished his career in this world, and that in all probability he should not outlive the night—certainly not to be able to survive beyond the next day or two. After taking some refreshment, he said to those present that he wished them all happiness after he was gone. To Lady Masham, who remained with him, he said that he thanked God he had passed a happy life, but that now he found that all was vanity, and exhorted her to consider this world only as a preparation for a better state hereafter. He would not suffer her to sit up with him, saying, that perhaps he might be able to sleep, but if any change should happen he would send for her. Having no sleep in the night, he was taken out of bed and carried into his study, where he slept for some time in his chair: after waking, he desired to be dressed, and then heard Lady Masham read the Psalms, apparently with great attention, until perceiving his end to draw near, he stopped her, and expired a very few minutes afterwards, about three o'clock in the evening of the 28th October, in his seventy-third year."

To this we shall only subjoin, that the letters during Locke's residence in Holland are very interesting, and that the other correspondence embraces remarkable epistles from Newton and other of the most eminent men of the age, to beyond the close of the 17th century.

The Lives of the most eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects. By Allan Cunningham. Vol. I. (being No. IV. of *The Family Library*), with twelve Engravings. pp. 347. London. 1829. Murray.

"It was not without diffidence," says Mr. Cunningham, "that I undertook this work; nor have I forgotten the satiric remark of my countryman, — 'Will no one write a book on what he understands?' This apology will be considered as superfluous by those who are at all acquainted with the personal history, as well as the previous works, of the author. Allan Cunningham is, it is true, known, as a poet, chiefly and most advantageously for productions composed in the spirit of the old rustic Muse of Scotland; but it is not the less true, that he has been for more than a dozen years the chief assistant and constant companion of one of the most elegant, as well as original, of modern sculptors: and he who in his early and untutored days could lay aside the tools of a stone-mason to indite such ballads as "Bonnie Anne," is not likely to have spent the vigour of his manhood at the elbow of Chantry without having acquired every title to respectful audience when he undertakes to speak of British art. His habits and occupations have naturally thrown him continually

Fourth edition of my Education, 3*l*. 1699, Third Letter to the Bishop of Worcester, 14*l*. — *Locke's Account Books*."

into the society of the brethren of the brush and the chisel, as well as of "the sweet singers of Israel;" and it would have been strange, if any thing worth either hearing or reading, on the subjects which he has now taken in hand, had escaped a man of such powerful faculties, so advantageously circumstanced. So much for technicalities,—which, after all, we confess we consider as the secondary matter here. Allan Cunningham is a man of strong masculine sense, as well as deep poetical sensibility. He has had his ups and downs in this world,—and, honourable as is the station to which he has at length attained by his own exertions, no one knows better

"How hard it is to climb
The height where Fame's proud temple shines afar;"

how many fail that deserve better things—and to what accidents the most deserving are often beholden for their substantial success,—what months and years of doubt and hope deferred sicken the heart of almost all who aspire to the fame of poets or painters, before any of their visions are realised,—how difficult it is for these delicate spirits to endure their sure probation of adversity,—how infinitely more difficult for them to hold the long-promised cup of prosperity with a steady hand—if it at last reach their grasp. We know no living man, whom *a priori* we should have believed to have studied the biography of genius with livelier and more intelligent sympathy than Allan Cunningham. Nor has this volume (the first of a series of three) at all disappointed us; on the contrary, we rise from its perusal with our opinion of the author's heart as it was,—with our opinion of the stories, and strength of his head, not a little elevated. The book is a learned one, though "wide as the poles asunder" from any thing like pedantry. Whatever previous critics had set down about the rise and progress and future prospects of English art, has evidently been digested thoroughly; and the result—the decisions of the author himself—are commonly in accordance with what had been ruled by antecedent judges, though illustrated by a mind overflowing with its own thoughts and images, and embodied in a style quite original, and (what many readers may not be so well prepared to expect) singularly compact. To say the truth, the narrative of Mr. C.'s romances was culpably diffuse throughout,—he seemed never to know when to stop,—"*manum, quod aiunt, à tabulâ*." But he appears to have profited by the hints which that defect called forth from ourselves and others; and in this volume we certainly find very little room to complain either of tautology or of verbosity, or of that besetting sin of prose-writing poets, over-ornament. Perhaps the sense that he was writing for the people—for those whose time is scarce, as well as their money,—has had a favourable influence on his pen. And surely, of all faults, those to which we have been alluding are the last that ought to find tolerance in a contributor to such a series as *The Family Library*, of which series we venture to say this volume will be at least as extensively a favourite as any that have gone before it. It is even more lavishly illustrated than either of the volumes of Mr. Murray's "Napoleon," and we suspect more judiciously. There are fine (autograph) portraits, on steel, of Reynolds and Hogarth, and no fewer than ten engravings on wood. There can be no question that one-half of the twelve embellishments of the volume would be cheap at the price asked for all the dozen, over and above Mr. Allan Cunningham's 347 pages of flowing

narrative, skilful observation, and most of all, criticism,—for any examples of which we cannot now find room.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

The Library of Entertaining Knowledge. Vol. I. Part II. The Menageries: Quadrupeds, described and drawn from Living Subjects. London, C. Knight; Longman and Co.

THIS, the third Part of the miscellany published under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, returns to the subject with which its first Part commenced, and is an excellent sequel to that introduction of the work. The editor has collected the latest information from every source, and has placed it before us in a shape well calculated to render his performance generally popular. The habits of animals, anecdotes of their wonderful instincts and acts, stories, reflections, &c. &c., all produced in a clear and pleasing manner, must make an amusing and a useful volume; and such is this.

The Three Chapters, for July 1829. J. Sharpe. HAVING adequately noticed the approaching rise of this our new contemporary, we have only occasion to state, at present, that it has appeared—No. I.—as expected from previous descriptions. There is a fine engraving, by H. Rolls, from Wilkie's characteristic picture of the Calabrian Shepherds hymning to the Virgin; and illustrated by a beautiful hymn, the words by L. E. L. Besides this sweet poem, there are two by Southey, and one by G. Darley—a prose sketch by Allan Cunningham—and a pleasant picture of life, called the Splendid Annual, to wit, a Lord Mayor of London, by Hook. These fill the first division, of "poetry and romance;" the second consists of essays, criticisms, &c.; and the third and last, of the Monthly Club, under which title the prevailing subjects of the day are discussed in the form of dialogue by all the letters of the alphabet. The novelty of the design seems to have caught the public; but we will give no opinion on so slight an acquaintance with our brother periodical, except to say that we view him with a favourable eye and kindly feeling. He offers us no opportunity for quotation but in L. E. L. and Darley's short poems; and even for these we cannot, this week, find space.

Days Departed; or, Banwell Hill. By the Rev. W. L. Bowles. 12mo. pp. 205. 3d edition. J. Murray.

WE hail with pleasure a third impression of Mr. Bowles's evidently popular poem. It has, however, nothing new to claim remark from us, except that the amiable author has found it again necessary to disclaim personal allusions in any of his descriptions.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

AT four o'clock in the afternoon of Thursday, last week, the oration in honour of the celebrated Dr. Harvey was delivered by Dr. Hue before a pretty full meeting of the College. The learned Dr. took a general view of the state of medicine, commencing with the knowledge possessed by the ancients, passing on to the period when the store of information became so much extended by the discovery of the circulation of the blood, and arriving at the improvements in medical practice as resulting from the experience of those

eminent in modern times. The oration was, as usual, delivered in the Roman language, and displayed an extensive acquaintance with the older authors, whilst the correctness of style evinced high classical attainments. The compliment paid to Sir Henry Hallford, who presided, was extremely neat and appropriate, and seemed to be cordially acquiesced in by all present. After enumerating the early benefactors of the College, he dwelt particularly on the loss it had recently sustained in the death of Drs. Wollaston, Young, and Ash, all Fellows of the College. The orator paid a just eulogium to the memory of these distinguished individuals, and especially recounted the various discoveries for which science is indebted to the great talents and sagacity of Dr. Wollaston. The Fellows present at the delivery of the oration wore the doctors' robes of the English universities. At the conclusion, the following gentlemen were introduced as members of the College, namely,—Wm. Crobie Mair, M.B., Wm. Joseph Boyne, M.B., Nicholas F. Davison, M.B., James Dunlap, M.D., Wm. Beattie, M.D., and Tweedy John Todd, M.D.

In the evening, the last of the pleasing and instructive conversations for the season was held: soon after nine o'clock Sir Henry Hallford, Bart., took the chair. On the various tables of the Hall were placed, through the kindness of Mr. Iliff, the whole of the plants in the materia medica at present in flower, about 40 or 50 in number. A paper was read on the origin of the late epidemic fever at Gibraltar. The inquiry embraced two points; the first was, how the disease originated: on this point the board that carried on the investigation came to the decision, that the disease had been imported by infection in a Swedish ship from Havannah. The next point of inquiry was a very important one, viz., whether a person can suffer an attack of this disease twice: the gentlemen who conducted this part of the inquiry consisted of thirteen, eleven of whom were decidedly of opinion, that one attack of the fever confers an immunity from a second, nearly if not altogether as great as in the small-pox: the name given to the disease was that of the yellow bulam, or black-vomit fever, well known in America and the West Indies. It ought to be observed, however, that from both of these opinions there were some dissentient voices; and they are only to be considered as those of the majority of both the boards. It seems that the College of Physicians was consulted by government in the year 1815, upon the point of the non-recurrence of this particular fever in the same individual; and that at that time the College gave a very cautious opinion: in fact the matter still appears to be involved in some uncertainty.

This being the concluding meeting of the season, it was very numerously attended, the spacious library being well filled; and we cannot help looking with satisfaction to these meetings as productive of the greatest benefit; one of their chief objects being, to bring the respectable portion of the medical practitioners of the metropolis, as well as the learned in general, together. The utility of such meetings was feelingly touched on by Dr. Hue in the Harveian Oration. The only donation of the evening was a New Zealander's head, in a good state of preservation, by Dr. Dunlap, illustrative of the practice of tattooing.

PHRENOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

MONDAY, June 15th.—Joseph Moore, M.D. President, in the chair. A paper was read by

Thomas Alcock, Esq. on the various modes of taking admeasurements of the head for phrenological purposes; illustrated by numerous crania, drawings, and models of the brain. Mr. Hawkins also explained the use of his new craniometrical instrument, and exhibited an improved method of taking plaster-casts, whereby the unpleasant position of lying on the back may be avoided, the person sitting in an erect posture, and the distortion of the features, so generally seen in casts, being obviated. A cast of the head of Thomas Baker, an idiot, aged thirty-three years, was presented by Edward Lance, Esq. of Lewisham; in which the narrowness and retreating of the forehead shewed great deficiency of the anterior portion of the brain. A mask of Earl Grey was presented by Mr. Henry Behnes, and the development of the forehead was commented upon, as forming a striking contrast with the wretched organisation of the idiot. It was announced that thirty casts of the natives of various nations had been received from the Edinburgh Phrenological Society. The Society then adjourned until the first Monday in November.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, June 27th.—The following subjects are proposed for the Chancellor's prizes for the ensuing year, viz. For Latin verse—*Tyrus*.

For an English essay—*The Character of Socrates, as described by his disciples Xenophon and Plato under the different points of view in which it is contemplated by each of them.*

For a Latin essay—*Utrum apud Græcos an apud Romanos magis exulta fuerit civitas Scientia?*

Sir Roger Newdigate's prize for the best composition in English verse, not limited to fifty lines, by any Undergraduate who on the day above specified shall not have exceeded four years from the time of his matriculation—*The African Desert.*

Theological prize, instituted June 2, 1825.—*Whether the doctrine of One God, differing in his nature from all other beings, was held by any heathen nation or sect of philosophers before the birth of Christ?*

Thursday last the following degrees were conferred: Bachelor in Divinity.—The Rev. E. Jacob, late Fellow of C. C. C. President of King's College, New Brunswick. Bachelor in Medicine (with license to practice).—T. D. Davidson, Worcester College.

Masters of Arts.—D. V. Durell, Christ Church, Grand Compounder; Rev. D. S. Stone, Exeter College, Grand Compounder; J. Aldridge, Christ Church; W. Lodge, Queen's College; Rev. J. Nixon, Lincoln College; Rev. J. A. Gower, Chaplain of Magdalen College; H. E. Freyer, Pembroke College; P. S. Carey, Rev. W. D. Johnston, St. John's College; Rev. P. J. Ferrers, Rev. R. Kilvert, Oriel College.

Bachelors of Arts.—W. Gray, Magdalen College, C. Sergeant, Brasenose College, H. W. Wiseman, Balliol College, Grand Compounders; A. Murray, Magdalen Hall; J. Procter, Brasenose College; W. C. Davies, Jesus College; J. H. Barker, Christ Church; R. W. P. Davies, Worcester College; T. S. Lightfoot, Exeter College; H. H. Way, E. C. Brown, Postmasters of Merton College; J. H. Ensell, Queen's College; H. B. Snook, Pembroke College; W. Nicholson, Trinity College.

In a convocation holden on Thursday, the Marquess of Bute, M.A. of Christ's College, Cambridge, was admitted *ad eundem*.

CAMBRIDGE, June 26th.—Sir William Browne's three medals for the present year have been awarded as follows: Greek Ode.—C. R. Kennedy, Trinity College. Latin Ode.—Epigrams.—C. Merivale, St. John's College.

The following are the respective subjects:

Greek Ode.—*ἡνερ, Ἀργαῖν ἔρατ' ἐν δὲλ' ἀνδράσιν.* Latin Ode.—*Cæsar, consecutus cohortes ad Rubiconem flumen, qui provincie ejus finis erat, paulum constitit.*

Greek Epigram.—*ἐνερὸν δεξιῶν.*

Latin Epigram.—*Splendide mendas.*

The Members' prizes of fifteen guineas each, to two Bachelors of Arts, for the encouragement of Latin prose composition, were on Saturday last adjudged to G. Langshaw, of St. John's College.—Subject, *An putandum sit posthac fore ut gentes Meridionales sub Septentrionalium viribus iterum succumbant?* Under-graduates.—N prize adjudged.

IMPORTANT EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITY.

[All the literati of Europe are aware of the vast importance of the celebrated Rosetta Stone in the British Museum, as a key to the interpretation of those lost records which are veiled under the form of Egyptian hieroglyphics. It appears from the following com-

munication from Cairo, which has just reached us, that a memoria of similar kind has been the subject of contention between the English and French collectors; and that the latter (by the means described) have become the possessors of this inscription, in which three languages are employed,—furnishing through the Greek a guide to the unknown enchorial and hieroglyphic. Mutilated and imperfect as it is, the *Mosque Stone* must possess great value; and we cannot but regret that it has been lost to England, through practices certainly not creditable to the parties concerned, and savouring more of the school of Napoleon than of the friendly and liberal relation in which we stand with the Bourbon government of France. We annex the statement precisely as it has come to our hands, leaving its facts to the consideration of the learned and scientific world; and its contradiction, if possible, to MM. Champollion and Drovetti. When the perfect transcript arrives, we shall, if within the power of lithography, and the form of the *Literary Gazette*, give the fruits of our countryman's discovery first, as of right belongs to us, to the public.]

ADVICES from Mr. James Burton, dated Cairo, April 17th, state that the *Trilingual Stone* which he discovered in 1826, in the ruinous part of a mosque, has been given to the French, after having been refused repeatedly to the urgent applications of Mr. Salt, Mr. Barker, and Colonel Cradock, made on behalf, and at the desire, of the English government. The reason assigned for these refusals has always been the sanctity of the place in which the stone was placed; but after reading the letter of Colonel Cradock to M. Abou, dated March 1st, 1828, it is difficult to suppose this the real ground. Mr. Burton has uniformly believed that the true cause of failure was the jealous interference of a French party; and, never despairing of eventual success, he kept till lately as secret as possible the knowledge of the spot in which his discovery took place. On the arrival of M. Champollion in Egypt, however, his respect for so distinguished a writer induced him to lay aside, in regard to him, this cautious demeanour: at the request of Lord Prudhoe he conducted him to the mosque, and gave him an opportunity of examining the Stone, which he did with apparent indifference. Soon afterwards, M. Linant, a French artist, formerly in the employment of Mr. Banks, and subsequently of the African Society, received a letter from M. Drovetti, the French consul, written at the instigation of M. Champollion, inviting him to assist them in their endeavours to prevent this tablet from falling, as the Rosetta tablet had done, into the hands of the English, and to secure it for his own country. M. Linant, indignant at this proposal, being aware that, by the custom of the country, the discoverer of any article of antiquity became the proprietor, communicated it immediately to Mr. Burton. An interview took place in consequence between Mr. B. and M. Drovetti, in which the latter stated, that if the prior claim could be got rid of, such was the influence which he (Drovetti) had over Ibrahim Pasha, the stone would no doubt be granted to him; he earnestly requested, therefore, that Mr. Burton would waive his claim, assuring him, that if it was so granted, the stone should immediately come to him *par amour*. This Mr. Burton declined; saying that, independently of personal considerations, he had a duty to perform to the English government. M. Drovetti then begged to be made acquainted with the site of the stone—a request which was not complied with. After this interview Mr. Burton considered it expedient that a new application should be made to the viceroy; but it was made too late. Ibrahim Pasha, ignorant of all that had taken place upon the subject, had already conceded the stone, off-hand, to M. Drovetti. On receiving this intelligence, Mr. Burton, at all risks, had the stone taken up and deposited at the English consulate, where

it remained two days undiscovered, during which time he was assiduously employed in copying off the inscriptions. The stone was then demanded and delivered up; for the Pasha, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Mr. Barker, confirmed the grant—directing, however, at the same time, in consideration of the circumstances of the case, that Mr. Burton should be allowed the use of the stone four days longer, before it finally passed into the possession of M. Drovetti. The value of the object could not be ascertained before it was taken up, and turns out to be less than was anticipated; for it is only a fragment one-half its original size. On it is represented a procession in bas-relief—beneath this there are twenty-nine or thirty lines of hieroglyphic characters, twenty-seven of enchorial, and seventy-four of Greek; but from the mutilation just mentioned, there remains only the half of every line: add to this, that many of the characters are effaced—some can be determined only by being of a lighter shade when wet than the smooth-worn surface, or by getting the light to fall upon them in a particular direction.

Notwithstanding the short period of time allowed, and the difficulty of the task, Mr. Burton has, with the assistance of Mr. Wilkinson, succeeded in making a copy of all the inscriptions, and has since lithographed the Greek and hieroglyphic part. Two impressions of these have been received: they were sent off in haste, before the enchorial part, which is the least injured, could be got ready; but this will follow shortly, together with a larger copy of the whole tablet, and a cast of it in plaster. The subject seems to refer to the daughter of Auletes: the name of Berenice occurs in the hieroglyphics.

Society of the Bulletin Universel, for the Diffusion of Knowledge in the Arts and Sciences.

SOMEWHAT more than five years ago, a periodical publication was commenced at Paris, under the title of "*Bulletin Universel des Sciences et de l'Industrie*;" the objects of which were,—“to create a sure medium of correspondence, and establish a mutual and rapid exchange of communications and discoveries among all the promoters of the arts and sciences; to bring into common use in the republic of letters, all the facts, the useful truths, the celebrated names and titles of national glory, which had hitherto circulated with such difficulty beyond the narrow limits of their particular circles over the civilised world; to notice each new discovery on its appearance, every practical application made by genius or patient observation; and to enable all men of science, as well as society at large, to profit by them; to announce on their appearance all the new works that have any interest for the arts and sciences, and thereby to supply the bookseller with a means of sale hitherto denied to him; to diffuse over all countries the particular lights of each; to scatter every where the seeds of prosperity, order, and peace—blessings that are created and diffused by the arts and sciences; to establish by these means a common bond of feeling and interests among the enlightened men of all nations; to excite the efforts of the human mind by the periodical view of the progress it has already made, and ought still to attempt, in every branch of knowledge; to aid the general progress by ever holding up sound principles and the maxims of science to such as depart from them; to form an undisputed, impartial, and constant

repertory, without regard to country, party, or system; to respect all social arrangements, and entirely to discard all reference to the speculations or movements of politics.”

For the purpose of accommodating the various classes of readers, the work was divided into eight sections; viz. 1. Mathematical and Physical Sciences, and Chemistry; 2. Natural History and Geology; 3. Medical Sciences; 4. Agriculture, Horticulture, Fishing, and Hunting; 5. Technology; 6. Geography, Statistics, Political Economy, and Voyages and Travels; 7. History, Antiquities, and Philology; and 8. Art of War. Each section was placed under a distinct editor, assisted by numerous colleagues; and the whole work under the direction of the Baron de Férussac.

It is evident that the organisation of so multifarious a publication must have been attended with difficulties of no ordinary magnitude:—“an extensive correspondence was to be opened up with the learned societies, and the principal individuals of each country who protect and encourage public opinion; a knowledge of all the periodical works that are published was to be obtained; it was necessary to find the means of collecting them, in order afterwards to present their substance to the public in a regular and complete manner; to accustom authors and editors to transmit their works for announcement; and, above all, to unite in the service of the '*Bulletin*,' a number of zealous collaborators, versed in every branch of science and the useful arts, and who, possessing the necessary knowledge, might be able to peruse such a vast mass of materials in both the living and the dead languages. It was also necessary to accustom their numerous and distinguished correspondents (differing so in character and feelings) to a uniform tone of wisdom and discretion; to maintain their disinterested zeal and indispensable activity in accomplishing the monthly analysis of nearly fourteen hundred works or memoirs, and the periodical and regular publication of eight distinct collections, forming each month a volume in octavo, of from six hundred to seven hundred pages.”

M. de Férussac, in an address to the public, states, that, by diligence and perseverance, the obstacles which presented themselves to the progress and success of the "*Bulletin*" had been overcome; but that he, and those who were associated with him in the undertaking, in order to give it the means of improvement, extension, and permanence, became anxious to raise it to the importance of an institution, and to place it under the protection of a Society of men of all countries, “distinguished for their rank, talents, and fortune; their elevation of character, and their love for the arts and sciences.” Of that Society, which was last year established by royal charter, the Dauphin graciously condescended to become the patron; and it already boasts among its members many of the most eminent names in France. The Baron de Férussac is at present in this country; with a view of obtaining the co-operation of our learned Societies, as well as of the private friends of science and the useful arts; and we strongly recommend to our readers the perusal of the various tracts which he is circulating on the subject; especially his exceedingly able and interesting “*Discours prononcé à la séance annuelle de la Société créée pour la propagation des connaissances scientifiques et industrielles, le 1^{er} Mai, 1829.*”

ROYAL SOCIETY.

MAY 29, 1829.—A paper was read on the Nerves of the Face; being a second paper

on that subject, by Charles Bell, Esq. After recapitulating the contents of his former paper, the author cited cases which have occurred since its publication in support of his doctrine; 1st. That the sensibility of the head and face depends on the fifth pair of nerves; 2dly. That the muscular branches of that pair are subservient to mastication; and 3dly. That the *portio dura* of the seventh pair controls those motions of the parts of the face, whether voluntary or involuntary, which are connected with respiration. Instances are given of lesions of the *portio dura*, from accident or from disease, followed by paralysis of the muscles on the same side of the face, while the sensibility remained. On the other hand, cases are related of injury to the fifth pair being attended with loss of sensibility in all the parts receiving branches from the injured nerve, while the power of motion continued unimpaired. In one case of this description, where one half of the under lip had become insensible, on a tumbler being applied to the mouth, the patient imagined it was a broken glass that he touched. A similar delusion was experienced by another patient, in whom the half of the upper lip had been deprived of sensation by an injury to the suborbital branch on the same side. From these facts the author deduces the absurdity of the practice of cutting the *portio dura* for the relief of tic douloureux. He next enters into an anatomical description of the course of that division of the fifth pair of nerves which is unconnected with the Gasserian ganglion, and passes under it, and which he considers the motor or manducatory portion of the fifth, being distributed to the temporal, masseter, pterygoid, and buccinator muscles: some branches of it supplying the muscles of the lips, and also the mylo-hyoideus and anterior belly of the digastricus, the action of which is to repress the jaw. In proof that this nerve is destined to mastication, the root of the fifth pair in an ass being exposed and irritated, the jaws closed with a snap; and, on its being divided, the jaw fell relaxed and powerless. The author next endeavours to shew the necessity of an accordance between the motions of the lower jaw and those of the cheeks during mastication, and the probability that this connexion of motions is brought about by means of the connexions which exist among their respective nerves, and between which a sympathy may in consequence be established. In one case violent spasms took place in the masseter and temporal muscles, while the motions of the features were free and unconstrained; and in another the muscles of the jaw on one side were paralysed, with loss of sensibility on that side of the face. On the other hand, when the *portio dura* was paralysed, all the muscles of the face waste, except those supplied by the fifth pair.*

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

[Eighth notice: conclusion.]

No. 1171. *A Monument, in marble.* E. H. Baily, R.A.—We presume that this monument is to be placed in an elevated situation; in which case the simple elegance of the attitude, and the gentle appeal of the action, will appear to great advantage.

No. 1160. *The Rape of Proserpine.* W. Pitts. — Mr. Pitt's extraordinary performance last

year, "The Shield of Æneas," cannot be obliterated from the memory of those who saw it. His present work is thrust into a corner, in which, whatever may be its merits (and we have no doubt they are great), those merits are scarcely distinguishable.

No. 1200. *Girl with a Fawn, a group in marble.* R. Westmacott, jun.—A very animated and pleasing performance.

No. 1219. *Boy and Tortoise, in marble.* R. W. Sievier.—At once playful and elegant.

No. 1162. *A monumental Figure, to be executed in marble.* T. Denman.—This is a well-designed and very appropriate figure.

No. 1221. *A marble Column to receive a Sundial, to be erected by public subscription in the Dant John Field, Canterbury.* H. Weekes.—We like the design and character of this column, and hope that its situation may be such as to secure it from the hand of the spoiler. Were such an ornament in any approachable spot in or about London, it would not remain an hour undefaced; otherwise, good sense and good taste could not suggest any thing better than that our places of public resort should thus afford suitable employment for the taste and talent of the sculptor.

No. 140. *Model for a bronze Equestrian Statue of his late Royal Highness the Duke of York.* C. Garrard.—In this model the artist has shewn both judgment and courage in departing from the common-place character and costume of what is called the "classical." He has given a very easy and natural grace to the figure of his Royal Highness.

The busts in the Sculpture-room, like the portraits above stairs, derive a considerable portion of their attraction from the character and importance of the individuals whom they represent, as well as from the talents and reputation of the artists by whom they have been wrought; and are seldom subjects for particular remark, except when some striking expression, or beauty of feature, rivets the attention of the spectator. Such exceptions, for instance, are No. 1214, *Marble bust of Lady Elizabeth Gower*; and No. 1216, *Marble bust of H. R. H. the Princess Victoria*; both by W. Behnes. These effigies of innocence and loveliness would be contemplated with delight, under whatever name, or in whatever circumstances, they might appear. They are very advantageously placed by the side of the manly bust of H. R. H. the Duke of Cumberland, No. 1215, by the same artist. Among other busts, interesting in themselves, and of admirable execution, are No. 1205, *Marble bust of Donna Maria II. Queen of Portugal*, P. Turnerelli; No. 1182, *Marble bust of H. R. H. Prince George*, W. Behnes; No. 1203, *Bust of the Marquess of Stafford*, F. Chantrey, R.A.; No. 1183, *Marble bust of Lord Holland*, J. Francis; No. 1198, *Marble bust of the late Thomas Rawson, Esq. of Sheffield*, E. Law; No. 1194, *Bust in marble of Armour Donkin, Esq.*, E. H. Baily, R.A.; No. 1195, *Bust in marble of Sir Richard Carr Glyn*, E. H. Baily, R.A.; No. 1176, *Marble bust of the Countess of Sheffield*, R. W. Sievier; No. 1177, *Bust of Admiral Sir Sydney Smith*, K.C.B. G.C.B. &c. R. Westmacott, jun.; and Nos. 1169, and 1168, *Marble busts of Sir Aspley and Lady Cooper*, Biehnaine.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Illustrations of Natural History. Conducted by J. Le Keux, who, with R. Sands, will execute the Engravings. Part I. Longman and Co., Jennings, Rodwell, &c.

A work calculated to diffuse, in a cheap form,

much useful and entertaining knowledge. The present Number contains six plates, representing twelve varieties of the horse. A Number will be published every two months; and there is an octavo edition of the work, with half the number of plates, which will be published monthly. As a specimen of the style of the descriptions, we quote the following curious anecdote:

"A nobleman, in the early part of the reign of Louis XV., having a very vicious horse, which none of the grooms or servants would ride,—several of them having been thrown, and one killed,—asked leave of his majesty to have him turned loose into the menagerie, against one of the largest lions. The king readily consented, and the animal, on a certain day, was conducted there [thither]. Soon after the arrival of the horse, the door of the den was drawn up, and the lion, with great state and majesty, marched slowly to the mouth of it, when, seeing his antagonist, he set up a tremendous roar. The horse immediately startled and fell back; his ears were erected, his mane was raised, his eyes sparkled, and something like a general convulsion seemed to agitate his whole frame. After the first emotions of fear had subsided, the horse retired to a corner of the menagerie, where, having directed his heels towards the lion, and having reared his head over his left shoulder, he watched with extreme eagerness the motions of his enemy. The lion, who presently quitted the den, sidled about for more than a minute, as if meditating the mode of attack, when, having sufficiently prepared himself for the combat, he made a sudden spring at the horse, which defended itself by striking his adversary a most violent blow on the chest. The lion instantly retreated, groaned, and seemed for several minutes inclined to give up the contest, when, recovering from the painful effects of the blow, he returned to the charge with unabated violence. The mode of preparation for this second attack was the same as the first. He sidled from one side of the menagerie to the other for a considerable time, seeking a favourable opportunity to seize his prey; during all which time the horse still preserved the same posture, and still kept his head erect and turned over his shoulder. The lion at length gave a second spring, with all the strength and velocity he could exercise, when the horse caught him with his hoof on the under jaw, which he fractured. Having sustained a second and more severe repulse than the former, the lion retreated to his den as well as he was able, apparently in the greatest agony, moaning all the way in a most lamentable manner. The horse was soon obliged to be shot, as no one ever dared to approach the ground where he was kept."

SCULPTURE: MR. LOUGH.

We have again been most highly delighted by a view of the works, in progress, by this extraordinary artist, whose earliest efforts excited so much of wonder and admiration. His great promise is now being more than realised. A group of twelve warriors contending for a standard is one of the boldest and noblest productions that ever the art of sculpture attempted, and worthy of the proudest epoch of ancient Greece. Man and horse mingled in mortal struggle, evince conceptions, powers, combinations, and genius, of the most splendid order. This work is for the Duke of Northumberland, the model about half the life-size,—and the effect so truly spirited and grand that words can convey no notion of its vigour.

* Although our reports have not appeared always in strict chronological order, yet, at the close of the session, we may mention that the series is complete.

Mr. Lough's *attelier* also boasts of productions of another description: a monument to Bishop Middleton, for St. Paul's, representing that distinguished prelate in the Christian act of confirming two Hindoos; and a Cupid singing to the lyre,—shew that he can master and be equally successful with the calm and the poetical, as with the stormy and heroic. We advise the lovers of native talent to see these works.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

DREAMS OF THEE.

MIDNIGHT!—the stars are bright,
And the pale moon shines coldly pure in heaven,
And the thin vapoury clouds, tinged by her light,

Like passing thoughts across her face are driven.

Midnight! the hour for rest—

The time, the dearest of all times to me,
When cometh slumber o'er my fevered breast,
And I can dream—ay, fondly dream of thee.

Yes—it is all of joy

Left to my blighted heart and burning brain—

The one pure pleasure that can never cloy—
The rainbow that my clouds of life sustain.

I wander all the day,
Like something scarcely of reality,
Careless of what I do or what I say,
And looking forward to my dreams of thee.

Ay—nought but dreams are mine:

I touch thy living hand, and dare not press it;

I gaze upon that deep blue eye of thine,

And my heart longs—my lips refuse—to bless it.

'Tis only in my sleep

I look upon thee firm, my heart quakes free,

And pour in burning words my passion deep:

—I would not lose for worlds my dreams of thee.

The day and night seem changed:

I think of trees, and flowers, and falling streams,

As things from which my spirit is estranged,

As once, in happier years, I thought of dreams.

My visions, like intense

And vivid truths, my slumbering eye can see;

And when a trance is on each outward sense,

My soul awakens in its dreams of thee.

And various are the forms

My thoughts assume in that deep solemn hour:

Sometimes thou lookst on me in clouds and storms,

And sometimes as a soft and gentle power:

But be they as they will,

Thou the one fond idea still must be—

Like sun-light over changeful clouds, thou still

Art light and glory in my dreams of thee.

Yet let me still dream on,

And in the realms of fantasie be blest,

And feel at morn, when the enchantment's gone,

'Tis my excited spirit's turn to rest.

And when the slumber deep

Of death at last is falling upon me,

I'll only mourn because a dreamless sleep

It is, and I shall cease to dream of thee!

MARY ANN BROWNE.

MUSIC.

INVENTION OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

"This is the patent age for new inventions."—*Byron.*

OUR No. 648, recorded the inventions of two new musical instruments recently produced on the continent. The one is termed a "trumpet-flute," invented by a Signor Canzi of Naples; and the other an immense bass, which requires its bow to be moved by machinery, lately produced at Milan. We have since seen a plan of a double bass of extraordinary dimensions, the

invention of an English gentleman, Mr. D. C. Hewitt, author of a truly interesting and erudite work* recently published upon the theory of music. From all we can collect from the description of both instruments, the bass of Mr. Hewitt possesses many advantages over that produced by the Milanese inventor. The particulars of this instrument are as follow:—That it is to be played on by means of keys; and that two parts may be performed at the same time, one by the right hand, and the other by the left. That it is to possess but four strings, of extraordinary length and thickness; and that the lowest note of each string is to be C on the ninth ledger line below the bass staff,† that is, twenty-one semitones below the lowest note on the double-bass now in use. That the motion of the bow is to be communicated by means of machinery connected with two pedals for the feet; but that the action of the bow upon the string will depend upon the pressure of the finger upon the key. That when both hands are employed upon the keys, all four strings will be acted on at the same time. That the quality of the tone produced by the action of the right hand will differ from that produced by the left. That it will admit of any desirable degree of execution, and far beyond that of the double bass. That though two parts, or melodies, can be only produced at the same time, the effect of a full harmony may be obtained by taking the notes of chords in succession in the way of arpeggios, as must be evident to every musician. And finally, that the instrument will be extremely elegant and magnificent in its structure and appearance.

We can, however, hardly make this invention intelligible without a model or drawing of the instrument; and we could wish the ingenious projector of it were patronised as his great musical skill deserves, so as to enable him to bring it and other valuable designs to perfection.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Lays and Legends of the Rhine. The Poetry by J. R. Planché; the Music by H. Bishop. Vol. III.

THIS volume, like its predecessors, is indeed a very interesting work. All the songs are beautiful and characteristic, and we especially admire the "Pilgrims," the "Serenade," and the "Drinking Song of the Men of Beale," which latter is particularly spirited and sweet. We shall take an opportunity of further illustrating these very favourable opinions.

DRAMA.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

A GREAT hit was made here by a lively one-act piece on Wednesday, called *Manœuvring*; it is from the French, and most cleverly adapted; being smart in dialogue, good in situation, and amusing and humorous throughout. It was, besides, capital acted; and is just "the sort of thing" for a pleasant little summer theatre.

ENGLISH OPERA.

THIS popular establishment commenced its summer season on Saturday last, with the English version of *Cost Jan Tuttle*, a new one-act piece by Peake, and the operetta of *The Quartette*. The opera introduced to an English audience M^{de}. Cellini—that is, as an

* New Analysis of Music, susceptible of rigid mathematical demonstration.

† From this the compass will extend thirty-six semitones upwards, to C on the second space in the bass.

actress, the lady having sung at the oratorios, and made a favourable impression. She has a great deal to learn before she can be called an actress; but we think there are the capabilities; and, possessing a pleasing person, a good voice, and a fair proportion of science, she cannot fail to be a useful member of the company. The other characters were supported as usual, and with undiminished effect. The new piece, we suspect, is but a re-cast of one by the same author, called *My own Man*, and produced some seasons back at Covent Garden, in which we remember distinguishing Keeley's capers as a dancsomanical hair-dresser. It is much better in its altered state; and if Mr. Peake must borrow, he can scarcely find any body's materials more laughable than his own. Mrs. Keeley, late Miss Goward, played and sang to admiration; and was received with enthusiastic plaudits upon her entrance, being her first public appearance in a matrimonial character. The tribute was as honourable to the feelings of the audience as to the merits of the lady. May the days of the worthy and comical little pair pass as merrily as they have so frequently made our evenings do! We are sure they will be perfectly satisfied.

A new melodrama by Mr. Baynm, called *The Sister of Charity*, was produced on Thursday evening with success. Miss Kelly made her first appearance this season, as *St. Ursula, the Sister of Charity*; and by her magnificent acting insured its triumph. We are glad to perceive that clever actress Mrs. C. Jones at this theatre. She is a valuable acquisition.

VARIETIES.

Machines for Distorted Spine.—We have upon our table an etching of the above, invented by Mr. Hare, a surgeon of Leeds. By means of straps and weights, any curvature of the spine is gradually diminished; and, as far as we are acquainted with inventions of this kind, we are not aware of any one more likely to produce good effects. Certainly not one where the patient could enjoy so much comfort, from having the power of relieving himself *ad libitum* from constraint and pressure.

Expedition: Captain Ross.—We are sorry to learn that an *explosion* and a *mutiny* took place on board Captain Ross's steamer, the *Victory*. The machinery, we understand, got out of order, and the engineer was so severely hurt by the "explosion," that he has lost his leg. Ross, in consequence of this accident, put into Loch Ryan, (not far from Port Patrick, on the western coast of Scotland), and we presume had the machinery made good by workmen from Glasgow, as the vessel sailed again for the polar regions on the 15th of June. The "mutiny" was nothing worse, we are informed, than the disorder of half-a-dozen of the crew going ashore and getting drunk.

Horticultural Fête.—Horticultural fêtes do not suit our English gardens and climate; and nothing could be more incongenial than the experiment of Saturday. Rain throughout, plashy grass meadows, gravel and mud walks above ankle deep, tents dripping, and too few to shelter the company from the pitiless weather; a rather inferior order of visitors, but these exceedingly well wet; a scramble for provisions (though there was plenty); a fight for carriages; and a general experience of utter discomfort, promising diseases and death to many of the fair sufferers,—were the pleasures of this unfortunate day. We presume the

failure will preclude such attempts in future, and that the space within four walls will be preferred to such absurd speculations, which, however productive they may be made to the Society (by such means as we referred to in our last), ought not to be persevered in at the public expense, and when found to be so prejudicial to the health and safety of its best friends.

Fossil Remains.—M. Destrem, on exploring the fossil remains found in the caves of Bire, states, that he met with human bones in these caves, but that they were in different strata from that which contains true fossil remains.

The handsome Assassin.—In the most turbulent period of the French revolution, one of the most fashionable men in Paris was a M. de Ribbing, who was generally known only by the name of "the handsome assassin;" because it was believed that he had been one of the murderers of the unfortunate King of Sweden. At a time when all kings were regarded as tyrants, to destroy them was, in the eyes of the republicans, the noblest action of man. M. de Ribbing accordingly was received with eagerness into the most distinguished circles, the ladies especially disputed the honour of pleasing him; and he appeared on the public walks, at the theatres, &c. always under the title of "the handsome assassin."—*Mémoires sur Joséphine*, tome iii.

Greece.—Extract of a letter from a member of the scientific commission sent to the Morea, dated Ægina, 25th of April:—"On board a Greek bark I entered the Piræus, and from thence reached Athens. My object was to ascertain the state of the ancient monuments since the place has been each day more closely invested. I have the satisfaction to announce that, in general, they have suffered very little. The Temple of Theseus has completely resisted the cannon balls. It appears that the greater part of these monuments had been isolated from the modern erection, by the Franks before their departure; and this it is which has saved them,—for the city is now only a heap of ruins: among which may be seen a few palm-trees, and the temples of the ancient Greeks. I found it impossible to penetrate to the Acropolis. The Parthenon still presents some admirable masses; but I was unable to ascertain minutely the injuries it has sustained."

Curious Statistics.—A French doctor, Falret, has recently received a prize from the Paris Academy of Sciences for a statistical table of suicides, &c. in the French capital. The doctor, in the course of his work, states, that among men the greatest number of suicides is between the ages of thirty-five and forty-five; and among women, between twenty-five and thirty-five; but that there are twice as many suicides among young girls under fifteen years of age as among boys of the same age. He calculates, that the influence of disappointed love, and of jealousy, is in the proportion of 2½ among women to 1 in men; that reverses of fortune produce as 3 in men to 1 in women; and that the influence of baffled ambition is as 5 to 1. Actual misery, however, is stated to have an equal effect on both sexes. Alluding to the number of deaths by apoplexy, the doctor estimates that they were in Paris from 1794 to 1804, 399; from 1804 to 1814, 979; and from 1814 to 1824, 919. There are nearly three times more apoplexies among men than women.

Vaccination.—M. Numan, a veterinary surgeon at Utrecht, has recently made several experiments with the vaccine matter upon the following animals—the cow, the bull, the horse,

the ass, the camel, the goat, the sheep, the pig, the ape, the dog, and the rabbit. He states, as the result of these, that the vaccine virus taken from man reproduces the original effect when applied to the cow and the bull; but that the action of the virus so applied to these animals is only for a single time: on the horse and the ass it produces pustules; and when applied from them to the cow, its action is more intense than that of the primitive virus. The camel receives it easily by inoculation; but when taken again from the camel and applied to the cow, it produces little effect;—applied, however, from that animal to the goat it is quite efficacious; but both the goat and the camel are susceptible of its effects only once. The sheep does not yield readily to its influence; and the virus from this animal has no effect upon any other: on the ape the effect is nearly the same as upon man. The pig may be vaccinated, but the virus cannot be subsequently propagated. The dog is more difficult than the sheep; and the rabbit is quite inaccessible to the influence of the vaccine matter.

Laurel.—The butchers of Geneva have a singular mode of preventing flies from attacking the meat in their shops. They rub the walls and boards upon which the meat is placed with the essential oil of laurel; the smell of which keeps away this troublesome insect.

A Wonderful Hog.—On the authority of a professor of physiology, it is gravely stated in the Italian Anthology, printed at Florence, that a hog was some time ago killed in the neighbourhood of Bologna, on one of the intestines of which the words "*lansa guida da*," in black and permanent characters, were distinctly visible!

The Cat.—The publication has been gravely announced at Paris, of a "Traité raisonné on the education of the domestic cat, preceded by its philosophical and political history, and followed by the treatment of its disorders"! The name of the author is very characteristic—M. RATON.

A countryman in one of the western states, with a load of meal, drove up to a lady's door, when the following brief conversation took place:—"Do you want to buy any meal?" "What do you ask for a bushel?" "Ten cents, ma'am; prime!" "Oh! I can get it for a fig." (In a despairing voice) "*Dear lady!* will you take a bushel for nothing?" "Is it sifted?"—*American Paper.*

Odes upon Corns.—In reviewing Moore's "Odes upon Cash, Corn, Catholics, &c.," a Parisian journal prints the title, "Odes upon Cash, Corns, Catholics, &c."

The Week.—The King has graciously been pleased to place two gold medals, of the value of twenty-five guineas each, at the annual disposal of the Royal Asiatic Society.—*Swan River Settlement:* By letters from the Cape, it appears that Captain Stirling, with the expedition for settling on the Swan River, was, all well, at the Cape of Good Hope at the end of April.—*Commodore Owen* has gone to Fernando Po from Sierra Leone: we believe the gallant and able officer will shortly return home.—*Thames Tunnel:* The result of a meeting of the parties interested in this undertaking, on Tuesday, seems to be, that a Mr. Vignolles will be employed to complete the work, instead of the original projector of it, Mr. Brunel. Mr. V., it appears, has proposed to execute it at far less expense; and hopes are entertained that government will consequently advance the needful funds.—We warned Malibran not to be so violent in her action; if she had

taken our advice, she would not, in the gentle Romeo, have thrown herself down so recklessly as to break her elbow, and be unable to sing for a week! Why is sound criticism disregarded in this fashion?—There is, we hear, another distribution of premiums at the London University on Thursday: the last, which was very interesting, related to the *medical* classes only—the next is *general*.—Apropos: we have seen the letter in the *Times* about our puffing Mr. Williams, and being unfriendly to the London University; but we have not time to notice such silly stuff. As for puffing, we should like to see the party who could manage to get a syllable of undue praise into the *Literary Gazette* (for they must be confoundedly 'cute); and as for the London University, though not in long articles, which its own publicity rendered needless, it has always had our ready and cordial support.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Heraldry: Antiquities.—A proposal has been issued for publishing "the *Scrope and Grosvenor Roll*;" the Proceedings in the Cause between Sir Richard Le Scrope and Sir Robert Grosvenor," in the reign of Richard the Second. This cause, relative to the coat armour of the parties above named, so remarkable in the annals of heraldry, lasted four years, and was tried before the lord high constable. The record abounds in valuable illustrations of history, and throws a strong light on the general state of society in the fourteenth century. Upwards of three hundred persons were examined on the question, who were either peers, bannerets, knights, or esquires, or abbots, priors, or other clergy; and as each of the peers, knights, and esquires, deposes to his age, the battle or siege at which he commenced his military career, the number of years, and the occasions on which he had borne arms, and to circumstances connected with his services or the services of his ancestors; and as the clergy allude to manuscripts and monuments in their respective abbeys and churches,—this trial is rich beyond example in historical, biographical, and topographical facts. It is intended to print the Roll in one volume, to be illustrated by an Historical Preface and Notes by Mr. Nicolas; and a subscription of five guineas from sixty persons was called for, in order to set the work in motion and insure its completion—which number was speedily filled up by distinguished literary subscribers. Convinced of its curious matter, as well as its great interest and importance, from the parts we have read, we cordially recommend this design to the public.

The *Looseley Papers*; a collection of original Letters and other MS. documents, chiefly of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, preserved at the ancient seat of the More family at Looseley, in Surrey; edited, with connective and incidental notes, is announced by that valuable contributor to our ancient lore, Mr. A. J. Kempe. This work contains curious documents relative to the period of Henry VIII.

Mr. E. H. Barker, editor of the English edition of Professor Anthon's improved *Lempriere*, announces his intention to reprint in Paris, at stated periods, Dr. Webster's *American Dictionary of the English Language*.

Mrs. Heber is occupied in arranging the Correspondence of the late Bishop of Calcutta for publication, interspersed with Memoirs of his Life.

In the Press.—The second volume of Lieut.-Col. Napier's *History of the War in the Peninsula*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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We are much obliged to Shenstone: his communications are extremely welcome.

To G. D. "no"—but not without thanks. We cannot, on the instant, lay our hands on C. L.'s farewell. It is contrary to our rule to publish such a paper as that on the Grecian temple at Exmouth.

Cocquilla and Cocoa-Nut Ornaments.—Our old client, Coniglio, reminds us, in a letter which would do equal honour to English and Italian literature, that we promised further to patronise his very cheap and pretty ornaments. His illad certainly lies in a nut-shell, and we cannot disappoint such a correspondent: therefore, ladies, before you leave town, we, as lovers of the embellishing and inventive arts, advise you to lay in as much of the nut-work as will render the country tolerable.

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No. 651.

SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1829.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Mémoires sur l'Impératrice Joséphine, ses Contemporains, la Cour de Navarre et de la Malmaison. Tome III. Paris: et Londres chez Colburn. 1829.

ALTHOUGH the present volume is not so full of lively anecdote as its predecessors, it contains, nevertheless, much interesting matter, consisting principally of letters written by Joséphine at various periods of her eventful life;—when she was the wife of M. de Beauharnais, when she was a widow, when she was married to Buonaparte, and, ultimately, when she was a divorced empress. In her earlier letters, the horrors of the French revolution, of which M. de Beauharnais was one of the victims, are painted with a forcible pencil. We prefer, however, selecting, as specimens of this amiable and extraordinary woman's epistolary powers, three of her letters of subsequent date. The first was addressed to an intimate friend, requesting her advice on the proposal of marriage made to Madame de Beauharnais by Buonaparte, then only a general of brigade. It is exceedingly characteristic, both of the writer and of the individual, afterwards so celebrated, to whom it chiefly relates.

"They wish me to marry again, my dear friend. All my friends advise me, my aunt almost commands me, and my children entreat me, to do so. Why are you not here to give me your opinion in this important affair; to persuade me that I ought not to refuse my consent to a union which will relieve me from the inconveniences of my present situation? Your friendship, from which I have already derived so much benefit, would render you clear-sighted to my interests, and I should decide without hesitation as soon as you had spoken. You have seen General Buonaparte at my house. Well, it is he who wishes to become the father of the orphans of Alexandre de Beauharnais, the husband of his widow. 'Do you love him?' you hasten to ask me. Why—no. 'You dislike him, then?' No; but I am in a lukewarm state, which displeases me; and which devotees consider the most grievous of all in matters of religion. Love being a species of religion, one's feeling with respect to it ought to be very different from mine; and therefore it is that I wish for your counsel, which would fix the perpetual irresolution of my feeble character. To decide upon any thing for myself has always appeared fatiguing to my Creole supineness, which finds it infinitely more convenient to obey the decision of others. I admire the general's courage; the extent of his knowledge on all subjects, upon which he speaks equally well; the promptness of his mind, which enables him to comprehend the thoughts of others almost before they are expressed: but I confess that I am frightened at the authority which he seems to wish to exercise over all who surround him. His scrutinising look has in it something singularly inexplicable, which awes even the Directory; judge if it must not intimidate a woman. In

fine, that which ought to please me, the strength of a passion of which he speaks with an energy which admits no doubt of his sincerity, is precisely that which stops the consent which I am frequently on the point of giving. Being no longer in the prime of youth, can I hope long to retain this violent attachment, which on the part of the general resembles a delirious transport? If when we are united he should cease to love me, will he not reproach me with what he has done for me? Will he not regret that he did not contract a more brilliant marriage? What should I reply? What should I do? I should weep. 'A fine resource!' you exclaim. Mon Dieu, I know that it does no good; but it has been at all times my sole refuge when my poor susceptible heart has been wounded. Write to me immediately, and fear not to scold me if you think I am wrong. You know that coming from you every thing is well received. Barras assures me that if I marry the general he will obtain for him the command in chief of the army of Italy. Yesterday, Buonaparte, talking to me of this favour, at which, although it has not yet been granted, his brethren in arms are already murmuring, said, 'Do they think that I need PROTECTION in order to rise? One day they will all be but too happy if I consent to grant them mine! My sword is by my side; and with it I will make my way in the world.' What say you to this certainty of succeeding? Is it not a proof of a confidence arising out of excessive self-love? A general of brigade protect the chiefs of the government! I do not know how it is, but sometimes this absurd assurance leads me to believe every thing to be possible which this singular man takes it into his head to attempt; and, with his imagination, who can predict what he may not attempt? We are all longing for you; and console ourselves for your prolonged absence only by incessantly talking of you, and tracing your steps in the beautiful country in which you are travelling. If I were sure to find you in Italy, I would marry to-morrow, on condition of accompanying the general. But we should perhaps cross each other on the road; so I consider it more prudent to wait for your answer before I determine. Hasten it, and still more your return. Madame Tallien charges me to tell you that she loves you tenderly. She is still handsome and kind; employing her immense influence only in obtaining favours for the unhappy who apply to her, and imparting to her benefits the air of an obligation conferred upon herself. Her friendship for me is warm and sincere. Mine for her resembles that which I entertain for you; and I cannot give you a better idea of the affection I bear her. Hortense becomes more and more amiable. Her charming shape is developing itself; and if I wished it, I might have a fine opportunity of making disagreeable reflections on this abominable Time, who improves some, only at the expense of others! Happily, I have other things to think of; and I pass lightly over gloomy ideas, to dwell upon the future, which pro-

mises to be happy, since we shall soon be reunited, not again to part. Were it not for this marriage, which teases me, I should be very gay, in spite of every thing; but while that is in suspense I shall torment myself. Once concluded, come what may, I will be resigned. I am accustomed to suffer; and, if I should be destined to new griefs, I think that I could support them, provided that my children, my aunt, and you, remained to me. We have agreed to suppress the ends of letters; adieu, therefore, my friend."

The next letter which we shall quote was written several years after Joséphine's divorce. She had been permitted to visit Bagatelle, in order to meet Napoleon, and to see his infant son; and on the succeeding day she addressed the emperor as follows:—

"Malmaison.

"Sire,—Still agitated by our yesterday's interview, my thoughts entirely occupied by the amiable and beautiful child to whom you introduced me, penetrated with gratitude for the step you took in my favour (of all the inconveniences that may result from which to yourself I am aware), I feel the necessity of conversing with you, in order to speak to you again of a joy too lively to be fully expressed at the first moment. Your heart which, in order to satisfy mine, has incurred the risk of seeing its tranquillity disturbed, will comprehend the desire I entertain to manifest to you all with which the kindness I have experienced has inspired me. It was certainly not curiosity alone which induced me to desire to meet the King of Rome. His features were by no means unknown to me, for I had obtained the most striking resemblances of him. I wished, sire, to study his physiognomy, to hear the sound of his voice (so like yours), to see you embrace this son who fulfils all hopes: in fine, I longed to bestow upon him those caresses which my Eugene has received from you. In reminding you how dear the latter was to you, you will not be surprised at my tenderness for the child of another, since he is your child also; and you will not charge with falsehood or exaggeration sentiments which you can admirably conceive, having felt them yourself. The moment at which I beheld you enter, leading the young Napoleon by the hand, was, without doubt, one of the happiest of my life. It effaced of itself all which preceded it, for never did I receive from you a more touching proof of affection. It was not passionate love which had induced you to grant my wish, it was sincere esteem and attachment. They cannot change; and that idea renders my happiness complete. I could not without shuddering reflect on the dissolution of our marriage, fearing with reason that a wife young, handsome, and full of talents, would make you totally forget her who, destitute of all those advantages, languished far from you. In estimating the qualities of Maria-Louise, I trembled lest I should soon see you become wholly indifferent to me. This was erroneously to appreciate your great and generous soul, which preserves the remembrance of an extreme devo-

tion, and of a tenderness justified in its excess by all those qualities which astonish Europe, which render you beloved by all who approach you, and which compel even your enemies to do you justice. Yes, I confess it, sire, you have again found the means of surprising me—me, so accustomed to admire you; and the perfection of your behaviour towards me, your solicitude to surround me with every mark of respect, and, finally, your proceeding of yesterday, prove to me that you are even superior to the idea, so favourable, which I had of you. With what pleasure I pressed the young prince to my heart! How happy did his countenance, so radiant with health, render me! How I enjoyed seeing you entertained and gratified in looking at us both! In truth, it never occurred to me that I was a stranger to this child; I entirely forgot that I was not his mother; I envied no more the lot of any one; and my own appeared to me to be above the felicity reserved for poor mortals. In quitting you, in tearing myself from this little being whom I scarcely knew, I felt an emotion so violent, that it seemed to comprehend all the griefs of humanity. Did you remark, as I did, the little imperative tone of your son, when he told me that he wished I were with him at the Tuileries? and his little pouting air when, on my saying that that was not possible, he replied: 'Why? since papa and I desire it?' This already shews that he will know how to command, and, far from afflicting ourselves at a character which in a private person might be attended with serious evils, we ought, in my opinion, to rejoice at beholding it in a prince destined to reign at a period so closely following a long and frightful revolution. After a state of anarchy like that which we have witnessed, it is not by mildness and kindness alone that a sovereign can hope to maintain the repose of his kingdom. It is necessary that the people whom he governs, in a land yet hot from the volcano, should be assured that crime will be punished as promptly as it is committed. 'It is not,' as you have a thousand times repeated to me, 'until fear, not of despotism, but of severe justice, has been inspired, that we must seek to render ourselves beloved.' You have frequently availed yourself of the right of pardoning; but you have also frequently proved that you will not tolerate an infraction of the laws prescribed by yourself. It was thus you acquired the means of mastering the jacobins, assuaging the royalists, and satisfying the moderate party. Your son will have you for an example; and, happier than you, he will be able more frequently to shew clemency towards the guilty. I had a conversation with him which manifested all the sensibility of his heart. After having played with my *charivari*, 'that is handsome,' said he to me; 'but if it were given to a poor man he would become rich, would he not, madam?' 'Undoubtedly.' 'Well, I saw one in the wood; do you wish me to send for him? I have no money myself, and he is in want of a good coat.' 'The emperor will be eager to satisfy you on that point; why does not your imperial highness ask him for his purse?' 'That has been already done, madam. He gave it me on leaving Paris; and as you have a very kind look, I thought you would do what it is very natural to do.' I promised to assist this poor man; and I will certainly keep my word. I have given orders to a huntsman to bring him to Malmaison, where we will see what can be done for him. It will be delightful to me to do a good action, to which I have been urged by a child four years of age! Pray, sire, tell him

that his 'poor man' is no longer poor. It occurred to me that you would be glad to have these particulars of a conversation which took place in a low tone of voice, while you were examining an atlas at the end of the saloon. It will prove to you how fortunate the King of Rome is in having a governess who knows how to inspire him with a compassion the more touching, as it is rare among princes, habituated as they are in general to perpetual adulation, which gives them in some sort a right to believe that every thing ought to have a reference to themselves, and that they need not trouble themselves with thinking of other people. Madame Montesquiou's virtues render her worthy of the difficult and painful task which you have confided to her; and the prince's sentiments justify your choice. Could he fail to be benevolent, trained by benevolence itself? I fear that, notwithstanding your orders, his imperial highness will talk of this interview, which ought to remain secret. I recommended to him not to open his mouth about it; assuring him that if it were known that I had visited Bagatelle, it would be impossible for me to see him again there. 'Oh, if that is the case, give yourself no uneasiness, madam; I will not say a word, for I love you. Promise me, if I obey, to come and see me again.' I assured him that I desired it more than he did; and never did I speak more truly. Nevertheless, I perfectly feel, sire, that these meetings, so joyful to me, cannot be frequently repeated; and I will not abuse your complaisance towards me by laying it too often under contribution. The sacrifice which I will make to your domestic peace, will be to you an additional proof of my desire to see you happy. That thought will console me in my regret at not embracing my adopted son. Do you not think this exchange of children very delightful? For my part, sire, I grieve at only being able to give this title to your son, without doing any thing that can be serviceable to him. What a difference between my conduct and yours to Eugene! The more time elapses, the more you do for him, and the less I can manifest to you my gratitude. However, I depend upon the viceroys for consoling you under the annoyances which you suffer from your family. If, unfortunately, your suspicions of the King of Naples should be verified, Eugene will become more necessary to you than ever; and I dare to believe that he will prove himself worthy of you by his military conduct, and worthy of me by his attachment to you. This is a very prolix letter, sire, but I have been led on by the happiness of talking of our two sons; and this motive will be my apology to you for having troubled you so long. As grief needs concentration, so is joy expansive. Behold, sire, the explanation of this volume; which, however, I cannot finish without again declaring to you my respectful gratitude.—JOSEPHINE.

Our last epistolary extract must be a short letter, written by Josephine to the ex-emperor, as soon as she heard that he had been compelled to exchange the crown of France for that of the little island of Elba. It does her infinite credit.

"Malmaison.

"Sire,—It is only to-day that I am enabled to estimate the full extent of the evil of having seen my union with you dissolved by the law; and that I sigh at being to you but a friend, who can do no more than sigh at a misfortune, as great as it was unexpected. It is not for the loss of a throne that I pity you. By my own experience, I know that for such a loss one may be consoled. But I am afflicted at the grief

which you must feel in parting from your old companions in glory. You must regret not only your officers, but the soldiers, whose persons, whose names, whose brilliant deeds of arms, you remember; all of whom you could not recompense, because you said they were too numerous. To leave such heroes, deprived of their chief, who has so often shared their fatigues, must be an insupportable sorrow to you; and it is in that, above all, I participate. You have also had to lament the ingratitude and the desertion of friends, on whom you thought you could rely. Ah! sire, why may I not fly to you, to give you the assurance that exile appeals only vulgar souls; and that, far from diminishing a sincere attachment, misfortune gives it new strength? I have been on the point of quitting France, of following your steps, of consecrating to you the remainder of an existence which you have so long embellished. One single consideration has detained me, and you will guess it. If I learn that, contrary to all appearance, I am the sole being desirous of fulfilling her duty, nothing shall stop me; and I will hasten to the only place in which I can henceforward enjoy happiness; since when you are there, isolated and unfortunate, I may be able to console you. Say one word, and I set off. Adieu, sire. Any thing that I could add would be superfluous. It is no longer by words that one ought to prove to you the feelings which you have inspired; and for actions I require your consent.

"JOSEPHINE.

"Malmaison has been respected: I am there, surrounded by the attentions of the foreign sovereigns; but I have no inclination to remain."

King Alfred's Anglo-Saxon Version of Bede's De Consolatione Philosophiæ. With an English Translation and Notes by J. S. Cardale. 8vo. pp. 426. London, Pickering & Colchester, Combe and Son.

EVERY true Englishman venerates the name of Alfred the Great. Does he admire our free constitution, or know the compass and power of the English language? his attention must be directed to Alfred as the framer of the one, and an able and copious writer in the other. "Our language, our government, and our laws, display our Saxon ancestors in every part: they live not merely in our annals and traditions, but in our civil institutions and perpetual discourse." The greater, and by far the most important, part of our language is of Saxon origin. Dr. Hickes observed, that "of fifty-eight words of which the Lord's Prayer is composed, not more than three words are of Gallo-Norman introduction—the remaining fifty-five are immediately derivable from the Anglo-Saxon." Glad, therefore, are we to see more attention given to Saxon literature. A new and very neat edition of the Will of King Alfred, in the original Saxon, with a literal English version, has recently appeared: it issued from the same press as the well-executed volume before us. Both these works are got up in the first style, and do the greatest credit to the Leicester typographers.

To Mr. Cardale, the learned translator of the present volume, we are much indebted for his accurate Anglo-Saxon text, accompanied with a very faithful literal English version on the opposite page. Thus, those who are but little acquainted with the Anglo-Saxon may easily compare the present English with the original Saxon in King Alfred's days. From the following short extract, it will be evident

that King Alfred translated this book from the original Latin into Saxon:—

"Ælfred, Kuning, was wealhstod thisse bec, and hie of becedene on Englisc wende, swa hio nu is gedon. Hwilum he sette word be worde, hwilum andgit of andgite, swa swa he hit tha sweotolost and andgitfullcost gereccan mihte, for them mistlicum and manigfealdum weoruld bisgum the hine oft segther ge on mode ge lichoman bisgodan."

In this quotation we have a specimen of the pure Saxon, and an account of the state of mind in which the king was when he translated Boethius out of Latin into Anglo-Saxon. He had, doubtless, in his troubles derived great comfort from reading Boethius, which may account for the peculiarity that is evident in this translation. While in the numerous other versions made by him he adheres closely to his text, in his Boethius he aspires to the character of an original writer: he amplifies and adds a variety of remarks and illustrations, or abridges his author according to his own judgment. By examining these variations, we shall see clearly the religious, moral, and intellectual character of Alfred the Great. Much has been done in the History of the Anglo-Saxons by Mr. Turner, chiefly with materials derived from the present work.

Anitius Manlius Severinus Boethius, a Christian philosopher, was descended from a noble family, and was made consul in A.D. 510. He was a profound scholar; but for his zeal in defending a friend, he was sent to prison by Theodoric, king of Italy, where he wrote his immortal book *De Consolatione Philosophiæ*, which was translated into Anglo-Saxon by our illustrious King Alfred, and into English by Chaucer, about 1360. More recent translations have been made from the Latin into English: an edition in 12mo., by Viscount Preston, 1712; another, with good notes and illustrations, in 8vo., by the Rev. P. Riddpath, 1785;—but Mr. Cardale's valuable work is the only translation that has been made from the Saxon.

Rybrant de Cruce. 3 vols. 12mo. H. Colburn. London, 1829.

THIS is a very clever novel, evidently the work of a young author, by the freshness and originality it displays. Its great merit is, a new and very interesting story,—its worst fault is an uncommon one, that of not making sufficient use of its materials: in an experienced hand, Duport would have been more than merely a spirited sketch. To this we must also add, that of making the merit of the book depend too much on the mere pleasure of narrative. A novelist now-a-days, who aspires to any thing more than the circulation of a season, must look far beyond the bare conduct of his story. We ask for beautiful description, for depth of thought, for accurate delineation of character; and we expect that the writer should bring every power of his mind, every acquirement of his study, into action. We could quote passages of very exquisite poetry, and of very true philosophy, from our first-rate romances; and it is these and other such qualities that now constitute their great merit,

and make their principal attraction. To this spirit of the age would we direct the attention of the author of *Rybrant de Cruce*; there is ample talent to justify the expectations we entertain of much future performance. It is difficult, by a single column or so, to give any idea of the merit depending on the progress of a very intricate, though well-developed tale; yet the ensuing is a striking scene, and the curious to know the wherefore, can but refer to the pages themselves. We should observe, that one of the heroines of the story is suddenly missing, under very suspicious circumstances.

"Trefarley's agony of distress, on hearing Geoffrey's intelligence, amounted almost to frenzy; while the steward's disappointment at finding him thus ignorant of the whole transaction, instead of having already pursued and arrested Miss Starinville's enemies (as he had hoped), was not a little severe. Few unnecessary words, however, passed between them. Trefarley, well armed, flung himself on a horse, and, followed by Geoffrey, they crossed the common in silence, and at all the speed they could make, till, overtaking a young farmer, also on horseback, Geoffrey drew up for a moment to explain to him their purpose, and invite his assistance. This was willingly granted, and both proceeded with redoubled speed to rejoin Trefarley, who was already some distance before them. They now descended the hill, and were quickly met in the wood by the two servants. Mr. Drywinkle, shrewd and suspicious even in the midst of his grief, here proposed sending Stephen home with the horses; deeming, that Joe's assistance, though perhaps less powerful, might be better relied on. He therefore took the pistol from Stephen, and bestowed it on his new associate the young farmer, and all three followed Trefarley, who interfered with none of these arrangements (ascertaining only that his attendants were armed), down the steep track which has been before described, and through which he now plunged mid-leg deep in snow, with a desperation and activity that more than once threatened to leave his companions behind. Yet, when they reached the hollow grounds below, it was a considerable time (so changed was the appearance of all around, imbedded, as it was, in snow,) before Trefarley, notwithstanding his maddening anxiety, could discover the course of the little stream, which he knew must direct his path, or perceive among the distant and whitened trees the taller summit which had formerly served as his beacon. At length, however, he traced the rivulet, threading its crooked way between deep banks of snow, and thought he perceived after the lofty tree which was to guide his course. Alas! no wreath of smoke, however faint, curled near it, to indicate that he might find the hut inhabited; and without fire, what human beings could there have passed the night? Trefarley shuddered as he thought of Agatha's sufferings, and strode on in dead and gloomy silence. The rest followed, one by one, forcing their way through brushwood too thick to admit of two abreast. The track, such as it was, now buried in snow, they frequently missed; but Trefarley, keeping by the course of the rivulet, continued ascending, and occasionally beheld the tree, which he felt convinced was the one he sought. At length he arrived at the turn he well remembered, and observed with horror, but in silence, that the bushes were here evidently more bent and displaced than on his former visit, as if more persons than one had passed violently through together. The snow covered all other traces, if such there were; and Trefarley spoke

but to direct his followers in a low whisper to force themselves through the brushwood on both sides, and thus prevent any escape, while he himself pushed up the path which he knew led directly to the hut. Geoffrey would fain have shared this perilous lot, but Trefarley was inflexible, and promising to bring his companions round him by a shout, so soon as he should ascertain that no alarm had as yet caused the ruffians to disperse. They obeyed his injunctions, and he was quickly out of their sight. Several minutes elapsed before any sound reached them, when a low call, rather than a shout, was heard, and each breaking through the brushwood, hastened to the spot. At the door of the hut stood Trefarley alone, his pistol, indeed, in his hand, but in the calm attitude of despair, rather than any gesture of violence. He uttered in a few low tones, 'She is not here—but you will find evil doings yonder!' and he pointed to the hut, into which they all crowded with eager curiosity. There lay outstretched the body of the handsome and youthful Dugavet, new stiff, and as if cemented to the earth in his own coagulated blood. Though the interior of the building was too dim to allow of any very distinct vision, yet all perceived plainly enough that a scene of murder was before them, and a low and broken exclamation of horror burst from each, as they separately entered the hut. Shocked even to agony by the discovery that Miss Starinville was not there, while the broken bushes without, and the murdered man within, manifested but too well that some violent contest had taken place, which he felt a terrified assurance must have been on her account; Trefarley, on discovering the corpse, had stood for some minutes in total and almost distracted silence. But having aroused himself, and brought his followers round him, he now directed them to bring the body out, and prepare to remove it to the house; while he would himself, he said, hasten forward to break the dreadful tale to Clara, and consult on farther means of recovering her unhappy sister. Accordingly, gently lifting the corpse, the men brought it to the door, and laid it on the snow, upon which the risen sun was now glittering. All trace of the stormy passions which, but too often, were wont to agitate the lofty features of the rash and ill-fated Dugavet, had vanished, and his countenance wore the placidity and stillness of death. The ball having entered the back of his head, no stain of blood disfigured his face; which, now disguised no more by the ill-suited head-dress he had so long worn, but bordered only by his own raven locks clustering darkly round his open and noble brow, looked, even in death, transcendently handsome. Trefarley, absorbed as he was in his own deep cares, gazed on it with interest and compassion, mingled with curiosity. Whence came, and who was this noble-looking stranger so foully murdered?"

We have now only to repeat our former commendations, and say that the author of *Rybrant de Cruce* (Miss Head, the sister of two popular authors) is one from whom we expect much future entertainment.

Maw's Passage from the Pacific to the Atlantic. WE beg our readers to follow Mr. Maw and us, without pausing for introductions, *alias* interruptions, from page to page. The journal proceeds—

"About five o'clock, having come five or six leagues from Balsa Puerto, and the obstacles offered by the trees that were grounded not allowing us to proceed at night, we brought-to

a 'playa' (a dry bank of sand), on which we cooked our suppers, and restowed the canoes. The Indians slept on the playa, under small tents made of tucuya, which they suspended to sticks fixed in the sand to keep off musquitoes, and, as we were afterwards told, more formidable wild animals. I cannot answer for the truth, but on our expressing surprise that the Indians should sleep on the playas, to which we were repeatedly told wild beasts came down, and on which we not unfrequently saw traces of recent footsteps, our informers said that if no part of the body, a hand, &c. was exposed from under the canopy, tigers would come down and walk round, without attempting to molest the sleepers; but if a hand or a foot was to make its appearance, the result would probably be otherwise. Mr. Hinde and myself slept in the canoes, partly as considering them the best berths, and partly lest the Indians should attempt any tricks, which we had been told was not improbable; and to be ready to start early in the morning. The Indians appeared satisfied with having had sufficient to eat; and the only disturbance we met with during the night was from a few musquitoes, which had not yet become seriously troublesome."

The canoemen turned out well.

"About noon (says the writer) we stopped to cook, and as our canoemen's manner of making a meal was rather original, I shall endeavour to describe it. The first point was to look out for a playa sufficiently above the level of the river to be quite dry, and, if possible, one on which drift-wood had been left that might serve for fuel. The playa being found, the canoes were hauled close in, and made fast to stakes about the size of boat-hook staves, which were worked into the sand. The Indians then lost no time in jumping out with knives, choppers, &c., and ran in different directions to collect dry sticks and wood. After sufficient fuel was obtained, one took upon himself the office of cook, making the fire, whilst others peeled plantains and yucas, washed the meat, and cut it into pieces three or four inches square. In making a fire they were clever and expeditious. With a flint and steel (which an Indian, who can obtain it, is never without, and always carries with him, generally in a small netted bag slung over his shoulder) a light was struck on tinder made of bark, and kept in a piece of hollow bamboo, or on the pith of an aloe, also kept in a piece of bamboo. Sticks were then placed carefully with the ends together, leaving room for a draught, and logs laid at the sides to support and protect the whole. The small sticks not being dry enough, chips were cut from larger and drier pieces, and in a few minutes they had a blaze. The fire being ready, the provisions which had been prepared were put together into a large earthen pot, and boiled, except some plantains that were roasted, the ripest with their skins on, the unripe ones peeled, as a substitute for bread. We found that the Indians invariably preferred dried monkeys to dried wild boar, always taking the former when allowed to choose, and even stealing the last when only one was left. The yuca is a species of mandioca or casaca root, but it is not poisonous. When boiled, particularly with meat, it has much the flavour of a roasted Spanish chestnut. When the pot had boiled, and the mess was sufficiently cooked, it was taken off the fire, and the Indians squatted round it, sitting on their hams, each helping himself, and gorging as long as any thing eatable was left. All being devoured, they started up, ran into the river to about the

depth of their knees, and again squatting down, threw the water over their heads and backs with their hands. After which they swallowed copious draughts of chicha, made by taking a handful of chewed yucas, which their wives and female friends had been employed in preparing before we started, and which was kept in earthen jars covered with leaves, and mixing it with water in a large calabash by the hand. By the time all was finished, their bodies appeared pretty nearly ready to burst; and being satisfied, they became noisy. They were, however, willing, good-tempered creatures, and gave us no trouble. Preparing and devouring a meal usually took these Indians from an hour to an hour and a half."

The Guallaga, into which a course of about a hundred miles brought the canoes, is far superior to the Cachi Yaco; and Mr. M. states—

"Below the junction of the river from the westward the water deepened to five fathoms when clear of islands, and three and a half abreast of islands. The breadth of the Guallaga was variable; but when clear of islands, I think it was from a third to half a mile. The rate of the current at the time we came down was about four miles per hour; but I suppose this varies according to the season, and even to the daily rains. The trees on the banks were not generally large; we occasionally saw one or two above the rest, and which the Indians said were muenas. Their branches were twisted much like the English oak. Numerous birds, mostly of the parrot species, flew across the river during the early and latter parts of the day; but in the heat of the day all was quiet. At sunset we arrived off the entrance of a small creek, which passes through the eastern bank to the pueblo of Santa Cruz. On entering, the canoemen blew their horn, and we proceeded up. Blowing on a horn, or making a noise on some other instrument, is an old custom amongst the Indians, and signifies a pacific intention. It appeared probable, that in their numerous combats previous to the visits of the missionaries, a strict silence, so as to surprise an enemy, was their principal manoeuvre, whilst a noise was made to announce an approach, and that no hostility was intended. Had we been hostilely inclined, we could scarcely have chosen a worse place to go up than the creek we were now in. Its windings almost equalled those of a labyrinth, and the banks were steep and covered with wood; whilst the breadth, which at the entrance might have been ten or twelve yards, and the depth a fathom to a fathom and a half, decreased, until, some trees having fallen across, and the stumps of others sticking in the channel, it was not easy to get even our small canoes up. After going about a mile we came to a small basin, on the right bank of which, and on a rising ground, stands the pueblo of Santa Cruz. Numbers of dogs gave notice of our arrival, and we landed to seek the governor. We found him sitting on the trunk of a tree that had been felled, smoking a cigar, and dressed in a frock and trowsers made of tucuya. He rose to meet us; and having learnt who we were, very civilly walked with us to his rancho, and offered us a mess of roomsooka for supper. We soon found that this officer's character was that of a complete Nimrod. In answer to our inquiries for information respecting the productions of his district, he said he had no information to give. His district produced nothing; but when roomsookas, sachywakas, and tigers, were mentioned, he entered with rapture on that part of the

subject, and gave us glowing accounts of the Indian manner of hunting, modestly premising, that 'he knew a little about that'; and concluded by expressing his surprise, almost regret, that 'tigers' were becoming scarce in his neighbourhood—(he had told us of the destruction of ten!) Much of the spirit of the governor's description depended on the accompanying manner, which to him was evidently quite natural, particularly where, with a spear in his hand, he described the tiger at bay; any repetition of mine, therefore, must fall far short of the original. Nevertheless, as his account was infinitely superior to any other we received, I endeavour to follow it. Early in the morning the huntmen, accompanied by dogs, go down to the banks of the river; and having found a track on some of the playas leading from the water, they know that the beast has been drinking, and is gone to his den to sleep. The dogs are laid on the scent, followed by the huntmen through the Montaña, until the animal they are in chase of is in sight. Should it be a tiger, the dogs hang back, and the beast turns to defend himself, places himself on his haunches ready to spring, and, in the governor's language, 'roars till the woods tremble.' He is at bay; it is then that the boldest of the party must face him. The huntsman, armed with a short spear, advances directly to the tiger's front. Each is aware of his danger, and each watches for a favourable opportunity. Were the huntsman to rush in and make too strong a thrust, the smoothness of the tiger's fur, and the toughness of his skin, would turn aside the spear, the man lose his balance, and in all probability pay the forfeit of his life for his folly. To prevent or avoid this, the blunt end of the spear is held in the right hand; the left foot a little advanced, and the spear pushed through the hollow of the left hand with a smart, but not too heavy a blow, so as to recover it instantly, or, if the weapon enters, to push it home, if possible, to the tiger's heart. I do not suppose that all the animals killed in this manner are equal to Bengal tigers; but there are some animals in this part of South America coming under the general denomination of 'tiger,' which are very formidable,—at least quite sufficiently so for most men not to feel ambitious of standing before one at bay, armed only with a short spear. After supper the governor shewed us his various sporting implements, as well as weapons for attack and defence. They consisted of two spears for land animals; harpoons and bows and arrows (the heads of the latter separate from the shafts, with lines secured to them) for fish; and a pucuna several feet longer than any other we had seen, the mouth-piece ornamented with tigers' teeth instead of boars' tusks. His dogs were common curs, something resembling the pyars of India. The flesh of the roomsooka, which had been given us for supper, and which was part of the governor's previous day's game, somewhat resembled pork: it was not particularly good, and we were afterwards told is not considered wholesome. Although this animal comes, I believe, under the general denomination of wild boar, of which there are numerous varieties on the Marañon, it has three jointed toes, instead of two horned hoofs, on each foot, and, like the tapir, it goes much into the water. I here got the skin of a tapir from a man who wanted beads, or some other European manufacture for it; but as these were stowed away in the canoes, he was obliged to take money. I also bought the skin of a large red marmot from the governor, and

some beans, of which he did not know the name, but which he said were considered a remedy for the flux. The oil is got by cutting the beans into pieces, boiling them, and taking the scum. A torch made of copal, tied up in a plantain stalk, was burning as a light. The copal is got near the pueblo. We learnt also that some white bees-wax is found, and is there worth six reals a pound. Yucas and plantains were considered as matters of course, being the principal support of the inhabitants. The governor also informed us, that there is a small stream entering the Guallaga about two leagues above Santa Cruz, which communicates with the Ucayali, but is not navigable even for canoes. The pueblo of Santa Cruz was built about fourteen years previous to our arrival. It contained about twenty ranchos, built in a similar manner to those of Balsa Puerto. The present governor had ruled since the foundation of the pueblo, and perhaps managed better than a more polished magistrate, as his prowess in hunting probably tends to maintain his authority. That he entered into the party feelings of his pueblo was evident; for when on our landing we had inquired of him whether it would be safe to leave the canoes with the Indians, without any one to look out on them, he asked where they were from; and being told from Balsa Puerto, he said,—"Yes, they would be safe; the Balsa Puerto Indians were honest men, but all the Laguna people were thieves." We afterwards found there was a feud between the Indians of Santa Cruz and those of Laguna; and when the Laguna Indians were with us, the governor's charge was not proved.†

"We here began to be annoyed by an insect about the size of a small ant, but resembling in appearance the common summer-fly of England. The natives call it pium. It is most troublesome during the day, relieving guard with the musquito, which prefers the night. Whilst biting, it does not smart like the musquito, but fills itself with blood and leaves the pore running, after which a small black mark, about the size of a small pin's head, continues for days, and even weeks, and the part bitten swells. These insects are so innumerable and persevering, that we found it impossible to keep clear of them; and in one part of the passage our hands were so much swelled, that the knuckles were not discernible. . . .

"The Indians of Laguna live principally on fish, plantains, and yucas; they also drink large quantities of chicha, of which they make four kinds, from maize, yucas, plantains, and chuntas, a large red, fleshy palm-nut. The yuca-chica is the best, and is made by boiling the yuca, chewing part, crushing the re-

mainder, and again boiling it: when wanted for use, it is mixed with water by the hand. Maize chicha is made by crushing and boiling the grain, after which a moderate quantity of chewed cumal, a root resembling yuca, or potato, and having a red skin, is added, and the whole boiled again. It will not keep longer than a week. Plantains are taken when very ripe, peeled, bruised, and boiled; after which they are strained through sieves made of rushes, and again boiled. Chuntas are boiled, and the stones taken out, crushed, mixed with water, boiled and strained. This chicha is considered better than the plantain, but not equal to that made from maize or yucas."

It was on the 21st, viz. six days after starting by water, that our travellers arrived at the junction of the Guallaga with the Marañon—where Mr. M. says, "supposing myself to be the first British officer that had ever embarked on the trunk of this the largest river of the world, we drank the health of his royal highness the lord high admiral, and, joined by the Indians, gave three cheers. The junction of the Guallaga with the Marañon has been lavishly described by the missionaries. I can only say it did not produce those impressions on my mind which their description had led me to expect. The basin formed might be about a mile across; but there was a dry bank of sand towards the middle, with a bar at the entrance of the Guallaga, on which I sounded in only one fathom and a half: perhaps we were not in the deepest water."

Descending: "Iquitos is noted for its manufacture of grass hammocks, one of which I got for a knife. As usual, we inquired for other specimens, and, as usual, found it difficult to obtain any. Some monkeys' skins were offered to us, and we got a number of paroquets not much larger than sparrows, and which are common in this part of the country. There was a wild turkey-hen and a peury that belonged to some of the Indians; but we could not get them. A few feathers, some birds badly stuffed, and a bunch of the root with which the Indians stupify fish, were the remainder of our acquisitions. The root is, I understand, a deadly poison, its effects having been tried since our return to England by a scientific gentleman, who, wishing to ascertain whether it was 'narcotic,' bit a small quantity, which was near proving too much."

[Conclusion next week].

CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS.

[Third Notice; conclusion.]

THE self-drawn portrait of a man of talent, rank, and influence, (for genuine correspondence furnishes all the traits necessary to such a picture) in every relation with society, cannot, at any time, fail of being interesting to the observer of human character, and of the manners and feelings of a people; and no era could surpass that of our second Charles, and few portraits that of the Earl of Chesterfield, for an interest of this sort. His youthful pages are prurient and dissolute; his manhood profligate, yet mixed up with consequence in the serious revolutions which, "handy dandy," transformed the nobleman into the exiled pauper, and raised the soldier of fortune to wealth and luxury; his premature old age exhibits the penalties of the excesses of some quickly-spent years; and the whole is a memorable example of a licentious individual, one, and indicative, of a licentious age. Lord Chesterfield appears to have been among the most devoted to pleasures, and the most clever of his contemporaries; but, with all his follies and

vices (the follies and vices of his day), as a public man faithful to his friends, and honest to his country,—a rare example, when tergiversation and want of principle were monstrously notorious. Consulting his honour (as seems evident) as well as his ease, he frequently declined the foremost official appointments; and in his attachments to sovereigns and statesmen, as well as to principles, he evinces a firmness and sincerity which would reflect a lustre upon the more moral names of our, at least, less openly dissolute times. But we are not going to pen a homily, and therefore hasten to our concluding selections. Our first is a characteristic anecdote. During a severe illness, he tells us, "a surgeon intimated to his lordship that his foot was mortified, and asked if he should amputate the limb. 'To this I answered, that as I was come into the world with two legs, I would go out of the world with two legs, and not have it cut off. But it pleased God that there was no gangreen or mortification.'"

One of the striking features of this age was the excessive courteousness and French style of compliment* which prevailed in all the intercourse of life—gilding even the most flagrant depravity. We cannot cite the strangest instances, but must content ourselves with a letter from this erratic and intriguing nobleman to his wife, in the midst of all his aberrations.

"To my Wife, the Lady Elizabeth Butler, daughter to the Duke of Ormonde, after the death of our Son, and of my Mother's Husband, Mr. Onele. 1660-1."

"My Dear,—Although I am yet hardly at Lester, I can not forbear giving you an account of my thoughts, to let you know how sensible I am of the justice that attends your melancholy. I am now going to a house of mourning, and in your absence (to mee) the pleasingst objects doe appear vailed. But I dare say noe more, since things that come nearest to perfection are taken for their contrarie; the devoutest man is often thought an hypocrit, and the most perfect frindship is judged dissimulation: therefore mine shall now only appear in begging that you will be good to your selfe, and have an equall return of kindness for him who is your, &c."

Be it remarked, that this lady was about twenty, and, as Grammont reports, with a heart always open to tender engagements, neither scrupulous with regard to constancy nor delicate with regard to sincerity!!! Yet the following is another of her faithless lord's letters to her in 1664, the year before her early death:—

"My Dear,—If my messengers were as quick as my thoughts, you would hear from mee every minute, for since fate and my inclinations made me yours, I have constantly thank'd Heaven for that blessing; therefore let us banish all those little storms that commonly attend a married life; for if your kindness can rise to a pitch like mine, our happiness is in-

* Take a well-turned specimen: "It is so natural to be pleased with the praise of great and able men, that tho' we know wee do not deserve it, yet we cannot but hope that it rather proceeds from some mistake occasioned by their partiality or kindness than from the complementary style of this age, which, in my opinion, borders a little too much upon flattery. In your lordship's last letter you are pleased rather to let me see what I should be than what I am; for the favourable character which your lordship has so neatly drawn, and says the world gives me, seems only a fine picture, which doth more shew the skill of him who made it than represent him who it so little resembles. My lord, all I will say on this subject is, that tho' I must yield to most of your friends and servants in merit, yet I will do it to none of them in affection; for I am, with all the zeal imaginable, &c."

† On coming lower down where they were employed, we were told—"Whilst we were with the padre, some Indians came to ask his blessing previous to their leaving the pueblo. We therefore availed ourselves of the opportunity to request, that in giving his benediction to our canoe-men, he would add an injunction for them to behave well whilst with us, and also to explain that they would be supplied with provisions, and that we should endeavour to treat them with justice; only requiring that they would work, and not occasion trouble, as we had not had any with the Balsa Puerto men. Whether it was the padre's injunction that induced them to pay more attention, or their natural character, the manner in which the Laguna canoe-men became acquainted with our habits was surprising. Savages as they were, in the course of a few days they were as well acquainted with us as if we had been together all our lives; and had it been possible for us to have taken them and their canoes the whole way down the Marañon, we might have made the passage in about half the time, and with comparative ease. One of Mr. Hinde's crew was blind; but he was an excellent boatman, cheerful, and seldom at a loss. My coxswain had much the cut and manner of an old quarter-master; and, indeed, on the whole, there are few European boats' crews who would have been superior to our Laguna canoe-men."

cluded in ourselves. I here must make a pause to recover breath, since just now the unexpected newsw of my best freind's having lost his has almost taken mine. The Lord F. is dead, and with him as much worth as fraile man contains. Oh sad condition of mortals, who worship what is past, desire what is to come, and seldom enjoy the present; therefore let misfortunes teach us to be wise, and in the small circles of our lives thank Heaven for all our blessings, and consider how many are in a worse estate than we. Let this make us imbrace our freinds, forgive our enemies, and willingly submit ourselves to his protection, who, I hope, will crown you with glory, and mee with happiness in being yours, &c."

Twenty years later we find the subjoined striking passage in a letter to Mr. Bates:

"We are here told that Sir Thomas Armstrong* died well; which makes mee think that it is easier to die well than to live well. But I have long observed, that few persons doe die timorously on a scaffold, or resolutely on a bed; so that, by the manner of taking leave, nobody can judge the success of the journey."

There are several such pithy sentences in various parts: for example:—"Alas! my lord, ambition, though to empire, is thought vaine; and you know to well, that one halfe hower spent with a prince in some amorous intrige, shall advance a man more than ten years consumed in battels; for courts have ever been the paradise of vice, where 'tis rewarded, and the hell of vertu, where 'tis punished."

The next is a characteristic letter of the same date, though wonderfully applicable to the present, and perhaps to every other epoch.

To Lord Fauconberg.

"London, when he was in Yorkshire, 1684.

"My Lord,—To take noe more notice of a freind in the country than if he were in the grave, is an unpardonable peice of indifference; and, on the other side, to tire them continually with letters, were to disturbe that quiet which, perhaps, they left the town to enjoy. To keepe a meane betweene these extremes is very hard; 'tis enough that wee intend it. This last has been a weeke of great alterations in our court affayres. The Lord Radnor is discharged his attendance as president of the councill; the Lord Rochester is removed from the treasury, and Mr. Godolphin put in his place, whose office of secretary is conferrd on my Lord Middleton. 'Tis an odd daunce among the statemen: few persons yet know who began it, nor who fiddles to it; but 'tis certaine my Lord Rochester has the hardest change in it, who, if he pleases, is designed to succeed my Lord Radnor in the presidentship of the councill. At all these revolutions (as Virgil's shepard says) *non equidem invidio, miror magis*; and I cannot but congratulate the felicity of this age that affords so many persons equally fit for the treasury, secretaries of state, presidents of the councill, or what you please. Formerly, 'twas thought these required different talents, studies, and educations. Methinks it should be comfortable for all that have any pretences at court, to observe these great employments under so swift a rotation, that every man of merit may hope to tast of them in his turne; and I wish, for the publicke as well as myselfe, that some of them may bring your lordship to town this winter. I am, &c."

A letter to the Earl of Arran, descriptive of

the death of "the Merrie Monarch" (1684-5) is of too much historical interest to be omitted.

"My Lord,—I writ the last post, at the king's backstairs, a short letter to the Duke of Ormond, when I had so great a trouble upon mee and such a confusion of mind (by reason of my being surprised with his majesties desperat condition, who wee thought just before out of danger) that I hardly knew then, or doe now remember, what I writ; and, seriously, I am but little better able to doe it now, though I have had much more time to recollect myselfe. My lord, I doe not love to be the first declarer of ill newse, and I am confident your lordship will have heard of the king's death, by an express, long before this paper can come to you; and therefore I will onely say that, as to the manner of it (of which I was a witness, as having watched two whole nights with him and saw him expire), nothing could be greater; and, should I but mention half the remarkable passages that came to my cognisance, they would be much more proper to fill a volume with than a letter; and, therefore, I will onely say, in short, that he died as a good Christian, asking and praying often for God's and Christ's mercy; as a man of great and undaunted courage, in never repining at the loss of life, or for that of three kingdoms; as a good-natured man, in a thousand particulars; for when the queene sent to aske his pardon for any thing that shee had ever done amisse, he answered that shee never had offended him, and therefore needed noe pardon, but that he had need of hers, and did hope that shee would not refuse it him. Hee exprest extraordinary great kindness to the duke his brother, and asked him often forgiveness for any hardships he had ever put upon him, assuring him of the tenderness of his love, and that he willingly left him all he had; desiring him, for his sake, to be kind to his poor children, when he was gon. Lastly, he asked his subjects pardon for any thing that had been neglected, or acted contrary to the best rules of a good government; and told those who stood about his bed, how sorry he was for giving them so much trouble by his being so long a dieing; desiring often death to make more haist to free him from his pain, and the bystanders from their attendance. Your lordship, I am sure, would have thought it very touching to have been a spectator of this dismal scene, and to have seene this brave and worthy prince lye in the horrid agonie of death, with all the paines unimaginable upon him, from six at night till twelve the next day, at which time he died. I confess I could not forbear expressing to effeminat a nature, nor am I able to repeat this now to your lordship without being very sensible of soe generall a losse: and, therefore, I can say noe more but that I am, &c."

The gathering of the clouds which were to end in the ruin of James II. is anticipated with great ability and prescience, in a letter to Lord Halifax, December 10, 1686.

"My Lord,—I received your lordship's of the 5th instant, and am concernd to find, that one who so well understands the misteries of state, and how to weather out a storme, should now despaire of safety. It makes me often think how many blessings must unite to make a kingdom happy; for tho' wee have now a prince whose study is his countries glory, whose courage would give him luster without a throne, whose assiduity in business makes him his own cheif minister, and whose greatest recreations are his fleets and armies; yet heaven, it seems, hath found a way to

make all this more terrible than lovely. Riches, arts, and arms, did never flourish more than now within this ile, where property and lawes are still preserved, tho' many say, 'quid fatis leges, ubi tanta potentia regnat?' For men are generally discontented, and dread the being shewd some other way to heaven. Holland, that sees their own religion extirpated in France, and how subject wee are here to change, trembles at the frowns of two mighty kings, esppecially when they remember the grounds of their misterious union twenty years agoe; and what our ambassador then sayd on that subject to his Catholick majesty. But God is the great ruler of the harts of kings; and tho' the morning is overcast and threatens thunder, yet they and wee may see it change into a glorious day; and, therefore, do not yet despond, nor rack your thoughts to find the deep decrees of fate, but be happy as long as you can, and make me so, in being always kind to, &c."

Though we extract only this document, we ought to say that many of his lordship's letters written about this period, are marked with extraordinary discrimination, and clearly foretell the coming catastrophe. In 1688, he writes, "I do daly receive, my lord, so many marks of your favour and civility, that I despair of deserving them, and must confess that nothing but your kindness could supply my want of merit. The account your lordship gives me of the cabals that are making in the House of Lords against some of our great ministers, is what I have long expected; and I believe that they themselves have little reason to be surprised at it; for those who in a short time get vast estates, high titles of honour, and great offices, by sailing with every wind till the poor bark is almost sinking, must allow those who are in danger of drowning to complain of them who steer the boat. Seriously, since the time of the first Romans, self-interest has been the great disease that has most infected mankind, and I doubt it has destroyd in this kingdom most of those publick spirits, who formerly preferred a generall good before a private advantage: but this is a subject that some of your lordship's freinds, as well as mine, wil not like to heare of, and therefore I do intreat your lordship to burn this paper, and to believe that I am entirely, &c."

The annexed letter from "Mr. John Dryden, the poet," to Lord C., in Feb. 1696, is of too much literary interest to be omitted in the *Literary Gazette*.

"My Lord,—I have hitherto wanted confidence to give your lordship the trouble of a letter, which I design'd almost a year together, and am now forced to take this opportunity or wholly loose it. My translation of Virgil is already in the press, and I can not possibly deferr the publication of it any longer than Midsummer Term at farthest. I have hindered it thus long in hopes of his return, for whom and for my conscience I have suffered, that I might have layd my authour at his feet: but now, finding that God's time for ending our miseries is not yet, I have been advised to make three severall dedications, of the *Eclogues*, the *Georgics*, and the *Eneis*. The *Eclogues* have been desired a year ago by my Lord Clifford, whose father, the treasurer, was my patron; the *Georgics*, by the Marquess of Normanby; and if I must presume so farr, I would humbly offer the *Georgics* to your lordship's patronage. They are not, I confess, the most specious part of Virgil, but, in revenge, they are his masterpieces; in which he has not onely outdone all other poets, but him,

* "Sir Thomas Armstrong was executed on Friday, the 22d of June, 1684, on the attainder of outlawry for treason."

self. Accordingly, I have laboured, and I may say have cultivated the Georgiques with more care than any other part of him; and, as I think myself, with more success. 'Tis suitable to the retired life which you have chosen, and to your studies of philosophy. From the first hour since I have had the happiness of being known to your lordship, I have always preferred you in my poor esteem to any other nobleman; and that in all respects. And you may please to believe me as an honest man, that I have not the least consideration of any profits in this address, but only of honouring myself by dedicating to you. By this time, my lord, you may perceive why I have been solicitous to procure the favour of your being one of the subscribers to this work. And, to return to the beginning of my letter, 'twas upon a just diffidence of my success in this presumption that I have humour'd my natural bashfulness, in not addressing (this) to you sooner. But, as teeming women must speak at last, or lose their longing, so I am constrain'd to beg that I may not miscarry of my translation, who am, with all manner of humility, &c."

In return, the patron seems to have sent the poet a handsome compliment; for in his reply, after the publication, in August of the same year, Dryden says—

"I can not pretend to acknowledg, as I ought, the noble present which I have received from your lordship, any more than I can pretend to have deserv'd it. I will not think that, like Sylla, you rewarded a bad poet, and, at the same time, commended him to write no more; for the greatest value I can put upon my selfe is your favourable opinion of my verses. I am glad that they have pleas'd the world; but I am proud that they have pleas'd your lordship. By the largeness of your present, I must conclude that you considered who gave, and not who was to receive; and I know but one who made this reflection before your lordship, and that was Alexander. I am sure I need not say that I have avoided flattery in my dedication; for your character was established with all who had the honour of knowing you. I have only spread it amongst those who had not that happiness; as being from the bottom of my hart, and without poetry, &c."

With this we conclude; only again remarking, that though some of these letters are comparatively unimportant, and others too strong for the decency of our day, yet they are, with all their faults, extremely curious to the general reader, as historical portraits and sketches of a corrupt age. We regret to cite any instance of the tendency to profaneness which the principal writer exhibits; but, as we cannot copy his amorous offences, we must, to render our review a just one, specify his laxity in the other respect.

"I would sooner (he says in a letter of 1756) have returned you my most humble thanks for your last favour, had I not been tormented by such a cold as I think is attended with a legion of devils; I mean head-ache, tooth-ache, cough, and defunction in my eyes, &c.; which makes me often wish that there were somebody now, as there was formerly, that could send them all into a herd of swine. Seriously, I am not only obliged to keep my chamber, but to be the most part of the day upon my bed, and therefore I know you will not expect a long letter at this time from, &c."

The following, though gay, are rather witty than really objectionable.

"My daughter Betty return'd this day from

Nottingham, where shee met your pious brother, who, shee sayes, looks very ill, and is observed to be grown very melancholy. I hope the thoughts of his going to heaven doe not trouble him; and yet I have often observed that the saint and the sinner are equally unwilling to come to the trial which of them has acted the wisest part."

"The last week, I received a letter from the Speaker of the House of Lords, to command my attendance on the house, or else to send two persons to swear at the bar of the house that I am not able to come. I confess I doe think this very hard; for since a man who is not well does not some times know him self whether he is able to undertake such a journey, how can he honestly send two persons to swear that they beleive he is not in a condition to come up? Besides, this is but a late custom; and when I moved the last session in the house to have it renewed, it was upon a change of government, to oblige all the peers to come and take a new oath to a new master. But now that the kingdom is so well settled, I can not conceive why your lordships should in danger the damning us poor country lords and our servants, by tempting them to forswear themselves. And how can the house expect this obedience from us, who are at a hundred miles distance, when at the same time several of the bishops will neither send nor come?"

Our last quotation adverts to a curious parliamentary practice; and with it we bid adieu to this very entertaining volume.

CAPTAIN BASIL HALL'S AMERICA.

PURSUING our view of these volumes, and endeavouring to afford the public a sufficient idea of their quality, we now transcribe an account of Charleston slave-market. In perambulating that city, Captain Hall says—

"My attention was arrested on the way by a circumstance which I might certainly have expected in Charleston, but somehow had not looked for. On reaching the Exchange, in the centre of which the post-office is placed, I heard the sound of several voices in the street, like those of an auctioneer urging an audience to bid for his goods. I walked to the side of the gallery overlooking a court or square, in which a number of people were collected to purchase slaves and other property. One man was selling a horse on which he was mounted, and riding up and down the streets; another, in the same way, was driving about in a curriole, bawling out to the spectators to make an offer for his carriage and horses. But of course my attention was most taken up with the slave market. A long table was placed in the middle of the street, upon which the negroes were exposed, not one by one, but in families at a time. From this conspicuous station they were shown-off by two auctioneers, one at each end of the table, who called out the biddings, and egged on the purchasers by chanting the praises of their bargains. These parties of slaves varied in number. The first consisted of an old infirm woman, a stout broad-shouldered man, apparently her son, his wife, and two children. The auctioneer, having told the names of each, and described their qualifications, requested the surrounding gentlemen to bid. One hundred dollars for each member of the family, or 500 for the whole party, was the first offer. This gradually rose to 150, at which sum they were finally knocked down; that is to say, 750 dollars for the whole, or about £170. Several other families were then put up in succession, who brought from 250 to 260 dollars each member, including children at the

breast, as well as old people quite incapable of work. The next party was exceedingly interesting. The principal person was a stout well-built man, or, as the auctioneer called him, 'a fellow who was a capital driver.' His wife stood by his side—a tall, finely proportioned, and really handsome woman, though as black as jet. Her left arm encircled a child about six months old, who rested, in the oriental fashion, on the hip bone. To preserve the balance, her body was inclined to the right, where two little urchins clung to her knee, one of whom, evidently much frightened, clasped its mother's hand, and never relinquished it during the sale which followed. The husband looked grave and somewhat sad; but there was a manliness in the expression of his countenance, which appeared strange in a person placed in so degraded a situation. What struck me most, however, was an occasional touch of anxiety about his eye as it glanced from bidder to bidder, when new offers were made. It seemed to imply a perfect acquaintance with the character of the different parties competing for him—and his happiness or misery for life, he might think, turned upon a word! The whole of this pretty group were neatly dressed, and altogether so decorous in their manner, that I felt my interest in them rising at every instant. The two little boys, who appeared to be twins, kept their eyes fixed steadily on their mother's face. At first they were quite terrified, but eventually they became as tranquil as their parents. The struggle amongst the buyers continued for nearly a quarter of an hour, till at length they were knocked down for 290 dollars a-piece, or 1450 dollars for the whole family—about £330 sterling. I learnt from a gentleman afterwards, that the negroes, independently of the important consideration of being purchased by good masters, have a singular species of pride on these occasions in fetching a high price; holding it, amongst themselves, as disgraceful to be sold for a small sum of money. This fact, besides shewing how difficult it is to subdue utterly the love of distinction, may perhaps be useful in teaching us never to take for granted that any one boasting the human form, however degraded in the scale, is without some traces of generous feeling. Indeed, I have frequently heard from judicious and kind-hearted slave-holders—for many such there are in America—that however difficult and thankless it often proves, yet there is always sufficient encouragement—sometimes as a matter of feeling, sometimes as a matter of interest—to treat these poor people not as the inferior animals, with so many of whose attributes we are apt to invest them; but, on the contrary, as men gifted more or less with generous motives, capable of being turned to account."

To this picture of men in the lowest state of degradation, we shall append an example of manners in the upper classes of the same place.

"On the evening of the 29th of February, we attended a ball given in the great rooms belonging to the St. Andrew's Society, to which we had been most kindly invited by the Jockey Club of Charleston. A traveller should speak with great caution—I may say reluctance—of the private manners and customs of foreign countries, since there is almost a universal unwillingness amongst the natives to be commented upon, in these respects, even when nothing is found fault with. Nevertheless, so many characteristic features of every country are displayed in ball-rooms or other public assemblies, that where no personal descriptions

are thought of, or can by any means be made applicable, it may be allowable occasionally to advert to such things for the purpose of illustrating graver matters. If such inferences be drawn with fairness and good-humour, the natives themselves ought, I think, to be rather amused than otherwise, by seeing themselves reflected from the mirror of a stranger's mind. At all events, I am sure, for my own part, I have laughed heartily at the graphic accounts I have read of Edinburgh parties, in more than one American book of travels. The room was large, the ball handsomely got up, and every thing ordered in the best style, with one small exception—the ladies and gentlemen appeared to be entire strangers to one another. The ladies were planted firmly along the walls, in the coldest possible formality, while the gentlemen, who, except during the dance, stood in close column near the door, seemed to have no fellow-feeling, nor any wish to associate with the opposite sex. In the ordinary business of their lives—I mean their busy, money-making, electioneering lives—the Americans have little or no time for companionship, that I could ever see or hear of, with the women, still less for any habitual confidential intercourse. Consequently, when they come together for the express purpose of amusement, those easy and familiar habits which are essential to the cheerfulness of a ball-room, or indeed of any room, are rarely to be found. In place of that unrestrained but innocent freedom of manners which forms one of the highest charms of polished society elsewhere, I must say that I seldom observed anything in America but the most respectful and icy propriety upon all occasions when young people of different sexes were brought together. Positively I never once, during the whole period I was in that country, saw any thing approaching, within many degrees, to what we should call a flirtation: I mean that sedulous and exclusive attention paid to one person above all others, and which may by that person not be unkindly received. Without being called attachment, it often borders so closely upon it, that mere proximity and frequency of intercourse tend to sustain a lambent fire beneath, which may be fanned into flame, or be allowed to expire, according as circumstances, upon further acquaintance, prove suitable or otherwise. This degree of incipient interest, sometimes felt by one, sometimes shared by both, will often admit of ample expression, not only without evil consequences to the young parties themselves, but with eminent advantage both to them and to society. For nothing but good can possibly spring out of a well-regulated exercise of some of the purest and most generous feelings of our nature. I suspect, however, that it is quite essential to the attainment of any high degree of refinement in society, that the practice of expressing such emotions, and many others of a similar character, should be habitual, and not contingent. Such a degree of freedom of manners cannot, I fear, exist in a society like that of America, where, from its very nature, the rules of behaviour cannot yet have become settled."

From civilised, or rather, according to these descriptions, from half-civilised life, our next step shall be to some of the new or projected cities in the wilderness; of some of which it may yet truly be said, by way of pun, *stat nominis umbra*.

"Macon appeared to be in the south, exactly such a town as Utica or Syracuse in the north, or any other of those recently erected towns in the western parts of the state of New York.

It had not the vehement bustle of Rochester, it is true, but it resembled that singular village not a little in its juvenile character, and might have been taken for one of its suburbs. The woods were still growing in some of the streets, and the stumps were not yet grubbed up in others. The houses looked as if they had been put up the day before, so that you smelt the saw-mill every where. The signs and sign-posts were newly painted; the goods exposed before the doors were piled up as if just lifted out of the waggons; the bars at the numberless grocery stores, alias grog-shops, were glittering with new bottles and glasses, barrels of Hollands, whisky, and rum. The inhabitants were unacquainted with one another's residence, and I had to go to eight or ten houses in quest of one gentleman for whom I had a letter. As yet the streets had no names; but they were laid out with perfect regularity, as I could discover by stakes here and there at the corners, and by rows of the pride-of-Indians planted along both sides, in a sort of mockery, as it seemed, of the grim old forest, which was frowning all round on these pigmy works of man. This town of Macon, though founded in 1823, had not yet worked its way to the maps and road-books. At its first establishment, it was thought the navigation of the river Ocmulgee, on which it stands, might be so much improved, that a communication could be opened with the sea-coast of Georgia, and, consequently, that a great portion of the produce of the upper part of that state would find its way to Macon as a dépôt. But these expectations not being realised, the rage for settling there had given place to newer fashions, other situations had been preferred; and this city, which, in the opinion of its founders, was to have been one of the greatest in all the south, it was now feared would soon vanish altogether. In the course of the day's journey, we passed through a place called Dublin, on the banks of the Oconee river. It also had already felt the effect of these withering causes. And we saw several others, the mushroom growth of rapid and unthinking speculation. The inhabitants of some of these juvenile but decaying towns explained to me, that much of the evil which I saw, arose from the unfortunate description of their labouring population."

But we must reserve the conclusion for another *Gazette*.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

The Edinburgh Gazetteer, &c. 8vo. pp. 818. London, Longman and Co.; Edinburgh, Adam Black.

IN 818 pages of double columns we have here an admirably complete edition of an excellent *Gazetteer* in one volume. It contains much of late geographical discoveries and information; and is certainly by far the best work of its kind which we have ever consulted. We do not mean to depreciate the *Gazetteer* in six volumes octavo, from which it is evidently compiled; but those who may not need that extensive publication will have little cause to regret the choice of this single volume.

The Loves of the Poets. By the Author of the "Diary of an Ennuyée." 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1829. Colburn.

WE do not like these volumes, and we wish they had never been written,—partly for the sake of their author, and still more for our own. It is said, that a striking title will induce a bookseller to publish any work; and the *Loves of the Poets* was one of great promise. We should be sorry to be called to a critical

account of what we expected—certainly not what we have got: not even a *raffaichissement*, but a compilation of well-known anecdotes respecting Petrarch's Laura, Dante's Beatrice, &c. Still, we could forgive the collecting common-place anecdotes from the works of others—we could forgive the very after-dinner Irish floweriness of language with which they are invested; but what we cannot forgive is, that it should have been done at all: A poet's love is like the veiled statue of Isis—its very divinity is its mystery. Who is there but has some shadowy yet beautiful *idéal* floating in the innermost recesses of his soul—some vague but lovely likeness of those beings whose smile made the inspiration of those poets whose love may have "interpreted his own?" Who can endure to have this Vaucluse of his heart broken in by the broad daylight of dictionary research, and these "fair creatures of the element" ranged in alphabetical order, and Martha Blunt and Lady Mary Wortley Montague *affiché* with the same sentimentality, meant to supply the place of sympathy, with Beatrice and Leonora. Our illusions are like flowers—they will not endure being gathered, tied up in nosegays, and paraded, without fading. We shall conclude with a traveller's story; one who, on arriving at Vaucluse, was directed to a little public house, on whose sign was painted, "entertainment for man and horse, good beer, *et Petrarch et Laure*." We leave the application of the anecdote to our authoress.

Dictionnaire des Verbes Français; or, Dictionary of French Verbs, showing their different Regimen. Second Edition, carefully revised and improved. To which has been prefixed, a concise French Grammar, in which the Accidence relating to each Part of Speech are exhibited, at once under the Tabular form, in which the French Conjugation, arranged on an entirely new Plan, is both much facilitated and simplified. By J. C. Tarver, French Master, Eton College. Longman and Co.; E. Williams; W. Joy; J. Souter; Simpkin and Marshall; Dulau and Co.; and J. Collingwood. 1829.

IN the present day, when French is so universally spoken, every assistance towards vanquishing its difficulties, and acquiring its fluency, must be readily welcomed; and the volume now before us is one well calculated to advance and assist the student. Mr. Tarver has collected and arranged the idioms in a very clear and perspicuous manner; and we must say his method of classifying the verbs is excellent. We also particularly like the plan of the various tables: the benefit is the same as that derived from a well-constructed map, where all the different bearings are seen at a glance:—we, therefore, cordially recommend this work, as a valuable aid to all learners of that necessary language, the French.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

INEFFICACIOUS POISONS.

ON Tuesday we had an opportunity, at the Argyll Rooms, of witnessing the extraordinary powers possessed by M. Chabert, of resisting the effects of poisons, either internally or externally. M. Chabert is the individual whose equally wonderful capability of withstanding heat has been shown by his remaining shut up in ovens during a long period, and under a degree of temperature far above that which would have destroyed any other living creature. The experiments on the present occasion were exhibited to a private party of some

fifteen persons, including Dr. Gordon Smith, Mr. Titus Bury the surgeon, and other scientific men. Having armed himself by the antidote which he has found to be a guard against animal poisons, M. Chabert swallowed *forty grains of phosphorus*, in the presence of the astonished company. The phosphorus was distinctly put upon his tongue by a gentleman, and beyond all doubt fairly taken into the stomach: nearly, if not quite enough, we presume, to have killed all those who saw this feat done. His next exploit was to sup two spoonful of oil, at 330° by the thermometer—i. e. 120° above the heat of boiling water. This he did without any apparent inconvenience; though the spoon remained for minutes so hot that no one could bear to touch it with his hand. Finally, M. Chabert held his head directly over and in the midst of the fumes of arsenic, which diffusing over a large room speedily became too potent to be inhaled with impunity by any other being who was present. After all this (we add with something like satisfaction at his escape, and at our own good luck in not being accessories to murder or suicide), we had the pleasure to see the performer eat a good dinner and drink his wine, just as if he had taken a ruak and a sip of sherbet by way of whet.

As it may be asked, to what useful purpose can these astonishing proceedings contribute? we should state, that M. Chabert affirms his ability to save the lives of men from every species of poison; and that his antidotes, administered in adequate time after the poison has been swallowed, are as effectual as if previously taken. He farther says, that he has *three* antidotes—one a preservative against vegetable, another against animal, and a third against mineral poisons; so that those of the whole kingdoms may be met and overcome. Even the fatal hydrocyanic, or prussic acid, he professes to take with safety; and from having withstood the bites of vipers and other venomous creatures, he is of opinion that his remedy would be a specific against the bite of mad dogs, and a cure for hydrophobia. Now, without pledging ourselves to unhesitating faith on all these points, we cannot, seeing what we have seen with our own eyes, doubt that M. Chabert's knowledge of antidotes, and experience with respect to poisons, is eminently worthy of medical investigation; and, if he really possess such important secrets, that they ought to be ascertained, and he largely rewarded as a public benefactor. It is for these reasons that we have published this account, and that we invite our physicians, chemists, and other people of scientific intelligence, to inquire into M. Chabert's pretensions, and, if they are sooth, to establish them for the good of mankind.

We may here take the opportunity of mentioning that M. Orfila, the celebrated French chemist, has recently been making a series of experiments with hydrocyanic acid, chiefly for the purpose of ascertaining the proper means of restoring a person to life, where it is practicable, after taking this poison. Hitherto the remedies prescribed have been strong infusions of coffee and oil of turpentine; but seldom with good effect. M. Orfila recommends, first, an emetic; second, the application of ammoniacal or chlorurated water to the nostrils, bleeding from the arm, and the application of leeches behind the ears; third, the affusion of cold water, in the way prescribed by a German physician, M. Erbot. M. Orfila states that these means will restore the patient, unless the quantity of prussic acid taken has

been very great. In order to ascertain the presence of this poison, he recommends the use of nitrate of silver, by which the acid will be precipitated in the form of cyanure of silver. In case of poisoning by opium, he recommends, previous to the administration of emetics, a strong decoction of nutgalls, for the purpose of decomposing the opium.

CAPTAIN ROSS'S EXPEDITION.

[The following extract of a letter, dated Loch Ryan, 14th and 15th June, from Captain Ross, gives the particulars of the accident, and state of matters previous to his sailing, to which we alluded on Saturday. It also contains the latest news of public interest respecting the Expedition.]

"We had the engine working fifty hours, and during that time made a very satisfactory experiment on the paddles:—we found, by drawing up the paddle on the windward side, and leaving the lee one down, with the whole power of the engine on it, she made excellent way against the wind; and she was doing quite well, when a very appalling accident happened to William Hardy, one of the stokers: his foot, while on the side of the engine, slipped, and in attempting to save his fall, his arm got between the guide-wheel and rod of the piston, which shattered it so completely, that I found it necessary to take it off myself, which I did; and also succeeded in taking up the artery, by which his life has been saved. The doctor had not joined, and I of course made way for the nearest port (Logan), and sent him to my house at Stranraer, where he had every possible advice and attention.

"I am happy to say that the vessel is a most excellent sea-boat: in all the storms we have had, we did not take in a drop of water; and she sails fully as well as I expected. But what has given me most satisfaction is the conduct of my crew, who behave in a manner which assures me they will surmount every obstacle, and that ultimate success is certain."

On joining the John (a vessel that was to have accompanied him), Captain Ross found that great discontent prevailed among the crew of that vessel; and upon his going on board, the crew individually refused to heave the anchor. Captain Ross then goes on to state—

"On my saying that my men (i. e. the crew of the Victory) should do it for them, the cowardly vagabonds took to the boats, and landed amidst the hisses and execrations, not only of our gallant crew (who gave three cheers, and said, 'Let us go without them'), but of the villagers, who assembled to witness their landing. A scuffle took place between the captain and the crew; and in their attempting to take one of our boats to escape with, one man was knocked overboard; but no lives were lost. I immediately decided on removing what stores were necessary to complete us from the John, and to proceed without her; which has, I am happy to say, given my brave fellows universal satisfaction. They answered my determination with three cheers, and declared they would follow and stick to me wherever I went.

"We are all in the highest spirits: the wind is fair, the engine, bellows, and boilers, are all in repair, and the anchor is now up.—Farewell!"

AFRICA.

WE have much pleasure in publishing the annexed sketch of a nautical survey of a part of Africa which may be said to be entirely new to European investigation.

The objects of our expedition, co-operating with his Excellency Major-general Turner,

for the abolition of the slave-trade within the British territory on the Sherbro and Boom rivers, being effected by the 21st February, 1826, Captain Owen commenced the survey of the river down to the Leven at its entrance. At this time the chief part of the crews were attacked with the fever (similar to the cholera morbus), which raged to such an extent as to render us unable for several days to weigh anchor, until the wind set in upon the land, when a favourable change took place. Having already made a survey of the coast, only the islands and shoals required further inspection, which we contrived, in our sickly state, faithfully to accomplish by means of assistance from H.M.S. Swinger, Captain Matson, and came to anchor for the night off the fertile little island Bannana, where fresh observations were made, and the island visited throughout. It is situated about a mile from the main, and is about a mile in length: the part toward the sea is a lofty mountain, covered with wood; toward the main it is low, clayey, and rocky land, interspersed with bushes and trees. The town is very clean, and neatly arranged; and much credit is due to Mr. Campbell, commandant of the island, for the civilised manner in which the natives are governed. Here we shot a wild bullock on the mountain, and found it far superior to the stalled beef procured at Sierra Leone. Among the rocks and bushes on the main we caught several kids, which proved a very fine treat. There not being sufficient water in this channel for our ship, we rounded the island, leaving our tender to discover a rock in it upon which one of our boats had struck at low water; and we joined company and sailed down close under the lofty land to Sierra Leone, where we arrived on the 9th of March, several of our seamen being still confined to their hammocks from the ill effects of the Sherbro fever: we made but a dismal approach to anchorage. We now soon learnt from the shore that our anticipations of meeting with those who had, with their governor, shared with us the difficulties of the Bullom warfare, were entirely frustrated: the governor, his aide-de-camp, and the chief of his force, had already fallen victims to the same fever which assailed us after their departure.

At this time there were a great number of ships in the bay, laden with timber for England; and the arrival of H.M.S. Romney, 64, from England, with a reinforcement for the garrison, and other ships of the station, gave a noble appearance to the place; and in the pitch-dark and warm nights of the then approaching season of incessant rains, thunder, and lightning, their ports were open, and the bay presented one grand scene of illumination, which seemed vastly to astonish the simple minds of the natives assembled to witness the strange sight, as they said, "of a vessel on fire." Having supplied ourselves with stores, and disposed of the sick and wounded to Hill's Romney, returning to England, and closed a few lines to relatives and friends, we cheerfully weighed anchor in the midships of the month to complete the survey northward, and sailed out of the bay, followed by our tender and H.M.S. Conflict, 10. Touching at the Isles de Loz, we had the gratification to meet with a ship from Scotland, which had put in here through stress of weather, laden with a variety of European produce for any port on the coast at which she could find the most profitable market. All kinds of European produce, except wine and spirits, being exorbitantly dear at Sierra Leone, we were enabled to provide ourselves with a good stock of potatoes, pickles, porter, whisky,

&c. &c. for our voyage, at a moderate price. This was a great treat, and became of infinite service to us after our late sickness and privations. We remained here but a few hours; and sailing for the islands and shoals off the river Rio Grande the following morning, arrived at the entrance of them on Sunday morning, the 23d of April. With a gentle and favourable breeze we sailed up a fine, broad channel of from sixteen to eighteen fathoms of water, for the distance of two miles from the bar, which, gradually decreasing to eight fathoms, continued two or three miles further, when suddenly each leadman in the chains called *four fathoms*—the boats were immediately lowered and sent off a-head in different directions, waving a flag for each fathom of sounding. At this time, nine a. m., we observed a number of canoes filled with natives, crossing from island to island in the greatest haste, as if alarmed by our approach; but as our ship advanced to shallow water, and was about to tack for the greater depth of soundings, she grounded, and was directly surrounded by a number of canoes, the natives of which held out their poultry, &c. as signs of barter, but were beckoned off. The French chart of the latest survey of these islands and shoals was again consulted; but no fair discovery could be made of the depth of the track we had taken, or of the sand-bank upon which the Leven was now resting her almost worn-out ribs. Immediate recourse was had to whatever means could be suggested to work her off before the neap tides set in. As she lay over on her larboard beam-end upon the sand-bank, with near two fathoms of water on her starboard, the lower deck had so yielded to the strain, as scarcely to admit of any favourable hope of releasing her; and the toll of the bell and preparations for divine service were mingled with confusion and labour. Every possible exertion was now used by the officers and seamen (as if particularly anxious not to rest their bones here, after the difficulties they had already encountered), and made effectual in the last of the spring tides. During the few hours we were on this sand-bank, several visited the extreme ends of it, and collected a quantity of handsome shells; but the natives becoming troublesome and suspicious, they were signalled on board, and the latter ordered off without disposing of their produce: they, however, came again; but from their savage appearance, armed as they were with muskets, spears, and stilettos in cases attached to their bodies, precaution was taken, and only two or three were admitted on board at a time. One young native among them, who could speak a little English, seemed to be acting for all the rest, and a favourable course of barter ensued: during this, those in the canoes were not idle, but devoting themselves to the procuring of what from they could from the vessel's side, and robbing the seamen of tobacco, &c. Upon a young officer's threatening a blow at one of them in the act of theft, he immediately drew his knife from its sheath and made a feint: others were instantly in readiness to fly to his assistance with spears, &c. We had now an opportunity of witnessing the violence of these people, several of whom we observed with deep gashes in their backs, as if speared in the act of retreating from an enemy. Having completed our traffic, they counted the ports, and returned to shore, apparently not well satisfied with the little we had purchased from them; but as they were very tenacious about parting with their stock at a moderate remuneration, and of a

treacherous nature, we were not sorry for their departure. During the night, while all hands were busily engaged in working the ship off the sand-bank, fires were observed on the sandy shore of the island, and great shouting was heard, as if from a numerous body of the natives, which continued till break of day, when several large canoes were seen rowing up against the ebb tide, and pulling out to the centre of the river, for the strength of the tide, with great rapidity, and with a tremendous *war-whoop*, came down upon our boats engaged in getting the stores off the sand-bank. A scuffle soon followed: our men being unarmed, a signal was made for their return, but it was not observed until some had leaped from their boats into the river; they were then signalled to keep to their boats, but the great number of giant and savage-like natives now around them, armed with muskets and spears, tended a little to discourage them, and they resolved at once on the only alternative, that of fighting their way with the oars, and warding off the muskets and thrusts of spears. They fortunately succeeded in regaining their vessel without a wound. The arms and marines being by this time (five a. m.) on deck, they commenced a fire on the canoes, in order to disperse them from the sand-bank, that our business might be renewed; but no sooner were our muskets discharged, than they capsize their canoes to keep off the shot, while they were loading their muskets to return the compliment. This continued for some time, and had not the desired effect, so that it was deemed necessary to favour them with a few canister-shot, which so startled and amazed them, that, throwing their heads around in all directions, and looking above them for the noise of the shot that whistled about their ears, they very quietly hastened to shore. Having a broadside ready loaded to guard against a precipitate attack upon the ship, it was, to prevent any further trouble, discharged as they were landing; and, cutting away the leaves and branches from the thickly studded palm-trees, so alarmed them, that they fled into the wood, leaving their canoes and arms scattered on the shore. On the morning following, our boats, accompanied by a party of marines, visited the land for the purpose of fishing, but caught very little; the canoes had been taken away, and not a native was to be seen on the shore, and those on the river kept at a very shy distance. The boats out on survey returning without being able to find a sufficient depth of water toward Hog Island for the ship to proceed, and the arrival of a couple of native pilots from a more civilised island adjoining that of the Portuguese settlement, confirming the inaccuracy of the late French survey of this part, we returned with the pilots for the entrance of the Rio Grande, where we met with a small schooner; but not being able to discover any thing suspicious about her as a slave-trader, we came to anchor near the old English settlement, formed and abandoned by Lieutenant —, R.N.

[To be concluded in our next.]

Paris, July 2d.

AFTER a pretty long interruption, news has been received at Paris from the French and Tuscan literati who are exploring Egypt and Nubia. Having examined the latter country to the second cataract, they returned to Egypt on the 1st of February last. The letters from M. Champollion, jun., received at three days interval, are dated the 16th and 15th of February, 25th of March, and 2d of April. The last two are from Thebes, where the travellers took up their abode on the 9th of

March, and were lodged in the magnificent tomb of Rhamses IV. at Behn-el-Molok. The historical details in these letters, which fill no fewer than sixty pages, are exceedingly interesting: we shall immediately give extracts from them.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, July 4.—Wednesday being the day appointed for the *Encomia*, a convocation was held in the *chapel*, at which the honorary degree of D.C.L. was conferred on the following gentlemen:—His Excellency J. Harboun, Envoy of the United States of America; Sir Mowat Douglas, Bart. F.R.S.; Sir A. E. Emden-Wilmot, Bart. F.R.S.; Capt. Sir W. E. Parry, F.R.S.; Capt. Sir J. Franklin, F.R.S.

The Rev. J. Lodge, M.A. Fellow of Magdalen College, and the Rev. T. Thorne, M.A. Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, were admitted of *academia*.

The *Crescentian* Oration was then delivered by the Rev. H. H. Milman, Professor of Poetry.

The prize compositions were recited in the usual order.

CHANCELLOR'S PRIZES.

Latin Verse.—M. T. Cicero cum familiaribus suis apud Tuscum.—J. E. Wilmot, Scholar of Balliol College.

English Essay.—The power and stability of federative governments.—G. A. Denison, B.A. Fellow of Oriel.

Latin Essay.—Quibus pessimis rationibus gentes a Romanis debellate: its efficaciaur ut cum victoribus in unum imperii corpus coaluerint.—W. Sewall, B.A. Fellow of Exeter.

SIR ROGER NEWCOMBE'S PRIZE.

English Verse.—Voyage of Discovery to the Polar Regions.—T. L. Cloughton, Scholar of Trinity College.

ASIATIC SOCIETY.

JULY 4th. The President, the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, M.P., in the chair.—John Babington, J. M. Arnett, J. S. Forbes, and Colonel Robert Soot, were severally balloted for and elected. A letter from Ram Ras, head English master at the College of Fort St. George, relating to his callation and translation of the *Silpi Sastra*, the Hindoo sacred treatise on Architecture and Sculpture, was read. Sir Alexander Johnston directed the attention of the meeting to a very beautiful lithographic work, entitled *Oriental Ornithology*, printed at the Behar amateur lithographic press, by Sir C. D'Oyly and C. W. Smith, Esq. Through the kindness of the Marchioness of Hastings, the book was placed on the table for the inspection of the members. Colonel Tod presented his magnificent work, entitled *Annals of Rajasthan*. Several presents in natural history were also made: amongst them was a curious collection of fossil shells (bellerophones), found at St. Helena, 1,000 feet above the level of the sea.

LONDON UNIVERSITY.

THE first session of this Institution having closed, there was, on Thursday, a distribution of prizes to the students who had most distinguished themselves on their examinations.—Earl Grey was in the chair; and, besides many persons of note, the great room, capable of containing about a thousand individuals, was filled by those anxious to witness this interesting ceremony. The rewards were adjudged by the several professors.—Mr. Key, Latin; Mr. Long, Greek; Mr. Dale, English; Mr. De Morgan, mathematics; Dr. Lardner, natural philosophy; and Mr. Amos, law. The latter delivered an eloquent address; as did also the noble chairman. The whole exhibition went off with great *éclat*.

ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY.

AT the first meeting of the Academy in March, Davies Gilbert, Esq. M.P., President of the Royal Society, was unanimously elected an honorary member. The essays, "on the character of Ossian's poems," and "on the change in the climate of Ireland," for prizes offered by the Academy, were announced as received.

At the April meeting of the Academy, several

remains of antiquity were exhibited by Sir William Betham, particularly some globular pieces of unbaked clay, about the size of an orange, which were found in the centre of a large stone cairn in the county of Armagh. This cairn, which was sixty feet in height, was opened by the late Sir Walter Sinnott, but nothing further was discovered therein except several cart-loads of similar pieces of clay, all bearing evident marks of the lath. Part of Mr. Dalton's prize-essay upon the ancient Irish was read; and it was announced that the council had determined to have it printed in the next volume of the Transactions of the Academy.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Hanoverian and Saxon Scenery. From Drawings by Captain Batty. Part XI.

Or the plates which ornament the eleventh Part of Captain Batty's work, the View of the Palace of Fredericksburg is the most striking.

Sir William Clayton, Bart., Lieutenant-Colonel Commandant of the 1st Regiment of Bucks Yeomanry Cavalry. Robert T. Stothard.

A PLEASING little whole-length portrait, bearing intrinsic evidence of being a powerful resemblance to the highly respected original.

Sunday Morning—the Toilette. Painted by R. Farrier; engraved by J. Romney.

A CHARACTERISTIC exhibition of rustic vanity, very cleverly engraved.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE CLOSE OF THE SESSION.

The Catholic Bill.

MY Lords and Commons,—You have much neglected,

In your excessive kindness to the nation,
To see your own dear interest affected
In granting Catholic Emancipation.

I do not mean to tell, for four full hours,
Those threats to which no breast can be a
stranger—

To wit, the eternal Pope's too temporal powers,
The Church, the Country, and the King, in
danger!

And how the Papists' dearest, first desire,—
The one great privilege they seek the most,—
Is just to roast us at a cheerful fire,
Whenever they shall come to "rule the
roast!"

And how we all,—that is, the two or three
That have the infamy to be alive,—
(For every day in Smithfield there will be
"Hot joints" for cannibals "from 12 to 5")!

How we must all salute the Pope's old shoe,
And give our noses if he'd please to pull;
Confess our sins (we'll have enough to do!),
And honest John obey a Popish Bull!

These are but secondary things, no doubt,
Which no true patriot ever feels or fears:—
But pray, my Lords, what will you talk about
For all succeeding parliament's years?

Think of the theme of eloquence—so rich—
So inexhaustible!—(ay! that's the thing!)—
The standard topic, you are losing, which
Came, like the cuckoo, each returning spring!

How will the fine old speakers—*pro and con*—
Miss—sadly miss it, and too late deplore
What they have droned, and humm'd, and
haw'd upon
So well—for half a century or more!

The far-fetch'd similes—the quaint and trite
Quotations, which from Latin grammar came;
The frothy flourishes, that every night
Seem'd all so sensible—and all the same.

The poor reporters, once so grimly gay,
Now sigh disconsolate—their hearts are
broken!

They used to know what each of you would say,
Before a single word was ever spoken:

Or, if they *did* forget,—the old reports,
Of any of the last half-hundred sessions,
Were sure to give them the same brilliant
thoughts—

The same sound sentiments—the same dig-
ressions!

What will you talk of now? or will "the
House,"

Like Hamlet's father, take its evening nap?

Will each poor "Rat" sit "quiet as a mouse,"

Or novice newly captured in *La Trappe*?

You must say *something* sometimes—that's of
course—

When such a crowd of you are met to-
gether;—

Must you embrace a Briton's last resource,
And rise—and, hem!—and spout about—
the weather!

You must indeed! unless you choose to rant
Against old tyranny and tithe and tax,
Or try the softer philanthropic cant,
And whine o'er climbing-boys—and t'other
blacks. SIMKINS SIMKINS.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE OLD POST-OFFICE.

WHEN a few words will preserve the memory of what is about to be removed for ever, we have pleasure in attempting to convey to our readers a brief account of the present Post-office,—an establishment of the greatest public utility, which is to be transferred on the 12th of August to the new and splendid building erected by Smirke on the site of the ancient religious house of St. Martin's le Grand.

The house in which the office is now held, and where it has been fixed from the time of Queen Anne, is one of those built immediately after the great fire; it was for some years the residence of Sir Robert Vyner, a jovial citizen of London, the very knight, indeed, who, on one occasion during his mayoralty, being *Bacchi plenum*, plucked his sovereign by the sleeve, and insisted he should "stay, and take t'other bottle."

Sir Robert, like other citizens of credit and renown, had a frugal mind, and, when it became necessary to rebuild his house, purchased an old manor-house of the Cromers, at Tunstall, in Kent, which he forthwith pulled down, and prudently conveyed the materials to London, to be used in the erection of his new mansion; and this he raised upon the exact spot where the house had formerly stood, in the same narrow, crooked, and incommensurable Lombard-street, which existed before the fire.

So many additions to the old edifice have been made, for the greater convenience of transacting the important business of the Post-office, that, at this time, the walls of the original mansion are not very easily to be discerned; but in the court-yard is a large doorway, the entrance to the secretary's office, which may be, perhaps, the identical portal where the royal carriage waited, when his majesty so gallantly returned to the table of his host, singing a line of an old song, "he that is drunk is as great as a king."

The rooms of the ancient mansion, now filled with clerks and accountants, are spacious, and exhibit a certain degree of grandeur in the architectural enrichments, much like the works of Sir Christopher Wren, who, it is not improbable, designed the building.

Amongst all the modern additions to the house of Sir Robert Vyner, the most remarkable and generally interesting structure is the inland office; the chief department, as being the means of producing a revenue to the government, from its facility of affording national convenience. By an indulgence, granted to very few, this office, whence it is obviously necessary to exclude the public, can only be seen. It is constructed for the reception of a numerous body, of various classes, all busily employed, and consisting of nearly two hundred and fifty persons. The action of this living machine, as it may well be termed, is certainly of very great importance to the community; by its operation, the hopes and fears of his majesty's subjects are raised or allayed, confirmed or annihilated; the immense trade of his dominions considerably facilitated, and a direct communication with the most distant parts of the empire and its colonies rendered certain and expeditious. The clerks and others employed in this part of the office, like the members of the everlasting club, must be always at their post. No public holidays, as in other offices, no leave of absence, or even illness, can excuse the daily attendance of this stated number, whose motto is *despatch*.

The inland office is a hall, of nearly equal dimensions on every side, about sixty or seventy feet, constructed from designs by the late John Thomas Groves. Twelve Doric columns form a peristyle, and support a continued entablature, whence rises an elliptical dome, open in the centre, to admit a very handsome sky-light of bent glass. The corridors are also lighted from the ceiling, and, excepting on the side communicating with the letter-carriers' office, by folding-doors: the surrounding walls are occupied by divisions, agreeing in number with the mail coaches despatched hence every evening. These divisions are filled with cabinets, closed with latticed doors, and containing partitions, all inscribed with the names of the several towns upon each separate road. In the area of the peristyle are large tables, covered with green cloth; upon these the operation of sorting the letters is performed, in a manner neither tedious nor intricate, which it is hardly necessary to explain in detail. The letters are transferred to the divisions before named, and, after undergoing a peculiar computation, are finally sent on their route; all which is accomplished with accuracy and precision, only to be acquired by constant practice. The degree of perfection, indeed, which this grand machine has already attained, must have required, in its gradual and progressive improvement, the application of powerful ability, as well as a very judicious adoption and arrangement of the various means frequently suggested by the speculations of ingenious projectors.

When any event of general or particular interest transpires, we are informed it is sensibly felt in this department of the Post-office: the debates of parliament, or the arrival of important news, greatly add to the public correspondence; other causes, as a popular election, Valentine's day, or the tea sales at the India House, also affect the circulation of letters. Fifty thousand in the morning for London, and the same in the evening for the country, is no uncommon number. On these occasions, a greater attendance of clerks is con-

sequently required, that no delay may be experienced by the public.

The public is now so well acquainted with the official attention to its convenience, that the ancient additions to the directions of letters of, *With speed. Haste, post haste*; and the very enticing words, *Please to deliver this immediately, and you will be rewarded for your trouble*, are no longer considered necessary.

The careful management of this active machine is under the direction of a superintending president, a president and a vice-president, appellations unusually characteristic in matters of business. Others to whom particular and confidential duties belong, are termed inspectors.

The blind inspector, rather a strange denomination, has the very difficult task of making legible all the ill-written and badly spelled directions of letters put into the office. Some, whose education has been neglected, will spell Oxford thus, *Aukspht*—right, according to their mode of pronunciation; others, for the humour of it, will enigmatise thus, A Bridge for Greta-bridge in Yorkshire. *Tosey* is, agreeably to a rural mode of spelling, St. Oysth, &c. Sometimes he is puzzled with a scrawl not unlike a spider's web, or the migration of a fly, wet from the inkstand, over the paper; the privilege of franking inducing some to direct a letter, who, perhaps, would not otherwise attempt it.

By a diligent study of his duty, for a certain number of years, a clerk renders himself competent to be an inspector of franks, an office once held by Edward Cave, who ought to be remembered as the first public reporter of the debates of parliament, and as the earliest patron of Dr. Johnson, who wrote the speeches from his reports. He was supposed to have too narrowly confined the privilege of franking, and, after being reprimanded by the House, was obliged to resign his post. He afterwards established the first monthly magazine; that very popular species of literature, which time has decidedly improved.

The inspectors of franks have now attained a remarkable facility of discovering the precise number each M.P. issues; and whoever it may be, prince or peer, who, in his readiness to confer a favour, exceeds his limit, is sure to make his correspondent pay the postage. Of this fact we are enabled to speak from costly experience. We indeed know a member of parliament, there are doubtless many such, who very candidly told us he never refused the trifling favour of a frank, even if asked for it thirty times a day. It is quite needless to say we should decline his frank if offered. The idle attempt at fraud of inserting in the usual corner, instead of the name, the words *Free, if you please*, meets with certain detection.

The packets for the West Indies are also made up in the inland office: this branch of the service was established in the reign of Queen Anne, by Sir Thomas Frankland, Bart., with whose excellent character, by a contemporary, we shall conclude our slight notice of an office distinguished by the usefulness of its objects. "Sir Thomas Frankland is chief of a very good family in Yorkshire, with a very good estate: his being my Lord Fauconberg's nephew, and marrying a grand-daughter of Oliver Cromwell, first recommended him to King William, who at the revolution made him commissioner of the Excise, and, in some years after, governor of the Post-office. By abundance of application, he understands that office better than any man in England; and notwithstanding we had no intercourse with

France last war, he improved the revenue to ten thousand pounds a year more than it was in the most flourishing years. He was the first that directed a correspondence with Spain and Portugal, and all our foreign plantations, to the great advantage of our traffic, and is turned for greater matters when the government shall think fit to employ him. The queen, by reason of his great capacity and honesty, hath continued him in the office of post-master general. He is a gentleman of very easy, affable disposition, of good sense, extremely zealous for the constitution of his country, yet does not seem over forward; keeps an exact unity amongst the officers under him, and encourages them in their duty, through a peculiar familiarity, by which he at once obliges them, and keeps up the dignity of being master."—*MacKay's Memoirs*, 1713.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

ON Thursday evening Curioni took his benefit, on which occasion Mlle. Blasis performed *Semiramide*. This was certainly one of the finest parts of the season. Her grace, dignity, and majestic appearance on the stage, were highly imposing; and she sang with her usual judgment—together producing an effect unequalled by any one except Pasta. We think it a loss that this unpretending and excellent singer has not been brought more before the public; and trust to see and hear her on many a future day.

Of musical discords we have seen the prospectus of a plan on the tapis, and already sanctioned by the subscription of the Duke of Wellington, Lord Aylesbury, the Countess San Antonio, and other high amateurs, to open the Argyll Rooms next season with a mélange of opera, drama, and select entertainments,—such as concluding balls &c. &c. Welsh is to be the manager, Valluti the musical leader in the serious, De Bagnis in the comic, and D'Egville in ballet. The nights proposed are Tuesdays and Fridays (so that the balls may not run into Sunday mornings); and all the best music of an opera is to be compressed into a single act. Five hundred is the limited number of subscribers, and each subscriber is to be allowed, under authority, to issue a ticket for the evening. The whole to be rather exclusive. On the other hand, Laporte is already in the field, and greatly exerting himself to secure novelties for the ensuing season; besides opening the King's Concert Room, for operas similarly compressed into single acts, and other entertainments, in December and January. From what we hear, we think it unlikely that Sontag will be with us again; and Malibran is never a very sure card—(witness her undoing Curioni's benefit on Thursday, after all his trouble in preparing a public treat of a new and attractive order). But we are informed that Lalande, the celebrated prima donna of Naples and Milan, has been engaged; and that Lablache, the equally famous bass singer, is also to visit England. These, with the talent we have already in the country, Pisoni, Blasis, &c. &c., and what else may be added, are sufficient to make a very popular opera. Caradori, on the other hand, who has been performing English characters with great éclat in Edinburgh, is about to depart for Italy, where, we believe, she is to sing at the principal theatres.*

* Critical Errors in the Press.—As we do not always see the *Morning Chronicle*, we were not aware before last Saturday that we had been charged in that journal with mistaking Castelli for Sontag in a critique upon the

ENGLISH OPERA.

AT the English Opera House Miss Kelly's most affecting performance of the *Sister of Charity* brings crowds every night: and so it ought, for it is one of the finest pieces of acting ever seen upon any stage. The other parts are also admirably cast.

VARIETIES.

Mushrooms.—Such is the variety of this fungus, that 492 species of one genus—*Agaric*—are described in a work recently published on the subject at Erlangen; and it is added, that as many more species of that single genus are in existence!

Silk-worms.—An immense extent of country in the mountainous departments of the south of France, and especially in those of the Lot and the Aveyron, are suited to the culture of the mulberry-tree. A treatise has lately been published at Paris, inviting the inhabitants of those districts to engage in the profitable occupation of breeding silk-worms. The author calculates, that to produce the amount of her actual consumption of silk, France requires twelve millions more mulberry-trees than she at present possesses. Apropos: we lately saw in the Irish newspapers an account of the silk-worm in that country having taken to the spindle-tree, and done as well as with the mulberry.

Beau Brummell, Dealer and Chapman.—Among the metamorphoses of this strange world, that of Beau Brummell, once the supreme of ton, the arbiter elegantiarum, to a dealer in china, buhl furniture, and lacquered ware, is not the least surprising. This retired Fashionable has, it seems, been filling up the vacuum of exile at Gales by collecting articles of taste and vertu, for the purpose of sale in this country, where his first consignment has arrived, and was selling yesterday by auction, by Crockford of Bond Street. Some of the porcelain and furniture of the siècle Louis Quatorze are very fine.

The Vienna giraffe is dead.

Mode of making Kirch-wasser.—This celebrated liqueur, which in Switzerland is the brandy of the country, is made from the fruit of the small cherry-tree (*merisier*). When the cherries have arrived at maturity, they are gathered without the stalks, and pounded in a large wooden vessel,—their kernels not being broken, to prevent evaporation. When fermentation has begun, the liquor is stirred two or three times a-day; and as soon as the wash appears quiet, it is put into close barrels, to prevent acetous fermentation. The kernels being then broken, they are thrown into the liquor, and the whole is carefully distilled together. The best kirch-wasser is made from

opera of *Roméo e Giulietta*, which appeared in our No. of June 27th. Now, though an error of this kind might be very venial, considering that it would have applied to a very short scene, one half played in a coffin, and in which there was no singing to distinguish the performers, we are too anxious to maintain the character of the *Literary Gazette* for accuracy, as well as impartiality, to allow it to rest even under such an imputation. The fact is, that Sontag, and not Castelli, did act the part, as we stated; and the *Morning Chronicle* has been imposed upon in publishing the contrary. To make assurance doubly sure upon this point, we applied to Signor Rubbi, the prompter to the King's Theatre; and we have it certified under his hand, that "on the night of Bochia's benefit—the night referred to in our remarks—the part of *Giulietta* was performed by Mademoiselle Sontag!" We are thus precise, because the *Times* has fallen into a slight misrepresentation on this subject, speaking of the performance on the Bochia's night (*Monday*) as if it had taken place on the Castelli following, when the opera was repeated with Sontag instead of Sontag; and in its explanation of the circumstance seems to fling a slur upon us, who are quite guiltless of the slightest blunder. They had the rubbi: we have the Rubbi.

the small black cherries, of the kind which abounds in this country.

The *Noviomagus* Club, a pleasant emanation from the R. S. of Antiquaries, took on Thursday 26th ult. an anniversary excursion into the country, visiting Keston and the remains of Roman antiquities in that interesting quarter, and afterwards dining socially at the Cross. The extensive and remarkable remains which are found in Helwood Park (the retirement of William Pitt), and cover miles of the adjacent common, are not only evidences of the site of encampments, temples, burial-places, &c. &c., but also, according to all appearances, of a large city—probably *Noviomagus*.

Antiquities.—The remains of ancient Roman buildings are so numerous at Bavi, in the department of the north of France, that the inhabitants who want building materials, have only to dig some depth in the fields or gardens, to find great quantities of stones ready cut, and fit for immediate use.

Important Discovery.—At the sitting of the Paris Academy of Sciences, on the 29th ult., a letter was read from Dr. Duden, stating that he has discovered a perfect solvent for the stone in the bladder, even when it is encysted. He requests the Academy to name commissioners, in whose presence he will make use of his solvent (which is in the form of powder) upon dead subjects, preparatory to his performing the experiment on a living person. The Academy has named Messrs. Dumeril, Boyer, and Magendie, to assist Dr. Duden, and report upon his proceedings.—At the same sitting, a paper was read on the discovery of two new caves filled with fossil bones—one at Combes, and the other at Sauvignard. The presence of human bones, mingled with those of mammiferous animals, the species of which are extinct, was in these instances incontestable. They bear evident traces of the teeth of hyenas. The report states, that the excrement of the latter animal was also found.

The French minister of the interior has placed at the disposal of the authorities of Fréjus the sum of 4,000 francs, to be employed in the excavations of the amphitheatre in that town. Several discoveries have been already made; amongst which were stone seats in very good preservation; the broken shaft of a column in white marble; a piece of Roman coin bearing the effigy of Adrian; and several fragments of marble admirably carved.

Cobbett's Corn.—It is stated, in a letter from Paris, that the experiments which have been made in the cultivation of Indian or Cobbett's corn in many parts of France, have, in consequence of the long drought which ensued immediately after sowing the seed, turned out very unfavourably. Some of the crops are not expected to produce more than 20 bushels per acre, instead of 80 or 100: in some situations, however, from 50 to 60 bushels per acre are still hoped for.

Belief in Witchcraft.—Lately, the wife of a farmer's hind, in the vicinity of this town, was afflicted with a long and tedious illness, which baffled the skill of the faculty, and nearly exhausted the patience of her husband, who, finding that medicaments were uselessly administered, concluded that she was suffering under the influence of witchcraft. He therefore determined to seek revenge on the witch by a stratagem which he was informed had often proved successful. He accordingly procured a black hen, which he killed, in order to obtain the heart: this he took, at midnight, stuck it full of pins, and hung it before the fire to roast, by virtue of which ceremony the

witch was expected to make her appearance. He next loaded a gun, and anxiously awaited her coming to the door, with a firm determination to shoot her; but although the black hen's heart was kept roasting till it was almost burnt to a cinder, and the pins were nearly red hot, the witch chose not to approach his dwelling that night, which was his most grievous disappointment!—*Newcastle Courant*.

Three Animals not in the Ark!—The citizens of Florence having expelled the Medici in 1529, and manifested an intention of re-establishing their ancient republican constitution, were attacked and besieged with great vigour by the troops of Charles V., under the orders of the Prince of Orange. An extraordinary degree of political fanaticism animated the spirits of the besieged, and the party who were in favour of the old constitution successfully practised a variety of devices, for the purpose of inducing the multitude to submit patiently to the hardships of a strict and harassing blockade. One of their instruments was Brother Benedict, a monk of Tojano, who mixed up so inveterate a hatred of the house of Medici with his religious enthusiasm, that he not only disgraced his pulpit by the most extravagant displays, but on several occasions actually drove his audience into fits of laughter. Amongst other expedients, he descended for several successive days on Noah's ark, and each day enclosed certain animals within it. When his menagerie was completed, he courteously bade his hearers attend him again the next morning, as it was then his intention to close the ark. On the appointed morrow, therefore, the church was crammed in every nook and corner. Brother Benedict had taken care to make the sacristan his friend, and began his operations by addressing a sermon to the animals confined in the ark. This being concluded, he commanded the servitor to make the minutest search, and report whether any animals were wanting? The search was speedily performed, and the sacristan returned with intelligence that *three* were deficient, and waiting at the gates; the one being of huge, and the other two of diminutive dimensions. His description of these animals was so bitterly natural and apposite, that the dumbest person present could not fail of applying the portrait he had drawn to Clement VII., Cardinal Hypopolitus, and Alessandro de Medici. The sacristan then called out to Brother Benedict, that the three beasts insisted upon being admitted into the ark; whereupon the monk roared out to him, in a voice of thunder, "For Heaven's sake, be quick and bolt the door; for the Lord wills that no mules should set foot within the ark." Roars of laughter followed upon this exclamation, and such a scene of confusion ensued, that the monk was obliged to decamp without finishing his discourse. The gist of the sarcasm consisted in its reference to the illegitimate origin of those three scions of Medicean profligacy; and though its direct effect was to inflame the hostility of the Florentines, its ulterior result was to bring down bitter retribution on the preacher's head. For, upon the capitulation of the Tuscan capital, which was consequently obliged to admit Alexander as its unconditional master, Clement did not forget the public contumely which Brother Benedict had put upon himself and his relatives. He ordered him to be brought away by main force from the monastery of St. Maria Novella, and carried to Rome; where he was thrown into a loathsome dungeon under the Castle of St. Angelo, and a diminution being daily made in the quantity of his victuals, he

perished under the horrors of lingering starvation!

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Mr. Hood, the author of *Whims and Oddities*, has a new work in the press, entitled *Epping Hunt*. It describes the adventures of a worthy citizen who joins the Easter Hunt, and is to be illustrated with several engravings on wood, after the designs of George Cruikshank.

Pelham has been translated into German, and published at Aix-la-Chapelle, by Major Richard. The same gentleman also published a translation of Almack's Revisited, and has just finished a translation of the Disowned. The author of Almack's Revisited, and of the Adventures of a King's Page, says the foreign journal which we copy, he resided for some years at Aix-la-Chapelle.

Messrs. Dymond and Dawson, of Exeter, are about to publish a Map of England and Wales, upon a new plan, in which numerals and letters are substituted for the names of places and rivers.

Molière.—A complete edition of the works of Molière has been published in the Polish language. The name of the translator is M. François Kowalski.

Mr. Kendall is preparing for publication a full and illustrated statement of his hypothesis of a Circulation in the Sea, in analogy with the Circulation of the Blood.

In the Press.—Memoirs of the Life and Works of George Romney, the celebrated Painter; with various Letters and Testimonies to his genius. By his Son, the Rev. John Romney, B.D., formerly Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge.—The Heraldry of Crests; containing 3,500 Crests, from Engravings by the late P. P. Elven, with the Bearers' names alphabetically arranged.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Edinburgh Gazetteer, second edition, 8vo. 18s. bds.—Trotter's Sea-Weeds, post 8vo. 6s. 6d. bds.—Pratt's Friendly Society Act, 15mo. 3s. bds.—Matthews on Portions, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Ham on Brewing, 12mo. 4s. bds.—Caledonian Horticultural Transactions, Vol. IV. Part II. 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Tod's Annals of Rajasthan, royal 4to. 4s. 14s. 6d. bds.—Frankland's Constantinople, 2 vols. 8vo. 14. 14s. 6d. bds.—Devereux, by the author of Pelham, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d. bds.—Hall's Inquiry into Life, 8vo. 12s. bds.—The Brunswick, a Poem, 8vo. 5s. 6d. bds.—Portrait of the Dead, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Hall's Sketches of North America, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Thomson's Magna Charta, 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d.; royal 8vo. 2s. 12s. 6d. bds.—Thomson's Edinburgh School Atlas, 8vo. 10s. 6d. hf.-bd.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have this week taken an opportunity to clear off some of our reviewing arrears, though we are still pressed with new and important publications, to which we shall pay immediate attention.

In our No. 649, speaking of a clever miniature, in the Exhibition, by Mr. J. M. Davis, *esp. critic* noticed the strange fact of having, as the catalogue stated, "a portrait of the late William Corder, Esquire!" in such a place; and some of the newspapers have since commented on the apparent absurdity. We learn, however, that the whole is founded on a misprint in the first catalogue, all the after editions having corrected the blunder; from which it appears, that the likeness of the supposed malefactor is in reality that of "the late William Gordon, Esquire," nephew of a Scottish baronet, a member of the inner Temple, and an Esquire by right and station.

In our Review of the *Brunswick* last week, feeling that the name of so clever an author was not likely to be long concealed, we mentioned the rumours which had reached us on the subject; and we now beg leave to add, that it was simply from report that we spoke, and not from any authority on the part of the writer. While again mentioning this poem, we would direct attention to the fine opening of the Second Canto, which, unluckily, we had and have not room to quote.

The Coquilla ornaments are at 148, Regent Street.—We do not think there is a copy of M. Martin's book in this country.—We are not quite sure where the anodyne paste alluded to in our No. of June 6th is to be procured: Mr. Clarke, in Sackville Street, has published (as our readers know) an interesting work on the treatment of the teeth, and has, we believe, got into great practice as a dentist, preferring preservation to extraction.—We cannot tell when there will be a fresh supply of the *Waverley Novels*.

We will send W.'s hints to Mr. Barker: his other letters must be investigated, before we make ourselves publicly answerable for detecting "the fraud."

The subject of "Education in Greece" is our next.

"Explorator" we are happy to hear from, and much approve of his intents.

Oriental Translation Fund.—The Chairman of the Oriental Translation Committee presents his compliments to the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*, and requests he will have the goodness to correct an error which crept into his last No., viz. that the munificent donation of his Majesty, of two gold medals, was to be placed at the disposal of the Asiatic Society. His Majesty was graciously pleased, on being presented with the first five works published by the Oriental Translation Committee, to order two gold medals, of the value of twenty-five guineas each, to be placed at the disposal of the Committee, whose appointment was confirmed by the subscribers to the Oriental Translation Fund, to be awarded by it to the best translator of works from the Eastern languages. *Oriental Translation Committee, July 6th, 1833.*

ADVERTISEMENTS

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of the FINE ARTS, will open at Glasgow, for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of Living British Artists, early in August.
Works of Art from London to be forwarded on or before the 28th of July, to the Upper Wharf, Lower Hermitage. Carriage of Works sent for Exhibition will be paid by the Institution.
ROBERT FOOTE, Secretary.
Glasgow, July 24th, 1880.

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THE AUTHOR of the forthcoming ILLUSTRATIONS of the ANGLO-FRENCH COINAGE has been obliged to postpone its publication, owing to one of the Plates not turning out to his mind, which he has resolved to cancel: the Work will undoubtedly appear by the 1st of January, 1810. The Author indulges a hope that the Public will not be less by this arrangement, as, since the 20th of April (when the Manuscript was sent to Mr. Hearne, 81, Strand, the publisher), he has obtained Six additional Gold, and Fourteen Silver, mostly unpublished; thus making Forty-four Gold, and Two Hundred and Sixty-two Silver Anglo-French Coins in good preservation; independent of Forty-two less well preserved, all in his Cabinet.

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No. 652.

SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1829.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Travels to and from Constantinople, in the Years 1827 and 1828: or Personal Narrative of a Journey from Vienna, through Hungary, Transylvania, Wallachia, Bulgaria, and Roumelia, to Constantinople; and from that City to the Capital of Austria, by the Dardanelles, Tenedos, the Plains of Troy, Smyrna, Napoli di Romania, Athens, Egina, Poros, Cyprus, Syria, Alexandria, Malta, Sicily, Italy, Istria, Carniola, and Styria. By Captain Charles Colville Frankland, R.N. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1829. Colburn.

THIS long inscription of title-page explains the nature of Captain Frankland's Travels: and as we have frequently had occasion to traverse the same routes in our *Gazette*, we shall abstain from repetition, and go at once to what seems most new and worthy of notice. We should premise, that being a mere journal or personal narrative, though it places before us what Captain Frankland himself saw, the descriptions are very brief, and there is no great light thrown by patient research upon parts imperfectly known, or upon popular circumstances which had escaped preceding travellers. As Chumla possesses peculiar interest just now, we transcribe what is said respecting it, as the writer in April 1827 passed it on his way from Vienna to Constantinople.

"We reached Shumla, or Chumla, at about two o'clock, having crossed a very high and steep ridge of sandy but well-wooded hills, in which we were caught by a violent storm of snow and rain. Shumla, or Chumla, is called the Thermopylae of Bulgaria; and indeed the pass over the mountains which separate it from the Danube is a very difficult one, but the town itself is commanded by the heights which surround it on three of its sides, in the shape of a crescent. These heights seem nearly impregnable, and form the chief strength of the fortress, or rather vast entrenched camp. We saw here many tailors and braziers at work, which gave the town an appearance of activity and commerce. There are likewise many vines upon the sides of the sandy hills which nearly surround Shumla, which therefore I infer manufactures wine. The Russians have twice advanced as far as Shumla, in 1774 and 1810, but have never yet taken it. I should consider the fortress untenable in the hands of European troops. Dr. Clarke inclines to think that Shumla is the ancient Marianopolis, the capital of Mesia Inferior. It is a large straggling town, having a wall round it, flanked at intervals by brick towers, in many parts broken down and decayed. It has a considerable commerce in braziers and clothing. The country round about it might be even beautiful at a more advanced season of the year. Here we took coffee at the khan with the Turks, changed horses, and proceeded on towards a village called Dragoleu, observing on our left hand upon the horizon five very high and remarkable barrows."

We now give a specimen of public manners at Constantinople:—

"On the 2d of May, while I was employed sketching, sitting down on the roadside, over the plain of Dolma Batchi, a young Turkish female, followed by a black slave and some children, came up to me, and after looking a long while over my shoulder and talking to me, placed herself quite in front of me, and unveiled herself. I hardly dared to take any notice of this manoeuvre, knowing that it is not customary in the East to speak to females in public. She, however, seemed to wish me to make a drawing of her, and signed to me to do so. I looked steadfastly at her for some time, and began to draw upon a spare piece of paper the outline of her figure. She was so pretty that I could not refrain from kissing the end of my pencil, and blowing the kiss to her, as one does in France to children. Upon seeing this, she coloured up to her forehead, made a sign as if she would draw a sword, and then a motion with her hand, as though she said, 'if you dare do such a thing, I would have your head cut off.' She was likewise very lavish of her epithets, some of which I had learnt were not very complimentary. I now began to be apprehensive of the consequences of my indiscretion, and thought it best to continue my sketch of Scutari, and to take no notice of her anger. She waited some time, then went behind me, looked over my shoulder, and seeing that I had ceased to make her portrait, patted me caressingly on the back, spoke softly, and then resumed her place in front of me, hoping that I should finish her likeness; but while this little coquetry was passing between us, some men Turks made their appearance, and she took the alarm, and walked hastily away, looking very significantly as she departed. The Turks passed on, and presently came some young girls, who, after looking at my drawings, tipped my hat off my head and spat in my face. I could not bear such uncivil treatment as this, and rose and drove them off, while they began to arm themselves with stones and earth, and to throw at me with all their might. I do not know how this scene would have ended, had not some Effendi Turks passed by, who seeing how the matter stood, rebuked the women and drove them away. I was employed in wiping my face, arranging my clothes, and picking up my hat, when some Greek ladies, who had likewise been spectators of my distress, came up, and consoled me by saying in Italian, 'Ah, signore! son cattiva gente, gente barbara, canaglia; non turbatevi, signore, son maladetta gente, senza fede.' Upon another occasion, I was witnessing, with great pleasure, upon the plain at Dolma Batchi, the evolutions of some Turkish horsemen, who were exercising with the djerid. Suddenly I found myself assailed by a shower of stones, and looking upwards towards the hill upon which the sultan's kiosk stands, the wall before which was crowded with Turkish females, I perceived on the left, at a little distance, two men who were amusing themselves at my expense, and pelting me as

fast as they could. It was in vain that I shifted my ground; the more moderation I displayed, the more they pelted me; at length I thought of my arms, and brandishing a pistol in the air, I pointed it at my opponents, in hopes of warning them to desist. It was not my intention to fire my weapon, but I thought that its display might be productive of a good effect; and so indeed it was; for, upon the sight of its glittering steel barrel, my two assailants ran away, laughing. When I related this circumstance afterwards, in conversation at the embassy, I was informed, that if I thought I could identify either of the men who had insulted me, his excellency would have them punished; and that the sultan was determined to protect Franks in the most effectual manner: indeed, by disarming the populace of the capital, his highness has taken the first step towards this measure, as the Turks are now no longer so prone as they were to insult Europeans, now that they feel they possess no loaded pistol, or sharp yatagan, ready to assert their superiority."

The following general reflections on the condition of Turkey are worthy of attention:—

"Their humanity to animals is strangely opposed to their cruelty to man; and they would think less of beheading or bastinading a whole province, than they would of ill-treating a horse or camel. In their exterior they are remarkable for a decency and apparent propriety of conduct; but yet we know that in secret they indulge in all sorts of abominable vices. They are apparently frank and cordial in their manners; but are often known to disguise the most atrocious designs beneath the cloak of benevolence, and to be plotting the ruin and destruction of the unsuspecting victim of their duplicity, while lulling him into a false security by a show of kindness and affection. The Mussulman justice is much vaunted; but yet it is notorious, that in no nation upon earth so little of this commodity is dispensed in the courts of the magistrates, where, if Justice be represented holding the scales, it is to weigh, not the merits of the case, but the gold of the conflicting parties; and that although the law punishes false witnesses with death, yet in no country are they so numerous, or so easily obtained, as in Turkey. If indeed it were a fair maxim to estimate the virtues of a nation by the measure of the acts and influence of its government, and by the effects produced by its policy, one would arrive at this conclusion: that the Ottoman nation is the bitterest enemy to the human race, and the severest scourge that ever was sent by Providence to chastise mankind. From the banks of the Danube to the shores of the Propontis, the traveller will find abundant cause to reason in this manner. He will see fertile provinces lying waste, well inhabited cities of the dead, but desolate and ruined abodes of the living. He will see the remains of the arts, and the civilisation of a former and a better age, and but few marks of the present era, save such as denote barbarism and decay."

The few towns that he will meet with in his long and dreary journey are rapidly falling into ruin, and the only road (the great means of civilisation) now existing, and which can put in any claim to such an appellation, is either of the Roman age, or of that of the great Sultan Solymán; but even this pavement is now almost worse than nothing. Wherever the Osmanli has trod, devastation and ruin mark his steps, civilisation and the arts have fled, and made room for barbarism and the silence of the desert and the tomb. 'Where the sultan's horse has trod, there grows no grass,' is a Turkish proverb, and a fatal truth. The great city of Constantinople, and the well-peopled villages of the Bosphorus, indeed present a contrast with the melancholy scene I have just described; but they owe their apparent prosperity to the desolation of the provinces, the miserable inhabitants of which, fleeing from the extortions and oppressions of the local authorities, herd together in and about the capital, where (as is the case in all countries) they less feel the hand of power and the persecution of petty tyrants. This plethora of the heart I look upon as one of the strongest symptoms of the fatal disease which affects the whole system. But even Stamboul, rich and beautiful as she is, verges towards her decay. By the alienation of the Greek nation, she has lost the brightest jewel in her imperial diadem; by it she has been bereft of the great bulk of her maritime, commercial, and literary population. She is now making an heroic struggle against accumulating evils; but it looks more like the convulsive effort of the dying Colossus, than the well-regulated exertion of a healthy body. We have no instance in history of the regeneration of such a people as this, who, witnessing the advancing civilisation, and the increasing power, moral and physical, of all the nations around it, remains nearly in the same condition that it did when first it forced its way into Europe,—with this only difference, that it has long ceased by its warlike energies to terrify and to overcome the nations of the West. The personal character and magnanimous efforts of the sultan may do much; but he stands alone; he has no followers in the race towards reform: should he fail, it is to be feared that the Ottomans will relapse into their old system, for they are constitutionally opposed to novelty, and regard all innovation as a dereliction from the precepts of their law. But even Constantinople, although apparently well peopled, has in reality, within the last twenty years, rapidly decreased in this great essential to a nation's wealth."

Our next extract, on the organisation of the Nizam Djedid, deserves equal consideration.

"The troops are divided into bodies of one thousand men each, which number constitutes a legion or regiment, commanded by a 'bin bashi,' 'chief of a thousand.' They are subdivided into hundreds and tens, commanded respectively by 'gus bashi,' 'chief of one hundred,' and 'om bashi,' 'chief of ten.' These latter officers are generally from the army of Mehmed Ali, and have learnt European tactics from the French 'instructors' at Cairo. They seem to be indefatigable in drilling these troops; and, as far as the manual and platoon goes, have succeeded to a certain degree; but I doubt whether they are equal to the duties of manœuvring either battalions or large bodies. These troops are generally very young men and boys; and I remember to have seen a whole corps de garde of them at Pera, who were such children, that one felt as if one could, with the assistance of one's sur-

rogate, have ridden over the whole of them as they defiled in the narrow streets. Nevertheless, I admire the wisdom of the sultan in this arrangement. He well knew that the grown men and soldiers of the old system could never be reconciled to the new one; and he felt that the rising generation presented the best subjects for forming a new army upon a new system of tactics. In the course of a few years, these boys will become men and good soldiers. It is calculated, that the sultan can raise throughout the empire four hundred thousand of the Nizam Djedid; but those best informed upon the subject say, that the financial means of the country, which yet remain to be organised, will not support such an expense for any length of time. However this may be, the sultan is taking every opportunity of assimilating, as much as possible, the new institutions to those of Europe; and, should he live, he will effect great ameliorations in the state of things in this country."

Accompanying the Swedish minister, Captain F. visited Greece and the adjacent coasts,—among other places, the Troad, where (though his inspection was hurried) he thinks he discovered some columns hitherto unnoticed: it is droll that another recent traveller, Mr. Madden, fancies that he caught a like new light on the same scene. Thence he went to Smyrna, and here gives us the account of a curious natural phenomenon.

"While we were enjoying the hospitalities of Bournabat, the French consul at Smyrna died, and was attended to the grave by all the consuls of foreign nations, and the chiefs of the naval forces in the bay. At this period an immense flight of locusts (which indeed had for some days shewn themselves in great numbers) passed over the city, falling upon the roofs of the houses, where they lay two or three inches deep, and tumbling into the sea in such quantities, that they could be traced in continuous streams for many leagues from the land, resembling in colour and appearance so many millions of boiled shrimps. These insects, being brought by the sea-breeze into the harbour, were thrown upon the shores and against the quays in such masses, that their putrefied carcases infected the air in all directions. The passage of these animals lasted during many days, and at night as they crossed over the disk of the moon, by reflecting the light as they shot across the face of the planet, they resembled so many flakes of snow, or almost as many shooting stars. The heat of the weather at this period (87°) was so intense, that during the night I was always obliged to sleep with my window open,—the consequence of which was, that the locusts used to tumble into my room and upon my mosquito curtains, and by hopping about the floor and creeping up into my bed, generally annoyed me extremely. I observed that there was one description of locust which materially differed in shape from the rest; this animal was more like a large round moth, or beetle, in form, although covered, like the rest, with a shining coat of mail; he was shorter and thicker, and much stronger than the other sort, which in shape resembles the common grasshopper. These reptiles are amazingly powerful in their hoppers, but do not seem to fly very well. They are extremely salacious, and deposit their eggs in all directions in great abundance. Poultry of all sorts are very fond of eating the locust, and particularly of devouring the ova, which however produce a very bad effect upon their own eggs, which, at such periods as these, are extremely strong, and quite red in the yolk;

indeed the natives will not eat them at this time, saying that they are unwholesome."

With this we are inclined to conclude our extracts; and also our remarks, were it not that we cannot take a better opportunity than that now offered of reverting to a topic of much importance in the passing state of English authorship: we allude to the vile custom of larding our books with French words and French phraseology. Why an English author should not use his own language, when equally or more expressive than any foreign tongue, we are at a loss to imagine; and yet we have here a captain of the British navy, who cannot tell us what he wishes without speaking of his book as *mon premier né* (why not first-born?); his writing as *trait de plume* (why not stroke of the pen?); his illustrations (which by-the-by are numerous and good), as each a *coup de crayon* (why not drawing?); even of going on *bateau*, as if in a boat were unfit for a naval officer!—of *voies de fait*—*faute de bons maîtres à dancier*, and similar slip-slop. We do not mean to say that Captain Frankland is guilty of this offence to any excessive degree—not to the extent of our modern would-be fashionable writers, of whose idiom it is difficult to determine what language it is;—but because, even in a slight degree, he lends his countenance to the corruption, and it is specially unbecoming in one of his rank and profession, do we take the opportunity of entering our protest against this very bad custom. With one of the most copious and expressive languages in the world, why should the native of England do what the native of no other country on earth ever dreams of doing? What should we say to a Frenchman, for instance, who wrote in a jargon like the following, and which we pen in humble imitation of our present race of fine writers.

Lorsque nous arrivâmes chez la comtesse, la salle était pleine. Le coup d'œil était magnifique: il y avait de pures charmes, grande quantité de diamans et autres bijoux, qui éblouissaient par leur lueur éblouissante des yeux aussi brillants et bien plus dangereux, des épaulettes, des cordons bleus, de doux sourires, et des moustaches superbes, beaucoup de beautés, et pas mal de rogne. Mon Dieu, quelle foule!—oh, very crowd! Le Marquis de Larimonne faisait des grimaces en essayant de jouer le sentiment; et le jeune Despard, toujours le même, faisait des folies—he was making follies—il allait par-ci par-là comme un fou; et puis cette pauvre coquette Madame Berlange, comme elle se mettait en quatre—how she put herself into four—pour attirer les admirateurs, que, malgré tous ses efforts, elle avait perdus à jamais! Hélas! c'est fort triste—it is very much sad—pour une dame d'être ainsi délaissée lorsqu'elle n'a tout au plus—all to the most—que quarante ans, et surtout lorsqu'elle possède encore—when she possesses again—de beaux yeux, une belle taille, and very fine teeth. La musique était assez bonne: on nous donna peut-être un peu trop de la *Musette de Perliot*; mais qu'est-ce que ça fait?—indeed, what do this make?—comme dirait Monsieur Fontlac, qui a toujours le rage de parler Anglais. La conversation tourna bientôt sur les acteurs Anglais. Charmante Smithson! s'écria Fontlac, elle joue à ravir—oh yes, she plays to ravish. Comme elle dit bien cette belle scène du *Romeo de Shakspeare*: attendez, donc—que je ne rapelle—ah? j'y suis:—

"What devil art thou that does torment me thus?
This torture should be near in this small hall.
Hath Romeo slay himself?—say thou outright,
And thy dear bosom, I shall poison sore
Than the death-dirty eye of a cock in town."

Pendre réelle ce passage avec beaucoup de sang froid — he ever has plenty of blood cold. Poor fellow! c'est toujours comme ça. On aime à montrer son érudition, en dépit du bon sens qui vous conseille le contraire: mais peut-être le bon sens est plus difficile à trouver que l'érudition; du moins c'est bien le cas lorsque l'érudition ne consiste qu'à écrire des mots d'une langue qu'on connaît mal.

This is not a whit more absurd than the prevailing practice of preferring bad French to good English — a practice which, if it had any weight, would soon destroy our literature; and we trust it will not be considered that we have acted with undue severity towards Capt. Frankland, because we have adopted his work as a vehicle for these observations, not on account of its quantity of offence, but on account of the offence being aggravated in consequence of being committed by a British naval officer, who, above all other men, is bound to speak straight forward, honestly, and in his own mother tongue.

Oldcourt; a Novel. 3 vols. London, 1829. Colburn.

HAS our taste for the novel become so partial to a particular class, that we are incapable of relating any other kind? For the sake of the author of *Oldcourt* we will presume this to be the fact; for though he has produced a work of such information and sound sense,—though the colloquies are natural, and occasionally pleasing,—and though there is displayed an evident acquaintance with the world, and an amiable disposition; yet, upon the whole, do we find these volumes to be flat and uninviting. This may, in some measure, arise out of the triteness of some of the subjects discussed; and also of a certain evenness of tone which runs through the work, and deprives it of the great charm of variety—even of the variety of bad and good, which is better than all unobjectionable. The author, indeed, tells us that he has attempted nothing more than “a narrative of the ordinary occurrences of human life; interspersed with such reflections on the habits, manners, and morals of society as his experience has suggested to him:” and we are free to confess, that however ably such a design might be executed, it is hardly sufficient to sustain the interest of something very like twelve hundred pages.

We have penned these remarks with no small reluctance; because we are convinced that the writer must be a person who could shine far more brightly in other courses. We should guess him to be a man of considerable imagination, and of fine observation in the arts: that he is an Irishman, is clear from the entire tenor of his sentiments and opinions; and we are rather surprised to see the judgment so obvious in other matters, fall into all the worst prejudices of Ireland whenever the concerns of that country come into discussion. But when speaking of the worst prejudices of Ireland, we beg to be understood as neither undervaluing the good points of her national character, nor as attributing greater vices to her people than to those of other lands: what we deem the worst of Ireland, is a feeling which militates continually and strongly against every improvement,—a feeling which converts errors into boasts, gilds follies with the brilliant semblance of ornaments, and even exalts crimes into the rank of virtues. It is thus, that in too many an Irishman's catalogue the extravagance which ruins himself and others is but a little rather heedless generosity; want of principle is but a careless eccentricity which goes without calculating consideration; deeds are laughable recals; igno-

ance is covered by natural talent and humour; bloodshed is a quick and sensitive resentment of injuries:—in short, there is no offence proscribed in the decalogue, which has not its apologetic resource in a neighbouring excellence, or explanation in a slight confession of venial misconduct. It is for these reasons, that, without being more culpable than the English or the Scots, the hope of amending the Irish national character has been so long deferred; for while we glory in our blemishes, and find excuses for our guilt, we have no prospect of reforming the one, or abandoning the other. The following passage, descriptive of a gallant young Hibernian, will serve to illustrate our remarks and shew the author's style:—

“To quiz the natives was a favourite practice amongst the officers at the mess-table of the —th regiment; and they were much inclined to continue the amusement, even when D'Arcy became one of their number; but he displayed a spirit and determination of manner which tended to repress this propensity, and led them to suspect that

‘There was in him something dangerous.’

A young lieutenant, however, who, as a sprig of nobility, considered himself to be particularly privileged, forgot this salutary caution; and, in the rashness of his nationality, hazarded a sneer at the new recruit. D'Arcy, who was as little deficient in wit as in spirit, retorted with a humorous severity that completely turned the laugh against his assailant. Mortified at the ill success of his first sally, and angry, as baffled impertinence always becomes, the young noble endeavoured, in a strain of irritated imbecility, to recover his ground; till, in the agony of his exasperation, he had the brutality to observe, in an audible whisper, that ‘the character of the regiment was degraded by the admission of an Irish bag-trotter.’ D'Arcy, who at the moment was in the act of raising a glass of wine to his lips, immediately altered its direction, and delivered it full in the face of his opponent; at the same time demanding instant satisfaction for the unprovoked insult he had received. The manner in which the last bumper had been administered to the haughty young noble, immediately counteracted the effect produced by those bumpers which he had previously taken. Becoming at once sober and civil, he professed himself ready to submit his conduct to the decision of the mess; but D'Arcy would listen to no terms of accommodation. The interference of the major, however, who presided, effected a postponement of hostilities to the following morning, when the parties met in the Phoenix Park; and D'Arcy, who was an excellent shot, lodged a ball in the body of his antagonist, whose life had nearly been the forfeit of his illiberality. The spirit with which D'Arcy asserted himself on this occasion, and the evidence which the duel afforded, that he possessed in no ordinary degree an accomplishment in which the better orders of his countrymen are generally proficient,—that of firing at a mark—put an end to all further molestation on the subject of his country. The standing jokes of the mess-table were suddenly discontinued; and to quiz the natives appeared to be by no means so agreeable a recreation over the bottle, as it had been previously considered by his brother-officers. The social qualities of D'Arcy were calculated to overcome all prejudices against him. He was lively, loquacious, and good-humoured; had wit enough to be entertaining, and information enough to give an interest to his conversation, without imparting to it the assuming air of instruction.

Though fiery and impetuous in repelling the slightest insult, he was never forward to give offence, and seemed to have pleasure in reconciling the quarrels of others. He was always ready for a frolic, and as fertile in resources for conducting it, as in expedients for turning aside whatever disagreeable consequences might result from it. His irregularities, indeed, were of a nature, which, as far as they operated, tended rather to raise the corps in the public estimation; for, though he was very dissipated, and somewhat prone to mischief, there was an open boldness, and a manly spirit of gaiety about him, which were highly congenial to the disposition of the people amongst whom they were displayed. It is no unmerited compliment to say of the Irish, that they are as martial a race as any in Europe. As far as it may be considered to express a disposition to fight, their claims to that character must be admitted as incontrovertible. It has been jocularly, though not unjustly, said of them, that they are the only people who ‘fight for their amusement;’ and certainly, taking the sons of St. Patrick in the mass, it would not be easy to find a community amongst whom the pleasures of the bottle and the battle are more intimately connected, or the ideas of a fray and a festivity so habitually associated.”

We have thus, in the *hero* of the author, a determined duellist, well practised at the mark, so as to be able to shoot a fellow-creature for a foolish expression used after taking too many bumpers of wine;—one who would listen to no terms of accommodation; fiery and impetuous, repelling the slightest insult; full of frolic, and fertile in obviating any disagreeable consequences; irregular, “very dissipated, and somewhat prone to mischief;”—in fine, one of those sons of St. Patrick who take equal pleasure in the bottle and the battle—in frays and festivities!! And we ought to remember that all this is eulogy!! What would a world of such characters be?—a quarrelsome, mischievous, profligate, vindictive, and murderous world, in which the human race might as soon as convenient come to the Irish end of the Kilkenny cats, destroying each other, till there was only a tale left, but nobody to tell it! We consider the sanction given to such portraits by a grave and rational writer like the present, to be calculated to do infinite evil in social life, and indefinitely prolong a state of things, the existence of which every right mind must lament. And here is another yet more objectionable.

“O'Hara was several years older than D'Arcy, but a similarity of spirit had attracted them to each other at school, and the former found in his young associate an apt scholar, as ripe for mischief as himself. The attachment, commenced thus early, was renewed after D'Arcy's return from Oxford. O'Hara had passed through his career in the Dublin University with pretty nearly the same honours and advantages which D'Arcy had obtained on the banks of the Isis. The frolics of our ‘silent sister’ were, however, of a more pugnacious character than those which occupied the students of the English Alma Mater; and, independent of the general warfare against the watch and the theatres, which the college lads at that time carried on with equal spirit and perseverance, and in which he bore a distinguished part, young O'Hara had been engaged, either as principal or second, in so many duels, that he obtained the enviable reputation of the most daring blood, and formidable fire-eater of his day. Yet, notwithstanding the offensive celebrity which he had thus early attained, he could not justly be considered

quarrelsome or ill-tempered. By a kind of Quixotic generosity, not uncommon amongst his countrymen, he was more frequently engaged in the disputes of others than in his own. He was ready to be any man's second; for that was a duty which he held himself bound to perform for every gentleman who paid him the compliment to apply to him for such a service; and he was so tenacious of the honour of his friend, when it was once placed in his hands, that it could be very rarely extricated, but at the risk of a shot or two. Whatever the cause of quarrel, he considered all attempts at apology or accommodation, as equally suspicious and derogatory, until sanctioned by such a preliminary. The duty of a second, he contended, was not to make up the quarrel, but to regulate the combat, and be responsible for its being conducted according to the laws of honour.

"The peculiar taste and prowess which O'Hara displayed in all matters connected with affairs of honour, occasioned him to be consulted as an authority, and selected as an umpire in disputed points. His decisions, too, were generally submitted to without appeal. To demur was considered a contempt of court, for which the refractory party was expected to answer, as for a personal offence. O'Hara laid down the law as to the number of paces to be measured between the combatants—the exact size of the pistols—how many shots should take place before a proposal for accommodation could be offered or accepted. He established in his apartment a drill for young duellists; and it was his favourite amusement to instruct them in the ceremonial according to which a man of honour and spirit may blow out the brains of his best friend and most intimate companion, without the smallest impeachment of his gallantry, his morality, or his humanity."

No comment is necessary upon the extreme absurdity of exalting a pestilent fellow like this—an incarnation of moral depravity—into a gay and excellent character! And really we must say in conclusion, that faults of this description have rendered us less inclined towards the meritorious portions of *Oldcourt* than we might otherwise have been.

A Treatise on the Police and Crimes of the Metropolis: also, an Account of Courts of Justice and Prisons; and an Inquiry into the Causes of the Increase of Crimes, the Tendency of the Debtor Laws, and Present State of the Licensed Victuallers' Trade.
By the Editor of "the Cabinet Lawyer."

THE metropolis, comprehending within itself the elements of a powerful state, an exposition of its protective institutions and predominant crimes affords topics of interest to the general observer, as well as those engaged in the discharge of magisterial and professional duties. One reason may be assigned for the imperfect state of the police, in the singular fact, that scarcely a magistrate or writer of eminence has bestowed the least attention on the subject. On general legislation, on the theory of crimes and punishments, and on all the ulterior proceedings of criminal administration, we have treatises without number; but on the institutions of preventive justice we have not a single author (the late Dr. Colquhoun excepted) to explain their organisations, or the general principles on which they ought to be established. In the present work much valuable information has been collected; and though the reformatory suggestions, and the writer's remarks on the causes of the increase of crime—on the tendency of the debtor laws—on anatomical legislation—and on the

licensed victuallers' trade—and other questions of difficulty, may not always be free from objections, there can be none against the importance of the details here brought together from authentic sources, and which must be of the utmost utility to those who feel any concern in the growth of delinquency, and the civic establishments intended for the security and enjoyment of a great capital.

The principal defects in the London police are ascribed to the want of a uniform and consolidated establishment for the whole metropolis—the inadequate number of its functionaries in the several grades of magistrates, constables, &c.—the absence of classification, with corresponding remuneration, rank, and responsibility—defects in the parochial constabulary—obstacles arising out of parochial districts and authorities—and the imperfect discipline and instruction in their duties of constables, watchmen, and patrols. In spite of these defects, it is allowed, that, as regards police and judicial administration, the inhabitants of the metropolis have many advantages over those residing in the country. Criminal trials are more frequent; and they have a permanent magistracy, always to be found at a certain place and time, and who render their services not as a gratuitous offering, but a duty they are bound to discharge. Moreover, they enjoy the advantage of having every judiciary act performed in the most public manner; and, by the agency of the press, of having it brought, within a few hours after adjudication, under the comment and observation of an intelligent and multitudinous population.

Among the promotives of crime the debtor laws are enumerated, and their operations shewn to be chiefly profitable to the legal profession, and comparatively of little utility to creditors. Thirty-four debts of 15,259 discharged insolvents amounted to nearly eleven millions sterling, and the whole property got in by the assignees left only one penny-farthing in the pound to the creditor, without deducting court fees, &c. It appears, that in two years and a half, 70,000 persons have been arrested in London and the environs, the law expenses of which could be not less than £500,000. So gainful is the trade to attorneys, that they frequently buy up small bills for the purpose of suing the endorsers, and bring nine or ten actions on each: one house alone has brought 500 actions in this way. About 6000 persons are annually committed to the five principal London prisons for debt; and of these more than one-third are for sums under £20. The expense of recovering small debts, and the demoralisation of the debtor by imprisonment, are urged as reasons for abolishing compulsory process for recovering sums below a certain amount, and thereby compelling a simultaneous abridgment in the practice of credit among tradesmen.

Mendicity is considered to be without excuse in England, the institution of the poor-laws having superseded every pretext for begging for subsistence. If an Englishman fall into distress he ought to apply to his parish; if not resident in his own parish, the parish where he happens to dwell is bound to take charge of him. Natives of Scotland or Ireland have no claim to parochial relief in England; but the law has provided for their removal to the country of their birth. Foreigners cannot be justified in begging; they are emigrants into a country where mendicity is a crime; and having voluntarily submitted to its laws, cannot complain if its penalties be enforced.

Ninety-nine out of every hundred of London beggars have been ascertained to be impostors; and a curious account is exhibited of the various artifices by which they impose on the charitable. Great numbers subsist by writing begging letters: the Mendicity Society last year received 2,988 letters of this description for investigation, of which 1,680 were from new applicants. Of 40,000 beggars who presented themselves to this Society, the cases of only 806 were plausible enough to merit inquiry; and of this number only 237 were entitled to and received relief. Half of the mendicity and vagrancy is ascribed to the vast influx of the lower Irish, who not only depress the English labourer in competing with him for employment, but, from their semi-barbarous habits, tend to debase his manners and character. For want of a better system of passing Irish paupers, the expense of conveying them to Liverpool is greater than the charge for an inside passage in the mail. Many of the Irish who appear utterly destitute in the streets, have been found, on examination, to have several pounds sewed up in their clothes; and they frequently remit sums collected in this country, through the means of agents in London, for the payment of their rents in Ireland.

There is an interesting chapter on the effects of an adulterated coinage, and on the advantages of the trading and working classes lending their aid to check the nefarious practices of the counterfeiter. The increase in the crime of burglary is ascribed to the vast amount of chattel property, and the absence of precaution on the part of householders. Most robberies of houses and warehouses are said to be "put-up ones," by persons who either are or have been domesticated or employed there; and greater caution is recommended in taking servants and admitting them to the confidence of their masters. It is suggested, that occupiers of houses and warehouses likely to become objects of attack, should have them surveyed by persons qualified for the office, their internal securities and adjacent premises examined, and such precautions adopted as might be recommended. Street-robberies, the practices of receivers of stolen goods, and of negotiating police-officers and attorneys, are exposed and commented upon. The difficulty of framing a law for the supply of anatomical subjects, is forcibly exemplified; since any means tending to lessen the respect now felt towards the dead, might compromise the safety of the living.

Though crime has increased in the metropolis, it has not increased so rapidly as in the country. The causes chiefly relied upon by parliamentary committees to account for the augmentation in delinquency, are, the increase in population—the cheapness of spirituous liquors—the neglect of children by their parents—want of employment—absence of suitable provision for juvenile delinquents, and defects in police and prison discipline. In addition to these, the author suggests the following:—1. The enormous augmentation of national wealth, especially chattel property. 2. The long continuance of public peace. 3. Ameliorations in criminal punishment. 4. Commercial avidity and speculation, involving a decline in mercantile principle and character. 5. More extended operation of the debtor laws, from the increase in commercial transactions. 6. Poverty, occasioned by diminished wages and profits.

The increase in female delinquency has barely kept pace with the increase in popula-

tion; and this is considered a conclusive argument that society has undergone no moral deterioration, and that the greater development of crime, as exhibited in the criminal calendar, has principally resulted from the causes mentioned, and which have principally acted on the male part of the community. Had there been any growing depravity, it must have been shared by the women as well as the men, and the existence of it would have been demonstrated by a corresponding augmentation in the number of female offenders.

Did our limits permit, we might refer to various other matters in this publication of great interest and importance: there is a valuable chapter on the present state of the licensed victuallers' trade; and a brief account is given of the courts of justice and prisons of the metropolis—of the public sewers—of the supply of water—of gas-light establishments—of the fire-police, and other branches of our civic and protective institutions. We recommend it as a book of great intelligence and merit.

Travels in Turkey, Egypt, Nubia, and Palestine, in 1824, 1825, 1826, and 1827. By R. R. Madden, Esq. M.R.C.S. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1829. Colburn.

LET war, pestilence, famine, or aught else, lead the current of public interest to any part of the world, booksellers and publishers are immediately on the alert; travellers are way-laid on their return, and with doses of gentle flattery, mingled with the *aurum potable*, are wooed and won to resign note-book and journal, tell all they saw, and often much they did not see; and however meagre the material thus obtained, it serves, as it were, for the outline of a picture, and is consigned to other hands, who dash in the colours,—and a volume is produced which not unfrequently is the astonishment of the individual whose name is prefixed. Within the short period of one month, three publications on the subject of Turkey, and of no inconsiderable size, have appeared: we have before done justice to Mr. Macfarlane's volume, and in this No. pay our tribute to Capt. Frankland's, and we have now to deal with Mr. Madden's too, under the above title. The author lays considerable stress in the preface on the ample opportunities afforded to him as a medical man for ascertaining the state of society in these countries, which, we must say, an attentive perusal does not lead us to confirm; and this he endeavours to heighten by a somewhat ludicrous enumeration of hair-breadth escapes which seem to us no heavier than what usually befall travellers. These volumes appear in the shape of letters, addressed to individuals whose names are prefixed. The account of Turkey contains little new, or of general interest; the description of female society there is no doubt correct, as far as it goes, though we venture to question whether Dr. Clarke, whom Mr. Madden so frequently condemns, is not right as to the accomplishments of the Turkish ladies; as we have been assured by the excellent physician to the embassy at Constantinople, that in the course of many years' practice, he has not unfrequently been surprised at the information and acquirements they displayed. Of the political state of the Turkish empire we have only to remark, that the letters of the date of 1824, from the frequent use of the term, "natural, ancient, and faithful ally," lead to the suspicion of a very late coat of varnish being applied. The remarks on the Troad, and the notable discovery of a moat and redoubt,

probably the remains of the Grecian camp, are very puerile. From Thebes, we have a fine specimen of bombast, which will bear quotation.

"You must have often marked the effect of material immensity on the mind; how vision wanders in a species of delirium over the magnificence of Carnac, which all at once it cannot comprehend; and how the sense aches with delight while one vast wonder succeeds another; and the retina, like the sensorium, becomes crowded with images, which require silence and solitude for contemplation. The impression which Thebes makes on the thinking traveller is indelible; the levity of his mind, however marked it may have been, is likely to become less; and his gravity, however great it may hitherto have been, imperceptibly becomes augmented."

A letter to Joshua Brookes, on the subject of crocodiles, hyenas, wild cats, rats, jackals, horned vipers, and locusts, comes within the verge of our ideas of propriety; but to address the fair, and, we are sorry to say, now the widowed Countess of Blessington, on ancient inhumations, mummies, troglodytes, mummy powder, mummy heads divested of integuments, men with black skins and short woolly hair, is somewhat too much for us, whether "our sensibility be on the lip, or in the heart."

The visit to Lady Hester Stanhope is interesting, and we willingly insert a portion of it.

"The people of Sidon laughed at me when I talked of visiting Lady H—— S——; the greatest lords, they said, had been refused admittance; and latterly every stranger had in vain solicited an interview. I wrote a note to her ladyship, requesting the favour of an audience, and stating my profession and pursuits. In the evening, to the surprise of all Sidon, a pair of horses arrived for me, and a polite note from her ladyship, stating she would be happy to see me, but without a single servant. Her ladyship is now living about eight miles from Sidon, in the interior of the mountains, at a villa of her own construction, called D'Joun: there is no village in its vicinity; hemmed in on all sides by arid mountains, this residence is shut out from the world, and is at the mercy of the Bedouins, if they had the audacity to attack it. But of this there is little fear; they regard her as a queen of the desert, though I never heard her receive any other title from them than *Sittee Inglis*, or the English lady. When I was setting out from Sidon, all the merchants and Jews of the place gathered round me; one kissed my hand, another invoked blessings on my beard, and all this courtesy arose from a report that I was her ladyship's English agent coming out with a vessel of specie for her use. I protested that I was not the bearer of a single *paras*; and when I failed to convince them, I proceeded on my route. For about two hours the scenery became wilder at every step, and at last, on the peak of a solitary mountain, separated from every human habitation, the humble abode of Lady H—— S—— burst on my sight. I approached the house with a feeling of awe I could not overcome; the high walls that surrounded the building, the massive bars that closed the gates, the gloomy windows that overlooked the entrance, all contributed to inspire a stranger with ideas that were likely to unfit him for an immediate interview with the celebrated owner of the mansion. After the gates were thrown open I was surprised to observe a thousand little elegancies in the distribution of the walks, and the adjustment of the flower-pots in the court through which I passed. Every thing without was wild and barbarous, and all within confessed

the hand of taste. I was led from the court into a little garden, at the extremity of which there was a sort of kiosk, consisting of two rooms, a sitting-room and bed-room, furnished in the European style, with chairs and tables. Every thing seemed to have been prepared for my arrival; and in a short time, an excellent dinner was served up, and various sorts of the choicest wines of Lebanon were laid on the table. It seemed to me as if I was in some enchanted palace; the servants came and went, but never opened their lips; I spoke to them, but they answered me with bows and nods. I would have given the world to have had somebody to talk to: in the evening, however, I received a note from her ladyship, stating that business prevented her from seeing me till the *mogreb*, or sunset; and in the event of my wanting any thing, that I was to write it down on paper and commit it to the servant. The formidable moment for the interview arrived at last; I decked myself out in my finest mameluke apparel, and followed the servant who brought her ladyship's message. The room into which I was ushered was in the Arab style; a long divan was raised at the end, about a foot and a half from the ground; and, at the further corner, as well as a glimmering lamp would allow me to distinguish, I perceived a tall figure in the male attire of the country, which was no other than Lady H—— herself. She received me in the most gracious manner, arose at my entrance, and said my visit afforded her great pleasure. In the course of one hour we were on the best of terms, we conversed like people who had been acquainted for years; and, indeed, her ladyship was so well acquainted with my character within the first two hours of my interview, whether by physiognomy or the stars, that she acquainted me with every peculiar lineament of my mind, with as much facility and as much correctness as if she had been tracing those of my countenance. I was certainly astonished at her penetration; but I have no doubt, that in judging of the characters of strangers, her ladyship 'consults the stars' less than the features of the person whose intellect she wishes to ascertain. For seven hours that I had the honour of sitting with her ladyship, there never was a pause in the conversation. Every subject connected with oriental learning was discussed, and every observation of her ladyship's evinced a degree of genius that astonished me, and was couched in such forcible and energetic language as to impress me with the idea that I was conversing with a woman of no ordinary intellect. The peculiarity of some of her opinions in no wise detracted from the general profundity of her reflections; and, though I could not assent to many of her abstract notions regarding astral influence and astrological science, I had still no reason to alter my opinion of her exalted talents, though it might appear they were unfortunately directed to very speculative studies. It is too much the fashion with us to impugn the understanding of every individual who differs in a single point from received opinions. There is not a physician in England who does not ridicule the notion of there being a particle of truth in the alleged effects of animal magnetism; and yet the most scientific men in France have asserted that its influence is not altogether an illusion; and, I believe, with justice. But, granting that it were an illusion, or, to go a step further, that the power which a wand is supposed to possess in the hands of certain individuals to indicate the spot where water is to be found, is but a fanciful idea, still I do not conceive that Lady

B——n, who was one of the first persons who brought that German discovery, or juggle, into notice in this country, should be deemed of an unsound mind. Neither should the understanding of Lady H—— S—— be supposed to have become a prey to ecstasy, because she holds opinions that are prevalent, not only among the Arabs, but, strange as it may appear, among some of the most learned people in Syria, among some of the most enlightened European residents in Egypt, and among many travellers, two of whom are English noblemen, and whose opinions concerning magic, to my knowledge, are no less singular than those of Lady H——.”

That Mr. Madden is an active and clever medical man, we most willingly acknowledge; indeed, his volumes afford too many evidences of it to be acceptable to the general reader; and many of his professional details, however suitable for the arena of an anatomical theatre, are, from their indecacy, unfit for the female eye: his observations on the probable causes and treatment of the plague merit attention; and his medical advice to travellers is valuable.

We conclude our review with an extract which may warn wayfarers from the too frequent assumption of medical skill in these countries.

“Shortly after, we met a *kangea* with an English Jack; it turned out to be that of Mr. L——, an English traveller; we dined together: I found he was a medical amateur, and had been physicking the Arabs beyond the second cataract. I was surprised to see his crew of Nubians excessively pale and meagre; and still more so to learn that every man of his had suffered from a contagious malady contracted in the unwholesome neighbourhood of *Kennah*. Mr. L—— very humanely undertook to cure them all: small mercurial applications were judged necessary; but Mr. L—— confessed to me, that small as these were, the effects were terrible, and his crew was already toothless. I asked to see the medicine, and, to my horror, I found that, owing to a mistake (not of Mr. L——’s, but of the person who wrote the label on the medicine), the corrosive ointment of nitrate of mercury had been employed instead of the simple unction. Turks and Arabs take a great deal of killing; no others could have survived this cure.”

CAPTAIN BASIL HALL’S AMERICA.

[Third notice: conclusion.]

LEAVING Charleston, Captain Hall travelled over a good deal of the interior country; and his accounts of the new settlements are replete with interest and intelligence. He tells us—

“About a year before the period of our visit, that is to say, in the course of 1827, an arrangement was completed by the government of the United States, by which the Creek nation of Indians were induced to quit the territory lying between the Chatahoochie and the Flint rivers, and to move westward within the limits of the state of Alabama; thus leaving the vast intermediate district of country at the disposal of the Georgians. It seems that, according to the laws of Georgia, any land so acquired, by what is called the extinction of the Indian claims, is divided by lottery amongst the inhabitants of the state. Every citizen twenty-one years of age has one draw, as it is called; a married man two draws, a married man with a family three. I forget the farther particulars, and have mislaid the act of the legislature upon the subject. I believe, however, that the lots were of 202½ acres each. Be these details, however, as they

may, the whole of the country, formerly occupied by a few Indians, was no sooner acquired than it was divided in the way I have mentioned amongst the people of that state. When this distribution took place, however, the state government reserved a portion of the country, five miles square, upon which they proposed to found a city. The situation chosen for this purpose was a spot on the left bank of the Chatahoochie, which is the boundary line between the state of Georgia and Alabama. The new city was to commence at the lower end of a long series of falls, or, more properly speaking, rapids, over which this great river dashes for some miles in a very picturesque manner. The perpendicular fall being about 200 feet, an immense power for turning mills is placed at the disposal of the inhabitants of the future city, within the limits of which the whole of this valuable portion of the river has been included. All the way down to the Gulf of Mexico, also, the navigation of the Chatahoochie is unimpeded; so that several steam-boats had already made their way up to the spot I am speaking of. By a law of the state of Georgia, it was arranged that sixty days should elapse after this portion of land reserved for the city was completely surveyed, before any of the building lots could be sold. These lots were to consist of half an acre each, and the whole five miles square was to be distinctly marked out in streets, on paper; and, being numbered and lettered accordingly, they were to be advertised for sale over the whole Union. These sixty days were considered sufficient to enable adventurers, settlers, land-speculators, merchants, and all others so disposed, to come to the spot preparatory to the auction. The project took like wildfire; and the advantages of the new city being loudly proclaimed over the land, people flocked from all quarters to see and judge of it for themselves. We arrived, fortunately, just in the nick of time to see the curious phenomenon of an embryo town—a city as yet without a name, or any existence in law or fact, but crowded with inhabitants, ready to commence their municipal duties at the tap of an auctioneer’s hammer. On leaving the Creek agency, we drove for some miles along the Indian, or western side of the river, and then crossed over by a ferry to the left bank. In order to see things better, we sent on the carriage, and walked towards Columbus, which it was understood was to be the future name of the future city. A gentleman, one of the assembled inhabitants, had been kind enough to accompany us from the agency, to show-off the lions of this singular place. The first thing to which he called our attention, was a long line cut through the coppice-wood of oaks. This, our guide begged us to observe, was to be the principal street; and the brushwood having been cut away, so as to leave a lane four feet wide, with small stakes driven in at intervals, we could walk along it easily enough. On reaching the middle point, our friend, looking around him, exclaimed, in raptures at the prospect of the future greatness of Columbus—“Here you are in the centre of the city!” In a very short time, he assured us, it would be no longer a mere path, but a street sixty yards wide, and one league in length! By keeping a bright look-out as we proceeded, we could detect other similar cuts into the forest, branching off at right angles to this main avenue, as it was to be called. As yet, however, these cross streets were only indicated by a few stakes driven in by the surveyors. After threading our way for some time amongst

the trees, we came in sight, here and there, of huts made partly of planks, partly of bark, and at last reached the principal cluster of houses, very few of which were above two or three weeks old. These buildings were of all sizes, from a six-feet box or cube to a house with half-a-dozen windows in front. There were three hotels, the sign belonging to one of which, I could observe, was nailed to a tree still growing, untouched, in the middle of the street. Another had glazed windows, but the panes of glass were fixed in their places merely for the time, by a little piece of putty at each corner. Every thing indicated hurry. The direction and width alone of the future streets were adhered to; but no other description of regularity could be discovered. As none of the city lots were yet sold, of course no one was sure that the spot upon which he had pitched his house would eventually become his own. Every person, it seemed, was at liberty to build where he could find room, it being understood that forty days after the sale would be allowed him to remove his property from the ground on which it stood, should he not himself become its purchaser. In consequence of this understanding, many of the houses were built on trucks,—a sort of low, strong wheels, such as cannon are supported by,—for the avowed purpose of being hurled away when the land should be sold. At least sixty frames of houses were pointed out to me, lying in piles on the ground, and got up by the carpenters on speculation, ready to answer the call of future purchasers. At some parts of this strange scene, the forest, which hereabouts consists of a mixture of pines and oaks, was growing as densely as ever; and even in the most cleared streets some trees were left standing, I do not well know why. As yet there had been no time to remove the stumps of the felled trees, and many that had been felled were left in their places; so that it was occasionally no easy matter to get along. Anvils were heard ringing away merrily at every corner; while saws, axes, and hammers, were seen flashing amongst the woods all round. Stage-coaches, travelling waggons, carts, gigs, the whole family of wheeled vehicles, innumerable, were there. Grocery stores and bakeries were scattered about in great plenty—and over several doors was written, ‘Attorney at Law.’ One of the commissioners from the state of Georgia, who had the management of this extraordinary experiment in colonisation, assured me there were upwards of 900 inhabitants already collected together, though it was expected that four months must still elapse before the sale could take place, or the city have any legal existence! Many of these people being without houses, or even sheds, were encamped in the forest. Some lived in waggons; and many persons strolled about, so pick up quarters and employment where they best could. As all sorts of artificers were in great demand, it was a fine harvest for carpenters and blacksmiths. I was told that upon a moderate computation there would probably be assembled, on the day of sale, between three and four thousand people, ready to inhabit the new city. I can well believe this; for, during the short period we were there, many new comers dropped in from different directions, out of the forest—like birds of prey attracted by the scent of some glorious quarry. It must have been a curious sight after the auction, to witness the scatter which took place when the parties came to claim each his own property—to demolish or remove the old, and raise the new dwellings; to say nothing of the entangled

machinery of police and other municipal arrangements—the mayor and aldermen to get up—the town taxes to levy;—the school, the jail, the court-house, the church,—all to be erected. In other places these things rise up by degrees—but here they must have taken their date all at once, and all in a body! I could form no idea from what I saw or heard on the spot, how this strangely concocted town would get on;—nor have I ever since been able to learn one syllable respecting its progress.”

At the end of his work the author embodies his general observations and opinions in the form of a conversation with a citizen of the United States; of which dialogue the following is the finale, and a fair sample of the whole.

“At all events,” said my American friend, “although I fear no foreigner can ever understand our character, or appreciate the value of our institutions, I trust you at least will admit that we are a great nation; that we are treading close on the heels of the mother country; and that we are making gigantic strides in the way of every kind of improvement?” I remained silent, not knowing well how to reply to such an appeal. “At least,” he added, “I trust you have seen enough to make a favourable report of us to your countrymen; and that you will do what you can to bring the two countries more together?” My answer was in these words: “I came away from England with that express intention, or at least, to speak correctly, with the anxious hope that I should find sufficient materials to enable me, with a safe conscience, to make an effort towards the accomplishment of that object.” “And what is the result?” “I will not conceal from you that I have been somewhat disappointed; and my opinion now is, that while each of our governments retains its present character, any closer intimacy between us is not likely to spring up. Neither do I think, all things considered, it is what the Americans themselves ought to desire.” “Why not? You surely do both countries injustice.” “Pray do not misunderstand me,” I said, “or think me unkind. My meaning is simply this. If an American traveller were to come to England, stay in it as long as I have done in America, and pay as much attention to my country as I have done to his, and after all were to declare, that upon the whole he did not think much further intimacy between the two countries was either probable or very desirable, I should be far from saying his speech was an unkind one to us, or unpatriotic to America; still less that he did either party the slightest injustice.” “Surely, it would be wanting in true philanthropy, however?” he said. “Not a whit,” I replied. “Each of our countries loves its own institutions better than those of the other. You prefer a democracy, we choose to abide by our monarchy. You love to be chopping and changing, we desire to continue in our present path. Which is the best, time will shew. But however that may be, it is quite clear, that as our views and wishes are so diametrically opposed, not merely in name but in substance, and in all that we respectively consider valuable in life, any closer contact could not possibly tend to advance the objects of either. We, for our part, have no mind to change to your system; and you, in like manner, I presume, have no wish to come round again to that of England. Let us, therefore, in God’s name, long preserve our present friendly and useful relations, leaving it to time and the course of events to regulate the terms of our future intimacy.” “I fear,” said my excellent

friend, “we are doomed, in America, to be perpetually misunderstood. I trust, however, that this national reserve—which I earnestly desire to see removed—does not extend to individuals. You and I, for instance, may continue to enjoy each other’s friendship without risk.” “Indeed, I hope so,” I exclaimed: “I should be much grieved to think that any thing else could ever be the case. I have had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with many persons in America, whose good-will and good opinion I hope I shall never lose, and for whose kindness to my family and myself I shall feel grateful to the last hour of my life.” So we shook hands and parted.”

In addition to the extracts and remarks which we have now offered to our readers, we have only farther to notice, that the first of Captain Hall’s able volumes relates to Canada and our own North American colonies (respecting which it gives a mass of useful information), and that the whole is illustrated and improved by excellent maps. Where so much ability has been displayed, it cannot be expected that a brief review could do the author justice; but as, on the whole, his statements are rather unfavourable to America, we have no doubt they will provoke plenty of discussion, without our entering into the warfare.

Forty Etchings, from Sketches with the Camera Lucida, &c. &c. 4to.—This appendage to the preceding volumes demands from us a short record and panegyric. Captain Hall, by a skilful use of that admirable instrument, the camera lucida, has here separately and most felicitously illustrated his North American tour. We have remarkable landscapes, and characteristic figures, etched with equal fidelity and spirit. We are sure that this publication will not only recommend itself to the public, but the means by which it has been accomplished to many a future traveller.

Maw’s Passage from the Pacific to the Atlantic.
[Third Notice; conclusion.]

THE lengthened extracts to which the interesting matters treated of in Lieut. Maw’s work have already seduced us, leave us no space for any remarks of our own; and indeed, the nature of the topics discussed would render these unnecessary, even had we opportunity and inclination to indulge in them: we therefore proceed with our extracts. At Tabitinga, at an Indian festival:—

“During the week we went frequently to the governor’s and the padre’s houses, and accompanied the former to an Indian dance or festival. These festivals are not uncommon at Tabitinga, occurring, I believe, about once a-month, when the Indians, few of whom live in the pueblo, collect, and dance and drink chicha for three days, to such an excess, that they become thoroughly stupified; and it requires four and twenty hours, or one day and night’s sleep, to recover them. The dances are performed in masks, and there is much acting in the performance: that which we saw appeared to me to relate to some story; but what the story was I could not learn, although I made repeated inquiries. I will, however, attempt to describe that part of the performance we witnessed. At the time we entered, which was after the dance had commenced on the first evening, several persons were collected in a house that had apparently not been long built, standing close round the walls inside, so as to leave the middle of the apartment clear for the dancers and their attendants, the latter of whom were numerous. Seats were given us near the master of the ceremonies, an

elderly Indian who stood alone. The dancers, who, from what we could judge of their figures when disfigured, appeared to be men, were dressed in shirts made of bark, stripped off the trees whole, therefore having no seams, and marked with rude figures of different colours, principally red and yellow. The shirt was continued over the head, with holes for the eyes, nose, and mouth, and above the shirt was a head-dress made from the stems of Indian corn; sleeves were made of the bark of smaller trees or branches, also without seam, except where they joined the body of the shirt; and ears were attached according to the objects intended to be represented, some resembling monkeys. On the legs, particularly on the right ankle, were tied strings of rattles, made from the shells of some small hard nut, the sound of which was loud, but not disagreeable. The dancers were usually linked three together, one principal character supported by two others, one on each side; and there were generally two sets dancing at the same time, each set being followed by women and children dancing or jumping in a similar manner. The step was a kind of run, one, two, three, then the same number of beats with the heel, jerking the rattles, and then on again, one, two, three, passing continually round and across the apartment. After the parties who were dancing when we entered had gone on for some time, the arrival of fresh characters was announced by a noise, (I think beating a kind of drum at the door); room was then made; the first performers retired, and the new-comers entered, dressed so as to represent various characters; and armed with false spears or javelins, which they darted into the thatch of the roof inside the house, and then proceeded to dance in a similar manner to their predecessors. The conclusion of the festival was, that the women as well as the men were all intoxicated; and the day after the rites terminated, few Indians were seen out of their hammocks. We availed ourselves of the opportunity to obtain some of their costumes, &c. I got two bark dresses; some necklaces made of teeth, and a bark belt, which is the only dress of some of the Tacanas. I also got a string of the scarlet macaws, or, as they are there called, arara’s feathers, resembling the head-dress described as having been worn by the Peruvians at the time of the Spanish conquest. One of the Indians, who came to the festival, brought a few birds which he had shot with his pucuna, and stuffed with cotton, slung over his shoulder; these we also got. The commandante had several string of birds of similar descriptions, and stuffed in a similar manner, hanging in the veranda of his house, which he intended taking down to Para. He had also got a young king of the vultures, and some monkeys of a rare species. The accounts given us at Tabitinga of Dr. Spix, the German naturalist, who had come up to the frontier, with particular directions from the emperor for assistance to be rendered to him, were considered as little less than marvellous by the related. He had examined various subjects; and we were told that there was not a monkey in the district one or more of whose species he had not stuffed. The scientific ability and indefatigable perseverance of this gentleman, and of his companion, Dr. Martius, who proceeded up the Japura, and of whom we afterwards heard much from Colonel Zany, commandante of militias at the Rio Negro, who accompanied Dr. Martius by order of the government, and obtained his rank of colonel for having done so, are too well known for me to presume to say more respecting

them. There was a large canoe at Tabitinga that had come down the Ucayali with sarsaparilla belonging to the intendente of Moyobamba, and his uncle, the prefect of the missions on the Ucayali. She had been consigned to the padre, and was waiting for some goods which the new commandante was supposed to be bringing up with him. The Indians who manned the canoe belonged to the Ucayali missions; they were savage, that is to say, rude in their appearance, but quiet and peaceable in their manner. Their dress consisted of a single garment, not much unlike an English carter's frock, made of coarse cotton cloth, and dyed of a brown colour. Their weapons were bows, made of palm wood, and about six feet long, and arrows of strong reeds, as stout as a man's finger, without knots, and headed, some with bone, others with a broad hollow cane split in halves, and pointed. We got several of these bows and arrows, in exchange for knives, fish-hooks, large needles, &c. which were valued highly by these poor beings, and some of which we distributed amongst them, but not in such numbers as to render them valueless. When at Moyobamba, the intendente assured us that his uncle, the prefect of the missions, had seen an arrow headed with cane, and shot from a Ucayali bow, enter a man's chest, and shew itself through the back. The man who had charge of the canoe was a Peruvian, and spoke the Spanish language. The account he gave of the Ucayali was, that Sarayacu is the highest station of the missionaries, and the residence of Padre Plaza, the prefect. The Ucayali is broad and deep as far as Sarayacu, but divides into smaller streams soon afterwards. He had been up the Ucayali as far as Ocopa, noted as the college of the missionaries, and only a few days' distance by land from Lima. Some of the Indians between Sarayacu and Ocopa are dangerous, but others come down to trade. I do not suppose that these accounts are implicitly to be relied upon, although I give them as the best we received in the country.

"Some of the Tabitinga Indians have a preposterous practice of tying ligatures so tight under the knees and elbows, that the circulation of the blood must be in a great measure stopped; the joints swell in consequence, and the flesh and muscle of the limbs entirely dwindle. Their knowledge and application of particular herbs is as remarkable as their ignorance of others. Whilst we were at Tabitinga, an Indian who had gone into the woods to collect sarsaparilla, was bit by one of the deadly snakes of the country, and was brought back to the pueblo supposed to be dying. Being a Christian, Padre Bruno went to perform the last offices of the church over him; but the women took charge, and, by the application of herbs, cured him in three days. The poison in which the Indians dip their wooden spears, and the small arrows for their pucunas, has frequently attracted notice by its power and rapidity of execution. Its preparation is kept a mystery confined to certain tribes, and that manufactured by different tribes may, perhaps, differ; but from its great value amongst the Indians, the difficulty of procuring it, and from those by whom it is manufactured being inferior tribes, and of the lowest order of savages, I suspect that the preparation is not altogether a safe process. I had endeavoured to get some of this poison, but without success, until some men, seeing a large knife of the same kind as those with which we had paid the Laguna canoe-man, and which we intended to keep, as it might be useful, being

about eighteen inches long, brought several bows, arrows, &c. to obtain it; but we had got sufficient bows and arrows, and would not give the knife. At last, after various attempts had been made, a jar of poison was brought, and the knife was then given. Yet so much was the poison coveted, that when we reached the Rio Negro, it was stolen; and I am indebted to Colonel Zany for another jar, which is now in the hands of Mr. Brodie. Its effects are rather stupifying than convulsive. Salt and sugar are both considered remedies, taken inwardly, and applied externally.

"During our daily visits, the padre related to us various anecdotes and descriptions of Peru, which corresponded generally with what we had seen. At his house we met with a Peruvian, a man about six feet high, and unusually stout in proportion, who, amongst other adventures, had had an extraordinary engagement with a tiger, the marks of whose claws and teeth he still retained on his head and arm, although several years had elapsed since the combat. Repetitions of such recitals are not easy, inasmuch as the spirit of them depends greatly on the manner and peculiarities of the actors, which are almost indescribable. The tiger's antagonist and his brother were proprietors of a chacra that was infested by animals coming under the general denomination of tiger, and which includes a variety of species, some incomparably more formidable than others. What was the particular description of this animal I do not know; the reader must endeavour to form his judgment from the narration. However, our acquaintance passing one day through part of his chacra, saw the tiger lying under a bush or tree; and, according to the Peruvian, or perhaps his own more peculiar manner, he addressed it. 'Ho, my friend, you are there, are you? I have been seeking you for some time, and we have a long account to settle. Wait till I get my weapons, and I will be with you again quickly.' Accordingly, going to the house of the chacra, he got his pucuna and arrows, and returned: these men always wear a long knife in a leather sheath, suspended to a strap that buckles round the waist. When the tiger saw him coming with his pucuna, he thought it time to be off; and, springing up, began to run. A chase then commenced, the man's conversation also proceeding—'What, you are off now, are you? but you shall not pass quite so easily; we must have some further communication before we part.' In the mean time the tiger, either not liking the sound of the man's voice, or the appearance of his weapons, made a spring, and got up into a tree. A momentary pause ensued, when the man laying down his spears, if he had any (which I really do not know), began to make use of his pucuna by blowing poisoned arrows at the tiger; but either the poison was old, and not good, or the tiger's skin was too tough and glossy, as no deadly effect was produced; but the animal was annoyed; and, after several arrows had been blown at him, sprung or fell from the tree, and again started to run. The chase was renewed, and the man came up, the tiger turning on his haunches to defend himself. The pucuna was now of no use, and was thrown aside: the left arm advanced to keep the animal off, whilst with the right the man felt for his knife. The exertion of running had broke the strap, and he was without arms. Desperation sometimes gives courage, and this man was evidently not deficient in what at that time was a desirable quality; moreover,

his strength was uncommon. He remained firmly on his guard. The tiger attempted to spring; the man struck him with his fist on the nose, still keeping his left side forward and his arm extended, and continuing his conversation—'I am without arms, but I am not beat.' The tiger made another spring, and was again struck on the nose; some other remark was made, and in this manner the combat went on, until the tiger finding himself foiled in his endeavours to spring, made various other attacks. On one occasion he seized the man's left arm and bit it through, but was again struck on the nose, and fortunately let go without injuring the bone: on another occasion he got one of his paws on the man's head, and the claws tore through the scalp to the skull; the marks and the man's height proved that they were no kitten's claws. In the end, the man would probably have fallen; but his brother hearing him talk in rather an uncommon manner, came up with a spear, and ran the tiger through the body. After the story was finished, the padre asked the man, 'What made him go and fight with a wild beast?' However, he said, the account was true, as, indeed, the marks on the man's head and arm proved. We were also told of a Peruvian pueblo that was infested by an animal of this denomination, and which I think was said to be black, that would walk into the plaza in the middle of the day, and seize on the first person it could lay hold of. It carried off about fifty people before it could be destroyed. It was at length shot.

"The padre had some large land-tortoises, which were considered good to eat, and even preferred by some people to tartarug, or the water-tortoises. I cannot say I admired such diet; but in a country where monkeys and vaca marina are considered delicacies, and snakes and alligators have been eaten, not to mention human flesh, any thing will go down. I bought a small monkey at Tabitinga, of an uncommon species. It had been domesticated, and was a playmate of the children. The man to whom it belonged, who was an Indian, objected at first to parting with it; but a good price being offered, he at last consented. When he was receiving payment, supposing we wanted to make a mess of it, he said it was not large, but it would be good to eat. A land-tortoise, that stood a yard high, was said to have been sent as a specimen to the emperor. They abound in some parts of the Montana. The day before we left Tabitinga, a fisherman, whom the padre had sent out, returned with a vaca marina that he had harpooned; and as I had repeatedly expressed a wish to see one, and if possible to get a skin preserved, the padre sent to us before he allowed it to be cut up. Its shape, with the exception of the snout, resembled a seal; the skin that of a whale or porpoise, smooth, of a dark lead colour on the back, and with a few occasional hairs. The snout, and particularly the lips, were like those of an ox, whence it derives the Spanish name of vaca marina, and Portuguese 'peixe boy.' The tail was broad, not thick, and horizontal. On each shoulder was a fin joined close to the shoulder, broad, but not thick, and tapering narrower and thinner towards the extremity. The dimensions of this one, which was full grown, but not considered fat, were about ten feet long, and eight round the thickest part of the body; but as the Indians were not willing to move it, and I agreed with the fisherman to buy the skin, I was not so particular as I otherwise should have been in measuring. When cut,

on the under part of the body, from the head towards the tail, immediately under the skin, a layer of fat covered the ribs and fleshy part of the body; and this layer being the part from which oil, or, as it is there called, 'man-teiga,' is extracted, was carefully stripped off by the fisherman and his assistants. In its thickest part, immediately over the intestines, the layer was about two inches in diameter. Under the fat the flesh resembled that on the ribs of moderately fat beef, and was also stripped off in one layer. The ribs were then divided, and the intestines taken out. I do not understand sufficient of anatomy to describe each of the organs, but it appeared to have most of those common to land animals. The lungs were of large size, extending nearly the whole length on each side of the back, protected from the intestines by a strong diaphragm. There were two distinct stomachs connected by a small but long intestine, with a much larger intestine leading from the second stomach. On being cut open, the whole were found to contain grass or some kind of vegetable, which the animal had lately eaten; that contained in the first stomach was covered with a thick mucous substance, whilst in the second stomach and larger intestines it was of a yellower colour, and appeared to have undergone a considerable degree of digestion. Each of the fins had five long tapering bones, with joints resembling those of the human hand. The extremities of both the tail and fins were gristle. The cutting up this vaca marina had attracted the attention of a variety of animals. The men were the operators; a number of women and children were in attendance with baskets; whilst several half-starved dogs were on the look-out, and fighting for whatever might fall to their share; and when any of the refuse was thrown into the water, it was instantly snapped at by what we supposed to be alligators."

On the 8th of February our countrymen left Tabitinga, and passed the boundary line between Peru and Brazil.

Gabrielle; a Tale of the Swiss Mountains.
By C. Redding. 12mo. pp. 136. London, 1829. Ebers and Co.

THE story of the principal poem is a very pathetic one—that of a Swiss girl who loses her reason in the fright occasioned by the sudden fall of an avalanche. There is much beauty and sweetness in many parts, though not throughout so critically correct in composition and rhyme as poetical in thought. As it would be difficult to detach passages, we prefer quoting one of the minor pieces, from its being finished within our limits.

"The Sword Song.
'Thou sword upon my belted vest,
Why glitters thus thy polish'd crest,
Kindling high ardour in my breast,
From thy bright beams?—Hurrah!'
'A horseman brave supports my blade,
Proud for a freeman to be made—
For him I shine, for him I wade
Through blood and death.—Hurrah!'
'Yes, my good sword, behold me free,
In fond affection bound to thee,
As though thou wert betroth'd to me,
A first, dear bride.—Hurrah!'
'Soldier of Freedom, I am thine!
For thee alone my beams shall shine—
When, soldier, shall I call thee mine,
Join'd in the field?—Hurrah!'
'When the shrill trumpet's summons flies—
When red guns flash upon the skies—
Then will our bridal sun arise
And join our hands.—Hurrah!'
'O welcome union! haste away,
Ye tardy moments of delay;
I long, my bridegroom, for the day
To wear thy wreath.—Hurrah!'

'Why restless in thy scabbard, why,
Thou iron child of destiny?
So wild, as if the battle-cry
Thou hearest now.—Hurrah!'
'Impatient in my dread reserve,
Restless in battle-fields to serve,
I burn our freedom to preserve.
Thus with bright gleams.—Hurrah!'
'Rest, but a little longer rest,
In a short space thou shalt be blest,
Within my ardent grasp compress,
Ready for fight.—Hurrah!'
'Then let me not too long await—
I love the gory field of fate,
Where Death's rich roses blow elate
In bloody bloom.—Hurrah!'
'Then out, and from thy bondage fly,
Thou treasure of the freeman's eye!
Come to the scene of slaughter, hie,
Our nuptial home.—Hurrah!'
Thus be our glorious marriage-tie
Wedded beneath heaven's canopy:
Bright as a sunbeam of the sky
Glitters my bride.—Hurrah!'
Then, forth for the immortal strife,
Thou German soldier's new-made wife!
Glow not each heart with tenfold life
Embracing thee?—Hurrah!'
While in thy scabbard at my side
I seldom gazed on thee, my bride—
Our hands now join'd, we'll ne'er divide,
Ever in sight.—Hurrah!'
Thee sparkling to my lips I press,
And thus my ardent vows profess—
O cursed be he beyond redress
Who parts us now!—Hurrah!'
Come joy into thy polish'd eyes,
Let thy bright glances flashing rise—
Our marriage-day dawns in the skies,
My Bride of Steel.—Hurrah!'

Amid the many translations of this celebrated poem, we know of none than can at all compete with this most animated and stirring one: it has completely caught the spirit of Körner.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Emily Moreland; or, the Maid of the Valley.
3 vols. 12mo. Sherwood and Co.
ONE of the old-novel school; the dangers of a pretty girl whom every one wishes to seduce. She escapes of course, and is happily married.

The Extractor; or, Universal Repertorium of Literature, Science, and the Arts, &c. &c., from March to July. Vol. II. 8vo. pp. 548. J. Ware.

THE immense mass of useful and amusing reading which is now poured out by the periodical press, and which has happily superseded that torrent of irreligion, immorality, and mischief, which previously overflowed the country—enables the judicious selector who conducts this publication, to compile, every few months, a miscellaneous volume of much entertainment and interest. We spoke well of his first, and have no cause to retract our praise on looking over this, his second, effort.

Moral and Sacred Poetry. Selected and arranged by the Rev. T. Willcocks and the Rev. T. Horton. 12mo. pp. 296. Devonport, 1829. W. Byers.

WITHOUT subscribing to the poetical opinions of the reverend editors of this volume in their preface, and indeed differing from them on almost every point *toto cælo*, we willingly accord to them the meed of having chosen from the grand body of English poetry a series of examples well suited to their object,—the exhibition of fine as well as ordinary talents employed in disseminating a love of virtue and religion. The book is neatly printed and got up, with a pretty vignette.

The Hobart-Town Almanack, for the year 1829.
Hobart Town, printed by James Ross.
AMONG the literary novelties and curiosities which reach us from various parts of the earth,

we may fairly reckon the first publication of an Australian almanack. Let us add, that it is very appropriately embellished, and, except that the paper is rather inferior, altogether a creditable little volume. The contents, with the usual cycles, calendars, &c. &c., are devoted to local information; and, we daresay, are as useful in Van Diemen's Land as they are strange to us.

An Historical Essay on the Magna Charta of King John; to which are added, the Great Charter in Latin and English; the Charter of Liberties and Confirmations, granted by Henry III. and Edward I.; the original Charter of the Forests; and various authentic Instruments connected with them: Explanatory Notes on their several Privileges; a descriptive Account of the principal Originals and Editions extant, both in print and manuscript; and other Illustrations, derived from the most interesting and authentic sources. By Richard Thomson. Large 8vo. pp. 611. London, 1829. J. Major; and R. Jennings.

THE title-page so fully explains the nature of this, we will say national, work, that we have only to speak of its literary character, and admirable execution as an example of typography and embellishment. In the former respect Mr. Thomson has done every thing that could be wished, and added greatly to the reputation he had already established as a diligent antiquary and popular writer. He seems to have consulted every authority which could render such a volume more valuable than any that have preceded it; and his mass of information is really "prodigious." With regard to the decorative parts, they must be seen, to be prized as they ought to be: every page is a picture. The designs and wood engravings, by Brooke, Thurston, Branston, Bonner, Hughes, Mosses, White, Mason, and other eminent artists, are at once appropriate and beautiful—well chosen and well copied after striking originals, whether of charters, armorial bearings, tombs, effigies, or other sources. In short, this book ought to adorn every library in the kingdom.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

NEW RUSSIAN EXPEDITION.

BARON HUMBOLDT, after a short stay at St. Petersburg, left that city towards the end of May, to proceed to the Ural mountains. There is every reason to expect from him, if not a number of new observations, at least a series of experiments and notices much more exact than those made by his predecessors, with the exception perhaps of Messrs. Hausten and Erman, of Stockholm and Berlin, whose objects were much more limited. What will give much interest to his journey, is the comparison which will probably be instituted between the steppes of Asia and Africa; for M. Humboldt is accompanied by Professor Ehrenberg, as zoologist and botanist, who made so interesting a journey through the Libyan deserts, to Dongolah, Mount Sinai, and Mount Lebanon, and who alone will be thus enabled to give a correct comparative table of the phenomena presented by analogous countries in these two parts of the world.

AFRICA.

Continuation of the Journal of the Expedition under Captain Owen.

[We had arrived off the deserted settlement at the entrance of the Rio Grande, and the writer proceeds:]
Part of the buildings are still remaining, uninhabited and in ruins. The main and the islands are very fertile, covered with fine large

trees, bushes, and grass; plenty of cattle, deer, and many kinds of game; elephants, wolves, baboons, monkeys, &c. &c. The alligator and hippopotamus abound in this river. One of the natives, who had spent his youthful days at Liverpool, could speak English tolerably well, came on board to dispose of Ivory and skins, and was very communicative. Upon being asked if he would join in an elephant hunt, he declined, saying he had had enough of them in his searches for dropped tusks in the woods; and related an instance of his being chased by one of them through a wood, and his progress obstructed by its breaking off and throwing large branches in his way; and having frequently to be on his hands and knees to get through the thick jungle, he with great difficulty and fatigue escaped from this furious animal. Some of our party, however, attempted it, but could not succeed in the many tracks to discover one, although but a few minutes previous to their landing one or more had passed that way. This native also informed us, that two of his slaves, in wading the river, had a few days previous been seized by alligators, and dragged to the bottom of the river, in the presence of their countrymen on the opposite side. Great advantage was derived from this native; and he volunteered to be the pilot of our boats up the Rio Grande. We were now joined by the tender, Albatross and Conflict; the latter vessel had also been aground upon a ridge of rocks at low water, but sustained little or no injury; and recommenced survey with great alacrity, in order to quit these islands before the tornadoes set in. While in the act of quitting this anchorage, early in the morning, a large canoe came alongside with the padre and a native officer of the Portuguese garrison—having stole away at night to inform us, that the soldiers had revolted, and the other officers having confined themselves to their quarters, it was expected the mutineers would steal away in a brig at anchor off the port, and they came to claim our immediate help. Captain Owen, ever ready to render assistance in time of need, acceded to their wish; and on our arrival off their port, Bissao, after pursuing a very intricate and shallow entrance among the islands, we found that the sight of our ship alone had caused great confusion, that several of the disaffected had given themselves up, and that the officers had released themselves, and taken several prisoners. A party of marines, under Lieutenant Seymour, was sent a-shore to apprehend those that were missing from the garrison. All was soon quieted by our approach; and the poor, heavy, and dejected-looking officers of the garrison were invited on board. Having imprisoned the mutineers, they were sent to the island of St. Jago for trial. For this act of kindness, two of the finest heifers which had been purchased were changed for two miserably lean ones, which were forced on us just as we had got under weigh,—a proof of the ingratitude of these people. We were joined by his majesty's steam-vessel, African, from Sierra Leone, bound to the river Gambia: by her we despatched a boat, with Lieutenant Owen, Mr. Tudor, and six seamen, for the survey of that river, in which they succeeded beyond any former attempt, and got safe to Sierra Leone before the severity of the unhealthy season had set in. We remained several days at this anchorage, during which we erected a tent upon an island in the centre of the channel, which we named Observation, it being well adapted for that purpose. Our boats not having returned from survey between the islands, the men were employed

in procuring wood and water. A number of wild fowls' eggs were found here; and pelicans, herons, and several handsome birds, were shot. The island from which the natives sallied upon us was in sight from this anchorage, but they kept away. We occasionally saw about 1,500 head of cattle, moving along the sandy shore of the island Canabec; and observing the natives beckoning on shore, it was thought a favourable opportunity for renewing our friendly disposition and procuring a few fish: the boats' crews were cautioned as to landing before they had well acquainted themselves with a probability of favourable reception. The shore was soon crowded by the natives, and our boats hauled a-shore by them. Some of the officers and men landed; and upon making signs of barter, such confusion prevailed (through eagerness to procure tobacco, beads, and buttons) as to render it absolutely necessary to rejoin their boats. After a long palaver, one of the old native chiefs was prevailed on to venture in our boat to the ship; and shortly after, a number of chiefs and females came off in their canoes, and were presented with buttons, beads, &c. Our boats proceeding again to shore, the men were joined and followed by the chief on a bullock, and by his subjects, who soon became familiar, and paid a visit to the ship, which in a few minutes was surrounded by canoes. Several of the chiefs persisting in bringing their muskets on board with them, to guard against our marines, whom they did not seem to fancy, were ordered back; whereupon they became greatly incensed; and, recalling their people in the act of barter, *whistled* a summons for all to join their canoes, and, in a very independent and offended manner, rowed off to the shore, having disposed of little or none of their cattle and poultry. The landing at low water is very indifferent; the shore muddy and shallow. The tribes of these islands appear as void of chastity as of civilisation; the husband only taking care to receive a share of the recompense for his spouse's dishonour. The countenances of both sexes are affable and pleasing; but they are a dangerous people to confide in; and much, I fear, of their cunning and treachery is to be attributed to former visitants of this quarter in the Guinea trade. They have large and expressive eyes: the women are of a low stature, and the men in general very tall and well-proportioned. Each island seems to constitute a distinct tribe. Their habits are remarkably selfish, and they beg with unceasing importunity for every thing that attracts their notice. We met with a French smack while here from the island of Goree, with European produce, and made some good purchases. The natives of the islands are provided with spear, musket, and large case-knife, and are tattooed over the face and body, in every respect much resembling the Bijugas. The men wear a piece of skin round them above the hip, and the women a thick, heavy mat of grass about the waist, from which they can instantly release themselves; they wear also a kind of tippet made of grass. The immense size of their canoes, of thirty and forty paddles, and from forty to sixty feet long, and the great number of natives well armed, have a most formidable appearance. The islands are very fertile; and from the regularity of the palm and cocoa-nut tree, they more resembled ranges in poka, than wild and natural productions of such a country as this.

[To be continued.]

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

THE additional ground obtained by the Zoological Society in the Regent's Park lies to the north of the present gardens, and across the road. Maintaining a part of the woody hale which now exists on that (the northern) side, there is to be a gentle sweep up to the gates, to admit of the egress and regress of visitors; while the communication between the two gardens will be effected by means of a sufficiently spacious tunnel under the road. The whole space will be about fifteen acres; and thus, what may be considered the public exhibition part of the establishment will be much extended and improved, the sights more numerous, and the habitats of the various animals better suited to their natures, as well as to the conveniences of those who come to view or study them. And this seems to be the more requisite, from the increasing popularity of this lounge; to which the mature crowd to gratify their curiosity, and the young are taken to inform their minds. So great, indeed, has the resort become, that when there, on Wednesday, we learnt, to our surprise, that no less than about £190 had been received in shillings on each of two separate days during the week!! Two thousand visitors per day!! Among the novelties which may partially account for this, we noticed the Brahmin bull (not white, as has been stated in the newspapers, but grey; and certainly a beautiful as well as interesting animal). The alligator died on Monday; but the beavers, the seal (still living, though we do not think very promising), two opossums, a young scarlet ibis, the macaws in high feather, several species of remarkable dogs, together with the usual tribes from the lion to the monkey, and the sea-eagle to the linnet,—give great animation to a spot which is in itself a delightful place of recreation. Thus, while what may be called the Metropolitan Show is so eminently prosperous, it is to be expected that, in conjunction therewith, the more useful establishment near Kingston may be made productive of real benefits to the country, by improving the breeds of animals, by naturalising foreign and exotic specimens which will adorn England, or be valuable for food and commercial purposes. There are a multitude of creatures of every kind, which, if properly cultivated (and this may be done at a distance from London, where they are not everlastingly disturbed in their habits), would enrich our rivers, our fields, our hearths, and our woods: there are even many, once indigenous, which might advantageously be introduced—from the lovely egret, through several excellent varieties of game, to the noble cock of the wood and the bustard. We trust the Society, now so largely patronised by the public, will hold these objects in view; and while it administers a laudable amusement to the inhabitants of the capital, pursue the still more scientific ends which such an institution may fairly propose as its chief title to national support and honour.

INEFFICACIOUS POISONS.

THOUGH we do not think the writer of the following letter differs so materially from us in our account of M. Chabert's exploits as to require insertion; yet, as the author of several able works on the subject of poisons,* &c. &c., we consider his letter to be rather an important corroboration of our own views.

* We would particularly recommend, as worthy of attention on this subject, Dr. Smith's "Hints for the Examination of Medical Witnesses," 12mo., recently published by Longman and Co.

Hampstead, July 11, 1890.

My dear Sir.—Pursuing that you have noticed the exploits of M. Chabert in the *Literary Gazette* of this day, and that you have introduced my name as having been present on the occasion of his private exhibition, I am anxious to point out to you a few inaccuracies into which it is not wonderful that (owing to hurry and other circumstances) you should have fallen. I am confident that your love of candour, and regard for the interests of science, upon which hangs so great a portion of human welfare, will induce you to insert this communication in the next Number of your eminent Journal.

I beg to remark, that phosphorus not being an animal substance, the application of an antidote to a poison derived from the animal kingdom in general, would have excited any suspicion as to Chabert's integrity at once; but I distinctly understood from him that he had proposed himself for that individual poison, which, in point of fact, he did swallow, and for no other. He was not aware of the scrutiny to which he was to be subjected, or else (he told me) he would have been prepared to take any one of a variety of antidotes, in the event of some saline poison having been selected. As it was, we were compelled to take him as we found him. I entirely agree with you, that he, *crassa fide*, swallowed forty grains of phosphorus, which created the perceptible alteration in the state of his system, and which did not hinder him from eating as hearty a dinner as any one present. It may not be quite irrelevant to add, that during the exploit of taking the poison I stood close to him; and that during the whole of the evening (at dinner and afterwards) he sat next to me: of these facts you yourself were eye-witnesses. A vast deal of conversation consequently passed between us, which the company in general did not become privy to; and in this incipient stage of the business, I am satisfied that Chabert is not an impostor. However, we shall put him to other trials in the course of a short time.

You are mistaken about the experiments with the arsenic. There was no vapour or emanation whatever, but of the sulphuric acid. Owing to Chabert giving me his directions in English (which he speaks imperfectly) instead of French, the arsenic was improperly introduced into the stove; but, even had the experiment completely succeeded, I should not be disposed to attach any importance to it.

As I have no doubt that Chabert (in good hands) will contribute to enlarge the boundaries of useful knowledge, and am sanguine enough to hope that he may be rendered a benefactor to his fellow-creatures, still exposed as we are to deplorable calamities, from our ignorance of remedies in many cases of poisoning,—I have as little apprehension that you will see this explanation in its proper light, and give it publicity.—I am, Sir, &c.

J. GORDON SMITH.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

CAMBRIDGE, July 10.—On Tuesday last, being commencement day, the following Doctors and Masters of Arts were created:—

Doctors in Divinity.—The Rev. W. Dealtry, late Fellow of Trinity College, rector of Clapham; the Rev. J. Allen, late Fellow of Trinity College, prebendary of Westminster; the Rev. G. Ackland, St. John's College, rector of St. Mildred's, Bread Street; the Rev. M. J. Naylor, late Fellow of Queen's College; the Rev. S. T. Bloomfield, Sidney College, vicar of Ebbw Vale, Radnor.

Doctors in Physic.—H. S. Roots, Jesus College; G. Shaw, R. Pinckard, Caius College; J. B. Steward, Pembroke College.

Bachelors of Arts.—W. Gurdon, W. F. Bally, A. Power, Downing College; W. Goodwin, H. W. Crick, J. H. Sadler, H. Sawtree, W. Warren, J. Carver, E. R. Otter, G. Shearhead, W. Steggall, G. Otter, R. M. Budgeley, Jesus College; R. Day, F. O. Martin, R. Willis, W. H. Hanson, H. Clinton, S. Stone, T. Hulston, C. Dade, C. Paul, G. O. Miller, H. B. Leeson, J. T. Debray, J. D. Hazen, Caius College; R. O. Townshend, W. G. Cooke, Iley, King's College; J. Bishon, R. Maitland, H. Collins, J. Hodgson, W. Law, M. Prickett, H. Ashington, F. F. Plender, W. M. Heald, E. Jenkins, R. Atkinson, W. Hopwood, C. Naimie, W. Mason, M. Barnard, R. H. Lewin, W. Webb, J. D. Hales, R. B. Baker, J. Darnell, J. B. B. Clarke, H. P. Daniell, J. Fitz-Gerald, T. Stratton, J. R. Bovell, G. H. Bower, W. Overton, O. Head, J. Warner, E. A. Smedley, J. Leah, G. D. St. Quintin, D. Ricardo, C. J. Sympon, J. L. Freer, G. Thornton, P. Morton, E. Heneage, J. A. Kinglake, J. Allen, W. M. S. Marriott, T. Rawson, Trinity College; G. Hepper, G. Hodgson, W. H. R. Bayley, J. Hymers, E. B. Sparke, H. Jesson, W. Keeling, W. H. Miller, W. Metcalfe, J. A. D. Meakin, R. D. Powell, W. R. Richards, S. Revell, H. R. Verke, R. Foster, J. L. Tanner, B. Maddy, W. W. Robinson, J. H. Fladger, J. H. Marsden, J. Pedder, W. L. Butaby, H. Fox, E. Cole, W. E. Stevens, F. H. S. Say, G. H. L. Warner, J. H. Gregg, J. Greenall, J. F. Flavel, T. M. Gove, J. H. Rowlett, F. J. Hall, F. E. Grettton, N. Hubberty, T. Hooley, F. Coleridge, W. H. Foster, G. F. P. Smith, E. Gibson, D. R. Pearson, E. Lowe, St. John's College; J. G. Milne, W. Stone, B. F. Couch, S. Hudson, R. M. Poore, St. Peter's College; T. Booner, J. Champion, J. V. Coombe, Clare Hall; R. South, R. T. Fisher, J. H. Sympon, J. W. Budd, Pembroke College; W. M. Farish, J. Bragg, P. Booth, W. Wells, Corpus Christi College; R. Clutton, A. H. Small, W. Jones, G. Annals, H. P. Blencowe, C. Tyrell, R. Wilson, Emmanuel College; J. Rawlings, T. Bell, T. Clark, J. Simons, J. Harrington, N. Chalmers, R. Geyroynne, H. Bagnall, T. Ramsay,

Queen's College; J. Pedder, G. Wallington, T. S. Green, E. J. Sams, O. A. Heywood, Christ College; J. Gibson, H. Alford, W. Sykes, W. B. Harrison, G. Gibbons, G. G. Wyatville, A. Boulton, Sidney College; J. Gibson, Catharine Hall; G. Marriott, T. L. Cooper, T. Hubbard, T. Wood, Magdalene College.

At the congregation on Saturday last the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelors in Divinity.—Rev. J. N. White, St. Peter's College; Rev. J. Thomas, St. John's College.

Bachelor in Civil Law.—Rev. W. B. Hall, St. Peter's College.

Bachelor in Physic.—L. R. Willan, St. Peter's College.

Bachelors of Arts.—C. Q. Constable, Trinity College; B. Smith, Magdalen College; W. F. Raymond, St. Peter's College.

At the congregation on Monday, the following gentlemen were admitted:

Bachelors in Civil Law.—Rev. G. Pocock, Trinity Hall; H. Prendergast, Esq., Trinity College; Rev. A. B. Russell, Emmanuel College.

At the same congregation the Rev. W. S. Phillips, B.D., late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, was admitted *ad eundem*.

At a congregation yesterday, the Rev. E. Cox, of Trinity College, and T. Newbery, of Queen's College, were admitted Masters of Arts; and the Rev. R. Grewell, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Worcester College, Oxford, was admitted *ad eundem*.

ASIATIC SOCIETY.

JULY 11th. Colonel C. Doyle in the chair.—Chandos Leigh, Esq., T. J. Pettigrew, Esq., E. Russell Mardon, Esq., Thomas Tod Mardon, Esq., John Stewart Sullivan, Esq., C. N. Palmer, Esq., M.P., and Colonel M. Stewart, were severally balloted for and elected. Baron Vander Capellan, his Excellency Don F. de Zea Bermudez, Spanish ambassador, Professor Wilken of Berlin, and M. Edouard Thayer, were elected foreign members. The reading of Tansch's paper on Circassia was concluded: the author was an *employé* of government with the Circassians. In this paper he strongly urges an intercourse being kept up between that country and more civilised nations, as the only means of effecting a favourable change of character. Mr. Goldingham was elected a member at the last meeting.

ECCLIASTICAL ANTIQUITIES.

AMONG the curious relics of antiquity recently discovered in the tomb of St. Cuthbert, at Durham, are part of the pontifical vestments of a bishop, consisting of a maniple and stole, in a high state of preservation. These interesting remains having been, by the permission of the dean and chapter, forwarded to London, are now in the Tower, consigned to the care of that able antiquary Mr. Petre, under whose superintendence a set of drawings, forming perfect fac-similes of the originals, are now in the course of execution, at the expense of the Antiquarian Society. The gold lace, which appears to be constructed solely of fine gold wire, partially flattened, and without any admixture of silk thread, retains its metallic colour and brilliancy almost as freshly as when it was first put on, 900 years ago; nor is the ground-work on which it is laid in a greater state of decay. By an inscription in embroidery, perfectly legible to the most inexperienced eye, these robes appear to have been the gift of Ælfred to Frithstan,—a circumstance which at once fixes their date, beyond all dispute, to the earlier part of the tenth century. In the whole catalogue of English bishops there is but one Frithstan, or Frithstan, who, according to all the most received authorities, succeeded Denewulph in the see of Winchester, A.D. 909, being one of the seven prelates simultaneously consecrated by Plegmund, Archbishop of Canterbury, in pursuance of the mandate issued by King Edward the elder (son and successor of the illustrious Alfred), as the condition of removing the papal interdict under which the kingdom had been placed, in consequence of a previous neglect in

filling up certain vacant bishoprics. Bishop Godwin, in his work *De Prasulibus Anglie*, assigns, indeed, the year 905 as the date of this transaction; but his learned annotator, Richardson, proves that Denewulph's decease did not take place till 909; while both the Saxon Chronicle and Florentius speak of St. Frithstan as in possession of the see in 910. This Denewulph, according to some of the earlier writers, was the very swineherd of whom the popular tradition goes, that Alfred, having taken refuge in his cottage, acted as his servant, and was so grievously vituperated by his wife for letting her cakes burn. On the expulsion of the Danes, the grateful monarch, says the story, finding his late master tolerably shrewd, and not altogether illiterate, sent him to Oxford, and eventually raised him to the see of Winchester. It is almost a pity that Wharton, in his *Anglia Sacra*, has demolished this account by an appeal to dates, which, like Lord Mayor Beckford's "facts," are "stubborn things." That Frithstan was his immediate successor, however, Malmesbury, Florentius, Ingulphus, and others, all concur in affirming, as also that he held the bishopric till 931, when he resigned it, and was succeeded by Brinstan. St. Frithstan survived his abdications only a twelvemonth, dying in the odour of sanctity A.D. 932. Between these two periods, then, viz. 910 and 932, we must fix the date of these his relics. With respect to the lady who bestowed them on him, and by whose fair hands they were perhaps embroidered, we cannot arrive at the same degree of certainty, inasmuch as there were no less than three illustrious ladies of the name of Ælfred in existence during the period above mentioned. Of these, one was daughter to King Alfred, a second stood towards him in the relation of daughter-in-law, and the third was his grand-daughter. The first has obtained a distinguished name in the chronicles of our Saxon ancestors, as one of the most stirring, valorous, and wise princesses in our island's history. She married Ethelbert, Earl of Mercia, whom she survived; and afterwards rendered the most material service to her brother Edward, both in the field and cabinet, towards the subjugation of his Danish enemies. The third became a nun in the abbey at Winchester; and she it was, in all probability (judging, however, from that circumstance alone, in the absence of all other testimony), who made this handsome present to her diocesan. Among the figures worked in the embroidery, are those of Sixtus, Gregory, St. Laurence the deacon, &c., with several other saints and popes, which afford a very pleasing illustration of the costume of the period, and the then state of the art of embroidery. The drawings are going on with great care and accuracy; and we do not doubt but that the engravings hereafter to be taken from them will be executed in such a manner as to be equally creditable to the artists and patrons.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Nature. Painted by Sir T. Lawrence; engraved by G. T. Doo. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

NATURE, and English *Nature* too, in a rich and happy exhibition of infantile loveliness. An exquisite little girl is fondling a younger child; and the group is, we think, the most charming that ever proceeded even from the President's pencil, delicious as it is on such subjects. The engraving by Doo is worthy of the picture; apparently slight, but producing

the finest effects of harmony, expression, light, and shadow.

View at Brighton. Painted by Copley Fielding; engraved by C. G. Lewis. Same Publishers.

ANOTHER beautiful specimen of art, though of a different kind. It faithfully represents the shore at Brighton, with fish landing, &c., vessels at sea, and the town on the left. It is sweetly executed.

The Rustic Wreath. Painted by W. F. Witherington; engraved by G. H. Phillips. Same Publishers.

A GOOD third to complete this trio of engravings so honourable to the state of our arts. It contrasts well, too, with the elegance of Lawrence; for here we have a country lass twining a wreath about a child's bonnet, while the youngling is in all the ecstasy of a romping attitude, with a shepherd's dog watchful. There is great simplicity and truth in the design, and the look of the elder is uncommonly pleasing.

ROME.

AMONG our young and rising artists at Rome we have, in a letter just received, a very favourable report of a sculptor of the promising name of Wyatt, and, we believe, nearly related to the able individuals so highly appreciated in England, from Windsor-ville to Hyde Park Corner and elsewhere. To form a third distinguished artist in union with such men as Campbell and Gibson, is no small honour to the British school in Italy. Among his commissions, Mr. Wyatt is executing a statue rather smaller than life for Sir M. W. Ridley; a monument for the lady of Lord Barrington, and another for the late Mrs. General Buller; and, we believe, also a group for Sir Robert Lawley. He unfortunately, however, met with an accident lately in visiting, in company with some brother artists, the scene of the earthquakes near Albano Marino, — his horse falling with him, and broke his thigh. He was doing well when the accounts came away; but the injury would of necessity retard his labours for a while.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO THE SUN-FLOWER.

BRIGHT emblem of passion ambitiously high,
Unchangeably constant, and fervent as pure,
Asks thy love unattainable sympathy's sigh,
Or do feelings like thine their own guerdon insure?

O selfish, and dead to the generous fires
In bosoms impassioned as tender that glow,
Were he who in love that so proudly aspires,
Unhoping return, should discover but wo!

Or is't not for man, with adventurous mind
Each purpose by energy wont to achieve,
To judge how fond woman, each self-thought resigned,
Can rejoice ev'n in triumphs that doom her to grieve?

He knows not, upon those magnificent rays
Their own beauty imparting to Nature around,
How exulting thou dwell'st with devotion's
And of life's choral gratitude drink'st the glad sound.

What though from his throne's exaltation, the Sun

On his lowly adorer bestow not a thought,
His triumphant career thou enjoy'st as 'tis run,
And with sympathy's glow thine existence is fraught.

When, dispersing the shadowy gloom of the night,
Dawn's roseate tints flush the sky's colder
From dreary obscurity wakening to light,
Thou smile'st on the promise of morning's gay hue.

When the orb, of heat, light, and existence the source,
[his power,
Bursts from thralldom below, in the pride of
With delicious emotion thou follow'st his course,
[flower.

And deck'st in his own golden radiance thy
Even when tow'rd's his setting thine idol declines,
His track thou pursuest with joy undepressed;
Nor whilst in his splendour the universe shines,
Do forebodings of sorrow intrude on thy breast.

When the lord of thy passion and life disappears,
The reflection of glory in heav'n that is left,
So sweetly of absence the loneliness cheers,
That scarce of his influence seem'st thou bereft.

And—O how unlike to the sorrows of man!—
To thee shall each morrow thine idol restore;
No dreary abandonment blights the brief span
Of a creature but fashioned to gaze and adore.

There are, 'mid the heirs of humanity's pride,
Whom desolate widowhood slowly destroys;
Or, selfishly cold, through existence who glide,
Unconscious alike of its sorrows and joys.

O many with pity who look, or disdain,
On a passion so humbly aspiring as thine,
Might envy emotions whose rapturous pain
Thou wouldst not for all their enjoyments resign!

M. M.

SUR LE TEMPS QU'IL FIT A LONDRES* EN MAI 1829.

QUEL astre de malheur, sur cette ville immense
Exerçant nuit et jour une noire influence,
Y vient éterniser, au milieu du printemps,
Des rigueurs que l'hiver prodiguait si long-temps?
Quoi! verrons-nous sans cesse et le froid et la pluie

De la grêle et des vents imiter la furie,
Pour tantôt à la fois, et tantôt tour-à-tour,
Se disputer entr'eux tous les instans du jour?
J'ai beau chaque matin, au retour de l'aurore,
Pour dissiper enfin l'ennui qui me dévore,
Offrir des vœux au ciel, et prier le soleil
De venir quelquefois éclairer mon reveil:
J'ai beau me persuader qu'à midi, plus traitable
Le temps, pour m'épargner de paraître coupable,
Me permettra du moins, par faveur, par pitié,
De remplir les devoirs qu'impose l'amitié:
Le matin, à midi, trompé dans mon attente,
Et déjà de la faim sentant la loi pressante,
J'ai beau croire le soir que du moins pour dîner
Je pourrai chez mon hôte aller sans me noyer:
C'est toujours le brouillard, enfant de la Tamise,
C'est le vent, c'est la pluie, à leurs ordres soumise,

[efforts

Qui m'attendent partout, et joignent leurs
Pour troubler mon esprit, et glacer tout mon corps.
Quel diable de pays!—O beau soleil de France!
Ne viendras-tu jamais, par ta douce présence
Dissiper les frimas, et chasser l'aquilon,
Qui désolent encor les beaux champs d'Albion?
Soleil! à ma prière, une fois plus docile,
Détourne tes chevaux aux murs de cette ville,

* The above remonstrance and complaint of a French poet, on a visit to London, being as applicable to the weather of July as to that of May, we insert it as a part of our meteorological records for the present year.—Ed.

Par tes rayons dorés viens charmer mes ennuis,
Et me faire oublier le séjour de Paris.

Approche, astre brillant, et bientôt la Nature,
Pour plaire à tous les yeux, reprendra sa parure;
Bientôt Flore et Zéphire, à l'or de leurs cheveux,
Mariant et la rose et le myrte amoureux,
Verront, près de l'Amour, folâtrer sur leurs traces,

Les Ris et la Beauté, les Plaisirs et les Graces;
Tandis que le ramier, en l'honneur du beau temps,

Fera gémir Echo de ses heureux accens;
Ou que, sur le peuplier, la tendre Philomèle
Répondra par ses chants à l'époux qui l'appelle,
Et contant ses amours aux habitants des bois,
Leur fera de Cythère aimer aussi les loirs.

DRAMA.

OPERA SINGERS.

IT is not easy to please the whole tribe of Opera singers and dancers, and their friends and admirers. We have had an anonymous letter dated *Regent's Park*, and put into the twopenny post in *Tower Street* (!), charging us with being unfavourable to Malibran. The reverse is the fact: we have spoken most highly of her; and when we have been obliged to point out her errors, have almost invariably stated that she had powers of every kind, which, properly directed, must place her at the head of her profession. But we cannot praise extravagance of action or singing; nor capriciousness of conduct, interfering with the public gratification. On the contrary, we applaud Malibran's accepting and making a great deal of a slight part on Thursday night (how much more meritorious than throwing obstacles in the way on every occasion!); and also willingly insert the following explanation (such as it is) from Curioni:—

186, Piccadilly, 11 Juillet, 1829.

Monsieur le Rédacteur, — Il y a un article dans votre Journal d'aujourd'hui, où vous dites que Madame Malibran faisait du tort aux préparatifs que j'avais faits pour mon bénéfice de Jeudi dernier. Pour l'honneur de la vérité je dois dire, qu'après l'accident arrivé à Madame Malibran, elle m'avait fait prévenir qu'il lui était impossible de jouer un rôle aussi fatigant que celui d'*Orsica*; mais elle a eu la complaisance d'ajouter, qu'elle était prête à jouer dans l'un des trois opéras suivants—*Don Giovanni*, *Il Barbier*, ou *Le Nozze di Figaro*. Ayez la bonté, monsieur, d'insérer cette déclaration dans votre prochain numéro, et recevez l'assurance de ma parfaite considération.

Votre très humble serviteur,

CURIONI.

AT the English Opera House, the *Robber's Bride*,—the music by Ries, and adapted by Hawes,—has been produced with much effect. The concerted pieces are very fine; and the amateurs of music have a great treat in hearing them, executed as they are by the superior musical skill and strength of this house.

The Adelphi terminated its justly most successful *interludary* season on Wednesday: Mathews and Yates have only to be at home in this style for a few seasons, to make very comfortable homes for themselves during the rest of their lives.

VARIETIES.

M. Abel, the celebrated, though young, mathematician of Christiania, died recently. He had been invited to settle at Berlin, as Professor in the School of High Sciences, the foundation of which has been proposed by M. Humboldt.

Shipwrecks.—A Society for the relief of shipwrecked persons is spoken of in Paris.

Antiquities.—Accounts from Rome state, that the researches making there continually bring to light new archaeological treasures; and the number of Etruscan vases discovered is report-

ed to amount to more than 5000, among which there are at least 200 which have Grecian inscriptions. A catalogue of the latter has just been published; and it is likely to excite much curiosity among antiquaries. Many of the vases described in this catalogue will probably tend either to confirm or destroy the conjectures which well-known archaeologists have made respecting similar vases which had been previously discovered in other localities, and whose bad state of preservation rendered explanations difficult or doubtful. Among the objects found at Canino, are a considerable number of antique jewels in gold, and several small bronze figures executed in very good style.

At the last sitting of the Academy of Sciences of Paris, several papers were read from the commission in Greece under the direction of M. Bory de St. Vincent. These papers were sent, in the first instance, to the minister, by whom they were forwarded to the general commission charged to receive the documents relating to Greece; but the request of M. Bory to have them submitted to the Academy has been acceded to. Messrs. Cuvier, Geoffroy St. Hilaire, and Desfontaines, were directed to examine the papers in question, and to report upon them. At the same sitting, M. Bourgive presented to the Academy a new method of tanning leather; by which means, a process that now requires three years may be perfected in four months. M. Chevallier also announced to the Academy, that he had discovered a process by which ancient monuments could be cleaned in a much more effective manner than by scraping. The process of M. Chevallier consists in rubbing the article to be cleaned with a brush dipped in water sharpened with hydrochloric acid, in the proportion of twelve ounces to a pail of water.

To preserve Cherries.—The best way to preserve cherries is to procure some of the common cherries very ripe, and add to them two pounds of sugar, four pints of brandy, four ounces of clove pinks, and a few Morel cherries; bruise some of them with the hand, and boil them over a slow fire, until they have the consistency of syrup. They are then to be strained, and the juice is to be poured into the mixture as before ordered, which is to be left in infusion, and exposed to the sun for a fortnight or a month. By this process the cherries will have a very fine flavour. A few cloves may be used as a substitute for the clove pinks.

To make Syrup from Currants.—Take 100 pounds of ripe currants; having carefully removed the stalks, put them into a vessel on a fire, and let them get just so hot that the greater part shall burst, or the pulps become discoloured. Pour them out gradually into a sieve, and add five pounds of cherry juice, prepared in the same way, to that of the currants. Let the liquor be placed in a cool cellar, and thirty-six hours afterwards the jelly must be strained over clean cloths. By this means about forty pounds of clarified syrup will be obtained, into which you must put about seventy ounces of the best sugar, and the syrup may then be bottled off till it is wanted. (From a work on domestic economy published in Paris.)

Egypt.—This fertile country yields, to every grain sown, fifty grains of corn, fifteen grains of barley, eight to ten of maize, and twenty-four grains of rice. Its other agricultural productions are, linseed, beans, peas, lupins, and flax, which give abundant crops. One moiety of its produce of wheat, beans, and peas—one-third of that of maize—and two-thirds of its produce of flax and rice, are left over from its

domestic consumption, for the purposes of exportation. Of cotton—the better species of which resembles the best kind of Brazilian—more than 200,000 cwt. have been brought to market in one year; though the cultivation of this article has not been pursued above seven years. The sugar-cane is grown in Upper Egypt, and produces between 40,000 and 50,000 cwt., one-half of which circulates as merchandise, in a raw state. Were this article treated with proper skill and attention, it might not only be cultivated with much profit and to an immense extent, but would be found, from its intrinsic excellence, far superior to any West India produce for the refiner's use. The raising of indigo has been attempted, on a considerable scale, and with great success, of late years; and of this product 60,000 oka, or 135,000 pounds, have been sold, from one twelvemonth's growth. The finest of the three qualities which are raised is esteemed quite equal to the best East India indigo. Some Christian settlers from Syria have begun the cultivation of silk; but nothing certain is yet known as to its fitness for the purpose of exportation. Nature has endowed this country with a lavish hand—whether we look at its capabilities for vegetable or animal productions; and Mengin* has calculated, that if it enjoyed the advantage of a mild and intelligent government, it might, independently of a considerable export-trade, be rendered capable of maintaining a population of 8,000,000 of human beings: whereas, under the iron grasp of its present ruler, it does not support above 2,500,000, including 3,000 Jews, and 170,000 Christians of various persuasions; but exclusive of fifty tribes of Arabs, whose numbers amount to 120,000, or thereabouts, dispersed in villages, or following a nomadic life. The same writer estimates the annual revenue at £2,000,000—one-half of which is derived from the miri, or land-tax—the regular force, trained after the European fashion, at 10,000 infantry, 9,000 cavalry, and 1,200 artillery—and the irregular, at 36,000 infantry, and 6,000 men mounted on horses and dromedaries.

Lancasterian Schools in France.—Several Lancasterian schools have been established in the French provinces during the last two months, notwithstanding the opposition of the clergy. About a fortnight ago, one was opened at Cambrai, by subscription, to which the municipality contributed very liberally. Hitherto, these schools were not permitted to have any books which were not approved by the curé of the parish; but this restriction is now done away with, and the choice of books is left to the discretion of the trustees.

Micrometer.—In one of the late Nos. of Beck's Repertorium, an account is given of a Mr. Skiadan's (a Russian) invention of a micrometer capable of measuring the thousandth of an inch with accuracy.

Marriage: an Epigram.
In the very worst marriage there's one thing that's good!
A blessing to lessen the pain;
For a man when fast tied to a wife, by the road,
At least, cannot marry again!—Benedict.

Canterbury, July 10th, 1829.

Sir,—If you think the following worthy of a place in your paper, you will oblige by inserting it. The name Napoleon, if written in the Greek characters, and the first letter taken away perpetually, is, when translated, singularly descriptive of the character of the celebrated "little Corsican officer."

* Histoire de l'Egypte sous le Gouvernement de Mahomed Aly.

ΝΑΠΟΛΕΩΝ
ΑΠΟΛΕΩΝ
ΠΟΛΕΩΝ
ΟΛΕΩΝ
ΛΕΩΝ
ΕΩΝ
ΩΝ

which constitutes the regular Greek sentence, *Ναπολεων απολειων πολειων λειων των ανων*, and is to be rendered thus: "Napoleon being a destructive lion going about destroying cities."

N. B.—These initials, signifying Napoleon Buonaparte, when written in the Greek, thus —νβ', mean 52, the year of Napoleon's age when he died. I am, &c. A. J. E.

Regius Scholæ Salopianæ Alumnus.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Proposals have been issued by Messrs. Carpenter for publishing a Series of Twenty Subjects from the Works of the late R. P. Bonington, in Parts; and lithographed by J. D. Harding. From the anxiety to possess his drawings evinced at their sale a fortnight ago, we anticipate that these fac-similes will be very popular. We have seen a fine portrait of Bonington by Mrs. W. Carpenter, which we are glad to find is to be engraved for this publication, and accompanied by a memoir of the original.

The author of that strange volume the *Revolt of the Bees*, announces Hamden in the Nineteenth Century, or Colloquies on the Errors and Improvement of Society.

Literary Forgeries.—We are assured that the Parisian Memoirs of a Lady of Quality, by Madame du C—, is the work of three young men (not of Madame du Cayla, as insinuated), one of them the projector of the *Soirées de Sir Walter Scott*; and that the *Mémoires d'un Pair de France*, et ex-Sénateur de Buonaparte, is in fact done by a novelist of the name of La Motte Langon;—so that fictitious authorship is not confined to London, nor are our writers the only persons who assume titles that do not belong to them.

In the Press.—Vol. III. of the *Olio*, or Museum of Entertainment, with more than thirty engravings.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Conversations on Vegetable Physiology, 2 vols. 12mo. 12s. bds.—Bateman's Synopsis, by Dr. A. T. Thomson, seventh edition, 8vo. 15s. bds.—Nichols's Autographs, imperial 4to. 2l. 15s.; tinted, 4l. 4s. bds.—Ellis's Polynesian Researches, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 8s. bds.—Cain the Wanderer, and other Poems, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Woolrych on Law of Ways, 8vo. 16s. bds.—The Casket, Second Series, 2 vols. 12mo. 17s. bds.—Hansard's Debates, Vol. XX. royal 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.—Stephens's Systematic Catalogue of British Insects, 8vo. 1l. 7s. bds.—The Mine, by the Rev. J. Taylor, 16mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—Mamma's Lessons for Little Boys and Girls, 16mo. 3s. 6d. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1829.

July.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday ... 9	From 51. to 62.	29.64 to 29.74
Friday ... 10	— 42. — 76.	29.84 — 29.71
Saturday ... 11	— 55. — 65.	29.55 Stationary
Sunday ... 12	— 53. — 68.	29.56 to 29.44
Monday ... 13	— 51. — 72.	29.56 — 29.70
Tuesday ... 14	— 51. — 73.	29.76 — 29.82
Wednesday 15	— 65. — 73.	29.86 Stationary

Prevailing wind, S.W.
Except the 9th and 15th, generally cloudy and rainy: thunder and lightning on the 14th from the N.E., accompanied with a heavy shower of rain.

Rain fallen, 1 inch.
Edmonton.

Latitude ... 51° 37' 39" N.
Longitude ... 0° 3' 51" W. of Greenwich.

✂ Two of our Meteorological Journals have, we fear, miscarried; but we shall make inquiry concerning them, that there may be no gap in the year's register.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. H. E. could hardly suppose his "imprisoned doves" would be loosened by us.

The writer of the Essay on Lord Bacon will find a packet addressed to him at our office.

The Edinburgh Weekly Journal is generally better informed than it appears to have been on Wednesday last, where it comments on our news respecting Captain Ross. Had the writer perused our *Gazette* of the preceding Saturday (which he ought to have done before he censured, if not in the course of his duty as a purveyor for the public information), he would have seen that his remarks were utterly irrelevant and uncalled for, and that we had published, four days before himself, intelligence from the worthy captain two days before he possessed it. Thus it is to find fault without due inquiry: we trust our esteemed contemporary will set himself and us right with his readers.

Turkey presenting at this period one of the most interesting points for inquiry, we have admitted two Reviews of works referring to it into this No.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

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T. S. TULL, Secretary.

WEST OF SCOTLAND EXHIBITION

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Works of Art from London to be forwarded on or before the 2nd of July, to Dundee Wharf, Lower Hermitage. Carriage of Works sent for Exhibition will be paid by the Institution.
ROBERT FOOTE, Secretary.

Glasgow, July 24th, 1850.

EDINBURGH REVIEW. Advertisement.

ments, Notices, &c. to be inserted in the General Advertising Sheet of the forthcoming Number of the Edinburgh Review, are requested to be sent to Longman and Co. Paternoster Row, by the 25th of July; and Prospectuses, Catalogues, Bills, &c. to be stitched in the Number, not later than the 1st of August. Advertisers will perceive the great advantage of sending their Advertisements and Bills early, as they are placed in the exact order they are received by the Publishers.

MR. VON BROMHOLL. A Family are

most anxious to communicate with Mr. Charles von Bromholl, who is supposed to reside in some part of Germany, and who has lately transmitted to a Member of that Family some Documents from a Gentleman deceased. Some letters appear to have been sent by means of a Mr. Affleck, of London; and it is earnestly requested that this Advertisement should meet the eye of Mr. Affleck, he will write to Mr. Dodd, Solicitor, Billiter Street, Ludgate Hill, London, and appoint a time for an interview; or Mr. Dodd will feel greatly obliged to any Friend of Mr. von Bromholl who will favour him with that Gentleman's Address.

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No. 653.

SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1829.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Memoirs of his own Life and Times. By Sir James Turner. M.D.CXXXII.—M.D.C.LXX. From the original MS. Printed at Edinburgh, 1829.

THIS quarto volume of 300 pages, though printed by the Bannatyne Club of Scotland, has, fortunately in our opinion, been considered the repository of so much curious matter as to justify the general publication of a limited number of copies.* When we state that this autobiography of Sir James Turner furnishes the remarkable history of the prototype of the famous Dugald Dalgetty, we say enough to interest every reader in the work. But it is still more important in a higher point of view, being one of those narratives which throw a certain light over the times of which it treats, and enable posterity to compare conflicting testimonies, so as to elicit the truth—to form correct ideas of men and things,—and, while fairly appreciating political and national concerns, be enlivened with those glimpses of inferior character and domestic manners which are far more agreeable and entertaining.

Of the authenticity of this manuscript, no doubt whatever can exist; it bears internal evidence of its fidelity, which is far stronger than even the satisfactory account of its transmission to the present day, furnished by the preface. We miss, however, a slight biographical sketch of the writer's lineage and family. At seventeen years of age, having passed through the schools, young Turner was sent to Glasgow University; but neither at school nor college does he seem to have had any powerful vocation to learning. On the contrary, at eighteen, having a restless desire to be an actor, or at least a spectator, in the wars "which made so much noise over all the world, and were managed against the Roman emperor," he obtained the consent of his friends, and in 1632 joined the Swedish forces of Gustavus Adolphus, as an ensign in the Scots auxiliary regiment, commanded by Colonel Lumsdaine. Serving with this regiment, and its English companion under Colonel Ashton, our hero took part in many a bloody fray, and became inured to the hardships and privations, which, alternating with plunderings and excesses, made the soldier of fortune of that period. He tells us:

"In the beginning of the year 1634, our English and Scotch regiments, such as they were, came to be quartered at that Oldendorpe neere to which the battell was fought. I was lodged in a widows house, whose daughter, a young widow, had been married to a ritt-master of the emperors. She was very handsome, wittie, and discreet; of her, though my former toyle might have banished all love thoughts out of my mind, I became perfittie enamoured. Heere we stayd six weeks, in which time she taught me the Hie Dutch, to reade and write it, which before I could not learne bot very

rudlie from sojors. Having then the countrey language, I learned also the fashions and customes of the Germane officers; and about this time was both regiments reduced to two companies; tuo capitaine lieutenants, and tuo ensigneys, (whereof I was one,) onlie ordaind to stand; all the rest casheerd, and in great necessitie and povertie. The tuo companies were bot badlie used, tossed to and fro, in constant danger of ane enemy, and without pay. Bot I had leard so much cunning, and became so vigilant to lay hold on opportunities, that I wanted for nothing, horses, clothes, meate, nor moneys; and made so good use of what I had learned, that the whole time I servd in Germanie, I sufferd no such miserie as I had done the first year and a halfe that I came to it."

About this time his father's death recalled him to Scotland; but he speedily returned to his adventurous career, and presents us with the following ruthless picture of the horrors of war in those days.

"In the year 1637 I went with some commanded men, with Lieutenant Generall King, into the land of Heesen, to assist the landgrave to beate some imperiall regiments out of his territories, who indeed were making havocke of all among his poore subjects. Upon our approach they retir'd; bot though we were tuo to one against them at least, and that Bigod, who commanded them, made a stand at Eschvegen, yet did we retire in great haste, though in good enough order, back to Cassels, the landgraves residence and capitall citie, and left the poor countrey to the mercy of ane enraged enemy, who had order by fire and sword to force the landgrave to accept of the peace of Prague. Neither did Bigod desire to burn three faire townes, Eschvegen, Olendorpe, and Vitsenhausen, before our eyes. A mournfull sight it was, to see the whole people follow us, and clime the tuo hie rockes which flanked us. Old and young left their houses, by the losse of them and their goods to save their lives. Aged men and women, many above fourscore, most lame or blind, supported by their sonnes, daughters, and grandchildren, who themselves carried their little ones on their backs, was a ruthfull object of pitie to any tender-hearted Christian, and did shew us with what dreadfull countenance that bloodie monster of warre can appear in the world. Neither did our feare (which often masks itself with reason of state, as then it did) permit us to make any stay at Cassels, bot pousd us with some haste to Westphalia."

Some differences having arisen with his commanders, in 1639 Turner paid another visit to Scotland, and afterwards went to Stockholm to endeavour to obtain redress; failing in which, he finally came back to his native land, in principles as genuine a Dalgetty as ever was drawn.

"I had (he candidly confesses) swallowed without chewing, in Germanie, a very dangerous maxime, which militarie men there too much follow; which was, that so we serve our master honestlie, it is no matter what master

we serve; so, without examination of the justice of the quarrell, or regard of my duetie to either prince or countrey, I resolved to goe with that ship I first rencounterd. After tuo days necessare stay at Gottenberg, I hired a boat and went away in the evening; we rowed all night; and haveing pasd tuo Suedish castles, about breake of day we came neere Millstrand. Understanding the wind blew faire for both ships, I was advisd to step out and goe a foot straight thorough the tounne to the shoare, it being the neerer cut, whill the boat went a greater way about with my servant and coffer. I did so, and came just there as the Englishman was hoyseing his sailes. I askd him if he wold give me passage to Hull (a place I have since beene too well acquainted with), who told me he wold with all his heart, provided I wold presentlie step in. I beseeched him to stay till my servant and coffer came, without whom I could not goe; but no in-treatie or prayer could prevaile with the inexorable skipper—for away he flew from me, as ane arrow from a bow. This onlie hinderd me to present my endeavors to serve the king against the Covenanters. I calld instantlie for the Dane who was bound for Scotland, resolving to serve either the one or the other without any reluctance of mind; so deeple was that base maxime rooted in my heart. The people pointed with their fingers to the ship, which had got a great way out from the shoare, and stayd there for a passenger whom the skipper had promisd to carry to Edinburgh. He was ane old man, who at taking his farewell of his friends the night before, had drunke so much that he had sleepd his time. Immediatlie I clapt in fresh men in my boate, the others being overwearied with rowing, and so came to the ship; neither did the skipper make any scruple to ressave me, thogh at first he conceaved his old man was in my companie. To the neglect of this old man, nixt to all-ruling providence, may I attribute my goeing at that time to Scotland. On the sixth day after my embarkeing, we saw ourselves not farre from Aberdeene. I was glad we were so farre north, because I had heard the kings ships were in the frith; bot I was mistaken, for they were gone; and no matter they had been gone sooner, for any good service they did the king there. The skipper set me ashore at a place called the Cove; from thence I hired horses to Edinburgh. This was in the month of September; and Generall Leslie haveing marchd into England with a numerous armie at the Lambes before, and put my Lord Conway with some of the kings forces to a shamefull retreat at Newburne, had made himself master of Newcastle and all the bishoprick of Durham. I found this successe had elevated the minds of my countrey men in generall to such a height of vanitie, that most of them thought, and many said, they sould quicklie make a full conquest of England." [He accordingly joins the strongest party, goes to Newcastle, and is made a major in the rebel army; but] "All

* In about a fortnight, by Messrs. Longman and Co., see our Edinburgh letter advice.—Ed. L. G.

this while (he adds) I did not take the National Covenant; not because I refused to do it, for I would have made no bones to take, sueare, and signe it, and observe it too; for I had then a principle, haveing not yet studied a better one, that I wrongd not my conscience in doeing any thing I was commanded to doe by these whom I served. Bot the truth is, it was never offerd to me; everie one thinking it was impossible I could get into any charge, unles I had taken the Covenant either in Scotland or England."

Serving with the Covenanters, but frequently negotiating with others to desert them for the royal cause, circumstances kept our easy-conscienced soldier true to his engagements; and in 1643 he went in Sinclair's regiment against "the rebellious Irish." His descriptions of this warfare are very striking; and we select a few examples:

"After we had refreshed a little, Major-General Monro left seven or eight hundreth men in Craigfergus, and went to the field with the rest, among whom was my lieutenant-colonnell and I; my Lord Conway went along also with neere two thousand English. In the woods of Kilwarning we rencountered some hundreths of the rebells, who after a short dispute fled. These who were taken got bot bad quarter, being all shot dead. This was too much used by both English and Scots all along in that warre; a thing inhumane and disavouable, for the crueltie of one enemie cannot excuse the inhumanitie of ane other. And heerin also their revenge overmasterd their discretion, which sould have taught them to save the lives of these they tooke, that the rebells might doe the like to their prisoners. Then we marchd straight to the Neurie, where the Irish had easilie seizd on his majesties castle, wherin they found abundance of amunition, which gave them confidence to proclaim their rebellion. The fortification of the toune being bot be-gunne, it came immediatlie in our hands; bot the rebells that were in the castle keepd it tuo days, and then deliverd it up upon a very ill-made accord, or a very ill-keepd one; for the next day most of them, with many merchands and tradesmen of the toune, who had not beene in the castle, were carried to the bridge and butcherd to death, some by shooting, some by hanging, and some by drowning, without any legall processe; and I was verilie informed afterwards, that severall innocent people sufferd. Monro did not at all excuse himselfe from haveing accession to that carnage, nor coulde he purge himselfe of it; thogh my Lord Conway, as Marshall of Ireland, was the principall actor. Our sojors (who sometimes are cruell, for no other reason bot because mans wicked nature leads him to be so, as I have shoune in my Discourse of Crueltie) seeing such pranks playd by authoritie at the bridge, thought they might doe as much any where els; and so ranne upon a hundreth and fiftie women or thereby, who had got together in a place below the bridge, whom they resolv'd to massacre by killing and drouning; which villanie the sea seemd to favour, it being then flood. Just at that time was I speaking with Monro, bot seeing a fare off what a game these godles rogues intended to play, I got a horse-back and gallopd to them with my pistoll in my hand; bot before I got at them they had dispatchd about a dozen; the rest I savd. This execution had not the success which Conway and Monro had promis'd themselves; for instead of terrifieing the rebells from their wonted cruelties, it enraged them, and occasioned

urthering of some hundreths of prisoners

whom they had in their pouer. Sir Phelomey Oneale, the ringleader of the rebellion, hearing of the losse of the Neurie, in a beastlie furie burnt the toune of Armagh, where he then was, and as much of the Cathedrall as fire could prevaile over, and then retir'd himselfe to the woods and bogs.

"My lieutenant-colonnell stayd at the Neurie, haveing got two hundreth commanded men added to his oune, till I could bring up from Craigfergus as many of the regiment as were comd from Scotland. Accordingly I went thither with the armie: we tooke our march thorough the woodes and mountains of Morne, where severall rebells were killd, and many cows taken. I do remember that there we sufferd one of the most stormie and tempestuous nights for haile, raine, cold, and excessive wind (thogh it was in the beginning of May) that ever I yet saw. All the tents were in a trice bloune over. It was not possible for any matche to keepe fire, or any sojor to handle his musket, or yet to stand; yea severalls of them dyed that night of meere cold. So that if the rebells, wherof there were 500 not farre from us, had offerd to beate up our quarters with such weapons as they had, which were halfe pikes, suords, and daggers, which they call akeens, they wold undoubtedlie have had a cheap market of us. Our sojors, and some of our officers too (who suppose that no thing that is more then ordinarie can be the product of nature), attributed this hurrikan to the devilish skill of some Irish witches; and if that was true, then I am sure their master gave us good prooffe that he was reallie prince of the aire."

The war in England between the king and parliament having now broken out, Turner says—

"The officers of this our Scots armie in Ireland finding themselves ill payd, and, which was worse, not knowing in the time of the civil warre who sould be their paymasters, and reflecting on the successful issue of the National Covenant of Scotland, bethought themselves of making one also; bot they were wise enough to give it ane other-name, and therefore christened it a Mutual Assurance; wherby upon the matter they made themselves independent of any except these who wold be their actual and reall paymasters, with whom, for any thing I know, they met not the whole time of the warre. The generall was very dissatisfied with this bond of union, as he had reason; and at first spokd hie language of strikeing heads of; bot the officers sticking close one to another, made these threats evanish in smoake. And indeed it is like, ane active generall (who could have added policie to courage, and divided them) might have made their union appear in its oune collors, which were even these of blacke mutinie. Bot the Earle of Leven, not being able to overmaster it, gott himselfe ane errand to go to Scotland, and so gave an everlasting adieu to Ireland. The most remarkable thing he did in the time of his stay was, that he tooke 2500lb. sterline to himselfe, which the parliament of England had sent to the officers of his armie for wagon money. And trulie this earle, who lived till he past fourscore, was of so good a memorie that he was never knowne to forget himselfe, nay, not in his extreame age. I cannot say more of his deportments in Ireland then what my Lord Viscount Moore (who was killd next yeare) said to tuo of my friends, and it was this: That the Earle of Levens actions made not such a noyse in the world as these of Generallesley."

This is a hard hit:—but we must revert to

our hero, who, after sojournning two years in Ireland, and securing a wife (of whom throughout he speaks most affectionately) in Miss White of Newrie, in the year 1644 again joined the Covenanters in their invasion of England. Here he played over the old game, fighting on the one side, and tampering with the other; and he points out one particular occasion, in which, if the design had been successfully effected, the king's cause wold in all probability have triumphed, in consequence of his own and other regiments going over at a critical emergency to the Marquess of Montrose. But the plan failed in the execution; and the writer naively tells us—

"Upon these grounds my Lord Sindars' regiment marchd into England, and I with them, and made a fashion (for indeed it was no better) to take the Covenant, that under pretence of the Covenant we might ruine the Covenanters; a thing (thogh too much practis'd in a corrupt world) yet in itselfe dishonest, sinful, and disavouable; for it is certain that no evil could be done that good may come of it; neither did any good at all come of this, for Calander all along proovd true to his own interest and gaine, and false to the kings, never laying hold on any opportunitie whereby he might, with small difficultie, have done his majestic signall service."

When the fatal battle of Naseby blighted the king's hopes, we have next an interesting account of his surrender by the Scots, of which Turner was a personal witness, having seen and spokn with the unfortunate prisoner, whom he endeavoured in vain to save by aiding him to escape. And we find now a characteristic touch of his personal conduct:—

"Haveing drunke at one time too much at parting with a great person, rideing home I met one Colonnell Wren, betweene whom and me there was some animositie. He was a foot, and I lighted from my horse; drinke prevailing over my reason, I forced him to draw his sword, which was tuo great handfulls longer then mine. This I perceiving, gripd his sword with my left hand, and thrust at him with my right; bot he stepping backe avoyded it, and drew his sword away, which left so deepe a wound betweene my thumbe and formost finger, that I had almost lood the use of both, unles I had beene well cured. Ane other hart I got in my left arme. The passengers parted us; bot I could never find him out after, to be revenged on him, though I sought him furre and neere. This was ane effect of drinking, which I confesse, beside the snare against God, hath brought me in many inconveniences. This was the first time euer my blood was drawne, though I have hazarded it and my life very often, not onlie in battells, skirmishes, rencounters, sleges, sallies, and other publick duties of service, bot also in severall private duells."

We will here (thogh it happened afterwards) insert another, equally characteristic, of our hero's adventures.

"My tuo brigads lay in a village within halfe a mile of Applebie; my oune quarter was in a gentlemen house who was a ritmaster, and at that time with Sir Marmaduke; his wife keepd her chamber readie to be brought to bed. The castle being over, and Lambert farre enough, I resolv'd to goe to bed everie night, haveing had fatigue enough before. The first night I sleepd well enough; and rising next morning, I misd one linnen stockine, one halfe silke one, and one boot-hose, the accomptment under a boote for one leg; neither could they be found for any search. Being provided of more of the same

kind, I made myself reddie, and rode to the head quarters. At my returns I could hear no news of my stockings. That night I went to bed, and next morning found myself just so used; missing the three stockings for one leg onlie, the other three being left intire as they were the day before. A narrower search then the first was made, but without successe. I had yet in reserve one paire of whole stockings, and a paire of boothose greater then the former. These I put on my legs. The third morning I found the same usage, the stockings for one leg onlie left me. It was time for me then, and my servants too, to imagine it must be rats that had ahard my stockings so equallie with me; and this the mistress of the house knew well enough, but would not tell it me. The room, which was a low parlour, being well searchd with candles, the top of my great boothose was found at a hole, in which they had drawne all the rest. I went abroad and orderd the boards to be raised, to see how the rats had disposed of my moveables. The mistress sent a servant of her owne to be present at this action, which she knew concernd her. One board being bot a little open'd, a little boy of mine thrust in his hand, and fetchd with him foure and tuesitie old peeces of gold and one angell. The servant of the house affirm'd it appartaind to his mistress. The boy bringing the gold to me, I went immediatly to the gentlewoman's chamber, and told her it was probable Lambert having quartered in that house, as indeed he had, some of his servants might have hid that gold; and if so, it was lawfull mine; but if she could make it appear it belongd to her, I would immediatly give it her. The poore gentlewoman told me with many teares, that her husband being none of the frugallest men (and indeed he was a spendthrift) she had hid that gold without his knowledge, to make use of it as she had occasion, especially when she lay in; and conford me, as I lov'd the king (for whom her husband and she had sufferd much), not to detain her gold. She said, if there was either more or less then foure and tuesitie whole peeces, and two halfe ones, it could be none of hers, and that they were put by her in a red velvet purse. After I had given her assurance of her gold, a new search is made, the other angell is found, the velvet purse all gnaw'd in bits, as my stockings were, and the gold instantlie restord to the gentlewoman. I have often heard that the eating or gnawing of cloths by rats is ominous, and portends some mischance to fall on those to whom the cloths belong. I thank God I was never addicted to such divinations, or heeded them. It is true that more misfortunes then one fell on me shortly after; but I am sure I could have better forsoene them myselfe then rats or any such vermine, and yet did it not. I have heard, indeed, many fine stories told of rats, how they abandon houses and ships, when the first are to be burnt, and the second dround. Naturalists say they are very sagacious creatures, and I believe they are so; but I shall never be of the opinion they can foresee future contingencies, which I suppose the divell himselfe can neither forknow nor fortell; these being things which the Almighty hath kept hidden in the bosome of his divine prescience. And whither the great God hath preordained or predestinated these things, which to us are contingent, to fall out by an uncontrollable and unavoidable necessitie, is a question not yet decided."

"There are some appalling details of the Highland wars between the Covenanters and the

Royalists; and a very striking account of those between Cromwell and the Scots, to the decisive battle of Preston. Of the former, take the subjoined particulars of an action when the Campbell's went against Sir Alaster Macdonald:—

"We beseege Dunavertie, which kept out well enough, till we storm'd a trench they had at the foot of the hill, wherby they commanded two stripes of water. This we did take in the assault. Fortie of them were put to the sword. We load five or sixe, with Argiles Major. After this, inexorable thirst made them desire a parley. I was orderd to speake with them; neither could the lieutenant-generall be mov'd to grant any other conditions, then that they should yeeld on discretion or mercy; and it seemd strange to me to heare the lieutenant-generalls nice distinction, that they should yeeld themselves to the kingdome's mercy, and not to his. At length they did so; and after they were comd out of the castle, they were put to the sword, everie mothers sonne, except one young man, Mackoull, whose life I begd, to be sent to France with a hundred countrey fellows whom we had smoakd out of a cave, as they doe foxes, who were given to Captaine Cambell, the chancellors brother."

After the field of Preston, Turner was taken prisoner, and conveyed to Hull, where he was detained fourteen months, till November 1649, when his liberation was effected, and he sailed for Hamburg. Thus ending the first chapter of an eventful life, we are enabled to pause; but will take up this volume again (which must always be a scarce one) for the edification and amusement of our friends.

Specimens of American Poetry. With Critical and Biographical Notices by Samuel Kettell. 3 vols. 12mo. Boston, 1829. Goodrich and Co.

The first thing that must strike every reader of this collection is, its want of originality, and its deficiency in national character;—the last, by the by, a cause of the first. In the first two volumes, Pope and his school have been the inspiration—in the last, our present time has been the hippocrene. We know not how to account for this: their country is rich in the most magnificent beauty—deep forests, worthy to have held the oracles of old—lakes grand in their gathered waters—and a sky as glorious in sunshine as in storm;—intellect is on a throne among them; and the human heart has every where the same deep store of passion and sorrow:—and yet America has produced no great poet;—no one whose voice is answered every where, like an echo;—no one whose thoughts are beauty, even when divested of the music of their native tongue;—no one whose home is in every land, though his temple be in his own. In the volumes before us there is a great deal of graceful versification, some pretty imagery, much taste, and some feeling. Mr. Perceval and Mr. Willis are writers well deserving of praise; but certainly neither of them are first-rate: and the same criticism applies generally:—the stones are bright and sparkling, but they have been set before. One name, however, we do except—one whose fault is truly that with which his countrymen charge him—of having written too little: we need only mention Halleck, in whose compositions there is that originality which marks the true poet: but instead of criticising, we will quote his very spirited poem of "Alnwick Castle."

"Home of the Percys' high-born race,
Home of their beautiful and brave,

Alike their birth and burial-place,
Their cradle and their grave!
Still sternly o'er the castle gate,
Their house's lion stands in state,
As in his proud departed hour;
And warriors frown in stone on high,
And feudal banners 'flout the sky'
Above his princely tower.
A gentle hill its side inclines,
Lovely in England's fadeless green,
To meet the quiet stream which winds
Through this romantic scene
As silently and sweetly still.
As when, at evening, on that hill,
While summer's wind blew soft and low,
Seated by gallant Hotspur's side,
His Katharine was a happy bride,
A thousand years ago.
Gaze on the abbey's ruin'd pile:
Does not the succouring ivy, keeping
Her watch around it, seem to smile,
As o'er a loved one sleeping?
One solitary turret gray
Still tells, in melancholy glory,
The legend of the Cheviot day.
The Percys' proudest border story,
That day its roof was triumph arch;
Then rang, from aisle to vaulted dome,
The light step of the soldier's march.
The music of the trumpet and drum!
And babe and sire, the old, the young,
And the monk's hymn and minstrel's song,
And woman's pure kiss, sweet and long.
Welcomed her warrior home.
Wild roses by the abbey towers
Are gay in their young bud and bloom:
They were born of a race of funeral flowers
That garlanded, in long-gone hours,
A templar's knightly tomb.
He died, the sword in his mailed hand,
On the holiest spot of the Blessed Land,
Where the cross was damp'd with his dying breath;
When blood ran free as festal wine,
And the sainted air of Palestine
Was thick with the darts of death.
Wise with the lore of centuries,
What tales, if there be 'twixt in trees,
Those giant oaks could tell,
Of beings born and buried here!
Tales of the peasant and the peer,
Tales of the bride and the bier.
The welcome and farewell,
Since on their boughs the startled bird
First, in her twilight slumbers, heard
The Norman's curfew bell.
I wandered through the lofty halls
Trod by the Percys of old fame,
And traced upon the chapel walls
Each high, heroic name,
From him who once his standard set
Where now, o'er mosque and minaret,
Glitter the sultan's crescent moons;
To him who, when a younger son,
Fought for King George at Lexington,
A major of dragoons.

That last half stanza—it has dashed
From my warm lip the sparkling cup;
The light that o'er my eye-beam dash'd,
The power that bore my spirit up
Above this bank-note world—is gone;
And Alnwick 's but a market town,
And this, alas! its market day,
And beasts and borderers throng the way!
Oxen, and bleating lambs in lots,
Northumbrian boors and plaided Scots;
Men in the coal and cattle line,
From Teviot's bard and hero land,
From royal Berwick's beach of sand,
From Wooler, Morpeth, Hexham, and
Newcastle-upon-Tyne.
These are not the romantic themes
So beautiful in Spenser's rhymes,
So dapping to the dreaming boy:
Ours are the days of fact, not fable;
Of knights, but not of the Round Table;
Of Ballie Jarvie, not Rob Roy!
'Tis what 'our president,' Monroe,
Has call'd 'the era of good feeling.'
The Highlander, the bitterest foe
To modern laws, has felt their blow,
Consented to be tax'd, and vote,
And put on pantaloons and coat,
And leave off cattle-stealing:
Lord Stafford mines for coal and salt,
The Duke of Norfolk deals in malt,
The Douglas in red herrings;
And noble name, and cultured land,
Palace, and park, and vassal hand,
Are powerless to the notes of hand
Of Rothschild or the Barings.
The age of bargaining, said Burke,
Has come: to-day the turban'd Turk
(Sleep, Richard of the lion heart!
Sleep on, nor from your cements start)
Is England's friend and fast ally:
The Moslem tramples on the Greek,
And on the cross and altar-stone,
And Christendom looks tamely on.

And hears the Christian maiden shriek,
And sees the Christian father die;
And not a sabbre-blow is given
For Greece and fame, for faith and heaven,
By Europe's craven chivalry.
You'll ask if yet the Percy lives
In the armed pomp of feudal state?
The present representative
Of Hotspur and his 'gentle Kate'
Are some half-dozens serving-men
In the drab coat of William Penn;
A chambermaid, whose lip and eye,
And cheek, and brown hair, bright and curling,
Spoke Nature's aristocracy;
And one, half groom half seneschal,
Who bow'd me through court, bower, and hall,
From donjon-keep to turret-wall,
For ten-and-sixpence sterling."

How fine is the finale of "Marco Bozzaris!"

"Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
Come to the mother's when she feels
For the first time her first-born's breath;
Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wait its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm
With banquet-song, and dance, and wine;
And thou art terrible—the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear,
Of agony, are thine.
But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come, when his task of fame is wrought—
Come, with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought—
Come in her crowning hour—and then
Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight
Of sky and stars to prison'd men:
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land;
Thy summons welcome as the cry
That told the Indian isles were nigh
To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land-wind from woods of palm,
And orange-groves, and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytian seas.
Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry.
The heartless luxury of the tomb:
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved, and for a season gone;
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
For thee she rings her birth-day bells;
Of thee her babes' first lispings tell;
For thine her evening prayer is said
At palace couch and cottage bed;
Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears:
And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,
The memory of her buried joys,
And even she who gave thee birth,
Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,
Talk of thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's—
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die."

Our best eulogy on this poet is to quote him.
We shall next select from Mr. Willis, a young
writer of great present sweetness, and we think
still greater promise.

"Better Moments."

My mother's voice! how often creeps
Its cadence on my lonely hours!
Like healing sent on wings of sleep,
Or dew to the unconscious flowers.
I can forget her melting prayer
While leaping pulses madly fly,
But in the still, unbroken air
Her gentle tone comes stealing by,
And years, and sin, and manhood flee,
And leave me at my mother's knee.
The book of nature, and the print
Of beauty on the whispering sea,
Give aye to me some likeness
Of what I have been taught to be.
My heart is harder, and perhaps
My manliness hath drunk up tears,

And there's a mildew in the lapse
Of a few miserable years;
But nature's book is even yet
With all my mother's lessons writ.
I have been out at eventide
Beneath a moonlight sky of spring,
When earth was garish'd like a bride,
And night had on her silver wing—
When bursting leaves and diamond grass,
And waters leaping to the light,
And all that makes the pulses pass
With wilder fleetness throng'd the night—
When all was beauty—then have I
With friends on whom my love is flung
Like myrrh on winds of Araby,
Gazed up where evening's lamp is hung.
And when the beautiful spirit there
Flung over me its golden chain,
My mother's voice came on the air
Like the light dropping of the rain;
And resting on some silver star
The spirit of a bended knee,
I've pour'd her low and fervent prayer
That our eternally might be
To rise in heavenly lights at night,
And tread a living path of light!
I have been on the dewy hills
When night was stealing from the dawn,
And mist was on the waking rills,
And tints were delicately drawn
In the gray east—when birds were waking
With a low murmur in the trees,
And melody by fits was breaking
Upon the whisper of the breeze,
And this when I was forth, perchance
As a worn reveller from the dance—
And when the sun sprang gloriously
And freely up, and hill and river
Were catching upon wave and tree
The arrows from his subtle quiver—
I say a voice has thrill'd me then,
Heard on the still and rushing light,
Or creeping from the silent glen.
Like words from the departing night,
Hath stricken me, and I have press'd
On the wet grass my fever'd brow,
And pouring forth the earliest
First prayer, with which I learn'd to bow,
Have felt my mother's spirit rush
Upon me as in by-past years,
And yielding to the blessed gush
Of my ungovernable tears,
Have risen up—the gay, the wild—
As humble as a very child."

The following very charming little piece
from Mrs. Embury, and we have done.

"Jane of France."

Pale, cold, and statue-like she sat, and her impeded breath
Came gaspingly, as if her heart was in the grasp of death,
While listening to the harsh decree that rob'd her of a throne.
And left the gentle child of kings in the wide world alone.
And fearful was her look; in vain her trembling maidens
Moved; with all affection's tender care, round her whom well they
Stirless she sat, as if enchained by some restless spell,
Till with one wild, heart-piercing shriek in their embrace
she fell.
How bitter was the hour she woke from that long dream-
less trance; France:
The veriest wretch might pity then the envied Jane of
But soon her o'erfraught heart gave way, tears came to
her relief; less grief:
And thus in low and plaintive tones she breathed her hope—
'Oh! ever have I dreaded this, since at the holy shrine
My trembling hand first felt the cold reluctant clasp of
thine; [heart
And yet I hoped—My own beloved, how may I teach my
To gaze upon thy gentle face and know that we must part!
Too well I knew thou lovedst me not, but ah! I fondly
thought [this had wrought:
That years of such deep love as mine some change ere
I dream'd the hour might yet arrive, when sick of pas-
sion's strife,
Thy heart would turn with quiet joy to thy neglected wife.
Vain, foolish hope! how could I look upon thy glorious
form, [wouldst cease to charm!
And think that ere the time might come when thou
For ne'er till then wilt thou be freed from beauty's magic
art,
Or cease to prize a sunny smile beyond a faithful heart.
In vain from memory's darken'd scroll would other
thoughts erase [face:
The loathing that was in thine eye, where'er it met my
Oh! I would give the fairest realm, beneath the all-seeing
sun,
To win but such a form as thou might'st love to look upon.
Wo, wo for woman's weary lot if beauty be not hers,
Vainly within her gentle breast affection wildly stirs;
And bitterly will she deplore, amid her sick heart's dearth,
The hour that fix'd her fearful doom—a helot from her
birth.
I would thou hadst been cold and stern—the pride of my
high race [ethic:
Had taught me then from my young heart thine image to

But surely even love's sweet tones could ne'er have power
to bless
My bosom with such joy as did thy pitying tenderness.
Alas! it is a heavy task to curb the haughty soul,
And bid 'th' unbending spirit bow that never knew control;
But harder still when thus the heart against itself must
rise, [fare dies.
And struggle on, while every hope that nerved the war-
Yet all this I have borne for thee—ay, for thy sake I
learn'd [heart spurn'd;
The gentleness of thought and word which once my proud
The treasures of an untouch'd heart, the wealth of love's
rich mine,
These are the offerings that I laid upon my idol's shrine.
In vain I breathed my vows to heaven, 'twas mockery of
prayer;
In vain I knelt before the cross, I saw but Louis there:
To him I gave the worship that I should have paid my
God, [giving rod!
But oh! should his have been the hand to wield the aven-

The biographical sketches are often very
amusing, as well as interesting; but we must
say, the worthy editor's forte seems to lie less
in taste than in industry; and his industry we
cordially thank for this considerable body of
American poetry.

The Waverley Novels: New Edition. Guy
Manning. Vol. III. pp. 311. Edinburgh,
1829, Cadell and Co.; London, Simpkin
and Marshall.

THE delivery of two volumes at a time of this
wonderfully popular edition having led to much
inconvenience and delay, the publishers have
now commenced with only one; and of that
one we have an early copy from the northern
Athens. It contains the author's Introduction,
which is not only interesting as coming
from his pen, and giving a portion of the his-
tory of compositions so greatly affecting the
literature of our times, but as being curious in
its own details.

"The novel or romance of Waverley (says
Sir Walter) made its way to the public slowly,
of course, at first; but afterwards with such
accumulating popularity, as to encourage the
author to a second attempt. He looked about
for a name and a subject; and the manner
in which the novels were composed, cannot be
better illustrated, than by reciting the simple
narrative on which Guy Mannering was ori-
ginally founded; but to which, in the progress
of the work, the production ceased to bear any,
even the most distant resemblance. The tale
was originally told me by an old servant of my
father's, an excellent old Highlander, without
a fault, unless a preference to mountain-dew
over less potent liquors be accounted one. He
believed as firmly in the story as in any part of
his creed. A grave and elderly person, ac-
cording to old John MacKinlay's account,
while travelling in the wilder parts of Gal-
loway, was benighted. With difficulty he
found his way to a country-seat, where, with
the hospitality of the time and country, he
was readily admitted. The owner of the house,
a gentleman of good fortune, was much struck
by the reverend appearance of his guest, and
apologised to him for a certain degree of con-
fusion which must unavoidably attend his re-
ception, and could not escape his eye. The
lady of the house was, he said, confined to her
apartment, and on the point of making her
husband a father for the first time, though
they had been ten years married. At such an
emergency, the laird said he feared his guest
might meet with some apparent neglect. 'Not
so, sir,' said the stranger; 'my wants are
few, and easily supplied; and I trust the pre-
sent circumstances may even afford an oppor-
tunity of shewing my gratitude for your hospi-
tality. Let me only request that I may be
informed of the exact minute of the birth;
and I hope to be able to put you in possession

of some particulars which may influence in an important manner the future prospects of the child now about to come into this busy and changeable world. I will not conceal from you that I am skilful in understanding and interpreting the movements of those planetary bodies which exert their influences on the destiny of mortals. It is a science which I do not practise, like others who call themselves astrologers, for hire or reward; for I have a competent estate, and only use the knowledge I possess for the benefit of those in whom I feel an interest.' The laird bowed in respect and gratitude, and the stranger was accommodated with an apartment which commanded an ample view of the astral regions. The guest spent a part of the night in ascertaining the position of the heavenly bodies, and calculating their probable influence; until at length the result of his observations induced him to send for the father, and conjure him in the most solemn manner to cause the assistants to retard the birth, if practicable, were it but for five minutes. The answer declared this to be impossible; and almost in the instant that the message was returned, the father and his guest were made acquainted with the birth of a boy. The astrologer on the morrow met the party who gathered around the breakfast-table with looks so grave and ominous, as to alarm the fears of the father, who had hitherto exulted in the prospects held out by the birth of an heir to his ancient property, failing which event it must have passed to a distinct branch of the family. He hastened to draw the stranger into a private room. 'I fear from your looks,' said the father, 'that you have bad tidings to tell me of my young stranger; perhaps God will resume the blessing he has bestowed ere he attains the age of manhood, or perhaps he is destined to be unworthy of the affection which we are naturally disposed to devote to our offspring.' 'Neither the one nor the other,' answered the stranger; 'unless my judgment greatly err, the infant will survive the years of minority, and in temper and disposition will prove all that his parents can wish. But with much in his horoscope which promises many blessings, there is one evil influence strongly predominant, which threatens to subject him to an unhallowed and unhappy temptation about the time when he shall attain the age of twenty-one, which period, the constellations intimate, will be the crisis of his fate. In what shape, or with what peculiar urgency, this temptation may beset him, my art cannot discover.' 'Your knowledge, then, can afford us no defence,' said the anxious father, 'against the threatened evil?' 'Pardon me,' answered the stranger, 'it can. The influence of the constellations is powerful: but he who made the heavens is more powerful than all, if his aid be invoked in sincerity and truth. You ought to dedicate this boy to the immediate service of his Maker, with as much sincerity as Samuel was devoted to the worship in the Temple by his parents. You must regard him as a being separated from the rest of the world. In childhood, in boyhood, you must surround him with the pious and virtuous, and protect him to the utmost of your power from the sight or hearing of any crime, in word or action. He must be educated in religious and moral principles of the strictest description. Let him not enter the world, lest he learn to partake of its follies, or perhaps of its vices. In short, preserve him as far as possible from all sin, save that of which too great a portion belongs to all the fallen race of Adam. With the approach of

his twenty-first birth-day comes the crisis of his fate. If he survive it, he will be happy and prosperous on earth, and a chosen vessel among those elected for heaven. But if it be otherwise—' The astrologer stopped and sighed deeply. 'Sir,' replied the parent, still more alarmed than before, 'your words are so kind, your advice so serious, that I will pay the deepest attention to your behests; but can you not aid me farther in this most important concern. Believe me, I will not be ungrateful.' 'I require and deserve no gratitude for doing a good action,' said the stranger; 'in especial for contributing all that lies in my power to save from an abhorred fate the harmless infant to whom, under a singular conjunction of planets, last night gave life. There is my address; you may write to me from time to time concerning the progress of the boy in religious knowledge. If he be bred up as I advise, I think it will be best that he come to my house at the time when the fatal and decisive period approaches, that is, before he has attained his twenty-first year complete. If you send him such as I desire, I humbly trust that God will protect his own, through whatever strong temptation his fate may subject him to.' He then gave his host his address, which was a country-seat near a post town in the south of England, and bid him an affectionate farewell. The mysterious stranger departed; but his words remained impressed upon the mind of the anxious parent. He lost his lady while his boy was still in infancy. This calamity, I think, had been predicted by the astrologer; and thus his confidence, which, like most people of the period, he had freely given to the science, was riveted and confirmed. The utmost care, therefore, was taken to carry into effect the severe and almost ascetic plan of education which the sage had enjoined. A tutor of the strictest principles was employed to superintend the youth's education; he was surrounded by domestics of the most established character, and closely watched and looked after by the anxious father himself. The years of infancy, childhood, and boyhood, passed as the father could have wished. A young Nazarene could not have been bred up with more rigour. All that was evil was withheld from his observation—he only heard what was pure in precept—he only witnessed what was worthy in practice. But when the boy began to be lost in the youth, the attentive father saw cause for alarm. Shades of sadness, which gradually assumed a darker character, began to overcloud the young man's temper. Tears, which seemed involuntary, broken sleep, moonlight wanderings, and a melancholy for which he could assign no reason, seemed to threaten at once his bodily health and the stability of his mind. The astrologer was consulted by letter, and returned for answer, that this fitful state of mind was but the commencement of his trial, and that the poor youth must undergo more and more desperate struggles with the evil that assailed him. There was no hope of remedy, save that he shewed steadiness of mind in the study of the Scriptures. 'He suffers,' continued the letter of the sage, 'from the awakening of those harpies, the passions, which have slept with him as with others, till the period of life which he has now attained. Better, far better, that they torment him by ungrateful cravings, than that he should have to repent having satiated them by criminal indulgence.' The dispositions of the young man were so excellent, that he combated, by reason and religion, the fits of gloom which at

times overcast his mind; and it was not till he attained the commencement of his twenty-first year, that they assumed a character which made his father tremble for the consequences. It seemed as if the gloomiest and most hideous of mental maladies was taking the form of religious despair. Still the youth was gentle, courteous, affectionate, and submissive to his father's will, and resisted with all his power the dark suggestions which were breathed into his mind, as it seemed, by some emanation of the Evil Principle, exhorting him, like the wicked wife of Job, to curse God and die. The time at length arrived when he was to perform what was then thought a long and somewhat perilous journey, to the mansion of the early friend who had calculated his nativity. His road lay through several places of interest, and he enjoyed the amusement of travelling more than he himself thought would have been possible. Thus he did not reach the place of his destination till noon, on the day preceding his birth-day. It seemed as if he had been carried away with an unwanted tide of pleasurable sensation, so as to forget, in some degree, what his father had communicated concerning the purpose of his journey. He halted at length before a respectable but solitary old mansion, to which he was directed as the abode of his father's friend. The servants who came to take his horse told him he had been expected for two days. He was led into a study, where the stranger, now a venerable old man, who had been his father's guest, met him with a shade of displeasure as well as gravity on his brow. 'Young man,' he said, 'wherefore so slow on a journey of such importance?' 'I thought,' replied the guest, blushing and looking downward, 'that there was no harm in travelling slowly and satisfying my curiosity, providing I could reach your residence by this day; for such was my father's charge.' 'You were to blame,' replied the sage, 'in lingering, considering that the avenger of blood was pressing on your footsteps. But you are come at last, and we will hope for the best, though the conflict in which you are to be engaged will be found more dreadful the longer it is postponed. But first accept of such refreshments as nature requires to satisfy, but not to pamper, the appetite.' The old man led the way into a summer parlour, where a frugal meal was placed on the table. As they sat down to the board, they were joined by a young lady about eighteen years of age, and so lovely, that the sight of her carried off the feelings of the young stranger from the peculiarity and mystery of his own lot, and riveted his attention to every thing she did or said. She spoke little, and it was on the most serious subjects. She played on the harpsichord at her father's command, but it was hymns with which she accompanied the instrument. At length, on a sign from the sage, she left the room, turning on the young stranger, as she departed, a look of inexpressible anxiety and interest. The old man then conducted the youth to his study, and conversed with him upon the most important points of religion, to satisfy himself that he could render a reason for the faith that was in him. During the examination, the youth, in spite of himself, felt his mind occasionally wander, and his recollections go in quest of the beautiful vision who had shared his meal at noon. On such occasions, the astrologer looked grave, and shook his head at this relaxation of attention; yet, on the whole, he was pleased with the youth's replies. At sunset the young man was made to take the bath; and, having

done so, he was directed to attire himself in a robe, somewhat like that worn by Armenians, having his long hair combed down on his shoulders, and his neck, hands, and feet bare. In this guise he was conducted into a remote chamber totally devoid of furniture, excepting a lamp, a chair, and a table, on which lay a Bible. 'Here,' said the astrologer, 'I must leave you alone, to pass the most critical period of your life. If you can, by recollection of the great truths of which we have spoken, repel the attacks which will be made on your courage and your principles, you have nothing to apprehend. But the trial will be severe and arduous.' His features then assumed a pathetic solemnity, the tears stood in his eyes, and his voice faltered with emotion as he said, 'Dear child, at whose coming into the world I foresaw this fatal trial, may God give thee grace to support it with firmness!' The young man was left alone; and hardly did he find himself so, when, like a swarm of demons, the recollection of all his sins of omission and commission, rendered even more terrible by the scrupulousness with which he had been educated, rushed on his mind, and, like furies armed with fiery scourges, seemed determined to drive him to despair. As he combated these horrible recollections with distracted feelings, but with a resolved mind, he became aware that his arguments were answered by the sophistry of another, and that the dispute was no longer confined to his own thoughts. The Author of Evil was present in the room with him in bodily shape, and, potent with spirits of a melancholy cast, was impressing upon him the desperation of his state, and urging suicide as the readiest mode to put an end to his sinful career. Amid his errors, the pleasure he had taken in prolonging his journey unnecessarily, and the attention which he had bestowed on the beauty of the fair female, when his thoughts ought to have been dedicated to the religious discourse of her father, were set before him in the darkest colours; and he was treated as one who, having sinned against light, was, therefore, deservedly left a prey to the Prince of Darkness. As the fated and influential hour rolled on, the terrors of the hateful Presence grew more confounding to the mortal senses of the victim, and the knot of the accused sophistry became more inextricable in appearance, at least to the prey whom its meshes surrounded. He had not power to explain the assurance of pardon which he continued to assert, or to name the victorious name in which he trusted. But his faith did not abandon him, though he lacked for a time the power of expressing it. 'Say what you will,' was his answer to the Tempter; 'I know there is as much betwixt the two boards of this Book as can insure me forgiveness for my transgressions, and safety for my soul.' As he spoke, the clock, which announced the lapse of the fatal hour, was heard to strike. The speech and intellectual powers of the youth were instantly and fully restored; he burst forth into prayer, and expressed, in the most glowing terms, his reliance on the truth, and on the Author, of the gospel. The demon retired, yelling and discomfited; and the old man, entering the apartment, with tears congratulated his guest on his victory in the fated struggle. The young man was afterwards married to the beautiful maiden, the first sight of whom had made such an impression on him, and they were consigned over at the close of the story to domestic happiness. — So ended John MacKinlay's legend. The author of *Waverley* had imagined a possibility of framing an interesting, and perhaps

not an unedifying, tale, out of the incidents of the life of a doomed individual, whose efforts at good and virtuous conduct were to be forever disappointed by the intervention, as it were, of some malevolent being, and who was at last to come off victorious from the fearful struggle. In short, something was meditated upon a plan resembling the imaginative tale of *Sintram* and his Companions, by Mons. Le Baron de la Motte Fouqué, although, if it then existed, the author had not seen it. The scheme projected may be traced in the first three or four chapters of the work, but farther consideration induced the author to lay his purpose aside. It appeared, on mature consideration, that astrology, though its influence was once received and admitted by Bacon himself, does not now retain influence over the general mind sufficient even to constitute the mainspring of a romance. Besides, it occurred, that to do justice to such a subject would have required not only more talent than the author could be conscious of possessing, but also involved doctrines and discussions of a nature too serious for his purpose, and for the character of the narrative. In changing his plan, however, which was done in the course of printing, the early sheets retained the vestiges of the original tenor of the story, although they now hang upon it as an unnecessary and unnatural encumbrance. The cause of such vestiges occurring is now explained, and apologised for. It is here worthy of observation, that while the astrological doctrines have fallen into general contempt, and been supplanted by superstitions of a more gross and far less beautiful character, they have, even in modern days, retained some votaries. One of the most remarkable believers in that forgotten and despised science, was a late eminent professor of the art of legerdemain. One would have thought that a person of this description ought, from his knowledge of the thousand ways in which human eyes could be deceived, to have been less than others subject to the fantasies of superstition. Perhaps the habitual use of those abstruse calculations, by which, in a manner surprising to the artist himself, many tricks upon cards, &c., are performed, induced this gentleman to study the combination of the stars and planets, with the expectation of obtaining prophetic communications. He constructed a scheme of his own nativity, calculated according to such rules of art as he could collect from the best astrological authors. The result of the past he found agreeable to what had hitherto befallen him; but in the important prospect of the future a singular difficulty occurred. There were two years, during the course of which he could by no means obtain any exact knowledge, whether the subject of the scheme would be dead or alive. Anxious concerning so remarkable a circumstance, he gave the scheme to a brother astrologer, who was also baffled in the same manner. At one period he found the native, or subject, was certainly alive; at another, that he was unquestionably dead; but a space of two years extended between these two terms, during which he could find no certainty as to his death or existence. The astrologer marked the remarkable circumstance in his diary, and continued his exhibitions in various parts of the empire until the period was about to expire, during which his existence had been warranted as actually ascertained. At last, while he was exhibiting to a numerous audience his usual tricks of legerdemain, the hands, whose activity had so often baffled the closest observer, suddenly lost their power, the cards dropped

from them, and he sunk down a disabled paralytic. In this state the artist languished for two years, when he was at length removed by death. It is said that the diary of this modern astrologer will soon be given to the public. The fact, if truly reported, is one of those singular coincidences which occasionally appear, differing so widely from ordinary calculation, yet without which irregularities human life would not present to mortals, looking into futurity, the abyss of impenetrable darkness which it is the pleasure of the Creator it should offer to them. Were every thing to happen in the ordinary train of events, the future would be subject to the rules of arithmetic, like the chances of gaming. But extraordinary events and wonderful runs of luck, defy the calculations of mankind, and throw impenetrable darkness on future contingencies. To the above anecdote, another, still more recent, may be here added. The author was lately honoured with a letter from a gentleman deeply skilled in these mysteries, who kindly undertook to calculate the nativity of the writer of *Guy Mannering*, who might be supposed to be friendly to the divine art which he professed. But it was impossible to supply data for the construction of a horoscope, had the native been otherwise desirous of it, since all those who could supply the minutiae of day, hour, and minute, have been long removed from the mortal sphere."

Sir Walter then points out his departure from this rude sketch, and mentions the prototypes of several of his principal characters; such as Jean (and her grand-daughter Madge) Gordon, of Kirk Yetholm, for Meg Merrilies; and a nameless individual for Dominie Sampson. Of the latter, the account is affecting:—

"Such a preceptor as Mr. Sampson is supposed to have been, was actually tutor in the family of a gentleman of considerable property. The young lady, his pupil, grew up and went out in the world, but the tutor continued to reside in the family, no uncommon circumstance in Scotland (in former days), where food and shelter were readily afforded to humble friends and dependents. The lady's predecessors had been imprudent, he himself was passive and unfortunate. Death swept away his sons, whose success in life might have balanced his own bad luck and incapacity. Debts increased and funds diminished, until ruin came. The estate was sold; and the old man was about to remove from the house of his fathers, to go he knew not whither, when, like an old piece of furniture, which, left alone in its wonted corner, may hold together for a long while, but breaks to pieces on an attempt to move it, he fell down on his own threshold under a paralytic affection. The tutor awakened as from a dream. He saw his patron dead, and that his patron's only remaining child, an elderly woman, now neither graceful nor beautiful, if she had ever been either the one or the other, had by this calamity become a homeless and penniless orphan. He addressed her nearly in the words which Dominie Sampson uses to Miss Bertram, and professed his determination not to leave her. Accordingly, roused to the exercise of talents which had long slumbered, he opened a little school, and supported his patron's child for the rest of her life, treating her with the same humble observance and devoted attention which he had used towards her in the days of her prosperity."

There are not many notes in this volume. In one, the author disclaims the drawing of *Dandie Dinmont* from any individual. The other notes we have anticipated in former *Gazettes*.

Cunningham's Lives of British Painters, &c.

WHEN we briefly noticed this (the fourth) volume of the Family Library, we more than half promised some extracts from its agreeable stores; and, with a short preface, we shall now fulfil that pledge.

In fifty-three pages we have a rapid survey of "the early painters," of the history of art in England during the middle ages, and through the times when we leaned entirely on eminent foreigners, Holbeins, More, Mytens, Rubens, Vandyke, Lely, Kneller, &c., down to the appearance of a native, "who sought lasting fame, and found it, in moral sentiment, nervous satire, sarcastic humour, and actual English life," viz. Hogarth. Cunningham gives fully 100 pages to this great original, as many to Reynolds, and the rest of his volume is divided pretty equally between the two founders of our landscape school, Wilson and Gainsborough. It will surprise no one to hear that the author's great favourites are evidently Hogarth and Wilson. The first was the pupil of nature and genius alone; and the second lived poor, and died neglected,—leaving his fame to be cared for by posterity. The life of Gainsborough is valuable, among other things, as containing more original anecdotes of him than had before been collected. The biography of Sir Joshua Reynolds is written with a colder pen than the others. Our author has not been able to get over that amiable man's one failing—his *stinginess*. As for the view of our first president as an artist, there is nothing to complain of. But it is in the accounts of Wilson and Hogarth that Cunningham puts forth his readiest hand, and produces the most pleasing effect. He is far, however, from joining in the cant of those (Ireland, for instance) who cannot praise Hogarth without taking a cut, *en passant*, at "what has obtained the name of learning." The following is a manly passage, and comes with a good grace from Allan Cunningham:—

"If Hogarth shewed little bias towards learning, it was because his powerful mind was directed to studies where the knowledge of actual life in all its varieties was chiefly essential—where an eye for the sarcastic and the ludicrous, and a mind to penetrate motives and weigh character, were worth all the lights of either school or college. But there is no proof that he was a man gross and uninformed, or that he thought lightly of learning. He was indeed a zealous worshipper of knowledge; but he loved to pluck the fruit fresh from the tree with his own hand. Of want of learning, no man of Hogarth's pitch of mind will boast; it is the *openess* which clears up the mysteries of ancient lore, and acquaints us with the lofty souls and social sympathies of the great worthies of the world. Our artist had not time for every thing; he could not, circumscribed as he was, have been both a scholar of any eminence, and the first man in a new walk of art. But it is unjust to set him down as despising in the abstract, what his own great natural genius enabled him to do without."

Equally shrewd is this account of Hogarth's ill success as a portrait-painter:—

"To be eminently popular in portrait-painting requires more than mere skill and talent. Hogarth was a man of plain manners, unpolished address, and encumbered with the dangerous reputation of a satirist. He was unacquainted with the art of charming a peer into a patron, by putting him into raptures with his own good looks. There were other drawbacks. The calm contemplative look, the elegance of

form without the grace of action, and motionless repose approaching to alumber, were not for him whose strength lay in kindling figures into life, and tossing them into business. A collection of isolated lords and ladies, each looking more lazily than the other into vacancy, compared with historical pictures, are as recruits drawn up in line, and put into position by the drill-sergeant, compared to soldiers engaged in the tumult of battle, animated with high passions, and determined to do or die. * * * Compared with the productions of the great masters of the art of portraiture, those of Hogarth are alike distinguished for their vigorous coarseness and their literal nature. They are less deficient in ease and expression, than in those studied airs and graceful affectations by which so many face-makers have become famous. Ladies, accustomed to come from the hands of men practised in professional flattery, with the airs of goddesses and sometimes with the name, would ill endure such a plain-spoken mirror as Hogarth's. Another circumstance must be mentioned. It was the practice of those days to see genius much more willingly and readily in the works of the dead than in those of the living; and perhaps the fashion is not yet gone out. There is no danger of making a mistake in praising a Raphael or Correggio; but there is some in determining the merits of any new production; and great lords—even now-a-days—are frugal of commendation, till the voice of the people gives confidence to their taste. With such men it was the fortune of our portrait-painter to come frequently in contact; disputes ensued; and he was no picker of pleasant words. None of these circumstances were very likely either to augment the numbers of Hogarth's sitters, or to cheat him into good humour with an originally uncongenial task."

Artists seldom do themselves much good by laying down the pencil to take up the pen—least of all, when they take it up to write about themselves. Hogarth was almost as great an offender in this way as our own ingenious contemporary Haydon, who, if he would stick to English life in painting, might, perhaps, rival even Hogarth's success and fortune. He announced the *Harlot's Progress* in an advertisement, most injudiciously and absurdly claiming for comedy in literature, and for comic paintings in art, "the highest place." On this Cunningham well observes:—

"Those who are not satisfied of the accuracy of Hogarth's notions by his prints and his pictures, have little chance of being overcome by the force of his written arguments. I am afraid few will be disposed to rank comedy above tragedy, or common life higher than the heroic. The actions of lofty minds, and the pursuits of inspired men, will always maintain a higher place in the estimation of mankind than the mere picturesque exploits of inferior characters. Entertainment and information are not all that the mind requires at the hand of an artist. We wish to be elevated by contemplating what is noble, to be warmed by the presence of the heroic, and charmed and made happy by the sight of purity and loveliness. We desire to share in the lofty movements of fine minds—to have communion with their images of what is godlike—and to take a part in the rapture of their love and in the ecstasies of all their musings. This is the chief end of high poetry, of high painting, and of high sculpture; and that man misunderstands the true spirit of those arts who seeks to deprive them of a portion of their divinity, and argues that information and entertainment constitute their highest aim. It was well for Hogarth

that he painted and engraved far beyond his own notions."

The *Harlot's Progress* was soon followed by the *Rake's Progress*; and, passing over Mr. C.'s detailed description of either series, we come to the following *résumé* of the moral purposes of both:—

"It was in vain that the lovers of classic beauty and the admirers of graphic grace contended against the imperfect drawing and the rough etching of these works. Hogarth's style of engraving is indeed rough; but it is vigorous and free. He accomplishes his aim by one or two fortunate and happy strokes—not by a multitude of small and timid touches which diminish the natural freedom of the original. Humour, satire, moral pathos, each singly unequalled, in their union unapproached, silenced criticism, if they could not satisfy it. In those fourteen plates are contained the stories of two erring creatures who run their own separate careers; and never did dramatist or painter read two such sharp, satiric, and biting lessons to mankind. In the first series a young woman is conducted from innocence through six scenes of woe, wickedness, and guilt;—coming pure from the country into the pollution of London, she is decoyed and deceived—she deceives in her turn—rises to guilty splendour, to sink in more guilty woe—and finally perishes amid wretches as guilty and as miserable as herself. In the other series of engravings a young man steps unexpectedly from poverty to fortune—from rustic dependence to lordly wealth, by heiring a sordid miser, of whose den and hoards the artist introduces him in the act of taking possession. He despises and deserts the woman whom he had wooed and vowed to marry—starts on a wild career of extravagance, dissipation, and folly—is beset and swindled by speculators of all kinds, from poets to punks, including rooks, and bucks, and bullies—passes through various haunts of sin and of splendour, till, with a fortune dissipated, a constitution ruined, his fame blighted, and his mind touched, he is left raving mad in Bedlam. Mirth and woe, humour and seriousness, a brilliant rise and a dark ending, are seen often together in this world,—and the painter has not separated them. The brief and agitated careers of two fellow-mortals are represented; the truth of nature is closely observed; a series of actions all conducive to the catastrophe are exhibited, and were they arranged for the stage and personated by first-rate actors, hardly could the impression be more vivid, or the moral strengthened."

We are now drawing near the end of Hogarth.

"The character of William Hogarth as a man is to be sought for in his conduct, and in the opinions of his more dispassionate contemporaries; his character as an artist is to be gathered from numerous works, at once original and unrivalled. His fame has flown far and wide; his skill as an engraver spread his reputation as a painter; and all who love the dramatic representation of actual life—all who have hearts to be gladdened by humour—all who are pleased with judicious and well-directed satire—all who are charmed with the ludicrous looks of popular folly—and all who can be moved with the pathos of human suffering—are admirers of Hogarth. That his works are unlike those of other men, is his merit, not his fault. He belonged to no school of art; he was the produce of no academy; no man living or dead had any share in forming his mind, or in rendering his hand skilful. He was the spontaneous offspring of the graphic spirit of

his country, as native to the heart of England as independence is, and he may be fairly called, in his own walk, the first-born of her spirit. He painted life as he saw it. He gives no visions of by-gone things — no splendid images of ancient manners; he regards neither the historian's page nor the poet's song. He was contented with the occurrences of the passing day — with the folly or the sin of the hour; to the garb and fashion of the moment, however, he adds story and sentiment for all time. The morality of Hogarth has been questioned; and indeed the like has befallen Crabbe. We may smile as we look at his works, and we may laugh — all this is true: — the victims whom Hogarth conducts pass through many varied scenes of folly, and commit many absurdities; but the spectacle saddens as we move along, and if we commence in mirth, we are overwhelmed with sorrow at last. His object was to insinuate the excellence of virtue by proving the hideousness of vice; — and if he has failed, who has succeeded? As to other charges, preferred by the malice of his contemporaries, time and fame have united in disproving them. He has been accused of want of knowledge in the human form, and of grace and serenity of expression. There is some truth in this, perhaps; but the peculiar character of his pictures required mental vigour rather than external beauty, and the serene Madonna-like loveliness could not find a place among the follies and frivolities of the passing scene. He saw a way of his own to fame, and followed it; he scorned all imitation, and by word and works recommended nature for an example and a monitor in art.

“As a painter,” says Walpole, “Hogarth has slender merit.” What is the merit of a painter? If it be to represent life — to give us an image of man — to exhibit the workings of his heart — to record the good and evil of his nature — to set in motion before us the very beings with whom earth is peopled — to shake us with mirth — to sadden us with woful reflection — to please us with natural grouping, vivid action, and vigorous colouring, — Hogarth has done all this — and if he that has done so be not a painter, who will shew us one? I claim a signification as wide for the word painter as for the word poet. But there seems a disposition to limit the former to those who have been formed under some peculiar course of study — and produced works in the fashion of such and such great masters. This I take to be mere pedantry; and that as well might all men be excluded from the rank of poets, who have not composed epics, dramas, odes, or elegies, according to the rules of the Greeks.”

We have quoted so largely from the life of Hogarth, that we have left ourselves very little space for the other worthies included in this volume: — and even this little we must reserve.

Sir Philip Gasteineys: a Minor. By Sir Roger Gresley, Bart. 12mo. pp. 229. London, 1829. H. Colburn.

“SAY, why bare-headed do you come?
Why do you come at all?”

Were the questions very pertinently put to the renowned John Gilpin, and which we are induced to repeat to Sir Roger Gresley —

Why doth he publish trash like this?
Why doth he write at all?

In his preface he tells us, it is “to deter young men of family from pursuing the track of Sir Philip Gasteineys;” and by way of so deterring them, he paints a successful intriguer

with beautiful women, single and married, English and foreign, who, after sowing his wild oats, is married to a lovely, affectionate, amiable, and virtuous creature, the daughter of a peer. Such is Sir Roger Gasteineys' or Sir Philip Gresley's recipe for frightening young sprigs of quality and fortune from gratifying their inclinations, and spending their early years in the dissipations of fashion! We are also told, that “the characters and incidents are purely fictitious;” which is really, for the honour of man, a gratifying assurance. Otherwise it might, from the close resemblance of the hero and of his circumstances to the actual condition of the author, have been supposed, that, under the shadow of a novel, he had been portraying his own course of life — making an apparent fiction the medium of boasting his successful amours, — and recommending vice by all the sophistry of fact and experience. For, like his hero, Sir Roger Gresley (as we see from Burke's Peerage) claims a descent of eight hundred years, from Malahuleius, the uncle of the Conqueror; like him was left a minor, with a considerable fortune, — and like him (taking all the intermediate period to be romance) married, soon after coming of age, the daughter of an Earl, Coventry in real life, Lincoln in the fabulous story. Therefore, had it not been for the assertion to the contrary, we should have fancied this a sort of autobiography of the worthy baronet, and one that did him very little credit. Bad as it is, it is better as it is; and we proceed, briefly, to treat it as a senseless, and, as far as a foolish trifle can be mischievous, a mischievous story. What can be more contemptible than an attempt to paint character like the following? The boy of fifteen —

“Having no real intention, no innate predisposition to be wicked, he committed every species of vice, because he could not abandon one object of gratification: but to the pliancy of his mind and the softness of his disposition, not to any natural depravity of heart, his errors must be attributed; from inability to repel the first impulse of desire, he trod in the steps of folly till he entered the path of guilt, and ran through a rapid succession of offences.”

A novice in delusion, and unversed in the mysteries of worldliness, with all the notions of a man, Sir Philip had not the prudence of a child. He was the deepest reader of the hearts of others; the most profound dissembler of his own.”

Such is the contradictory stuff and nonsense within four short pages: — the portrait is about as true to nature as if a limner painted a black man all white! Again:

“Accustomed always to try his powers upon some new object, and delighted with a fresh pursuit, he knew every channel, every secret winding of the female heart, every palpitation of the breast, every emotion of the countenance, every tone of the voice. He could mark with undeviating accuracy every stage, and the minutest progress in every stage, of the pending conflict between vice and virtue. He knew precisely what measures to adopt according to the character of her whom he wished to conquer, and he could calculate with certainty upon the proportionate success of his attempts.”

— And the proof of what this clever fellow fancied of himself, is supplied by one of his amours with an Italian lady. “Nor for a long time did Sir Philip Gasteineys, with all his knowledge of the various shapes which female sensibility assumes, entertain the most remote idea of Paulina's real character.”

But it would be absurd to dissect more than public exposure renders necessary of so worthless a publication as this is; and we only quote the following for more marked and severe reprobation. Having seduced a young girl, and abandoned her to infamy and death, this premature scoundrel commences a sap of his friend's wife, and we have an example of sentiment and cant at once odious and disgusting.

“The night before she was to depart, she went into his chamber to bid him farewell: she kissed him, and he kissed her, as in innocence apparently to all around they might well do, but felt what no one but themselves could either suspect or know; their hearts were silently plighted to each other: their affections tacitly exchanged. That night Sir Philip Gasteineys, whose mind was naturally given to devotion, and who invariably, under circumstances of despair or hope addressed his petition or his thanks to God, put up a prayer to the Supreme Being for her happiness, and vowed to her eternal and devoted love.”

And when these precious hypocrites had consummated their guilt, we are told in the same vile strain:

“The day passed wretchedly, they wandered on each other's arm in the most secluded places, and lingered in the most solitary spots. The bright sun of a July evening was retiring from the world, and they found themselves in the churchyard which I have described. The full tide of remorse and love came over them: they entered the house of God, they approached his altar, they asked forgiveness upon their knees, and swore in the same breath a vow of endless and immutable affection.”

No wonder that in one of his “affairs” this treacherous and heartless vagabond should cruelly betray the woman who had confided in him, and, by becoming informed after he had deserted her, prevent her union with another — which gentleman-like and generous act is vaunted as a model of integrity and honour! But we have done with the morals of this offensive volume, and have only one word to bestow on its ability!

“If any one (observes the intelligent writer) were to judge of the society of Rome from what he simply saw in a drawing-room, he would suppose that if the men were all Josephs, there was at any rate no Potiphars amongst the women.”

We should think a very natural conclusion; seeing that Potiphar's wife figures in sacred history: but we have now the higher authority of Sir Roger Gresley for the contrary; for he adds, “Yet the exact reverse of this is the fact:” and so we are forced to conclude that many of the women of Rome are Potiphars!!!
Ohe! jam satis.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Civilisation among the Kalmucks. — Messieurs Zwick and Schill visited the Kalmuck tribes in the autumn of 1823, and have latterly published a very interesting narrative of their residence amongst them, from which we glean the subsequent report of the “progress of civilisation” in that quarter. The travellers sojourned with the Corschut horde for five days. Sereddachab, their sovereign, who is a colonel in the Russian service, and wears the insignia of several orders, excels all other Kalmuck princes in mental acquirements, and sedulously promotes the civilisation of his subjects. He has introduced European luxuries amongst them; he took an active part in the campaign against Buonaparte, and commanded the Kalmuck regiment. Since his return he has built himself

a large palace of wood; the furniture and every other appendage of which are in the best taste; and he never resides under a tent, excepting for a few weeks, which he spends in the steppe during the sultriest weather. He gave the travellers a most flattering reception; his table was served in the best Russian style; and, during the repast, a band of twelve Kalmucks, led by a Russian, played a variety of German symphonies and marches with perfect skill and precision. Besides Greek, Champagne and other French wines were placed before his guests. He accepted a present of ninety-six copies of the Evangelists, and several hundred copies of tracts, but not without pointing out mistakes in several passages of the translation; and, in every respect, proved himself possessed of great good sense and much humanity. His palace contained a collection of beautiful warlike instruments, and a small cabinet library of Russian books, particularly of the historical class; such as Karamsin's Annals, Karpin's Travels, Abulgasi, and other works on the Kalmucks and their domain. Who could have ventured to anticipate, as one of the fruits of the French revolution, that it should have introduced luxuries and social refinement among so remote a tribe of Asiatic barbarians?

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, July 6th.

NOTWITHSTANDING that the English custom of inflicting gentle correction on wives, and administering poison to long-lived husbands, has been, of late years, successfully adopted in this country, neither sex are deterred from entering the holy bonds of matrimony; on the contrary, never were the marriage-lists so full! Yesterday eight weddings took place at one church, and seven of the fair brides had attained the tender age of *sixty-five*! How interesting to behold a set of superannuated coquettes kneeling before the hymeneal altar, and vowing truth and love when every trace of the latter sentiment is buried beneath *wrinkled ruins*! I expected that the priest would have suppressed part of the ceremony; but, with true French politeness, he prayed that these old witches might see their children's children, even to the fourth generation; and with equal gravity he enjoined them not to stray from the paths of constancy,—just as though wigs, false teeth, hollow cheeks, and shrivelled foreheads, were not preservatives against falling into temptation, and the *best* securities for woman's fidelity. Fortunately for the spectators of these antiquated unions, a youthful bride and bridegroom made their appearance; the former a daughter of a *marchand de beurre*, and the latter a knight of the lance. Unmonied nobles daily sell their old parchments to the highest bidder, and barter their titles for gold; therefore, *les dames de la halle* are generally the most liberal purchasers of rank and forefathers. The bride in question, with respect to personal attractions, was worthy of the homage of a prince, and, though of plebeian extraction, possessed the easy gracefulness of a woman of quality. Her parents accompanied her, but were dressed in the simple costume of their country, which formed a striking contrast to the elegance of their daughter's attire. Money was profusely bestowed; to each torch-bearer were given ten louis, and five thousand francs were deposited for the poor of the parish. Crowds waited outside the church to see the new-elected countess ascend to her carriage; and just as she was seated *vis-à-vis* her husband, a wag cried out, *Allez, allez, cocher; vous ne risquez rien; Mon-*

sieur a de quoi graisser les roues de sa voiture. This *bad bon mot*, which alluded to the butter-merchant, was worth twenty francs to him who said it, for the bridegroom immediately threw him a gold piece.

Bad news has reached the ladies of what they term *le petit couvent*. Yesterday an order arrived from the Pope to forbid them leaving their cloisters. I suppose his holiness feared that the poor wandering nuns might take a merry thought and throw aside their black robes for a wedding garment. *Propos* of the *petit couvent*: there is a hermit belonging to this establishment who lives in absolute retirement: I am told he paints in a most masterly style, and that the produce of his art is wholly expended in the service of suffering souls: he does not sell his drawings; but those to whom he gives them are obliged to pay for three masses, a number judged sufficient to release departed sinners from purgatory. Owing to the weather, our public amusements are interrupted. Tivoli has been quite deserted this season; but, on the other hand, the little theatres are crowded, and Tortoni doubles his fortune. No new works worthy of mention: it appears the human brain is at a stand; for all authors of the present day work on old materials, but cannot invent. M. de Villemain, M. Guizot, and M. Cousin, talk, write, and hold inquests on philosophy, but make no discoveries whatever; they all tell us what *was*, but not what *will be*: however, if they do not advance us in knowledge, they advance themselves in fortune; therefore their object is attained.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

JUNE 1.—Mr. Seaward read a paper on well-boring, and cited instances of the effect produced by sinking wells too closely adjacent beneath the blue clay. Mr. Simpson, in allusion to these facts, remarked on the quantity of water obtainable from a given bulk of sand, and on the constant decrease of supply by the gradual accumulation of deposit. He also noticed the method of sinking pipes by a leverage acting in a spiral direction. Mr. Nimmo submitted some correlative observations on the cause of quicksands, and on the method of driving piles in such localities, by the addition of heavy weights, and the action of light blows often repeated.

Mr. Palmer produced a model of the *caisson* for the London Docks, and explained its construction and use.

8th.—Mr. J. Donkin presented the valuable results of experiments conducted under his direction, and that of Mr. Brunel, on the ultimate strength of beams variously seasoned: he received the thanks of the Institution for his useful contribution.

Mr. S. Seaward gave a minute description and accurate dimensions of a high-pressure steam boiler of his manufacture, now in use at Antwerp, and particularly calculated to obviate the danger of explosion. The meeting and the session closed with a vote of thanks to Mr. Telford, the president. Mr. Atherton, an associate, also received this testimony of approbation for his voluntary and able offer to take notes of the conversations.

The conclusion to be derived from our notices of these meetings already premised in the *Literary Gazette*, is eminently favourable to the prosperity of the Institution. Success is naturally induced by the exertions of men, for whose profession is required more than the common ratio of mental qualification, of gene-

ral knowledge, and of aptitude to render that knowledge available. We presume to add, as our motto, the sentiment in which these notices have been given: "*Non ingenio, sed memoria, ac recordat.*"

INEFFICACIOUS POISONS.

[We differ from Anti-Humbig respecting Chabert: there may be trick and legerdemain, it is true—though we, watching narrowly observed none; but all we called for by our remarks is investigation by competent persons; and if the antidotes are good for any thing, that they should be disclosed, and their discoverer rewarded. We, however, insert his letter, though anonymous, as it contains some curious matter connected with the subject.]

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—I regret to observe that your valuable periodical should condescend to become the vehicle for circulating "extraordinary" feats and "astonishing proceedings," unless with a view of explaining that which to the multitude appears bordering on the "miraculous." I am led to preface thus much by reading your detail of M. Chabert's "exhibition," which I view as less worthy of admiration than the dexterity of many professors of legerdemain, and therefore beneath the scientific feature you have thrown around the account of his performance.

With regard to his exposing himself to a temperature that would "destroy any other living creature," you will find in the Transactions of the Royal Society, that Sir Jos. Banks and others did, and any one may do, what Chabert does—that is, support (with impunity almost) an *atmosphere* where there is *LITTLE CIRCULATION* (as in an oven), heated to 550° Fahrenheit: this arises from air being so bad a conductor, and of small capacity for caloric, that it does not part with it readily to bodies in contact with it. You would find, by attentively examining *how* he does this, that he wears thick-soled boots, to prevent the too free contact of his feet with the heated brick, and a flannel dress to obviate as much as possible the perspiration. Chabert would as sensibly be affected by the heated floor of the oven as any other individual, or the beef-steak which he cooks there.*

Oil at 330° contains no greater quantity of caloric than water at 175°, and consequently in cooling to 280° gives out the same portion that water at 175° would do in cooling to 140°, and in the same proportion in cooling through any number of degrees. Silver abstracts heat rapidly from bodies in contact with it, and part of the apparent heat of the oil was employed in making the *spoon* "too hot for the hand to bear" before it passed into the mouth of the experimenter; his usual way, also, is to pass it rapidly through the air, by way of shewing the company the *quantity* he is going to take, and never suffers the *spoon* to touch his lips or tongue, which, to those *unwilling* to be duped, ought to expose the deception. Oil at 280° may be swallowed without inconvenience.

When I witnessed his experiments as above, and also holding his head over the *fumes* of arsenic, he poured at the same time upon the chafing dish some sulphuric acid, to increase, as he said, the deleterious effect; by this means he raised considerable fumes of sulphurous acid gas, which had instantly the effect of distracting the attention of all who were to *leeward* of him (it was done in the open air), and the greater portion of the fumes were, by the situation in which he placed himself, blown from him.

I hope Dr. Gordon Smith exercised a suffi-

* Chabert's first exhibition of staying in the heated oven is, we see, announced at the Argyle Rooms to-day.

cient degree of his usual penetration, to separate the really curious and novel from the deceptive part of this man's exhibition; and we may reasonably expect from him a scientific account of all that is worthy of attention, which the fact of his swallowing phosphorus must be deemed; but, as all the rest of his exhibition consists in practising on the ignorance or inattention of those present, I am not too harsh in thinking that this one experiment may consist in deception also. Of this I shall look anxiously for some notice by Dr. G. Smith.

Can any of your correspondents reply in defence of Chabert's "miracles" to these queries?—Does he do more than Sir Joseph Banks and his friends proved might be done by any person without injury? No.—Would he swallow a table-spoonful of water 212°? No.—Many persons will drink tea at 160° or upwards, and commonly do.—Does he actually inhale the garlic fumes of ARSENIC? No. The arsenic of commerce is generally half plaster of Paris, and the eye cannot detect the difference.—Is the phosphorus free from wax, or other similar substance, when cast into cylinders?

I trust my observations will induce you to investigate a subject in which you have been misled, with thousands of others, by APPEARANCES, and give the public, in some future Number, a correct estimate of Chabert's PRETENSIONS.

ANTI-HUMBUG.

July 12, 1839.

AFRICA.

Continuation of the Journal of the Expedition under Captain Owen.

ON completing the survey of these islands and shoals, we were joined by our consort, H.M.S. Conflict, to Sierra Leone, leaving a boat with our tender, the Albatross, to survey the intermediate shore, during which we were visited in the pitch-dark nights by regular gales of wind, tremendous thunder, and vivid lightning, with heavy and incessant rain; that, although all hands were roused, not a voice could be heard, or an individual seen on the deck, for several minutes together. The officers were thus obliged to rely on the good judgment and perseverance of the men in handling sail; and a blue light was kept burning on the stern, to warn our consort of too near approach, to which the gale, heavy sea, and darkness of the night, was liable to subject her: the favourable exertions of our seamen in this trying weather, upon such a coast, I deem worthy of remark. We came to anchor again off the Isles de Loss, opposite the garrison; and, again making observations, received on board a private of the African corps (a deserter) for Sierra Leone: he was a young man who had formerly held a commission in the army; but indifferent conduct, it appeared, from such as knew him in more prosperous days, had brought him to his present careless state of existence. I say "careless state of existence," because I have observed, and, upon inquiry, further convinced myself, that the generality of Englishmen thus doomed to part for ever from the land of their nativity, from all that was once dear to them, become sullen, obstinate, and indolent, take to drinking the cheap draughts of the colony, and, callous to every feeling but death, pursue a rapid but short-sighted course of life with surprising fortitude. Were we but to reflect, we should methinks more frequently sympathise with their situation, than that of the vilest culprit that ever graced the shores of New Holland;—at all events, we

may hope that ere long the great encouragement given to civilisation will gain such confidence, that native missionaries and native troops will soon be found to guard their country from slavery, and there will be no need of sending, as Mr. Sheridan suggested, excisemen to people that place: they, poor mortals, are perhaps no better off than the creatures alluded to. On our departure from these islands we met with similar weather day and night; but arrived all safe at Sierra Leone, our open boat along the coast having with difficulty weathered or evaded the gales, by occasionally making for shore: here the rain, thunder, and lightning, were tremendous, and had a most awfully grand appearance over the lofty woody mountains. This miserable weather tended to prompt every possible exertion to obtain the necessary supplies from the store-houses on shore; and, our farewell visits at an end, we were about to sail, when the sudden and welcome appearance of our long-expected consort, the Barraconta, Captain Vidal, hove in sight, and was soon recognised, among the many disputing voices, to be the long-despaired-of Barraconta, which was soon hailed with a degree of delight difficult to paint. She came nobly into anchor beside us on Sunday afternoon; and all hands having assembled on deck to view their old comrades and to hear the news, a request was made to Captain Owen by the seamen to give three cheers, which was acceded to; but before our seamen had arranged themselves for the same, those of the Barraconta had commenced; and the echo of each other's cheer resounded in the mountains nobly, and drew thousands of the inhabitants to the sea-side to witness the scene. The bustle being over, visits of congratulation were exchanged, and a relation of each other's adventures given, when every possible preparation was made, and assistance given to those poor fellows whose difficulties, through short provisions, had been tantamount to ours. They were enabled to depart in company with us from Sierra Leone for the survey of Cape Palma southward; but the wind blowing very strong against us for several days, our patience was at length cheered by recognising the signal for our consort to bear up and accompany us to St. Jago.

Arriving at Sierra Leone, all was anxiety to obtain a letter from old England, and hear the news of Europe. The gay and lively recollection which had previously existed among many with regard to the fair ones of the Cape, now seemed to be dying away; the tidings of something more dear with regard to the British fair, occasioned by a joke on a fictitious letter or two, supplied its place, reviving our almost worn-out feelings of affection, and cheering us for the better renewal of duty in the more arduous pursuits we were soon to enter upon. Here we found his majesty's frigate Maidstone, Commodore Bullen, the Esk sloop of war, our tender, Albatross, from St. Helena, a great number of prizes, several of which had still their cargoes of poor mortals on board, waiting the decision of the prize court, and a number of timber ships, the crews of which were all healthy. After congratulating ourselves upon another meeting in an English port, hastily replenishing our stock, and exchanging officers with the Maidstone, we set sail in company with our tender for the survey of the coast to the southward. On our arrival at Bannana isle, it was deemed expedient to despatch two boats to examine the shallow shore on to the river Sherbro, leaving the tender to co-operate with their observations, while the Leven was

engaged in making observations of the head and lofty lands. Opposite this island, on the main, is a missionary settlement (White's)—a neat little town upon the declivity of the hill, where the natives were busily engaged in cutting away the trees, burning the bushes, and cultivating the land for the distance of fifteen miles along the coast, southward, as far as the high land extended. This part of the shore is so very shallow, that at many places there is but a fathom and a half of water for three miles out. The hills, from the summit to the water's edge, are studded with trees and thick bushes; and in the flats and low land at the extremity of the chain of Sierra Leone hills the trees and bushes cover the land entirely from sight, and mangroves flourish a considerable distance out in the sea. Here is a diversity of wild fowl, especially the pelican and heron, which frequent the near rivers. Having occasion to land frequently for wood and water to cook our provisions in the boats, we sometimes amused ourselves by shooting birds of the most handsome plumage, which unfortunately we seldom had the means of preserving; but we often cooked and regaled ourselves on a bird similar to the snipe. We visited several small towns, and were cordially received by the natives: they were civilised, and, as at Sierra Leone, had cultivated little farms, and appeared more clean and industrious in making mats of the palm-tree leaf, and preparing cotton for market, than those in the more immediate neighbourhood of Sierra Leone. The natives of the surrounding villages, having but little or no intercourse with those near the sea-side, who trade with Sierra Leone, appeared a more rude and uncultivated set, following their original idle course of life.

[To be continued.]

LONDON IMPROVEMENTS.

WE have frequently adverted to and described the various new and important works carrying on in the metropolis. Covent Garden and Fleet Markets have long been noted as nuisances, rather than as places of convenience and comfort: respectable housekeepers, and even servants, have, consequently, avoided instead of resorted to them for the articles wanted in their families. These two important markets have lately undergone such alterations, and are so well provided with shops and commodities, that they must become more useful to the public and profitable to the tradesmen. Hungerford Market was formerly a place of much traffic: it now consists of a mass of old, dilapidated, and almost tenanted houses and sheds. By a prospectus and plans now before us, it appears that some noblemen and gentlemen of the first respectability have associated to purchase the whole property of this market,—construct a new series of shops and warehouses, with wharfs and taverns adjoining—form jetties for the accommodation of steam and pleasure boats—and by other novel plans to render this a place of great public convenience and utility: the buildings are also intended to participate in the architectural improvements of this part of London, which, from Charing Cross to Exeter Change, will very soon be made a wide and convenient street, with handsome shops on the whole of the north side.

WINDSOR-FOREST SPA.

A PAPER relative to the discovery last year of a spring at Winkfield, under the foregoing name, has been sent to us; but as the particulars have already appeared in several periodicals, we need not dwell on them here.

The spring, it seems, issues from a stratum about twenty-four feet from the surface; and the water possesses considerable aperient powers. About 4,400 persons have, it is stated, already taken these waters with very beneficial effects; and as they are situated in a salubrious and delightful part of the country, it is expected that they will soon become eminent as a spa, towards which a spacious pump-room has been built.

Professor Brande's analysis of one pint (7000 grains) gives—

Sulphate of magnesia	38
Muriate of magnesia	24.5
Sulphate of soda	10.8
Muriate of soda	9.3
Sulphate of lime	3.0
Carbonate of soda	2.4

Total in grains..... 88.0

The quantity of muriate of magnesia in the Forest spring is nearly double that of the Park.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

KING'S COLLEGE.

It is gratifying to us to learn, that the promptitude with which the recent call upon the shareholders has been paid, has placed the erection of this noble institution beyond a doubt; and that the architect has been instructed to proceed forthwith in carrying his admirable design into effect. One of the peculiar characteristics of this design is, that the superstructure, by which the level with the Strand will be obtained, and on which the College itself will be raised, will, in every portion of its capacious extent, be rendered available to the purposes of the establishment. By this means, economy will travel hand in hand with the acquisition of conveniences and facilities in respect to general management, which scarcely any other site would have afforded in any thing like an equal degree.

We believe it is not generally understood, that, independently of the right possessed by the members of this corporation of nominating students, of voting at general meetings and at the election of certain officers, and of eligibility to the council of management, the students nominated by the members will be entitled to receive instruction and attend the various courses of lectures on lower terms than those which will be paid by students not so nominated. It will also be interesting to those shareholders who have not perused the Abstract of the Charter, to know from us, who have perused it, that it effectually protects them from all liabilities beyond the amount of their respective shares.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

England and Wales. From Drawings by J. M. W. Turner, Esq., R.A. With Descriptive and Historic Illustrations by H. E. Lloyd, Esq. No. VII. Jennings.

"LOUTH," "Great Yarmouth," "Stone Henge," and "Hampton Court Palace," form the subjects of this Number. They are all fine; that of "Yarmouth" is singularly picturesque and romantic. The awful character of "Stone Henge" is much increased by its being represented under the effect of a storm.

Miss M. Tree as Viola. Printed and engraved by J. Mills. Ackermann.

A FAITHFUL representation of Miss Tree's figure and action. There is much taste also in the general arrangement of the composition.

The British Diorama. T. Griffiths, London. WE have seen a little print, designed by A. P. Harrison (late inspecting clerk to the establishment), "representing the eight views which so much delighted all who visited the British Diorama," and intended for the illustration of scrap-books and albums. By the calamitous fire at the Royal Bazar in May last, Mr. Harrison was a severe sufferer, "having lost his property, as well as the situation that maintained him and his infant family." This print, which conveys a very pleasing reminiscence of the views in question, is published as "an introductory attempt to retrieve his losses;" and we sincerely hope the attempt may prove successful.

A Brief Account of the Colosseum in the Regent's Park.

To the visitors to this interesting exhibition this little publication will prove a most agreeable and useful companion. Besides a good general description of the picture, it contains eight outline plates, with references, comprehending the entire circle, and pointing out the various streets, squares, churches, public edifices, distant objects, &c., of which the vast view is composed.

Comic Composites for the Scrap-Book. With humorous Lines by Thomas Hood, Esq. W. B. Cooke.

FIGURES composed of household, gardening, and other utensils. Droll enough; but we have had almost sufficient of such things. The lines by Mr. Hood afford additional proof of his extraordinary facility in adapting expressions to purposes to which they certainly were never before applied. For instance, under a figure, the supporters of which are a mop and a broom, are these lines:—

"Like feet Camilla
In the poet's strain,
A pair of legs well form'd
To sweep the plain."

Another figure (by Cruikshanks) formed of guns, pistols, swords, &c. has this subscription:—

"The rise of Wellington was on this plan:
For arms have been the making of the man."

COLOSSEUM.

THIS novel and truly interesting exhibition is nearly completed. Mr. Parris has been indefatigable in finishing the picture; and it is really surprising to witness the rapid and successful execution of this scientific artist:—not only the local colouring and effects of the numerous objects are strictly defined, but an artist-like feeling is given to the whole, and to its infinite details.

BIOGRAPHY.

PAGANINI.

[From the correspondence of an Amateur.]
Paganini, 28th December, 1838.

My dear friend,—I am just returned from the Chevalier Paganini's great concert. Though the terms of admission were quintupled, a numerous audience were assembled; and, to my mind, they had every reason not to repent of the cost of the entertainment,—for Paganini is a meteor, even in these days of scientific refinement, whose splendour we are not likely to gaze upon again. I admit that his exterior is rather forbidding than inviting, and yet there is something very remarkable about it. He is thin; his clothes hang loose about his limbs; and when he stoops to make his bow, his body wriggles after so extraordinary a fashion that the spectator every instant expects

the upper part of his figure to sever itself from the lower, and both of them to tumble to pieces into a heap of bones. When playing, he throws his right foot forward, and, on the occurrence of lively movements, beats time with it in a most ludicrous manner. His features, however, never lose their livid look, save when thundering plaudits draw them up into a smile, and then his lips move about in every direction, and his eye beams with self-complacency, winking and leering from side to side, with a slight expression of good-humour. When intent upon a difficult passage, his body shapes itself into a sort of triangle, the stomach forming a sharp, indented angle, whilst the head and right foot are thrust outwards. A stranger would pronounce him to be in the last stage of starvation, were it not notorious that he often pockets three hundred pounds and more at a single concert. The sum total of his personal qualifications stamps him as having few corporeal endowments which are not his own peculiar property; it would grieve me if there were a larger sprinkling of human nature about him; he is technical dexterity personified; passion is the spring and soul of his every movement; and wretchedly would Mother Nature have blundered, had she gifted him with a pound weight more of fat.

I cannot fancy, my good friend, that you will feel much enraptured with this portrait, such as I give it you from the living model; but I venture to affirm, that you would instantly forget the absence of every external advantage so soon as your ear caught the first notes from the masterly hand of this locomotive skeleton. Never were movements, the most difficult which can be conceived, so perfectly, so gracefully, or so readily mastered; his violin emits tones such as never broke before upon mortal ear; at one time they resemble the chirp of the simplest of the feathered choir; at another, the strutting jug of the nightingale, or the round tone of the chiming bell; again, they melt into the soft, silvery tone of the flute; and then break out from his double chords with a burst which paralyses the accompaniment of the surrounding orchestra. His *cantabile* is inimitable. In a word, he stands alone and unrivalled; and I have heard the first violinists declare, that they could have formed no conception, before his appearance, of the perfection to which such an instrument could be raised. The only piece of his own composition which he gave us this evening was a concerto of three movements; 1. *Maestoso, adagio appassionato e brillante*; 2. *Sonata on the prayer of Moses, out of Rossini's *Mosè in Egitto*, (played entirely on the G string!); and, 3. a *larghetto* on Mozart's theme in Don Juan, "Give me thy hand, my life." I have now one event in my life to look back upon, to which I shall always recur with unmixed delight; and I feel confident, that Paganini's wonderful talent will not only create an epocha in that branch of the liberal arts, the rank and character of which his genius has so eminently exalted, but that his name will survive in the history of music, so long as "the concord of sweet sounds" shall undasp man's heart.*

12th December.

When I paid my first visit to Paganini, I found him in a black night-cap, fur boots, without a waistcoat, but with a species of brown hussar vest thrown over his shoulders, sitting on his bed, and busied in assisting his black, sparkling-eyed, dark-haired, cherub of a boy to draw on his little red boots. • • • Being anxious to listen, rather than to speak, I

endeavoured to lead him into topics connected with his own "sayings and doings."

The conversation naturally reverted to his last concert. "You are right," said he, in reply to an observation I had made; "I play at my concerts more than most other performers. But I take a delight in it, and should carry it still further if it did not affect my health,—so much so, indeed, that my breast and stomach are both the sufferers; I feel this particularly this morning, as I am but just recovered from a severe illness. I went through three operations, and think I bore myself like another Mutius Scaevola. I wanted nothing so much as rest: for the physicians were apprehensive my nerves would be so seriously injured that I should lose my left eye. Happily, however, I escaped this misfortune." Seeing a guitar lying upon the bed, and having heard of his masterly execution on that instrument, I asked him whether he ever played upon it in public? "No," he replied. "I do not like the guitar, but consider it a sort of guide to thoughts. I sometimes take it up, to give a stimulus to my powers of composition, or to accomplish those harmonious chords which I cannot produce on the violin. For any other purpose it is a thing of no value in my estimation. . . . I shall remain in Prague till my cousin arrives, and proceed with him to Berlin, and thence to Paris and London."

"You praise my powers of memory; they are undoubtedly excellent, for I play every thing, even the compositions of others, from recollection, and never from written notes. The larghetto, from Mozart's theme in Don Juan, which you heard yesterday, had half escaped my memory only the day before, but several hours' reading instantly set all to rights. Besides this, the accompaniment of the orchestra, while I am playing, always suggests to me what is to follow; so that I am never fearful of getting through a piece. You are much mistaken if you think I practise unremittingly. During the whole three months of my illness I never once took my violin in hand. People tell me that my name is up. I hope it will be spread far more widely when I have published my compositions; which I intend to do shortly. They will be prefaced by instructions for players on the violin, who will thus learn my method of dealing with it. They shall have a key to my play, and this will tend in part to remove the difficulties which have hitherto prevented the performance of my pieces."

Speaking of certain pursuits in the department of history, to which I was turning my attention, he raised his hand to his night-cap, (a salutation he had invariably performed whenever I had mentioned his playing,) and observed, "I am also a woer of the sciences, and have studied a little. My instructor in musical science was Paer."

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

SINCE our last publication, Cimarosa's celebrated opera of *Il Matrimonio Segreto* has been twice performed. This opera was wont to be considered the master-piece of the departed author. When Rossini was asked by an Italian prince, to which of his own compositions he gave the decided preference, with his usual quickness he replied, *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, inferring by this equivocal answer, the modest admission, that by the circumstance of taking this opera as a model for his buffo compositions,

he was indebted for the fame he acquired. There can be no doubt but to Cimarosa, Rossini is indebted for some few musical hints. His predilection for chromatic "distances" may be traced to its original source in some of Cimarosa's music; but still the disciple has far surpassed his predecessor. The affinity in the style of these composers is discoverable in the manner in which they conduct their concerted pieces, particularly their finales; but the orchestral accompaniments of Cimarosa are poor compared with those of Rossini; and in dramatic tact, the latter eclipses every composer, past or present. In operatic music, the instruments may occasionally produce those energetic and characteristic touches which give life to the whole composition: Rossini never loses sight of this. Cimarosa, with the exception of an orchestral passage in the quartette of the first act of *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, following the words "Così in poco il suo orgoglio," seldom produces the effect in which the living composer has so eminently succeeded. We witnessed the performance of *Il Matrimonio* on Saturday last: the house was crowded; and the buffoonery in which Zuchelli, and particularly Galli, indulged, appeared to please a great portion of the audience better than the music. Apropos: Galli, as *Count Robinson*, was attired more after the fashion of a French dancing-master than an English nobleman; and, indeed, in his dancing duett with Zuchelli, we for some moments began to suspect he had mistaken his profession. His limbs appear to be far more flexible than his voice. Sontag's *Caroline*, considering her clandestine conduct, was a most chaste performance; and Malibran's old maid was admirably conceived, and as well performed.

On Tuesday night *Semiramide* was given to a very full house. Sontag personated the *Queen of Babylon*; but there was a want of majesty—of royal dignity in her deportment, which depreciated much from her performance. Her singing was characterised by unusual energy, particularly in the second act. On the whole, the preference must be given to the *Semiramide* of Blasis: this donna, perhaps, walks the stage better than any artist on it, and, next to Pasta, is most graceful in action. Pisoni, as usual, delighted her audience. Our observations might be concluded by censuring the wretched performance of the cornos and trombone of the band. Spagnioletti, however, was sufficiently enraged, and would, we were afraid, destroy his equilibrium for ever by his fierce though vain gesticulations.

On Thursday, *Don Giovanni* was played to a crowded theatre, with some novelty of cast: Sontag performed *Zerlina* instead of Malibran, and Blasis taking Sontag's part of *Donna Anna*. The opera went off with great effect: had the original cast been preserved, with Blasis as *Elvira*, it would, we think, have been one of the finest productions of the season. As it was, the variety which Laporte has studied so successfully was not without its reward. This is the last night of the fair German, who bids, it is stated, a final farewell to England on the occasion. There will of course be a cram, and the pleasure she has afforded the public fully deserves that honour. We are not sure, however, that we can equally approve of the foreign fashion which we hear is to be introduced; namely, that there are to be crowns and chaplets, and that many of the ladies are to attend in Sontag dresses, ribands, and other et-ceteras à la Sontag.

Velluti has left London for the Continent. He returns for the Argyll Rooms next season:

De Bagnis, we are told, is not to be one of the managers (as formerly reported); but is engaged as the comic prop in singing.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

MR. LISTON has made his appearance at the Haymarket, and we trust it is a signal for the abandonment of those attempts at opera which we have been so frequently compelled to deprecate. The last was too much even for the public, who had proved they could bear a great deal. *The Haunted Tower* was literally d-d on Monday week; and the disgraceful manner in which the very few pieces of music in *Sweethearts and Wives* were executed on Monday last, diminished greatly the effect of that very pleasant comedy, admirably acted as it is by Liston, Farren, and Vining. Fortunately, two principal pieces in which Liston acts are not musical; and what was not yielded to friendly remonstrance and common sense will now be exacted by necessity. *Charles the Twelfth* is announced for Monday here. We shall be curious to see the effect of Liston and Farren's perfect acting in this drama at this small theatre.

ENGLISH OPERA.

A NEW farce was produced here on Monday evening, called *Incoy, or What's in a Name?* The only incident in it, and not a very probable one, is borrowed from a French piece, called *Monsieur Jovial*, and has already formed the staple joke of two or three burlettas at the minor theatres. We understand that *Incoy* is from the pen of a noble lord; and, under the title of *Tied by the Leg*, had failed at Dublin. It was heard with patience; but met altogether with so unfavourable a reception, that we were surprised to see it announced for repetition.

MODEL OF YORK CATHEDRAL.

FEW now are the Sights of London, and many the flights from the metropolis. Among the former, however, we have to notice a neat and ingenious model of York Cathedral, exhibiting at the Western Exchange. It is on a small scale (about four feet in length), but executed with great industry and accuracy, from massive arch to fretted spiracle. The artist assured us that he had employed years on this performance, and used no instruments but a knife and two small punches. Nevertheless, he has succeeded in representing the magnificent structure to admiration. The walls, &c. in wood; the windows in glass, stained after the original designs, gauze, and other transparent substances. By placing a lighted candle within, under the tower, a very pleasing effect is produced; and, though hardly sufficient for an exhibition, we heartily wish the public to countenance and reward the patience and skill of the modellist.

There are other examples of his talents in the room; and in that adjoining, a collection of fine mineralogical and geological specimens, particularly of some lately acquired at the sale of Mr. Arliss's museum.

VARIETIES.

For some time past, artificial pinks, so manufactured as to resemble the riband of the order of the Legion of Honour, had been worn by most of the comcombs in Paris. The police, in order to do away with this paltry imitation, have adopted with success the following manoeuvre:—for several nights together, they sent into the saloons of the theatres about twenty very meanly dressed persons wearing the same sort of pink. After this, no person pretending,

in dress at least, to be a gentleman, was to be seen wearing the artificial pink.

New Bath.—A new shower-bath, so contrived as to throw the water equally upon every part of the body, with any degree of force required, is much spoken of in Paris, where it is said to have wrought cures in cases of debility almost approaching to miracles.

Influence of the French Clergy.—The "Gazette de l'Instruction Publique" says,—"We are told every day that the clergy have lost all influence in public instruction. The following list of the personnel which the University has borrowed from the clergy, extracted from the almanack of the University for 1829, will disprove this assertion;—2 members of the council-general; 3 inspectors-general; 5 rectors; 12 academy inspectors; 77 members of academic councils; 20 proviseurs (out of 38); 9 censeurs, or prefects; 3 économes of royal colleges; 136 directors, principals, or sub-principals; 269 deans, professors, or régents; and 92 institution chiefs or schoolmasters: forming a total of 627; to which may be added 97 almoners attached to different establishments for education. This is nearly one-fifth of all the persons employed, and it adds 940,000 francs to the budget of the clergy!"

The Osages, of whom so much has been said in the French papers, are about to return to their own country. A Paris paper says, "they consist of three men, one woman, and a child that was born at Liege after their arrival in Europe. Another child, twin of the former, has been adopted by a rich lady of the Netherlands, and will remain in that country. These poor strangers have been exceedingly unfortunate. Their guide, Colonel Delaunay, deserted them at Geneva; upon their first departure from Paris, their effects were detained by the hotel-keeper, where they lodged in the capital, as security for his rent, and he followed them from town to town to take the money they received for exhibiting themselves; since that period, the hotel-keeper has become a bankrupt, and their effects are still detained; and now they are about to return home they are destitute of resources. Mr. Barnet, American consul, has kindly opened a subscription to afford them assistance. Their interpreter, Paul Loyse, the son of an Osage woman by an European, continues with them, and will accompany them on their return."

Preservation of Eggs.—A person who dealt largely in eggs, at Paris, made some public experiments, in order to shew his manner of preserving them. A large number was placed in a vessel in which was some water saturated with lime and a little salt. They were locked up, and kept in that state for several years. The vessel in which they had been placed was opened in the month of January last, and the eggs, without one exception, were found to be in excellent preservation. An omelette was made for the company, and it was declared to be as good as if the eggs had only been kept two or three days.—*Journal des Connaissances Usuelles.*

Composition to destroy Corns and Warts.—Take one part of fine resin, four of linseed oil, and add a little litharge, which are to be well boiled together. This preparation, when wanted for use, must be heated with the hand, and spread upon gold-beater's skin, or sticking-plaster, and applied to the corn so that its surface may be completely covered. At the end of five or six days, the plaster is to be taken off, and the corn cut with a penknife as deeply as possible without touching the flesh, and in a few days the operation is to be repeated.

The corn must be again well covered with the plaster; and at the end of one or two months it will disappear entirely.—*Journal des Connaissances Usuelles.*

Monkeys.—In a Course of Lectures on Natural History, by M. Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, recently published, it is stated that monkeys are susceptible of *ennui*. A celebrated philosopher of the last century, who was certainly much more of a man of talents than of a natural philosopher, pretended, in the first instance, that to his hands alone man was indebted for his superiority over other animals. It was objected to Helvetius, that monkeys, having four hands instead of two, ought, according to him, to be much superior to man in intelligence. But he replied, that monkeys, kept by the disposition of their bodies in perpetual motion, were not susceptible of *ennui*,—one of the principles, in his opinion, of human perfectibility. Helvetius would see in M. Geoffroy's work, that in this supposition he was again in error; and besides, that the organization of monkeys differs in so many important respects from that of man, that it is manifest the monkey species must for ever be at an infinite distance from the human. One curious fact, and which alone would determine that question, is, that it has been ascertained that the young monkey is much more intelligent than the adult. By a remarkable law of nature, the more the physical strength of the monkey increases, the more its intellectual power diminishes.

Swedish Iron.—The "Revue Encyclopédique" gives the following as the amount, in tons, of a thousand kilogrammes of iron exported from Sweden in the year 1828:—

To the United States.....	9,409 tons.
Germany.....	6,676
Great Britain.....	5,783
France.....	5,096
Portugal.....	3,900
Denmark.....	1,771
The Netherlands.....	1,436
The Indies.....	893
Russia.....	350
Brazil.....	289
Malta.....	142
Spain.....	64
The Antilles.....	58
Italy.....	40
Norway.....	35

Total.....35,912 tons.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Sir Walter Scott, both the old and young will delight to hear, is busily employed on his *Third Series of Tales of a Grandfather*. This series will, we hear, embrace accounts of both the *fifteen* and the *forty-five*.

Next Monday, we observe from the extensive catalogue, commences the sale of the late Mr. Heaviside's anatomical museum, which consists of an immense variety of natural and morbid preparations, well known to the medical world.

The following whimsical and characteristic "Announcement" has just reached us:—Many inquiries having been made by the readers of "Whims and Oddities," whether a *Third Series* would come forth?—in order to allay such doubts for the future, it has been determined by the author that the work in question shall become a periodical. His ensuing crop of conceits must therefore be looked for in the pages of "the Comic Annual," under which title they will aim—like Mr. Colman's "Broad Grins"—at creating a laugh from year to year. For those who have relished his cuts before, the designer has more cuts behind, with the addition of some head and tail-pieces which he has tossed up for the occasion. By way of variety, the pencil of Mr. Cruikshank will contribute some specimens of its comic power, and various graphic devices will be introduced from other sources. In short, there is a *Funny Club* established for the designs, and a *Cutter Club* for the wood engraving. In the literary part the entertainment will not be a monopolylogue, several gentlemen of a lively turn having promised to humour the design of rendering the work strictly *unserious*—a character that will be acceptable, it is presumed, in a volume which is to be read by the yellow, but not golden, light of November. Of course the perusal will be equally adapted to the fair sex and the unfair. The publication will take its Chance with Hurst, of 65, St. Paul's Churchyard,—that firm being empowered to dispose of the printed part of the property, in the hope that they will soon get rid of the *copyhold*.

In the list of his very valuable Cathedral Antiquities,

we observe that Mr. Britton is preparing for publication *The History and Antiquities of the Cathedral Church of Bristol*, in the same fine style with his preceding volumes.

Mr. Reynolds, writing-master, Christ's Hospital, announces the Scholar's Practical Introduction to Merchants' Accounts, on an improved plan; comprising the Waste-Book, with instructive notes for journalising and posting the same, without the necessity of having the journal and waste-book before the pupil for reference.

There is announced for publication a Picture of Australia, embodying in a small compass all that is known of the present state of New Holland and Van Diemen's Land.

In the Press.—The Rudiments of the Anglo-Saxon Language, by Joseph Gwilt, Esq.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Ellis's British Tariff, 1829-30, 8vo. 5s. sewed.—Maccullock on Wine, fourth edition, 12mo. 7s. bds.—Pala's Persians of Æschylus, Greek and English, 8vo. 7s. bds.—Valpy's Second Latin Delectus, 8vo. 6s. sheep.—Monteath on Draining the Bogs of Ireland, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Bridges on Christian Ministry, 12mo. 6s. 6d. bds.—Shepard on Bereavements in the Church, 12mo. 3s. bds.—Irving on Daniel's Four Beasts, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Hay's Concise System of Mechanics, 12mo. 5s. 6d. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1829.

June.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 25	From 46. to 75.	30.02 to 29.91
Friday... 26	— 45. — 73.	29.95 — 29.76
Saturday... 27	— 46. — 72.	29.69 — 29.50
Sunday... 28	— 49. — 78.	29.39 Stationary
Monday... 29	— 54. — 61.	29.60 to 29.63
Tuesday... 30	— 50. — 67.	29.07 — 29.65

Wednesday 1 — 53. — 61. 29.63 — 29.39
Prevailing wind, S.W. and N.W.
Except the 1st instant, generally cloudy and raining.
Rain fallen, .75 of an inch.

July.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 2	From 52. to 68.	29.50 to 29.58
Friday... 3	— 51. — 66.	29.58 — 29.36
Saturday... 4	— 48. — 66.	29.50 — 29.53
Sunday... 5	— 44. — 63.	29.53 — 29.58
Monday... 6	— 45. — 66.	29.70 — 29.78
Tuesday... 7	— 54. — 63.	29.70 — 29.50
Wednesday 8	— 51. — 70.	29.73 Stationary

Prevailing wind, S.W.
Except the 6th and 8th, generally cloudy, and raining incessantly.
Rain fallen, 1.235 of an inch.

July.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 16	From 52. to 67.	29.50 Stationary
Friday... 17	— 47. — 61.	29.35 to 29.45
Saturday... 18	— 54. — 63.	29.52 — 29.53
Sunday... 19	— 57. — 69.	29.66 — 29.76
Monday... 20	— 46. — 69.	29.94 — 29.99
Tuesday... 21	— 46. — 76.	30.11 Stationary
Wednesday 22	— 51. — 72.	30.11 to 30.00

Prevailing wind, S.W.
Except the 20th and 21st, generally cloudy and raining; a heavy storm on the 16th, accompanied with thunder and lightning from the S.E.
Rain fallen, 1.35 of an inch.

Edmonton.
Latitude.... 51° 37' 39" N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. Dance's communication on the Debtor Laws in our next.

If C. L.'s verses have been reserved for insertion, they will appear when opportunity offers. We do not undertake to give separate answers to poetical correspondents: if we did, we should occupy much space to little purpose.

London, July 18, 1829.

Sir,—In your Review of Mr. Madden's Travels in Turkey, &c., in this day's *Literary Gazette*, you give an extract to "warn travellers from the too frequent assumption of medical skill in those countries." Let me beg you also to warn the same class of persons from the too frequent misrepresentation of facts, lest their inaccuracies should be exposed. Imagining that the anecdote of "Mr. L." referred to Mr. Lane (whose name is mentioned in full in other parts of Mr. Madden's book), I inquired of that gentleman if my conjecture were true; and was surprised to learn from him that not one of his crew was "toothless"—for he "phyicked" none. The ointment of nitrate of mercury (from a mistake in the label, made at Apothecaries' Hall) was wrongly administered by Mr. Lane, but only to two persons (his own servant and a Turkish soldier), and the effects were not "terrible." Both were slightly salivated, but neither lost a tooth. Mr. Lane was never a "medical amateur," or pretended to practise physic; but travelling in countries where he could not obtain medical aid, he took with him a medicine chest; and had he neglected such precaution, he must have died of dysentery in Nubia. He very seldom gave any medicine, but when solicited for a simple aperient. Your insertion of the above (next week) will gratify Mr. Lane's friends; and of its accuracy you may have adequate testimony.—I am, sir, &c. R. J.

Orthography (from a Fruiterer).—Sir,—You complain of the Stray Berries and raspberries requiring so much sugar for want of flavour, which is by reason of the rane, and by-case they are not bean hot wether enuf to make them sweet [sweet].—Your humble servant, JOHN MORRIS.

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The Second of a Course of Lectures on Music, by Mr. THOMAS ADAMS, will be delivered on Wednesday evening next, at Eight o'clock.

A Class for Conversation in the French Language meet every Thursday Evening at Nine o'clock.
The advantages of this Institution consist of lectures on literary and scientific subjects, reading rooms supplied with the daily papers, periodicals, and new works of interest, an extensive library of valuable works for reference and circulation, classes for instruction in the modern languages, &c.
Terms, 2s. 6d. per annum, payable half-yearly. Ladies' tickets of admission to the lectures, only 1s. 6d. per annum.
By order, G. STACY, Secretary.

July 28d, 1839.

North America.

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FORTY ETCHINGS, from Sketches made with the Camera Lucida in North America, in 1837 and 1838, by Captain HALL, R.N.
Printed for Cadell and Co. Edinburgh; and Simpkin and Marshall, London.

Of whom may be had,

Captain Hall's Travels in North America, in 1837 and 1838. 3 vols. with a coloured Map, price 17. 11s. 6d. just published.

Sketches of Cattle.

This day is published, price 5s. imperial 4s.

SKETCHES OF CATTLE, drawn from Nature and on Stone, by J. F. MERRING, Animal Portrait-Painter, of Doncaster.
London: Published by S. and J. Fuller, 34, Rathbone Place.

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N.B. S. and J. F. continue to receive the newest Publications from Paris.

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London: Published for the Proprietors, by John Dickinson, Printseller, New Bond Street.

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THE COURT for the TRIAL OF QUEEN KATHERINE, engraved for the third time in Merzotints by G. CLINT, A.R.A. after the celebrated Picture by the late G. H. HARLOWE. Size, 28 inches by 25 high; Prints, 9s. 6d.; French Proofs, 12s. 6d.; India Proofs, 17s. 6d.; before letters, 18s. 12s.
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* The Proofs before Letters are all disposed of.
London: Moon, Bayly, and Graves, Printers to the King, 5, Pall Mall.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

On the 1st of July was published, price 6s. the Eleventh No. of

THE BRITISH CRITIC, QUARTERLY THEOLOGICAL REVIEW, and ECCLESIASTICAL RECORD.

Contents: Nares's Life of Lord Burghley—Clapperton's Second Expedition into the Interior of Africa—Lamb on the Thirty-nine Articles—Godwin's History of the Commonwealth, Character of Cromwell—Hemmingford on the Separate Existence of the Soul—Browning's History of the Huguenots—Wilson on the Evidences of Christianity—Keith on Prophecy—Warton, Death-Bed Scenes and Pastoral Conversations—Norris on Holy Places—Miller on the Change of the Sabbath—Marsh and Walter on the Authorized Translation of the Bible—State of the Dioceses—Proceedings of the Universities.
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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The History of the Hebrew Commonwealth, from the earliest Times to the Destruction of Jerusalem. From the German of John Jahn, D.D.; with a Continuation to the Time of Adrian. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1829. Hurst, Chance, and Co.

It is seldom the case that knowledge in a country makes equal progress with theory and invention. A learned visionary is among the anomalies of human character. The light which springs up in the mind, and results from its own supposed energy of perception, is generally too vivid for the steadier but less dazzling light of knowledge: it keeps burning without imposing upon us the labour of seeking for fresh oil; and whenever it does go out, most commonly leaves us indifferent whether we walk in light or in darkness. But Germany, and German poets, philosophers, and divines, offer a singular exception to this observation. In their case, the boldest theorist is the profoundest scholar; the quickest imagination is coupled with the most industrious application; and the bright and splendid fancies of poetry are made the covering and the emblazonry of heavy folios of metaphysics and antiquities. No department of German literature affords a stronger illustration of this fact than the different branches of its theology. Far as the divines of this country have ventured into the deep sea of mysticism—wild as have been the theories of some, and the interpretations of others,—they can be charged at no time with a want of research. The errors into which they have fallen, have been encountered while in the stern and patient inquiry after truth. Their distinguished men have in scarcely an instance become so without having spent years in hardy toil, as well as having manifested originality of intellect. The consequence of all this has been, that theology is pursued in Germany as a science, which it is not at present in hardly any other country; that the greatest men have shown themselves awake to its different topics; and that whenever the opposite and equally indefensible errors of rationalism and mysticism are removed, there will be a ground for religious feeling to work on, a strong-hold for its defence amid those who are best able to defend it.

Professor Jahn is esteemed in Germany as a highly eminent Biblical scholar. His several philological works on the Arabic and Hebrew languages have been long celebrated there; but the production for which he is best known in this country is his *Archæologia Biblica*, a work which has obtained the approbation of some of the most learned of our own theologians. It is divided into three parts, treating respectively of the domestic, political, and ecclesiastical antiquities of the Jewish nation; and is esteemed one of the best books on the subject which could be put into the hands of the student or the general reader.

The work at present before us appears to have been written as a companion to the one we have been mentioning, and, together with

that, gives a complete view of the extraordinary nation of which it treats. The retrospect which it enables us to take of those ages, each year of which was as a visible footstep of the Almighty on the great abyss of futurity, is full of deep and thrilling interest,—not various, perhaps, as that attaching to the history of other nations; but solemn and impressive, filling the mind, independent of its religious regards, with a vague but irresistible awe,—an awe which infidels have acknowledged themselves unable to overcome.

We cannot do better with these excellent volumes than give one or two of the striking facts which are interwoven with the discussions on the more abstruse parts of Jewish history. They will serve to shew how important a part of ancient history is that of Judea. The commencement of Alexander's connexion with the Jews is thus related:

"That Alexander, when he invaded Syria, summoned all the cities in that region to surrender, to pay to him their usual tribute, and to furnish his army with provisions, is in itself very probable. Josephus testifies, that during the siege of Tyre, a written order of this kind came to Jerusalem, directed by Alexander to the high priest Jaddua, as the chief magistrate of the nation. Jaddua returned answer, that he had sworn fealty to Darius, and could not violate his oath so long as that prince was living. Alexander, naturally of a furious and impetuous temper, was highly irritated by this reply, and threatened that as soon as he had completed the conquest of Tyre, he would, by the punishment of the Jewish high priest, teach all others to whom they must keep their oaths. After the reduction of Gaza, B. C. 332, Alexander proceeded towards Jerusalem. Jaddua and all the citizens were thrown into the greatest consternation; they offered many sacrifices, and earnestly entreated God for deliverance. Josephus farther relates, that God then appeared to the high priest in a dream, bade him be of good courage, to adorn the city in the most magnificent manner he was able, and to go out fearlessly and meet the conqueror, arrayed in his official robes, attended by the other priests in their sacerdotal garments, and by the citizens clothed in white. Every thing was done according to these directions. The solemn procession advanced as far as the hill Sapha, which overlooks Jerusalem, and commands an extensive prospect of the country. As Alexander approached and saw Jaddua in the robes of his office, he went forward alone towards the high priest, adored the name of God, which was engraved on the golden frontal-plate of his turban, and then saluted Jaddua. Immediately the priests and citizens surrounded the king and welcomed him with joyful acclamations. All the Greeks were astonished at the conduct of Alexander; and Parmenio asked him how it happened that he, to whom all others did homage, should now himself do homage to the high priest of the Jews. Alexander replied: 'I did not adore the man, but that God who hath honoured him with the

priesthood: for I saw this very person in a dream, and clothed in this same habit, when I was at Dios in Macedonia. I was considering with myself how I might obtain the dominion of Asia, and this man exhorted me to make no delay, but boldly to pass over the sea thither, for that he would conduct my army, and would give me the dominion over the Persians. Whence it is, that having seen no other in that habit, and now seeing this person in it, and remembering that vision and the exhortation I had in my dream, I believe that I have undertaken this campaign by divine direction, that I shall conquer Darius, annihilate the dominion of the Persians, and successfully accomplish my whole design.' Alexander then gave his hand to the high priest, attended him into the city, went to the temple, and there offered sacrifices in the manner which the priests directed. When they afterwards shewed him the prophecies of Daniel respecting himself, he was highly gratified, and readily granted the request of the high priest, that the Jews might be free from tribute on the sabbatical year, and every where have liberty to live according to their own laws. Of his own accord, he promised the same indulgence to those Jews who would join his army; upon which many entered the service. Hecateus also, as quoted by Josephus, testifies that there were Jews among the soldiers of Alexander."

No people in the world ever suffered more from civil dissensions within, and wars without, than did this chosen nation during the last three hundred years of its history. It was at the commencement of this dark period that Simon the Just died: he is among the greatest worthies of the Hebrew annals.

"This Simon is said to have been the last of the great *synagogue*, in which are included one hundred and twenty men; and among others, Ezra, Haggai, Zechariah, Nehemiah, and Malachi. Hence it is plain, that this great *synagogue*, so celebrated among the Jews, is nothing more than that succession of patriots after the captivity, who distinguished themselves by their labours towards the collection and revival of the sacred books, and the settlement and improvement of the civil and religious constitution of their country. Indeed, the Jewish traditions maintain that Simon the Just, as he was the last of the great *synagogue*, closed the sacred canon. The notices on this subject are so recent that they cannot be relied upon as historical evidence; but as such traditions are generally founded on some truth, it is very probable that Simon did complete the collection and revision of the sacred books, and even add some things respecting events of more recent occurrence. Some of the apparent additions in the Old Testament well correspond to the age of Simon. The genealogical register of David in the first Book of Chronicles, comes down to about the year B. C. 300; and in the catalogue of high priests in the Book of Nehemiah, Jaddua is mentioned in a manner which seems to intimate that he had been dead for some time."

The history is continued from the destruction of Jerusalem to the time of the Emperor Adrian. This part of the volumes, which is given, rather absurdly, under the title of an appendix, is translated from Baanage's famous work on Jewish history, a work of ability and learning, as the editor observes;—but which ought not to have been employed as a continuation of Jahn. It is, however, replete with entertaining matter. Among other particulars we find the following respecting the Jews in Italy, about the fifteenth century.

"The synagogue at Rome possessed some degree of authority over the rest. There was an instance of their exercising this authority in the last century. Rabbi Nathaniel Tribotti, in a treatise on the bathing of women, advanced several propositions which were objected to by the other rabbins, who wrote an answer to his work. Their controversy was carried on with great warmth, and was decided by the synagogue and academy at Rome in favour of the opinions of Tribotti. The rabbins acquiesced in their decision. I do not say that the authority of the synagogue at Rome was founded on any right which they claimed. It was the natural consequence of the superior power of the Jews in the capital of the empire. Great bishoprics have thus subjected the weaker to their power, and thus papal Rome has obtained its boasted superiority. Rome was the nursery of the Jews, and thence they spread through the rest of Italy. They sent their donations to Jerusalem from Rome and the other Italian cities; and we shall find, as we proceed, that they had established themselves at Cremona, Mantua, Bologna, Ferrara, and throughout the ecclesiastical states."

The annexed, also, respecting the very early establishment of a number of these people in Germany, is highly curious.

"The Jews of Worms pretend to have produced convincing proof to the emperor and to the states of the empire, that they had inhabited that city from time immemorial; and, therefore, that they could have taken no part in the crucifixion of Christ. Thus they obtained privileges which were not granted to other Jews. It was with a view to ingratiate themselves with the emperor, that they inserted in the Toldos Jeschu an extract from a letter which was written by the sanhedrim of Worms to the King of Judaea, to prevent the death of Christ: 'Set this Jesus at liberty, and do not put him to death. Let him live until he has contracted some stain, and has become polluted.' Huldreich, who published the above treatise with learned notes, observes, that the expressions respecting our Saviour are borrowed from sacrifices. The Jews did not eat, nor offer on the altar, any sacrificial animal which was thought to be impure or diseased. It was fed with great care until some symptoms of disease appeared. Thus the Jews of Worms advised that Jesus Christ should be left to commit some crime, and then be put to death. But he adds, that this extract was inserted by the author of the treatise, to render the Jews of Worms odious to their countrymen. I am persuaded, however, that the writer of this work was a member of the synagogue of Worms, to whose prejudices he has conformed, in order to gain the favour of the emperor. In fact, the synagogue boasted that they had protected our Saviour; and this writer, one of their number, probably adopted their views. If they were rendered odious in the opinion of their countrymen, they were amply compensated by the superior privileges which they obtained from Christian princes. Another rabbi has

made the Caraites say, that 'Jesus Christ approved of their doctrines, and wished his disciples to practise their rites; and that he was slain by the Jews on account of their hatred to the law of Moses.' This doctor makes but a slight difference between the sentiments of Christ and those of the Caraites, and that difference to refer to the manner in which the dead are to rise. But the rabbi of Worms has attributed a different sentiment to his ancestors. According to him, they held nearly the language of Gamaliel: 'Let him alone; if this work be of man, it will come to naught.' It is of little importance for us to ascertain what was the intention of the above rabbi in writing his treatise. It is sufficient to remark, that there is no foundation for the pretensions of the Jews of Worms, who assert that they established themselves in Germany before the destruction of the second temple, and possessed a venerable council, which was consulted by the king of the Jews on important matters. The Jews in the bishopric of Mersburg make equal pretensions to antiquity; but they produce no proofs of the validity of their claims."

After what we have already said respecting Professor Jahn, it is only necessary for us to state, that the present publication is calculated to make his name still better known, and his talents more generally appreciated, in England. The translation appears to be very fairly executed; and we recommend the work to the general attention of our readers.

The Davenels; or, a Campaign of Fashion in Dublin. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1829. Colburn.

THERE is nothing either very original or very striking in these volumes, but they are entertaining; and if there is little to interest, there is somewhat to amuse. "Manœuvring" would have been a most expressive title,—mamma against mamma, daughter against daughter; with all the balls, concerts, &c. which form the staple commodities of our fashionable novels. We must choose our extracts at random: the following sketch, for example, is lively enough.

"Mrs. O'Brien will serve as a specimen. Having most successfully married off her three eldest daughters, she now brought out her fourth; a pretty-looking girl, with an air of innocence and ignorance of the world which were to be very attractive. She was dressed with great simplicity, and had the appearance of having outgrown her clothes: she was perpetually pulling them up on her shoulders, which would, in spite of her efforts, make their appearance; and her petticoats were rather shorter than the fashion demanded. Mrs. O'Brien affected to scold her for her little awkward ways; and frequently occupied herself in settling some part of her dress; her daughter looking all the time as if she was unconscious what her mother was about, and talking over her shoulder to some one behind her. Mrs. O'Brien would then say to any man near her, 'I declare that child no more knows how she is dressed, or what to put on!—if I did not watch her, I really believe she would go out half naked.' A gentleman to whom she said this one evening, remarked that her mother's care seemed to be thrown away. Mrs. O'Brien was piqued to conquer Captain Villiers's reserve. She addressed the chamberlain, with whom she was intimate: 'Pray, does Captain Villiers mean to stand all night like a stick, without dancing?' The chamberlain smiled, for it was a part of his office to smile whenever a lady spoke to him; but answered in a confidential tone, 'I really

do not know—but I am inclined to think he has not engaged himself to dance; perhaps he may in the course of the evening.' 'De now,' said she in a coaxing tone, 'just ask him, would he like to dance?' and, glancing back at her daughter, 'you can offer to present him, you know.' The chamberlain, who was not unused to these delicate commissions, merely gave her a look expressive of the tenderest friendship, and then took a circuitous route to where Villiers stood. He passed him a few steps, speaking to various persons as he went; then, as if he suddenly thought of it, he turned back to him, and Mrs. O'Brien could perceive that he spoke, and that in consequence of something he said, Villiers moved his eyes in the direction where she was with her Miranda. His lips moved in reply, but so slightly, that they could have formed but one syllable; and to judge from his countenance, that was a negative. The chamberlain moved on without encountering Mrs. O'Brien again; and she took her daughter on her arm, and passed close under the eyes of our hero, without looking at him; but Miranda, with the utmost *coquetterie*, looked up in his face as she passed, and turned her head back to gaze at him. He was speaking at the time to another aide-de-camp, the Honourable Somerset Hardyng, a very young man—the reverse of Villiers in colour and character. 'A pretty innocent-looking girl,' said he; 'do you know her?' 'No; I have just declined the honour of being presented to her as a partner, by the chamberlain.' 'What a savage you must be!' said Hardyng, laughing; 'I'll profit by your laziness;' and following Mrs. O'Brien and her daughter, and not waiting for the form of introduction, which he thought could not be necessary with an Irish girl, he bowed, first to the mother, and then asked Miss Miranda to dance. She twisted and writhed like a child that is uncertain whether to accept the toy that is offered it, until her mother said, 'You may dance, my dear, with Captain Hardyng.' He was a tall, fair-haired, gentlemanly-looking young man, with a very animated manner; and he and Miss Miranda *got on*, as the phrase is, amazingly. Mrs. O'Brien then walked about, telling every one how confounded poor Miranda was at Captain Hardyng's admiration; and nobody believed her, though nobody had the rudeness to tell her so."

Two or three bits of the fancy ball are amusing:—how many, by the by, are in the same condition as the Frychuits!—

"The fine people of the neighbourhood contented themselves with adding some magnificence to their usual ball-dresses; or, at most, with some dress which might by courtesy be called Spanish, eastern, or peasant: having no idea, as they said, of taking trouble to cut a figure amongst the lesser squires and their families. But the inferior gentry were more ambitious of distinction. Ingenuity was racked; and as talent is not confined to rank, some certainly made up in humour and truth of representation what was wanting in refined taste. Some characters, however, excited nothing but disgust. A party of tall young men, dressed as a troop of charity girls, conducted by a little woman, the sister of one of them, paraded the room, were stared at, and then avoided wherever they appeared. Girls would not dance with them; and though a few boys did for a short time, the exhibition was declared to be so vulgar and unpleasant, that they were reduced to dance with each other, or to remain still. Two young men, of rather good appearance, walked about dressed in short green coats, ornamented with buttons and braids and tags;

hunting-caps, covered with plumes of black feathers, and small bugle-horns, which, however, they could not sound, in their hands. As they neither sang nor spoke, it was not easy to guess what this meant: at length Wharton took the liberty of asking one of them. He laughed, and answered with the most good-humoured and undisguised brogue, 'Why indeed, sir, my brother and me, we are in the character of the Fryschuitz.' 'I shall inform the company, sir,' said Wharton. 'Thank you, sir,' said the young man."

We should say, from internal evidence, that the report which assigns this work to Lady Morgan is erroneous. We have heard another, which gives it to the sister of a countess, and the widow of a man of great eminence in Dublin. But be the author who she may, she is obviously quite at home in Irish society, and has made as good a sketch of it as the subject admits.

Journal of an Embassy from the Governor-General of India to the Court of Ava, in the Year 1827. By John Crawford, Esq. F.R.S. &c. late Envoy. With an Appendix, containing a Description of Fossil Remains, by Professor Buckland and Mr. Clift. 4to. pp. 605. London, 1829. Colburn.

THE first four hundred pages of this ponderous quarto volume consist of a rather dry, and frequently a superfluous, detail of occurrences during Mr. Crawford's mission to Ava, for the purpose of negotiating a treaty of commerce between that court and the East India Company. The passages to and from the capital, by the river Irrawadi, are, for popular reading, however useful in a scientific light, most laboriously rendered: not a sand-bank does the steam-boat on its tedious way strike upon, but we have a full description of its inconveniences; every wretched temple or pagoda that rears its umbrella-head delays us with its probable chronology, the barbarous name that reared it, and we are cloyed with the repeated delineations of structures so generally unvaried in form and fabric. The negotiation presents nothing of such sufficient novelty, variety, or importance, as to demand so elaborate an account: the delays, doubts, suspicions, and artifices of the Burmese authorities were not otherwise than might be expected from a rude and semi-barbarous people, who, conscious of the presence of a superior, sought by every clumsy chicanery to disguise the acknowledgment of it. If the Burmese negotiations proceeded but slowly, Mr. Crawford has caught the spirit of them in the volume before us; and we have rather a difficulty in selecting a sufficiently amusing extract, but, at venture, give the account of the envoy's presentation to his Majesty of Ava, and the courtly amusement of taming the wild elephant.

"Our promised presentation to the king took place this forenoon. A suitable number of boats were sent to receive us; and at twelve o'clock we crossed the river, and arrived at the Elephant Palace, which is about a mile below the town, and close to the banks of the Irrawadi. The Elephant Palace and its appurtenances is a place appropriated for exhibiting, for the king's diversion, the taming of the wild male elephant. This place is a square enclosure, surrounded every where by a double palisade, composed of immense beams of teak timber, each equal in diameter to the mainmast of a four hundred ton ship. Between the palisades there is a stone wall, about fourteen feet high and twenty thick. On the top of this the spectators are seated to view the sport. The

palace is situated on the south-west angle of the square, and is upon a level with the highest part of the wall. The enclosure has two entrances, the gates of which are composed of beams, which can be moved at the bottom by means of ropes. The centre of the enclosure is a greensward, in the middle of which there is a temple surrounded by a palisade. This temple is dedicated to a Nat, named by the Burmans Udin-main-so. This personage is said to have been king of a country called Kosambi in Majima Desa, or the 'middle land'—that is to say, Western India, or the country of the Hindoos. He was contemporary with Gautama; and in his transmigration became, in consequence of his skill in taming elephants, a king of Nats, and the guardian and protector of elephant-hunting. We were received under a shed which represents the Lut-d'hau, and which is situated on the north side of the enclosure. We had not been here above a few minutes, when we were summoned to the western side of the enclosure, where the gate is, at which the elephants were about to enter. We left our shoes behind us in the hall, and proceeded along the top of the wall, to within no great distance of his majesty; when we sat down, making our obeisance by touching the forehead with the right hand. A cloud of dust announced the approach of the elephants, about twenty in number: these, with the exception of the captive, were all females, several of them with their young following them. A few of the best broken-in only were mounted. Partly by persuasion, and partly by force, there was seen driving before them a small male elephant, not, as we were told, above thirteen years [?] old: it required at least half an hour to induce him to enter the gate of the enclosure. A very docile female elephant led the way, conducted by her keeper; but the half-tamed females were nearly as reluctant to enter as the wild male himself: they went five or six times half-way in, before they were finally entrapped; and, twice over, the male had run off to the distance of a quarter of a mile from the enclosure, but was again brought back by the females. A message was sent to us by the king to say that we were at liberty to stand up to view this part of the sport, but unluckily we were already standing when it reached us. The elephants having entered, we were requested to come into the king's presence, in which situation we should have a better view of the sport. We walked round accordingly by the southern and eastern angles of the enclosure, and seats were assigned to us in the same line with, and next to, the princes; not only the most distinguished, but the most convenient situation. We made a bow as before, and the sport went on. From the smallness of the elephant, there was neither much danger nor amusement in it. The females were withdrawn from the enclosure one by one, and then the elephant-catchers, who are a distinct race, went into the square unarmed, and provoked the wild elephant to pursue them, which he did with great fury. The keepers took shelter from his pursuit within the palisade, through the apertures of which he lashed his trunk in vain. The elephant-keepers exhibited much boldness and agility; but from what we saw, I should conceive that they ran very little risk. Accidents, however, sometimes occur. A few years ago, one of the hunters, when pursued by the elephant, tripped and fell: he was killed on the spot by the enraged animal. The king, who was present when this happened, immediately retired, the sight of blood not being fit for him to behold, either as a sovereign, or

a votary of Gautama. Some goats were put into the square, and these were pursued by the elephant in the same way as the keepers, and with as little effect. These animals eluded his pursuit with the utmost ease; and were so little concerned at his presence, that they soon began to quarrel amongst themselves. When the elephant was sufficiently tired, three huge tame male elephants were brought in to secure him, each mounted by his keeper, who had in his hand a rope with a noose, which one of them, after the second or third effort, succeeded in casting round the foreleg. The animal made comparatively very little resistance, appearing to be quite subdued by the presence of his three powerful antagonists, who, after the noose was fixed, drove him by main force into a pen at the south side of the enclosure, from which he was afterwards withdrawn, and tied to a post by a comparatively slender rope put round his neck, through his mouth, and round his tusks. We saw him in this situation, under a shed, as we were returning home, very restless and sullen. He was so closely tied to the post, that he could scarcely move, and had no power to do any mischief. We were told by the keepers, that the male elephants, when thus secured, refuse food for about five days. It takes six or seven months to tame them effectually, and occasionally as much as a whole year, for their dispositions are very various."

In the hope of its doing benefit elsewhere by its example, we cannot resist the insertion of a punishment inflicted upon one of the public functionaries for a simple neglect of duty.

"Through the night of the 1st, a fire broke out in the populous suburb which lies between the walls of the town and the little river, and property to a considerable value was destroyed. The house of the widow of the Saya-wungyi, who had been the king's tutor and favourite, was in great danger; and this old lady, who had the reputation of being very frugal, if not avaricious, irritated at her loss, repaired forthwith to the king, and made complaint that, during the conflagration, the ministers, and especially Kaulen Mengyi, who was her husband's successor, and of whom she was very jealous, were not at their posts; for it appears that it is their special duty to attend upon such occasions. The king, who was still very much out of humour, summoned the ministers before him; sent for a sword, drew it, and ordered them, one by one, to come forward and swear upon it that they were present at the conflagration, and assisting in extinguishing it. Kaulen Mengyi came forward and avowed that he was not present; but that he had gone as far as the rung-d'hau, or town-hall, to give the necessary instructions upon the occasion. He was immediately ordered to be taken out of the audience-hall; and, to avoid being dragged thence by the hair of the head, according to usage, voluntarily made as rapid a retreat as could be expected from a man between sixty and seventy, and of a weakly constitution. An order was given that he should be punished after a manner which I shall presently describe. The other ministers, none of whom were present at the fire, escaped under various pretexts of business or sickness. The punishment now awarded to the first minister is called, in the Burman language, *ne-pu m'ha Phan the*, or, 'spreading out in the hot sun.' The offender who undergoes it is stretched upon his back by the public executioners, and thus exposed for a given number of hours in the hottest part of the day, with a weight on his breast, more or less heavy according to the nature of the offence, or rather according to the king's opi-

nion of it. It was at first thought that the sentence, on the part of the king, was a mere threat. Not so; the most faithful and zealous of his ministers underwent the punishment this afternoon, from one to three o'clock, and not, as is customary on such occasions with culprits of distinction, within the palace enclosure, but in the public road between the eastern gate of the palace and the town-hall, and in the view of a multitude of spectators."

The concluding part of the volume consists of a general description of the Burman empire and its resources, and forms the redeeming portion of the work; from it we arrive at the conclusion, that the East India Company will not have acquired any thing of great value by the cession of territory made to them at the peace. As in other portions of the East, so we find it here, the clog to improvement is in the despotism of the rulers, who repress every impulse that might tend to it by their rapacity and outrage. That the lower orders of the Burmese are capable of better things, this convincing fact must speak for them, that under European artificers at Rangoon, they were found to be the most dexterous and laborious of artisans, indeed greatly surpassing all the other natives of our Indian provinces. We must, however, allow that despotism is not, in this instance, an unmixed evil, as by its check to population, the physical comforts of the few are improved; and for the satisfaction of those who support this doctrine, we quote from Mr. Crawford its confirmation.

"An instructive example of the beneficial effect of high wages is afforded by comparing wages at Calcutta and Rangoon. A carpenter of the best description, at Calcutta, earns only twenty shillings a-month, while one at Rangoon will earn thirty. The wages of the native of Bengal will purchase about eight hundred pounds of rice; that of the Burman, about eleven hundred and twenty. Beggary, as may be readily inferred from these statements, is very unfrequent among the Burmese; and, with the exception of the voluntary mendicancy of the priesthood, is confined to a few unfortunate persons, driven to it more by superstition than necessity. Under the very favourable circumstances now described, nothing seems wanting to insure a great increase of population in the Burmese dominions, but a moderate share of peace, tranquillity, and security. In the cessations made to ourselves, those benefits may be safely calculated upon; and in such of them as enjoy the advantage of a good climate and fertile soil, we may, with some abatement for the stubborn habits of a semi-barbarous people, expect to see here a rapidity of increase in population, more resembling that of an American colony, than what we have been accustomed to in our old Indian possessions. The capital and example of strangers will not only accelerate this increase, but insure its being accompanied by improvement. In the meanwhile, it is some satisfaction to find that the high rate of wages among the Burmese tends greatly to mitigate the despotism which, by repressing population, gives rise to it. Owing to high wages, and probably to this alone, the labouring classes are, upon the whole, well-fed, clad, and housed; a fact which is soon observed by a stranger, and, taking place under such apparently inauspicious circumstances, appears at first view so unaccountable. In fact, the Burmese peasantry are in more comfortable and easy circumstances than the mass of the labouring poor in any of our Indian provinces; and, making allowance for climate, manners, and habits, might bear a comparison with the

peasantry of most European countries. As long as land capable of yielding corn with little labour continues to bear the same large proportion to the population as at present, the government cannot rob the peasantry of the mere wages of personal labour; nay, its interference tends only to enhance or insure them. The scantiness of the population is in this manner an advantage to the people. Were the country, for example, inhabited in the same ratio as the neighbouring one of Hindustan generally, it would contain about one hundred inhabitants to the square mile; or its population would be 20,000,000, or five times more than its present amount. Were it peopled in the same proportion as Bengal, that part of India to which in soil and climate it bears the closest analogy, it would contain double this number, or ten times the number of its present inhabitants. The consequence of this would be, supposing no corresponding improvement in the government, that wages falling, and the price of corn rising, the people would be reduced to a state of poverty and misery, of the most abject and degrading description. That such is not now the case, but, on the contrary, that labour is well rewarded, affords of itself a sufficient presumption that former estimates of the populousness of the country were prodigiously exaggerated."

A most excellent map of the Burmese dominions, and several well-executed engravings, embellish this volume; of which we now take leave, recommending it to the perusal of all who are connected by the ties of commerce with the East, or who are solicitous for information on this not new portion of our oriental relations.

Autographs of Royal, Noble, Learned, and Remarkable Personages conspicuous in English History; accompanied by concise Biographical Memoirs, and interesting Extracts from the Original Documents. By John Gough Nichols. Part XI.

THE present Number, which contains fifty-eight autographs, many of them singularly interesting (among them, that of Shakespeare), concludes this very amusing and valuable publication; a publication of which it is truly asserted, "that it cannot be equalled by any collection of originals alone." Prefixed to the No. is an Essay on Autographs; in which there is much curious and amusing information, and from which we extract the following passages:—

"The first collections of autographs were probably those entitled 'Alba Amicorum.' The fashion appears to have originated in Germany, towards the close of the sixteenth century. A remarkable incident in the Life of the celebrated Sir Henry Wotton was the result of a sentence which he wrote in one of these books; and his biographer, Izaak Walton, in relating the story, defines an 'albo' to be 'a white-paper book which the German gentry usually carry about them for the purpose of requesting' such eminent characters 'to write some sentence in.' In Humphrey Wanley's Catalogue of the Harleian Manuscripts we find a more full description. No. 993 of that collection is 'a paper book in octavo, bound long-wise [this seems to have been for some time the general form], being one of those which the Germans call albums, and are much used by the young travellers of that nation, who commonly ask a new acquaintance (even at the first meeting) to write some sentence therein, with a compliment to the owner's learning, good sense, &c.; which done, the names gotten are laid before the next

new face, and the young man upon all occasions, especially at his return, by these hands demonstrates what good company he has kept. Nevertheless, in England there may be some good use made of these books (besides the benefit of some wise and uncommon sentences to be found therein), I mean by the original hands of foreigners of the highest quality of both sexes, of other noblemen, ladies, learned, and otherwise eminent persons, whose hands perhaps cannot otherwise be come at.' * * *

Wanley wrote this in the true spirit of an autograph collector. Whether his masters the Earls of Oxford, or Sir Robert Cotton, whilst amassing manuscripts for the superior object of their valuable contents, collected any merely as specimens of 'original hands' does not appear. In the middle of the seventeenth century Sir Symonds D'Ewes was such a collector, and a queen contributed to his collection. The letter of Elizabeth, queen of Bohemia, of which part is engraved in the present work, accompanied three letters of her husband, her eldest son, and her cousin the Duke of Brunswick, sent as specimens of their hand-writing. The preface to Thane's Autography furnishes an enumeration of several subsequent collectors. 'The fac-similes given in this work,' it says, 'are from the originals which formerly were in the collections of those well-known antiquaries, Ralph Thoresby, Esq., Peter le Neve, Esq., James West, Esq., Rev. Mr. Ives, Mr. Bartelet, Gustavus Brander, Esq., &c.' The first of these collections will be found fully described in a distinct chapter of the Museum Thoresbyanum. After mentioning that he had a copy of Camden's Britannia in quarto, 'which I bought for the sake of the learned author's autograph,' Mr. Thoresby continues, 'this reminds me of another branch of the curiosities that I begun to collect of late years; viz. original letters, and other matters of the proper hand-writing of persons of all ranks, eminent in their generations;' of which he proceeds to give a catalogue, the names only of the writers occupying more than three large folio pages. * * * In more recent days, collections of autographs have been formed by Sir William Musgrave, who bequeathed to the British Museum, among several other volumes of valuable MSS., a large quarto full of signatures detached from the original documents; and by the late James Bindley, Esq., F.S.A., the sale of whose library in 1820 was concluded with 108 lots of autographs. Among the names which are at present best known as the possessors of extensive collections are those of John L. Anderdon, Esq., which is particularly rich in original letters of distinguished foreigners, and has become of great extent by the conjunction of several entire collections; Dawson Turner, Esq., F.R.S. and S.A. of Yar-mouth; J. B. Williams, Esq., F.S.A. of Shrewsbury, the author of the Lives of the Rev. Matthew and Philip Henry; John Wild, Esq., of the Albany, whose miscellaneous volumes are appropriately enriched with portraits; Miss Hutton of Birmingham, daughter of the well-known historian of that town; the Rev. Dr. Raffles, and Thomas Thompson, one of the Society of Friends (possessing a very extensive and highly interesting series of papers illustrative of the history of the Society to which he belongs, as well as copies of Junius's Letters and Clarkson's History of the Slave Trade, enriched by autographs and portraits), both at Liverpool; the Rev. Robert Bolton, and Mr. Peter Benwell, both at Henley-on-Thames; Charles Britiffe Smith, Esq., very complete in musical characters; Mr. Jewer Henry Jewer,

of Kentish Town; Mr. Edward Skegg of the Adelphi, very complete in franks in various parliaments; Mr. Mathews the comedian, and Mr. Winston the late stage-manager at Drury Lane Theatre, both very extensive, and comprising materials, original and valuable, for a complete history of the English stage; and Lord William Fitzroy should be mentioned as the possessor of the most extensive series of franks of both houses of parliament, chronologically arranged from the time of Charles II. to the present day; whilst the very voluminous collection of Mr. William Upcott, of the London Institution, is decidedly unrivalled, not only for its magnitude, but for its utility and the style of its illustration, and has been the happy means of preserving and making known to the world some historical records of the highest value. Several collections have been dispersed by auction; and it has been a matter of astonishment to perceive the high prices which documents, of very trifling interest in their contents, have produced from being regarded as autographs."

An Inquiry into the Place and Quality of the Gentlemen of his Majesty's most Honourable Privy Chamber. By Nicholas Carlisle, F.R.S., M.R.I.A., F.S.A., one of the Gentlemen of the Privy Chamber. Royal 8vo. pp. 366. London, 1829. Payne and Foss.

THIS book is one of the consequences of Mr. Carlisle's appointment to office; and although we presume that many of our readers are not wholly unacquainted with the etiquette of the court, yet as some persons may desire to have their curiosity gratified as to the nature of this nearly obsolete branch of the royal household, we will endeavour very briefly to condense the volume before us for their satisfaction. After great facilities afforded by the clerks of the Board of Green Cloth, and of the Lord Chamberlain's office, to his researches, the author learned that the *place and quality* is held without fee, it being long since the ordinary duties of the office entirely ceased. It was not one of those branches likely to be affected by Burke's celebrated bill, as the feudal ostentation of state, which required these gentlemen's constant attendance, had already been abolished; while their names and office, an unexpensive formality, was retained in the household roll with purely nominal advantages, the only writ of privilege being, as Mr. C. has informed us, the warrant of appointment.

The precise origin of the office is left unexplained, but it is here derived from valet and varlet, terms now very distinct from that of gentleman; and the esquires of the body, personal attendants of the king in the field, are supposed, we think improbably, to be the actual precursors of the gentlemen of the privy chamber. The first time the office is mentioned is in the ordinances made at Eltham in the 17th year of Henry VIII.; their number was then six, although, like other branches of the household, it was often enlarged, and as often retrenched, according as the exigencies of the state required, and varied considerably in the several reigns.

To explain the place and quality of these gentlemen of the privy chamber, it may not be unnecessary to describe the disposition of the state-rooms, which in all the royal palaces is uniform, and leads *en suite* through the great chamber, the presence-chamber, privy chamber, withdrawing-room, and bed-chamber. In the first room, during all ceremonies, the yeomen of the guard give attendance; in the second, the band of gentlemen

pensioners: these were offices of a military origin, and their privilege of entry did not extend to the privy chamber, where the gentlemen of whom we now speak were the only attendants; and their duty, at least in the reign of Charles I., will be found sufficiently explained in the following extract.

"No person, of what estate or condition whatsoever, shall presume to come into our privy chamber, but only noblemen and those that are sworn of our privy chamber,—and our cup-bearers, carvers, and sewers, onely when we eate here,—and our equerries onely upon riding daies. And no man shal presume to come in *booted*, except it be at such time as they are to ride with us. No privy chamber man, or other allowed to come into the privy chamber, shal presume to come into any of our privy lodgings further than our privy chamber, except onely the lords and others of our privy council,—and permitting bishops and other lords to come *into the outer withdrawing room*, next to the privy chamber at *White-Hall*. The gentlemen that wait in quarter shal attend six of them when we eate in our privy chamber, for the bringing in of our meale to the board, and doing of their other services to us,—and four of them by turne shal lodge every night within our privy chamber."

The gentlemen likewise attended at coronations, public entries of foreign ambassadors, royal funerals, and all state ceremonies: their last attendance was at the coronation of his present majesty, when nine gentlemen of the privy chamber walked between the solicitor and attorney-general, far removed from the person of the sovereign. A blue satin dress, prepared for the occasion, we are here informed, cost eighty guineas. With a little innocent vanity, the author enlarges upon the honour of his appointment, which he declares has been "coveted not only by men of the highest rank, but of the greatest talents;" when the office could only have been used as an introduction to court by men whose abilities were afterwards developed in their country's service: neither has he the fortitude to suppress his lamentation at the invasion of rights and privileges which took place soon after the late coronation, in the decision upon Dr. Battine's case.

The royal household, in which offices are held by patent, sometimes for life, sometimes by inheritance, is formed upon manners and customs that have long since expired: even Burke, that arch innovator, admitted there was some reason in ancient necessities for their ancient customs. Protection, he says, was wanted; and the domestic tie, though not the highest, was the closest.

The post of gentleman of the privy chamber is a trace of this feudality, which in the ancient tables of precedence enjoyed a degree of rank that had gradually declined; at this our author very naturally repines. It is indeed one of those subjects that have embarrassed a court from the earliest periods. King Stephen, it is well known, established a round-table at his palace at Winchester, solely to prevent the disputes of this kind amongst his attendants—*Bouche of court*, we cannot help admiring the term, and heartily participate with the author in his regret at its abolition. The six gentlemen of the privy chamber, he informs us, had formerly diet for two meases. A mess of meat, we believe, generally meant a fit proportion for four persons; and, we are told by Howell, who wrote in the reign of Charles II., that every dish at court was computed to cost the king a hundred pounds a dish; but, he continues, now the purveyance is taken

away, every dish doth stand in four times as much at least. Now no royal revenue could be raised adequate to the support of such an accumulated charge upon the ancient establishment.

Mr. Carlisle's book is, in truth, a book of detail, wanting in clearness,—a merit we really ought to expect from the antiquary; and deficient in that which would make it more useful as a book of reference, viz. a good index.

Cunningham's British Painters, &c. Part IV. of the Family Library.

[Conclusion of our notice.]

Of the account of Richard Wilson one specimen must suffice.

"It was the misfortune of Wilson to be unappreciated in his own day;—and he had the additional mortification of seeing works wholly unworthy of being ranked with his, admired by the public, and purchased at large prices. The demand for the pictures of Barret was so great, that the income of that indifferent dauber rose to two thousand pounds a-year; and the equally weak landscapes of Smith of Chichester were of high value in the market—at the time when the works of Wilson were neglected and disregarded, and the great artist himself was sinking, in the midst of the capital, under obscurity, indigence, and dejection. He was reduced, by this capricious ignorance of the wealthy and the titled, to work for the meanest of mankind. Hogarth, as we have seen, sold some of his plates for half-a-crown a pound weight—and Wilson painted his Ceyx and Alcyone for a pot of beer and the remains of a Stilton cheese! His chief resource for subsistence was in the sordid liberality of pawnbrokers, to whose hands many of his finest works were consigned wet from the easel. One person, who had purchased many pictures from him, when urged by the unhappy artist to buy another, took him into his shop-garret, and, pointing to a pile of landscapes, said, 'Why, look ye, Dick, you know I wish to oblige, but see! there are all the pictures I have paid you for these three years.' To crown his disappointments—in a contest for fame with Smith of Chichester—the Royal Society decided against Wilson. To account for the caprice of the public, or even for the imperfect taste of a Royal Society, is less difficult than to find a reason for the feelings of dislike, and even hostility, with which Wilson was regarded by Reynolds. We are told that the eminent landscape-painter, notwithstanding all the refinement and intelligence of his mind, was somewhat coarse and repulsive in his manners. He was indeed a lover of pleasant company, a drinker of ale and porter—one who loved boisterous mirth and rough humour: and such things are not always found in society which calls itself select. But what could the artist do? The man whose patrons are pawnbrokers, instead of peers—whose works are paid in porter and cheese—whose pockets contain little copper and no gold—whose dress is coarse and his house ill-replenished—must seek such society as corresponds with his means and condition—he must be content to sit elsewhere than at a rich man's table covered with embossed plate. That the coarseness of his manners and the meanness of his appearance should give offence to the courtly Reynolds is not to be wondered at—that they were the cause of his hostility I cannot believe, though this has often been asserted. Their dislike was in fact mutual; and I fear it must be imputed to something like jealousy.

"Of his own future fame he spoke seldom;

for he was a modest man; but, when he did speak of it, he used expressions which the world has since sanctioned. 'Beechey,' he said, 'you will live to see great prices given for my pictures, when those of Barret will not fetch one farthing.' The salary of librarian rescued him from utter starvation; indeed, so few were his wants, so simple his fare, and so moderate his appetite, that he found it, little as it was, nearly enough. He had as he grew old become more neglectful of his person—as fortune forsook him, he left a fine house for one inferior—a fashionable street for one cheap and obscure; he made sketches for half-a-crown, and expressed gratitude to one Paul Sanby for purchasing a number from him at a small advance of price. His last retreat in this wealthy city was a small room somewhere about Tottenham-court-road;—an easel and a brush—a chair and a table—a hard bed with few clothes—a scanty meal and the favourite pot of porter—were all that Wilson could call his own. A disgrace to an age which lavished its tens of thousands on mountebanks and projectors—on Italian screamers, and men who made mouths at Shakspeare."

Without going into the lives of Reynolds and Gainsborough, we trust we have done enough to justify the language with which we began. This is the work of a writer of vigorous sense as well as lively imagination, intimately conversant with art, as it has been and is—and, what we value still more highly, deeply skilled in human nature, and sympathising acutely with the hopes, fears, struggles, disappointments, and triumphs of genius. We look forward with great pleasure to the completion of the task. Mr. Cunningham, when that is done, will find himself in possession of a very enviable station among English biographers; and we cannot too warmly congratulate the editors of the Family Library, on the acquisition of such a powerful coadjutor in the walk of art.

With respect to embellishments, this cheap *duodecimo* might stand a comparison with some of our handsome Annuals.

Thompson's Visit to Guatemala.

[Third notice.]

THOUGH it is so long ago as May 2d, since our preceding notice of this volume appeared, the accounts of the capture of Guatemala, which have arrived within these few days, have imparted so fresh an interest to the work, that we are induced to resume its review with, simply, a reference to No. 641, page 285, of the *Literary Gazette*, where we left off with the author's return to the capital from a country excursion.

"All the houses were thrown open; garlands of ribands and flowers were streaming from the windows or suspended across the streets: at four different stations, each of them at the farthest angle from the centre of the town, were erected temporary altars, ornamented with cut glass, looking-glasses, large silver salvers, together with other articles of gold and silver, and in short every species of wealth and finery that the inhabitants possessed. The principal families who live near the particular station undertake, by turns, the fitting up of these altars; but it is customary for every one to contribute something towards their ornament. During the procession, in particular, these temporary altars are illuminated with a profusion of wax candles: the same are also kept burning on them for a day or two previous, and it is usual to see the young ladies of the family occupied in the office of

trimming them, and, in fact, taking charge of the whole arrangement. In all the several ceremonies, both in and out of the church, the civil authorities were much employed: church and state were intimately blended. The president was conveyed to and from the cathedral in a state carriage, drawn by four mules; two young lads of family, Zaravia and Aguirre, acting as postilions. In the procession there were included all the religious orders of the place. Of the order of Carmen there were forty monks, of our Lady of Mercy thirty, Franciscans forty, Dominicans thirty, Recollects fifty, Collegians thirty; in all about two hundred and twenty: these were followed by four hundred soldiers, and fifty or sixty other persons, who also formed part of the procession. I was invited into the house of the Marquess of Ayzena. The large rooms looking into the street were full of company; the windows were all open, and the ladies were disposed in groups on the window-seats; and their mothers, many of whom were indisposed by colds, which they were thus increasing, were seated in chairs behind them. As the Host passed, the whole company knelt down, and after a minute's silence and recollection, the buzz of mirth and business again filled the apartment. On one of the pier tables was a representation in wax-work of the shepherds coming to adore our Saviour: the rooms of all the houses, from the first to the lowest class, are so filled with these images and representations, that I should not have mentioned this circumstance in particular, had not my attention been arrested by some beads on the neck of one of the shepherds which looked like pearls, but which I thought, of course, could not be so, from their extraordinary size: I found, however, that I was mistaken. I had hardly supposed it possible that such enormous pearls existed; and, wishing to ascertain their value, I guessed them at ten thousand pounds: the marquess, I understood, had given more for them. The necklace consisted of twenty-one pearls, the centre one being in the shape of, and as large as, a pigeon's egg, and the others large in proportion, but round, and decreasing in size gradually towards each end."

These immense pearls are perhaps hardly less remarkable than the state of the arts, as thus spoken of:—

"Visited the convent of San Francisco. The church is one of the handsomest buildings in the town. The monks do not exceed fifty, but they are rich, and outvie the other ecclesiastical establishments in the grandeur of their processions, and the internal decorations of their temple. I was much struck by some of the pictures, especially one of Lazarus on the point of rising from the grave. Whether it was from the disposition of the light, or the excellence of the execution, I could not decide; but I could hardly persuade myself that it was not a real human being I was contemplating. I frequently afterwards visited the church, purposely to look at this picture: the impression of its excellence increased with my future observations. In the midday glare, and in the sombre shades of the evening, it still preserved its character of reality; and I do not remember, in all the churches which I have since visited in the Netherlands, having ever seen any thing more awful and impressive. What is most extraordinary, it is said to be the production of a native artist."

Man has been defined to be a cooking animal, and it is therefore fitting to inquire what sort of cooks they are in the new countries of the New World.

"We returned home to dinner about mid-day. I went into the kitchen to view the preparations, for the purpose of observing the style of cooking. The whole was effected by charcoal stoves: there was no open fire-place for roasting, and about half a dozen earthen pans, with handles, formed the whole *batterie de cuisine*. On the floor was lying a turkey, as if it were in a fit; and another was standing over it, evincing the greatest distress at its situation. I hardly ever remember having witnessed so much feeling in any animal as that exhibited in the action and manner of this disconsolate bird. Its companion, which, it seems, had been dosed with brandy so as to stupify it, was destined to die under the paroxysms of intoxication, for the purpose of rendering its flesh immediately available for the table. I had always remarked, both here and at Mexico, that the turkeys were delicately tender. We all remember that Horace prescribes a little vinegar for the purpose; but, perhaps, the plan of deadly intoxication is not so generally known."

What would our friend Mr. Ude say to this? After dining on drunken turkeys, the annexed is a pretty picture of the retirement of a lady from table, (though taken from a distant page of the volume, relative to Mexico).

"The bride was a small, shy little girl, about fifteen years of age, but plump and healthy, with a pair of bright black eyes, which made up, by the force and variety of their expression, for the silence and reserve of her general manner. The high tables, of which I have before spoken, render eating exceedingly awkward, even to a tall person; but with regard to one so short as was our amiable little hostess, it seemed to be a matter of the utmost convenience: for, laying her chin down on the edge of the plate, with her elbows poised on the table on each side of it, her hands moved alternately from the plate to her mouth, with the slightest possible exertion, like two reversed oars, rowing steadily, out of time. As during this operation her eyes fulfilled the office of her tongue, and no time was lost in conversation, she was enabled to work double tides, and always left us, as soon as she had done, to finish the rest of the business by ourselves. Opposite the door-way, in the centre of the large hall in which we dined, and in front of the place which I occupied at the table, was suspended one of those hammocks of which I have often spoken: it was hung under an awning which surrounded the internal part of the building, and encircling the court-yard. Into this she flung herself with a sort of patient indifference, which had something, however, of an air of listlessness; and, striking one of the pillars of the colonnade with her foot, and the wall on the other side with her hand, she dashed off, all at once, into a full swing. One of her maids immediately came up to her with a paper cigar, which she was smoking to keep alight, and, watching her opportunity, popped it into the hand, which was mechanically held out, and which transferred it, in a twinkling, into the mouth of the mistress. The operation was so neatly performed, that the oscillation of the swing was not in the slightest degree deranged. A subsidiary kick or thump kept it going for a quarter of an hour, when it gradually stopt. The cigar was smoked, the lady was asleep, and our dinner was almost finished."

We have only room for another sketch. A large party of ladies and gentlemen met on the road (in Mexico) are thus described:

"They were all mounted on mules, some of

these with single, and others with double saddles. The lady's single saddle consists of a small diekey, or three-sided cushioned seat, with a step for the feet; in short, it is a lady's Brighton donkey-saddle. When they ride double, the gentlemen sit on the male's hanches, with a saddle properly shaped for the purpose, having a flat square surface in front, on which his fair companion is seated, with her legs on the off-side, or rather shoulders, of the animal. In this case, she has no step or stirrup to support her feet, but generally sits cross-legged, trusting for her equilibrium to the good offices of the gentleman, whose left arm thus naturally surrounds her waist. His bridle is held in the right hand, which, as all my readers know, is the wrong one; but the other being engaged, he has no opportunity of helping himself, or even of lighting his cigar—as that this business devolves, as a matter of course, upon his companion: and thus the journey is accompanied, as might be expected, with a general interchange of mutual good offices. I never passed a party of these travellers, but I remarked that those who were riding in this fashion seemed to be the most cheerful and contented amongst them, and the least tired with the journey: a circumstance very difficult to account for, since the position of each is thus rendered very cramped and uncomfortable."

Our countryman is a bit of a wag! Witness for us, in conclusion, his idea of what an ambassador to any of these new states ought to be.

"They are (he assures us) obliged to evince, equally, physical and mental exertion; to combine the activity of the courier with the sedateness of the statesman; they should possess expansiveness of mind, with solidity of outline; a pliancy of character, with obduracy of epidermis; and a delicacy of sensibility, with a stomach for the black vomit."

Where are such men to be met with, to uphold the British interests in Central and South America? The thick heads, hard skulls, and powerful stomachs, we have no doubt, may be found among our suckling politicians in Downing Street and the Treasury; but the mind, the character, and the delicacy of sensibility, (aith it must be so), alas! where are they?

On Aneurism and its Cure, by a new Operation, &c. dedicated, by permission, to the King.
By James Wardrop, Surgeon to his Majesty.
pp. 117. London, Longman and Co.

ANEURISM is that dreadful disease where, from the rupture or dilatation of an artery, a pulsating swelling, filled with blood, is formed, which gradually enlarges, till at length the thin and soft parts, which have been stretched to the uttermost, give way, and the patient dies of a frightful bleeding. This disorder, so steady in its course, so invariably certain in its fatal issue—it may well be supposed, has engaged the attention of surgeons from the remotest antiquity. It was, however, generally considered beyond the reach of art, or at most only to be remedied by the hazardous operation of opening the swelling, or by amputation of the limb, till half a century ago, when John Hunter, the father of modern surgery, turned his splendid talents to the investigation of the disease, and proposed the method of tying the artery between the heart and the aneurism, and thus preventing the blood from reaching the tumour. The principle of this operation, which now bears the name of its founder, has been extended to other arteries besides that

of the thigh, for which it was originally intended, and has been adopted throughout Europe; and in practice found so successful, that it is at present universally admitted to be one of the grandest and most useful discoveries which have ever shed a lustre over surgical science, or conferred important benefits on the human race. It is evident, however, that the *Hunterian operation* can only be employed in those cases of aneurism where, from its superficial course, the artery can readily be reached by the knife of the surgeon: but a vast number of instances unfortunately occur, where the disease is situated so high up in the groin, or so deeply at the root of the neck, that it is physically impossible for the best anatomist to secure the vessel. These cases have hitherto been considered beyond the reach of art, and regarded as the opprobria of surgery.

Mr. Wardrop, on taking a philosophical review of the data which led John Hunter to propose his operation, was led to conceive, that if the artery were tied beyond the tumour—i. e. further from the heart than the disease itself, or, as he terms it, "on the distal side of the aneurism"—a cure might be effected. For he believed that the circulation through the disease would in that way be prevented, and the blood already filling the tumour allowed to coagulate. Being convinced of the truth of these pathological views, he proceeded to put them to the test of experience, and tied the carotid artery in the middle of the neck for an aneurism at the root of that vessel. The successful result of the case was the best proof of the propriety of the operation, which he has since repeated with the same happy result. He has also tied the subclavian artery (which is situated below the collar-bone) for an aneurism of the arteria innominata—a vessel which emerges almost from the heart itself—and the patient was cured. Mr. Wardrop's operation has since been repeated by Dr. Bush, Professor of Anatomy in New York; and by Messrs. Gambert and Evans. The result of all these cases has been such as completely to establish the propriety of his new operation.

Mr. Wardrop's work contains a full account of the history of his views—minute details of the cases and of the operations—with his reasoning on the subject.

The author is certainly entitled to the gratitude of the public at large for thus boldly establishing a method whereby a dreadful and hitherto intractable disease may be cured; and of the medical profession in particular, for thus wiping off one of the opprobria of their science, and for making one of the greatest improvements in the treatment of aneurism which has been introduced into this department of practical surgery since the time of the illustrious Hunter.*

* The discovery of the principles of uniting living surfaces, divided by accident or by operations, the basis of which are felt in every branch of surgery, as, until then, this department of the healing art was scarcely entitled to the name of science, for the exertions of the surgeon must have been very unsuccessful,—the operation for aneurism, as well as healing by the first intention, are both the fruits of the same mind, which was marked by original genius, and by the most persevering and patient industry. These exertions will ever render the name of Hunter immortal; and it becomes the public, the army, and the navy, to erect a monument to his memory,—as these results of his genius have done more towards the alleviation of human misery than all the systems of medicine that have been written. The successful performance of amputation at the hip-joint, by Sir Astley Cooper,—an operation that was, by the authority of Pott, discarded from surgery;—the introduction of single ligatures in securing arteries, with the mode of arranging them, rendered the principle of the illustrious Hunter complete, which was imperfect in its influence until this improvement was accomplished; so that the surgeon, possessing dexterity and anatomical information, has, with the knowledge of these discoveries by Hunter, Wardrop, and others,

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, July 25.

NEVER were the inhabitants of this city at such a loss for expedients to make away with time as at present, for wind and rain most provokingly oppose every effort to banish spleen and get rid of one's self: Ranelagh balls, however, offer a resource to yawning ladies and gentlemen, and have latterly been a *grand repairs* for loungers and loungereses. Unfortunately, Mammion (come in what shape he may) finds entrance to these assemblies; so that, as nature provides high-toned gentry with no distinguishing mark of superiority, they are jostled, squeezed, and shouldered, by the plebeian race; and rich dames run the chance of being whirled round in a waltz by a soap-dealer, chandler, or some low son of commerce. It must be truly mortifying for the *superfines* of the age to find formidable rivals in measurers of tape, weighers of snuff, sugar, &c.; for these latter can flatter, babble, flutter, dance, swagger, and ogle, with as much ease and grace as the first red-ribanded count; and when decked in a fashionably cut coat, their heels ornamented with bright brass spurs, and their faces set in a frame of black beard shorn after the *Guiche* fashion, may vie with the greatest heroes of the age for preferment in ladies' hearts.

On Sunday last I felt much surprised at seeing a pragmatic-looking English parson and his three sisters make their appearance, and join the other sinners in sabbath-breaking; but, to do them justice, their feet and consciences appeared at open war: nothing could be more grave or solemn than the countenances of these individuals; they looked as though they imagined the black gentleman was close behind, and that each step brought them nearer to hot quarters. But fashion, it appears, is irresistible, or curiosity—for, even in this light land, a clergyman never partakes of trivial amusements, or is seen at any public place on Sundays.

The museum of the Louvre is about to be shut, on account of repairs, and will not be reopened till October.—Amongst the curiosities of the day is a tooth of Napoleon, which a dentist is said to have sold for five thousand francs to a rich Jew, who has had it set in diamonds, and wears it as a brooch. The bones and the hair of that extraordinary man are in the possession of so many, that he must have had a rare quantity, and in time no doubt they will increase and multiply, as has the holy cross and other holy relics, of which every nun, priest, and friar, possesses a relic.

Wit is grown very thread-bare: we have new publications by hundreds, but on turning over the leaves you meet with nothing but old acquaintances modernised by some pilfering author.

M. Antommarchi has presented a memoir to the Royal Academy, to prove that it has awarded unjustly the prize of experimental physiology to M. Lippio, for that his doctrines admit of being refuted.

Great preparations are making for the approaching fêtes at Tivoli, her Royal Highness Madame having announced her intention of visiting them the ensuing week: the weather, however, appears determined to counteract M. Robertson's efforts to amuse the public, for we have constant rain and hail, and are shivering and shaking as in the month of November.

extraordinary resources for averting the fatal effects of wounds and accidents. Indeed, unto such men as Bell, Cooper, Wardrop, and Lawrence, who have heads to conceive and hands to execute, no man, unless mortally wounded in the head, heart, or great arterial trunk, ought to be despaired of.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT, &c.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

33, Lincoln's Inn Fields, July 23d, 1829.

Sir,—You took such very favourable notice of a small pamphlet of mine on Imprisonment for Debt and the Law of Insolvency, that I am induced to request space for a few remarks on the same subjects, arising out of a part of your Saturday's publication. In your Review and analysis of a Treatise on the Police and Crimes of the Metropolis, you say—"Among the promotives of crime the debtor laws are enumerated, and their operations shewn to be chiefly profitable to the legal profession, and comparatively of little utility to creditors. Thirty-four debts of 15,259 discharged insolvents amounted to nearly eleven millions sterling, and the whole property got in by the assignees left only one penny-farthing in the pound to the creditor, without deducting court-fees, &c." I must presume the words "thirty-four" to be a misprint, and that the author wrote "the whole debts," or some equivalent expression, so as to make it intelligible. The statement itself is founded upon a return made to the House of Commons in the year 1823; but it contains not only a misrepresentation of the return (unintentional, no doubt), but also a most erroneous inference therefrom, which it is very material to explain. The number of insolvents (15,259) is nearly correct: it should be 15,696. The amount of debts as appearing upon their schedules, is correct enough for this purpose: it is something under ten millions and a half. The return does not pretend to give an account of "the whole property got in by the assignees;" nor was any such return ordered. It was required to contain "an account of the amount of assets divided among the creditors;" but this could not be done, and therefore the following explanation was appended to the return:—"It is important to observe, that the sum stated under this head is made up from only seventy accounts of assignees in town cases and thirty in country cases, which are all that have been filed wherein any dividends are shewn to have been made." It is therefore quite evident that it is most erroneous to divide the total of the debts in 15,696 cases by the total of the dividends paid in 100 of the cases, and then infer the quotient to be the average dividend of the whole. If any such arithmetical process were fairly admissible, I should have a right, after explaining this mistake, to multiply the "penny farthing" by 156, being the proportion which 100 bears to the whole, and then assert the average dividends to be sixteen shillings and threepence in the pound. But as I will not admit an unfair argument on the one side, so I reject the advantage derivable from it on the other. The truth is, that the "penny farthing" is in itself a mistake, the real result of the unfair process being only about one farthing and a quarter of a farthing in the pound; and even this, multiplied by the 156, would make the average dividends exceed four shillings in the pound. Still, however, I refuse to admit that averages so taken prove any thing. My object is to shew that arguments founded on such data cannot operate either for or against the principle of the law of insolvency. If this principle be not demonstrably good in itself, no such results ought to support it; and if it be, they ought not to shake it. The author proceeds (as you state) to propose "abolishing compulsory process for recovering sums below a certain amount;" I suppose this must mean raising the sum for which an arrest on mesne process may be made, from 20*l.* to some higher sum. I entirely agree with the author in his object; but I as entirely disagree with him as to the means of effecting it. Merely to raise the amount for which arrest may be made, is to take from a debtor for 20*l.* his present option of surrendering to prison after incurring about 5*l.* costs, and to send him there a few weeks later at three times that expense. The author objects to the increase of law costs; and it is because I do so likewise, that I cannot coincide with him in this proposal. The true way to attain our common object, as I have elsewhere endeavoured to shew, is to permit debtors to subject themselves to the law of insolvency without going to prison at all, unless under sentence, after fraud or other improper conduct proved against them. Let as much as possible of the present expenses be saved to both creditor and debtor, and let the most efficient means be adopted for making an early and equitable distribution of the property of the latter. It should not be forgotten, that a large proportion of the debtors committed annually to the prisons in London are not inhabitants of the metropolis, but are those who, having been arrested in various counties and liberated on bail, cannot surrender in their discharge except in town. If they then seek the relief afforded by the law of insolvency, it is a general and a just complaint that they are heard at a distance from their creditors, who must forego opposition, or incur large and needless expense. My proposal would be a complete remedy, by freeing this class from the necessity of surrendering at all; and this, again, would so reduce the numbers committed to the King's Bench and Fleet prisons, as to leave the former quite equal to the reception of the whole. If this were done, the country might save the large expense now proposed to be incurred in building the new Fleet prison in St. George's Fields, except so much as might be a compensation to the officers displaced, until by succession they should be provided with equivalent appointments at the King's Bench. I have only to add my hope that a measure in the support of which humanity and policy are united, and which has been so powerfully advocated by a large portion of the enlightened public press, must at no great distance of time be carried into effect.—I am, sir, &c.

HENRY DANCE.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

RUSSIAN VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.

Further particulars.*

In the middle of June 1828, the *Siniävin* had left, for the second time, the harbour of St. Peter and St. Paul, and sailed, with a favourable wind, on its voyage to examine Behring's Straits. The coast of Kamtschatka afforded the navigators a very striking prospect. From the centre of Avatscha Bay they had a view of five immense mountains, which rise, insulated and steep, above some lower eminences. On the south side of the bay stands Viluschinskaja, a magnificent peak, covered with eternal snow, which, by trigonometrical measurement, is 6342 feet in height. The Kamtschadale relates with dread the traditions relative to the subterraneous spirits in the interior of this mountain; but the mind of the spectator who visits these countries for the first time is seized and enchained by very different feelings, which no language can express. These are mountains which rise singly from the plain, on a level with the sea, and whose ice-crowned summits are lost in the azure vault of the firmament. The heart throbs with double violence, a hitherto unfelt and almost painful emotion overpowers the astonished spectator; yet he cannot tear himself away from this sublime scene. In the starry night, in which the contours of the mountains are strongly marked, in consequence of the dazzling whiteness of the snow, he appears to forget the stars of heaven, because he cannot abstract his eyes from the colossi of the earth. One of these mountains, the Karazkaja, which is but little inferior in elevation to the Peak of Teneriffe, as it measures 11,468 feet—constantly emits columns of smoke from its northern side, though profound silence and tranquillity prevail in its interior. This is not the case with its next neighbour, the Avatschankaja (the burning), whose top, enveloped in thick clouds of smoke, threw out, so recently as last year, immense masses of fire, and spread terror and consternation among the inhabitants. The lowest mountain, which slopes down to the sea-coast, is the Kaselskaja. But the most gigantic of them, which is visible at a distance of 160 sea miles, and which, at the same time, announces the terrible revolutions which this peninsula has undergone, is the Kluschefskaja, or Kamtschatskaja, which has but very lately thrown out ashes and lava. Its summit, which is involved in thick clouds of smoke, is more elevated than that of Mont Blanc, being 16,542 feet above the level of the sea. But the Swiss mountain must make a very different impression from that which this Asiatic volcano excites, because the latter rises immediately from the ocean, while the foot of Mont Blanc is concealed by considerable mountains which stand before it.

On the 23d of June they reached the rocky island of Kavaga, in lat. 58° 59' north, which has no trees, but is covered with thickets, that afford a retreat, but very seldom disturbed, to innumerable bears, foxes, and marmots. In the bay of the same name is the small and almost inaccessible island, called Werchaturafskaja, where the valuable black foxes are said to abound.

On the 11th of July they observed Cape Thadeus, which forms the southern point of the Sea of Anadir, and was found by observation to be in 61° 40' north latitude. On the 14th they descried the snowy plains of the Island of St. Lawrence; on the 15th they enjoyed the view of both continents at

once on Gwoedef's Islands, which lie between them; and on the 16th they cast anchor in St. Lawrence Bay, in latitude 65° 37'. Here they for the first time had some intercourse with the Tchoukches, a fine vigorous race of men, who received them very kindly, and during their temporary stay kept up a most friendly intercourse with them. This nation is usually divided into two tribes, distinguished by the name of the Sitting, and the Reindeer Tchoukches. The former dwell in the most sterile spots on the sea-coast, and in their leather boats navigate the ocean, which affords them every thing they need. The sea furnishes them the materials for their boats, their houses, and their clothing; food, arms, and fuel, by the capture of whales, walrus, and seals. The Reindeer Tchoukches traverse the continent with their numerous herds; they differ both in language and manners from the others. They are far more warlike, but carry on in an amicable manner the intercourse and trade between the Russians living on the Kolyma and elsewhere, and the tribes dwelling on the coasts, the produce of whose fishery is absolutely necessary to them. There is no difference between the two tribes, either in external appearance or in dress. The intercourse with the Russians is indispensable to both, partly to obtain iron and copper goods, and partly, and indeed chiefly, for tobacco, of which both sexes are passionately fond. For a few leaves of Russian tobacco and some needles, any thing may be obtained from them.

Thick fogs prevented them from continuing their operations on the coast. After cruising about a long time, they at length cast anchor on the 27th, at the entrance of the Bay of Metschigimskenski, intending, as it was then late in the day, to enter the port next morning; but a very violent wind blowing from shore would not permit it; and after losing a whole day, they found it necessary to abandon the attempt and steer to the south, having little time to spare. In lat. 64° 47' they came to an apparent inlet, which had been already observed by Clarke. They immediately sent out boats to look for a harbour, in which they succeeded. The following day the naturalists made an excursion, and convinced themselves that what had hitherto been taken for a part of the continent, was in fact an island. On the 29th they changed their anchoring-place, and perceived, from the hills, that they were in a considerable channel, formed by two large islands and the continent of Asia. This channel, which contains a number of excellent harbours, received the name of *Siniävin Straits*; and in the time that intervened to the 6th of August, it was accurately surveyed by the captain and the officers. Cape Mertens forms the southern entrance of this channel, which ever since the time of Cook has been taken for a bay. Here they left Behring's Straits, sailed on the 9th of August round Cape Ischakotak, and were again in the Sea of Anadir. On the 14th they were off a cape where Behring had been exactly 100 years before, on the same day at noon; for which reason Captain Litke called it Behring's Cape. On the 16th they reached the great, and hitherto undescribed, bay of the Holy Cross, where they remained till the 5th of September, and made an accurate survey of it; from which it appeared, that it extended further to the north than East Cape in Behring's Straits, and reached the polar circle. Here, however, the winter overtook them with all its northern terrors—violent storms, heavy snow, and thick fogs; and they were compelled, to their great regret, to

* See *Lit. Gaz.* Jan. 30, 1830.

leave these dangerous coasts, on which they had remained longer than any preceding navigators. It was not till the 23d that they happily arrived in the harbour of St. Peter and St. Paul, where, to their great joy, they found the Moller, which had returned to that place on the 20th of August. They intended to put to sea again on the 28th of October, to survey some of the western Carolines, and then return to Europe by the way of Manilla and the Straits of Sunda. Not a single man had died on board the *Siniavin* during this long voyage.*

SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION IN GREECE.

June 21.

THE members of the scientific commission are all engaged in excursions. Colonel Bory St. Vincent, accompanied by four of his colleagues, Messrs. Virlet, Baccuet, De Launay, and Brule, has succeeded in travelling through Maina, where he was very well received by all the chiefs, especially by Captain Mourtzinos. He took advantage of these favourable circumstances to ascend Mount Taygetus, which had never before been done by any known traveller. These gentlemen, after four days' extreme fatigue, and in spite of the snows with which Taygetus is still covered, reached the summit, and were able correctly to measure the highest mountain in the Morea. They are at present in the heart of Arcadia; and have measured Mount Lyceus and the ancient Cotyllus. Messrs. Blouet, Dubois, and Amaury Duval, with their assistants, are at Olympia, where some excavations have afforded them very satisfactory results. They have discovered a temple, which they suppose to be that of the Olympian Jupiter. The length of this monument appears to be two hundred and forty feet; the columns are twenty-one feet in circumference. M. Baroisier, one of the members of the section of architecture, came, a fortnight ago, to Modon, to ask of General Schneider for a supply of tools, to be able to continue, with more activity, the interesting excavations which they intend to make.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR AUGUST.

22d day, 23 hrs. 33 min.—the sun enters the sign Virgo, according to the fixed Zodiac; its true place in the heavens will be in Leo, about two degrees east of Regulus, a star of the first magnitude, situate nearly in the ecliptic.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
○ First Quarter in Libra	7	10	13
○ Full Moon in Capricornus	14	10	26
● Last Quarter in Taurus	21	1	35
● New Moon in Leo	28	20	53

The moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Venus in Leo	1	0	20
Jupiter in Scorpio	9	1	0
Saturn in Cancer	26	20	0
Mars in Leo	28	13	52
Mercury in Leo	29	16	30
Venus in Virgo	31	12	30

11th day, 8 hrs.—Mercury in conjunction with Saturn; 19th day, 23 hrs.—with Mars; 20th day, 12 hrs. 15 min.—in superior conjunction with the sun. Venus is approaching the earth, its brilliancy and diameter increasing; it will soon be conspicuous as an evening star. 15th day—11 digits west illuminated, and apparent diameter 11".

18th day, 15 hrs. 45 min.—Mars in conjunction. Jupiter still continues to send forth its streams of radiance soon after sunset, and, as the darkness increases, forms a remarkable contrast of colour with the red star Antares, which is to the south of the planet. 29th day,

19 hrs. 15 min.—in quadrature. The following are the only visible eclipses of the satellites during the month:—

	D.	H.	M.	S.
First Satellite, Emerson	20	9	4	11
Third Satellite, Emerson	8	9	7	28

19th day, 8 hrs. 30 min.—a curious configuration will occur of the satellites; the first satellite will be on the disc, the fourth in the shadow, and the second and third at an equal distance east and west of the primary.

Saturn is too near the sun to be seen.

Uranus is in a favourable position for telescopic observation; the two stars in the head of the Goat point nearly to it in a southern direction. This planet passes the meridian at the following times respectively:—

D.	H.	M.	D.	H.	M.	D.	H.	M.
1	11	40	11	11	0	21	10	21

Occultation of Aldebaran.—21st day—this beautiful star, and some small ones near it, will be occulted: the moon will rise a short time after midnight, when the star will be observed a little to the east of it. As the immersion will not occur till after the sun has risen, a telescope will be necessary to observe the phenomenon. The following will be the times of occultation, as computed for four principal observatories:—

	Sidereal Time.	Mean Solar Time.
Greenwich	3 45 17	Immersion.
	5 2 19	1 Emerison.
Bedford	3 45 17	44 Immersion.
	5 2 19	1 Emerison.
Edinburgh	3 30 17	20 Immersion.
	4 46 18	45 Emerison.
Dublin	3 12 17	11 Immersion.
	4 28 18	27 Emerison.

Deftford.

J. T. B.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.
ASIATIC SOCIETY.

JULY 25. Sir Alexander Johnston, V.P. in the chair.—Mr. J. F. Davis, late of China, read the second part of his Essay on the Poetry of the Chinese: in the course of which he introduced the translation of a Chinese poem, descriptive of London, written in 1813 by a Chinese who had visited the metropolis; and an abstract of another poem, illustrative of some peculiarities in the manners of Europeans, written by a Hong merchant who had never been out of China. The latter, as might be expected, excited the risible muscles of the members who heard it read. Sir Alexander Johnston presented to the Society a continuation of the series of maps and charts of Ceylon, formerly presented by him. Colonel Fitzclarence presented his *Hussar's Life on Service*; Mr. Ackermann, of the Strand, a very elegant engraving, representing the introduction of Trial by Jury and the Abolition of Domestic Slavery in the Island of Ceylon; Mr. Klaproth, his *Critical Observations upon some recent Discoveries in Egyptian Hieroglyphics: the Transactions of the Medico-Botanical Society*, and several other works of literature and art, were likewise presented. The Rev. Dr. Mill, principal of Bishop's College, Calcutta, was introduced, and took his seat as a member. M. Cesar Moreau was elected a foreign member; Don N. Pereira, Dr. Waitz, and Lieutenant Rowlandson, were elected corresponding members. The worthy chairman then declared the meeting adjourned till the first Saturday in December.

THE NIGER.*

Margate, July 24, 1829.

SIR,—An article has appeared in the last *Quarterly Review*, which conveys so erroneous

* The question discussed in Sir Rufane Donkin's letter is of such general interest, that we cheerfully afford it a

a view of what a late publication of mine—the "Course and probable Termination of the Niger"—really is, that I beg leave, through your Journal, to make the following observations, in the hope that they may meet the eyes of some of those who may see the critique and not my book.

My censor begins by stating, that my "conclusions are contrary to known facts;" and soon after we are told, that "the Greek, Roman, and Arab (authors), having no personal knowledge of this subject, ran riot in speculative geography, and, for want of facts, indulged in the wildest fancies."

Now, many of the facts on which I have reasoned were drawn from those Greek, Latin, and Arab writers; I supposing, as others had done before me, that those writers were entitled to some credit; but I find myself suddenly deprived of all aid from them by the above sweeping anathema, and Herodotus and Ptolemy fall out of my hands, as insignificant personages as

"—fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum."

Here then I err—not in drawing "conclusions contrary to facts," but in citing as facts the "fancies" of dreaming authors! This is a destruction of literary material for which I confess I was not prepared: but as a considerable portion of my work is founded on facts taken from these condemned authors, I hope and believe it will not be found that I have come to false conclusions on those facts.

But it appears afterwards, that some of the "known facts," in defiance of which I have come to my conclusions, relate to the course of the Niger as detailed in Captain Clapperton's last journey; and my censor contends, that the Niger or Quorra does not flow into the Tchad by the Yeon, but, if at all, by the Shary. I need hardly say, that before I published a work on the Niger, I had read what Denham and Clapperton had written; and, as well as I recollect here, Denham was so convinced that the Yeon was the Niger, that he sent a bottle of its water to a friend as the true Niger water; and the weight of testimony that the Yeon is the Niger still appears to me to be so strong, that my opinion remains unshaken. Indeed, if any reliance is to be placed either on Major Denham's map, or on his account of his journey to Mandara, the junction of the Quorra or Niger with the Shary is impossible. However, let the Niger run into the Tchad by the Shary—all I ask is, let it run into the Tchad by *any* channel—for a most material part of my Dissertation turns on the channel which I think I have proved to flow out of the Tchad to the eastward—a circumstance of the greatest importance; for, if I have shewn the existence of such a channel, whither does it conduct the Niger? I thought I had found an undoubted recipient for it in the Nile of Bornou; but the Quarterly Review tells me, to my surprise, that I must not reckon on any such river (p. 225)! for that the only known rivers in Bornou are the Yeon and the Shary; at the same time, too, the lake Dombou is pronounced a non-entity! To be thus deprived of rivers, lakes, and authors, to which all writers on African geography have hitherto been accustomed to look up as entities and certainties, leaves me with very scanty materials indeed for a dissertation on the Niger; and all I can do is to appeal from such a dictum to the authorities I have cited on the subject of the Nile

place, entertaining great esteem for the talents of the writer; though, while we give publicity to his able and gentlemanlike defence, we take no part as combatants against our brother Reviewer.—Ed. L. G.

of Bornou and the lake Dombou, in the existence of both of which I continue to believe.

Next comes a remark—parenthetically—that the Niger and Nile of Bornou must “run a little up hill, to be sure,” to reach the Gulf of Sidra. We are not told how this slope upwards towards the coast is known or has been ascertained. My belief is, that Africa, like most other countries, *falls* towards its coasts; and in my hypothesis of the Niger running into the Gulf of Sidra—for I give it as an hypothesis only, even in my very title-page, although I am dealt with as if I had advanced it as a fact—I suppose that river to be still in its ancient deep bed, though covered over with sand in the catastrophe described by Herodotus, but of whose authority I have been deprived in the general prescription of the Greeks and Romans. A river so covered over by sand may surely be supposed to continue its way to the sea in its old bed, *without running up hill*. And as to the state in which Messrs. Beechey are said (Quarterly Review, p. 238) to have found the coast, I have no where implied that *now* the influx of the Niger was visible from “pleasant quicksands:” on the contrary, if the river be there at all, it must be covered over by hills of consolidated sand, the accumulation of ages, and which are still accumulating; and any one who will look into my Dissertation will see a river, not “running up hill,” but *hills running over a river*; or, in plain words, hills of sand have come to and covered the river. But this notion of water “running up hill” was too good a joke to be lost, although to me it had not the charm of novelty, having been let off on me many weeks ago, and answered by me at the time as I have here answered it. I wish when the writer of the article in the Quarterly was pleased to designate me (p. 237) as “Amicus Plato,” he had recollected that there was a still more important personage in the sentence—an “Amica”—but who appears to have been sacrificed for a joke, and that a stale one!

As I have not Messrs. Beechey's work here, nor indeed have I any books—I cannot say how far off, nor in what direction, is placed the rocky range, 400 or 500 feet high, on the skirts of the Desert (p. 258); but if these rocky hills be continuous, and if they cross my assumed course of the river, there is an end of my hypothesis, and I shall abandon it as readily as I took it up, whenever it is disproved by facts: but if this range be, as I conjecture it to be, at a considerable distance from the coast, nothing short of an actual inspection of the range itself can prove it to be continuous. And, after all, supposing this range really to be in the way, have I not as great a claim to an opening in it as my censor has to suppose one in the great central chain, which is many thousand feet high, and above a hundred miles broad, to let through the Quorra into the Bight of Benin (p. 239) to join the Formosa, which makes such advances up the country, by what authority I know not, in the map appended to Captain Clapperton's book?

I am further censured for speaking slightly of D'Anville and Rennell. I appeal to my book in proof of my having spoken of them with the greatest respect. But when I have shown, that in regard to the Ptolemaic geography these distinguished geographers have committed no fewer than ten material errors (I could have much increased the number), citing Ptolemy as their authority—surely when I saw that Ptolemy gave no such authority, I was not to be deterred by great names from doing justice to the Alexandrian philosopher.

But I must hasten to conclude, and leave many points unanswered; particularly the attack on my rectification of Ptolemy's longitude. The merits of this part of the subject can be understood only by reading what both have said. I must just observe, however, that my reasonings and facts on this subject are by no means confined to the western coast, but affect the whole of the interior of Africa, the geography of which I have rectified, as far as Ptolemy is concerned, by drawing his first meridian through the westernmost of the Cape Verde; and the number of concordant instances cited by me seems to place this part of my Dissertation on a foundation little short of demonstration; whereas, if the first meridian be drawn through Ferro, my censor will find, if Ptolemy is to be listened to at all, that a number of places mentioned by that geographer, some of which I have noticed, would be transferred into the valley of the Nile of Egypt; and this will still be the result, even after admitting the proposition made in the Quarterly Review, of paring away several degrees of longitude from the western coast (p. 231); for, however this paring away may affect the coast and the mouth of the Salathus, it leaves all my reasoning on the interior untouched.

I have now only to notice two complimentary passages which have got, I know not by what chance, into the phial of wrath which has been poured out on my small octavo, and which appear like oases in the desert,—but like oases which are not presented to the African wanderer until every attempt had been made to beat out his brains and to render him insensible to even the most refreshing breeze. But one of these compliments is loaded with a rider—it is that in which the writer is pleased to say that I am “a scholar;” but immediately to this supposed scholarship is attributed my predilection for “ancient classical authorities.” Although I feel that my title to scholarship is very slender, I plead guilty to the charge of the predilection of which I am accused; but not guilty to the charge of “disregard to modern authorities.” If I have cited in my work Herodotus and Ptolemy, I have also cited Denham and Clapperton, and, unhappily for him, Browne, who, though a modern, falls under the anathema (p. 235). However, my scholarship, humble as I know it to be, will not allow me to subscribe to the critique on the word *συμβάλλω*. I have no Greek author or lexicon with me, but, taking the word *συμβάλλω* as it strikes me now, I cannot persuade myself that it means to “suppose” or to “conjecture,” in the sense given to it in the Quarterly Review. The preposition and the verb composing the word mean neither more nor less than “to throw together,” in Latin *con* and *jacio*—out of which I cannot, by any analogy, make any thing like “conjecture” or “supposition.” I believe, indeed, the word sometimes means to “consider,” but then the word “consider” has no reference to opinion or “conjecture,” but to a deep operation of the mind when it is wholly condensed and fixed on one subject; in which sense I think I have met with it either in Aristotle or Thucydides: but I here speak under correction, as I trust wholly to memory and a faint recollection.

But I will here finish by expressing my hope that those who may read the critique will forbear to make up their minds till they have looked into the work criticised. I hope and believe that it is written without any thing like pretension, and I cannot help flattering myself, that those who may read my Dissertation will acquit me of the sweeping accusation

of having “come to conclusions contrary to known facts.” I remain, &c., &c.

R. S. DONKER.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Scraps, “to drive away the heavy thought of care.” Designed, etched, and published, by D. C. Johnston, Boston.

MR. JOHNSTON appears to be the American Cruickshanks: undoubtedly much inferior to our witty and celebrated countryman, particularly in his qualifications as an artist; but by no means destitute of humour, for all that. Of course, the most entertaining of his “scraps” on this side of the water will be those which relate to Transatlantic manners. Among the best of these is, “A fancy ball, given by ‘the fast coloured circles’ at Philadelphia.” It represents one of those *sabornalia*, at which the American slaves lose, in the exuberance of their temporary gaiety, all sense of their real condition. One “little nigger, wid de big oifer coat on,” is “Gineral Washington.” Another, dressed like Napoleon, and taking a crony,—“Cuff,” what crackter you tink I am?” is answered, “Why, you lege looks like Bony-parts.” A third accosts a sort of Hostetot angel,—“Miss Philisee, shall I hab de facility ob you hand? I spose by you beautiful wings you stain de crackter ob de butterfly:”—on which a dingy rival of the lady's observes, aside,—“De butterfly! de lord know she looks more like de butterflykin.”—“A New Way to pay Old Debts,” is comical enough. “Here's a your bill, sir,” exclaims an urchin, cap in hand, to a lanky creditor, who seems to be a Frenchman without a sou; “master says will you please to pay it, cause he kind a wants the money?” “You littel impertinent jak-mokey,” is the courteous reply, “go tell you master for pay his own debts, and no trouble himself bout mine.”—“Making use of a friend” is no bad exhibition of contrasted impudence and meekness: “I've broke your rotten wheelbarrow, usin on't; you'll please to git it mended right off, cause I'll want to borrow it agin this arternoon.” “Friend, it shall be repaired and sent to thee.” There are in all thirty-six “scraps;” and although some of them are rather tame, they manifest upon the whole considerable talent.

Sketches of Cattle. Drawn from Nature and on Stone by J. F. Herring, Animal Portrait Painter, Doncaster. S. and J. Fuller. Five lithographic plates, full of character, and highly creditable to Mr. Herring's talents.

The Right Hon. Caroline Harriet, Viscountess Eastnor. Engraved by Scriven, from a Painting by Mrs. Carpenter. M. Colnaghi. A FINE little specimen (being the fifty-eighth of Portraits of the Female Nobility in *La Belle Assemblée*) of Mrs. Carpenter's power and taste as a painter, and of Mr. Scriven's talents as an engraver.

Caricatures.—Great political struggles and changes make the harvest for the caricaturist; and the late season has been prolific of these whimsical signs of the times. Among the best which have appeared is a series by Paul Fry (an anagram of potency in this career of art), referring to coach-driving, the Premier being “the man vot drives the Sovereign;” Mr. Peel, his cad; a lady, the guard; Lord Eldon, driver of the opposition; and the King himself, a swell.

* Not the slightest resemblance of our portly and hospitable friend at the Freemason's.—*Ed. L. G.*

The popularity of this set has stimulated the amusing Paul to try his hand, and very successfully, on another class of ten characters, *i. e.* making his majesty, his ministers, &c. parish officers. These are very clever;—the present Lord Chancellor is beadle; Prince Leopold, a charity boy; the Duke of Wellington, Caleb Quotem, parish clerk; Brougham, one of the poor mending the highways; Mr. Peel, Dusty Bob; the Attorney-General, the attorney in general to the parish; Lord Eldon, watchman; and the King, overseer. The drollery of these representations, and the smartness of their accessories, even after the tug of the party war is relaxed, bid fair to render them equally successful with their precursors; and, indeed, though we rarely notice such things, the talent displayed by this Mr. Pry is deserving of record, as restoring something of the better days of caricature.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LINES

Written in a Copy of Milton with Illustrations by JOHN MARTIN, Esq.

POET of glorious dreams!
I gaze upon thy page with deep delight,
Feeling as if the rush of mighty streams
Dazzled my sight.

Poet! what soul, save thine,
Was ever filled with such imaginings?
Who ever sought so closely to entwine
Earthly with hidden things?

Is there a brain on earth
In which such gorgeous fancies e'er have
wrought?
Is there a spirit that could e'er give birth
To such o'erpowering thought?

There is:—turn to this page,
And look on the rich visions pictured there;
An equal genius of an after age
Hath risen thy fame to share.

Poet! thou didst but give
The outline of the beings of thy brain;
Painter! 'twas thine to bid them rise and live,
And o'er our senses reign.

For there is a strong spell
In their deep, voiceless language to our hearts;
We gaze upon them till our bosoms swell,
And the slow tear-drop starts.

Painter! thy heart is cast
In the same heavenly mould as was his own;
From him to thee his mighty spirit past,
That thou might take its tone,
And seize the thoughts that were
In quick creation thronging in that soul,
And subject all their will and feverish stir
To thy control.

Thy name shall ever be
Mingled with his beside his hallow'd shrine,
And glory such as his, immortally,
Painter! is thine.

M. A. BROWNE.

Worton Lodge, Iaincorth.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

To the Editor, &c.

REGAL FRATRICIDE LEGALISED IN TURKEY.

"Le lâche et cruel Mahomet III fit périr ses dix-neuf frères."

SIR,—In your recent extracts from Macfarlane's Constantinople, I observe that the writer dwells with just indignation on the sanguinary character of the Ottoman rulers, and quotes Mahomet III. as its signal exemplar.* The

unnatural practice of princely fratricide, however, was legalised by the Turkish legislators more than 130 years before his time, and was obviously borrowed from the bloody precedents established by their eastern forefathers.

The ancient annals of commonwealths, as well as despotic governments, afford numerous instances of fratricides committed with a view to political ends. Few will have forgotten how warmly some writers have sought to extenuate, whilst others have indignantly condemned, Timoleon's slaying of Timophanes, the Athenian tyrant; or how every pen has sentenced to unqualified abhorrence Gentius the Illyrian, and Perseus the Macedonian, who steeped their swords in a brother's blood, "quo tutius regnarent." But the Eastern satraps far outdid their rivals in the West, and the mighty monarchs of Persia, in particular, outraged the laws of nature without a scruple, whenever they deemed the death of a brother calculated to enhance the stability of their blood-stained sovereignties. One of the earliest tales of horror which disgraces the page of Persian story, records the parricide perpetrated by Darius and his fifty brothers on his aged parent Artaxerxes; in retaliation for which, we are told that Ochus, who had seized upon the vacant crown, put the fifty murderers, his brothers, and their wives and children, without distinction of age or sex, to instant death. Again, as Justinus informs us, Ferhad, or Phrahates IV., united in his single person the execrable pre-eminence of being a parricide, filicide, and fratricide; for his father, son, and thirty brothers, fell victims to his remorseless cupidity. It is observed by the historian on this occasion, that it would seem as if increased lustre shone from the Persian diadem whenever it begirt a parricidal or fratricidal brow. The code of Persian despotism was, however, a stranger to any legislative enactment by which the murder of a man's nearest kin was adjudged to be a justifiable means of giving stability to thrones; such a doctrine as this was reserved to form a horribly-distinguishing feature of the canons of Turkish jurisprudence, as propounded by the conqueror of Constantinople, Mahomet II. "*The learned in the law*," he decreed, "*have in general declared, that whosoever amongst my illustrious children and descendants shall hereafter wield a sceptre, may cause his brothers to be put to death, in order to provide for the peace of mankind; and they are to govern themselves accordingly.*" Othman, the founder of the Ottoman empire, had set the first example of ridding one's self of troublesome kindred, by the assassination of his uncle; and Bajazet, "the lightning-flasher," the first example of fratricide, by murdering his brother upon his accession to the imperial turban. Mahomet the Second, his great grandson, however, was not content with simply treading in his steps, but determined that fratricide should thenceforwards be perpetrated according to law, and that his own example should stand forth as its earliest precedent.

The melancholy history of Zizim, the brother of Mahomet's successor, Bajazet II., by whom the infamous Alexander VI., Borgia, was bribed to administer a poisoned chalice to the persecuted prince, must be familiar to your readers. But less so, in all likelihood, the atrocious conduct of Selim I. towards his brothers and nephews, of whose melancholy fate I claim the privilege of presenting you with a brief narrative.

"Selim," says his historian, Dachenabi, "was a man of lofty bearing, an enterprising

spirit, and a ready judgment, with much genius for poetry, and of deep penetration; but fiery, irritable, and overbearing in his temperament." We require no better illustration of the latter qualities in his character, than what passed between him and Pirpasha, his grand vizier, when the minister once observed to him, between earnestness and joking, "I am aware, my lord Padishah, that some day or other you will take occasion to put an end to your poor slave; could you not vouchsafe me four-and-twenty hours' notice or so, that I may set my account in order with this world and the next?" The sultan laughed aloud at Pirpasha's well-founded apprehensions, and replied,—"*It's very true, I have long had this thing in mind, but I have no one fit to replace you in the grand viziership; otherwise it would be an easy matter for me to accede to your wishes!*"

The cool-blooded ferocity with which this ruffian set about the murder of his five nephews, is thus narrated by Menavino:—"On the Turkish sabbath (November 27th, 1512) five chiefs of the janissaries received orders to seize upon the five princes at Brusa, and bring them to the palace. One was seven years of age, and the others twice and thrice as old. The whole of them were entrapped and confined in a palace, and kept ready for slaughtering the next day. The youngest fell upon his knees before the two executioners and entreated his life might be spared, as he was ready to serve the sultan faithfully for an asper a-day. Mohammed (a youth of great promise, about twenty years old), when his executioners approached him, broke the arm of one of them, and with a knife inflicted a mortal wound on the other. Selim, who was feasting his eyes on the slaughter of his nephews from the adjoining apartment, sent additional assassins to complete the tragedy; the princes' hands were bound, and the bloody deed consummated without further peril to the assassins' own lives."

Selim's brother, Korkud, having been hunted from his palace at Magnesia, was discovered in a cavern with his faithful companion Piale, and conducted to Brusa. "As he drew near to the city," say the Turkish annalists, "the Kapidshibaah Sinan was despatched to meet him, apparently as the harbinger of a fraternal welcome, but, in truth, as the bearer of sentence of death. Sinan contrived to get Piale away from his lord during the night, and then roused the prince with the tidings of his doom. Korkud solicited an hour's delay, set himself down, and composed a poetical plaint to his brother, upbraiding him bitterly with his treachery. On the ensuing morning he was laid a corpse at his brother's feet, and the verses were delivered to his murderer, as his last bequest. Tears, such as the remorseful or hypocrite can summon at command, fell down his cheeks: mourning for three days was ordered; and fifteen Turkomans, who had betrayed the prince's place of refuge, and arrived at Brusa to claim their recompense, were executed. The faithful Piale never ceased to deplore the loss of his master; nor, until the last hour of his life, to watch on the spot where Korkud's remains were entombed."

Selim's only surviving brother, Achmet, the governor of Amasia, having raised the standard of revolt, was encountered and defeated by him not far from Brusa, and in his flight fell into a stream, when he was captured. He requested to be conducted into his brother's presence; but his captor refused the request, saying,—"*he should receive investiture of a sand-*

shak" (or principality), "as befitted an Ottoman prince." These words were his death-warrant; and the same Sinan who had been Korkud's executioner was now employed to perform a similarly bloody office. Achmet drew from his finger a costly ring, esteemed equal to a year's tribute from Rumili in value, and delivered it to his executioner, as a legacy to his unnatural brother. His body was deposited beside the remains of his five nephews, in the tomb of Amurath II., at Brusa.

These anecdotes will suffice as a passing comment on Mahomet's law of regal fratricide; and I add, that the reigning sultan also "has governed himself accordingly."—I am, sir, &c.

Q. E. D.

July 27th, 1829.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

THE accounts of the late aquatic Horticultural fête have been produced, examined, passed, and published; and certainly they appear to be such as not to justify any repetition of these silly exhibitions. The pecuniary part of the transaction is, briefly, that 4,438 tickets were sold at various prices, (from the original price of a single guinea to the huckster-like advance of two guineas, when the state of the market supported an increase,) and produced 5,185*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.* Of the purchasers, only 3,644 presented themselves at the gardens; some 800 persons having the good sense to put up with their first loss and stay away. Mr. Gunter received 3,106*l.* 12*s.* for the provender; *other expenses were estimated* at no less than 1,594*l.* 19*s.* 4*d.*, "including 346*l.* for work done expressly for the fête;" (what was the rest for, if not for the fête?!) and the Society netted a nominal balance of 123*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*

Such are the results of an affair which is not so much to be regretted for the trouble and expense incurred for so trifling a profit, as for its inconsistency with the character of the Society, and its sure tendency to lower it, not only in the opinion of the most judicious of its friends, but in that of the public at large. What is the design of this national Institution? To improve the horticultural productions of the country—to introduce new fruits, and vegetables, and flowers, and to cultivate the best of those which are already in existence, till our gardens should boast of all that was gratifying to the taste, beautiful to the sight, and useful for consumption, which our climate permitted us to enjoy. And what connexion can such shows have with such objects? None whatever. On the contrary, they tend to retard, if not destroy them. For months previous to the fête, and for months after, the gardeners, instead of attending to their duties, are employed in preparations for the entertainment: pitching tents, making promenades, dressing borders, and other ridiculous as well as injurious works; and for months after, they are employed in remedying the damages done by several thousand persons trampling over the grounds, and (when wet, as is usual) reducing them to the state of a morass, unfit for the growth of the commonest and hardiest plants. The 123*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* will go a very small way towards repairing the damages done in every corner of the garden. Far better would it be to afford some proofs of the scientific success of this Institution, than to be frittering away its interests in fêtes, which can only enhance the consequence of a few busy individuals, while it offends the judgments of a majority of the oldest members, who care not for seeing a display of fine fruits, &c. from every garden round

but from their own, which costs so much, and, as far as we can perceive, has literally done nothing for our national horticulture.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

ON Thursday Cimarosa's *Gli Horaxi e Curiasj* was produced here with considerable éclat: so that it cannot justly be said we have been doomed to hear nothing but the compositions of Rossini this season. On the contrary, with a laudable zeal to produce novelty, the manager has given the lovers of Mozart the music of that great composer, and has agreeably varied the performances with Cimarosa and Zangereilli. Pisaroni and Curioni sustained the brunt of this opera in a very able manner; though the beautiful trio, "O dolce Caro i' stante," was the only piece which obtained an encore. To-night finishes these entertainments.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

A VERY pleasant translation of *Le plus beau Jour de ma Vie* was produced here on Wednesday evening, by Mr. Buckstone, the author of *Luke the Labourer*, and several other very clever pieces, at the minor theatres. His style is scarcely polished enough for Haymarket comedy; and were we inclined to be hypercritical, we might point out many discrepancies in the drawing of the principal personages of his drama. The effect of the whole, however, acted so admirably as it was by Liston, Mrs. Glover, Mrs. Humby, and, we are bound to say, Mrs. Tayleure, who filled up a natural little sketch in the most natural and, consequently, most perfect style, was so amusing, that we only allude to the blemishes as trifles to be avoided in future; and heartily subscribe to the very favourable opinion which was unequivocally expressed by "a numerous and fashionable audience." The play-bills themselves cannot say more, and may certainly say as much, for *The happiest Day of my Life*.

FRENCH OPERA.

THE French papers deny the accuracy of the report that M. Laurent will cease from this year to be the manager of the Théâtre Italien in Paris. They say that his contract will not expire until October 1830; when he will be succeeded by M. Robert, who has for a long time been attached to the theatre in the quality of inspector, and who is an enlightened amateur, sufficiently zealous, musically speaking, to regard his speculation less as the source of suddenly becoming rich, than as affording him the means of furnishing the Parisians with an excellent Italian opera. The Théâtre Italien will open on the 15th of August, with Donzelli, Zuchelli, Sontag, and Pisaroni. Malibran will not appear until a later period, wishing for some rest, and also being engaged, it is said, at three concerts, for the benefit of the poor, which are to take place in the neighbourhood of London, and for which she is to receive the moderate sum of 25,000 francs—1000 guineas! The French critics urge M. Laurent to endeavour to exchange Donzelli and Zuchelli for Rubini and Lablache; and assert that the latter two, with Tamburini, are the only singers for the possession of whom Italy is at present to be envied. Madame Fodor, who is at Naples, is beginning to recover her voice, which her visit to northern climates had veiled.

PAPAL THEATRES.—A work published in Rome, in 1827, contains the following passage:

"What keeps the public away from the theatres here is the new papal regulation respecting theatrical performances. According to these, if any person sitting in the pit should rise and remain standing, he is liable to a penalty of five crowns; any person keeping on his hat is to be immediately expelled from the theatre; and any actor guilty of an indecent manner or expression, is liable to be sent to the galleys for five years; for a blow given in the theatre, the punishment is ten years at the galleys; for entering the theatre armed, the galleys for life; and for an armed person wounding another in the theatre, the punishment of death; and every expression of applause or censure is prohibited, on pain of six months' imprisonment."

THE MELODISTS' CLUB.

THE last meeting of the Melodists' Club for the season took place on Thursday at Freemasons' Tavern, where fifty members and their friends sat down to dinner. The musical entertainments of the evening, under the direction of T. Cooke, were of the most delightful description: glees by Leete, King, Taylor, &c., were varied with comic and other songs by Weekes, Blewitt, &c., and two masterly performances on the flute by Nicholson.

M. CHABERT.

ON Saturday we again witnessed this person's swallowing a grain of phosphorus, in the presence of Mr. Farraday, Mr. Petigrew, and other scientific individuals, who were all perfectly convinced that no deception was used. No ill results ensued.* M. Chabert next entered an oven, in which he remained within a few seconds of eight minutes; during which two dishes of beef-steaks, in tin covers, which he took in with him, were completely cooked. Some burning wood-ashes remained in the oven, and might assist this process; but still the heat was excessive, and apparently above the power of a human creature to bear; for after Chabert came out, a thermometer placed on an iron stool in the centre rose to 230°, or full 50° higher than any former experiment of the kind with which we are acquainted.

VARIETIES.

Crabs migratory through the air.—The newspapers have got hold of a strange story of three live crabs having fallen amidst a shower of rain near Ryegate in Surry. The fact, as the tellers of extraordinary tales sometimes say, stands in need of confirmation.

Jews.—The persecutions to which the Jews were exposed in Europe about the middle of the fourteenth century are well known. A history of the charter of Fribourg, recently published by Dr. Schreiber, contains, among much curious matter, a *procès-verbal*, dated the 30th of January, 1349, by which it appears that all the Jews in the Brigau were burnt on the Friday before Candlemas, in that year! This document states, that one of them admitted that he had poisoned the wells. It is difficult indeed to imagine how many absurd confessions were wrung from these miserable creatures by torture.

Cachemire Shawls.—Madame Buonaparte received from Egypt two cachemire shawls, sent to her by her husband. Mesdames Bourienne, Hamelin, and Visconti, had some also.

* A chemist at Biel has not been so fortunate with his experiments: having taken on three successive days, one, two, and three grains of phosphorus, he died in less than a week, of inflammation of the alimentary canal and spasms.

These ladies wore them merely because it was a fantastical dress—for they were thought frightful, and unfit to be adopted. Nevertheless, ere long all the women in Paris were anxious to appear in such shawls, ugly as they were; and it was a great misfortune for an *élégante* to be without one. The Empress Josephine had a passion for them, and I doubt whether any body else had so rich a collection. When at Navarre she possessed a hundred and fifty, of incomparable beauty, and of very high price. She had sent to Constantinople drawings, from which shawls were manufactured for her, equally charming to the eye as they were valuable. Every week M. Lenormand came to Navarre, and sold to her whatever he had remarkable of the kind. I have seen there white shawls, ornamented with roses, parrots, peacocks, &c., which I believe were unique in Europe. They were estimated at from 15 to 20,000 francs each. The empress also wore gowns of cachemire. One day, M. Portalès, after having admired a very beautiful one, observed that the pattern would look well on a waistcoat. Her majesty took a pair of scissors, cut up her gown, and gave the pieces to Messrs. Portalès, de Turpin, and de Vieil-Castel. She retained only the *corsage*; which, worn with the white under-petticoat, marked still more distinctly her beautiful shape. That which with her was only a spontaneous act of gracious generosity, might have appeared an artifice of coquetry; for I never saw any dress become her better than this extemporaneous spencer.—*Mémoires sur Joséphine*, tome iii.

Memorials, Monuments, &c.—We see it noticed in the Western Journals, that the inhabitants of Penzance and its neighbourhood are about to erect a monument to the memory of their distinguished compatriot, Sir H. Davy. We are also informed, that at a meeting of members of the medical department of the navy on Monday last, a subscription was entered into, for a bust to commemorate their grateful sense of the services rendered to their corps by the late Lord Melville. It is to be placed in the museum at Haslar Hospital. We wish the hint thrown out in our review of Wardrop's valuable work (page 503) might have the effect of producing some memorial of the late John Hunter.

Le Voleur, a Paris paper, of the 15th inst. says: "The celebrated Lady Morgan visited, yesterday, the archives of the kingdom. MM. Cor-Sarthe, secretary-general, and Alexandre le Noble, one of the historiographers of this noble establishment, had, in the absence of the keeper-general, the honour to conduct this lady through the institution. She appeared highly pleased with the chart of Childbeart upon the bark of a tree; and with an immense roll of parchment, shewing the genealogy of the world from the creation to the period of its date, which is the fourteenth century. M. Alexandre le Noble, the young and skilful archaeologist, explained the different objects to Lady Morgan. Before she left the Palais des Archives she saw the famous iron cupboard in which are contained many treaties of peace with the Kings of England, the keys of the Bastille, the model in platina of the *mètre* and of the *kilo*, the autograph will of Louis XVI., &c. &c. Lady Morgan was accompanied by Sir Charles Morgan and the beautiful Miss Sidney Clark, her niece. Several members of the Chamber of Deputies, some literary men, and many of the most celebrated artists, were present."

French Peerage.—The feudal origin of the French peerage was under the second race of

the kings of France. Among the characteristic circumstances of the first age of that institution was the regulation that peeresses in their own right should be entitled to sit in the high court, and to participate in its judgments. In the second age of the peerage, which dates from the year 1297, and which was marked by the elevation of the princes of the blood to the dignity of peers, under Philippe-le-Bel, took place the union of the court of peers with the court of parliament; a union which was the result, not of any law, but of usage, and the force of events. The third age of the French peerage, comprehending the period between the years 1505 and 1550, exhibited the spectacle of foreign princes invested with the dignity. Finally, during the last age, from 1550 to 1789, simple gentlemen became peers; and the first was Anne de Montmorency, constable and high steward of France. The revolution swallowed up both the peerage and the monarchy. The restoration could not revive the ancient peerage; but a new one was created; and the conservative senate of the empire seems like a kind of bond among them.—*Essai sur l'Institution et l'Influence de la Pairie en France*, par C. O. Barbarous.

Fossil Bones.—Two caves have been discovered in the department of the Gard, in France, in which the remains of human bones are, it is said, mingled with the remains of the bones of various antediluvian animals. A letter on the subject from M. de Christol, the secretary of the Natural-History Society at Montpellier, has been referred by the French Academy to the committee already appointed to investigate the facts connected with similar caves at Bire.

William Tell.—The chief topic of conversation in Paris appears to be the new opera of *William Tell*; the first representation of which was to take place on Monday last at the Académie Royale. At the last full rehearsal, which was attended by all the amateurs and connoisseurs in Paris, after a trio by three Swiss characters, there was an enthusiastic burst of applause, the audience rising at the same time and bowing to Rossini, who was present. The other pieces of music which excited most interest, were a duet between Dabadie and Nourrit; an air by Mlle. Cinti, beginning "Sur la rive étrangère;" and the air of the famous apple scene, "Mon fils, reste immobile." A Tyrolean chorus and a characteristic dance were also much applauded.

Classical Fragments.—It is stated in a letter from Rome, that Father Angelo Mai, librarian of the Vatican, has just discovered some valuable fragments of Cornelius Nepos, Tacitus, and Sallust.

A few evenings ago I went to see *Merino's Batiéro*, and was provoked with myself for being delighted. Nothing can be more *spirituel* or ludicrous than this parody on M. de la Vigne's *Marino Faliéro*; in fact, no doctroinal nostrum could be equally efficacious in its effects on hypochondriacs as this *jeu d'esprit* by M. Honoré Lagrange (at least this is the name the author adopts).—*Paris Letter*.

In this season of literary famine, a work has appeared which puzzles the opinions of the literati: it is entitled, "Le Nouveau Monde industriel et sociétaire, ou l'invention du Procédé d'Industrie attrayante et naturelle, distribuée en séries passionnées, par Charles Fourier." Some of the *cognoscenti* of the age charitably adjudge the author worthy of the highest story in Bedlam, and pronounce him the maddest of the mad; whilst others assert, that in a few centuries he will be adored as the true interpreter of the divine code.—*Paris Letter*.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

An Account of the Early Reformation in Spain, and the Inquisition, translated from the French by the late Dr. A. F. Ramsay, with a Memoir of the Translator, will shortly appear.

Mr. Swan is preparing for publication a Demonstration of the Nerves of the Human Body, founded on the subjects of the two Collegial Anatomical prizes adjudged to him by the Royal College of Surgeons.

Mr. Bernays, the editor of the German Poetical Anthology, is preparing for the press a History of Germany, from the earliest period to the present time.

The Library of Entertaining Knowledge.—A translation of this very interesting work is about to appear in France. A History of the Revolution of Spain and Portugal, as well as of the war which followed, written by Colonel Schepeler, ci-devant chargé d'affaires from the court of Berlin to that of Madrid, and translated under the author's eye, has been published at Liege. The situation in which Colonel Schepeler was placed has enabled him to enrich his work with a number of new and important documents.

Manou.—A new edition of the Manava-Dharma-Sastra, or the Laws of Manou, in Sanscrit, accompanied by a French translation, is at present publishing in Paris. This ancient code of legislation is very different in its character from modern codes. It regards not only the duties and rights of man in society, but his duties to the Deity and to himself. Revealed to the father of the human race by Brahma, the first god of the Indian triad, it is to the Hindoos what the Pentateuch is to the Jews, or the Zend-Avesta to the followers of Ormuzd.

Alfred.—A tragedy has been published at Rome, entitled "Alfred the Great." It is written by M. J. B. Maruzzi, the author of several dramatic productions. The subject is certainly a very proper one to be treated at Rome, where this great prince was educated under the guardianship of Pope Leo the Fourth, and where he acquired that intelligence, and that vigour of character, which he afterwards so admirably exhibited in his native country: but, unfortunately, M. Maruzzi, instead of confining himself to the simplicity of history, has introduced into his work a number of fictitious and improbable incidents, which give it the air of a melo-drama.

In the Press.—Illustrations of the Parts concerned in the Lateral Operation of Lithotomy, with a Description of the Mode of performing it, by Edward Stanley, Lecturer on Anatomy and Physiology at St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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July.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday ... 23	From 51. to 72.	30.11 to 30.09
Friday ... 24	— 49. — 77.	29.96 — 29.87
Saturday ... 25	— 58. — 76.	29.76 — 29.84
Sunday ... 26	— 54. — 59.	29.92 — 30.12
Monday ... 27	— 49. — 69.	30.12 — 30.01
Tuesday ... 28	— 38. — 70.	30.01 — 29.90
Wednesday 29	— 51. — 67.	29.61 — 29.65

Wind variable, prevailing S.W.

Except the 29th, generally clear; frequent heavy showers of rain.

A tremendous storm of thunder and lightning visited this neighbourhood on the morning of the 25th, from half an hour after midnight till two, the thunder scarcely ceasing, and an almost incessant flashing of lightning till near three; happily, however, there was not, with the exception of a few sheep, any loss of life. During the former part of the storm the rain and hail fell in torrents, though the latter was not here sufficiently large to be so destructive as we are informed it was in the neighbourhood of St. Martin's Lane.

Rain fallen, .95 of an inch.

Edmonton.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude 51° 37' 32" N.

Longitude 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Though our Journal of to-day is filled with very various subjects, we are still compelled to postpone as many miscellanies of interest as we have admitted.

We will inquire, and endeavour to answer &c. A.

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No. 655.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1829.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Napier's History of the Peninsular War.
8vo. Vol. II. Boone.

WE are enabled to indulge our readers with a few, but we trust interesting, extracts from the second volume of Lieutenant-Colonel Napier's History of the Peninsular War, and which will not be published till towards the end of the ensuing week.

The first volume closed with the death of Sir John Moore and the retreat from Coruña; the one before us opens with a brief political digression on the state of public opinion in Great Britain when apprised of this disaster. In a former review we recorded our dissent from the political opinions of the gallant author; nor should we again have paused to notice them, were it not for his unceasing—we had almost said unmanly—animosity to one who, unhappily for the welfare of this country and its literature, is no more: we should have thought that the correcting influence of time had done its work; but we have seldom witnessed, in the most excited periods, a stronger indulgence of acrimonious feeling than in the following extract:

"The effect produced in England by the unfortunate issue of Sir John Moore's campaign, was not proportionable to the importance of the subject. The people, trained to party politics, and possessing no real power to rebuke the folly of the cabinet, regarded disasters and triumphs with factious rather than with national feelings; and it was alike easy to draw the public attention from affairs of weight, and to fix it upon matters of little moment. In the beginning of 1809 the Duke of York's conduct being impeached, a parliamentary investigation followed; and to drag the private frailties of that prince before the world, was thought essential to the welfare of the country, when the incapacity which had caused England and Spain to mourn in tears of blood was left unproved. An insular people only, who are protected by their situation from the worst evils of war, may suffer themselves to be thus deluded; but if an unfortunate campaign were to bring a devastating enemy into the heart of the country, the honour of a general, and the whole military policy of the cabinet, would no longer be considered as mere subjects for the exercise of a vile sophist's talents for misrepresentation. It is true that the ill success of the British arms was a topic upon which many orators in both houses of parliament expatiated with great eloquence; but the discussions were chiefly remarkable as examples of acute debating, without any knowledge of facts. The opposition speakers, eager to criminate the government, exaggerated the loss and distress of the retreat; and comprehending neither the movements nor the motives of Sir John Moore, urged several untenable accusations against their adversaries. The ministers, dissuained by personal feelings, did not all adopt the same ground of defence. Lord Castlereagh and

Lord Liverpool, passing over the errors of the cabinet, by which the general had been left only a choice of difficulties, asserted, and truly, that the advantages derived from the advance to Sahagun more than compensated for the losses in the subsequent retreat. Both those statesmen paid an honourable tribute to the merits of the commander; but Mr. Canning, unscrupulously resolute to screen Mr. Frere, assented to all the erroneous statements of the opposition, and endeavoured with malignant dexterity to convert them into charges against the fallen general. Sir John Moore was, he said, answerable for the events of the campaign, whether the operations were glorious or distressful—whether to be admired or deplored, they were his own—for he had kept the ministers ignorant of his proceedings. Being pressed closely on that point by Mr. C. Hutchinson, Mr. Canning repeated this assertion. Not long afterwards, Sir John Moore's letters, written almost daily, and furnishing exact and copious information of all that was passing in the Peninsula, were laid before the house."

The injustice and cruelty of these observations, and coming from such a source, appeared to us, *prima facie*, worthy of confutation; but the gallant colonel has himself happily saved us from the toil of reference to parliamentary reports, by a little sentence, which appears to us of easy and felicitous application to himself: it is from page 104, speaking of Marshal St. Cyr, and as follows: "*The injurious force with which personal feelings act upon the judgment is well known, or it might excite wonder that so good a writer and so able a soldier should advance such fallacies.*" How Mr. Canning thought and expressed himself on the subject of Sir John Moore's campaign, may be gathered from the following brief quotations of his parliamentary language, which chance has this moment laid our hands upon: he said, "For himself, as a humble individual of the government, and having a share in these transactions, the recollection would be a source of gratification which he should carry with him to the grave. If we had been obliged to quit Spain, we had left that country with fresh laurels blooming upon our brows; and whatever failure there had been, upon the whole, might be repaired." Again, in a subsequent debate, Mr. Canning declared, "that, considering Sir John Moore's advance in a military point, in his poor judgment he could not but think it a wise measure; but in every view which ennobles military objects by exalting military character, he was sure it was so."

To the military History of the Peninsular War we have no hesitation in affixing the impress of unreserved approbation: seldom have we risen from the perusal of a volume which has afforded us so much satisfaction. The author's faculty of description is admirable; we are possessed at once with his meaning, and almost seem to behold the movement of the troops, to be acquainted with the locale of the country, to feel the *certaminis gaudia*, and enter with all the soldier's earnestness into his

observations on the strategy of the different commanders, and in general close with the conclusiveness of his arguments on the conduct of these ever-memorable campaigns. The arrangement is clear and perspicuous; the style and language, though peculiar, and perhaps sometimes bordering on affectation, come upon us with a freshness which in this book-making and book-mending age is quite delightful. The want of a national military classic, which might be placed in the hands of our English youth destined for the profession of arms, and which the wars of Marlborough and Eugene afforded so splendid an opportunity of furnishing, has long been felt; and this gap in the literature of the country is, we think, by the present publication, on the eve of being satisfactorily filled up. To officers of all ranks, from the subaltern to the commander, in garrison or in camp, these volumes should be a constant companion. Lieut.-Col. Napier pursues his way boldly and fearlessly, sparing neither friend nor foe; and perhaps some may deem his pen as keen, if not as polished, as his sword, and be led to fight their battles o'er again. To the world at large we recommend a perusal; and we are quite sure, that, when they become acquainted with the deep attainments of science, and the genius, requisite for those who follow the profession of arms, they will divest themselves of any lingering prejudice, and bestow their unqualified admiration on the British army.

The oft-repeated tale of Zaragoza's fall, which we select for our extract, is delineated simply as a military exploit, and, stripped of the trappings of the chronicler's fancy, becomes a subject of novel interest and reflection.

"The war being now carried into the streets of Zaragoza, the sound of the alarm-bell was heard over all quarters of the city; and the people, assembling in crowds, filled the houses nearest to the lodgements made by the French. Additional traverses and barricades were constructed across the principal streets; mines were prepared in the more open spaces; and the communications from house to house were multiplied, until they formed a vast labyrinth, of which the intricate windings were only to be traced by the weapons and the dead bodies of the defenders. The members of the junta, become more powerful from the cessation of regular warfare, with redoubled activity and energy urged the defence, but increased the horrors of the siege by a ferocity pushed to the very verge of frenzy. Every person, without regard to rank or age, who excited the suspicions of these furious men, or of those immediately about them, was instantly put to death; and amidst the noble bulwarks of war a horrid array of gibbets was to be seen, on which crowds of wretches were suspended each night, because their courage had sunk beneath the accumulating dangers of their situation, or because some doubtful expression or gesture of distress had been misconstrued by their barbarous chiefs. From the heights of the walls which he had conquered, Marshal

Lasnes contemplated this terrific scene; and judging that men so passionate and so prepared could not be prudently encountered in open battle, he resolved to proceed by the slow, but certain process of the mattock and the mine: and this was also in unison with the emperor's instructions. Hence from the 29th of January to the 2d of February, the efforts of the French were directed to the enlargement of their lodgements on the walls; and they succeeded, after much severe fighting and several explosions, in working forward through the nearest houses; but at the same time they had to sustain many counter-assaults from the Spaniards,—especially one, exceedingly fierce, made by a friar on the Capuchins' convent of the Trinity. It has been already observed that the crossing of the large streets divided the town into certain small districts, or islands of houses. To gain possession of these, it was necessary not only to mine, but to fight for each house. To cross the large intersecting streets, it was indispensable to construct traverses above, or to work by under-ground galleries; because a battery raked each street, and each house was defended by a garrison that, generally speaking, had only the option of repelling the enemy in front or dying on the gibbet erected behind. But as long as the convents and churches remained in possession of the Spaniards, the progress of the French among the islands of small houses was of little advantage to them, because the large garrisons in the greater buildings enabled the defenders not only to make continual and successful sallies, but also to countermine their enemies, whose superior skill in that kind of warfare was often frustrated by the numbers and persevering energy of the besieged. To overcome these obstacles, the breaching batteries opposite the fourth front fired upon the convents of Saint Augustin and Saint Monica, and the latter was assaulted on the 31st of January. At the same time a part of the wall in another direction being thrown down by a petard, a body of the besiegers poured in, and taking the main breach in rear, cleared not only the convent but several houses around it. The Spaniards, undismayed, immediately opened a gallery from St. Augustin and worked a mine under St. Monica; but at the moment of its being charged, the French discovered and stifled the miners. The 1st of February, the breach in St. Augustin also became practicable, and the attention of the besieged being drawn to that side, the French sprung a mine which they had carried under the wall from the side of St. Monica, and immediately entered by the opening. The Spaniards thus unexpectedly taken in the rear, were thrown into confusion, and driven out with little difficulty. They, however, rallied in a few hours after, and attempted to retake the structure, but without success; and the besiegers, animated by this advantage, broke into the neighbouring houses, and, at one push, carried so many as to arrive at the point where the street called the Quemada joined the Cosso, or public walk. The besieged rallied, however, at the last house of the Quemada, and renewed the combat with so much fury, that the French were beaten from the greatest part of the houses they had taken, and suffered a loss of above a hundred men. On the side of San Engracia a contest still more severe took place; the houses in the vicinity were blown up; but the Spaniards fought so obstinately for the ruins, that the Polish troops were scarcely able to make good their lodgement—although two successive and powerful explosions had, with the buildings, destroyed

a number of the defenders. The experience of these attacks induced a change in the mode of fighting on both sides. Hitherto, the play of the French mines had reduced the houses to ruins, and thus the soldiers were exposed completely to the fire from the next Spanish posts. The engineers, therefore, diminished the quantity of powder, that the interior only might fall and the outward walls stand; and this method was found successful. Hereupon, the Spaniards, with ready ingenuity, saturated the timbers and planks of the houses with rosin and pitch, and setting fire to those which could no longer be maintained, interposed a burning barrier, which often delayed the assailants for two days, and always prevented them from pushing their successes during the confusion that necessarily followed the bursting of the mines. The fighting was, however, incessant; a constant bombardment, the explosion of mines, the crash of falling buildings, clamorous shouts, and the continued echo of musketry, deafened the ear, while volumes of smoke and dust clouded the atmosphere, and lowered continually over the heads of the combatants, as, hour by hour, the French, with a terrible perseverance, pushed forward their approaches to the heart of the miserable but glorious city."

After further details, the wretched city falls: and the following observations occur:—

"1. When the other events of the Spanish war shall be lost in the obscurity of time, or only traced by disconnected fragments, the story of Zaragoza, like some ancient triumphal pillar standing amidst ruins, will tell a tale of past glory; and already men point to the heroic city, and call her Spain, as if her spirit were common to the whole nation: yet it was not so, nor was the defence of Zaragoza itself the effect of unalloyed virtue. It was not patriotism, nor was it courage, nor skill, nor fortitude, nor a system of terror; but all these combined under peculiar circumstances, that upheld the defence: and this combination, and how it was brought about, should be well considered; because it is not so much by catching at the leading resemblances, as by studying the differences of great affairs, that the exploits of one age can be made to serve as models for another. 2. The defence of Zaragoza may be examined under two points of view—as an isolated event, and as a transaction bearing on the general struggle in the Peninsula. With respect to the latter, it was a manifest proof, that neither the Spanish people nor the government partook of the Zaragozaan energy. For it would be absurd to suppose, that in the midst of eleven millions of people, animated by an ardent enthusiasm, fifty thousand armed men could for two months be besieged, shut in, destroyed, they and their works, houses, and bodies, mingled in one terrible ruin, by less than thirty-five thousand adversaries, and that without one effort being made to save them! Deprive the transaction of its dazzling colours, and the simple outline comes to this: Thirty-five thousand French, in the midst of insurrections, in despite of a combination of circumstances peculiarly favourable to the defence, reduced fifty thousand of the bravest and most energetic men in Spain. It is true, the latter suffered nobly; but was their example imitated? Gerona, indeed, although less celebrated, rivalled, and perhaps more than rivalled, the glory of Zaragoza; but elsewhere her fate spoke, not trumpet-tongued to arouse, but with a wailing voice, that carried dismay to the heart of the nation. 3. As an isolated transaction, the siege of Zaragoza is very remarkable; but it would be a great error to

suppose that any town, the inhabitants of which were equally resolute, might be as well defended. Fortitude and bravery will do much; but the combinations of science are not to be defied with impunity. There are no miracles in war! If the houses of Zaragoza had not been nearly incombustible, the bombardment alone would have caused the besieged to surrender, or to perish with their flaming city. 4. That the advantage offered by the peculiar structure of the houses, and the number of the convents and churches, was ably seized by the Spaniards, is beyond doubt. General Rogniat, Lacoste's successor, indeed, treats his opponents' skill in fortification with contempt; but Colonel San Genis' talents are not to be judged of by the faulty construction of a few outworks, at a time when he was under the control of a disorderly and ferocious mob. He knew how to adapt his system of defence to the circumstances of the moment; and no stronger proof of real genius can be given. 'Do not consult me about a capitulation,' was his common expression: '*I shall never be of opinion that Zaragoza can make no further defence.*' But neither the talents of San Genis, nor the construction of the houses, would have availed, if the people within had not been of a temper adequate to the occasion; and to trace the passions by which they were animated to their true causes, is a proper subject for historical and military research. 5. That they did not possess any superior courage is evident from the facts, that the besieged, although twice the number of the besiegers, never made any serious impression by their sallies, and that they were unable to defend the breaches. In large masses, the standard of courage which is established by discipline may be often inferior to that produced by fanaticism, or any other peculiar excitement; but the latter never lasts long, neither is it equable, because men are of different susceptibility, following their physical and mental conformation. Hence a system of terror has always been the resource of those leaders who, engaged in great undertakings, have been unable to recur to discipline. Enthusiasm stalked in front of their bands, but punishment brought up the rear; and Zaragoza was no exception to this practice. 6. It may be said, that the majority of the besieged not being animated by any peculiar fury, a system of terror could not be carried to any great length; but a close examination explains this seeming mystery. The defenders were composed of three distinct parties,—the regular troops, the peasantry from the country, and the citizens; but the citizens, who had most to lose, were naturally the fiercest, and, accordingly, amongst them, the system of terror was generated. The peasantry followed the example, as all ignorant men, under no regular control, will do; the soldiers meddled but little in the interior arrangements, and the division of the town into islands of posts rendered it perfectly feasible for violent persons, already possessed of authority, to follow the bent of their inclinations: there was no want of men, and the garrison of each island found it their own interest to keep those in front of them to their posts, that the danger might be the longer staved off from themselves. 7. Palafox was only the nominal chief of Zaragoza; the laurels gathered in both sieges should adorn plebeian brows, but those laurels dripped with kindred as well as foreign blood. The energy of the real chiefs, and the cause in which that energy was exerted, may be admired; the acts perpetrated by this ruling band were, in themselves, atrocious; and Palafox, although un-

able to arrest their savage proceedings, can claim but little credit for his own conduct. For more than a month preceding the surrender, he never came forth of a vaulted building, which was impervious to shells, and in which, there is too much reason to believe, he and others, of both sexes, lived in a state of sensuality, forming a disgusting contrast to the wretchedness that surrounded them. *Observations on the French Operations.*—1. Before the arrival of Marshal Lasnes, the operations were conducted with little vigour. The want of unity, as to time, in the double attack of the Monte Torro and the suburb, was a flagrant error, that was not redeemed by any subsequent activity; but after the arrival of that marshal, the siege was pursued with singular intrepidity and firmness. General Rogniat appears to disapprove of Suchet's division having been sent to Calatayud; yet it seems to have been a judicious measure, inasmuch as it was necessary,—first, to protect the line of correspondence with Madrid; secondly, to have a corps at hand, lest the Duke of Infantado should quit Cuenca, and throw himself into the Guadalaxara district, a movement that would have been extremely embarrassing to the king. Suchet's division, while at Calatayud, fulfilled these objects, without losing the power of succouring Tudela, or, by a march on the side of Daroca, of intercepting the Duke of Infantado if he attempted to raise the siege of Zaragoza; but when the Spanish army at Cuenca was directed on Ucles, and that of the Marquess of Lazan was gathering strength on the left bank of the Ebro, it was undoubtedly proper to recall Suchet. 2. It may not be misplaced here to point out the errors of Infantado's operations. If, instead of bringing on a battle with the first corps, he had marched to the Ebro, established his depôts and places of arms at Mequinenza and Lerida, opened a communication with Murcia, Valencia, and Catalonia, and joined the Marquess of Lazan's troops to his own, he might have formed an entrenched camp in the Sierra de Alcubierre, and from thence have carried on a methodical war with, at least, twenty-five thousand regular troops; the insurrections on the French flanks and line of communication with Pampluna would then have become formidable; and in this situation, having the fortresses of Catalonia behind him, with activity and prudence he might have raised the siege."

We have only, in conclusion, to express our regret that the strong way in which the author allows himself to speak of others, (such as Marshal Beresford, Sir Hudson Lowe, Mr. Frere, &c. &c.) seems calculated to excite angry feelings, and bring his labours, if not himself, into vexatious question.

Adra; or, the Peruvians. By the Author of "the Ruined City."

THERE are some sweet descriptions—some passages of touching pathos; but, as a whole, we do not think the *Peruvians* equal to the *Ruined City*; and this we ascribe to the choice of subject: the great charm of poetry is association—the lute it sweeps is that of memory, and a thousand feelings leap up, like living waters, at the very mention of Greece, which have no affinity with the shores of Peru. The fearful scene of crime and bloodshed attendant on the conquest of America is too uniformly painful; it wants the relief of moral excellence and of sentiment; and thus the most beautiful passages of *Adra* are those which have the least relation to their subject. The following is a touch of true poetry, speaking of love—

"A better spirit, that refines his will—
A touch of angel and of Eden still."

We like the next much:—

"'Tis in such moments that the human mind
Feels the full blessing a good God designed,
When to his strayed and erring flock he left
Love, the best gift, of Paradise bereft—
Touch of that attribute whereby his will
Created, blessed, redeems, protects us still.
Sweet, in the flush of joy, in hope's smile sweet,
With those we love, the coming hours to greet!
Sweet with the loved, when through time's wastes we
stray.

To look on things that were, though past away,
And call on memory, with reflection bright,
To gild the gone with grand and moonlike light.
'Tis sweet to stand where past and future meet,
With hearts attuned, and bid the moments fleet
But as they've fled; and, thankful, to the skies
Raise up in gratitude communal eyes:
But when love comes in sorrow, to divide
Woes whose approach dim man must blind abide,
Then, then, it proves the blessing it was given,
And points the full beneficence of Heaven."

We have praised the descriptions—to one of them belong the ensuing lines:—

"There is a hue, a soft and mellowing shade,
Steals o'er the forest, and embrows the glade,
Long ere the rugged hand of winter drear
Tears from the wither'd branch its garment dear:
Scarce shalt thou see it on the yellowing edge
Of each green leaf; and yet the certain pledge
Is there, that the year's youth is past,
And cold decrepitude is coming fast.
It speaks of bright things fading, and of light
Shrinking away in the dark arms of night;
It shadows forth man's ever-withering state,
With dim prophetic comment on his fate;
It counsels hope—since things that fade on earth,
Light, seasons, flowers, all know a second birth."

We think we leave our readers under favourable impressions; and have only ourselves to add the more mechanical praise of good versification: Mr. James's metre is as polished as it is musical.

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Vol. III. Part I.—*The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties; illustrated by Anecdotes.*
London, 1829. C. Knight.

THOUGH we have expressed much approbation of this work as it has proceeded from the press, and enriched our columns by extracts from it when these fell readily within the scope of our own publication,—we are free to say that the present Part meets with a still higher share of our applause than any of its predecessors,—amusing and instructive though they have been. But the end proposed by this little volume, and the means by which it is enforced, meet equally with our entire concurrence. To make the reader in love with knowledge for its own sake—to encourage its cultivation by eminent examples—and to exalt the pursuit above the debasing idea that it is followed for what may be its worth in a mere worldly sense, are laudable and beneficial objects. And the book which impresses them on the public mind with spirit, taste, and judgment, as this does, is most deserving of encouragement and popularity. It has our warmest good wishes.

"We are about to select," says the editor, "from the records of philosophy, literature, and art, in all ages and countries, a body of examples, to shew how the most unpropitious circumstances have been unable to conquer an ardent desire for the acquisition of knowledge. Every man has difficulties to encounter in this pursuit; and therefore every man is interested in learning what are the real hindrances which have opposed themselves to the progress of some of the most distinguished persons, and how those obstacles have been surmounted."

And the example of a hundred distinguished individuals is brought into notice, under circumstances all well calculated to illustrate this design, and at the same time making a chapter of very amusing anecdote. We quote almost at random.

"The late Professor Heyne, of Gottingen, was one of the greatest classical scholars of his own or of any age; and during his latter days enjoyed a degree of distinction, both in his own country and throughout Europe, of which scarcely any contemporary name, in the same department of literature, could boast. Yet he had spent the first thirty-two or thirty-three years of his life, not only in obscurity, but in an almost incessant struggle with the most depressing poverty. He had been born, indeed, amidst the miseries of the lowest indigence, his father being a poor weaver, with a large family, for whom his best exertions were often unable to provide bread. In the 'Memoirs of his own Life,' Heyne says, 'Want was the earliest companion of my childhood. I well remember the painful impressions made on my mind by witnessing the distress of my mother when without food for her children. How often have I seen her, on a Saturday evening, weeping and wringing her hands, as she returned home from an unsuccessful effort to sell the goods which the daily and nightly toil of my father had manufactured!' His parents sent him to a child's school in the suburbs of the small town of Chemnitz, in Saxony, where they lived; and he soon exhibited an uncommon desire of acquiring information. He made so rapid a progress in the humble branches of knowledge taught in the school, that, before he had completed his tenth year, he was paying a portion of his school fees by teaching a little girl, the daughter of a wealthy neighbour, to read and write. Having learned every thing comprised in the usual course of the school, he felt a strong desire to learn Latin. A son of the schoolmaster, who had studied at Leipsic, was willing to teach him at the rate of four-pence a week; but the difficulty of paying so large a fee seemed quite insurmountable. One day he was sent to his godfather, who was a baker in pretty good circumstances, for a loaf. As he went along, he pondered sorrowfully on this great object of his wishes, and entered the shop in tears. The good-tempered baker, on learning the cause of his grief, undertook to pay the required fee for him; at which, Heyne tells us, he was perfectly intoxicated with joy; and as he ran, all ragged and barefoot, through the streets, tossing the loaf in the air, it slipped from his hands and rolled into the gutter. This accident, and a sharp reprimand from his parents, who could ill afford such a loss, brought him to his senses. He continued his lessons for about two years, when his teacher acknowledged that he had taught him all he himself knew. At this time, his father was anxious that he should adopt some trade, but Heyne felt an invincible desire to pursue his literary education; and it was fortunate for the world that he was at this period of his life furnished with the means of following the course of his inclination. He had another godfather, who was a clergyman in the neighbourhood; and this person, upon receiving the most flattering accounts of Heyne from his last master, agreed to be at the expense of sending him to the principal seminary of his native town of Chemnitz. His new patron, however, although a well-endowed churchman, doled out his bounty with most scrupulous parsimony; and Heyne, without the necessary books of his own, was often obliged to borrow those of his companions, and to copy them over for his own use. At last he obtained the situation of tutor to the son of one of the citizens; and this for a short time rendered his condition more comfortable. But the

period was come when, if he was to proceed in the career he had chosen, it was necessary for him to enter the university; and he resolved to go to Leipsic. He arrived in that city accordingly with only two florins (about four shillings) in his pocket, and nothing more to depend upon, except the small assistance he might receive from his godfather, who had promised to continue his bounty. He had to wait so long, however, for his expected supplies from this source, which came accompanied with much grudging and reproach when they did make their appearance, that, destitute both of money and books, he would even have been without bread too, had it not been for the compassion of the maid-servant of the house where he lodged. What sustained his courage in these circumstances (we here use his own words) was neither ambition nor presumption, nor even the hope of one day taking his place among the learned. The stimulus that incessantly spurred him on was the feeling of the humiliation of his condition—the shame with which he shrunk from the thought of that degradation which the want of a good education would impose upon him—above all, the determined resolution of battling courageously with fortune. He was resolved to try, he said, whether, although she had thrown him among the dust, he should not be able to rise up by his own efforts. His ardour for study only grew the greater as his difficulties increased. For six months he only allowed himself two nights' sleep in the week; and yet all the while his godfather scarcely ever wrote to him but to inveigh against his indolence,—often actually addressing his letters on the outside, 'To M. Heyne, Idler, at Leipsic.' In the mean time, while his distress was every day becoming more intolerable, he was offered, by one of the professors, the situation of tutor in a family at Magdeburg. Desirable as the appointment would have been in every other respect, it would have removed him from the scene of his studies; and he declined it. He resolved rather to remain in the midst of all his miseries at Leipsic. He was, however, in a few weeks after, recompensed for this noble sacrifice, by procuring, through the recommendation of the same professor, a situation similar to the one he had refused, in the university town. This, of course, relieved for a time his pecuniary wants; but still the ardour with which he pursued his studies continued so great, that it at last brought on a dangerous illness, which obliged him to resign his situation, and very soon completely exhausted his trifling resources; so that on his recovery he found himself as poor and destitute as ever. In this extremity, a copy of Latin verses which he had written having attracted the attention of one of the Saxon ministers, he was induced, by the advice of his friends, to set out for the court at Dresden, where it was expected this high patronage would make his fortune; but he was doomed only to new disappointments. After having borrowed money to pay the expenses of his journey, all he obtained from the courtier was a few vague promises, which ended in nothing. He was obliged eventually, after having sold his books, to accept the place of copyist in the library of the Count de Brühl, at the miserable annual salary of one hundred crowns (about 17*l.* sterling)—a sum which, even in that cheap country, was scarcely sufficient to keep him from perishing of hunger. However, with his industrious habits, he found time, beside performing the duties of his situation, to do a little work for the booksellers. He first translated a French romance, for

which he was paid twenty crowns. For a learned and excellent edition which he prepared of the Latin poet Tibullus, he received, in successive payments, one hundred crowns, with which he discharged the debts he had contracted at Leipsic. In this way he contrived to exist for a few years, all the while studying hard, and thinking himself amply compensated for the hardships of his lot, by the opportunities he had of pursuing his favourite researches, in a city so rich in collections of books and antiquities as Dresden. After he had held his situation in the library for above two years, his salary was doubled; but before he derived any benefit from the augmentation, the Seven Years' War had commenced. Saxony was overrun by the forces of Frederick the Great, and Heyne's place, and the library itself to which it was attached, were swept away at the same time. He was obliged to fly from Dresden, and wandered about for a long time without any employment. At last he was received into a family at Wittenberg; but in a short time the progress of the war drove him from this asylum also, and he returned to Dresden, where he still had a few articles of furniture, which he had purchased with the little money he saved while he held his place in the library. He arrived just in time to witness the bombardment of that capital, in the conflagration of which his furniture perished, as well as some property which he had brought with him from Wittenberg, belonging to a lady, one of the family in whose house he lived, for whom he had formed an attachment during his residence there. Thus left, both of them, without a shilling, the young persons nevertheless determined to share each other's destiny, and they were accordingly united. By the exertions of some common friends, a retreat was procured for Heyne and his wife in the establishment of a M. de Leoben, where he spent some years, during which his time was chiefly occupied in the management of that gentleman's property. At last, at the general peace in 1763, he returned to Dresden; and here ended his hard fortunes. Some time before his arrival in that city, the professorship of eloquence in the University of Göttingen had become vacant by the death of the celebrated John Mathias Gesner. The chair had been offered, in the first instance, to David Ruhnken, one of the first scholars of the age, who declined, however, to leave the University of Leyden, where he had lately succeeded the eminent Hemsterhuys as professor of Greek. Fortunately, however, for Heyne, Ruhnken was one of the few to whom his edition of Tibullus, and another of Epictetus, which he had published shortly after, had made his obscure name and great merits known; and with a generous anxiety to befriend one whom he considered to be so deserving, he ventured, of his own accord, to recommend him to the Hanoverian minister as the fittest person he could mention for the vacant office. Such a testimony from Ruhnken was at once the most honourable and the most efficient patronage Heyne could have had. He was immediately nominated to the professorship; although so little known, that it was with considerable difficulty he was found. He held this appointment for nearly fifty years; in the course of which, as we have already remarked, he may be said, by his successive publications, and the attraction of his lectures, to have placed himself nearly at the head of the classical scholars of his age; while he was at the same time loved and venerated as a father, not only by his numerous pupils, but by all ranks of his fellow-citizens, who, on his death,

in 1812, felt that their University and city had lost what had been for half a century its chief distinction."

Among the memoirs of self-educated men, the notice of Thomas Simpson, the celebrated mathematician, is peculiarly striking; and the following is a fitting sequel:

"We have remarked that the book from which Simpson acquired his first knowledge of fluxions was a work by Edmund Stone. Stone affords us another instance of a self-educated mathematician. Neither the place nor the time of his birth is exactly known; but he was probably a native of Argyleshire, and born a few years before the close of the seventeenth century. He is spoken of as having reached an advanced age in 1760, and he died in 1768. The only account we have of his early life is contained in a letter, which is to be found prefixed to a French translation of one of his works, from his contemporary, the Chevalier Ramsay, who knew him. His father, Ramsay tells us, was gardener to the Duke of Argyll, who, walking one day in his garden, observed a Latin copy of Newton's 'Principia' lying on the grass; and thinking it had been brought from his own library, called some one to carry it back to its place. 'Upon this,' (the narrative proceeds,) 'Stone, who was then in his eighteenth year, claimed the book as his own. 'Yours?' replied the duke; 'do you understand geometry, Latin, and Newton?' 'I know a little of them,' replied the young man. The duke was surprised; and, having a taste for the sciences, he entered into conversation with the young mathematician. He asked him several questions, and was astonished at the force, the accuracy, and the candour, of his answers. 'But how,' said the duke, 'came you by the knowledge of all these things?' Stone replied, 'A servant taught me ten years since to read. Does one need to know any thing more than the twenty-four letters, in order to learn every thing else that one wishes?' The duke's curiosity redoubled: he sat down on a bank, and requested a detail of the whole process by which he had become so learned. 'I first learned to read,' said Stone; 'the masons were then at work upon your house. I approached them one day, and observed that the architect used a rule and compasses, and that he made calculations. I inquired what might be the meaning and use of these things, and I was informed that there was a science called arithmetic. I purchased a book of arithmetic, and I learned it. I was told there was another science called geometry; I bought the necessary books, and I learned geometry. By reading, I found that there were good books in these two sciences in Latin; I bought a dictionary, and I learned Latin. I understood, also, that there were good books of the same kind in French; I bought a dictionary, and I learned French. And this, my lord, is what I have done: it seems to me that we may learn every thing when we know the twenty-four letters of the alphabet.'"

A Journey through Norway, Lapland, and part of Sweden, &c. By the Rev. Robert Everest, A.M., F.G.S., late of University College, Oxford. 8vo. pp. 383. London, 1829. Underwood.

We were prepared by report to expect that the subject of this work would, almost exclusively, have been geology, or some branches of science connected with that interesting and useful study; but its perusal enables us to state, that the general reader may also derive consider-

able gratification from Mr. Everest's volume. The ingenious author left London on the 1st of May (1827), in a Norwegian merchant vessel, commanded by a little captain, who had not seen much of England, but "quite enough, as he thought, to give a very good opinion on it. He had rambled through some streets in the neighbourhood of the Tower, and was satisfied that the English ladies were very dirty and immodest. There were, however, some points that counterbalanced these disadvantages. He had been to Greenwich fair; Greenwich fair was delightful: there was nothing like it in Norway."

So much is the coast of Norway indented by creeks, that the eye cannot trace their various entrances, and ships seem to steer directly for the breakers.

"It almost alarmed us," says Mr. E., "to find ourselves in a large ship, winding at full sail among the rocks (of the Glommen), which were so near occasionally, that we fancied we might have leapt on shore. We could at any time have held a conversation with a person there. In this manner we proceeded five or six miles."

Some former traveller declares, that a northern town reminded him of a parcel of large deal boxes huddled together: and this description our author thinks perfectly applicable to the Forstadt, or sea-port of Frederickstadt; although he found, on approaching the place, that several houses were neatly painted and tiled, and exquisitely clean. Some Norwegian newspapers at Arendal, noticing the exports and imports of the last three months, mentioned that from one place *forty-eight thousand lobsters* had been sent. "And who—(was naturally the inquiry that followed)—who were the lobster-eaters? Why, the Londoners. John Bull is a good fellow, but he will certainly take more pains for his stomach than for any other earthly object. There is an English lobster-company, and their agents are busy all along the coast. Twice or thrice a week their packets sail from Christiansand."

Extreme poverty, in some parts of Norway, produces much filth, and a paucity of articles that may be almost regarded as necessary to the comforts of life. In some houses the whole stock of utensils were one large iron pot, an axe, one knife, and half-a-dozen wooden bowls and spoons. The moss that stuffs the seams between the trees of which the waincots are composed, harbours much vermin: the severity of the climate obliges the people to sleep in their only room that has a fire-place, and in one large bed, like a deal box, into which they all creep: some straw is spread at the bottom, and sheep-skins serve for covering. They seemed to have scarcely a fixed hour for sleep, "but each got in by day, as he found himself tired. At Dal none of us were much at home, except our great dog, who was hospitably received into the family bed, and the next morning we found him asleep between the children and their parents. The swampy land they labour in, prevents the women's bare feet, or their miserable remnants of shoes and stockings, from ever being clean; but their tables, and what utensils they have, are generally spotless. On the Saturday night we passed at Dal, the children (three or four girls) were washed clean, and with their rosy cheeks, and long brown hair flowing over their shoulders, after the manner of all the Norwegians, seemed worthy of a better lot. The next day I saw one of these little things reading the prayer-book to its mother. Destitute as they were of every worldly comfort, we found two or three

religious books in every house. The hope of the weary and heavy-laden in every clime is not denied to these poor sojourners in the valley of tears."

A remarkable circumstance is mentioned in page 40, respecting the great Mios lake, which is, in fact, an extensive inland sea, its banks fringed, not with fir-trees, but with alder, birch, and mountain-ash, hazel and poplar. At the time of the memorable Lisbon earthquake this lake was violently agitated, and its water is said to have risen twenty feet, and then suddenly retreated, leaving high and dry all the fishermen's boats that were upon it.

Having informed us that the clowns of Gulbrandsdalen stalk about in good shoes and stockings, while their wives and daughters go barefoot, our author, aware that the notion may be regarded as fanciful, thinks it possible to trace a resemblance "in the manners and customs of these people to the ancient Greeks; for it is well known that from thence they derived the mythology of Odin; and if so, why not trifles, which would naturally accompany it, and be preserved among a people that live so much secluded from the rest of the world? The women in Gulbrandsdalen wear their hair in the manner we see in ancient figures, none in front, but all drawn back from the forehead, and fastened in a small knot behind. One imagines a rude likeness in the wooden bowls and cups, which they carve for themselves, to many of the Etruscan models; and in a garden south of the Dovrefieldt, a stuffed figure not unsightly represented the rural god yet 'terrens aves.'"

Many instances are recorded in this volume which place the character of the Norwegians in a very favourable point of view. Indeed, Mr. Everest, in his preface, describes their country, which, though he was a stranger, had linked his best hopes and wishes to its cause, as one "where," says he, "I have often felt that I could live and die contented among its rocks and woods and dales, in the midst of its quiet and virtuous people." He thinks that the Laplanders, those children of nature, are rather to be envied than pitied. Their high state of health and spirits he ascribes to the total absence of mental anxiety, their few and simple wants, and their hardy habits. A Laplander will go for thirty miles through swamps and rocks, take a draught of milk, sleep in his wet clothes, and rise the next morning as fresh as when he began his journey. Having seen at Hammerfest many drunken Fins rolling in the mire, Mr. E. remarks, that this beastly exhibition seldom occurs oftener than once in three months, when these people visit the warehouse; for they do not keep any fermented liquors in their own huts, where they drink only milk and water; but they are like children, without disguise,—what little vice they have, is shewn in the face of day. At Fuglencos the bears are sometimes so pressed by hunger, that they come to the huts, attracted by the smell of flesh and blubber. "I never could learn that they had actually carried a man off; but a story is told of two Russians who were playing at draughts by the window, when a great white paw pushed through a pane, seized one of them by the nape of the neck, and endeavoured to drag him out; but the man escaped with the loss of a handful of his shaggy hair."

We have already noticed the considerable number of lobsters exported to England. The host at Walderhong addressed our author—"So, you are an Englishman; come, I suppose, to inquire about lobsters." "I after-

wards found," says Mr. E., "the trade in these creatures with London is so great, that all the way from Stadland to Lindenes an Englishman and a devourer of lobsters are almost synonymous terms."

A traveller might pass (on the way between Christiania and Stockholm) from Norway into Sweden without observing the circumstance, were it not for a boundary mark. "No one ever left Norway without regret. It is a country in many parts of which a child might walk about with a bag of gold, and no one would molest it—where the stranger, by day or by night, may knock at any door he comes to, and be welcome."

If drunkenness prevailed in Norway, it appeared still more universal in Sweden; and the approach to Stockholm exhibited the lower classes dissolute and brutal, as they usually are in the neighbourhood of great cities. This capital consists of narrow streets and high houses, and contains nothing comparable to the palace, which frowns upon the subject town, fit for "Augustus Caesar—*dicum genus*."

"The crown princess of Sweden is said to be one of the most amiable women that ever lived. As the same thing is always asserted of those in her rank, it is difficult to know when we ought to believe it. But I have heard it in Norway from people who would not have said it if it had not been true. Among the few and rare that good fortune cannot spoil or power corrupt, she is the same unostentatious creature which she would have been in humbler life. She is the idol of the Norwegians, as the composure of the Swedes is their aversion. The cavalier of Stockholm is indeed a rich figure. The solemn deportment of the rider, the worthless animal which he bestrides, and the mountebank tinsel with which it is covered, lead to the irresistible conclusion that he must be advancing to the attack of the windmills. Manners seem to be on a par throughout the peninsula. The detestable practice of spitting is carried to a much worse extent in Sweden than in Norway."

Our author's partiality to Norway is strongly expressed near the conclusion of his work, where he addresses that country, the very thought of which kindles his spirit. "I know (says he) every mountain in her long-extended range, and every mountain recalls the name of some one who has treated me with kindness."

The last hundred pages of this work comprise notes on the geology of Norway, Sweden, and Lapland,—zoological and thermometrical observations,—tables of revenue, exports, and population,—a meteorological journal,—and other articles which will prove highly interesting to a numerous class of readers. Besides the frontispiece (a view in the *Vest fiord dal*), this volume is embellished with five folding plates of coloured sketches illustrating the geological observations.

Family Library. Vol. V. *History of the Jews.* London, 1829. Murray.

THIS is the first of three volumes which it is intended to devote to the History of the Jews; and it is calculated fully to sustain the popularity which the previous Numbers of this miscellany have acquired. It embraces the history of the Jews from the time of Abraham to the Babylonian captivity. The subject, as we had only last week occasion to observe in our Review of Jahn's valuable work, is one of deep, general, and permanent interest; and it appears to us that ample justice has been done to it, as far as he has gone, in his popular form, by the author of this volume.

The plan of the work has been conceived with great judgment; and what has been thus judiciously conceived, has been also ably as well as agreeably executed. The author has very adroitly shunned the error into which unskilful writers of historical compendiums too frequently fall;—he has not sunk into a mere annalist, transcribing a dry register of facts arranged in chronological order; but he either passes over entirely, or touches very slightly, events which appear to him of minor importance, and reserves both his space and his fire for those more momentous and interesting transactions which require to be fully displayed. The narrative is rapid and extremely clear; and the language is always neat, generally nervous, and frequently eloquent:—indeed, the character and execution of this interesting and delightful little volume cannot fail to make a very enviable addition to the already well-established reputation of its accomplished and very estimable author. We consider it a valuable acquisition to our literary stores, and peculiarly adapted to give clear and correct views of the leading characters and more important events which figure in the records of the Old Testament. We are acquainted with no volume which we can more heartily recommend to our readers: to the younger part of them more especially, we are sure it will prove a most acceptable present. The interest of the narrative is indeed sustained throughout; and if we had room, we would transfer to our pages several of its beautiful passages; but as want of space compels us to content ourselves with a specimen, we shall select the following striking account, which the author gives of the magnificent scene that immediately preceded the death of Moses.

“As his end approached, he summoned the assembly of all Israel to receive his final instructions. His last thoughts were the welfare of the commonwealth and the permanence of the constitution. Already the people had been numbered for the third time; they were found not to have increased or decreased very materially since the departure from Egypt. Moses recounted their whole eventful history since their deliverance—their toils, their dangers, their triumphs; he recapitulated and consolidated in one brief code the book of Deuteronomy, the whole law, in some degree modified and adapted to the future circumstances of the republic. Finally, he appointed a solemn ratification of the law, which although it was not to take place, nor did take place, till after the conquest, yet is so deeply impressed with the genius and lofty character of the lawgiver, that it may be better to relate it here than at the time when it was fulfilled under the direction of Joshua. Never did human imagination conceive a scene so imposing, so solemn, so likely to impress the whole people with deep and enduring awe, as the final ratification of their polity, as commanded by the dying lawgiver. In the territory, afterwards assigned to the tribe of Ephraim, a central region, stand two remarkable mountains, separated by a deep and narrow ravine, in which the ancient Shechem, the modern Naplous, stands. Here all Israel was to be assembled, six tribes on one height, six on the other. In the open day, and in a theatre as it were, created by the God of nature for the express purpose, after a sacrifice offered on an altar of stones, the people of Israel testified their free and deliberate acceptance of that constitution which their God had enacted. They accepted it with its inseparable conditions, maledictions the most

awful, which they imprecated on their own heads, in case they should apostatise from its statutes—blessings equally ample and perpetual, if they should adhere to its holy and salutary provisions. The type of either destiny lay before them: Mount Ebal was a barren, stony, arid, and desolate crag; Gerizim, a lovely and fertile height, with luxuriant verdure, streams of running water, and cool and shady groves. As God had blasted Ebal, so he would smite the disobedient with barrenness, hunger, and misery; as he crowned Gerizim with beauty and fruitfulness, so he would bless the faithful Israelites with abundance, with peace, with happiness. On Mount Ebal—as the Levites read the heads of the prohibitory statutes, and denounced the curse against the idolater, the oppressor, the adulterer, the unnatural son, the incestuous, the murderer—the tribes of Reuben, Gad, Asher, Zebulun, Dan, and Naphtali, with one voice, which was echoed back from the opposite height, responded Amen, so be it. On Gerizim stood the tribes of Simeon, Levi, Judah, Issachar, Joseph, and Benjamin; as the blessings of the law were recited, to give the same unreserved assent. Having thus appointed all the circumstances of this impressive scene, the lawgiver himself enlarged on the blessings of obedience; but with a dark and melancholy foreboding of the final destiny of his people, he laid before them still more at length the consequences of apostasy and wickedness. The sublimity of his denunciations surpasses any thing in the oratory or the poetry of the whole world. Nature is exhausted in furnishing terrific images; nothing, excepting the real horrors of the Jewish history—the miseries of their sieges, the cruelty, the contempt, the oppressions, the persecutions, which for ages this scattered, and despised, and detested nation have endured—can approach the tremendous maledictions which warned them against the violation of their law. *The Lord shall smite thee with a consumption, and with a fever, and with an inflammation, and with an extreme burning, and with the sword, and with blasting, and with mildew; and they shall pursue thee until thou perish. And the heaven that is over thy head shall be brass, and the earth that is under thee iron. The Lord shall make the rain of thy land powder and dust; from heaven shall it come down upon thee till thou be destroyed. . . . And thou shalt become an astonishment, and a proverb, and a byword among all nations whither the Lord shall lead thee. A nation of fierce countenance. . . . shall besiege thee in all thy gates, . . . and thou shalt eat the fruit of thine own body, the flesh of thy sons and thy daughters, which the Lord thy God hath given thee, in the siege and in the straitness wherewith thine enemies shall distress thee. . . . And among the nations shall thou find no ease, neither shall the sole of thy foot have rest; for the Lord shall give thee there a trembling heart, and failing of eyes, and sorrow of mind; and thy life shall hang in doubt before thee, and thou shalt fear day and night, and shalt have none assurance of thy life. In the morning thou shalt say, Would God it were even! and at even thou shalt say, Would God it were morning! for the fear of thine heart wherewith thou shalt fear, and for the sight of thine eyes which thou shalt see.”*

The death of the Jewish lawgiver is thus described:—

“Moses ascended the loftiest eminence in the neighbourhood, in order that he might once behold, before his eyes closed for ever, the land of promise. From the top of Mount

Abarim, or Nebo, the former of which names may perhaps be traced in Djebel Attarous, the highest point in the district, the lawgiver, whose eyes were not yet dimmed, and who had suffered none of the infirmities of age, might survey a large tract of country. To the right lay the mountain pastures of Gilead, the romantic district of Bashan; the windings of the Jordan might be traced along its broad and level valley, till, almost beneath his feet, it flowed into the Dead Sea. To the north spread the luxuriant plains of Esdraelon, the more hilly yet fruitful country of Lower Galilee. Right opposite stood the city of Jericho, embowered in its groves of palms—beyond it the mountains of Judea, rising above each other till they reached the sea. Gazing on this magnificent prospect, beholding in prophetic anticipation his great and happy commonwealth occupying its numerous towns and blooming fields, Moses breathed his last. The place of his burial was unknown, lest perhaps the impious gratitude of his followers might ascribe divine honours to his name, and assemble to worship at his sepulchre.”

His character is then sketched with great force and discrimination: he is stated to be “a man who, considered merely in an historical light, without any reference to his divine inspiration, has exercised a more extensive and permanent influence over the destinies of his own nation and mankind at large, than any other individual recorded in the annals of the world. Christianity and Mahometanism alike respect, and, in different degrees, derive their origin from the Mosiac institutes. Thus throughout Europe, with all its American descendants—the larger part of Asia and the north of Africa—the opinions, the usages, the civil as well as religious ordinances—retain deep and indelible traces of their descent from the Hebrew polity. To his own nation Moses was chieftain, historian, poet, lawgiver. He was more than all these—he was the author of their civil existence. Other founders of republics, and distinguished legislators, have been, like Numa, already at the head of a settled and organised community, or have been voluntarily invested in legislative authority, like Charondas, Lycurgus, and Solon, by a people suffering the inconveniences of anarchy. Moses had first to form his people and bestow on them a country of their own, before he could create his commonwealth. The Hebrews would either have been absorbed in the population of Egypt, or remained a wretched Pariah caste, had Moses never lived. In this condition he took them up, rescued them from captivity: finding them unfit for his purpose, he kept them for forty years under the severe discipline of the desert, then led them as conquerors to take permanent possession of a most fruitful region. Yet with singular disregard to his own fame, though with great advantage to his design, Moses uniformly referred to an earlier and more remote personage the dignity of parent of his people. The Jews were children of Abraham, not of Moses; they were a distinguished nation as descendants of the patriarch, not as compatriots of the lawgiver. The virtue of pure and disinterested patriotism never shone forth more unclouded. The permanent happiness of the whole people was the one great object to which the life of Moses was devoted; so that if we could for an instant suspect that he made use of religion for a political purpose, still that purpose would entitle him to the highest rank among the benefactors of mankind, as having been the first who at-

tempted to regulate society by an equal written law. If God was not the sovereign of the Jewish state, the law was: the best and only safe vicegerent of Almighty providence to which the welfare of human communities can be intrusted. If the Hebrew commonwealth was not a theocracy, it was a nomocracy. On the other hand, if, as we suppose in the Mosaic polity, the civil was subordinate to the religious end, still the immediate well-being of the community was not sacrificed to the more remote object. Independent of the temporal blessings promised to the maintenance of the law, the Hebrew commonwealth was so constituted, as to produce (all circumstances of the times, the situation and character of the people considered) as much or more real happiness and independence than any existing or imaginary government of ancient times. Let Moses be judged according to his age, he will appear not merely the first who by his single genius founded a commonwealth on just principles, but a lawgiver who advanced political society to as high a degree of perfection as the state of civilisation which his people had attained, or were capable of attaining, could possibly admit."

We would willingly transcribe an equally eloquent passage describing the splendid scene which accompanied the dedication of Solomon's Temple; but our limits warn us that we must desist. This, however, we the less regret, as we have no doubt that our readers will gratify themselves by a perusal of the work itself. The volume contains three excellent maps: one of the wanderings of the Israelites—another of Palestine—and a third of the dominions of David and Solomon: it is also illustrated with several beautifully executed engravings on wood, representing various objects connected with the ritual and ceremonies of the Jews.

The Book of the Boudoir. By Lady Morgan. 2 vols. H. Colburn. London, 1829.

CERTAINLY there are no works more delightful than auto-biographical ones; they carry into the regions of imagination and invention that spirit of gossiping which fills up more pauses in conversation than anything else; they subtilise and refine our love of that species of extra knowledge which consists of the affairs of others; they give us that kind of mirror-like look into the hearts of our acquaintance, which reflects so much of our own; and, above all, they usually add to the dazzle and show of a great name all the interest of that familiar life with which every one is familiar. After all, vanity is the great charm, *la fée lumineuse*, the genius of these works; not that vanity which, like an unskilful mail-driver, must have all the road to itself,—but that pleasant social vanity, like the bee living on honey—gathering, or seeking to gather, "golden opinions from all ranks of men," and willing to give a fair exchange for value received: add to this, a keen perception of the ridiculous, a little in ourselves, a great deal in others; the gracefulness of narrative which, like our complexion, must be born with us:—But we must stop in our list of qualifications, lest we should be told, like the lady who was setting forth her string of acquirements for a governess,—"Madam, you must have an impossibility created for you." We must say that Lady Morgan has the necessary ingredients to make an amusing auto-biographer: very lively,—telling a story well,—pleasantly egotistical and conceited,—we have not for some time met with a more readable book.

As the best quotations seem to have already run the round of the newspaper press, we have for the present only to leave this work with a cordial recommendation to our readers, as one of those light, spirited comedies which ought to put the public in good humour at the close of what has been a somewhat dull publishing season. We abjure Lady Morgan's politics, we protest against her philosophy; but we like these sketches of her life, and advise her to sit down and write the whole of it with all possible speed,—if not as an example to all female talent, at least as a beacon in many instances of the first importance to female happiness. In this light we may resume these volumes.

Thompson's Visit to Guatemala.
(Concluded.)

THE reasons which induced us to resume the analysis of this volume last week, incline us to pursue the subject through one other paper. Describing a conversation with the principal persons then in power, the author says:

"The conversation now turned on the central position of the republic, its consequent facilities for commerce and intercourse, not only with Jamaica and the British islands, but also, through her medium, with Peru and Chile. The proposed navigation by the lake of Nicaragua was also discussed, by which the British intercourse with China and the East Indies would be so much facilitated,—together with other subjects of equal political and commercial importance as well to the republic as to the empire of Great Britain. I had the pleasure of being told by the president, on this occasion, that he had been informed by Don Juan de Mayorga, their minister at Mexico, of the interest I had taken in favour of their republic. He had heard, he said, that I had, on many occasions, spoken in support of its new organisation, in answer to parties at Mexico who had wished Guatemala to be still dependent upon that republic; and he concluded by drinking my health, and hoping that I might return and *radicate* (that was his expression) myself in the country."

Near the old city of Guatemala are three grand conical mountains, of which we are told: "The most beautiful is to the east: it is called the Water Mountain, as emitting, at times, cold water from its northern side: the other two, to the south, also emit water, but as the same is always hot, they have acquired the designation of the Fire Mountains. The hot water, which flows from the north side of them, is very medicinal, and is called De Bartolomé Acatenango. There is a larger mountain to the south of these volcanoes called Pacaya, and another to the west called Atitani. The three largest mountains are, in fact, quite close to the city, and they rise with gentle, uniform slopes from the very streets of it, being cultivated nearly half the way up with the nopal or cochineal plant and indigo, and interspersed with luxuriant gardens and grotesque Indian villages; having the remainder of their heights adorned, to their very summits, with trees of an exuberant growth. The height of the plain of Old as well as New Guatemala is about 1,800 feet above the level of the sea: the tops of the mountains, taken from the same level, are about a league, or 15,000 feet, high. They therefore rise, from their base, to the height of about 13,200 feet, which, although it is 2,547 feet lower than the inferior limit of perpetual snow, is (I shall presently shew) from 1000 to 3000 feet higher from the level of their base than any other mountains in

North or South America. The loftiest mountain, and nearest to the city of Mexico, is that of Ajusco, towards the south; its main height is 12,052 feet; but, standing on the verge of that table land, which is itself elevated 7,470 feet, its actual height from its base to its summit is only 4,582 feet. Ajusco, seen at the distance of ten leagues from the city of Mexico, is a noble sight; how then must I have been struck with the mountains of the Antigua, whose bases arise from the verge of its streets to an elevation nearly three times as great as that of Ajusco; and which, from their relative elevation above the level of the sea, and on account of their being situated under a warmer latitude, are covered with perpetual verdure to their very summits! Chimborazo, the highest peak of the Andes in South America, is 21,441 feet; but it rests upon a plain of 9,514, leaving for its actual height from its base only 11,927 feet, 2,700 of which are covered with snow. The two highest of the Mexican mountains Popocatepetl and Ixtacihuatle, viewed from a distance, present, with their snow-clad summits, a grand and terrific appearance. The loftiest, which is 17,710 feet above the level of the sea, rises from its base to the height of about 10,000 feet, whereas the three indestructible volcanoes of Guatemala (it is extraordinary that they have no names,—perhaps Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, might do) are elevated, as we have seen, 13,000 feet. There is not, probably, in the whole world, so perfect a cone as the Water Mountain of the three in question; and, although it does not appear terrifically grand, like the other mountains of these regions, it is pre-eminently beautiful, and strikes the imagination with sensations of amazement and delight."

Having departed for the coast, we select the following description of a part of the country near the sea:—

"Previously to arriving at Mico, the last evening, we had passed through a grove of the most magnificent palms that I had ever seen; mackaws and various other parrots, with different birds of splendid plumage, studded the loftier trees, and startled, at intervals, the deep solitude of the scene with their appalling screech. Here and there a large monkey darted across the path, and peeping round the trunk of a tree, made hideous faces at us as we passed: amidst the high matted reeds, sometimes, we observed, or fancied we observed, the rustling of some animal, when we instinctively put our hands upon our holsters: it might be a tiger, for these animals are not wanting to this wild seclusion: the poor mules, in the meanwhile, were plunging, every few paces, up to their girths in deep morass, and, if the ground was hard, it was so slippery with the wet that they could scarcely maintain a footing."

Arrived at Belize, our author's journal continues to afford more light and pleasant sketches, which are very agreeable reading: and his volume closes with documents of greater political importance. The subjoined table and details are useful:—

Table of the Conquest and Liberty of America.

Names of the States.	Years of conquest.	Days of declaring Liberty.	Duration of slavery.
Venezuela	1596	19 April, 1810	283
Buenos Ayres ..	1516	25 May —	393
Santa Fe	1538	20 July —	271
Cartagena	1520	18 August —	189
Chile	1535	18 Sept. —	374
Peru	1531	15 July, 1821	289
Mexico	1520	24 August —	300
Guatemala ..	1524	15 Sept. —	397
Panama	1518	28 Nov. —	302

"The mahogany exported by British settlers

may be calculated at about sixty square-rigged vessels, at 120,000 feet each, value about \$400,000 annually; and the value of Guatemalan produce, such as indigo, cochineal, &c., exported, amounts to three times as much again. It is supposed that the sales of one commercial house at Belize average £15,000 currency per month, which is one-twentieth part of what is sold, and would make the sales of British dry goods imported for the supply of that colony and Guatemala at least £2,500,000 currency, or about £1,500,000 sterling. The greatest part of the import and export trade of Guatemala is carried on by the port of Izabal, at the bottom of the Golfo Dulce, and by that of Omoa, on the left of the entrance of that gulf. The goods are conveyed between the English settlement of Belize and those parts in small schooners drawing about seven feet water, from four to seven tons burden, and charging for the freight from 150 to 200 dollars per trip each way. They average from four to ten days in making the voyage; being incommoded one way by the stream running out of the gulf, and the other by the north-east wind which blows down it nine months out of the year. The distance, which is about 200 miles, might be performed by a steam-boat in twenty-four hours."

Our concluding extracts treat of a subject of the greatest interest—"the feasibility of establishing a water-communication between the Atlantic and the Pacific;" respecting which Mr. Thompson says: "It is an important feature in the history of this republic, that she has been the first, and indeed the only one of them all, that has taken any decided steps in the matter. Most writers have considered the river San Juan as one of the most advantageous, as well as most likely, points for establishing the communication alluded to: the Guatemalan-government have, naturally, been no less impressed with that opinion; and the following particulars will shew in what manner they have met the propositions which have been made to them, as well as the specific objects which they entertain in carrying the plan into execution. There were, at this time, two companies formed in England for the general purposes of effecting, by steam-navigation or otherwise, a water-communication between the two oceans; but the only proposals that had been made to the government by British merchants were proffered by the respectable firm which I have above mentioned. The purport of those proposals, bearing date the 18th September, 1824, was to form a navigable communication by means of the lake of Nicaragua and the river San Juan, without any expense to the government, provided the latter would give the projectors every necessary assistance. On the 2d of February, 1825, other propositions were made to the government by some merchants of the United States of North America, and signed by Colonel Charles Bourke and Mr. Matthew Llanos. They observe, that 'on the strength of statements, which manifested the practicability of the enterprise, they proceeded to New York, in the month of March 1824, for the purpose of forming a company for defraying the expenses of such a work; that, having formed the company, which consisted of some of the strongest (that was their expression) houses of the northern federation, they returned to the central republic with an armed brig; on board of which they brought engineers to level the grounds and survey the lake of Nicaragua and St. John's river.' The letter continues, 'We, having despatched the said brig to her destination, at the end of last De-

cember, and being now about to proceed by land in order to examine the local situations of the territory, pray this government, in consideration of the advances already made, and the advantageous nature of the subjoined propositions (than which, we believe, none more favourable can be offered to this republic) to secure to us their realisation, by granting the exclusive privileges which we solicit.' The terms proposed to give to the government, for the exclusive privilege of navigation, twenty per cent on the annual product of the toll to be paid by vessels passing through the canal, and after the expiration of the term (the period is not mentioned) the canal to become the exclusive property of the government. The projectors required to have, '1. An exclusive privilege for the purpose; 2. An exclusive privilege for navigation by steam-boats on the rivers, and on the waters of the three provinces, as far as the lake where the said canal is to be opened; 3. Permission to cut wood in the said province; 4. Exemption from duty on the introduction of goods on account of the company, until the canal be completed.' Of the above propositions, on the part of Messrs. Barclay and Co., and of the merchants of the United States, no specific notice appears to have been taken; but on the 16th June, 1825, the Congress passed a decree which obtained the approbation of the senate on the 11th July, and was confirmed by the executive on the 12th of that month,—which promises the sanction and assistance of the state to any parties who would undertake the project, and to recognise, as a public debt, the money expended in the execution of it; the passage dues to be applied to paying off the capital sunk in its opening, and to satisfying the interest thereon, deducting, first, the expenses which the repairs of the said canal shall require; the costs of collecting the dues, and of a garrison for its defence; the navigation to be free to all nations, friendly or neutral, without any privilege or exclusion. On the 1st August, 1825, the executive extended the time for receiving proposals to six months longer. The consequences have been, that the Dutch, as I have before stated, stepped in and possessed themselves of the undertaking. When I left the republic, I felt assured that it would have been carried into execution by the British; and I cannot suppress my mortification that foreigners should have the exclusive honour, to say nothing of the advantage, of so great an enterprise; for it is one which can be but *once* effected amidst the noble achievements of eventful time."

We believe this prodigious plan to be perfectly practicable.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

The Scottish Songs. Collected and Illustrated by Robert Chambers, Author of "Traditions of Edinburgh;" "The Picture of Scotland," &c. 2 vols. 12mo. Edinburgh, 1829. Tait. *The Scottish Ballads.* Edited by the same. Same publisher. 1 vol. pp. 399.

NUMEROUS as have been the collections published of Scottish Ballads and Scottish Songs, we feel very great obligations to Mr. Chambers for this new work in the same class, handsomely printed at the Ballantyne press, of a neat form and convenient size, and in every way well adapted for popularity. Indeed, these volumes possess, above all others with which we are acquainted, one of the highest requisites for general circulation: without injuring the authenticity or spirit of the original compositions, they have been purified from grossnesses which never could produce any

other effect upon the mind of the reader, except regret that the pathos and beauty of ancient poetry should be so defiled by the juxtaposition of immodest thoughts and indecent expressions. The public owe Mr. Chambers especial thanks for the good taste he has displayed in this respect; and, looking at both his publications together as a whole, we think he has evinced as much judgment and discretion in the prevailing tone of his selection. There are a few of the songs, perhaps, which we would hardly have admitted—but they occupy no vast space, and do no harm, if they fail to charm us, among their more happy companions; and we confidently anticipate that future editions will put it in the editor's power to add other pieces, of which we miss a considerable number well deserving of that distinction.

A production of this kind does not invite extract, and therefore we have only to say, that it is at once a very complete, and a very cheap, and a very excellent collection. Oral tradition, the consultation of preceding writers and records, great assiduity, and much good sense, characterise Mr. Chambers's performance; and we are sure it will be a particular favourite, not only with the high and rich, but with the middle and even lower orders throughout the country.

Knight's Scroll Ornaments, &c. Part I. 4to. London, 1829. Griffiths.

WELL-selected and well-drawn specimens of Roman scroll friezes and other ornaments,—suitable to all the purposes for which they are designed.

Corpus Juris Civilis, &c. &c. Ediderunt C. J. Albertus et C. Mauritiu, fratres Kriegerlii. Lipsiæ, 1829. Imperial 8vo.

THIS very valuable work of reference seems to be proceeding with due diligence, care, and ability, if we may judge by the two fascioli which have just reached us from Leipzig. They extend to 224 pages, and bring the Institutes of Justinian, with digests, synoptical tables, comparisons with annotators, &c. &c. in a learned and excellent form, before the legal world.

Mexico. By G. H. Ward, Esq. Second edition, enlarged. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1829. Colburn.

WE are glad to see this second and enlarged edition of the most systematic and complete work of which we are in possession respecting Mexico. Mr. Ward, as British chargé d'affaires, for more than two years, enjoyed the best opportunities for acquiring the first intelligence; and he as evidently possessed the ability to make the best use of these advantages. Thus his work is of very great value; and at this time, when the political fate of Mexico is again in the balance,—when an attempt is making to retrieve it for a Spanish dependency, and when union with North America and separate existence are equally spoken of,—it is important to have reference to a work of that high authority which these volumes possess. Not only their matter, but their maps and illustrations, render them of sterling worth and utility.

Pugin's Gothic Ornaments, selected from various Buildings in England and France. Drawn on Stone by J. D. Harding. 4to. London, 1829.

FROM the first Number of this publication we were led to expect, as the title-page sets forth, that the ornaments were to be drawn by Mr. Harding; but we see with regret, that of the

twenty plates comprising this Number, eight only are from the pencil of that artist, the others being productions of Mr. Pugin's pupils. Having noticed this departure from the terms of the prospectus, of which we hear complaints, we proceed to the more agreeable task of expressing our admiration of Mr. Pugin's useful and interesting volume, adding this admonition,—that it will be as well in future to avoid subjects which have recently appeared in other publications. The Gables at Eltham have already been accurately given in "Hunt's Parsonage Houses;" and on comparing the two works, we find that Mr. Pugin has supplied the mutilated parts of the pendant,—a very dangerous experiment, and one which, if often repeated, will invalidate his work as a book of authorities.

Disipation in the West. By Ironicus.
London, 1829. Brookes.

A SATIRICAL pamphlet in verse; but too weak to effect any reform in the frivolous manners or vices of the fashionable world.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris.

THE English actors and actresses have arrived in a *mauvais moment*. To endure theatrical heat at this season of the year, one must either have been born beneath the torrid zone, or have submitted to the baking experiments of the incombustible man. Mrs. West has by no means answered expectation; the French audience give a decided preference to Miss Smithson. Wallack is the rising favourite, though he is reckoned rather too *academical* in his positions; but, *en revanche*, he dies à *merveille*.

"L'Espion de Vienne" is the novel of the day most enlorged by critics: its title excites curiosity too; and half the success of an author depends on his being able to create this sentiment. M. Alfred de Vigny has given a severe correction to his former poems, and presented the public with a second edition of them. Reviewers insist on his again chastising his muse; which is rather ungrateful on their parts, as he has already effaced and defaced the original, to please these verse-judging gentlemen, who perhaps could not compose three lines themselves. We are improving in our caricatures: five hundred were purchased the other day, called "La Marché." The subject is a lover, who sells himself to the *old gentleman*, in order to possess his mistress; but as soon as she becomes his wife, he sells her to get rid of the married chain. The conversation on the occasion between his infernal majesty and the bridegroom is truly *spirituel*.

The caprice of the weather here can only be compared to the variability of ladies' tender *penchans*; consequently, *le beau sexe* are obliged to stay at home and waste their charms on their husbands, instead of displaying them *à la promenade*, and captivating some lackadaisical exquisite. A summer lost to chance conquests is not easily regained; and no spot is more favourable to impromptu love than the shady alleys of the Tuilleries, when wind and rain do not oppose stolen interviews. It is, indeed, truly melancholy to behold some twenty tight-laced, mustachioed, strutting transcendents, frizzled and twizzled in val, and looking, peeping, and watching for their *beloveds*; these latter wisely deem their crape bonnets of infinitely more value than the smiles and protestations of an *amant*; therefore never keep a rendezvous at the risk of injuring their dress, or catching a *rhume*; in fact, what is termed *la belle passion* here is almost always

in subjection to prudence; and, generally speaking, after the age of one and twenty, all those volcanic feelings are evaporated which in other countries outlive Time's rude marks, and lead to so many Werter-like catastrophes. I am happy to say, however, that the English custom of running fairly off with other men's wives is beginning to be adopted. Last week le Colonel de B—r-t and le Capitaine C—g-h bore triumphantly away the spouses of two rich *marchands*. The distracted husbands (for husbands always prize deserting wives) set out, post haste, on the wings of jealousy, hoping to recapture their treasures: but, whether the green-eyed monster changed colour *en chemin*, or that *Messrs. les Marchands* deemed their *aunes* unequal to measure the swords of these enterprising knights, they only went half-way, and discovered during their journey the possibility of replacing the fragile partners of their affection. This is true philosophy, and the only method to be happy, in spite of fate.

I was not a little surprised the other day, when passing through the Champs Elysées, to hear a young man of the lower class resolving the most difficult problems in mathematics: he never hesitated a moment, or waited to reflect, but replied instantaneously to the question put. What was most extraordinary, he could neither read nor write, and his eyes possessed the same calculative faculty as his mind. A gentleman who was present asked him how many were the people who surrounded him? He merely raised his head, seemed scarcely to look, and gave the exact number. His mother, who was with him, said he never could be made to learn any thing; but that he was peculiarly fond of conversing with astronomers; and sometimes of a star-light night would sit whole hours in contemplating the heavens, instead of partaking of rest. She by no means seemed proud of her son's talents; but, on the contrary, spoke of them as a proof of insanity: "*Pauvre garçon, il est bien à plaindre*," was her observation, as she terminated her relation of his singularities of disposition. Contrary to all calculators whom I have seen, he is handsome; neither does the form of his lips in the least indicate his talent—they are quite out of Lavater's rules, and within those of beauty.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

JULY 28.—The last meeting for the season took place; Dr. Theodore Gordon, one of the vice-presidents, in the chair. The Grand Duke of Baden, and two of his royal highness's brothers, and his Royal Highness the Prince of Calabria, were elected honorary Fellows. Dr. M. Doyle of Quebec, Dr. Gladstone of Greenwich, and George Hume, Esq. were severally balloted for and elected Fellows. Mr. Frost, Dr. Sigmond, and Dr. Whiting, were re-elected Professors of Botany, Toxicology, and Materia Medica. These gentlemen severally returned thanks. Dr. Whiting stated, in particular, that though, during the past year, he had not been enabled to impart much information to the Society, yet he had derived great benefit from its proceedings; of which he had availed himself not only in his lectures to his pupils, but at the bed-sides of his patients. The chairman announced that the annual oration would be delivered on the 10th of November, and that candidates for the Society's gold and silver medals must send in their communications before the first of January, 1830. P. Sandoz, Esq. was admitted a corresponding

member. On the table was placed a fine collection of plants, most of them rare, and many of them unique, from the King's Gardens at Kew; presented by Mr. Aiton, and well-arranged by Mr. Cunningham.

St. Petersburg, July 21.

BARON ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT arrived at Perm on the 13th of June.

As the baron is going to examine the mines of the Oural, the following particulars of the elevation of the mountains will be found interesting.

Colonel Terletzky of Catherineburg, the first who has measured the elevation of the summits of the southern chain of the Oural, by means of the barometer, has communicated the following results of his operations to the *Northern Bee*.

Names of the Mountains.	Perpendicular height in English feet.
Great Taganai, eighteen wersts from the works of Zlatoust; the centre peak is above the level of the sea, at 45° latitude	3675-9
Above the level of the river Al, at the sluice of the works	3566-3
The level of the Al at Zlatoust is therefore above that of the ocean	1109-4
Little Taganai, the centre peak above the sea	3375-6
Above the Al at Zlatoust	2200-2
Ouvet Tass, the extinct volcano in the curl of the ridge, twelve wersts from Zlatoust, towards Minsk, above the sea	2584-0
Above the Al at Zlatoust	1423-6
Yourma Mountain, the most elevated extinct volcano, above the sea	3367-3
Above the river Siksaelga, before the gold mine of Solimonooff	2263-0
Above lake Oufa,* whence the river of the same name issues	1645
Ourenges, at Zlatoust, above the sea	1587-2
Above the Al	503-4
Oouchkoul (Oouchkoul), near the gold mine of St. Anne, held sacred by the Bashkirs, above the sea	1928-6
Above lake Oouchkoul	703-6

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

BURTON'S TRILINGUAL TABLET:

Hieroglyphics.

THE rising importance of the investigation of the hieroglyphical literature and inscriptions of the ancient Egyptians has been rapidly extending the interest in this subject, from being confined to the learned and curious, throughout every rank of intellectual society. It has spread all over the continent of Europe; and now not only occupies a marked share of the attention of the studious inquirer and antiquary, but engages the active enterprise of scientific expeditions, and of many intelligent individuals of different nations. Among the latter, the *Literary Gazette* of the 4th ult. distinguished the name of Mr. James Burton; and established his claim to the discovery of a very important memorial connected with the explanation of hieroglyphic characters. Referring to that statement (explaining as it did the means by which this memorial had passed from the knowledge of the English discoverer into the possession of the French Consul at Cairo, Drovetti), we have here to resume the matter, and are happy to have it in our power to afford additional information respecting this transaction, and throw further and interesting light on the general inquiry.

We have on our table the lithographed copies of the hieroglyphic and Greek portions of the Trilingual Inscription (the tablet containing which we have, in honour of its discoverer, taken upon us to name the *Burton Tablet*); neither the enchorial, or middle, division (between the hieroglyphic and the Greek), nor the plaster-cast of the whole fragment, having yet reached

* Thus it appears that the level of Zlatoust and lake Oufa is nearly the same as that of the lake of Geneva, about 1230-6 English feet above the sea.

this country, though both are daily expected, and will probably arrive under the care of Lord Prudhoe, who has taken so prominent a part in the exploration of Egyptian antiquities.

This fragment occupied the threshold of a doorway, at the top of a broken flight of steps in a ruinous part of the Mosque Giamma Emir Yakoor; and it is of the same kind of rock as the famous Rosetta Stone. Mr. Burton's discovery of it was not casual, but the result of an active search, continued at intervals during five successive years; and during the few days he was allowed to retain it, he experienced considerable difficulty in making these copies, owing to the labour of moving so ponderous a body in the changes of position requisite for deciphering the more obscure letters and figures.

A transcript, similar to that which we possess, having been presented to the Royal Society of Literature, a special council of that Society was immediately convened, to consider of the expediency of publishing so remarkable a document;* and a committee, consisting of the Right Hon. C. Yorke, Col. Leake, Mr. Baber, and other members, was appointed to take the proper measures for that purpose. In their opinion—(which they have permitted us to insert in our journal, and for which we are the more indebted to them, seeing that the two first-mentioned gentlemen are of the highest authority which could be quoted on any question of hieroglyphic learning)—the two imperfect inscriptions were not sufficient to call for immediate publicity; and it was resolved to wait for the arrival of the enchorial or demotic part—of the plaster cast—and of the more complete copies of the portions already received, before resorting to ulterior measures. Thus the matter rests at present.

With regard to the specimens now in England, we may briefly describe their appearance. The first (or hieroglyphic) sheet is about 6½ inches wide, and eleven inches high on one side, ten inches on the other; for it should be observed, that the top is part (half) of an arch, and that the fragment appears to be half of the original tablet, broken or cut off through the centre perpendicularly. About five inches of this superior arc is occupied with the figures in the procession, with indications of their names (as usual) over their heads, which, we regret to say, are, here, too indistinct to allow us to make them out. Below follow thirty hieroglyphic lines, the first twenty almost utterly illegible, but the last ten in better preservation. In the fifth of the latter we perceive the name of Berenice twice, and in the sixth the same name once, quite plain and obvious. [The enchorial and "least injured" part, in twenty-seven lines will, when the impression comes, interpose between the hieroglyphic and Greek.] Our copy of the Greek is nearly the same size as the preceding, and consists of seventy-three lines, or rather indications and ends of lines, towards the outer edge of the tablet, of which we can merely decipher a few letters, or a word here and there, affording us no insight into the import of the record. Nor could this well be expected; for our readers should be aware (as was ingeniously seen at a glance, and pointed out by Mr. Yorke) that the hieroglyphics being read from right to left, and the Greek from left to right, these scanty terminations of the latter were not likely to furnish

much information. Under these circumstances, we wait the next arrivals with much impatience; trusting that, as far as we have gone, we have made the subject as intelligible as could be done without engravings, and promising to give the latter gratuitously to our subscribers in an extra sheet of the *Literary Gazette*, should future intelligence* render it expedient, either for their instruction, or to establish our national claim to the honour of resuscitating this interesting monument of remote antiquity.

It is very agreeable to us to be able in the same Number of our publication to pursue this theme still farther, by the addition of the most recent intelligence connected with it, that has transpired;—and the following extract of a letter from the Austrian Consul-general, Acerbi, on the Obelisks of Cleopatra, *vulgo*, "Cleopatra's Needles," possesses great interest:—

"The first visit which our friend Champollion paid to the various ruins in this quarter was devoted to the obelisks still existing amongst them: one of them makes a handsome appearance when viewed even at a considerable distance, and this one has been christened by the name of Cleopatra's Needle. At first sight, Champollion remarked a circumstance which had escaped every former observer, namely, that the hieroglyphics which cover these two obelisks (the one of which is standing, and the other lying upon the ground) appertain to three different periods. The most ancient occupy the column or space in the middle of each face, and were wrought when the obelisks themselves were erected, by order, or rather in honour of the sovereign, who caused these superb monuments to be constructed. These inscriptions, on which we will bestow the name of *primitives*, in reference to the lateral columns, inform us that king Thouthmosis III. directed the two obelisks to be set up before the temple of the god Phrè (Sol) at Eliopolis, in honour of his parent, the Sun himself. This sovereign lived about 1700 years before the vulgar era. All the lateral columns of characters are of some centuries' later date. They contain the titles and panegyric of Rhameses the Great, the Sesostris of western historians. This prince embellished the temple of Eliopolis, imitating the example set him by his ancestor, and thus deserved both the royal legend as well as the praises bestowed upon him, which stand beside those of Thouthmosis III., the Mæris of Greek writers. Finally, on the eastern and northern faces, and inserted betwixt the columns in honour of Rhameses the Great and the corners of the obelisk, stand two inscriptions in diminutive characters, which have never been detected before. They contain the royal legend of Rhameses VII. (Pharaoh or Sesostris II.), the son of Rhameses the Great, who, having conferred munificent donations, and made several additions to the temple of Eliopolis, which was one of the most celebrated in Egypt, caused his name to be inscribed by the side of that of his father.

"Our viceroy, Mehemet Ali Pasha, who is by no means indifferent to whatever attracts the attention of Europeans, was desirous of receiving some information regarding these monuments, one of which, as you are probably aware, was placed at the disposal of the English government, whenever they might choose to pay the expense of transporting it. Mehemet

All, therefore, requested M. Champollion to acquaint him with the meaning of the signs with which the obelisk is loaded; and M. C. did not omit to satisfy his highness' curiosity before he took his departure for Cairo. I have obtained, and now enclose, a copy of the explanation itself, which is thus worded:—
'Translation of the principal face, repeated on the two obelisks of Alexandria, which are vulgarly styled the Needles of Cleopatra. 'The powerful sovereign of divine race, the friend of justice, the king of Upper Egypt and of Lower Egypt, he who has defended his country with his arm, the resplendent monarch, the head of the public assemblies, like the Deity who has established the order of the world, the lord of the universe who watches over the peace of the globe, the son of the Sun, *Thouthmosis*, has made rich offerings to the Supreme, to the King of the heavenly hosts. The princely lord of the universe who watches over the repose of the world, the son of the Sun, and lord of diadems, has raised these two obelisks before the temple of the Sun at Eliopolis (*Matharich*), in honour of the Sun, his father, who has given him being, to day and for ever.' M. Champollion has not hitherto given us any translation beyond that of the two principal faces.

"P. S.—Before I despatch this letter by the captain of an Austrian vessel, I shall pay another visit to the site of the obelisks, and leisurely examine every part of them *de novo*.—
• • • And now, having once more considered all the circumstances with greater attention, I think I may draw the following conclusions: The guasto at the base of the obelisk was not made in Alexandria, but in Eliopolis; and it was not the work of the Romans, but of the Persians. The obelisks were secured to the pedestal, not with their present pivots, but with others; the Persians, for the purpose of upsetting them, having cut away their bases, so that they might the more readily apply a lever. The Romans found them handsome and prostrated at a time when they were desirous of applying them to the embellishment of Caesar's temple; otherwise they would not have treated them so merclessly. The metallic pivots, which exist at this day, were inserted by those who erected the obelisks on the spot where they now stand."

We have also seen M. Klaproth's very curious *Observations critiques sur la Découverte de l'Alphabet Hieroglyphique*, published about a month ago in Paris, and we take this early opportunity of noticing them, because that distinguished antiquary and linguist has ably contended for the right of our lamented countryman, the late Dr. Young, to the honour of having first discovered the key to Egyptian hieroglyphics. The *Observations* above mentioned are intended as an introduction, or preface, to a very splendid work, entitled, *Collection d'Antiquités Egyptiennes, recueillies par M. le Chevalier de Palin, publiées par M.M. Dorus et Klaproth*.—Another work of great merit has just appeared, in which the lights thrown by these Egyptian monuments on Scripture history are ably demonstrated. We trust to give an ample and early account of this production.

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE Murillo lately exhibited at the British Institution (No. 167), has been removed; and St. Chrysogonus carried up to Heaven by Angels, introduced. This picture originally filled a

* This seemed to be peculiarly fitting for a Society whose publication of hieroglyphic inscriptions (separately from its own transactions) has done so much for their study, and so greatly excited the public mind. Copies of these fasciculi (not confined to members), we should add, for general information, are yet to be procured.

* Though this is the only trilingual memorial which has been brought forward since the Rosetta Stone led to Dr. Young's important theory, and M. Champollion's improvement thereon, we trust that others will yet be found. Colonel Leake, already mentioned, saw one in a house in Cairo; but unfortunately lost sight of it during the military operations that ensued. Where it is now, is unknown.

compartment in the church dedicated to the saint in Rome, and may be considered as the master-piece of Guercino. It is in the most perfect state of preservation, and forms a new and splendid feature in the present exhibition.

BRISTOL INSTITUTION.

WE are informed by a correspondent that the Exhibition of Paintings and Sculptures in this place closed on Saturday, the 25th of July, and that it had been well attended, and contained works of the highest merit—among which were the portrait of Lord Eldon, and the Flower-Girl, by Sir Thomas Lawrence; several by the late Edward Bird, R.A.; others by W. Daniel, R.A.; also by T. Stothard, R.A.; the late President Benjamin West; Sir Joshua Reynolds; J. M. Turner, R.A.; W. Etty, R.A.; R. Smirke, R.A.; F. Danby, R.A.; H. P. Briggs, R.A.; Sir W. Beechey, R.A.; Henry Howard, R.A.; Benjamin and Thomas Barker; T. C. Hofland; H. P. Bone; and others of high class and character in art. Among the sculptures were, E. H. Bailey's enchanting figure of Eve, and a bust of the late James Watt, Esq. by Chantrey. In all there were 149 performances, out of which 45 only were for sale. The number sold is not generally known—for no mark is put, as in other exhibitions. Upon the whole, the collection afforded a fair sample of native talent as well as of native patronage, as may be inferred from the proportion of pictures sent by their liberal proprietors, in aid of the promotion of taste, and the encouragement of the fine arts, in the city of Bristol and its surrounding neighbourhood.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Engraved Illustrations of Ancient Arms and Armour. From the Drawings, and with the Descriptions, of Dr. Meyrick; by Joseph Skelton, F.S.A. Part XIX.

"INDIAN Arms and Armour;" "Jaserine Armour, A.D. 1486;" "Two Patrons and a Touch-box;" "A Long Sword, with Double Guard, A.D. 1615;" "Crossbows, called Latches;" and "Armour of the Infantry, A.D. 1625;" are the illustrations, and the explanations of them form the descriptions, of this Part. The plate of Indian armour is peculiarly rich and beautiful. Dr. Meyrick says, with reference to it: "At Mundavie, in the Gulf of Cutch in the north part of India, is a manufactory for making armour and shields of rhinoceros' and buffaloes' hides. The pieces are boiled in oil till they become transparent; and such is the process, that they are rendered proof against the edge of a sabre, and, it is asserted, even against a bullet. The splendid suit of armour exhibited in this plate being of that description, in all probability belonged to the Rajah of the Guzerat; and from the inscription upon it, beginning with an invocation to Ali, we find he was a Sheer, a religious sect violently opposed to the Sunia. The Persians are of the former class, the Turks of the latter. It was once in the collection of his Royal Highness the late Duke of York."

Hall's Atlas. XV.

ANOTHER excellent Part of this excellent publication, containing, 1. the Western Hemisphere, 2. Asia, and 3. North America. We cannot help noticing, with much praise for their liberality, that the proprietors announce four maps, instead of three, in each of the two concluding Parts (to be published this year); thus giving their subscribers eight instead of six expensive engravings without any addition to the cost. The work, indeed, has been very

widely encouraged; but it is not often that public favour meets with so grateful and pleasing a return.

Picturesque Views on the River Clyde. Engraved by Joseph Swan, from drawings by J. Fleming: with Historical and Descriptive Illustrations by J. M. Leighton. Part IX. "Clock Light-House," "View of Dunoon and Castle," and "Kelly House," form the embellishments of the ninth Part of this pretty publication.

Charles V. visiting Francis I. after the Battle of Pavia. R. P. Bonington; J. D. Harding lithog. From a drawing in the possession of Clarkson Stanfield, Esq. Carpenter and Son.

AN admirable specimen of poor Bonington's high talents, and an additional proof of what he must have accomplished had his life been prolonged. This fascinating little sketch (for, powerful as it is, it is still but a sketch) unites some of the finest qualities of the Venetian and Flemish schools. Mr. Harding also has acquitted himself in a masterly manner. It is really surprising to see of what lithography, when in the hands of an able artist, is capable. The print has all the facility yet firmness, delicacy yet depth, of the original drawing.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

HANNIBAL CROSSING THE ALPS.

"*Prægressus signa Hannibal in promontorio quodam, unde longè et latè prospectus erat, consistere jussit milibus Italianis ostentat, subjectosque Alpibus montibus circum Padanos campos.*"—*Lit. lib. xvi.*

HE stood—earth's mightiest rampart gain'd at length,

Where, proudly rising with its crest of snow,
The rifted mountain rears its giant strength,
In stern defiance of the tempest's blow:
Above him shine the eternal heavens—
below, [steep;
The avalanche thunders from the yielding
And with wild voice, ascending as they flow
From rock to rock, the maddened waters leap,
To hide their sullen wrath, where night and
horror sleep.

A thousand are at hand—the warlike boast
Of sultry Africa's yet unbending pride,
Dark-featured leaders of that countless host
Which throngs from echoing wood and tor-
rent's side—

Numidia's horseman, swift and falcon-eyed;
The fierce Getulian, with his lance of cane,
Thy chosen, queenly Carthage! peril-tried;
Joined with the gleaming helms, and blades of
Spain;
And, like a breathing flood, fair Gaul's embat-
tled train.

Before him, in the fading distance, lies
Italia—glorious as a summer-dream,
With fields which laugh beneath those cloudless
skies;
And haunted grove, and ever tuneful stream;
And hills, where, brightening in the sportive
beam,
The vine's light gems their liquid hues unfold;
And all that meets the vision might bescem
The guiltless time by poets sung of old,
Ere banished Saturn fled, and waned his age of
gold.

On, Warrior, on! even now thy dread career
Demands thee. Trebia's dim and wintry
day,

And Thrasimene with her lake of fear,
And that red plain and desolating fray,
When War's avenging Deity shall lay
Rome's first and proudest as the nameless low;

And Tiber, winding on his rippling way,
Shall hear the midnight wail ascending slow
From lips which breathe despair—a nation's
cry of woe!

A light is on thy path of danger now,
Where Hope, the phantom, iris-throned
appears:

A little while, and that forsaken brow
Shall droop—though not beneath the weight
of years;

Affliction, anguish, shame, and fruitless
tears,

The tyrant's menace, and the poisoned bowl:

Alas! not such the pile which Fancy rears
Within the workings of the lofty soul
Which spreads o'er subject earth its measure-
less control.

Chorus.

J. F. HOLLINGS.

SONG:

Set to Music by Dr. Esser.

AH, no! she loves me not; those eyes
Too plainly say my hopes are vain:
She pities not a lover's sighs,—
She never felt a lover's pain.

No! she, like night's all-beauteous queen,
Smiling o'er ocean's troubled breast,
Bereaves this troubled heart of rest,—
Herself unmoved, untouched, serene.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE KING: ROYALTIES.

WE do not believe there is an individual in the British empire at this period (and it is an extraordinary thing to say) who does not take an interest in the personal happiness of our popular and gracious Monarch, and wish him long to enjoy life and health. Our present little peep, therefore, behind the curtain cannot but be acceptable. At his cottage at Windsor, when relaxing from the weighty affairs of state, the King almost daily goes out in his pony phaeton, drawn by a pair of as beautiful and perfectly trained animals as could well be fancied. His Majesty drives himself, and generally sweeps along at the rate of ten miles an hour; shewing himself a dexterous as well as graceful charioteer. To vary this exercise, riding on horseback has been mentioned, and some preparations made: but even kings are not omnipotent; and it is curious to find that a difficulty of procuring a horse powerful enough, and yet of a kind to suit the royal rider, has hitherto prevented this design from being carried into effect. To drive merely, without an object, would soon become tiresome; and we rejoice to hear that our Sovereign devotes himself with great ardour and pleasure to the superintendence and direction of various improvements continually making in his fine and noble park. The formation of new roads, the laying down of lawns, the erection of tasteful buildings, alteration in lakes and waterfalls, planting, and all those other quiet and charming pursuits which occupy the well-disposed time of a country gentleman, and employ without wearying the mind, are the favourite recreations of his Majesty in retirement, and contribute greatly to that state of vigour which he so happily possesses.* At this particular moment, too, we are glad to find his Majesty engaged in a work not only congenial to such occupations as we

* Among other reports respecting his Majesty's movements, it was confidently said that a visit to Paris was contemplated, and had been almost positively promised to the Duke of Orleans: it would be a glorious thing, and we regret to hear that it is not very certain, now, to be carried into effect, though the month of October is yet mentioned as the period, should his Majesty find it agreeable to perform this welcome journey, and renew the days of the cloth of gold.

have described, but partaking of a higher character, as a tribute of filial affection and lasting national remembrance. We allude to the grand equestrian statue of George III. which has been so long under the able hands of Westmacott, and for the elevation of which the site was last week directed to be prepared. It is generally known that this production of the sculptor's art is designed by our illustrious King to commemorate the virtues of his good and venerable father. It is to be placed on a certain spot in that superb vista called the Long Walk, which is seen with so much advantage from the towers of Windsor, and leads towards the rural residence of his present Majesty; so that whenever he passes to and from his abode and his palace, this object will strike his attention. The site will in itself be commanding, and the statue, from its position and magnitude, have a grand effect. The ground, enclosed by a palisade, is to be 150 feet square; and within this there is to be a platform of masonry, forty feet square in the base, and elevated about thirty feet. Surmounting this will be the statue, about twenty-five feet in height, the figure of our late revered King on horseback, with his arm extended and pointing to Windsor, as if still protecting the place which in life he loved. We have only seen drawings of this; but if we may judge from them, the monument, which is nearly finished, will be the most impressive erection of the kind (even independently of its high associations) which has ever been executed in this country:—a great effort of art, a just tribute to a lamented monarch, and an immortal honour to the heart of his son and successor.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

ON Saturday last, or, more properly speaking, on Sunday morning, to the great mortification of many a *Masaniello*-mad miss, and *Desdemona*-mad dandy, the doors of Laporte were closed for the season. The *Gli Oraxj e Curiasj* of Cimarosa was the fashionable finale. In a former Number, our opinion of the departed composer will be found. Had this opera been produced earlier in the season, we should have suggested to the management the propriety of reforming the cast altogether. The part of *Curiatius* was originally composed for a voice like that of Velluti; and though we think the composer was in error in not assigning that character to a tenor, and the part of *Horatius* to a basso-cantante, (inasmuch as we think no opera can be perfect without its vocal base); yet, for musical, though perhaps not for dramatic effect, the preference must be given to the original cast. Two tenors and one contralto approximate too nearly in tone to produce in concerted pieces striking and effective harmony. To have made, as it is technically termed, "a decided hit," this opera should have been cast as follows:—*Horatia*, Blais—the part having been originally composed for a soprano; *Marcus Horatius*, Donzelli—with strict injunctions to moderate his tone* and spare his lungs; and *Curiatius*, either by Malibran or Pisanoni; though, perhaps, where so much would depend upon declamation, and particularly a judicious conception of the character, the part had been safer in the hands of the latter.

* This artist forces his voice, and that too most unnecessarily, to a fault; the consequence is, that he not unfrequently sings excessively sharp, a defect unpardonable in a vocalist. A singer, from temporary indisposition, or from the pitch being above his reach, may sing flat—but to sing sharp, no physical defect can be pleaded in excuse, but that of want of ear.

We cannot, on looking back through the season, retract a single opinion which we have as cautiously as conscientiously advanced respecting these performances. They have never been precipitately made, nor are they characterised by any thing bordering upon indiscriminate praise. We have neither favoured this artist nor that; but have studied the interest of all, and have throughout acted the part of real friends, by pointing out faults, and censuring in the right, instead of flattering the vanity of individuals by applauding in the wrong, place.

In conclusion, we are happy to inform our readers, that Laporte has already made some of the most attractive engagements. Lalande, and the celebrated base La Blache, (a colossus in stature,) together with Donzelli, Curioni, and though last, not least, Blais, are retained for the ensuing season. There is also some prospect of Pasta returning in the month of May. We are sorry to hear that the season which has just closed has not been a profitable one to the manager, and we are astonished to learn, from an authentic source, that the season of 1828, which was said to be so very productive, did not yield a profit to the then managers, Messrs. Laurent and Laporte, although the rent was several thousand pounds lower than that of 1829, of more than 1,800*l.* in which sum was included the additions to the wardrobe, scenery, &c. If, as is stated, but we know not how truly, the receipts of the past season were less than those of 1828, M. Laporte must have sustained a considerable loss.

So: *Fermes La-porte!*

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

Nothing Superfluous—a one-act drama, from the French, was produced here on Wednesday. It is the work of Mr. Thompson, an actor, who played in it, and embodies the ancient story of a sultan, who proves, by experiment on Sadi, (a poor wretch whom he raises gradually to the highest power and enjoyment,) that there is no bound to human desires. Mr. Thompson was the *Sultan*, J. Reeve *Sadi*, and Mrs. H. Corri his pretty wife:—the first was guilty of that considerable force which, upon the stage, is usually called ranting; the second, of giving the coarsest point to situations and equivoques (if unequivocal pruriencies may pass under that name); and the third, of nothing but looking, acting, and singing, in a very pleasing manner. Notwithstanding the offence which the mincing of modern morality has softened into the phrase of being rather too broad—i.e. rather indecent—this piece was not condemned; but we should be sorry to see it, or any thing like it, keep possession of these boards. Nor is such prop necessary: for the remaining entertainments of the evening were more than sufficient to amuse and gratify any audience, as they certainly did the crowded house assembled on this occasion. *Charles XII.* extremely well performed; with Farren and Liston making every theatrical hit, and it is full of them, tell to the utmost;—the *Happiest Day of my Life*, improving as it runs, being indeed one of the cleverest farcical travesties of human nature which has appeared for a long while;—and *Manœuvring*, an established favourite; in which three pieces, Mrs. Glover, Mrs. Humby, Mr. Cooper, and other good actors, have efficient parts, and are enough to satisfy any expectations of a merry night at the Haymarket.

THE revival of *Der Freyschütz*, and the acting of Miss Kelly in the *Sister of Charity*, continue to crowd the English Opera House. An opera on a very grand scale, and which has

produced a great sensation in Germany, is in rehearsal here. Drury Lane is beautifying for the winter campaign; and Covent Garden remains *in statu quo*. There is no certainty yet of its opening at all: Mr. Laurent, and Mr. Davidge of the Coburg, it is reported, have made offers; but nothing definitive has taken place.

VARIETIES.

Monuments.—An easy and cheap mode of cleaning old monuments has been invented by a French chemist. He scrubs them with a brush dipped in water, sharpened with hydrochloric acid—twelve ounces of the acid to twelve (French) pints of water.

Elocution.—Among our Advertisements this week, we notice the name of Mr. Jones from Edinburgh, as a teacher of this necessary branch of liberal education; and have merely to observe, that our letters from the Modern Athens speak in very high terms of the eminent success that has hitherto attended this gentleman's labours.

A curious exhibition is now attracting the public at Agen, in France. Two Italians have a number of pigeons which are placed in cages, and from ten to twelve of the same colour are put together. By dint of great patience and perseverance they have been taught several feats of the most varied nature, and quite opposed to their usual habits. As soon as the cages are opened, the pigeons ascend, mix together, and fly away; but, on a signal, those of the same colour separate from the rest and come back together, each flight entering the appropriate cage. Carpets of different colours are placed upon the ground; and nets being spread, each flight, on a given signal, go to the carpet or to the net pointed out for it. A flight of pigeons is next let loose, and a sportsman having fired over them, they instantly fly to him and enter his game-bag. This bird, which never before has been seen to mix in martial exercises, upon this occasion places itself before the gun which is about to be fired at it, and does not move when it is discharged; it even takes a lighted match in its beak, and perches itself upon a cannon, which it discharges by applying the match to the touch-hole.

A watchmaker of Memmingen lately announced in the *Courrier Commercial de Dantzig*, that he had just finished a watch of his invention, at which he had worked for thirteen consecutive years. It is made of wood, and not the smallest quantity of metal was used in its composition. The watch, it appears, only requires to be wound up once in three months; and when it is necessary to do so, it makes a report as loud as that of a twelve pounder. The inventor, M. Pippen, will give a twenty years' warranty, and the price he asks for it is 6000 ducats. He states that the Grand Duke of Hesse offered him 5000 ducats for it, which he refused.

Flying!—It is stated, in a letter from Vienna, that a Frenchman is now in that city who has really brought to perfection the long-desired art of flying in the air. He is said to have reached, in his last essay, a height of more than nine hundred feet, and to have then proceeded, with perfect ease, for a great distance, horizontally. No particulars are given, to enable us to judge of the merits of this pretended invention, nor is it stated when the experiment in question was performed.

Announcement.—The following curious notice appeared in a French paper of the 25th ult.: "Nautical Carriages.—To-morrow, at six o'clock in the evening, and on Monday the

27th, at seven o'clock, several nautical experiments will be made at the basin of Villette. A man will walk upon the water in such a way, that his feet will not go below the surface; and several nautical tilburys will traverse the basin. An experiment was made with one of these carriages at Bagatelle on the 20th of April last, in the presence of the Duke of Bordeaux, who walked some time upon the water. The inventor, who has obtained a patent, received the most flattering testimonies from his royal highness and all the persons of the court, of the satisfaction which they had derived from this ingenious invention."

Sicily.—The Gazette of the two Sicilies announces, on the authority of letters from La Pomille and Calabria, that the crops of corn and oil promise to be extremely abundant this year.

New Post-Office.—This fine building will not be opened so early as the 12th, but it is expected in the course of the month.

The fashionable novel is "*La Femme du Monde*:" it is said to possess much merit. Reviewers rate it high; but to me it appeared, not "a twice-told tale," but a thousandfold tale.—*A propos*, a new work is about to appear, "*La Vie du Diable*;" and I trust, at all events, that the life of his infernal majesty will be more interesting than that of earthly sovereigns.—*Pæris Letter*.

March of the Pencil!—Ye Granbys and Marlboroughs! ye Green-men and Duke's heads! away with your quainting glories to the tombs of your parish limpers! For the Austrian has trod upon your necks; and the same pencil which has adorned the imperial palace with the effigy of its living master, has immortalised the shop-front of Mr. Joseph Moser, a practitioner of pharmacy at Vienna, by whole-length figures of Hygeia, Flora, Hippocrates, and Galen, with which the admirers of the plastic art are said to be, justly, in raptures. We are unable to decide whether this new tide in the affairs of sign-painting have been blown up by a "puff direct" from Mein herr Moser, or "a puff oblique" from Ferdinand Waldmüller, who is in high repute as a portrait-painter in the Austrian metropolis.

French Roads.—The expense of maintaining a good road in France is 82*l.*, and in England 123*l.*, for every three miles; and our French neighbours ascribe the difference to the partial and jobbing spirit of our two or three thousand highway despots, who cry reform over public grievances, whilst they are swelling the catalogue of local wrongs and corruptions. The public roads of France extend over a surface of 20,047 miles, and the total cost of maintaining that portion of them (*viz.* 10,720 miles) which is in a finished state, is 879,040*l.*; but the repairs of a similar line in England would amount to 1,372,160*l.*, or more than half as much again! It is stated that the system of Macadamising had been practised long before the time of M'Adam, by one Favier in the Haute-Saône, and one Husson in the Ain.

Irish Loyalty.—The newspapers have lately teemed with stories of disaffection and insurrection in Ireland; to balance which, in some degree, we beg to revive a characteristic anecdote of Hibernian loyalty. A true-hearted son of the sod, who had by pushing hard obtained the distinction of shaking hands with the King on his visit to Ireland, in a moment of elevation held up his honoured *manus*, exclaiming, "Lak there! that is the very right hand which the King, God bless him! shuk; and, by my soul! it is as clane there as ever; for—I have never washed it since"!!

Crabs migratory through the air.—The miracle has been explained: the crabs which fell in a shower of rain at Ryegate, were stolen by a fellow, who, being rather closely looked after by the original owner, swore to him that they had dropped into his garden during the storm!

At a recent sitting of the Academy of Sciences in Paris, a paper was read by M. Roulin on the ergot in Indian corn (*maïs*); in which it was stated, that the use of the corn in this state in South America produces epidemic diseases, and has the singular property of causing the hair of the head to fall off. Pigs fed with this corn also lose their hair, and shew symptoms of paralysis in the hind quarters.

It is stated in a French paper, that by removing the flowers from the potato-plant as soon as they are fully blown, the quantity of the crop of the potato is increased one-fourth.

At the last sitting of the Paris Academy of Sciences, a paper was read on the pasture lands of France; in which it is stated, that if the 5,775,000 hectares of pasture-land now used in France were properly improved, they would give, instead of the present net revenue of 282,000,000 francs, no less a sum than 863,000,000 francs!

Pruning.—A Belgian horticulturist announces that he has discovered a perfect cure for the injury inflicted upon fruit-trees in pruning, to prevent the flow of sap, or, as it is called in Belgium, gum. He cuts with a sharp instrument, in shape like a spatula, immediately round the wound, and having removed all the injured part, washes it with the juice of sorrel, and fills up the cavity with a kind of paste made from the pounded leaves of the same plant: this is then covered over with any substance, to exclude the external air; and the application is considered complete.

Large Fruit.—It is stated in a French horticultural work, that at the last exhibition of the Horticultural Society at Courtrai, nine pears of the *bons-chrétiens* species were exhibited, which weighed from fifteen to seventeen French ounces each; a Colmar pear weighed one pound and a half; and an English rennet one pound and two ounces.

Union of Humanity and Recreation.—Our friends of the Printers' Pension Society have invited us to embark in the Venus steam-packet for an excursion to the Nore, with Admiralty leave to visit a ship of war in the Medway, on Monday, for the benefit of the Institution and of our own health. Sorry are we that our labours for the printers in another way deny us this trip; but we do not the less advise luckier people to have a sail, a sight, a dance on board, and a day of social enjoyment.

Gurney's Steam-Carriage.—A rather long journey has been performed, by way of experiment, with this carriage: the account published complains of many delays in procuring the supplies of fuel, &c., and of a savage attack of the populace near Devizes; but asserts, that in every respect the machinery wrought well, and answered the hopes of the proprietors. — A steam-carriage on a different principle is also vouched for by another inventor, as being perfectly successful; and Mr. Brown likewise offers to shew his gas-engine power complete to any philosophical or mechanical inquirer.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Messrs. Whittaker and Co. are, we understand, making arrangements for the regular publication of three Series of Popular Histories, under the respective titles of the Cabinets of Literary, Philosophical, Scientific, and Political

History. The co-operation of very distinguished writers has been either promised or procured; and the collection bids fair to be a valuable addition to our national literature.

Early in next season will appear the History of the Arab Domination in Spain, by William Fraser, Esq.: the work is already in great forwardness, and is expected to make about two octavo volumes.

The Memoirs of the celebrated Dr. Doddridge is, we learn, postponed till next season: from a copy in our possession, we can speak highly of it, appear when it may.

A prospectus has been issued of a new publication, which, from the names attached to it, greatly excites our expectations. It is to be entitled Italy, and consist of a new illustrated Road-Book of the Route from London to Naples; with Twenty-four highly finished Views, from Original Drawings by Prout, Stanfield, and Brockedon (the editor); engraved by William and Edward Finden. It is to appear in various sizes, and in Parts, probably at intervals of two months—not exceeding three.

A collection of Spanish and Portuguese Airs, by the most esteemed Composers of those Countries, is announced for publication by subscription. It is to be called Peninsular Melodies; the poetry principally by Mrs. Hemans; and selected and compiled by George Lloyd Hodges, Esq.

There is preparing for publication, Tales of an Indian Camp, by J. A. Jones, Esq., who long resided among the Indian tribes of North America.

Natural History.—M. Michel Carrier, an eminent naturalist of Savoy, has issued proposals for forming, by subscription, a Geological Collection of the whole range of the Alps. The collection will contain all the Minerals, Metals, and Fossils, which have already been found, or which M. Carrier may discover, in the Alpine Chain; a space occupying 2,600 square leagues, in which are situated the highest mountains of Europe, and which contains formations the most rich in objects of inorganic nature, as well as in the spoils of primeval ages, and composed of strata the most varied, and abounding in interesting geological facts of every kind! Eight years will be necessary to finish this great work; and eighty subscribers at 190*l.* each are required.

In the Press.—Blackstone's Commentaries, brought down to 1839.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Hosack's Memoir of De Witt Clinton, 4to. 3*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* — Turner's (Sir James) Memoirs, 4to. 1*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.* — Carpenter's Orthographical Assistant, 3d edition, 18mo. 2*s.* — Merry Thoughts for Merry Moments, plain, 5*s.*; coloured, 7*s.* 6*d.* — Book of Fate, 18th edition, 8vo. 5*s.* 6*d.* — Watkin's Conveyancing, by Morley Cooft, &c. 8vo. 14*s.* 6*d.* 6*d.*

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1839.

July.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday.. 30	From 46. to 70.	29.66 to 29.78
Friday.... 31	— 48. — 67.	29.78 — 29.99
August.		
Saturday.. 1	— 42. — 68.	30.10 — 30.12
Sunday... 2	— 43. — 73.	30.13 — 30.22
Monday.. 3	— 49. — 66.	30.00 — 29.88
Tuesday.. 4	— 45. — 68.	29.76 Stationary
Wednesday 5	— 48. — 65.	29.77 to 29.94

Prevailing wind, S.W.

Alternately clear and cloudy; a thunder-storm on the afternoon of the 30th ult., and a remarkable heavy shower of rain about ten o'clock in the evening of the 4th inst.

Rain fallen, 1*l.* inch, of which .475 fell during the heavy shower above mentioned.

Meteors.—Scarcely an evening passes without innumerable small meteors: in the evening of the 3d instant, about half-past ten, a meteor of extraordinary brilliancy traversed a few degrees of the north-eastern part of our hemisphere: the meteor itself disappeared in about two seconds, though the countless sparks of light left in its track remained visible about five seconds.

Edmonton.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37' 38" N.

Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

An Extract from the Genealogy of the Swan Family.—"Another Sir William Swan, who was the chief ornament of this family, was an eminent man of King Charles the Second's party, on whom he attended during his exile abroad; and after the king's restoration was created a baronet: this was in 1664. He was sent envoy to the court of Brandenburg and some other German courts, and was accompanied by (as his secretary) the celebrated John Locke, Esq., author of the Essay on Human Understanding, &c. &c. His son William dying without issue male, the title became extinct." [Is not this the person called Sir W. Vane in Lord King's Life of Locke?—Ed. L. G.]—*Vide* Philpot's Survey and Harvey's History of the County of Kent, under the head Southfleet Hooke, a parish in that county, the seat of the Swan family. We are sorry we cannot find room for C. L.—for W. R. M.—for W. A. S.

To F. A. We cannot ascertain any thing respecting Dr. Maginn's announced Tales of the Talmud. Herbert's Bibliothèque Orientale, valuable as it is, has not, as far as we know, been translated into English. A great portion of its matter, however, is to be found in Calmer and other authors. Steadlin's is, we believe, the only translation of the Talmud.

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Cain the Wanderer; a Vision of Heaven; Darkness; and other Poems. By ———. 8vo. pp. 330. London, 1829. Whittaker, Treacher, and Co.

THE spirit in which this volume is written is essentially the spirit from which all the finer poetry must emanate in the present day;—the deep thoughtfulness of feeling—the philosophy to which the passions have been pioneers—that innate romance which, in default of outward resource, can, like the pelican of the desert, find a fountain in its own bosom:—these must now constitute the poet. We do not live in an age either of excitement or of adventure: we have had years of peace, till the voice of the trumpet is a forgotten sound—one that finds not its echo in ourselves; and it is a subject of thankfulness, that military glory is stripped of its scarlet and gold, banners and plumes, till victory is held but as a showy kind of throat-cutting. And, worse still for the minstrel's tale of wonder, nothing unaccountable ever happens now—a days—and an age of astonishment and wild enterprise is so rife with poetry. To support this assertion we need but appeal to the two great advents of poetry in England. The one followed the change of religion and the discovery of America—witness the rich growth of the drama; and the other followed close upon the French Revolution. The cause was alike in both—the common-places of life, those barriers of the soul, were for awhile pressed aside—wild actions gave birth to wilder theories—the sea was terrible because unknown—countries beautiful because undiscovered—El Dorados and Fortunate Isles, where summer knew only sunshine;—these haunted the young and ardent dreamer, till the whole atmosphere was filled with their presence, and every page of the gorgeous literature of the period bears witness to their influence. In like manner did the French Revolution break up the frozen surface of society: there were powers shewn in the human mind of which man was before unconscious—terrible deeds wrote their own annals in blood—wild visions of excellence were abroad;—then the storm subsided, and its rest was poetry. The effect was the same, though in the latter instance it was of a moral influence, affecting the mind even more than the imagination; and Byron's clear and bitter insight into the truth of things—and Wordsworth's nature-loving, sympathetic, but we must say more fanciful, philosophy—had alike their origin in that reflux of fearful excitement. The age following ours will, we venture to predict, be a most unpoetical one—simply because nothing happens that arouses us strongly enough to take us out of the succession of hopes, or rather, calculating wishes and petty interests, that make a quiet and prosaic life. The great beginning of poetry is to carry us beyond ourselves. The volume which led to these remarks belongs to that one haunted ring yet left—it has sought for *matériel* in that only

inexhaustible mine, the poet's own heart. The author of Cain has done what our actual time is so fitted for—called upon his feelings to minister to his thoughts; and in depicting the feverish workings of vain imaginings and vainer hopes, he has painted what will come home to so many a bosom. Cain is an extraordinary performance, whether in its deep thoughtfulness or its touches of exquisite beauty. We think its writer shews want of judgment, but more with reference to public taste than to his own productions. His choice of titles and subjects is injudicious, inasmuch as they are already familiar to the public: half the readers, and among them many who would otherwise do full justice to merit that well deserves it, will be deterred by the very name of Cain; and his faulty and rugged versification, in Lord Byron's worst style, will occasion an imputation of imitation, which his genius is too original to justify. But we will let him appeal to our readers, in the belief that their praise will be the echo of our own. The ensuing speech of Ada to Cain is both characteristic and beautiful:

"Even in thy dreams thus ever are thy thoughts!
Beyond our life, and hopes, and simple joys,
Thou hast ever been: that marvel, when thus hast
Forsook thy God? Oh! never wert thou as
One of ourselves; thy heart hath never opened
Its fulness, even to the charm of mutual love,
Sharing our joys and sorrows; or if thou didst
For a moment own them, how hast thou relapsed
To double gloom, as if in mockery of
Thy nature, which could so forget itself
As to be happy! Yet, oh yet, my Cain!
'Tis not too late; let the past be as nothing.
And, oh! believe and prove what thou hast lost.
Feelst thou no joy, no quiet happiness,
No soothing sense of satisfaction in
Loving and being loved? Is there no weight
Removed from the heart in knowing there is one
To share all, bear all with thee? to soothe grief,
Yes, to so soften away its human pain
By a superior love, the cup to temper
With words of consolation and sweet hope.
That even its very bitterness shall seem sweet,
Forgotten in the love that offers it!"

Description of Helel—

"She stands alone in her purity, like that star
Which she doth gaze on, as if her spirit drank
Feeling from its rich urn! A very light,
Veil-like, is floating round her, haloing
From the common aim: she looks as one to whom
All knees should bow, and yet as light and graceful
As the fleece-cloud in heaven. Her eyes are raised
To that deep sky, mysterious as herself,
Watching that shrine, as if she listened for
An answer, or hoped one from it to descend
Bright as herself, or had dreamed of such, which waking
She dared not hope.

"Her lips are parted, and move like rose leaves opening
To the invisible aim. Her hair how lightly
Doth its pale golden wreaths, in tangled
Luxuriance, cluster down that neck, and rest
On her white bosom, where the violet vein
Sheds a dim lustre, down even to her knee,
Veiling yet hiding not the rounded shape
Of those limbs swelling with voluptuous fulness,
And glowing through them as the softened moon
Through the depths of shadowing leaves, where
Beauty dwells,

Revealed at once as on her visible throne,
Which the eye dims with gazing on, and heart
Owns in its faint idolatry!

Speaking of love—

"I was even thus; my heart was its own fountain,
That flowed o'er all around it, till a new
Feeling was opened in the vision I had of thee.
How hath it changed me! Since that hour, content

And quiet are gone; my heart thrilled with a sense
Of pain, yet joy, till then unknown; my eyes
Seemed opened which were shut, and all things robed
In lovelier hues: it was the happiness
Of my own bosom spreading itself o'er all
The visible things on which it could repose.
But an after languor came—a shadow stole
Over me, sweet but sad, unfelt till then;
Vague wishes, which were aimless yet delightful;
Hopes dimly promising some coming joy,
Startling, as half believed! yet sighs and fears
When they were fled! a tumult of flushed feelings,
Ending in vacancy, not rest. By day
I sat on the stream's bank, and, as I plucked
The flowers, and watched them floating down the water,
As vague and baseless as my thoughts, like them
Without a resting-place.

"Oh, no! you cannot share with me
The feelings of a mother! She was not
Part of your being as mine; you never watched
From its first struggling into life the picture
Of her unfolding dower! so helplessly
Lying, so all-unconscious between life
And death, dependent on a mother's love!
You never felt her joy in seeing her own
Lineaments germinating forth, her voice and features,
Nay, actions, imitated, and her smile
Reflected in the light from its raised eyes!
And growing up, you cannot know the fond
And anxious watching of each new development;
The pride in seeing them realised, in feeling
Youth's hopes and fears and innocent joys again,
All—all revived in them! But these are gone;
And left to memory in mockery.
Now she who gave them is no more!"

From the minor poems we extract part of
"the Naiad."

"This is the Naiad's haunt: and, lo! beside
The root of that gray tree, o'er-canopying
With its woven branch the stream, and veiling it
In slumber and in coolness from the sun,
She stands half leaning, eyeing the dark water,
As moveless as the form the sculptor hath
Embossed into life; image of his
Idolatry he hath not seen—not so,
For whoso turns he from the living so coldly?
But that they break in harshly on the dream.
The vision that lived upon his trance eye,
Which he feeds on in solitude, there drooping
Over the unapproved work of his hands.
It is the form of innate beauty in him
That exists everywhere, common as life,
Felt though unseen: we know that it exists
From the consciousness and recognition we
Own when we see aught bear its visible impress,
Though revealed to us all dimly as the light
Of a veiled star. What marvel *he* is baffled—
For how can hand of clay embody aught
Of spiritual feeling chiseled from crude mould?
The limner may pour forth his soul in hues
Life-like, that are deep feelings, and thrill through us
The sense of rapture or of pain; the bard
May rouse the slumbering thought to create grand
forms

On the mind's eye, though fleeting, vague, and shadowy;

But how may cold, carved, colourless, sightless marble,
Give back the life, love, beauty, *soul* of woman?
She stood by the extreme brink of that blue stream:
The image of herself so standing was
Reflected to the lightest hair escaped
From the braid of her redundant tresses, parting
Over her glossy shoulders, tangling down
Her neck and bosom. She looked on the water,
And saw her visible self returned: the same
In hue and stature, and each rounded limb
Swelling with breathing life—and yet a shadow!
The sky looked in behind her, and they were
Alone together! What were then her thoughts?
For her eye is lighted up, and a faint smile
Is on her parting lips; and then a shade
Stole over them, but slight, so slight, as scarce
Perceptible. Perchance she saw and felt
How beautiful she was; that she stood there,
The form all would resemble, the embodied
Being all dream of, sighing to possess.
That consciousness gave light to her dark eye,
And the faint dimpling smile on her soft cheek;
And then, it may be, a shade of sadness, mindful
Of all she had heard of love, yet loving none;
For she had seen none like herself—a leaf

Fell lightly down by her and startled away
The half-formed rising sigh!

She looked around—
But who e'er yet profaned that sanctuary?
She was there as alone as is the star
In the solitudes of heaven! To her hair
She raised her slender fingers, and unloosing
The silk knot, down it fell, even to her knees.
In rich profusion, like the ripened tendrils
Of the purple-glowing vine. Then, bending graceful,
She drew the golden sandal from her foot,
And stepped upon the green moss among flowers,
As pale and assure as their veins!"

We now conclude; and must say, amid the many poetical volumes which fall from the press, "thick as the autumn leaves in Valambrosa," and about as dry and unprofitable, we owe something more than praise, even gratitude, to an author whose work merits such attention and commendation as Cain.

We have a few words to add on the bad taste, to say nothing worse of it, of the unmerited and ungenerous attack upon Southey—a man for whom our feeling of respect is equal to our admiration; to say nothing of a work which would alone ensure his immortality—we allude to his *Colloquies*. We also avow a cordial and true love of his *Curse of Kehama* and his *Thalaba*: this is no place to enter on his poetical merits; but folios though they be, we can hold him scarce a poet who could go through them, as from Dan to Beersheba, and find all barren.

There are many opinions of his contemporaries given by this writer, which it would have done him more honour to have kept to himself;—the caustic abuse of others does not exalt the writer.

Memorials of Charles John, King of Sweden and Norway: illustrative of his Character, of his Relations with the Emperor Napoleon, and of the present State of his Kingdoms. With a Discourse on the Political Character of Sweden. By W. G. Meredith, Esq. A.M. 8vo. pp. 425. London, 1829. H. Colburn.

HAVING visited Stockholm, and received much attention and hospitality there, Mr. Meredith has endeavoured to shew his sense of these obligations by publishing a work, which certainly places Sweden and its monarch in a point of view as favourable as possible. It is, however, chiefly documentary, and we might say contains the seeds of history rather than the tree with its branches and leaves. The gradual decline of Sweden for nearly a century, from 1721, when the Czar Peter obtained more by the peace of Nystad than he "hoped for," till the crisis of our own times, presents a useful lesson to nations. In 1810, Bernadotte was elected to the succession. Mr. Meredith glances over the events of the ensuing war, and then fills up his volume with speeches, addresses, proclamations, and official correspondence; the state of affairs at the close of which is thus summed up—

"The result which was thus brought about, namely, the final abandonment by Sweden of the last of her continental possessions, and the formation of one great peninsular kingdom, by the union of the two Scandinavian nations, had been operating in a variety of revolutions for upwards of a century. This change in the locality of her territories must of necessity be accompanied by a corresponding alteration in the system of her policy, and in the nature of her relations.

Thus free and united, unfettered by a geographical incorporation with the States of the Empire of Germany, absolved from all connexion with that Confederation, the variety of whose interests and the intermixture of whose territories caused perpetual differences, Sweden is not, as formerly, borne by the tide of conti-

mental systems winding round the subjects of political collision. Unembarrassed by the possession of distant points of attack, and free from the glance of ambition, she is secure and concentrated in herself. She may choose her part or stand aloof, she may interfere or persevere in preserving her neutrality with greater ease and dignity. She is not liable to be disturbed by paltry debates concerning the freedom of navigation of rivers, or the lines of military roads intersecting her territories; she does not see her towns garrisoned and her provinces occupied by the friendly forces of an overwhelming neighbour. The outline of her kingdom is no imaginary line drawn through a lake with all its entanglement of islands, or meandering among streams or over mountains. The icy and Northern oceans, the Baltic sea, the Sound, and the Cattegat, guard her boundaries, and alike preclude all idea of aggrandizement on her part, and destroy all thoughts of aggression on the part of others. On the side of Russia alone she has a land frontier; but marked as it is by the course of rivers, and minutely set out in the act of demarcation of 1819, nothing but the most obstinate violation of the law of nations could possibly tempt either party to meditate its transgression. The general security of Sweden is the guarantee for her internal repose. The peasant cultivates his fields without any apprehension that the marching or countermarching of hostile or friendly armies will plunder his stores or trample over his crops. Hence, and from the especial protection accorded by the late and the present monarch to the different branches of agricultural industry, so great a progress has been made, that from being unable to supply herself with corn, as was the case not many years since, Sweden now annually grows sufficient to leave a considerable surplus, after the quantity necessary for the year's consumption has been deducted. In the cities of Sweden, the merchant fears neither siege nor bombardment, nor that legitimate plunder so often levied under the name of contributions on the cities of the continent. And even most of her seaport towns, lying as they do on the banks of arms of the sea, but at a considerable distance from the main, and well protected by fortifications to guard the entrance, are less liable to assault than those harbours which are scarcely a bomb-shot distance from the ocean."

These brief extracts will shew the character of this volume, and we shall only add to them a little of what the author says of the king.

"The time has long arrived that Charles John of Sweden should be extricated from the pen of fugitive pamphleteers and political adventurers. Envy, indeed, will not yet be silent, but her whisper will not reach posterity. In England, we have been too apt to consider this king as one of the mushroom monarchs of Napoleon, fortunate in not being as evanescent as his fungous brethren. We forget that he was the free choice of a free people, and that perhaps no event was more galling in the life of Napoleon, than the election of his ancient brother in arms to the throne of the Vasas. Even those who are unprejudiced, and who pay homage to the talents of the king of Sweden, consider him only as a skillful general and a sly politician. What else he may be, and what are the sentiments of the writer of this notice with regard to him, it is unnecessary to state. We have no wish to interfere in the opinion which the reader may himself form from the following documents, which must command, if not his admiration, at least his attention. In them we may trace the king of

Sweden from the moment he landed on the quay of Helsingbourg, to his very last meeting with the representatives of his people. We shall find him, during the course of his extraordinary career, in all possible situations, and under the influence of all the feelings with which men can sympathise. As a warrior, as a statesman, as a patriot, as a father, as a promoter of science, and as a patron of the arts; in his tent, in his cabinet, invoking an implacable despot, planning the studies of his son—in the hall of agriculture, in the theatres of universities, in the academies of science, he alike fixes our interest. We are surprised to hear one whom we have considered only as a successful soldier, giving utterance to feelings of refined sensibility in language of majestic eloquence."

But while reviewing a work that exhibits so much of the rise and fall of nations, it may not be amiss to take the opportunity of embodying (from sources of foreign origin) a statement which we had prepared touching the aggrandizement of Russia; a contrast between the Muscovite and Ottoman in the olden times. At a period when the operations of Russia attract the whole attention of the political world, it may be instructing—it certainly is curious, to recall the strides towards mighty empire which that power has been making during the last three hundred years.

In the year 1476, Ivan the third, the last Grand Duke of Moscow, succeeded to patrimonial estates of—

	Geog. sq. miles.	Populat.
In 1506, he died, bequeathing....	18,308	6,000,000
1535, died the first Czar, Vasili IV.	24,238	10,000,000
1584, died Ivan IV.	144,040	12,000,000
1598, died Feodor I.	150,414	12,000,000
1645, died Michael Romanoff.	227,933	12,000,000
1676, died Alexis	367,176	15,000,000
1689, succeeded Peter I.	371,371	30,000,000
1725, died Peter the Great	520,379	30,000,000
1740, died the Empress Anne.	325,567	25,000,000
1762, succeeded Catherine II.	335,609	36,000,000
1796, died Catherine.	336,646	36,000,000
1825, died Alexander, bequeathing to his successor, Nicholas I. a territory of 5,679,900 superf. square miles, and a population of 36,000,000 of souls! constituting an addition to the latter (in a short career of conquest, begun and ended within little more than one quarter of a century), of twenty-two millions! We may throw in another two millions at least for the natural increase of the Russian population, conjointly with the forced increase of subjects plucked from the Persian crown, during the three years of modest pretensions posessed by the present autocrat.		

To this plain statement we may add Balbi's recent estimate of the actual state of the Muscovite empire:—

Superficies in square miles	5,912,000
Population	60,000,000
Revenue	14,000,000 <i>rs</i>
National Debt	52,000,000 <i>rs</i>
Army and Navy	1,039,000
Ships of war	120

Though it may not altogether comport with the subject mooted in the foregoing details, it is at least germane to the popular excitement of the present hour, that we should shew how very different is the relation in which Turkey now stands to Russia, to that in which she stood when the Muscovite first sought the honor of her acquaintance. *Tempora mutantur, et illa mutatur cum illis!*

"Anno 1490. The year in which Columbus discovered America was the year during which a species of distant acquaintance began between the Russian and Ottoman. At this time, Ivan the Third employed Girai, the khan of the Crimea, to make the first overtures to Sultan Bajazet, by whom they were met with this laconic remark,—'If the prince of Moscow be thy brother, of course he is mine also!' A short time after came an autograph from Ivan to the sultan, vindicating his friend, Girai, from certain calumnies."

"Anno 1495. In the person of Michael Plettshejef appeared the first Russian ambassador at the court of Constantinople, bearing with him letters of recommendation from the khan of the Crimea. His object was to obtain an assurance that the merchants of Russia should be allowed to follow their commercial avocations in the Ottoman states without let or hindrance. He was instructed not to bend his knees, but to remain standing when he came into the presence of the sultan and his son, Mohammed, and to address himself immediately to the sovereign himself. But he managed to exceed his instructions, and refused to partake of a banquet of ceremony, or to allow the cloak of honour to be thrown over his shoulders. Bajazet, therefore, dismissed him in wrath, and in reply to the letter of credence he had brought with him, complained indignantly of the envoy's rudeness."

"Anno 1499. Alexis Golokvastof was despatched on a second embassy, with a numerous suite of merchants, and letters to Bajazet and his son. He was commissioned to procure increased privileges for the Russian traders, and to declare to the Ottoman sultan, 'that the grand duke was ignorant of the offence laid at Plettshejef's door, but was sensible that many sovereigns sent ambassadors to him.' It was politic on the Muscovite's part to seek favour in the sight of one whose troops were at his door, when devastating the territories of his brother of Poland."

"Anno 1514.—The czar Vassili sent Alexejew, one of his officers, with assurances of amity to Selim the First; and commanded him to say, 'our fathers lived on terms of brotherly unity, what reason is there that we, their sons, should not do likewise?' He was also directed not to throw himself upon the floor, but to keep his hands crossed upon his breast, to deliver the presents entrusted to him, and to ask after the sultan's health; but not unless the latter should have previously made a similar inquiry as to that of the grand duke. This was the Selim, in whose time it grew into a common term of malediction. 'Heaven grant you may be sultan Selim's grand vizier!' Because, says Aali, his historian, Selim's viziers were oftentimes limited to a month's sway, and then delivered over to the executioner; for which reason it was customary for all the viziers appointed during his reign to carry their last wills in their bosoms; and they deemed themselves new-born creatures, whenever they brought away their heads upon their shoulders after they had had an audience of him!"

It may be interesting to our readers to know, that the census of 1828 states the population of St. Petersburg at 422,166; of which 297,445 were males, and 124,721 females.

Elements of Medical Statistics. By F. Bisset Hawkins, M.D., &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 234. London, 1829. Longman and Co.

THE word *statistics*, now so familiarly used by every one, was first employed about the middle of the last century, by a professor of Göttingen, to express a summary view of the physical, moral, and political condition of states. Many important facts relating to this branch of knowledge had been published long before this learned appellation was applied to them; and many valuable essays on the condition (as regards the health) of various countries, cities, towns, and hospitals, have been given to the world, without the authors of these insulated reports dreaming that they were laying up materials for the important science of medical statistics. A mere register of occurrences, however, which

does not tend to establish some general principle, is dull and valueless;—but the writer of this work, thinking that the moment was arrived for arranging these scattered fragments into the rudiments of a system, has compared the documents afforded by different countries and institutions, and drawn from them many curious and important inferences. He speaks modestly enough of his book; and, in a well-written preface, observes, that he shall be amply rewarded "if the present humble essay should form a temporary repository of the most important of the labours of medical practitioners and political philosophers; if it should become one of the early milestones on a road which is comparatively new, rugged as yet, and uninviting to the distant traveller, but which gradually discloses the most interesting prospects, and will at length, if I do not deceive myself by premature anticipation, largely recompense the patient adventurer."

Of the great extent of this subject, and the comprehensive range which Dr. Hawkins has taken in his mode of treating it, the reader may judge by glancing only at the table of contents, which embraces the following matters:—a comparison between the value of life in ancient and modern times—progressive changes and present state of mortality in Great Britain—superior salubrity of Great Britain—medical statistics of countries—of cities—of general hospitals—of lying-in hospitals and of the still-born—of foundling hospitals, and of the diseases of children—of asylums for the insane—mortality of prisons—of the prevalence of suicide in different countries—of the increase and decrease of disease—of climate—influence of various conditions, professions, and modes of life, on longevity—average quantity of disease attendant on particular pursuits—statistics of the sexes—fruitfulness of marriage in various countries, &c. &c.

These are the heads of the different chapters into which his work is divided; but it will be at once seen, from the multifarious subjects which are discussed, that it is only possible for us to give one or two specimens of the manner in which the author treats his science, which he defines, in a few words, to be the application of numbers to illustrate the natural history of man in health and disease. Like a worthy son of Æsculapius, he has a sincere love of his profession; and one of his first observations is, that medical statistics afford the most convincing proofs of the efficacy of medicine; for, says he, Hippocrates has left a frank and explicit statement of the history and fate of forty-two cases of acute disease; among which thirty-seven were cases of continued fever: they were left almost entirely to nature, and no plan of cure was attempted: of the thirty-seven, twenty-one died. Whereas, if we examine the returns of the Fever Hospital of London (in 1825), the total mortality of cases admitted into that institution was less than one in seven. It is even still less than this in the Dublin Fever Hospital, and in the Clinical Wards at Edinburgh.

In chapter 3, which professes to treat of the superior salubrity of Great Britain, proved by a general comparison with other countries, we meet with the following consolatory reflections.

"Since the late peace, the principal governments of Europe have paid much attention to statistics; and we possess very instructive returns from nearly all the countries, cities, and hospitals, on the continent. A comparison of these results enables us to submit a very interesting conclusion, and one which we are not aware to have been as yet generally received;

viz. that the mortality of Great Britain, its cities, and its hospitals, is greatly inferior to that of any other country in Europe; and that it is incontestable, that Great Britain is at present the most healthy country with which we are acquainted, and that it has been gradually tending to that point for the last fifty years. It is remarkable that this superior value of life in Great Britain is not confined to any particular districts or classes of individuals. To whatever point we turn our view, the advantage is still the same: the man of affluence, the pauper-patient of the hospital, the sailor and the soldier on active service, the prisoner of war, the inmate of a jail,—all enjoy better tenure of existence from this country than from any other of which we have been able to consult the records. It has been long the fashion, both abroad and at home, to exhaust every variety of reproach on the climate of our country, and particularly on the atmosphere of London; and yet we shall find, that the most favoured spots in Europe—the places which have long been selected as the resort of invalids, and the fountains of health—are far more fatal to life than even this great metropolis."

The country which approaches the nearest to England in salubrity, is the Pays de Vaud, where the mortality is one in forty-nine; whereas, the annual deaths in England and Wales are only one in sixty. This is gratifying information; nor is the superiority of England and its metropolis visible only in the longevity of its free and opulent inhabitants generally, but even maintains itself among the victims of improvidence and criminal excess, and the unfortunate inmates of prisons. To judge from the details of France, it would appear, that the highest mortality any where known is at the *Dépôt de Mendicité* of St. Denis, at Paris, where the annual deaths are one in three; while, on the other hand, here, in the heart of our metropolis, of 300 prisoners received in the Fleet Prison during the year ending the 9th March, 1828, only four died; which is a mortality of one in seventy-five. Another fact is mentioned by Dr. Hawkins, which is as creditable to the humanity of our government as it is favourable to the salubrity of our climate. At p. 160, we learn—"So great was the care taken of prisoners of war in this country, that in the year 1813 the mortality amongst them was only one in fifty-five—not one half of what occurs to the whole population of Rome—although these persons were labouring under most of the privations which embitter or enfeeble existence."

On the topic of suicide we have also a very pleasing conclusion to draw in respect to England; as, in spite of ancient prejudices and the influence of the notorious month of November, it really turns out, on accurate calculation, that the English are less disposed to suicide than any other people who have attained a similar grade of civilisation.

We have perhaps dwelt too much upon the points immediately relating to ourselves and our own country, to the neglect of those parts of our author's work which treat of the condition of foreign states; these are, however, full of interest.

Climatology—a word, by the by, which sounds strangely in our ears—would fill an entire volume with important statistical facts. Dr. Hawkins divides the earth into four principal climates: first, the warm and dry, as the deserts of Sahara and Arabia;—secondly, the warm and moist—in Bengal, Mesopotamia, and other countries, where an eternal verdure exists, and which are the birth-places of the giants of

the vegetable kingdom, where the reptiles are enormous, the human race is robust, and its generations rapid; but its character approaches the brute; the skin is black, and the temperament phlegmatic;—thirdly, the cold and dry climate nourishes a vigorous, but not luxuriant vegetation; the waters are generally pure, but hard; the animals and men enjoy strength and health; the sanguine temperament and white skin predominate in this climate, which includes the largest portion of Europe and Asia;—fourthly, the cold and moist climate, as in Siberia and the North of Canada. Here the vegetation is reduced to a few stunted shrubs and to creeping mosses; the animals are clothed in a thick fur, under which they pass half the year torpidly; man is large, but feeble and heavy; the copper-red skin, and the melancholic temperament, seem to prevail.

On the subject of population, and the comparative fruitfulness of marriage in various countries—a most interesting topic, which was first introduced to the consideration of political economists by the speculations of Malthus, and has been very lately again brought before the public by the clever book of Mr. Sadler on Ireland,*—the details given by Dr. Hawkins are well worth the most attentive consideration.

But we must conclude this slight sketch of the *Elements of Medical Statistics*, though we cannot do so without begging the reader will not allow the numerous tables which will catch his eye as he carelessly turns over the leaves of the volume to deter him by their uninviting aspect from perusing the text with care and attention. The variety and curious nature of the information he will meet with in the course of his reading will amply repay him for his resolution. The author is evidently a man of great research—has selected his facts and observations from every well-authenticated document to which he could have access, in whatever language published, whether ancient or modern, French, German, Italian, or in his own tongue. It is a book which we hail as a real acquisition to our store of useful knowledge; and, though it has been compiled with considerable labour, from the simple, easy, and unaffected style in which it is written, will be found very agreeable and amusing reading.

The Library of Entertaining Knowledge.
Vol. III. Part I.

THE annexed remarks, for which we could not make room last week, claim selection, as the conclusion of our review of this excellent volume.

“Men circumstanced like Walton, Defoe, and Lillo, are well fitted, it may be remarked, to give new vigour to the literature of a country, by infusing into it something of what we may call the spirit of the living world, when it is waxing feeble under the regimen of recluse students and dealers in mere erudition. Their works are almost sure to bear the stamp of originality in conception and manner, which is in literature the very principle of life and strength. The point from which they look to

their subject is different from that which the mere scholar would naturally select; their subject itself is probably not one which he would have chosen; and, at all events, the conceptions it suggests will amalgamate with different associations, and take altogether a different shape and character. Erudition, that should be but the furniture, is too often made the food, of the mind; which, under such unfit sustenance, is apt to languish and dry away. A man who mixes much with the world is little liable to have his powers of thinking thus destroyed by being crushed under the worn and cast-off thoughts of his predecessors; for his mind cannot fail to be kept awake by the stir of the living world about him, which will act upon it like a healthy breeze, blowing away all dust and rubbish, and keeping its faculties in their proper tone. But if, in addition to this salutary intercourse, a man of true genius shall have been further exposed to the necessity of acquiring his knowledge of literature principally by his own efforts, and of working out his own way to that mastery over his thoughts and expressions which constitutes the power of writing, it is probable that, whatever may be his deficiencies in other respects (which, if they were ever so many, the possession of true genius will go far to cover), his productions will have the advantage, in respect of originality, over those of an equally gifted but more regularly educated mind. In the very style of the writers we have mentioned, especially of the two first, there is a charm of nature, which we generally look for in vain among the compositions of more learned wits. In Defoe's political works, too, there is often all the vigour and dexterity of a most consummate rhetoric, rendered only more effective by many a racy idiom which would probably have been rejected by a mere rhetorician of the schools. Lillo's tragedies, again, full of power and pathos, are unlike any thing else in the dramatic literature, either of our own or any other country. It seems as if we could tell almost by the perusal of them that their author must have been in business—that he was a regularly bred tradesman, as well as a self-taught poet. The humblest and the highest walks of life are both favourite regions of poetry; Lillo is the only poet of middle life. His personages are merely the ordinary men and women we meet with every day,—neither heroes and emperors, nor beggars and banditti; and his scenes are mostly in streets, or on country roads, by daylight, and at evening in domestic parlours. Yet even to common life he has communicated not a little of the excitement of poetry. This is true originality; one of the feats of genius, to which nothing is impossible.”

Though not new, the subjoined story is not so generally known as to divest it of any of its interest.

“The celebrated Bernard Palissy, to whom France was indebted, in the sixteenth century, for the introduction of the manufacture of enamelled pottery, had his attention first attracted to the art, his improvements in which form to this time the glory of his name among his countrymen, by having one day seen by chance a beautiful enamelled cup, which had been brought from Italy. He was then struggling to support his family by his attempts in the art of painting, in which he was self-taught; and it immediately occurred to him that, if he could discover the secret of making these cups, his toils and difficulties would be at an end. From that moment his whole thoughts were directed to this object; and in one of his works

he has himself given us such an account of the unconquerable zeal with which he prosecuted his experiments, as it is impossible to read without the deepest interest. For some time he had little or nothing to expend upon the pursuit which he had so much at heart; but at last he happened to receive a considerable sum of money for a work which he had finished, and this enabled him to commence his researches. He spent the whole of his money, however, without meeting with any success; and he was now poorer than ever. Yet it was in vain that his wife and his friends besought him to relinquish what they deemed his chimerical and ruinous project. He borrowed more money, with which he repeated his experiments; and, when he had no more fuel wherewith to feed his furnaces, he cut down his chairs and tables for that purpose. Still his success was inconceivable. He was now actually obliged to give a person, who had assisted him, part of his clothes by way of remuneration, having nothing else left; and, with his wife and children starving before his eyes, and by their appearance silently reproaching him as the cause of their sufferings, he was at heart miserable enough. But he neither despaired, nor suffered his friends to know what he felt; preserving, in the midst of all his misery, a gay demeanour, and losing no opportunity of renewing his pursuit of the object which he all the while felt confident he should one day accomplish. And at last, after sixteen years of persevering exertion, his efforts were crowned with complete success, and his fortune was made. Palissy was, in all respects, one of the most extraordinary men of his time; in his moral character displaying a high-mindedness and commanding energy altogether in harmony with the reach and originality of conception by which his understanding was distinguished. Although a Protestant, he had escaped, through the royal favour, from the massacre of St. Bartholomew; but, having been soon after shut up in the Bastille, he was visited in his prison by the king, who told him, that if he did not comply with the established religion, he should be forced, however unwillingly, to leave him in the hands of his enemies. ‘Forced!’ replied Palissy. ‘This is not to speak like a king; but they who force you cannot force me—I can die!’ He never regained his liberty, but ended his life in the Bastille, in the nineteenth year of his age.”

With this we finish our extracts from a little work of which we cannot express too good an opinion: though few, they will speak to its character. Among the persons instanced, we observe Ibbotson, the English Berghem—Chantrey, and Canova; and we merely allude to them for the sake of mentioning, that several years ago we collected some materials for a biography of the first, which the pressure of other matters prevented us from arranging and publishing in our *Gazette*;—and adding from a foreign author a brief paragraph respecting the two latter, which, had it been known to the intelligent editor, might fairly have been incorporated in this Part of the Library of Entertaining Knowledge.

“Accident is a necessary ingredient in the determination of man's destiny. Chantrey's mother had designed him for the legal profession, and with that view sent him to a school at Sheffield. It chanced, however, that on his way to it his attention was attracted by the figures set up in the window of one Ramsey, a carver and gilder. This circumstance determined the character of the youth's future pursuits; and the mind which might have bewil-

* In reference to Mr. Sadler, Dr. Hawkins observes, that that gentleman appears to have been anticipated by Muret, so long ago as 1766, who entertained the same opinions; viz. that the fecundity of human beings is, *ceteris paribus*, in the inverse ratio of the condensation of their numbers. Muret, in the *Mém. Soc. Economique de Bernes*, expresses his astonishment at finding that the proportion of births in the Pays de Vaud was much less than in other countries, although the duration of life was greater; and came to the conclusion, that healthy countries, having less fecundity, will not overpeople themselves; and that the unhealthy countries, by their extraordinary fecundity, will be able to sustain their population. Mr. Sadler's ingenious speculations seem, therefore, not to be entirely original.

dered itself among the subtleties of Justinian and Coke, was directed by Ramsay in the track of its natural powers and impulse.—An accident was equally subservient to the determination of Canova's career. His native village of Possagno was a feudal appendage of the Falleri family. At a banquet given by the elder member of that family, when Canova had scarcely attained his twelfth year, he modelled the figure of a lion in butter with a spirit and fidelity which excited general admiration; and the humble rustic modeller was immediately adopted as a *protégé* of the Fallerii, and sent to acquire the mechanical principles of the plastic art under the tuition of a sculptor at Bassano. The earliest successful effort of his chisel was an Eurydice in white marble, which he produced in his seventeenth year. We have seen that his first attempt was a lion; the same animal, wrought for the great monument which records the consummation of Swiss independence, was the closing achievement of his chaste and splendid genius. *Tantopere caco casu efficitur.*"

Sir James Turner's Memoirs.

[Second Paper—conclusion.]

HAVING seen our author safely delivered from imprisonment at Hull in 1649, we shall briefly accompany him abroad, where many plans were agitated, by the numerous emigrants of that period, for the restoration of King Charles. Here we learn that want of money prevented him from joining in the expedition of Montrose, 1650, respecting which gallant leader, and other affairs of the time, however, he says: "I went by land to Holland, accompanied with Colonel Sibbald, who carried letters from Montrose both to Scotland and Ireland. From Rotterdam I wrote with him to my wife at Edinburgh, to furnish him with a considerable piece of money (for he was not well stored), which she did; and he had his head chopped off not long after at the Croose of Edinburgh; so I lost both my friend and my money. My wife, in a stormie and tempestuous winter, gave me a visite in Holland; and having furnished me with what I most stood in need of, returned with much trouble and danger to Scotland. I passed the rest of the winter in visitinge the best places in Holland; and in March of the year 1650, went to Breda to attend the treatie betuene the King and his Scottish subjects; the issue wherof was a gracious condescendence of his majestie to all or most of their demands; and with them he went to Scotland, accompanied with severall lords, who after his arrivall were removed from him, and himselfe so used as I wish posteritie may never know."

In 1651 he adds: "I went privatlie to Fife, where I had the comfort to meet with my deare wife, who, having put her best things in the Castle of Edinburgh, and left the rest to their hazard, came and livd with me that winter at Disart. About this time, the monstrous Remonstrance was hatchd; and if Lambert had not, by good fortune to us all, beaten Colonel Ker at Hammliton, I beleve the king had bene just as safe at St. Jonston as his father was at Westminster. The desperate condition of affaires movd some of the best-naturd of the Presbyterian cleargie to thinke of some meane, to bring as many hands to fight against the publike enemie as was possible; and therfor, notwithstanding all their acts of assemblies and commissions of the kirk to the contrary, they declared all capable of charge in state or malitia, who would satisfie the church, by a publike acknowledgment of their repentance for their accession to that sinfull and unlawfull engad-

ment. The king commanded all who had a mind to serve him, to follow the churches direction in this point. Heerupon Duke Hamilton, the Earles of Craufurd and Lauderdale, with many others, were admitted to court, and numbers of officers reassav and put in charge, and entrusted with new levies. My guilt in affronting the ministrie (as they call'd it), in the person of Mr. Dick at Glasgow, and my other command in the west, retarded my admission very long; but at length I am absolved, and made adjutant-general of the foot; and after the misfortunate rencounter at Innerkeithen, had once more Lieutenant-General Holburns regiment given me by his majesties command. Behold a fearfull sinne! The ministers of the Gospell reassav all our repentances as unfained, thogh they knew well enough they were but counterfeit; and we, on the other hand, made no scruple to declare that engadgment to be unlawfull and sinfull, deceitfullie speakeing against the dictates of our owne consciences and judgments. If this was not to mocke the all-knoweing and all-seeing God to his face, then I declare myselfe not to know what a fearfull sinne hypocrisie is. The defeate of that part of the armie at Innerkeithen, Cromwells march with most of his forces to St. Jonston, whereby he cut all succour of men and meate from the North, obliged the king, with the advice of the committee of estates, to lay present hold on occasion to leave the rebell behind him, and march with his whole armie from Stirline into England. The horse and dragoons might be about foure thousand; and the foot, as I reckoned them that day we marched from Stirline Park, were upwards of nine thousand. A traine of artillerie of some field peeces and leather canon we had, with suteable amunition, under the conduct of Sir James Wemis, generall of the artillerie. We got quicklie to English ground, but with a great deale of mischief to all these poore Scotch people by whose dwellings we marchd, robbing and plundering being used by the sojors, even to admiration and inhumanitie. Neere to Carlile, the king is proclaimed king of England and Ireland, with the great acclamations of the armie; and severe commands made against all other robberies, plunderings, and exactions; which being put in execution by hanging two or three, were well enough observed, and very good order and discipline keepd the whole march. I will not amuse myselfe to relate all the particulars, circumstances, or miscarriages of this unfortunate expedition, my intention being to speake of what befell myselfe till this present year of God. In that armie I was colonell of foot, and adjutant-general; and with no better fortune then I had when I exered these charges in the year 1648."

At the ensuing defeat of Worcester, Sir James was taken, but contrived to escape at Oxford, and came to London (whither his companions were marched prisoners) in disguise. His proceedings are very characteristic of these strange and eventful days.

"The search, which was not very strict, being over, and the prisoners with their guards prettie well advanced towards London, I creepd out of my retreat, and in a very pitiefull disguise, accompanied with half-a-dozen of watermen (who had all served the late king as sojors), tooke my journey straight to London. The first day I walkd a-foot to Morley, which was twentie miles from Oxford; but my feet were so spoiled with the clouted shooes which I wore, and myself so wearie, that my companions were forced to carry me almost the last

two miles. Lustie, strong, and loyall fellows they were, but extreame debauchd. They misd not one ale-house in the way; and my paying for all the ale and beere they dranke (for I thanke God they wold drinke no wine) did not at all trouble me; but it was a vexation to me to drinke cup for cup with them, els they could have had no good opinion of me, and to them I was necessitated to reveale myselfe, my honnest barger goeing before us all the way a horsebacke, and so serving us for a scout. At Morley I hird ane old carkasse of a horse from a knaveish old fellow, who made himselfe exceeding merrie with me, jeering me verie broadlie; and indeed I was in so wofull a plight that I was ridiculous enough, neither could any man have conceavd that ever I had bene ane officer in any armie of the world. On horseback I came from Bramford, threeteene miles from Morley, and seven from London, and rode thorough at leaste two hundreth red coates that had convoyd my countrymen to Titfield; but was well seconded in passing them by my trustie comrades the watermen. At Bramford I tooke oares, and in the night time landed at Westminster staires, which I had never seene; for I came in ane evil houre to London, where I had never bene before. I was lodgd that night with ane honest Welchman, to whom my barger reveal'd what I was, that he might make me knoune to some of the royall partie, for I had no acquaintances in that great citie. After I had reposed myselfe two days, wherof I stood in great need, some clothes, linnens, and a little money, were sent me by three honnest men, and brought to me by my hoste. The clothes I accepted, but refusd the money; and next night I was brought by water to the citie, to the three gentlemen who had sent me so sure tokens of their kindnes, and whom I had never seene all my life before. Three loyall persons they were, who, after they had made themselvs knoune to me, they desired a particular rehearseall of the king's misfortunate expedition, and his losse at Worcester; which they heard with as grievd hearts as I related it. They thought it fit to lodge me in a publike inne within the citie, and entrusted me to the care of the drawer, who was both ane honnest and ane understanding fellow. That house I changd, and so did I many others, till I lighted on the house of ane honest widow, who had no creature in the house with her bot her owne daughter; and there indeed I was as secure as if I had bene in my mother's house. Severall appointments were made betuene my three noble friends and me, and all punctualie keepd. Their kindnes I can never forget, unles I intend to accuse myselfe of the highest ingratitude. They entrusted me with a message to the king, wherin his majestie was neerlie concernd, which I faithfullie delivered to him at Paris."

Returning from Scotland in 1664, Sir James staid a month at Bruges, as he tells us, "Partlie to see my old acquaintances, whom I knew not when I could see againe; partlie to cure myself of a disease which is epidemicall almost in the place from whence I brought it, the Hielands; I meane the ich or scab, the hote bathes of that citie being excellent for it."

What will our northern friends say to this picture of their country? It is very different now, but then we do not wonder at the sequel of the sentence just quoted, where the patient relates, "I got his majesties passe to goe to Bremen, bot not to leave his service. Having kisd his and the princesse royalls hands, and taken my leave at court, I left Aken the very same day."

His majesty and the princess were quite right to have the cure of the baths of Bruges perfected before the ceremony of kissing of hands took place!

Till near the era of the restoration, Sir James served in the Danish army; and after that event, it was not till 1662 that he was employed in a military charge; which brings us to the third part of these Memoirs. And this portion will, in our judgment, be found the most interesting to Scots, and, probably, to English readers; for it contains a full narration of the short insurrection of the Covenanters in 1666, and of those previous oppressive proceedings of the writer in the west of Scotland, which seem, in spite of his glosses, in a great measure to have provoked that rising. These he attempts to extenuate and justify; but with indifferent success, since the result was, that a committee of inquiry into his conduct, even by the council whom he served, led to his being deprived of his commissions and disgraced. Having, as we have noticed, by fining, cessing, quartering soldiers, &c. &c., during several expeditions in support of episcopacy against presbyterianism, excited a spirit of resistance among the Covenanters, they rebelled; and one of their first acts was to make their persecutor prisoner. In this condition, and in hourly fear of death, he was marched about by them in all their movements, for the fortnight of their continuance; and of which his accounts are extremely curious. We regret that we can only select a few examples.

"Towards the evening, Mr. Robbison and Mr. Cruikshank gave me a visite; I calld for some ale, purposlie to heare one of them blesse it. It fell Mr. Robbison to seeke the blessing, who said one of the most bombastick graces that ever I heard in my life. He summond God Allmightie very imperioussly to be their secondarie (for that was his language); 'and if,' said he, 'thou wilt not be our secondarie, we will not fight for thee at all—for it is not our cause, bot thy cause; and if thou wilt not fight for our cause and thy oun cause, we are not obligd to fight for it. They say,' said he, 'that dukes, earls, and lords, are comeing with the kings generall against us; bot they shall be nothing bot a threshing to us.' This grace did more fullie satisfie me of the follie and injustice of their cause, then the ale did quench my thirst. That night they sent severall parties abroad, who brought many horses to them. Oune partie they sent to the toune of Aire, which brought out of the tolbooth all these armes, which E. Glencairne and I had taken from the countrey people the yeare before.

"I was taken into a contrey house under pretence to refresh; but it was, that I could not looke upon their armie (for so they were pleasd to call it), till they had marshald it rightlie. At length I was mounted and led along the reare of both horse and foot; and thereafter I was brought to the front of the battell, where I did not let the opportunitie slip to reckon them. I found their horse did consist of foure hundreth and fortie, and the foot of five hundreth and upwards, besides the partie of horse which was at Lanrick, and some other small parties which they had sent abroad to plunder horses;—a Sundayes exercise, proper onlie for phanaticks. The horse men were armed for most part with suord and pistoll, some onlie with suords. The foot, with musket, pike, sith, forke, and suord; and some with staves, great and long. There I saw tuo of their troopes skirmish against other

tuo (for in foure troopes their cavallerie was divided), which I confesse they did handsomlie, to my great admiration. I wonderd at the agilitie of both horse and rider, and to see them keepe troope so well, and how they had comd to that perfection in so short a time."

"That night a councill or committee was keepd, where it was concluded, that nixt morning, the Covenant should be renewd and suorne. And the question was, whether immediatlie after they should put me to death; they who were for it pretended ane article of the Covenant obligd them to bring all malignants to condigne punishment. Bot it was resolvd that I should not dy so soone, bot endeavors should be used to gaine me. All this was told me by one of my intelligencers before tuo of the clocke nixt morning. Yet I have heard since, that it was formallie put to the vote, whether I should die presentlie or be delayed, and that delay was carried in the councill by one vote onlie. Let now all people of impartiall judgments determine whether this armie of pretended saints spent this Lords day as Christians ought to do; and these who make Sabbath breakeing a crying sinne, how will they excuse this crue of rebellious hipocrites, who began that dayes worke in the morning with stealing a silver spoone and a night gounce at Douglas, and spent the rest of the day most of them in exercising in a militarie way, and the rest in plundering houses and horses, and did not bestow one hour or minute of it in the Lordes service, either in prayers, praises, or preaching? Bot they made a good amends at night, for omitting the duties of the day, by passing one act for renewing the Covenant, and ane other for murthering me whenever they could think it fitting. This I shall say, they were not to learne to plunder, and that I have not seen lesse of divine worship any where, than I saw in that army of theirs; for though at their rendezvous and halts they had opportunitie enough everie day for it, yet did I never heare any of their ministers (and as themselves told me, there was not so few as tuo and threttie of them, wherof onlie five or sixe conversed with me) either pray, preach, or sing psalmes; neither could I learne that it was ever practisid publikkie, except once by Mr. Robbison at Corsfairne, ane other time by Mr. Welch at Damellinton, and now the third time by Mr. Semple at Lanrick, where the lauffull pastor was forced to resigne his pulpit to him; what they did in severall quarters I know not, perhaps they had some familie exercise there. I am sure in my quarters my guards neither prayd nor praised, for any thing I ever heard; and being for most part in one room together, it is to be supposed I must have bene a witness to their devotions. Bot I confesse I was more overwearied with the tediousnes and impertinencies of their graces before and after meate, than I was either with the scarsnes or badnes of my meate and drinke. It was now Monday morning, the tuintie sixth of the month, when one of their ministers did reade the Covenant on the top of the staires of the tolbooth, which was suorne by all the assistants. Bot neither I nor any of my guards were invited to that morning exercise."

At last, when "the saints" were routed by the king's forces, Sir James says—

"When I saw the encounter would be inevitable, and that my guards were doubtful of the event, I thought it hie time to propone that to them which I had long premeditated, and which none of them could at that nick of time reveale without their oun danger. 'My

friends,' said I, bruskkie, 'the day will be either yours or ours. If yours, I am still your prisoner; and I beleeve I shall not be long troubled with you after your victorie. If the day proves ours, your lives and mine are in equal danger. If, then, the kings forces gaine the victorie, defend you me from the violence of your partie in the flight, and I shall assure you of your lives.' To this proposition the eight who were with me (for the other eight had left me to my fortune) readilie assented. 'Then,' said I, 'put your suords in your left hands, and hold up your right hands to heaven, and let both you and me sueare the performance of our mutuell promises.' This was presentlie done. 'And who will now say,' said I, 'that I am not a Covenanter?' Not long after this we might heare Mr. Welch and Mr. Semple cry out very loudlie and very often, 'The God of Jacob, the God of Jacob,' without adding any more. This was because they saw our commanded men give some ground: my very latlie suorne guards echoed the same words—'The God of Jacob, the God of Jacob.' I askd them what they meant. They answered, Could I not see the Lord of Hostes fighting for them? I told them then very passionatlie, that they understood not their oun condition; for they might see that party which they thought was beaten rally and stand. They could not bot see the whole bodie of our foot, and left wing of our horse, advance with much courage and in very good order, with trumpets sounding and drums beating. 'And in one word,' said I, 'if your partie doe not reele, runne, and fly, within one quarter of ane houre, then I shall be contented you pistoll me.' It fell out so, that though the rebels, for their number, fought desperatlie enough, yet it pleased the Lord that they were beaten, and their horse fled apace. Whill I thought to make use of this opportunitie, came Canon of Mondroget, bleeding very fast—for wounded he was. He had professd kindness to me formerlie for some curties I had done to some neere friends of his; bot he told me then, that I must goe with him. I answered, that I was so pitifullie ill mounted that I could not ride up with him; besidea, he knew I had no spurrs allowd me, wherby I might helpe my nagge to run. Bot he replyd, it was probable some of their officers might be made prisoners, and that I might helpe by exchange to relieve them; therfor forward I must goe, for he neither could or would leave me behind him, and tooke God to witness it was much against his will. I told him, that since sure it was he could not get me forward with him as I was mounted, and his partie being routed, and himselfe wounded, it wold be no advantage to him to kill a person who had never done him any injury, whatever other crimes were layd to his charge; and with that I lookd over my shoulder (for my guards still forcd me to ride after him), and saw our horse pursuinge eagerlie enough, and were not farre from us. Then I calld to Mondroget, and advisd him to look about and see who was pursuing him, telling him it was now more time to save his oun life, than to seek after ane other mans. This advice he followd by galloping away. Foure more of my guards had left me out of feare; the other foure were soone persuaded to turne with me. I then commanded a drummer of mine, who had waited constantlie upon me, to tell any officer he met with that I was there. He rencounterd with Alexander Cockburne, a servant of my Lord Duke Hammiltoun, who was well armd and mounted. He came to me with

much kindness, and gave me and my prisoners (for such were now my guards) the word and the signe, and conducted me to my lord duke. His grace was pleased to ressave me with much civillite and favour, and entertained me with expressions of so much kindness, as I doe really acknowledge not to have deserved. He gave order likewise that my prisoners should be kindly used, till next day they were delivered to the foot guards: and not long after, upon my humble supplication, had their lives and liberties granted them."

He was, however, as we have stated, called to account for his transactions in the west, and dismissed the king's service; the details of which (with an appendix of correspondence, &c., including letters from the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton, Lord Arran, Lord Ross, Gilbert Burnet, &c. &c.) conclude the volume. Into these we have not room to enter, and can only give our opinion, that the author's "misfortunes" were justly merited by his want of all principles but those of the Dalgetty school. He was, in a word, a soldier for any body's pay; and, so that he gained, cared for no sufferings on any side. His book is a singular record of this, and a striking picture of the bad age in which he flourished.

Some Account of Edward Ruppel, and his Travels in Northern Africa.

WE left the traveller [see our No. 645; and we regret having deferred the continuation of the paper so long,] on the eve of starting from Alexandria to make his way up the Nile. In a letter dated from Cairo in October 1822, he says, among other things, "I am determined to pass two whole years in the negro states of Kordofan, Deir, and Darfour. . . . M. Hey and myself will be obliged to mount guard alternately during the night, for the protection of our property and lives, especially in the desert. Conceive, therefore, what our situation would be, were one of us to fall sick in such a region. God's holy will be done; we want neither courage nor zeal. If I return, I shall enjoy the consciousness of having promoted the cause of science by success in a difficult undertaking; and this will entitle me to distinction among my fellow-countrymen."

In December he reached Nubia, where he encamped at Sakot, which, the very day after his departure, was attacked by the rebel Arabs, who put the garrison, including Ismael Pasha, the son of the viceroy of Egypt, to the sword. After this miraculous escape, the travellers were detained two months in Dongola by the troubled state of the country: a detention which was somewhat counterbalanced by the cordial reception they received from Abdim-bey, the sovereign of that country. On the 17th April, they set out for the country of Korti, where M. Hey made an excursion into its mountainous desert, killed and prepared several ostriches, and six gazelles, all of them nearly as large as the horse; among the latter was the *antelope leucorix*, an animal valuable from its rarity. In this expedition he obtained the first specimen of the *canis pictus*, (hyena picta of Temminck), as well as an immense species of land-tortoise, the *testudo Schapfi* of the Frankfort museum:—whilst Ruppel, on his part, was busied at Ambukol, in adding to his collections in natural history. Hence they returned to Dongola on the approach of the rainy season; and M. Hey being constrained to keep his bed in consequence of excessive fatigue, was lodged under Abdim-bey's roof, where Ruppel left him on his return to Cairo. "The bey," says he, (his own

camels being invalided), "had given me fourteen of those animals, and I set out towards the end of July. I was scarcely half-way from Wadi-Halfa, when I was alarmed by intelligence that the Bisharie Arabs had shewn themselves on the western bank of the Nile, within a day's march of us in a northerly direction, had plundered a vessel and several dwellings, and put some men to death. I instantly determined on continuing my route by forced marches through the desert, so as to keep at a good distance from that stream. We at first travelled three and twenty hours a day uninterrupted; and then, giving four short hours' rest to man and beast, continued our march at the rate of twenty. It was our good fortune to escape the danger; but you will readily imagine not only what I must have endured, particularly from our forced marches in the night, but how much our cargo must have been injured; none of it indeed so much as the skeletons, which were protected by mats only. Fossils were not the least attractive objects of my attention during the journey: among others, I found, under the nineteenth degree of northern latitude, a considerable number of hippopotamus' bones in a petrified state. When I meet with an occasion to despatch them, I shall accompany them by elucidatory remarks."

Such were the results of Ruppel's first journey into Nubia. Ten years back, an expedition from Cairo to Dongola would have been accounted a prodigy in the annals of voyages and discoveries; yet here we see our friend not only making his hazardous way to that clime, but returning, for the sole purpose of forwarding the curiosities he had amassed to his native country. He had no sooner effected this object, than he set about the prosecution of his ulterior projects, and returned to Dongola, whence he writes, in November 1823, on the eve of his departure for Schendi and Kordofan: "I am obliged to carry eatables with me for the whole journey; for every one of the ancient fields has been converted into deserts by the exterminating scourge of a war which has lasted three years. Besides Hey and myself, our caravan consists of a European chasseur, whom I engaged at Cairo, two slaves, four Arabian domestics and our guide; making a total of ten persons." But his intention to explore the slenderly-known oasis of Kordofan, and to penetrate eastwards as near as possible to Timbuctoo, was nipped in the bud by the revolt of the people of Deir, Darfour, and Sennaar, and the nomadic tribes of Méran and Kordofan, against their Egyptian task-masters. His next letter, dated from the camp near Kurgos, on the 29th December, gives a horrible picture of the summary vengeance inflicted by the viceroy's son-in-law, Mehmed-bey, and his 20,000 myrmidons. "This barbarous wretch has strained every nerve to execute his instructions in their bloodiest acceptance. More than fifty thousand individuals had been already massacred by his troops; and he had been employed twelve months in over-running the provinces, one after another, putting the males to death, and carrying the women and children into slavery. Those who make their escape, fly to the deserts and mountains for refuge; but even there he treads upon their heels, and no long time back a vast number of them were obliged to surrender at discretion; there was no food at hand for such a multitude, and two thousand of these unfortunate captives died of starvation within the next three days! The stupor of despair darkens over the whole of these countries; vengeance broods upon every brow, and mutual

extermination is the one only thought which occupies men's minds. . . . All communications by land are interrupted, and there is scarcely safety even for a body of fifty horsemen. . . . I consider it impossible to prosecute my route with my camels; nor can I travel a distance of two leagues from the camp without exposing myself to imminent danger." Under these sinister circumstances, he hired the bark of the reis-baschi, and despatched his companion, M. Hey, with the chasseur and two servants, on a voyage of discovery up the Bahar-Abbiad to the territory of the Schilluks and Funges; whilst he remained among the Turks, with his camels and various collections (amongst which were nearly 350 birds, inclusive of those *en dépôt* at Dongola), in the hope of following his comrade, whenever Mehmed-bey should be bribed into granting him a vessel. Surrounded by dangers, at which the stoutest heart would have been justified in recoiling, the love of country still burns bright within his breast, amidst every toil, and peril, and anxiety! "Do not be alarmed," says he, when concluding the letter before us, "for the safety of these objects (two large cases of specimens of natural history), for though it might be Hey's fate and mine to perish under this sky, we have taken such mature precautions, that I trust our collections would not fail of reaching their destination in safety."

His next letter, from the camp of Kurgos, is of the 14th of February, 1824, and gives an account of some highly interesting ruins in its vicinity. "Crossing from the western to the eastern bank of the Nile, and directing your course towards the desert, under the parallel of the village of Guskab, you travel fifty-seven miles across a long valley of fluvial deposit, covered with bushes and high plants; and in several places observe the remains of ancient canals, which are at this moment filled up, and run parallel with the river: hence it is obvious that these regions were highly cultivated in former times. At the extremity of the valley, where the desert commences, is a village lately tenanted by the Juhelin Arabs, but now abandoned. A ten minutes' excursion* into this waste of yellow sands brings you to a considerable aggregation of bricks and wrought stone. The site of time has levelled every thing to the ground, and what remains is buried beneath the shifting sand. I experienced great difficulty in finding some shafts of pillars, two feet and a half in diameter: their capitals were adorned with heads of Isis. These probably belonged to some large temple. At ten minutes' distance east of these ruins, a series of mansoles, pyramidal in form, rise out of the sandy waste: I counted thirteen of them, all of hewn stone, and nearly thirty feet in height: they are built stepwise, the edges of smooth stones (*pierres lisses*), and the tops absconded; but I could not discover any entrance into them. There was a mutilated lion's head, of granite, lying close to them. At thirty minutes' distance, still further eastwards, we found a much larger number of tombs,—as many as one-and-twenty, built without any regular order, and ranging from north to south along the side of a sand-hill; some are shaped like pyramids, with indented edges; others have acute angles, and plain edges; but all of them possess flat terminations. The most southerly of these monuments was of a distinct style of architecture; the base consisting of a quadrangle of masonry, each side of which is

* Our traveller speaks, we conceive, of geographical minutes or miles, whereof sixty constitute a degree.

twenty feet long, and six feet high; and over it, two rows of projecting stone sustain a prismatic column, fifteen feet in height. This mausoleum has, like its neighbours, an entrance, which serves for a porch, similar to that which characterises the tombs of Méroé. The entire circuit of the walls is embellished with figures of tasty workmanship; the bas-reliefs resemble those of Méroé, though more perfect, and are emblematical of the apotheosis of some deceased personage. There is one amongst these pyramids, which, as is the case at Méroé, stands distinguished from every other by the peculiarity of its entrance, whilst its roof is composed of stones, rounded off into a vault: it is the fifth in succession as you approach from the north, and is easily recognised by means of the bas-reliefs which cover its façade. A female, brandishing a lance as if preparing for an attack, is represented on either side of the entrance. The drapery and attitude are so entirely to the life, and the workmanship is so fine and highly finished, that I have seen nothing either in all Egypt, or in Nubia, to compare with it. Both are almost equal to the finest ages of Grecian sculpture; the temple of Tentyris itself in this respect must rank below them; and the figures possess none of that hardness which offends the eye at first sight in the groups of Briareus existing in that edifice. In spite of common opinion, I cannot help thinking that the bulk of these remains are of much later date than those of Méroé. This conjecture is partly derived from their excellent state of preservation, though their exposure to more frequent rains, and an intenser heat, arising from the more southerly latitude of their site, ought in the common course of things to have occasioned their speedier decay. May they not be referred to the same period as the inscriptions and obelisks of Axum? In those times the intercourse between Alexandria and these southern regions was brisk, and of frequent occurrence. There is a third group of tombs, five minutes to the south-east of the preceding: it contains nine pyramids, all of them having sharp angles, and their summits being composed of smooth stones. The entrances invariably face the east, and are adorned by sculptures. The two groups, of which I have just been speaking, have this peculiarity about them, that the bas-reliefs are confined to representations of female apotheoses; whereas the remainder portray heroes in the act of receiving offerings. The more southerly of the mausolea are the smallest; even the tallest among them do not exceed forty feet in height: but of the one-and-twenty pyramids which precede them, some are at least ninety feet high. The whole of these monuments are of hewn stone, laid without cement."

[To be concluded in our next.]

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Annals and Antiquities of Rajasthan, or the Central and Western Rajpoot States of India. By Lieut.-Colonel James Tod, late Political Agent to the Western Rajpoot States. 4to. London, 1829. Smith, Elder, and Co.; and Calkin and Budd.

WITH the various excellencies of this splendid work we must find another opportunity of making our readers acquainted more particularly than can be done under present circumstances; for we should think it equally unjust towards the public and the accomplished author, were a publication of such magnitude, merit, and importance, to be noticed in a hasty and superficial manner. We

can state, however, that the eight hundred large quarto pages of this very handsome volume, and the numerous beautiful plates which embellish it (executed by those eminent artists, Finden, the two Storers, Haghe, &c.), constitute an ample stock of curious, entertaining, and authentic information, respecting countries and races of people highly interesting, yet hitherto almost wholly unknown to Europeans.

Assisting Questions on English Grammar, with Answers; comprising Explanations of Etymology and the Principal Rules of Syntax. By Mary Ann Tuckey. London, 1829. Boosey and Sons.

WE notice this as one of the many useful little school-book novelties with which the midsummer season teems. Our table is laden with such, and it is a distinction to mention an individual example; but we do not mean to do so at the expense of the rest: we will take them in turn as fast as we can.

An Introduction to Systematical and Physiological Botany. By J. Castles, F.L.S. 12mo. pp. 285. London, 1829. Cox; Baldwin and Cradock; Underwood.

A WELL-ARRANGED as well as useful volume for those who wish to make themselves familiar with the pleasant pursuits of botany. The engraved illustrations are numerous, and sufficient for the purposes of reference: there is also a good index.

Transactions of the Medico-Botanical Society of London. Part I. Vol. I. London, 1829. Wilson.

WE have to notice this as the first publication of a Society of whose proceedings we have given many Reports. It is a selection, in 8vo., of the papers read at the meetings, and is adorned with well-executed engravings.

The Olio; or, Museum of Entertainment. Vol. III. From January to July. 8vo. pp. 460. London, 1829. Shackell.

WE noticed this publication on the appearance of its second volume, as one of those cheap weekly productions which characterised the wholesome improvement of the periodical press, in which entertaining and useful reading had nearly superseded the pernicious stuff that prevailed some years ago. These now spread general pleasure and instruction, instead of political danger, immorality, and irreligion; and it is the bounden duty of high and low to afford them every encouragement. The Olio, consisting of selections and some clever original papers, is indeed a very agreeable miscellany.

An Explanatory Key to a Map of England and Wales; including a Brief Description of the Counties, Places, and Rivers, laid down in it; and also Miscellaneous Information, chiefly Historical and Biographical. Designed for young persons. By Robert Dymond and William Dawson, Surveyors, Exeter. London, 1829. Longman and Co.

THE Map which this Key illustrates is formed on a new plan:—instead of the usual method of giving the names of places and rivers, numerals are substituted for the former, while the latter are designated by letters. The plan is intended to awaken the activity and precision which are essential to geographical acquisitions. Many young persons who are able by mere routine to point out places and trace rivers by seeing their names, have, never-

theless, a very imperfect knowledge of their real situations. The deficiency is proposed to be remedied by the use of this Map, which taxes the memory rather than the eye, and has moreover the advantage of being divided into sheets, for the purpose of distribution among different classes; and is formed on so large a scale, as to enable the pupil to use it without any fatigue to the eye. The Key, which describes the places and rivers, contains a variety of information condensed in a small compass. The Map may certainly be classed among the most useful and ingenious of the many modern improvements for facilitating elementary instruction.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, August 8.

ALL the old women in Paris have popped on their spectacles to read the third and fourth volumes of the "Mémoires et Anecdotes sur l'Intérieur du Palais de Napoleon et de Marie Louise." Nothing equally excites curiosity as seeing royalty *en déshabillé*; and, thanks to historians, we are now completely initiated into the secrets of palaces. Kings and queens can no longer hope to take even a pinch of snuff without its being recorded to posterity. Mademoiselle Heinfetter, whose fame in Germany as a cantatrice is equal to that of Mademoiselle Sontag, is engaged to perform at the Italian theatre: she is expected in a few days. As to our theatres, they are almost totally abandoned; in fact, the *goût* for spectacle is daily passing away, and illusion ceases to please: it would seem that the falseness we become, the more we prize truth and reality: this perhaps is owing to the law of contrasts. Amongst the new works worthy of note, is the "History of the Life and Writings of P. Corneille," by Monsieur Tascheran; as also the "Souvenirs du Golphe de Naples," by Mr. Turpin. Those who partake of Dr. Syntax's love of the picturesque, will read this latter work with infinite pleasure: it is written in a peculiarly elegant and simple style.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL OBSERVATORY, GREENWICH: CHRONOMETERS.

THE annual public trial of these beautiful pieces of mechanism closed on the 31st of July, when the prize was awarded to chronometer, Dent, No. 114; and as our scientific readers will be pleased to see how rapidly we are proceeding towards perfection, we give the rate as issued from the Royal Observatory.

Mean rate.		Extreme variation between any two days.	
1828, Aug.	+3" 43	1828, Aug.	0" 7
Sept.	+3" 85	Sept.	1" 7
Oct.	+3" 73	Oct.	0" 8
Nov.	+3" 67	Nov.	0" 9
Dec.	+3" 63	Dec.	1" 2
1829, Jan.	+3" 59	1829, Jan.	1" 4
Feb.	+3" 59	Feb.	1" 1
March	+3" 74	March	1" 6
April	+3" 60	April	1" 1
May	+3" 58	May	1" 2
June	+3" 77	June	0" 6
July	+3" 67	July	1" 6

Greater rate in July, 3" 67
Lesser rate in Aug., 3" 43

Actual variation, 0" 54

From the above it will be seen that its variation between any two months during the year is 0" 54, being a trifle more than half a second! The reward, though now comparatively small, answers the proposed end—the gradual improvement of the chronometer. The utility of the public annual trial may be estimated from the fact, that no fewer than 344 have been entered in competition for the prize since its

establishment in 1822, before which period the chronometer-maker knew but little of the performance of his own production. The first year's trial detected the imperfections which existed, and which have not since recurred. On the contrary, the maker has had the advantage of watching narrowly the progress of his machine, and by this means of gaining an experience which otherwise could not have been obtained. Although longitude has occupied the attention of the English and most other European governments, and induced them to offer and bestow the most liberal premiums, every effort was insufficient to produce a satisfactory performance; and to the adoption of this annual trial we are, no doubt, indebted for the improved results.

According to one of the rules, no maker is allowed more than one chronometer upon trial during the year; but it is generally known that more than that number have been entered by different individuals in fictitious names, or in the names of persons neither owning nor constructing them: it is therefore to be hoped that proper steps will be taken to prevent a recurrence of this abuse, as it destroys the fairness of competition, to the detriment of the greater number of the depositors.

COPTIC LANGUAGE.

WITHOUT pledging ourselves to the extent of the writer's dogmata, we insert the following as a suitable addendum to our last week's paper on hieroglyphics:—

"The literary world will be astonished at the variety of Champollion's labours, the indefatigable spirit which he applies to them, and the important results which they must inevitably produce. I shall content myself with naming, as one portion of them, that he has composed a complete Grammar of the Coptic Language, in which he proves that this is the language used in the inscriptions on the ancient Egyptian monuments. He has also compiled a Coptico-Egyptian Dictionary, contained in three quarto volumes, and comprising the three distinct dialects, viz. the Thebaic, Memphitic, and Heptanomic. To every word he has attached authorities, justifying the meaning which he assigns to it; the chief part of them being derived from the inscriptions he has personally investigated on the several sites themselves. By these works my persevering friend will be the means of adding to our literary lore the ancient wisdom of Heliopolis, Memphis, and Thebes, in so far as it can be gathered from the deciphering and explanation of a character which has hitherto baffled the comprehension of antiquarians. J. ACERBI."

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

Oxford, July 18th.—On Saturday, the 11th inst., being the last day of Act Term, the following degrees were conferred:—

Doctor in Civil Law.—W. Robinson, Esq., Balliol College.

Masters of Arts.—E. P. Blunt, Scholar, Corpus Christi College; J. E. Pitcher, Oriel College; C. D. Bevan, Balliol College.

Bachelors of Arts.—G. H. S. Johnson, Scholar, Queen's College; J. C. H. Tracy, Oriel College.

PROFESSOR HANSTEEN'S TOUR IN SIBERIA.

[From a Letter to Professor Schumacher, dated Irkutsk, April 11, 1829.]

It would be very difficult, I believe, to find a climate for astronomical observations like that of Eastern Siberia. From the moment that the River Angara (which issues from Lake Baikal, and in part surrounds Irkutsk) is frozen over, till April, the sky is constantly serene,—not a cloud is to be seen; the sun rises and sets in full splendour (the cold being

from 30° to 33° Reaumur), and has not that red appearance which it has with us, near the horizon during the winter. The rather elevated situation of the country (from the 9th of February till to-day, the barometer has oscillated between 737 and 710), and the great distance from the sea, makes the air dry and free from vapours. The sun has such power here in the spring, that while the thermometer in the shade is from 20° to 30° at noon, the water runs down from the roofs on the sunny side.

On the 12th of December we set out from Tobolsk, and on our way hither had, almost without interruption, a temperature of 20° to 34° Reaumur; notwithstanding, I observed every morning at sunrise, for an hour together, in the open air. With a cold of 30° the air is fortunately always calm; and in consequence of its dryness, we suffer less here with that temperature than in our own country with 15°. The nose and ears are the most exposed to the effects of the cold; and it not unfrequently happened, that my servant told me, while I was making my observations, that my nose was quite white, and must be immediately rubbed. I have covered with thin leather the screws of the instruments; for if one touches the metal with the naked hand, one feels a pain as on touching a burning coal, and a white blister is occasioned as after touching red-hot iron.

My Arnold's chronometer stopped three times during my observations, at 26° to 30° of cold; on the contrary, my two time-keepers, by Kessel, performed very well. At a temperature of 30° to 32° they do not indeed go so regularly as usual; but on the whole they are excellent. On the latter part of the journey I carried Arnold's chronometer, and Kessel's No. 1820, in my waistcoat-pocket; but Kessel's box chronometer, No. 1259, was obliged to endure the cold in a covering made of hair. It bears the jolting of a carriage very well. Arnold's chronometer has changed its rate of going from + 6" to + 29". The two chronometers by Kessel, on the contrary, though exposed to every disadvantage to which chronometers are liable, and the constant jolting in a Russian carriage, have changed their rate of going only 2" or 3" from Christiania to this place.

After a long search, I have at length found the site of the observatory at Tobolsk, which the Abbé Chappe used in 1760. Col. V. Cramer, of the artillery, now eighty years of age, shewed me both the house in which Schubert made his observations in 1805, and the bastion, in a now ruined entrenchment, where Chappe had his little observatory. He had the latter pulled down twenty years ago, in consequence of orders given him. The foundation, forming a square, is still to be seen; and, not quite in the centre, are the remains of a square pillar, on which Chappe probably placed his sector. I have determined, by trigonometrical measurement, the position of this spot with respect to two churches of the city and Schubert's observatory and mine. The latitude determined by Schubert agrees with mine, within a few seconds. Unfortunately, I was not able to make observations of the longitude.

Though our thermometers lay in wooden cases, covered with thick leather, and were packed in the pockets of our travelling-carriage, we several times found them frozen in the morning. The barometer would also have been frozen had I not held it between my legs, and brought it into a warm room at every stage. On the 30th of January, 1829, at 7½ in the morning, at the station of Tunksaja (lat. 56°, long. 114½°, from Ferro) the spirit thermometer was at -34°·4. In the quicksilver thermo-

meter the mercury was all in the bulb, and had a considerable hollow at top. It was quite solid. The tube of the thermometer goes to -35°. In the evening, at Bagranowskaja (lat. 55½°, long. 115½°, from Ferro) the two thermometers were hung in the open air at 8¼ o'clock. At 9, I found the mercury in Pistor's thermometer in the bulb, but still fluid, so that, on turning the thermometer, and moderately shaking it, it ran quite to the end of the tube; and the spirit thermometer was at -30°·2. A quarter of an hour later, the spirit thermometer was at -30°·4; and the mercury in the two thermometers of Pistor was already stiff, and could not be moved by turning and shaking the instrument. At our next night's lodging I poured about 3 lbs. of quicksilver into a basin, and exposed it to the air. The next morning, the 31st, before 7¼ o'clock, it was frozen into a compact hard mass, which I could not loosen with my knife from the bottom of the basin. I cut it like lead; and at first, as the knife came out of a warm room, the mercury was still rather fluid where it was cut. The spirit thermometer was at -31°·35. After standing for some time in a warm room, it separated from the basin, but was still so brittle that it could be broken.

The spirit thermometer agreed with the two quicksilver thermometers of Pistor down to -10°. Below -10° the spirit thermometer always indicates a higher temperature, the difference increasing in proportion as the temperature became lower.

Pistor. -10°	Difference. =0°·0
-15°·9	+0°·40
-28°·7	+0°·95
-25°·1	+1°·78
-30°·0	+2°·00

i. e. when the quicksilver thermometer was at -30°, the spirit thermometer was at -28°; but when the latter was below 30°, the quicksilver in the former fell quite into the bulb.

Dr. Erman has left this place for Jakoutzk and Ochotzk, whence he wishes to go to Kamschatka. Lieutenant Due is also gone to Jakoutzk, whence he will, if possible, proceed northwards, down the Lena to Schigansk. I only wait for the thawing of the Angara to go down that river to Jeniseisk, and thence on the Jeniseisk northwards to Turnkanak, under the polar circle. On my return to Krasnojarsk I hope to meet Lieutenant Due, and go with him, by way of Orenburg, to Astrachan, and thence on the Caspian sea to Bakou: from Bakou we return home by way of Tiflis, the Crimea, and Nikolajew.

The reception which we have every where met with is beyond all description. The governors and governors-general have rivalled each other in shewing us every possible civility and kindness. From Krasnojarsk the governor gave us a Cossack to accompany us to Irkutsk; and on a journey to Kiachta, on the Chinese frontier, we had two. Due and Erman have each a Cossack to attend them to Jakoutzk.

In the gymnasium at Irkutsk we found the instruments which Baron Wrangel and Anjou used in their northern tour; among which were two English sextants, and two declinators. The sextants were in excellent condition; the two other instruments out of order. His excellency the governor-general, Lawinski, has had the goodness to lend me one of Troughton's sextants, and one of the declinators for Lieut. Due to take to Jakoutzk. The latter I have myself put in order; the sextant gave, within a few seconds, the same

latitude as my own. Lieutenant Due has also Kessel's chronometer, No. 1280.

I have found the magnetic pole which I sought about in 119° from the meridian of Ferro, that is 8° or 9° more to the east than I expected, in Christiania. The magnetic intensity has greatly increased to the east, from Nishnei Nowogorod to this meridian.

ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY OF PERTH.

Gowrie Conspiracy.

THE Report of the proceedings of the Literary and Antiquarian Society of Perth for 1827 and 1828, has been published lately, and represents the Society as prosecuting the objects of the association with considerable zeal and success, — to which the publication of a volume of Transactions, noticed in our columns last year, appears to have greatly contributed.

Of the Report now before us the most attractive part is a letter from Sir Walter Scott, in reference to an article by the secretary, in the volume of the Transactions, on the subject of the Gowrie Conspiracy. The interest which attaches to every thing from the pen of Sir Walter, and the prominent point of view in which the subject of his letter has of late been placed by the discovery of Logan of Restalrig's letters, and other circumstances, induce us to give that letter entire from the Report.

"Sir,—I was greatly obliged and interested by the reception of the proceedings of the Perth Antiquarian Society, more particularly as the researches of the Society seem to have taken a more wide and historical view of their subject than is usual with Institutions of the kind, too often dedicated to petty and puerile objects. I have long wished to see a complete plan of Gowrie House: indeed, I have a ground-sketch made by an artillery officer when it was used as a barracks for that corps; but imperfect, owing to the demolition of the memorable turret. The author of the sketch has shown a spirit of moderate and impartial inquiry, which does him great honour; and his summary has led him to the only rational explanation of that mysterious business, which must certainly have had its rise in some meditated *coup d'état* of Queen Elizabeth. She had found so much convenience in having Mary under lock and key, that she might have thought it not unadvisable to snap up poor James also. The Tay was at hand, and accessible from the garden without noise or observation. Once in a boat, James might have been carried to Fast Castle, an almost impregnable fortress, and from thence sent to England according to convenience. If the plot is supposed to have been laid by James to get pretence for slaughtering the brothers, it has neither any adequate motive, nor is it at all consistent with the character of a prince neither cruel nor courageous, to stick himself into such a fray, for the purpose of committing so great a crime. I differ from the learned editor on one point:—I do not see that the king or his attendants had the means of seizing the brothers Ruthven. When the younger was killed, Ramsay found him in *grips* with the king;—and it was surely time for him to see the sharpest and readiest remedy, not knowing how such an act of treason was supported. Again: Gowrie, with six servants, attacked the five attendants of the king, who certainly had no chance of being able to secure a superior number of assailants, or even to protect their own lives, except by repelling violence by violence, and taking the life of Gowrie, whose fall ended the fray. The whole was a sudden and violent affray, in which the manners of these times, and indeed of our own, authorised the use of weapons in self-defence, and rendered the slaughter of the assailants justifiable homicide. I cannot help noticing (though it is against my argument, as far as it goes) that James, in one particular instance, showed more coolness than could have been expected from the character of timidity. When Ramsay cast the king's hawk from his hand, and began to lay about him, James had the composure to put his foot on the hawk's leash, to prevent her making her escape. Unless we suppose this was done instinctively, we shall have a new view of James's character:—for the man could not surely be so very timid who could think about the escape of a kite, while they were struggling for his life or liberty close at his elbow. A word is used, the meaning of which is obvious, but the etymology is unknown to me. The king cried to Ramsay to strike laigh, for that Ruthven had on a *pyne* doublet. Secret armour of course is meant, but what is *pyne*? In the Catalogue of James III.'s Treasures, mention is made of a *pyne* box—a strong box, or metal chest, probably; but what is the derivation? I see Lord Hailes was puzzled by the expression of Henderson,—that he thought they were going to make breaks for Maconildy,—which he was disposed to think meant, that they were about to make breaches for the wild Highlander,—a metaphorical expression equivalent to taking Maconildy into custody. This seems a forced interpretation. I think I could shew the use of the expression 'making breaks' as a hunting

phrase equivalent for settling tolls for deer, which explains Henderson's phrase. Excuse these desultory observations. I have not had leisure to look at the historical introduction, which seems to be very curious. I wish every degree of success to an Institution whose labours are so respectable; and, with best thanks for the personal trouble you have taken, I am, with regard,

WALTER SCOTT."

"Edinburgh, 6, Shandwick Place, November 27th.
Addressed, "D. Morison, Esq., Secretary to the Antiquarian Society of Perth."

The perusal of this letter, and the terms of commendation in which Mr. Morison's Summary is noticed in St. Valentine's Eve, have led us, as they probably will such of our readers as have access to the volume of the Perth Transactions, to read with attention the article in question; and we rise from it without a doubt on our minds respecting the veracity of the witnesses adduced in this mysterious affair on the part of the king, and that the whole affray arose from an attempt on the part of Gowrie and his friends to secure the person of James.

We cannot leave the subject without expressing our surprise that Mr. Lawson, in his account of the Gowrie Conspiracy in the last published volume of Constable's Miscellany, should not have brought the proof thus afforded him of the veracity of the witnesses more prominently forward. He was in possession of it—for he refers to the article containing it in his description of Gowrie House; but he takes the truth of their testimony for granted, in which he appears to us to have erred, considering how limited the circulation of such a volume as the Perth Transactions necessarily is, and how widely and strongly the veracity of the witnesses was impugned. He, it is true, rests the proof of the view he takes, in common with Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Morison, as much upon the discovery of Logan's letters as upon the evidence of the witnesses at Perth. But the *existence* of these letters was, we believe, never doubted,—it was their *genuineness* which was called in question; and of that we think there might still remain a doubt, were the veracity of the witnesses still liable to suspicion. On the whole, considering the satisfactory ground upon which the evidence has been placed by the Secretary of the Perth Society, we think Mr. Lawson should take the opportunity which his second volume will afford him, of strengthening his view of the transaction by giving an outline, at least, of the proofs and reasoning by which Henderson's testimony, in an especial manner, is substantiated.

FINE ARTS.

PORTRAIT PAINTING.

THE attention of the artist and the amateur has recently been called to a painting of singular merit, at present in the possession of Mr. M. Colnaghi, of Cockspur-street; namely, the portrait of Mr. Farren (an eminent solicitor in Dublin), by Richard Rothwell, R.H.A. We have, among others, had the pleasure of seeing this picture; and we can truly say that, to the best of our judgment, it is one of the most natural and unsophisticated productions of the kind that we have ever met with. Nor are simplicity and truth its only qualities. The composition, the drawing, the colouring, the effect, the expression, and the execution, are all admirable. The resemblance to the original is also, we understand, very striking: to us (and we consider the observation as complimentary) it appears to be an excellent likeness of what our old favourite, Jack Banister, was in his best days. While we congratulate Mr. Rothwell (who, we are told, is quite a young man, 27,) on this fine evidence of his talents,

we are aware of the difficulties under which the very production of it places him. The injudicious and unreasonable are for ever exclaiming, "more! more!" Whatever powers an artist may manifest in one work (a work perhaps painted *con amore*, and under peculiarly favourable circumstances), he is always expected by such persons to surpass it in his next. The danger of this is, that, instead of being stimulated, he may be intimidated; and we have known instances in which young men of genius have been overwhelmed by the anxiety thus created. We trust that Mr. Rothwell will shun this rock. If he will pursue a steady course, following Sir Joshua's excellent advice, "always to do the best he can," but not allowing himself to be discouraged if his performances occasionally evince the inequality which is inseparable from human efforts, we have no doubt that we shall ultimately see him in the highest rank of his profession.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Passes of the Alps. By William Brockedon, Member of the Academy of Fine Arts at Florence. No. XI.

THE Passes of the Tende and the Argentières furnish, as the subjects of the eleventh Number of Mr. Brockedon's clever and highly picturesque work, "*Défilé de Saorgio*," "*Saorgio*," "*Tende*," "*La Ca en the Mont de Tende*," "*The Valley of the Stura*," "*Scene in the Valley of the Ubaye*," "*Mont Dauphin and the Upper Valley of the Durance*," and "*Scene near Zambucco*." The following anecdote, introduced into the description of the Pass of the Argentières, shews that, notwithstanding the comparative ease with which the Alps are at present traversed, enough remains of danger to give occasionally a romantic interest to the undertaking:—

"When the author passed through the Val Stura, in 1826, he went in a light carriage from Coni to Venadio, where he hired mules for Barcelonnette, intending to rest at Pont Bernardo, and pass the Barriades in the morning. A fair had been held on the preceding day at Démont: the *négocians* and peasants, returning to their houses, crowded the little inns in the villages of the valley. At Venadio, when the author and a friend who accompanied him were prepared to start, a woman undertook to be their guide, and bring back the mules. They were soon joined by a village doctor, returning to Bersesio, whom the guide recognised as a *medico*. The day had closed upon them when they reached Pied de Port, near Pont Bernardo, where they sought for accommodations. Not a place could be had for shelter; the house was crowded with peasantry. After getting some wine, and the woman, as guide, had furnished herself with a lantern, the party proceeded; darkness begun, and the rain fell fast. The author had lent his mule to the *medico*, who was in advance of the party, in a narrow road, when a gun was fired at the terrified doctor. He said, that in the dark, and so far ahead of the party as to appear alone, he had been mistaken by some robber for a *négociant* returning from the fair. The author and his friend were armed, and immediately advanced to the spot; but, luckily, without having their valour put to the test by brigands. Soon after passing Pont Bernardo, a violent storm came on; and it was so dark that the guide insisted upon their dismounting, and leading the mules over the crazy bridge, which lay across a fearful torrent, already increased by the rain, whilst she held the lantern close to the planks, that both the mules and the travellers might avoid

the dangerous holes on the bridge. The dark pass of the Barricades appeared like a cavern, except when seen by the lightning; then the foaming torrent was lit up beneath them, and their situation seemed to be perfectly horrible. The woman now took the lead; and crawling about with her lantern amidst the rocks, soon misled them from the path, and they found themselves wandering amidst rocks and stones. At this moment, the mule, upon which the author's friend had again mounted, endeavoured to spring across a deep pit; a rock prevented the bringing of its feet together, and it fell back with its rider, fortunately without injury to the latter, who extricated himself immediately; but, with the assistance of the lantern, they saw the poor mule doubled up in the pit. They could only assist it by cutting the straps and removing the baggage. The guide became bewildered; her terror of the storm and loss of her mule brought forth vows, curses, and prayers. St. Anna was her patron saint; and she poured out her solicitations that she would entreat the Virgin to extricate the mule, whose struggles soon ceased, and it was thought that the poor animal was dead. In this wretched situation the *medico* offered to take the lantern, and grope his way to the village of Praynard for assistance. This was their only resource; and he left them in darkness so great, that though the guide was near enough to touch, she could not be seen. For an hour they remained thus exposed to a dreadful storm of thunder, lightning, and rain; a torrent roaring close by them. During this time the mule, after remaining quiet for some time, recovered strength, and got out without assistance. The poor woman vowed in her gratitude five francs for a mass, and a picture of the *miracole* for the chapel of St. Anna. At length the horizon lit up, as if assistance were coming, and in a few minutes four gigantic figures—for their distance deceived—appeared, wrapped in storm-cloaks, with torches in their hands, descending amidst the rocks and stones; and the party was soon assisted by these hardy mountaineers to remove from an exposed and perilous situation."

Fisher's Illustrations of England. Nos. 8 and 9. VARIOUS public buildings in Liverpool are the subjects of the plates in these two parts of Mr. Fisher's publication. Several of them are exceedingly beautiful; and one of the most prominent of these is the "Interior of the Ball-room, Town Hall." We certainly agree with the declaration in the text of the work, that the series of views in these and preceding numbers "exhibits the most complete graphic delineation of Liverpool which has yet been presented to the public."

The Queen of Portugal. Engraved by Woolnath, after a Picture by R. Holmes. Ackermann.

A SMALL circular, but one of the most pleasing and satisfactory likenesses of this interesting young personage which has appeared in any form of art. It is engraved very beautifully, and displays the utmost skill of the burin; and though little larger than a crown piece, is a delightful representation of the wearer of a crown.

Portrait of Daniel O'Connell, Esq. Painted by J. Gubbins, engraved by J. P. Quilley. M'Lean.

THE conspicuous part which Mr. O'Connell has lately been playing, and the still more conspicuous part which he threatens to play, in the politics of this country, naturally excite some

curiosity in those who have not seen the orator to ascertain what kind of a looking man he is. We understand that this print is the only authentic portrait of Mr. O'Connell that has been published, and that it is an undoubted likeness. If so, we can undeceive any of our readers who may entertain a mistaken notion on the point, by assuring them that there is nothing alarming in Mr. O'Connell's countenance, which, on the contrary, has a great expression of archness and good humour.

La Jeune Parisienne, Dubufe pinxit, S. W. Reynolds sculpt. — *La Surprise*, Dubufe pinxit, S. W. Reynolds sculpt. — *Une Tragédienne*, Dubufe pinxit, Maile sculpt. — *Une Comédienne*, Dubufe pinxit, Maile sculpt. M'Lean.

FOUR large, interesting, and well-executed mezzotints. The "Tragédienne" is a fine and striking portrait of Miss Smithson.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE SIBYL.

MINE ear hath heard a sound—a stifled cry
Of distant sorrow; up from th' abyss of time
Springs the sad wail of helpless agony—
The laugh of scorn, the scoff, the ribald

rhyme,
The fearful consequence of lust and crime:
O sin hath crushed a heart that went astray
From the right path, and with her serpent slime
Of pleasure daubed it, hideously gay,
The surer thus to gorge and batten on her prey!

Stay, mortal, thy career! and ere the hour
Of retribution comes, that comes to all,
O let Repentance use her saving power
To free thy soul from miserable thrall—
Call with a warning voice, nor vainly call:
Then shall the bonds of vice apart be riven;
And angels, when they see thy shackles fall,
Almost—so great the joy will be in heaven—
Wish they had sinned like thee, to be like thee
forgiven.

Wouldst thou learn wisdom? seek it not
In the hermit's cell or the peasant's cot;
For the hermit's cell, though far it be
Away from the world's impurity,
Holds but little of earthly good
Beyond the charm of its solitude;
As the flower that springs in desert ground
Looks only bright for the waste around:
And the lowly cot of the peasant, though long
It hath Paradise seemed in the minstrel's song,
Hath its ample share of wants and woes
When clothed in reality's humble prose.

Turn away, then,
From the path that leads
To the mountain glen
Or the flowery meads;
Come when the moon her beauty discloses
Over thy garden-bower of roses;
Come not in fear or in company.
With a trembling heart and a tearful eye,
But, harmed not the more, nor guarded the less,
Come alone in thy gentleness,
And spread thy little white hand to me—
Thou shalt be taught by palmistry.

There is a line upon thine hand—
Deeply, deeply that line is traced;
Ne'er hath the eye of futurity scanned,
Ne'er hath the finger of Providence placed
On mortal mould
A type that told
Of half the sum of human bliss
As, in characters known
To me alone,
Is graven in letters of light on this.

Thou shalt be happy, for happiness flies
Ever round the fountain of light divine,
That is fed by the streams of virtue which rise
With sparkling radiance in hearts like thine;
And if ever sin
By chance should win
A wish or a thought for her guilty store,
Thy memory cast
To the times then past,
Remember the Sibyl, and sin no more.

F. T. C.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

MONUMENT TO THE LATE KING.

THE little account of the royal employments in Windsor Park contained in our last *Literary Gazette*, will have prepared the public to hear that on the 12th, his own birth-day, our gracious monarch, whose good feeling teaches him to lend an additional interest to every act he performs, laid the foundation-stone of the monument to the memory of his royal father. Sir G. Wyatville, the architect, and Mr. Westmacott, the sculptor, attended, and assisted his majesty to go through the masonic ceremonies required by the occasion. The King looked extremely well, and was warmly cheered by the people assembled around.

THE NEW POST OFFICE.

WE this week availed ourselves of the privilege of inspecting the New Post-office previous to its being opened towards the end of the month (as stated in our last), and were extremely gratified by the sight. So complete and perfect a specimen of systematic arrangement does not, we will venture to say, exist in the whole world. Every thing seems to be foreseen and provided for in the most convenient and efficient manner, throughout the whole details of this vast and complicated, yet minute and simple, establishment. On examining it, we no longer wonder at the extraordinary precision with which that eminent public servant, Sir Francis Freeling, has discharged the duties of his arduous station; though a higher admiration is excited by the beautiful and accurate machinery by means of which he has done so much.

Of the place itself it is impossible to give an adequate description. The building, by Mr. Smirke, is, as it should be, solid, but grand and imposing as an architectural ornament of the metropolis. The first great hall, on entering, is a well-proportioned and magnificent apartment supported by superb columns, though on bases we could well have wished had been omitted. On one hand are the receptacles for inland and two-penny post letters and newspapers; on the other, for foreign letters: and it is a marked improvement, that the parties putting them in will henceforward be protected from the weather, and accommodated in every way with greater facilities for the despatch of their correspondence.* The interior rooms are not only commodious, but striking from their dimensions, and still more so from the unequalled ability with which the various works of the various departments are classed, and the distinct order which is to be traced in every table, desk, and pigeon-hole. It seems almost impossible that any mistake should happen throughout the whole of this complex office, in receiving, sorting, issuing, checking, and all its other multitudinous objects. Above

* The three new receiving-offices, in different parts of the town (one of them next to Northumberland House), will add so much to this benefit, that we may almost count on an hour being added to the day of business throughout the metropolis.

are apartments for officers and foreign clerks, and all executed in the plain but becoming style suited to such a place. Mr. Henry Free-ling will reside, as chief, on the spot, which owes much of its excellence to his active superintendence during the six years of its construction. The space around is being more enlarged, and except on the side towards Newgate-street, will be sufficiently open to display the building, and to permit the mails to circulate freely both on arriving and departing. On the west side, which is somewhat cramped, it is supposed that in a couple of years the falling-in of leases will enable the Post-office to finish its boundaries properly. A handsome railing, by Mr. Bramah, encircles the ground; and altogether we congratulate the country on the completion of one erection which does honour to the arts and character of England.

MUSIC.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Songs from Fairy Land. The Poetry by T. H. Bayly, Esq.; the Music by J. Barnett. Vol. I. Cramer and Co.

THIS volume, we doubt not, will be as popular as any of those very pleasing of its predecessors which Mr. Bayly has published. The airs are generally pleasing; though, of course, we have our favourites among them. Of these, for music and words together, our first is "Young Brincan, beware!" while "The Spectre-like Tree" is so poetical, that we are tempted to quote it.

"Under the spectre-like yew,
Spreading its boughs o'er the heath,
Sat the lone Banahoe; I knew
Her wall was the herald of death!
'Twas not a summons for me—
When she wept under the spectre-like tree.

Wildly my lover I sought,
Scared by that desolate wall;
Smiling he came—yet I thought
Ne'er had I seen him so pale.
Oh! how it shock'd me to see
Why she wept under the spectre-like tree!

Now he is laid on his bier,
Far from all sorrow and pain,
And it would please me to hear
The voice of the Banahoe again,
Come with a summons to me,
Come to weep under the spectre-like tree.

But, as we have said, this is altogether a charming little collection for the music or drawing-room.

I saw the Tears. The English Words by Don Telesforo de Trueba, and the Spanish by D. M. Seoane; Music by J. M. Gomis. Biorhall.

THERE is much of both talent and taste displayed in this song, with a piano-forte accompaniment.

Farewell, thou Stream. Composed by H. Schwieso. J. C. Schwieso.

A very characteristic melody, and finely adapted to the words of Burns. The accompaniment is admirably managed, either for piano or harp, and does great credit to a female composer.

The Disowned. Poetry by Mrs. B. C. Wilson; Music by John Barnett. Barnett and Co. A BALLAD of the olden times, spirited and original—one of Barnett's best compositions—the air well adapted to the sense, and the accompaniment easy and graceful.

The Maid of Castalis. Poetry by H. J. Bradfield, Esq.; the Music by A. Lee. Lee and Lee.

PRETTIER, if it may be, than many of the pretty songs which issue in such numbers from

the musical press, this is the first of eight promised ballads, and possessed of so much beauty, both in writing and composition, that we shall look with impatience for the remaining seven, to make up our book.

Bajelito. Composed by Sixto Perez. Chappell. A CELEBRATED Spanish air, and exceedingly fine music, with here and there some of the sweetest touches that can be heard.

Donald has gone to the Wars. The Words by the late H. Stoe Van Dyk; Music by Lewis Leo. Mayhew and Co.

THIS is a beautiful ballad: very original, and deserving of the highest praise. It ought to be on the music-stands of all our young friends.

The Sailor Boy's Return. Written by John Duff; Music by J. T. Craven. Cramer and Co.

A PRETTY and lively ballad, sung by Master Smith, and sure to become popular through its sweetness and simplicity.

Selections of Welsh Melodies, &c. By John Parry; the Poetry by Mrs. B. C. Wilson. Goulding and D'Almaine.

THIS is the third interesting volume which Mr. Parry has contributed to the melodies of his native land—at once a patriot's and a musician's duty. It consists of twelve characteristic and pleasing airs, to which the editor has done every possible justice—making as few alterations as the preservation of accent rendered imperative. We delight in the music of bygone times; and therefore this work is a source of great gratification to us. Mrs. Wilson has acquitted herself well in the poetical department.

DRAMA.

ENGLISH OPERA.

IT is seldom we regret being amongst the latest-published journals of the week: we have time to correct an opinion hastily formed, and avoid the many errors which must naturally creep into an account written at midnight, to be printed and published an hour or two afterwards. But upon this occasion we own it would have been gratifying to us to have been amongst the first to congratulate Mr. J. Vining upon the stride in public favour which he has so decidedly and deservedly made by his spirited performance of last Wednesday evening. We have long been convinced that this gentleman possessed talents of no ordinary description; and we are quite sure Mr. Bayly (the adapter of the piece) will not be so ungrateful as to quarrel with us for rendering this just tribute to one who contributed so greatly to the success of his drama before we notice the drama itself. We are happy to say we have nothing but praise to bestow in speaking of *The Witness*. The mere names of Kelly, Keeley (male and female), and O. Smith, "the terrible, the strong," whose very initial is an invocation, are sufficient guarantees for an evening's entertainment. We have already spoken of Mr. Vining; and the *Frank Elton* of Mr. Perkins was a highly creditable performance. Mr. Perkins is a valuable member of this company. Miss Pincoot, Mr. F. Mathews, and Mr. Baker, acquitted themselves with great propriety; and Mr. A. Lee, the composer of the music, has pleased us more upon this than upon any former occasion. Mrs. Keeley has two very pretty songs, which she did ample justice to; and a duet between that lady and Miss Kelly is a very graceful composition. The drama is well

adapted, from the novel of the Bally-Aylmers, by Mr. T. H. Bayly, the *chansonnier*, who, as well as we could catch the words of a pathetic air by Miss Kelly, and the second song of Mrs. Keeley, has maintained his old reputation as a bard, while he has laid the foundation of a new one as a dramatist.

VARIETIES.

An interesting discovery has lately been made in France in the art of domestic economy. In Picardy, and other provinces where turf is almost exclusively used as fuel, the inhabitants, by means of a cheap apparatus, are able to carbonise it so as to render it equal to the best charcoal. Something of this kind might be very useful in Ireland, where turf is the fuel of the peasantry.

It is stated in a French newspaper that an inhabitant of Lyons grafted upon the same stem, red and white grapes, and peaches and apricots, which all flowered at the same time, and gave ripe fruit within a few days of each other.

The Society of Agriculture, Sciences, and the Arts, of the department of Ain, in France, have offered a prize of 400 francs for the best method of making a pleasant and economical beverage, which shall not cost more than one sou per litre (quart). The last Number of the "Journal des Connaissances Usuelles," after noticing this offer, gives a great number of receipts for producing a beverage of this description. Amongst others is the following, which may be useful this year in England, on account of the abundance of the fruit required. "Take a sufficient quantity of apples and pears to fill a cask within three inches of the top; bruise them slightly, and place them in the cask by the bung-hole; then pour in sufficient water to fill it; leave this to ferment until the liquor acquires the taste of cider; then draw it off, and replace water as often as it will acquire a sufficient degree of strength." In the cider countries of France where this process is used, the cost of this production does not exceed one penny per gallon.

It is stated in a letter from Paris, that of the proprietors of seventeen political journals published in that city, at least one-third are noblemen or persons of great distinction in the scientific or literary world. The proprietors of one paper, who are three in number, are said to be a duke, a count, and a baron. To be a known writer in a respectable periodical, is said to be the best passport to good society in Paris.

It was stated some time since that a French surgeon had sent to the Academy of Sciences in Paris a powder, which he pretends to be a perfect solvent for the stone. It was announced at the time that its real or pretended efficacy would be ascertained by experiment. It does not appear that this has as yet been done; but we understand that the opinion of the persons appointed to report upon the discovery entertained no hope of its answering the purpose intended by the inventor. Some further improvements, however, of an important kind, are said to have been made in the instrument for crushing stone in the bladder.

Further accounts were received in Paris on Monday last from the members of the scientific expedition in Greece. They do not announce any new discoveries of importance; but one of the letters contains some interesting information respecting the financial situation of the country, and the condition of the people. The revenue of Greece for the year 1823

amounted to ten millions of francs, of which six millions were furnished by the Morea. The circulating medium of the country was almost every where French money; and notwithstanding the extreme poverty of the lower orders, persons who are known to travel with large sums about them take no precautions for the security of their property, thefts being of rare occurrence. Since the arrival of the expedition, no instance had been known of robbery upon travellers of this description.

Polamology.—A single sheet, divided into coloured columns, and containing brief descriptions of the principal rivers throughout the world, has just been placed before us. It affords much necessary information; and its tabular form has enabled the compiler to compress all that is required for general reference on the subject of rivers into this small compass. The arrangement is also very praiseworthy.

Holman the Blind Traveller.—The last accounts we have heard of this extraordinary individual is, his visit to the Brazil, where he was met by a friend of ours in December last. He had come from the coast of Africa, and was about to sail for Buenos Ayres, undetermined as to his future movements. He was in good health and spirits.

Indian Corn.—A Bourdeaux paper states, that an experimental chemist finding, on tasting the stem of Indian corn, in its green state, that it contained a great quantity of saccharine matter, prepared some sugar from it, which is affirmed to be of excellent quality. It would seem, however, that the cost was something more than that of sugar made from beet-root; and that this branch of industry ought not to be practised, except in seasons when there is little probability of the corn ripening. In some parts of Germany, when Indian corn has been extensively cultivated, the grain has been used entirely in the fattening of pigs, for which it is said to be very proper, attended with a saving of at least fifteen per cent, as compared with the use of grain of any other description.

The March of Intellect in Ireland.—We have received a prospectus of "the Oracle of Tralee," a periodical to be published in weekly Nos. The announcement states that it will contain, amongst other matter, "a weekly wreath of original poems on the most home subjects, with accounts of bull and cock fights," &c.; and concludes by expressing the hope, "that its purely original and very substantial merit will be its only and best recommendation!"

Literary Activity.—It is stated in a recent French paper, that during the last eight months not fewer than twenty political and literary journals have been started in the French provinces.

Hardy kinds of Olives.—Two new species of the olive have been discovered in the southern district of the Crimea: this discovery will render it practicable to rear this useful tree in much more northerly climes than has been hitherto possible. The shoots, which were planted in the botanical garden of Nikita, have lived through one of the hardest winters ever known, though the severity of the weather would have been fatal to the French or Italian olive.

Longevity.—A man named Nouvel died about a fortnight ago, at Saint Jean del Noux in France, at the age of 104 years. He preserved his mental and corporeal faculties to the last moment. The French papers also contain an account of a woman now living at Marseilles who is 115 years of age, having been born in the year 1714. She has been married twice;

the second time, at the age of 66 years, to a young man of 25. Between her first and second marriage she wore man's clothes, and served as a courier to a prince at Milan, no doubt being entertained respecting her sex. This extraordinary woman is said to be still in the enjoyment of all her faculties, with perfect health, and a fine flow of spirits. She partakes freely of the ordinary diet, and drinks a great deal of coffee, — upwards of thirty small cups daily.

Roman Antiquities.—A M. Michaud, of Sainte-Colombe-le-Vienne, in France, has recently, while digging foundations in some part of his land, discovered several interesting Roman relics. Among them were two bathing-rooms, beautifully fitted up with white marble, and pipes of baked earth to convey the heat. It is presumed that these remains belonged to a magnificent residence, which was pillaged and destroyed during an irruption of the barbarians of the north. Near the same spot were found several fragments of statues, of exquisite workmanship, and an entire statue of Hygieia, in the finest style of Greek sculpture, larger than life.

Population of Bavaria.—It appears, from a recent account, that the population of the kingdom of Bavaria has increased to 3,960,000, who reside in 229 towns, 399 *bourgs*, 2,000 villages, and 28,450 hamlets. It is composed of 2,720,000 Catholics, 1,103,000 Christians of the confession of Augsburg, 81,000 Protestants of other sects, and 56,000 Jews. Public instruction costs the government, annually, 755,000 florins—that is to say, one-sixth of the entire expense of the interior administration. There are 5,530 establishments for education—three of them universities, two law schools, seven agricultural schools, 118 colleges, gymnasiums, or boarding schools, and 5,400 preparatory schools. These establishments are directed by 7,114 professors, under the care of 300 inspectors. The Jews have one school for the instruction of their children, and a university at Furth. It is reckoned that the total number of scholars who receive their education at these establishments is 500,000—this is about an eighth of the population; but to this must be added the children who assist in the Sunday schools founded in this country, similar to those in England.—*French Paper.*

Lines on Death.

What holy awe! what mystic fear!
Whilst gazing thus upon the dead:
Say what is this which greets us here?
Say more—say, what is fled?

Mysterious change! whence hath it past?
Oh! how each faculty is mated!
Life's idol is down cast—
The temple of the soul is shut!

A Conceit.

Creation's a huge dial which o'erwaxes
Time's fleeting shadows; and each point's a grave:
Death must enfold it in a hideous veil,
To be withdrawn when Time and Death shall fall.

On Milton, blind.

When Milton felt those sacred raptures rise,
And sang, by Genius wafted to the skies,
He stored his mind with knowledge, heavenly, bright,
Then closed his eyes upon the world—to write.
Cecil Street, Strand. H.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Mr. Swan is preparing for publication a Demonstration of the Nerves of the Human Body, founded on the subjects of the two Collegial Anatomical Prizes adjudged to him by the Royal College of Surgeons. The First Part, exhibiting the Nerves of the Thoracic Viscera, in large plates, will be ready in January next.

Captain Brown announces Biographical Sketches and Authentic Anecdotes of Horses; illustrated by figures of the different breeds, and portraits of celebrated horses, engraved by Lissac.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Napier's Peninsular War, Vol. II. 8vo. 20s. bds.—The Horse in all his Varieties, by J. Laurence, 12mo. 6s. bds.—Whittingham's Novelist, Vol. XXXV. 32mo. 2s. 6d.

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METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1839.

Extracts from a Meteorological Register kept at High Wycombe, Bucks, by a Member of the London Meteorological Society. June 1839.

Thermometer—Highest.....	74° 50'
Lowest	34-50
Mean	54-91875
Barometer—Highest	30-14
Lowest	29-15
Mean	29-77044

Quantity of rain in inches and decimals, 3-66
Number of days of rain, 12.

Winds.—0 East—1 West—3 North—2 South—7 North-east—3 South-east—7 South-west—7 North-west.

General Observations.—In the early part of the month there was much dull, threatening weather; yet but little rain fell until the latter end, when there were frequent heavy showers: upwards of an inch fell on the 27th, and nearly as much on the following day: the whole quantity more than since 1824. The temperature much below June last year—the range of the thermometer forty degrees—and the minimum only two degrees and a half above the freezing point. The mean and extremes of the barometer rather above those of June last year, and the average of the month. On the 25th a slight thunder-storm, with some little lightning, between 7 and 3 s.w. An indistinct lunar halo, with misty area, observed on the night of the 9th. The evaporation, 0.45 of an inch.

July.

Thermometer—Highest.....	75°
Lowest	35
Mean	55.91538
Barometer—Highest	29-54
Lowest	29-08
Mean	29-54881

Quantity of rain in inches and decimals, 4-7625.
Number of days of rain, 21.

Winds.—3 East—3 West—3 North—3 South—0 North-east—3 South-east—13 South-west—4 North-west.

General Observations.—More rain fell in the month than in any July since 1825, the weather of which month in that year it very much resembled: the mean temperature was very nearly the same—the maximum of heat lower than usual, and the minimum about the average. The barometer higher than last year, although lower than ordinarily in July, and nearly approximating the mean of 1823. Thunder heard on the 2d, 8th, 10th, and 24th: slight storms were experienced on the two last of these days, and the lightning on the 24th (about 12 p.m.) was very general, but not extremely vivid; and for some little time the rain fell with extraordinary rapidity. On the 9th, what appeared a heavy storm passed over to the N.E., but no thunder was heard here. The evaporation 0-2 of an inch.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To the Editor, &c.

Sir,—Agreeing as I do in most instances with you on the merits of Mr. A. Cunningham's work on British Painters, I am yet inclined to think that in some parts of it his seal has been without knowledge, and his feelings have been expressed without discretion, when he terms the late Barrett an indifferent dauber, and speaks also of a distinguished artist, whose name he does not know how to spell, as "one Paul Sanby," and with whose character and works, it may hence be presumed, he has never been acquainted. Mr. C. has been equally at fault in asserting that Wilson sold his picture of Ceyx and Halcione for a pot of beer and part of a Stilton cheese,—the fact is, the painting was (in the spirit of contemporary spleen) painted by Barrett to a pot of beer and a Stilton cheese. But not to take up your pages with enumerating the claims which the above-mentioned artists, Barrett and Sanby, had to distinction, I shall recommend the following anecdote to the attention of Mr. A. Cunningham, as well as to all biographers, whether of artists or others:—It was in a large and mixed company, at a dinner and meeting of artists, that one of them called out in a loud voice to an elder of the profession, the late J. R. Smith—"Don't you think D— is a very bad painter?" to which the veteran artist answered—"No, sir; and if I did, I should not have said so here."
R. D.

An unavoidable occurrence will prevent us from answering Mr. J.—'s note for about ten days. Spectator's letter is not specific enough to be of use to science.

We are much obliged to "the Editor" of the *Greek Letters*, and shall be happy to hear farther from him.

There is much truth in the letter of "Amicus Literarum et Veritatis" (Paris, July 22d), respecting M. César Moreau and his big plan for educating the Duke de Bordeaux; but it is too personal, and has not sufficient general interest for our publication.

We are obliged to T. W.; but the thing is not worth notice.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

NEW LITERARY PERIODICAL. On Wednesday, January 6th, 1880, will be published the first Number of a new Weekly Journal principally devoted to the commendation of Foreign Literature and Science, but so arranged as to afford to the Readers of other Countries a distinct idea of the similar produce of Great Britain in genius and mind. Connected with the most powerful Publishers of London, it is the object of this Work to supply a remarkable deficiency in the Literature of an inquiring age and people, by collecting into one circle (small, but ever recurring) the immense mass of intelligence with which the Continent abounds, and respecting which we, in our insular position, so full of activity and yet so much confined to ourselves, possess so very little information. To the few, indeed, who are aware of the treasures of instruction and amusement belonging to the rest of the World, which, at a late period, or never, reach England, it is a matter of astonishment that the general Public should have been so long blind to this want. Arrangements of the most systematic and extensive kind have been made to fill up this deficiency; and the Directors of "The Foreign Literary Gazette, and Weekly Epitome of Continental and Domestic Literature, Arts, &c." confidently depend on a high degree of support, commensurate with their capabilities and exertions.

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MUSIC.

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Contents of this Month's Number: Part I. Music.—1. March, for Piano-Forte and Flute; Raphael Dressler.—2. Drinking Song of the Men of Beale; the Poetry by J. R. Planché, the Music by H. B. Bishop.—3. Romance, for Two Voices; F. Blangini.—4. Canzonetta; Sig. Maestro Vacca.—5. Andante; C. Czerny.—6. Le Songe; G. Chabrier.
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 Sold by Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green, London;
 and J. Seymour, New York.

LONDON: Published every Saturday, by W. A. SCRIPPS, at
 the LITERARY GAZETTE OFFICE, 7, Wellington Street,
 Waterloo Bridge, Strand, and 7, South Molton Street, Bedford
 Street; and also by J. Chapman, 21, Regent's Exchange, E.
 Marlborough; and Maria Lane, Temple Hill; A. Black,
 Edinburgh; Smith and Son, and Robertson and Ashmead,
 Glasgow; and J. Cunningham, Dublin.
 J. MOYES, Took's Court, Chancery Lane.

THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE;

AND

Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

This Journal is supplied Weekly, or Monthly, by the principal Booksellers and Newsmen, throughout the Kingdom; but to those who may desire its immediate transmission, by post, we recommend the LITERARY GAZETTE, printed on stamped paper, price One Shilling.

No. 657.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1829.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Three Years in Canada: an Account of the actual State of the Country in 1826-7-8.
By John Mac-taggart, Civil Engineer, in the service of the British Government. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1829. Colburn.

A GREAT mass of local information, simply and clearly arranged, and derived from that best of all possible sources—the writer's own observation, for which he had every possible advantage; curious statistical details, &c. make these volumes a valuable addition to the long list of travels in which the present age is so rich. Our limits are ill calculated to allow that prolonged discussion which arises in the question of emigration; but it at least stands to reason, that every work fitted to throw real light on the actual state of a given country must be beneficial in its effects: and Mr. Mac-taggart's is one we cordially recommend to our readers. For our own pages we shall endeavour to select what seems of the more universal interest.

Rummaging: "We started again, cut holes through the thickets of these dismal swamps, directed a person to go about half a mile before and wind a horn, keeping to one place, until those behind came up; so that by the compass and the sound, there being no sun, we might better grope out our course. For in the woods you have not only to keep to a course, but you have also to discover what that course is; not as on sea, where the course is known before the ship starts, that one port bears from another; but in the wilderness the relative position of places is not known,—a cause which improves the instinct of the Indian, making it so superior to that of a European. We had this matter to study deeply; and we had likewise to seek for that track where we could best preserve our level, in the shortest possible distance. This compelled us frequently to diverge from the direct course; a ridge of rocks or a deep swamp, the one much above, the other beneath, the required level, had necessarily to be shunned as much as possible. I mention these things out of no vain boast, but as curiosities in science; and must own that the subject perplexed me not a little. Placed in thick and dark snow-covered woods, where, unless the axe-men cut holes, a prospect of five yards could not be obtained; doubtful what kind of land lay on either side, or directly before; calculating at the same time the nature of canal-making in such places—the depths to dig, or the banks to raise, so that the level might be kept from one sheet of water to another, the former eighty feet above the latter; while the weather was extremely cold, and the screws of the theodolite would scarcely move: these things all considered, were teasing enough to overcome, and required a little patience. When night drew on, two of the axe-men were sent off to rig the wigwam *shanty* by the side of a swamp. This was done for two reasons, or say three: first, because water could be had in the swamps to drink and cook with, if the ice

were broken to get at it; secondly, the boughs of the hemlock grow more bushy in such places, and are so far more easily obtained to cover the shanty; and thirdly, there are generally dry cedar-trees found there, which make excellent firewood, and the bark of dry cedar is the best thing in the world for lighting a fire with. When the party got to the place, there was a very comfortable house set out, a blazing fire with a maple back log, ranging along for a length of twenty or thirty feet. There, on the bushy hemlock, would we lie down; roast pork before the fire on wooden prongs, each man roasting for himself; while plenty of tea was thrown into a large kettle of boiling water, the tin mug was turned out, the only teacup, which, being filled, went round until all had drunk; then it was filled again, and so on; while each with his bush-knife cut toasted pork on a shive of bread, ever using the thumb-piece to protect the thumb from being burned: a lot or two round of weak grog finished the feast; when some would fall asleep,—others to sleep and snore; and after having lain an hour or so on one side, some one would cry *spoon!*—the order to turn to the other—which was often an agreeable order, if a spike of tree-root or such substance stuck up beneath the ribs. Reclining thus, like a parcel of spoons, our feet to the fire, we have found the hair of our heads often frozen to the place where we lay."

"Canadian ice is not so compact as that to be found in Britain: the thinner the ice, the more solid it is: when thick, it is more full of little air-cells, and of a grayish colour. It is not of so hard a nature, either, as that at home; a person can cut a hole through it with a hatchet as quickly as they can at home, although it may be four times as thick. In the winter of 1826 the ice of Lake Ontario, when at the thickest, was within half an inch of two feet; the Lake of Chaudiere was three feet and a half: they are not so thick, by about half a foot, towards the middle, and begin to take (that is, freeze) round the sides first, before the middle; sometimes towards the centre they will not freeze at all unless the frost be very severe. The road for sleighs is, therefore, round the sides. The Canadian adopts this for two substantial reasons: first, that the ice is more safe there; and, secondly, that should it break in, he has a better chance to get out. Often horses and sleighs will break smack through, sink beneath the ice, and be seen no more: the drivers generally contrive to escape, although sometimes they get entangled or confused, and sink with the rest. An honest settler and his wife were cantering along the Ottawa to hold their merry new-year in Montreal: what a gay set-out, and what a span of beautiful American bay horses! they went like the wind; while the cutter (an elegant species of sleigh) tilted over the cracks and cahots in glorious style. My much-respected friend John Sherrieff, esq. was a passenger aboard,—who would not have had his interesting company if it were to be obtained?—a profound connoisseur in the news and manners of Canada,

deeply read in the periodical literature of the old country, a great traveller all over the world, ever retaining a good and cheerful disposition. Often would he warn the farmer to take care of the ice, as about the eddies of Long Island it was never to be fully depended upon; but the other still replied there could be no fear, seeing by the track that two laden traineaux had lately passed before them. Thus gliding along with a swift and smooth velocity, down they went with a plunging crash. My humorous friend, whose presence of mind never forsook him, vaulted on to the solid ice, and very politely handed out the lady, while her husband, poor fellow, kept touching up the cattle lightly with the whip, unconscious of his dangerous situation, and, had my friend not caught him by the coat-tail, he would have sunk, like his horses, beneath the cold casement of the river, to be seen no more. If the horses are allowed to plunge much, there is no chance of saving them: they have therefore to hang them, to keep them quiet, until they are pulled out, when the noose on the neck is slackened, and life permitted to return. While on this subject, I may mention a question which was once laid before me for decision. A gentleman sent his servant with a sleigh and two valuable horses to a neighbouring village for some purpose or other; when this servant and another servant of the same gentleman, who was likewise there on some business of his master's, happened to meet: the one who had charge of the sleigh getting intoxicated with rum, the other insisted on driving the vehicle home for him: while doing so, the ice towards the middle of a river gave way, and the horses, sleigh, and cargo, were lost. 'Was it proper, or not, to dismiss those servants from their master's employ?' The voice of the multitude was in favour of the servants, but I doubt if that was right: humanity, however, ought to be coupled with rigid justice. In England such servants would have been turned off; but there they can soon find other masters, and masters other servants:—not so in Canada.

"The mosquitoes are very numerous during the hot months of summer in the uncleared country, and in that too partly shorn of the woods. They are extremely troublesome, and nothing hitherto discovered will prevent their biting the exposed parts of the body. The Indians and French Canadians, who may be called the natives of the country, suffer almost as much from them as new-comers, but their flesh does not swell so. People from Britain are frequently to be met with nearly blind from the poisonous effects of these insects. It is vain to rub the skin with grease or camphor; they mind it nothing. Some will fling veils over their faces; and these would keep them off, were not veils troublesome things too in hot weather to wear; they confine the breathing, and add an additional warmth to the cheeks that have no need of it. Nothing will keep them at bay but the strong, *smudging* smoke of fire; nor will this do unless we completely envelope ourselves in the midst of it,

which is not very comfortable. In Europe, the cattle run to the hill-tops to get rid of the flies, but in Canada they move towards the smoke. How contented will the old horses and cows hang over the smouldering embers, neighing and lowing for perfect joy! When the weather is damp and moist, they get numerous; the swamps and little inland rivers are perfectly covered with them. In these places they are considered to breed. In dog-days they are not so troublesome: towards the latter end of August they are at the worst, and larger grown than in the spring. They are extremely greedy; if with a pair of sharp scissors we clip away the half of the body of one that is sucking, it will not desist and attempt to fly away, but continue to suck for hours, the blood flowing from where it was severed in two. It is said that they have succeeded in killing animals; nor does this seem at all wonderful, when their virulent nature is known. Night and day they are equally annoying: it is in vain to go to bed at any prescribed hour, for no sleep can possibly be obtained unless we are completely fatigued out; and when we wake, the face is covered with blood; and if the hands or legs be exposed, they are rendered frightful to look at, and the feet will not go into the shoes or boots they have been accustomed to. Settlers in the heart of the woods suffer dreadfully from them: they keep a *smudge* always at the threshold of the door of the dwelling. The *black flies* are almost as bad as the mosquitoes; they are not such a large insect, nor so poisonous. When examined with the microscope, the mouth is not unlike that of a bull-dog; whereas, the other sucks with a proboscis."

There are some curious accounts of a species of madness, which seems peculiar to sailors.

"This madness is, in two respects, similar to hydrophobia—it is extremely violent and outrageous in its nature, of short duration from the appearance of the symptoms until death closes the melancholy scene,—and as yet has been perfectly incurable. It has been my lot to see three cases, but I have heard of many more: they were all *captains* of merchantmen, driven in by stress of weather to a small harbour on the coast of Britain. The first I saw had been extremely irritable for a day or two previous: the crew durst not speak nor look the way he was on. The symptoms getting worse, he grasped a large sail-knife by the lanyards, and pursued one of the apprentices over the rigging of the ship. The young sailor was wide awake to the intentions of his master, and ran up and down the shrouds with great agility; but the captain was equally nimble; and while the poor lad was turning the cross-trees, the madman, on the opposite ladder, let dash at him with the knife, and cut one of his cheeks from brow to chin—a frightful gash. The sailors now interfered, and after much danger and difficulty succeeded in securing the captain with ropes: then he roared, kicked, and cursed, in a horrid manner, until the evening of the second day, when he died under a paroxysm of rage.—The second, while running into harbour, seemed struck with the appearance of a gentleman's house that had been built on a commanding station by the sea-side. 'D—d fine house!' he kept muttering to himself, until the ship was brought to anchor; when he ordered his apprentices, six in number, to proceed with him instantly ashore in the jolly-boat, and each to bring a rope with him five fathoms long. They obeyed, of course, as it is quite against all maritime law for apprentices to disobey the orders of their captain. On arriving ashore he bade them

follow him as fast as they could round the coast to the large house: they did so. On arriving there, which was about a mile and a half from the bay, he found, to his surprise, the door locked, and no persons moving about, the family being absent. The gardener's wife was left in charge, and she was at her own cottage in the garden at the time. Finding this, with his bare fists he whacked in the panes of glass and window-frames, cutting his hands in a shocking manner. Having effected an opening, he jumped into the drawing-room, and bowled out of the window whatever of mahogany furniture came first to hand—chairs, tables, sideboards, &c., d—ning the apprentices to make up their burdens. The poor fellows, having each bound in his rope a lot of furniture, proceeded on the homeward march, followed by the stormy captain, groaning under a huge table, balancing it on his back with one hand, and carrying a large mirror in the other. Thus passing many people on the road, the neighbourhood became alarmed—the country people gathered round with sticks and intercepted him when returning again to the house, and with much difficulty got him secured and lodged in the county gaol; but getting more and more outrageous, the humane conceived that being in a prison was the cause, and they had him removed from thence into a private house; but it made no difference, he expired in the same way as the other, perfectly smothered with rage.—The third seemed to decline robbery or murder: he wandered melancholy about the shore; and when any notice was taken of him, he gave utterance to wild imprecations. Sometimes he would take a stick and thrash the ground until he was quite exhausted, or hurl rocks off a precipice into the surge. This being in a remote part of the country, which was thinly inhabited, nobody molested him; or rather, none of the harmless sheep-farmers durst go near where he was. They kept hovering round at a distance, however, and as the distemper increased they got more and more alarmed. At last he became more exhausted, and could not stand on his feet. Thus did he wear away, much in the same way as the others did, although he was not handcuffed or molested by any one."

We shall conclude with the following sketch of the general state of the weather.

"The extremes of heat and cold are felt to be more severe in the cleared districts than in the uncleared: mercury frequently freezes at Quebec and Montreal; and the summers are so hot for some days, that it is a wonder how animals contrive to live. Rain is not very abundant: it prevails most in the spring and fall. Mists in the inland country are not so frequent as in Britain, but on the sea-coast much more so. Thunder and lightning are very common: the flashes more vivid and bright, and the peals much louder. Hail is not very common; and the *piles* of snow are very regular figures,—hexagonal and sometimes octagonal stars: the snow never falls in such minute particles as sand, or yet in flakes as large as common butterflies. The snow generally begins to fall about the middle of November: in the woods it is seldom attended with wind, but in the cleared places it blows into huge wreaths: the road-ways are filled full between the fences. In the beginning of the above-named month there are generally a few very fine warm days called the *Indian summer*. The coldest month in the year is January: if water be then put in bed-rooms, wherewith to wash, the jugs and ewers will be broken ere morning. The first indication of

cold weather having set in, is destruction occurring amongst porcelain and glass vessels containing fluids. If wine or porter be once frozen, it is very insipid when thawed. To malt grain of any kind is very difficult, the temperature of the seasons varying so much: nevertheless, there are numbers of breweries and distilleries; but the ale and spirits they produce are not very good. Tolerably fine cider is made, and there are cider-presses all over the country: the climate is extremely favourable for the growth of apples and melons. The branches of the apple-trees in the orchards towards the end of summer must be well propped, else they will break down with their loads. The best crops of wheat are produced by sowing it in the fall: it is not sown so thickly as with us; one bushel will sow as much as three. Spring wheat is also sown; from thirty to forty bushels an acre is considered a good crop of either, weighing from forty to fifty pounds per Winchester bushel. Crops are not built in stacks, but put in large barns, or under sheds, having movable roofs, that can be raised or let down at pleasure. The grub is not much talked of by the farmer; but I have seen them look serious, and express themselves dolorously, about blight, rust, and mildew. The squirrels, and a bird like the blackbird, are often troublesome amongst the crops. Flax and hemp are not much cultivated, but the soil in many places is accounted favourable. Tobacco is begun to be raised, and promises to do well. They do not sow rye-grass, but a kind of grass-seed called Timothy, which makes good hay: those having beaver meadows in their estates obtain a good deal of hay from them. Mowing and reaping are difficult in the new settlements, the land being so rough, and roots and stones sticking up. They reap with the toothed sickle, and mow with a short sith. The stones to sharpen the sith are of a white free-stone nature, and are brought from the States: it is not a composition stone, but cut from a natural block. There is a species of gypsum found in Canada good for sharpening axes, and as highly esteemed as the callumey stone is amongst the Indians,—a gray kind of fire-stone they make their pipes of: there is a river called the Grand Callumey, whose banks contain this stone. In sharpening sithes no sand is used; but I think it might be to much advantage. Oats are cultivated, and succeed tolerably. A gallon of oats is thought to be a good feed for a horse. The Canadian horse is one of the hardiest and best of his race, able to endure the greatest fatigue; and when he is whipped by his master, he is said to be getting his allowance of oats: he would outdo those of any other country I am acquainted with. The milk of the cows tastes of garlic if they feed in the woods, and is not considered very wholesome. The trees are in full leaf by the middle of June, and as bare as they will be by the end of November: there are a number of evergreens, and few birds of song in the woods. Along the margin of the lakes the snow does not lie above three months in the year. The snow is of considerable use to the farmer; it forms a covering for his crops, and a road to market. A farm in a tract of country that has five months sleighing snow in the year is considered to be in a more favourable climate than that which has but three: it is generally more healthy, and has less mud and rain. The weather is very changeable; and when it does change, it is always on a sudden: there are few who can prophesy from appearances with any degree of success, more than five hours before the altera-

tion takes place: the heavens will sometimes get overcast, and the rain begin to pour in a twinkling. The sky is seldom very beautiful so look upon; never have I seen what may be called a respectable towering woolly cloud. Winds are seldom severe; sometimes, however, they lay waste extensive belts of the forest for thirty miles at a stretch, and from a quarter to a mile broad: these are called windfalls. Trees growing on the banks of the rivers lean in towards the water: the reason of this is obvious, as their roots are all on one side. It is said that water attracts them: this I do not think is the case. Water may attract the willow to a certain extent, which may account for the Dutchman's art in discovering spring-wells with a forked stick. Wide roads through pieces of forest-ground are dangerous to travellers during a squall of wind: I have seen them crashing down behind and before in a frightful manner; and at Stoney Creek saw a poor woman and her son who were killed by a tree being blown down on a little cart they were riding in,—the horse was not hurt."

Again we most highly commend these volumes;—not perhaps for their great literary merit, but as containing much sound sense and great and general information.

Fauna Boreali-Americana; or, the Zoology of the Northern Parts of British America.
By John Richardson, M.D., F.R.S., F.L.S., &c. 4to. pp. 300. London, 1829. Murray.

THE zoology of the northern parts of British America, as elucidated by Captain Franklin's interesting expedition, has here received all the light that could be bestowed upon it by the diligence of his fellow-traveller Dr. Richardson, and by the scientific assistance of those distinguished naturalists Messrs. Swainson and Kirby. The volume, illustrated also by numerous plates, therefore assumes a high degree of importance as an addition to the pleasant science of which it treats; and we have much satisfaction in recommending it to all the lovers of natural history. But having said only thus much in a general point of view, we must be content to leave its graver features and principal merits to the philosophical reader, while we simply extract a few of its more popular passages for the gratification of all ranks.

"The young grisly bears and gravid females hibernate, but the older males often come abroad in the winter in quest of food. Mackenzie mentions the den or winter retreat of a grisly bear, which was ten feet wide, five feet high, and six feet long. These dens are named *wakes* by the Indians. As this bear comes abroad before the snow disappears, its foot-marks are frequently seen in the spring; and when there is a crust on the snow, the weight of the animal often causes it to crack and sink for a yard or more round the spot trod upon. These impressions, somewhat obscured by a partial thaw, have been considered by the inexperienced as the vestiges of an enormously large quadruped; and the natives, although perfectly aware of the cause of the marks, are prone by their observations to heighten the wonder they perceive to be excited by them. Many reports of the existence of live mammoths in the Rocky Mountain range have, I doubt not, originated in this manner. Necklaces of the claws of a grisly bear are highly prized by the Indian warriors as proofs of their prowess."

So much for our grisly bruin; now, touching his larger brother.

"The flesh of the polar bear is, as stated

by Captain Phipps (Lord Mulgrave), exceedingly coarse. The Russian sailors who wintered in Spitzbergen found it, on the other hand, much more agreeable to the taste than the flesh of the rein-deer. I quote this fact here, not to shew that there was any thing peculiarly gross in the taste of the Russians, but to have an opportunity of remarking, that when people have fed for a long time solely upon lean animal food, the desire for fat meat becomes so insatiable, that they can consume a large quantity of unmixed, and even oily, fat without nausea. Our seamen relish the paws of the bear, and the Esquimaux prefer its flesh at all times to that of the seal. Instances are recorded of the liver of the polar bear having poisoned people."

Of another animal we are told—

"An albino variety of the beaver is of very rare occurrence. Hearne saw but one in the course of twenty years, and it had many reddish and brown hairs along the ridge of the back: its sides and belly were of a glossy silvery white. When the Indians find an individual of this kind, they convert the skin into a medicine-bag, and are very unwilling to dispose of it."

Our next extract is a picture of manners.

"Herds of wild horses, the offspring of those which have escaped from the Spanish possessions in Mexico, are not uncommon on the extensive prairies that lie to the west of the Mississippi. They were once numerous on the Kootannie Lands, near the northern sources of the Columbia, on the eastern side of the Rocky Mountain ridge; but of late years they have been almost eradicated in that quarter. They are not known to exist in a wild state to the northward of the fifty-second or fifty-third parallel of latitude. The young stallions live in separate herds, being driven away by the old ones, and are easily ensnared by using domestic mares as a decoy. The Kootannies are acquainted with the Spanish-American mode of taking them with the lasso. Major Long mentions that 'horses are an object of a particular hunt to the Osages. For the purposes of obtaining these animals, which in their wild state preserve all their fleetness, they go in a large party to the country of the Red Canadian River, where they are to be found in considerable numbers. When they discover a gang of the horses, they distribute themselves into three parties, two of which take their stations at different and proper distances on their route, which by previous experience they know the horses will most probably take when endeavouring to escape. This arrangement being completed, the first party commences the pursuit in the direction of their colleagues, at whose position they at length arrive. The second party then continues the chase with fresh horses, and pursues the fugitives to the third party, which generally succeeds in so far running them down as to noose and capture a considerable number of them.' The domestic horse is an object of great value to the nomadic tribes of Indians that frequent the extensive plains of the Saskatchewan and Missouri; for they are not only useful in transporting their tents and families from place to place, but one of the highest objects of the ambition of a young Indian is to possess a good horse for the chase of the buffalo, an exercise of which they are passionately fond. To steal the horses of an adverse tribe is considered to be nearly as heroic an exploit as killing an enemy on the field of battle; and the distance to which they occasionally travel, and the privations they undergo, on their

horse-stealing excursions, are almost incredible. An Indian who owns a horse scarcely ever ventures to sleep after nightfall, but sits at his tent-door with the halter in one hand and his gun in the other, the horse's fore-legs being at the same time tied together with thongs of leather. Notwithstanding all this care, however, it often happens that the hunter, suffering himself to be overpowered by sleep for only a few minutes, awakes from the noise made by the thief galloping off with the animal. The Spokans, who inhabit the country lying between the forks of the Columbia, as well as some other tribes of Indians, are fond of horse-flesh as an article of food; and the residents at some of the Hudson's Bay Company's posts on that river are under the necessity of making it their principal article of diet."

Having lost our bonassus from the Regent's Park, we conclude with Dr. Richardson's notice of his wild companions in their native haunts.

"One of the earliest accounts we have of the animal is by Hernandez; and Recchus' edition of his observations, or rather commentary upon them, is illustrated by an engraving which seems to have been made from a rude sketch of the bison, altered by the European artist to a closer resemblance with the European ox. Hennepin, in the narrative of his discovery of Louisiana, and his travels through that country between the years 1669 and 1682, gives a very good description of the bison, together with a figure, which is apparently a copy of that of Recchus. It does not appear to have excited much attention in Europe until lately, when several specimens having been imported into England, were exhibited under the attractive title of *bonassus*, which, though described by the ancients, was asserted to have been lost to the moderns until recognised in the American animal. The American bison has, in fact, much resemblance to the *auroids* of the Germans (*Bos urus*, Boddart), identified by Cuvier with the *bonassus* of Aristotle, the *bison* of Pausanias and Pliny, and the *urus* of Cæsar, and which, down to the reign of Charlemagne, was not rare in Germany, but is now nearly confined to the hilly country lying between the Caspian and Black Sea. The bison wanders constantly from place to place, either from being disturbed by hunters, or in quest of food. They are much attracted by the soft, tender grass which springs up after a fire has spread over the prairie. In winter they scrape away the snow with their feet to reach the grass. The bulls and cows live in separate herds for the greatest part of the year; but at all seasons one or two old bulls generally accompany a large herd of cows. In the rutting season the males fight against each other with great fury; and at that period it is very dangerous to approach them. The bison is, however, in general a shy animal, and takes to flight instantly on winding an enemy, which the acuteness of its sense of smell enables it to do from a great distance. They are less wary when they are assembled together in numbers, and will then often blindly follow their leaders, regardless of, or trampling down, the hunters posted in their way. It is dangerous for the hunter to shew himself after having wounded one—for it will pursue him; and although its gait may appear heavy and awkward, it will have no great difficulty in overtaking the fleetest runner. While I resided at Carlton House an accident of this kind occurred. Mr. Finnan M'Donald, one of the

Hudson's Bay Company's clerks, was descending the Saskatchewan in a boat, and one evening having pitched his tent for the night, he went out in the dusk to look for game. It had become nearly dark when he fired at a bison-bull, which was galloping over a small eminence; and as he was hastening forward to see if his shot had taken effect, the wounded beast made a rush at him. He had the presence of mind to seize the animal by the long hair on its forehead as it struck him on the side with its horn; and being a remarkably tall and powerful man, a struggle ensued, which continued until his wrist was severely sprained and his arm was rendered powerless: he then fell, and after receiving two or three blows became senseless. Shortly afterwards he was found by his companions lying bathed in blood, being gored in several places; and the bison was couched beside him, apparently waiting to renew the attack, had he shewn any signs of life. Mr. McDonald recovered from the immediate effects of the injuries he received, but died a few months afterwards. Many other instances might be mentioned of the tenaciousness with which this animal pursues its revenge; and I have been told of a hunter having been detained for many hours in a tree by an old bull which had taken its post below to watch him. When it contends with a dog it strikes violently with its forefeet, and in that way proves more than a match for an English bull-dog. The favourite Indian method of killing the bison is by riding up to the fattest of the herd on horseback, and shooting it with an arrow. When a large party of hunters are engaged in this way on an extensive plain, the spectacle is very imposing, and the young men have many opportunities of displaying their skill and agility. The horses appear to enjoy the sport as much as their riders, and are very active in eluding the shock of the animal, should it turn on its pursuer. The most generally practised plan, however, of shooting the bison is by crawling towards them from to leeward; and in favourable places great numbers are taken in pounds. When the bison runs, it leans very much to, first, one side for a short space of time, and then to the other, and so on alternately. The flesh of a bison in good condition is very juicy and well-flavoured, much resembling that of well-fed beef. The tongue is reckoned a delicacy, and may be cured so as to surpass in flavour the tongue of an English cow. The hump of flesh covering the long spinous processes of the first dorsal vertebra is much esteemed. It is named *boe* by the Canadian voyagers, and *wig* by the Orkney men in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company. The wig has a fine grain; and when salted and cut transversely, it is almost as rich and tender as the tongue. The fine wool which clothes the bison renders its skin when properly dressed an excellent blanket; and they are valued so highly, that a good one sells for three or four pounds in Canada, where they are used as wrappers by those who travel over the snow in carioles. The wool has been manufactured in England into a remarkably fine and beautiful cloth; and in the colony of Osnaboyna, on the Red River, a warm and durable coarse cloth is formed of it. Much of the pemmican used by the voyagers attached to the fur companies is made of bison meat procured at their posts on the Red River and Saskatchewan. One bison cow in good condition furnishes dried meat and fat enough to make a bag of pemmican weighing ninety pounds. The bison which frequent the woody parts of

the country form smaller herds than those which roam over the plains, but are said to be individually of a greater size."

With these very slight examples we must refer our readers to this volume for farther curious information. The engravings are beautifully executed.

Personal and Literary Memorials. By the Author of "Four Years in France," "Italy as it is," &c. 8vo. pp. 496. London, 1820. H. Colburn.

A VOLUME of this kind puts us in mind of country cousins' visits to London,—all sorts of things are to be seen; a great deal of industry is blended with *tant soit peu* of discrimination; they go shopping and staring, till, time and money alike expended, they return, the log-book of memory crowded with good, bad, and indifferent. Most writers of reminiscences do by their anecdotes as the before-mentioned do by their sights;—in the desire of missing nothing that can be seen, much that is useless and uninteresting is also put upon the list. We can think of no more accurate criticism for the volume before us; it is a complete *mélange*—many very amusing anecdotes, and a good deal of religious discussion, which we leave to those more authorised disputants, the divines; and shall content ourselves by endeavouring to make a selection of the most entertaining passages.

"Mrs. Brooke, authoress of 'Julia Mandeville,' 'Emily Montague,' the musical piece of 'Rosina,' and other works popular in their day, and of no small merit—this lady was sister to the wife of my great uncle Joseph Digby, rector of Tinwell, near Stamford. Mrs. Digby was a woman of talent, and had the faculty, very uncommon, not in women only, but in men of the highest attainments—the faculty of being able to read. She could take up a book, and in her natural voice, without any other change of tone or cadence than what the subject matter required, enunciate what in the book was written down as if the words were her own. Children learn to read. Men should talk out of a book. Mrs. Digby told me that when she lived in London with her sister Mrs. Brooke, they were, every now and then, honoured by the visits of Dr. Samuel Johnson. He called on them one day, soon after the publication of his immortal Dictionary. The two ladies paid him due compliments on the occasion. Amongst other topics of praise, they very much commended the omission of all *naughty* words. 'What! my dears! then you have been looking for them?' said the moralist. The ladies, confused at being thus caught, dropped the subject of the dictionary."

"Dr. Barton, warden of Merton College, Oxford, received a morning visit in his closet, or cabinet as the French would call it. The visitor, Dr. Sibthorp, said to him, 'Mr. Warden, why do you sit in such a little place as this? You have not room to swing a cat.' 'I do not want to swing a cat, Dr. Sibthorp.' Wisdom can teach few lessons of greater utility than not to desire what we do not possess. We are told of an ancient philosopher, who, on beholding the splendours of a great palace, cried out, 'How many things there are here that I do not want!' Was he a greater philosopher than Dr. Barton, who was contented with a space too narrow for an amusement in which he did not wish to exercise himself? Dr. Barton was a punster. He said, 'the fellows of my college wished to have an organ in the chapel, but I put a stop to it;' whether for the sake of the pun, or because he disliked music, is uncertain. He invited, for the love of punning,

Mr. Crowe and Mr. Rook to dine with him; and having given Mr. Birdmore, another guest, a hint to be rather after the time, on his appearing, said, 'Mr. Rook! Mr. Crowe! I beg leave to introduce one *Bird more*.' He married his niece to a gentleman of the hopeful name of *Buckle*. The enterprise succeeded beyond his expectation. Mrs. Buckle was delivered of twins. 'A pair of Buckles!' 'Boys or girls?' said a congratulating friend; the answer may be supposed. To him, though it has been attributed to others, belongs the glory or the shame of having said to one, who having re-established his health by a diet of milk and eggs, took a wife:—'So, you have been *egged* on to matrimony: I hope the *yoke* will sit easy on you.'

"A young, zealous, and conscientious student in Anglican theology once asked an experienced dignitary, 'Pray, sir, what do the Armenians hold?' 'Hold?' said his Mentor, 'hold? Why, they hold all the best pieces of preferment in the church of England.'

"The Abbé Denaïs, an emigrant priest from Anjou, talked English better than any foreigner I ever knew. He pronounced *th* perfectly well: he observed to me, moreover, 'You have two *th*s: you have *th* in *this*, *that*; and you have *th* in *thick*, *thin*. I shall tell you how I surmounted the difficulty of pronouncing them, and distinguishing between them.' Taking a letter out of his pocket, he tore off a very little bit of paper, and laying it on the back of his hand, and placing it horizontally in a line with his lips, said distinctly, *this*, *that*. He bade me remark that the bit of paper did not stir. Then, in like manner, emitting the words, *thick*, *thin*, exclaimed, — *Regardez comme le morceau de papier s'envole*; and was quite delighted with the success of his experiment."

"When the terms of the treaty which followed the restoration of the king were known, the French amused themselves by composing what they called the alphabet of the restoration, *la nation Française a, b, c*. The French pronunciation of these letters suggests to every one the word *abaissée*. *Quarante-trois Départements a, d, (cédés)*. *Le ministère a, b, t*. As the aspirate in the word *hébé* is not sounded, you have only to pronounce the three letters to arrive at the sense. *La gloire des armées Françaises f, a, c, (effacée)*."

"Dr. George Horne was a man of unaffected piety, cheerful temper, great learning, and, notwithstanding his propensity to jesting, dignified manners. He was much beloved in Magdalen College, of which he was president; the chief complaint against him being, that he did not reside the whole of the time in every year that the statutes required. He resigned his headship on being promoted from the deanery of Canterbury to the see of Norwich; the alleged reason was, the incompatibility of the duties; though other heads of houses, when made bishops, have retained their academical situations. He never manifested the least ill-humour himself, and repressed it, but with gentleness, in others. Having engaged in a party at whist, merely because he was wanted to make up the number, and playing indifferently ill, as he forewarned his partner would be the case, he replied to the angry question, 'What reason could you possibly have, Mr. President, for playing that card?' 'None upon earth, I assure you.' On the morning when news was received in college of the death of one of the fellows, a good companion, a *bon vivant*, Horne met with another fellow, an especial friend of the defunct, and began to console with him: 'We have lost poor L——,' 'Ah! Mr. President, I may well say I could have

better spared a better man.' 'Meaning me, I suppose?' said Horne, with an air that, by its pleasantry, put to flight the other's grief. I was talking with Henry James Pye, late poet-laureate, when he happened to mention the name of Mr. P. a gentleman of Berkshire, and M. P. I think, for Reading; 'That is the man,' said I, 'who damned the king's wig in the very presence of his majesty; with great credit, however, to his own loyalty, and very much to the amusement of the king.' 'I do not well see how that could be.' 'You shall hear a story which our president (Pye had been a gentleman commoner of Magdalen College) told at his own table. The king was out a hunting: P— was in, and of, the field: the king's horse fell; the king was thrown from the saddle, and his hat and wig were thrown to a little distance from him: he got on his feet again immediately, and began to look about for the hat and wig, which he did not readily see, being, as we all know, short-sighted. P—, very much alarmed by the accident, rides up in great haste and arrives at the moment when the king is peering about and saying to the attendants, 'Where's my wig? where's my wig?' P— cries out, 'D—n your wig! is your majesty safe?'

"While the late Edmund Burke was making preparation for the indictment, before the House of Lords, of Warren Hastings, governor-general of India, he was told that a person who had long resided in the East Indies, but who was then an inmate of Bedlam, could supply him with much useful information. Burke went accordingly to Bedlam, was taken to the cell of the maniac, and received from him, in a long, rational, and well-conducted conversation, the results of much and various knowledge and experience in Indian affairs, and much instruction for the process then intended. On leaving the cell, Burke told the keeper who attended him, that the poor man whom he had just visited, was most iniquitously practised upon; for that he was as much in his senses as man could be. The keeper assured him that there was sufficient warranty and very good cause for his confinement. Burke, with what a man in office once called 'Irish impetuosity,' known to be one of Burke's characteristics, insisted that it was an infamous affair, threatened to make the matter public, or even bring it before parliament. The keeper then said, 'Sir, I should be sorry for you to leave this house under a false impression: before you do so, be pleased to step back to the poor gentleman's cell, and ask him what he had for breakfast.' Burke could not refuse compliance with a request so reasonable and easily performed. 'Pray, sir,' says he to his Indian counsellor, 'be so obliging as to tell me what you had for breakfast.' The other, immediately putting on the wild stare of the maniac, cried out, 'Hob-nails, sir! It is shameful to think how they treat us! They give us nothing but hob-nails!' and went on with a 'decant wild' on the horrors of the cookery of Bethlehem Hospital. Burke staid no longer than that his departure might not seem abrupt; and, on the advantage of the first pause in the talk, was glad to make his escape.—I was present when Paley was much interested and amused by an account given by one of the company, of a widow lady, who was of entirely sound mind, except that she believed herself to be made of glass. Given the vitrification, her conduct and discourse were consequent and rational, according to the particulars which Paley drew forth by numerous questions. Canes and parasols were deposited at the door of her drawing-room as at the

Louvre or Florentine Gallery, and for the same reason. 'You may be hurt by a blow,' said she, to one of flesh and blood; 'but I should be broken to pieces: and how could I be mended?'

"Some one came up to Paley and made an excuse for a friend, who was obliged to defer an intended visit to the subdeanery, because a man who had promised to pay him some money in April, could not pay it till May. 'A common case,' said Paley. We all laughed. Paley, by way of rewarding us for our complaisance in being pleased with what was recommended chiefly by the quaintness of his manner, went on:—'A man should never *pay money* till he can't help it; *something maay happen*.'

"At another time he said—'I always desire my wife and daughters to pay ready money. It is of no use to desire them to buy only what they want; they will always imagine they want what they wish to buy: but that paying ready money is such a check upon their imagination.' Paley's education had been sufficiently hardy. 'My father rode to Peterborough, and I rode after him, on a horse that I could not manage. I tumbled off. My father, without looking back, cried out, 'Get up again, Will.' 'When I set up a carriage, it was thought right that my armorial bearings should appear on the panels. Now, we had none of us ever heard of the Paley arms; none of us had ever dreamed that such things existed, or had ever been. All the old folks of the family were consulted; they knew nothing about it. Great search was made, however, and at last we found a silver tankard, on which was engraved a coat of arms. It was carried by common consent that these *must* be the Paley arms; they were painted on the carriage, and looked very handsome. The carriage went on very well with them; and it was not till six months afterwards that we found out that the tankard had been *bought at a sale*!'

"He told me: 'when I wanted to write any thing particularly well,—to do better than ordinary,—I used to order a post-chaise and go to Longtown; it is the first stage from Carlisle towards the north; there is a comfortable quiet inn there. I asked for a room to myself: there then I was, safe from the bustle and trouble of a family; and there I remained as long as I liked, or till I had finished what I was about.' I said, 'That is a very curious anecdote;' and I said it in a tone which, from a certain change in his countenance, I believe to have set him on musing how this anecdote would appear in the history of his life. Paley took his rides on horseback occasionally, but always alone, without the attendance even of a servant. 'I am so bad a horseman, that if any man on horseback was to come near me when I am riding, I should certainly have a fall; company would take off my attention, and I have need of all I can command to manage my horse and keep my seat: I have got a horse, the quietest creature that ever lived, one that at Carlisle used to be covered with children from the ears to the tail.' Understanding all this, and seeing him gambadoing on the race-course, I turned my horse's head another way. 'I saw what you meant this morning; it was very considerate of you: I am much obliged to you.' Paley was too careful of petty expenses, as is frequently the case with those who have had but narrow incomes in early life. He kept a sufficiently handsome establishment as subdean, but he was stingy. A plentiful fall of snow took place during an evening party at the precentor's; two of Mr. Subdean's daugh-

ters were there; he shewed great anxiety on account of the necessity that seemed to have arisen of sending them home in a sedan-chair: taking the advice of several of the company, whether such necessity really and inevitably existed, he said to me, 'It is only next door.' 'The houses touch,' said I, 'but it is a long round to your door; the length of both houses and then through the garden in front of your house.' He consulted the precentor, who, to put the matter in a right point of view, cried out, 'Let the girls have a chair; it is only three-pence a piece.'

"He preached a sermon at Lincoln for the benefit of a charity school. In the course of this sermon he related, in familiar but sufficiently dignified language, a story of a man who, giving evidence on a trial respecting some prescriptive right claimed by the trustees of the charity, was browbeaten by the questioning counsel: 'I suppose the fact to which you swear happened when you were a charity boy, and used to go to school there?' The witness calmly replied: 'I was a charity boy; and all the good that has befallen me in life has arisen from the education I received at that school.' Paley drew hence an argument in favour of the institution for which he pleaded. The whole discourse pleased his auditors; and a deputation waited on him to request he would print it. He said, 'Gentlemen, I thank you for the compliment; but I must give the same answer that I have given on other like occasions; and that answer is—The tap is out.' 'The Archbishop of York,' said he, speaking of a late primate, 'preached one day at Carlisle: I was present, and felt muzzy and half asleep; when on a sudden I was roused, and began to prick up my ears; and what should I hear but a whole page of one of my own books quoted word for word; and this without the least acknowledgment, though it was a *white bear*; a passage that is often quoted and well known.' 'Now,' said Dr. Milner, Dean of Carlisle, who related the anecdote, 'guess what inference Paley drew from this plagiarism. No; if that court were full of people, not one of them would be able to guess: it was this—'I suppose the archbishop's wife makes his grace's sermons for him.' The Rev. Mr. Peters, prebendary of Lincoln, and a painter, gave to the cathedral an altar-piece, his own work; the subject, the Annunciation. It so happens that the Blessed Virgin is, in this piece, represented as very far advanced in pregnancy. Paley, with an arch look, first at the prominent part of the Virgin's person, and then at the angel, said, as if speaking to the latter, 'You're come too late.'

"Dr. James, the master of Rugby school, was represented, by those who knew him, as a weak, amiable man, and a very good Greek and Latin scholar. He went to Parr one day in great distress of mind, and opened his business with, 'Dr. Parr, I want to consult you: I am very much afraid there will be a rebellion among the boys; what am I to do?' Parr replied: 'Buy a large cocked-hat, James.' Dr. James rejoined, 'Pray, be serious: consider what serious consequences these symptoms of insubordination may lead to.' Parr insisted, 'Buy a large cocked-hat, James; an immensely large cocked-hat!'

'Hi motus animum atque hæc certamina tanta
Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescent.'

"There was once a crier of fish at Lincoln, who would not compromise his veracity: he was wont to say, 'Fish, fish! they were alive:' and this reticence obtained for him at least as much credit as would have done the

epithet 'fresh,' a hundred times repeated. He cried the lists of the horses at the races of Lincoln; and after announcing the contents of the lists, 'the horses' names, their owners' names, and the colours of the riders,' he endeavoured to excite the sympathy of us, his townsmen, by adding — 'Poor Lincoln races! they are worse and worse!' Public criers do not usually proclaim unwelcome truths: truth is as often found at the bottom of a well as on a race-course. True it was, nevertheless, that coaches and six, which the crier and others had formerly regarded with admiration, were no longer the mode; and that Yorkshire Doncaster afforded better sport to the amateurs, and a better harvest to the black-legs, than did our ancient colony. These races were in my boyhood a holiday to me: the scene was animating. Among other attractions was a German Jew, whose cry was 'Up mit it again — always a voman.' He carried before him a basket of cakes, to be sold at a half-penny a-piece; but, accommodating himself to the genius of the place and the spirit of the time, he offered to the public the chance of winning two cakes or of losing a halfpenny, pledging himself to risk his own fortune in the toss-up, on the event of the obverse of the coin being uppermost; this obverse bearing the figure of Britannia, not yet deprived of her cap of liberty. As this man was a Jew, and I belonged to the religion by law established, I thought it right to insult him; and so asked him when the Messiah was to come. He evidently resented my impertinence; but suppressing his anger, quietly replied, 'He was never tell me;' then turning to the business of the day, uttered forth his cry — 'Up mit it again — always a voman.'

"The celebrated David Hartley entertained, I believe, at his apartments in Merton College, of which he was fellow, a party of his friends: they dined well, *comme de raison*; and there was every likelihood that the evening would conclude with the utmost festivity, when a letter was brought to the naturalist: after due apology, he opened and read it; then starting up, he rushed out of the room. He soon returned, with horror on his face and a basketful of feathers in his hand: 'Gentlemen, what do you think we have been eating?' Some of the guests began to fear they had been poisoned: even the boldest felt qualms. 'Oh! that the letter had but arrived before the bird!' Then holding up some of the feathers, and letting them fall into the basket to display them to the company, he relieved their apprehensions, while he revealed the cause of his own grief, — 'we have eaten a nondescript.' Though no blame could attach to him, there was something in all appearance so disreputable in the untoward accident by which, under his auspices, a scientific object had been treated in so vulgar a manner, that Hartley did not quickly recover from the mortification."

We shall conclude with a riddle of Lady Craven's:

"The late Margravine of Anspach wrote an impromptu charade, and presented it to her husband, Lord C., as the person most interested in the subject of it, and most capable of judging of its truth: —

Mon premier est un tyran —
Mon second est un monstre —
Et mon tout est — le diable —

mari-
age;
mariage."

Altogether, we recommend this as a very readable book — a vein of pleasantries runs through the whole; and as for the polemical opinions, we leave them to such as may be inclined for the discussion.

Foscarini; or, the Patrician of Venice. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1829. Hunter.

WE shall best characterise this tale by calling it one of the most picturesque possible; the imagination is kept continually excited by images of beauty — by that species of inspiring mystery, as in the veiled face of a nun — and by a poet's taste in the use of all those romantic associations, of which, like the magic and silver chain in the fairy's garden, touch a single link, and a hundred others vibrate in music. The story is exceedingly interesting, and well told; but we are too kind to our readers to spoil it by telling it to them. We shall extract a single scene; only premising, that the hero, and his mistress disguised as a young officer, have been taken prisoners by robbers.

"The boat turned into a winding passage amid the rocks, which advanced into the sea. Notwithstanding the profound darkness, the rowers continued their exertions; and some branches of resinous pine, lighted by one of the *Uscoques*, discovered the interior of a vast cavern, in which the waves, losing their impetuosity, formed a still and gloomy lake. *Foscarini* felt as if the world had closed on him: he looked upon *Margaretta*, upon features in which dignity and beauty were united, and whose expression was that of firm resolution. Every thing indicated in the *Uscoques* a barbarity more ferocious than that which has its origin in the want of civilisation. Among savages in a state of nature, we may discover the seeds of virtue; but in these countenances, where evil habits had extinguished every sentiment of humanity; in these eyes, at one moment apparently inanimate, and the next sparkling with fury, — might be read, in living characters, the inscription which the poet observed upon the gates of hell. Their arms consisted of a poniard, pistols, and a Turkish sabre; and each of these outlaws having retained such part of his dress as custom had rendered most agreeable to him, it was easy to trace the country from which he had been expelled."

They debate on the destruction of their prisoners: —

"In the East," said the Jew, in his monotonous and drawing tone, "a faithless woman is sewn up in a sack, and the sea covers all; let us shut up our prisoners under the deck of their bark: I remarked this evening the signs of a storm, and I am much mistaken if the north wind do not make them dance from heaven to hell. Drowned, beaten to pieces on the rocks, where can they be found, or how could they be recognised?" This expedient, being to them a new mode of inflicting a painful death, was received with noisy approbation. "Let them perish, and may they carry with them the good fortune of Venice!"

"The brigands displaced a rock, which closed the entrance of the cavern; as they went out, *Gregorina* redoubled her invectives: — 'May she not be dangerous?' demanded one of the *Uscoques*. 'No, no,' answered *Maslarida*; 'her attachment to me will be our security.' Antonio, whom they had not separated from *Margaretta*, entreated her to discover herself: 'To save my life is out of the question; but do not think I will suffer you thus to perish!' 'Say but one word, and I will throw myself from the rock.' Her foot was already on the edge, and Antonio, thinking she was going to execute her threat, sprung forward to hold her back. 'Do you think you can do as much, when she strikes on the points of the rocks?' said *Zafarana*. 'Listen! do you hear the roaring of the wind? did I not tell you so?'

demanding Isaac. They answered him with cries of savage and ferocious joy. 'This does not resemble the regattas on the grand canal, my young hero,' said *Zafarana*, with his tiger-look. 'Nor does it resemble the triumphs you have promised yourself, great exterminator of the *Uscoques*;' resumed *Maslarida* laughing. These insulting remarks produced others, to which Antonio made no reply; preserving a calm and firm demeanour, very foreign to his real feelings. He looked on with a sort of hesitation in his manner, whilst they prepared his singular mode of punishment, and with difficulty repressed his desire of selling his life dearly; but he thought he owed this sacrifice to *Margaretta*. What would become of her when he was no more? Of what use would then be her explanations, too long delayed, with these robbers, drunk with wine and carnage, and irritated by his unexpected resistance? Would she not remain exposed to every outrage? Nevertheless, in looking at that beautiful creature, so young, so tenderly bred, accustomed to all the luxuries of life, and destined to so miserable an end, a deep groan issued involuntarily from his breast; and the *Uscoques* rejoiced to see him at last show some sign of grief. Turning towards him, with a look which expressed the enthusiasm of her passion, *Margaretta* entered the bark with a firm step; and they heard nailed over them the hatches of their movable prison, to be broken only by the pointed rocks on which, in all probability, it would dash them. The *Uscoques*, delighted at the invention, crowded into the boat, and began to row vigorously. 'I have been unable to defend you, and yet I live!' exclaimed Antonio, striking his head against the planks. 'Why such despair?' said *Margaretta*, 'death to me is freedom; does it not unite us? Am I not yours? I die happier than I have lived!' Antonio's answer was lost in the noise of the winds and waves; their lips met, and it was in this moment of anguish that they exchanged the first kiss of love. Meanwhile the *Uscoques* had left the tunnel, and abandoned the bark to the fury of the storm. They felt their movable cell raised to prodigious heights, and then sinking to a frightful depth: they could neither speak to nor see each other, but their mutual feelings were expressed by sighs, and the trembling pressure of their hands. This extreme state of agitation finally produced an enthusiasm which raised them above the horror natural to human beings at the near and inevitable approach of death. As chance would have it, the wind, which as it then blew would have driven them out to sea, changed suddenly, and forced them towards the coast. The bark, driven about in all directions, at last struck against one of the innumerable rocks which bordered the shore, and split open with a horrible crash. Holding *Margaretta* in one arm, Antonio struggled courageously with the other against the wave, which at once carried them to a distance from the vessel. He preserved himself on the surface for a time by swimming; but it required the most strenuous efforts to resist the violence of the tempest. Pressed down by the weight of his clothes, and by that of his precious burden, his strength began to fail, when suddenly an enormous wave broke over them, drew them rapidly along, and finally threw them on the shore. Instead of the rocks, which were to have destroyed them, Antonio felt the sand; and, clinging to it a moment, that the water might retire, he rose on his feet, staggered a few paces, and called on *Margaretta*. She was cold and motionless: had he saved only himself! Despair deprived him of

his remaining strength, his ideas became confused, and he fell senseless on the strand."

There is a very original sketch of character in a young Moorish page; and we do think the lovers of romance will find much gratification in these pages.

Natural History of Enthusiasm. 8vo. pp. 311. London, 1829. Holdsworth and Ball.

THE age for essay-writing has long passed by, and with it much of that calm, sedate habit of thinking for which the authors of the last century were famous. So far as we have only lost by this circumstance the jejune affectations of pretended moralists, we have nothing to regret; but the old style of essays was very distinct from its imitation in later days. It often ran, it is true, with a grave, moralising tone; but there was a raciness of thought and expression, even when the commonest subjects were treated of, which compensated for the occasional introduction of a wise saw. The long series of essays which we possess is by no means the least valuable feature of our national literature; and we sometimes think it would be well if the rich reflective pages of the British Essayists were more frequently imitated in style and spirit than they have now for many years been. It is not without pleasure, therefore, that we witness some signs of a revival of this species of writing in the present day. We have now on our table four or five volumes which deserve to be regarded as worthily imitating their classical predecessors; and, though not broken up, as they might indeed have better been, into several distinct essays,—as composed in the weighty and convincing style which forms the great charm of a genuine essay. *The Natural History of Enthusiasm* is, in fact, an essay on the nature and effects of its operation on the human character,—a subject than which no better could be found for such a mode of treatment in the whole range of psychological science. Partaking, as every strong passion does, of the nature of this mighty agent, it is a work of profound philosophical thought to distinguish between what is natural as passion, and enthusiasm as feeling,—between the power working by its own energy, and the sudden strength which is felt but not possessed, impelling but not helping forwards. Enthusiasm, to take it in the bad sense of the word, is produced by a false estimate of things on the one side, and a false idea of ourselves on the other—the offspring, in by far the most instances, of ignorance and vanity. But it is not in this contracted sense that the word enthusiasm is always understood; nor does the principle in reality always proceed from the same causes, or produce the same effects. It may find a resting-place in strong minds, under particular circumstances, as well as in weak; and in this case, though the conduct to which it impels be no more the result of right or cool reason than in the other, it will be widely different in its character—as different, in short, as the passionate love or anger of a wise man and a fool. We have read the work before us with considerable pleasure. It is full of admirable observation, and expresses that high tone of moral feeling which gives a kind of legitimate authority to the writer's speculations. The following extracts will justify our praise.

In speaking of religious enthusiasm, he says—

"The religion of the heart may be supplanted by a religion of the imagination, just in the same way that the social affections are often dislodged or corrupted by factitious sensibilities. Every one knows that an artificial excitement of all the kind and tender emotions

of our nature may take place through the medium of the imagination. Hence the power of poetry and the drama. But every one must also know that these feelings, however vivid and seemingly pure and salutary they may be, and however nearly they may resemble the genuine workings of the soul, are so far from producing the same softening effect upon the character, that they tend rather to indurate the heart. Whenever excitements of any kind are regarded distinctly as a source of luxurious pleasure, then, instead of expanding the bosom with beneficent energy, instead of dispelling the sinister purposes of selfishness, instead of shedding the softness and warmth of generous love through the moral system, they become a freezing centre of solitary and unsocial indulgence, and at length displace every emotion that deserves to be called virtuous. No cloak of selfishness is in fact more impenetrable than that which usually envelops a pampered imagination. The reality of woe is the very circumstance that paralyses sympathy; and the eyes that can pour forth their floods of commiseration for the sorrows of the romance or the drama, grudge a tear to the substantial wretchedness of the unhappy. Much more often than not, this kind of luxurious sensitiveness to fiction is conjoined with a callousness that enables the subject of it to pass through the affecting occasions of domestic life in immovable apathy: the heart has become, like that of leviathan, 'firm as a stone, yea hard as a piece of the nether millstone.'"

We have very seldom read any more excellent reflections than the following, which occur in the chapter on the doctrine of Providence.

"Those unforeseen accidents which so often control the lot of men, constitute a *superstratum* in the system of human affairs, wherein, peculiarly, the Divine Providence holds empire for the accomplishment of its special purposes. It is from this hidden and inexhaustible mine of chances—chances, as we must call them, that the Governor of the world draws, with unfathomable skill, the materials of his dispensations towards each individual of mankind. The world of nature affords no instances of complicated and exact contrivance, comparable to that which so arranges the vast chaos of contingencies as to produce, with unerring precision, a special order of events to every individual of the human family. Amid the whirl of myriads of fortuities, the means are selected and combined for constructing as many independent machineries of moral discipline as there are moral agents in the world; and each apparatus is at once complete in itself, and complete as a part of a universal movement. If the special intentions of Providence towards individuals were effected by the aid of supernatural interpositions, the power and presence of the Supreme Disposer might indeed be more strikingly displayed; but his skill much less. And herein especially is manifested the perfection of the Divine wisdom, that the most surprising conjunctions of events are brought about by the simplest means, and in a manner that is perfectly in harmony with the ordinary course of human affairs. This is in fact the great miracle of Providence—that no miracles are needed to accomplish its purposes. Countless series of events are travelling on from remote quarters towards the same point, and each series moves in the beaten track of ordinary occurrences; but their intersection, at the very moment in which they meet, shall serve, perhaps, to give a new direction to the affairs of an empire. The materials of the machinery of providence

are all of ordinary quality; but their combination displays nothing less than infinite skill."

We believe that from this small volume might be collected sufficient materials to strike any ordinary mind with subjects of reflection for a year. We select the remarks which occur on the most important topics, because they are those of a man of sense and feeling, but not an enthusiast. In observing upon the probable spread of Christianity, he says:—

"The relative political and commercial condition of nations at the present moment affords several special grounds of reasoning, on which the extension of Christianity may be anticipated as a probable event. Among topics of this class may be named that of the diffusion of the English language—the language which, beyond comparison with any other, is spreading and running through all the earth, and which, by the commerce and enterprise of two independent and powerful states, is colonising the shores of every sea. This language, now pouring itself over all the waste places of the earth, is the principal medium of Christian truth and feeling, and is rich in every means of Christian instruction, and is fraught with religious sentiment, in all kinds, adapted to the taste of the philosopher, the cottager, and the infant. Almost apart, therefore, from missionary labour, the spread of this language ensures the spread of the religion of the Bible. The doctrine is entwined with the language, and can hardly be disjoined. If the two expansive principles of colonisation and commercial enterprise, once diffused the language and religion of Greece completely around every sea known to ancient navigation, it is now much more probable that the same principles of diffusion will carry English institutions, and English opinions, into every climate."

We close this book under the impression that the author is a man of great judgment, and possessed of a true and genuine philosophical spirit. His work deserves to be read universally, and especially at the present time, when there is great need, but great lack, of such productions.

Some Account of Edward Ruppel, and his Travels in Northern Africa.

[Concluding notice.]

THE distracted state of the country having prevented Ruppel's intended visit to Kordofan, he resolved to ascend the Bahar-Abbiad, or white river, which forms the western branch of the Nile, and has been conceived by Ritter, in his admirable description of Africa, to be a continuous stream of the Niger. It was not destined to be Ruppel's fate to solve a problem, in which Bruce, Rennell, and Humboldt, are opposed to Ritter. M. Hey was sent in advance up the Bahar-Abbiad; such, however, was the confusion created by the revolt of the province of Sennaar, that Ruppel was unable to follow him, but remained in the island of Kurgos for a space of three months, in a state of dreadful suspense, both for the fate of his enterprising companion, as well as the safety of his property, collections, and camels. Six months had elapsed without any tidings being received from either of them, when the arrival of a third collection of specimens brought their friends in Europe a letter from Ruppel, who had reached Cairo in July 1824, after having been rejoined by Hey, who had spent three months and a half upon his perilous voyage. This traveller is the first European who has navigated the Bahar-Abbiad, and afforded us any authentic account of that great river. "His conduct during this expedition was that

of a man who despised all personal considerations. With his little crew of five men, he made such good use of his skill and courage, that he persevered in his ascent of the stream for a space of two whole months, during which he was engaged in perpetual hostilities with the Shillons, Funges, and Nubas Shengas: on this excursion he penetrated as far as the mountainous district of Fazuglo; so that he must have reached the twelfth degree of northern latitude. As a proof of this, he brought back several mammiferous animals and birds which are natives of that clime. He observes, that he should have reaped a far richer harvest, if he had met with a single tribe whose conduct towards him had been otherwise than decidedly inimical: and he states, that the Bahar-Abbiad continued to be very broad, even at the furthest point of his attempt; that he saw numerous herds of hippopotami, without being able to kill one individual among them, and found crocodiles which were five and forty feet in length. The result of this voyage sets both Bruce's assertion and Rennell's and Humboldt's opinions at rest; for a single glance at Bruce's chart of the Nile renders one inference peculiarly striking; namely, that a stream which flows at a short distance along the side of mountains whence it takes its source, could not possibly possess so broad a bed, much less during the excessive heats under which Hey was navigating it. On the other hand, it does not follow, that we are at once to admit the identity of the Nile and Niger, or reject the recent assignment of a western mouth to the latter of these rivers, as insisted upon by English writers." Hey, on his return, ascended the Asrak, or eastern branch of the Nile, and reached Sennaar, from which unwholesome spot he was glad to make his escape and rejoin his colleague, with whom he regained Dongola, and returned to Cairo. In a letter of the 3d of May 1824, dated from Ambukol, Ruppel expresses his intention to visit Kordofan, as offering attractions of no common character. "Kordofan," says he, "possesses a singular range of semi-extinct volcanoes, particularly at the Gebel-Koldagi, where there is a lofty peak, which smokes and constantly throws up hot ashes. Against another mountain, to the south-east of Obeid (*Jbei*) are found several chambers hewn in the rock; their sides are covered with figures of animals; a stone bench runs completely round them; and several pillars of the same material support the ceilings. The map I enclose of Kordofan and the banks of the Nile is wholly derived from information collected by Mohammed-bey, the son-in-law of Méhémet-Ali, the pasha, and communicated to me by him. It indicates no other places besides those which this remarkable personage has visited during the campaigns of the last four years. Mohammed-bey is one of the few Turks who know how to appreciate and respect the claims of science; he is also enthusiastically devoted to geography, and sensible of the value of new discoveries. His constant companions are a large atlas published at Constantinople, and several Turkish works relating to geography, astronomy, and natural history. He is not destitute of a partial acquaintance with these sciences, and is fond of displaying it when in company with persons whose taste is akin to his own. I was not a little surprised to hear him explain the phenomena of refraction and attraction with much clearness and precision. When he asked me what was the real cause of declination and the deviation of the magnetic needle, I must own, that no school-boy was ever more embarrassed than I was on being

called upon for an explanation. In other respects, this extraordinary being is of a more cruel and sanguinary disposition than any writer has assigned to the most atrocious despots of antiquity. . . . You will be astonished at finding no indication on my map of the river *Morgan*, though it appears in the charts given by Bruce and Burckhardt. I was equally surprised at this circumstance myself, as Bruce had navigated the Atbara, from Goz-Regiab to Ras-el-Wadir. The following is the result of my inquiries on this subject. There is no river in the country known by the name of *Morgan*; this is an Arabian word, signifying the confluence of two rivers, and is derived from *gure*, a corner or acute angle. Hence the district of Kurdan, where the Bahar-Abbiad and the Bahar-Asrak meet, is here styled *Morgan*." Ruppel next dwells on the fertility and magnificent ruins of Mandéra, an immense plain, situated between the Atbara, Rahad, Bahar-Asrak, and Nile, and forming an island, as Bruce had conjectured: he ascribes the wealth and prosperity of its ancient inhabitants, as attested by the splendid ruins of their dwellings, to their commercial spirit, "which diffused itself in every direction around this common centre. The ruins to the south-east of Sofá were on the high road from Axum to Adulis." After alluding to his visit to the ruins of Gurbah, he communicates the heads of intelligence he had gleaned from trustworthy persons, in anticipation of his meditated journey into Kordofan. This passage is too interesting to be given in any words but his own. "The negroes, who inhabit the mountainous part of Kordofan call themselves Nubas, and are divided into distinct tribes, each of which occupies the summit of a high mountain. The majority of these tribes speak a dialect which is peculiar to them, and the roots of which are recognisable in the four languages of Koldagi, Shabun, Dia, and Tekala. In all these several tongues, the place where they have settled is termed *Danka* or *Donga*. The great bulk of the Nubas are heathens, adoring, as it is said, the moon, or at least addressing their prayers to that luminary. The only exceptions are a few tribes, living on the banks of the Bahar-Abbiad, and professing Mahomedanism. Agriculture is the occupation of all the Nubas of Kordofan; durra is the principal article of cultivation in the plains; and the greater proportion of them are weavers of cotton cloths. Many of the tribes are familiar with the casting of metals and working of iron. They are a race, generally speaking, of a mild, humane, and industrious character; and the inhabitants of Kolfan are the only people accused of thieving. To the south-east of Kordofan there is found, as it is reported, a tribe of anthropophagi. The dialect of Koldagi resembles the language spoken by the Berberes, which is the common language of this district, from Assouan to Dongola. The circumcision of girls is as prevalent among them as that of boys among the Berberes. All the inhabitants of Kordofan, who have not intermixed with the Arabs, of whom some have settled amongst them, have woolly hair; and though the flattened nose and thick lip bespeak their negro descent, they do not possess the round projecting cheek, which distinguishes the negro of western Africa from every other race. I have obtained the skull of a Nuba of Dguke or Dgdugub (perhaps the Shungalla of Bruce?) on the eastern bank of the Bahar-Abbiad. Hey, who has explored sixty leagues of that stream, describes it as a mass of marshy waters, which has no current in the winter season. These

waters, though neither turbid nor muddy, are whitish in colour, and do not mix with the stream of the Bahar-Asrak at the confluence of these two branches of the Nile; indeed, their distinct hues may be traced for a considerable distance beyond it."

Here we close our account of the interesting and important travels of this enterprising and devoted geographical explorer.

Ueber den Werth, &c. On the Value of the Weights and Measures of the Ancient Romans; as deduced from the original Records preserved in the Royal Bourbon Museum at Naples. A Prelection held in the Royal Acad. of N. By Lucas de Samuele Cagnazzi. Translated by J. J. Avon Schönberg, M.D. 8vo. pp. 152. Copenhagen, 1828.

NEITHER Neander, Agricola, Pactus, Bernard, Arbuthnot, nor Eisenschmid, have treated this subject as successfully as Romé de l'Isle, in his *Métrologie*, or tables for ascertaining the weights and measures of the ancients. The accuracy of his details, particularly as regards the Roman foot, is essentially corroborated by the present work; which is the result of inquiries undertaken by Cagnazzi, who was directed by the King of Naples to examine such antique remains as have been recovered during the progressive excavations of Herculaneum and Pompeii, and might serve to throw light upon ancient metrology.

Our author had six distinct scales under his examination, and measured them with an instrument he had constructed for that especial purpose; but his labours were thwarted by the same difficulties which had been encountered by his predecessors. In fact, the scales considered as representing the *Roman foot*, are not only of dissimilar lengths, but their subdivisions are inaccurate. M. Cagnazzi accounts for these discrepancies by reminding the reader that the incorrectness of the measures both of the "Eternal City," as well as her minor dependencies, was a frequent subject of complaint. From amongst the six scales he had before him, he felt no hesitation in preferring one which was beautifully inlaid in bone, to the other five, which were of metal: the length of the former he states at 131,348 Parisian lines, or 11,6656 English inches.

In regard to liquid measures, he did not consider those which are preserved in the Bourbon Museum as at all calculated to afford a satisfactory record of their original capacity; and he was, therefore, induced to recur to some other basis for his comparative estimate. An ancient weight, on which it is recorded that it was made in the reign of Vespasian, and weighed exactly ten pounds, is preserved at Rome, and had been made use of by preceding inquirers, particularly De l'Isle, as the groundwork of their labours. The Bourbon Museum indeed possesses various series of weights, the value of which is ascertained by the inscriptions upon them; but they differ considerably from one another. However, he selected three of those, which were in an excellent state of preservation, and, being marked with an X, were evidently masses of ten pounds each: he found them to yield the respective weights of 3258, 3285, and 3232 grammes; whilst another weight of two pounds, which was in a scarcely less perfect state, gave 652 grammes. From these data, our author assumes 3258 grammes, or 7.188 English pounds, to have been the

* Shuckburgh estimates this Roman foot as varying from 11.6064 to 11.6382 English inches.

exact contents of ten pounds;* and he then proceeds to state his reasons at length for the assumption of this calculation. He observes, that the four weights he employed were of serpentine stone, and in as perfect a state as when they came out of the makers' hands: on this account he deemed them peculiarly adapted to afford as accurate a result as could be expected under the circumstances. He next enters upon the following calculation:—Ancient writers mention ten pounds as being the weight of the *congius* of water; a measure equivalent to one eighth part of the ancient cubic foot: he therefore takes the weight, which forms the basis of the French gramme, viz. distilled water of 0 deg. of heat against rain-water of 10 degrees, and compares it with the number of grammes we have just mentioned. By these means he finds 131,325 Paris lines, or 11,6636 English inches, to be the value of an ancient foot measure; a value which closely approximates to the contents he had already estimated. With a view of ascertaining the extent of the errors with which his calculations might possibly be chargeable, he entered into a similar calculation in reference to the lightest and heaviest of the weights employed, and found the former to contain 130,976 grammes, and the latter 131,694.

It would be tedious to point out the variations which exist between the estimates of the Roman weights and measures which have been made by most preceding calculators, and the results which Cagnassi has obtained. In the eyes of scientific readers, the prolixity of his details will tend to give his treatment of the subject an increased value. At all events, he has evidently girded himself to his task with a mind anxious to derive conviction from positive experiment and laborious investigation.

With very few, and those but immaterial exceptions, the translator of this treatise appears to have done justice to its merits. The engraving he has annexed to it, represents the instrument employed in measuring the several scales, and gives the inscription found on one of the weights.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

The Englishman's Guide to Calais, &c. &c., by two Routes to Paris, &c. By James Albany, Esq. 12mo. pp. 212. London, 1829. Hurst, Chance, and Co.

A NOT very necessary, and, if necessary, a very indifferently executed work. A *Guide* begins by telling the reader that the writer was at six o'clock on the beach of a picturesque watering-place—that the morning was lovely, &c. &c.; and this idle vein runs through the book. We should like to know what such information has to do with the *guidance* of other travellers?

Stories of Popular Voyages and Travels.

THE plan of this little work is excellent. A knowledge of foreign countries—their customs, productions, &c.—is as interesting as useful to youthful readers: a spirit of inquiry is excited, a mass of information is almost unconsciously collected, which cannot but have a good effect in after years. The great drawback to this branch of literature is, that even in some of its best works there is much both useless and improper for the young mind; and, moreover, they are often too expensive for the juvenile library. The plan of the pages now before us is to condense and select the materials of some

of our most celebrated travellers; and an accurate idea of South America may be gathered from extracts which have laid Messrs. Warburton, Hall, and Head, under contribution; and this, we think, might be very advantageously extended into other countries—Africa, for example. We should not forget to mention that there are some pretty little illustrations; though that of Warburton's riding on the crocodile borders rather too much on caricature.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, August 10.

NEVER did warrior furnish such innumerable resources to dramatic invention as William Tell:—indeed, his exploits seem to possess the same charm as the widow's cruse of oil—for they are inexhaustible. I went to see the new opera, of which the northern hero is the subject; and perhaps the Helvetic chief will hereafter owe the immortality of his fame more to the divine accords of Rossini, than to his own achievements. The overtures of the first and second act are *des chefs-d'œuvre* in expression and elegance of style; the trio of the "chœur du serment" is also of the purest melody:—but what awoke every chord of the soul, and almost overpowered the senses, was the duet in the second act, sung by Nourrit and Debadie. The applauses of the audience were provokingly enthusiastic; for loud bravos and encores interrupted the vibrations of harmony, and broke the spell of enchantment. The scenery was very indifferent, except the landscape on the rising of the curtain; and as for the ballet, it was a sad distortion of legs and arms: a trio, however, danced by Paul, Taglioni, and Madame Montessin, to a Tyrolean air, indemnified the spectators for the unpoetic motions of the other performers, who looked as though their limbs had been just dislocated by the rack. Rossini was repeatedly called for at the conclusion of the piece; but he had left the house,—to the great disappointment of the assembly. In the box with me there were two ladies of consequence, who had brought crowns with them to throw on the stage as a homage to Rossini; but as he did not appear, they were obliged to renounce the pleasure of testifying their feelings of admiration to the "king of melody."

On the 2d of August the jubilé was opened by a solemn mass, and Monseigneur the Archbishop bore the old bones and relics of saints in procession. I suppose by way of giving them an airing. As I looked at the gravity of his face, and the awe-struck countenances of those who aided in the ceremony, I could not help thinking of Montesquieu's observation,—“That those who are only half mad are shut up; whilst others who are entirely so, range the world at large.”

As the palace of the Louvre is judged insufficient for the exhibition of the produce of industry, it has been proposed to terminate the half-built palace of the Quai d'Orsay, and to consecrate it to that purpose. According to the calculation of architects, it will require only three millions to complete the building.

“*Le Captif Littéraire*,” the same work which formerly was published under the title of “*Dangers des Souvenirs*,” has just appeared. Poems also, by the King of Bavaria, are *sous presse*; and so anxious are the public to be initiated into the secrets of kingly hearts, that fifty volumes are already bespoken. “*Souvenirs d'un Pendu*,” by a man of quality, is another work which has much whetted curiosity: reviewers speak highly of it.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

A NEW EARTH.

M. BERZELIUS has just discovered a new earth, which possesses all the properties of that which formerly bore the name of thorina, but which, as is known, was only a phosphate of yttria. On account of this great resemblance, M. Berzelius has given the name of *thorina* to the new substance. This earth is white, and irreducible by charcoal or potassium. After having been strongly calcined, it is no longer open to the attack of the acids, with the exception of the concentrated sulphuric acid. Even after having been operated upon by the caustic alkalies, the sulphate of thorina is very soluble in cold water, but almost insoluble in boiling water; so that it cannot be separated from several other salts by washing the mixture in boiling water. Thorina dissolves easily in the carbonate of ammonia; the elevation of temperature causes the precipitation of a portion of the earth; but as it cools, the precipitate disappears. All the salts of thorina have a very pure astringent savour, almost like that of tannin. Chlorure of thorina, treated with potassium, is decomposed with a triple deflagration. The result is a gray metallic powder, which does not decompose water, but which, above a red temperature, burns with a splendour almost equal to that of phosphorus in oxygen. Thorina is but feebly operated upon by sulphuric or by nitric acid; hydrochloric acid, on the contrary, dissolves it with a lively effervescence. Thorina exists in a new mineral which has been found in a small quantity at Brevig, in Norway.—*Le Globe*.

CHRONOMETERS.

AT the annual public trial of chronometers at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, an account of which was inserted in our last, the second prize (of 170*l.*) was awarded to chronometer John Carter, No. 131; the actual variation of which, between any two months of the year, was 0''/79; being only a quarter of a second greater than that of the chronometer which obtained the first prize.

NATURAL HISTORY: THE LION.

Two lions, which have been for some time in the menagerie at the Jardin du Roi, have afforded an opportunity of verifying a curious fact mentioned in several old works, but which modern authors have in general overlooked; namely, that there is at the extremity of the lion's tail a small claw concealed in the midst of the tuft of hair. It is a horny substance, about two lines in length, and is in the form of a small cone bent a little upon itself: it adheres by its base to the skin alone, and not to the last vertebra, which is separated from it by a distance of about two lines. This small claw is found in both sexes. The commentators on Homer endeavoured to explain by the presence of this claw the singular circumstance mentioned in the *Iliad*, viz. that the lion alone, of all animals, moves his tail violently when he is irritated, and strikes his sides with it: they believed that the lion endeavoured to excite himself by pricking his flanks with the claw in his tail. Blumenbach ascertained the existence of this claw several years ago: but the work in which he published his observations is unknown to naturalists; and they would probably for a long time have remained unacquainted with the fact we have just mentioned, had not M. Deshayes pointed it out, and induced those who particularly devote themselves to such subjects to make some inquiries into it.

* Arbuthnot calculates the Roman pound at 2946-4 English grains, making 10 pounds Roman equivalent to 7-464 pounds English.

This claw is very easily detached from the skin, so that in general there is no trace of it in stuffed specimens.

DR. SEYFFARTH.

THE liberal patronage of our Sovereign has enabled this distinguished scholar to visit, in a scientific point of view, the most interesting parts of Germany, Italy, France, England, and Holland; and he is not long since returned amongst us. He has recommenced his prælections by giving a course on Egyptian archaeology and the present state of Egyptian literature. He was nearly three years away from us, and employed that interval in exploring, with reference to those particular subjects, the various museums and libraries, both public and private, of Vienna, Munich, Milan, Turin, Rome, Naples, Lyons, Paris, London, Oxford, Cambridge, Amsterdam, Leyden, &c. The result of his inquiries has been to bring to light an immense number of remarkable Egyptian MSS. and unknown Coptic writings, many of which are above two thousand, and some even above three thousand three hundred, years old. The collection he has brought back contains more than ten thousand articles, comprised in twenty-one folio volumes; and it is more particularly valuable, as consisting, for the greater part, of perfect copies and impressions from the originals (for which purpose he has employed peculiar substances and compositions), as well as casts in plaster of Paris. As the deciphering of these records may be deemed one of the most important discoveries of the nineteenth century, and the records themselves belong chiefly to the historical class, the reports upon them, which our friend proposes gradually to bring forward, will contribute most essentially to spread a more general and accurate acquaintance with Egyptian literature, and to throw a clearer light upon the field of history and other sciences.—*Extract of a Letter from Leipzig.*

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

EGYPTIAN HISTORY.

HAVING alluded in our last Number but one to a very curious and interesting Essay on Egyptian History, &c. as connected with the Holy Scriptures, very recently published at Paris by Père Greppo, vicaire-général of the diocese of Ballay (of which a very few copies have been received in England, though more are expected), our readers will probably not be displeased to see a short paper on the same subject (written in June 1828, and agreeing in a remarkable manner with most of the above-mentioned learned father's opinions), which has just reached us from one of our correspondents, who has been authorised by the writer of it to make use of it in any way that he chose.

[Extract of a Letter to the Marquess Spineto, dated June 10, 1828.]

On the Connexion between the Egyptians and Israelites, and the sojourn of the latter during the eighteenth dynasty, and the Pharaohs at that time mentioned in the Holy Scripture.

It seems now settled, by the best chronologists, that the exodus of Israel took place in the year 1490-1 A.C.: it occurred, therefore, in the reign of Amenoph-Rameses (father of Sesostri, and son of Meiamoun), who began his reign anno 1493 A.C. (vide 1st Lettre au Duc de Blacas, Not. Chronologique, p. 117, and the other authorities). It follows, that Rameses Meiamoun was the Pharaoh from whose face Moses fled when he had slain the Egyptian; for Meiamoun reigned sixty-six

years, commencing in 1559 A.C.; Moses was eighty years of age when summoned by the angel in Horeb, after the death of that prince, and probably in the first year of Amenoph-Rameses, before whom he was ordered to appear; Moses had been exiled forty years in Midian, being forty years of age when he fled (vide Bible); therefore he must have fled in the twenty-sixth year of the reign of Meiamoun, and must have been born in the reign of Mandouei (the Achencheres II. of Manetho), who ascended the throne in 1585, i. e. about the eighteenth year of that prince. It seems probable that Osirei (Ph'osirei, the Busiris of the Greeks?), Mandouei, and Meiamoun, were the Pharaohs that persecuted Israel; and that Israel had been protected by their predecessors, Amenophis II., Thothmosis IV., Amenophis III. (Memnon), and Horus,—who seem to have been good and beneficent princes, and as such highly honoured by the Egyptians. It was in the reign of Amenophis II. (son of Moeris) that Joseph came into Egypt (and afterwards Jacob, i. e. from 1715 A.C. to 1706, vide the Chronology). The other princes, Osirei and his successors, appear to have been sanguinary tyrants and conquerors (vide their tombs, bas-reliefs, &c.); and being of a race collateral to the former kings (vid. Not. Chronologique, p. 107) might have been called the "kings who knew not Joseph." Their oppressions of Israel were punished in the time of their descendant Amenoph-Rameses; and whether or not this prince perished personally in the Red Sea (which may be doubted, as it is no where expressly so said in Scripture, except in one passage of one of the Alleluia Psalms, which were probably composed after the Babylonish captivity), it is clear that great and serious calamities befell Egypt in his time, as declared by the historian Manetho, therein corroborating the Mosaic account. It is likely that on this account, with his unfortunate and unhappy reign the priests chose to conclude the eighteenth dynasty, and commence a new one, the nineteenth, with the accession of his son, Rameses-Sethos, the Sesostri of the Greeks—as being a reign of peculiar prosperity and glory. The long wandering of Israel in the desert of Sinai, forty years, more than twenty of which correspond with the early years of the reign of Sesostri, during which many of his great conquests on the side of Syria and Palestine must have been achieved, sufficiently accounts for Moses and the Israelites not mentioning him, and not having met with him; as they would have been in the peninsula of Sinai, and afterwards proceeding by Mount Hor, and to the eastward of the Dead Sea,—while Sesostri probably penetrated into Palestine, &c. from Pelusium "along the sea-coast." He is said to have returned into Egypt the same way (vide Diodorus and Manetho). May it not be supposed, that the Divine influence (operating by second causes whenever a miracle was not absolutely necessary) directed Moses to proceed by Sinai, Mount Hor, and eastward of the Dead Sea, in order that Israel might be out of the way of Sesostri, and that they might ultimately have the advantage of attacking the Canaanitish nations after their power should have been broken by the previous invasion of Sesostri; and it is expressly said, that Moses was not allowed to lead Israel by the way of the Philistines (i. e. along the coast), "lest they should see war." The extreme youth of Sethos-Rameses (Sesostri) at the time of the exodus, as described by Manetho (and vid. Diodor. Sic.), is well accounted for by the death of the eldest son of the king at the time of the

destruction of the first-born of Egypt. Of this there can be no doubt, as it is expressly stated by Moses.

FINE ARTS.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

WE had the pleasure, last week, of seeing a large and remarkably fine picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds, which has been, as it were, "raised from the dead." It is the property of the Earl of Westmoreland; but has for many years been lying neglected among lumber of various kinds; and, when discovered, was in so deplorable a state of decay (the surface being in many parts cracked, and the whole obscured by dirt), that the noble earl doubted the expediency of any attempt to restore it. Fortunately, however, he consulted Sir Thomas Lawrence on the subject. Sir Thomas recommended that it should be put into the hands of Mr. Dunthorne, of Grafton Street, Fitzroy Square; who, himself a clever artist, and familiar with the nature of oils, varnishes, and pigments, has devoted much of his time to the recovery of old pictures. The result has been highly gratifying to all parties. The picture is a composition of three whole-length figures. One is a portrait of the Hon. Henry Fane (uncle, we believe, to the present Earl of Westmoreland); the others are portraits of his guardians, Mr. Blair and Mr. Inigo Jones, a descendant of the celebrated architect. Mr. Fane and Mr. Jones are seated in a garden alcove, with a table before them, on which there seems to be some excellent claret; Mr. Blair is in a standing attitude, and is looking out of the picture. The whole is in Sir Joshua's best style. It appears to have been painted about the year 1770. The veteran Northcote, who has seen the picture since its resuscitation, is quite delighted with it; and the more so, as he recollects having varnished it for his friend and instructor, Sir Joshua, above fifty years ago.—Our knowledge of the injuries frequently inflicted on works of art by pretenders, who undertake to restore them "if in the very worst state," has prejudiced us against what is generally called "picture-cleaning;" but we should be guilty of great injustice to Mr. Dunthorne if we did not express our admiration of the skill which has enabled him thus to renovate one of the most pleasing and masterly productions of the father of the English school.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Whole-length Portrait of His Majesty, in the Robes of the Garter. Engraved in mezzotinto, on steel, by — Hodgetts, from the original picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A. Colnaghi.

KINGS, popes, statesmen, and heroes, come presented to us, through the medium of art, in such quick succession, that it may be said of them, as of the wooers of Portia, "whiles we shut the gate upon one, another knocks at the door." The present performance, however, claims our especial attention, both as respects our gracious Sovereign, and as regards the artists to whose joint efforts the public is indebted for so fine a work. We have recently noticed a portrait of our gracious Monarch in the familiar habit in which he is generally seen in domestic life; in the present print we behold him in all the splendour of royal decoration,—such as he ought to appear in the eyes of foreign potentates and nations; as dignified and illustrious in deportment and costume as he is in station and character. To the merits of the original picture the painter of

the *Literary Gazette* have already borne testimony; but if the talents of Sir Thomas Lawrence were conspicuous in its production, the talents of Mr. Hodgetts are no less so in the masterly engraving from it which is now before us. We are well aware of the difficulties with which he must have had to contend in the execution of his arduous task;—difficulties arising both from the nature of the work itself, and from the competition into which he had to enter with able contemporaries in a branch of art which has at no period been more fruitful of excellence; and we, therefore, feel the greater pleasure in saying that, whether viewed with reference to its minute and varied details, or to its more rare and valuable quality of general character and effect, this noble plate does Mr. Hodgetts the highest credit.

Decorations of the Grand Staircase of the New Royal Palace. From the Designs of Thomas Stothard, Esq., R.A.

It is with great pleasure that we find the talents of Mr. Stothard at length making their way into the residence of our gracious Sovereign, whose taste in the Fine Arts sheds a lustre on all which he approves. The subjects of these decorations are the Seasons, represented on four friezes. Each frieze is twenty feet in length, and the figures are about half the size of life. They have been modelled by Mr. A. J. Stothard, the son of Mr. Stothard, from his father's designs. Mr. Stothard's skill and elegance in composition, especially in that class of compositions which assumes a lengthened or processional shape, are well known; and he has again displayed those qualities in a very striking manner in the present work, which abounds with beauty of form in all the playful and poetical variety of nymphs, genii, and other allegorical figures. Mr. A. J. Stothard also has executed his difficult task with great judgment and ability. When these friezes are placed in the situation destined to receive them, we are persuaded that they will have a remarkably fine effect.

Abbotsford. F. Waller, Fleet-street.

Who can read the word "Abbotsford," much less contemplate a pictorial representation of the place itself, without instantly thinking of its illustrious occupant, and of those numerous and delightful creations of his powerful and richly-stored mind, which have contributed so much to the enjoyment of the present age, and which will contribute so much to the enjoyment of posterity? This is a very pleasing print. It has been lithographed, in his best style, by Mr. Gauci, from an original painting by Mrs. Terry, the widow of Mr. Terry; whose loss in a range of characters, certainly more varied than that of any of his contemporaries, the theatrical world has so much cause to regret. Mrs. Terry is the daughter of Mr. Naameth, the celebrated artist of Edinburgh; and she appears to inherit her father's talents and taste. The print is, we understand, published for her benefit. If every admirer of Sir Walter Scott would but follow our advice, and purchase a copy of it, the sale would be of unprecedented extent.

Hanoverian and Saxon Scenery, from Drawings by Captain Betty. Part XII. Jennings.

THIS Part completes the work. Besides the usual number of plates, executed with at least the usual skill and taste, it contains an engraved title, with a beautiful vignette of the "En-

trance to the King's Palace, Herrnhusen." Of the plates, "The Porta Westfalica, looking down the Weser towards Minden," and comprehending the celebrated field of battle of 1759; and the richly picturesque "Blaukenburg, Hartz," in which Louis XVIII. resided for a considerable time during his exile,—are our favourites.

Fisher's Illustrations of Ireland. No. 5.

THAT fine building "The Bank of Ireland," "The Ruins of Lord Portlester's Chapel, St. Auden's Church," and two views of "Kilkenny Castle," form the embellishments of the fifth No. of this pretty little publication.

A Series of Sketches of the existing Localities alluded to in the Waverley Novels. Etched from original drawings by James Skene, Esq. Nos. 1 and 2. Cadell and Co. Edinburgh; Simpkin and Marshall; and Moon, Boys, and Graves, London.

SLIGHT; but picturesque, and interesting.

Richard Jones, Esq. of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, as Alfred Highflyer, in "A Roland for an Oliver." Painted by H. Johnson; on stone by M. G.—Kenneth, Bow-street.

A GOOD resemblance of this lively actor, and respectable and gentlemanlike man.

Caricatures. M'Lean.

WE have lately been much amused by looking over a number of caricatures, some single, and political, such as "Hint-dropping," "Repose," "A Political Riddle," "A Broad Hint," &c.; others in sets, and of general application, such as "Paul Pry's Trip to Margate," "The March of Intellect," "A Search after the Comfortable," &c. With regard to the first class, it is really surprising to observe with what few lines the countenances of some of our leading public men, especially the Duke of Wellington, may be imitated. The profile of his Grace in "Repose" and "A Broad Hint," is perfect; and although in "A Political Riddle" only a small portion of his face is visible, no one can doubt to whom it belongs. The second class of the publications in question is exceedingly diverting. We were particularly delighted with "A Search after the Comfortable." It consists of "the adventures of a little gentleman of small fortune," represented in about fifty whimsical designs. The name of the hero is Peter Pickle, Esq., formerly a lawyer's clerk, but who has suddenly become possessed of four hundred a-year. He goes through the usual routine of dissipation; retires, for the sake of retrenchment, to a rural abode, where he is assailed by the blue devils; applies, in vain, for relief to the study of the arts and sciences; determines on getting rid of ennui by travelling, and, being disappointed in his hopes of finding "the comfortable" in these various devices, ultimately seeks for it in marriage, and is awakened from the dream of supposing that he has united himself to a rich bride, of whose affections he was the first object, by his wife's introducing to him, on the day after the wedding, five urchins of various longitudes, and accompanying the introduction with a "I have no fortune, love, but a fine family by my last dear man: I was a milliner; but, as I found it very laborious, I thought it best to get married again!"—It is but justice to Mr. M'Lean to add, that we have never seen any caricatures published by him which might not be introduced into a drawing-room, and submitted to

the inspection of ladies. And, apropos, Mr. Paul Pry, whose caricatures have obtained so much just popularity, has been obliged to protect himself from plagiarists by dropping his *inco*, and caricaturing himself under his real name of Heath.

Waterloo.—Mr. Burnet has completed the etching of his intended plate from Mr. Wilkie's picture of "Chelsea Pensioners receiving the news of the Battle of Waterloo." It looks remarkably well; and Mr. Burnet is proceeding with his arduous undertaking as rapidly as circumstances will allow.—Mr. S. P. Denning, whose beautiful miniatures we have had such frequent occasion to praise in our notices of the Exhibitions at Somerset House, has made a drawing from Mr. Wilkie's picture, which, in expression, colouring, effect, and execution, is one of the most fascinating specimens of the power of water-colours that we have ever beheld.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE TOMB OF CYRUS.

A VOICE from stately Babylon, a mourner's rising cry—
And Lydia's marble palaces give back their deep reply;
And, like the sound of distant winds o'er ocean's billows sent,
Ecbatana! thy storied wall sends forth the wild lament.
For he, the dreaded arbiter—a dawning empire's trust—
The eagle child of victory—the great, the wise, the just—
Assyria's famed and conquering sword, and Media's regal strength—
Hath bow'd his head to earth beneath a mightier hand at length.
And darkly, through a sorrowing land, Euphrates winds along,
And Cydnus, with its silver wave, has heard the funeral song;
And through the wide and sultry East, and through the frozen North,
The tabret and the harp are hush'd—the wail of grief goes forth.
There is a solitary tomb, with rankling weeds o'ergrown,
A single palm bends mournfully beside the mould'ring stone,
Amidst whose leaves the passing breeze, with fitful gust and slow,
Seems sighing with a feeble dirge for him who sleeps below.
Beside, its sparkling drops of foam a desert fountain showers,
And, floating calm, the lotus wreathes its red and scented flowers;
And lurks the mountain fox, unseen, beside the vulture's nest,
And steals the wild hyæna past, in lone and silent quest.
Is this Ambition's resting-place—the couch of fallen might?
And ends the path of glory thus, and fame's enshrining light?
Chief of a progeny of kings, renown'd and fear'd afar,
How is thy boasted name forgot, and dimm'd thine honour's star!
Approach:—what saith that graven verse?
Alas, for human pride!—
"Dominion's envied gifts were mine—nor earth her praise denied:

Thou, traveller, if a suppliant's voice find echo
in thy breast,

O envy not the little dust which hides my
mortal rest!"* J. F. H.

Chelsea.

MUSIC.

An Inquiry respecting the best Means to be employed with Beginners on the Piano-Forte, &c., so as to induce a Habit of Keeping Time.

THIS inquiry will, no doubt, be met with the prompt, and, as it will be deemed, unanswerable reply of, "Let them count their time," from a host of teachers, with whom a majority of parents may probably join chorus. This, they may say, has been the method adopted with respect to ourselves; and what greater proof of its efficacy can be required or expected? Nevertheless, I hope it will not be thought intrusive if I venture to ask, Whether it be not possible to *count*, as well as to *play*, out of time? Whether, in general, those who without counting would play out of time, do not accommodate their counting to their playing, and not their playing to their counting? Whether ninety-nine out of a hundred do not invariably stop counting, and especially in the absence of the master, just at the critical places where alone it is required? Whether the din produced by this incessant singing, squeaking, humming, blubbing, buzzing, muttering, or grunting accompaniment, may not clog the imagination and vitiate the taste, by diverting the attention from its proper objects—effect and expression? Whether it be judicious for those who play out of time continually, in consequence of having no ear; or, for those who only err occasionally for want of a greater command of their instrument, to encounter two difficulties at the same time, because they are scarcely able, or perhaps quite unable, to contend with one alone? It is commonly supposed that the ear may be much improved by cultivation; but I am fully persuaded that this is, as Brown terms it, a "vulgar error," although outward appearances may seem to warrant the contrary.

I know a child who, though only eighteen months old, will sing melodious phrases, perfectly in tune and in time, and these in the minor as well as in the major mode; yet it would be absurd to suppose that such a child could comprehend a sonata by Beethoven. Now, should this child grow up and be able hereafter to appreciate and enjoy the music of this wonderful composer (for few there are who can!), it will not be because his ear or his sense of discriminating the relation between one sound and another has become more acute, but because the stock of his ideas is increased. And thus it is in all cases. But in matters relative to what is termed an "ear for music," inattentive persons are apt to attribute that which is the result of a more cultivated taste in the department of science to the superior delicacy and refinement of the organ itself. But, for my part, I would as readily believe that the study and practice of painting has a tendency to render the perception of the effect of the prismatic colours more clear and vivid to the eye, as that the study and practice of music should cause the relation between one sound and another to become more distinctly perceptible, and thereby improve the ear. One of the strongest arguments, in my opinion, in favour of this position, arises from the consideration that our senses are not like the faculties either of the mind or body. For

though, in their incipient state, these are in all cases by nature exceedingly feeble, and only become strong and active, in process of time, by use and exertion;—yet, this is so far from being the case with respect to the senses, that, in point of fact, they are obviously in the highest state of perfection, not only in early life, but during infancy; and as it is universally admitted that they are the only inlets to, or primary source of, all knowledge, the cause for the distinction is as obvious as it is admirable. Though these remarks may at first appear digressive, they will, upon reflection, be found to bear very closely upon the subject under consideration: for, if I am right, it follows, that we have no power whatever to overcome defects which are really constitutional; and where such defects do not exist, it must be evident, that the stiff, mechanical method of counting ought only to be resorted to as occasion may require—in order, sometimes, to be convinced, once for all, that the value of the notes has not been mistaken for others; as, for example, that we have not mistaken crotchets for quavers, or quavers for crotchets, &c.—sometimes in order so to analyse the time in complicated passages as to be sure ever after that we have not formed a hasty and erroneous conception of them—and sometimes to make comparisons between distant parts of a long movement, by skipping abruptly from one part to another; for let it be observed, that the influence which impels us *insensibly* to accelerate or retard the time in playing, will also affect the counting; for which reason no dependence can be placed upon its agency in order to ensure a perfect equality throughout a whole movement; neither can it be conveniently applied to the regulation of the more minute subdivisions. If then, after all our counting, the ear must be left sole arbiter with respect both to the grand outline and its minute details, why should so great a ceremony be made about the crotchets and quavers? But I refrain from further remark, and take this opportunity to recommend the use of Mæbels' Metronome; or, in the event of the pupil not possessing this inestimable instrument, that the teacher, in the first instance, should count to the playing of the pupil, and that afterwards the scholar should count to the performance of the master; either of which practices is, in my opinion, preferable to the common system pursued, of permitting pupils to "count their own time."

79, Wimpole Street.

D. C. HEWITT.†

DRAMA.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

A THREE-ACT drama by Mr. Peake, called the *Spring Lock*, and founded on two early Italian novels, was produced on Tuesday last. It is as broad as it is long,—some of the scenes bordering upon extravaganzas,—and, when considerably curtailed, will, no doubt, prove an attractive after-piece; though we question its ever rivalling the *Bottle-Imp* in popularity. The whole burden of the drama rests upon Keeley's shoulders—the comic Atlas of this house—who, in the scene of his "mystification," convulsed the house with laughter. The music is by Mr. Rodwell: nearly every song

* The performance of duets, with a steady "timist,"—but not, as is too often the case, putting two novices to practice together—considerably tends to teach the pupil the value of time.

† This professor is the ingenious author of a work, recently published, on the Mathematics of Music: a review of which appeared in a former Number, and which induced us to request and insert his opinions upon the subject so ably discussed in this letter.—Ed. L. G.

was encored. The applause at the fall of the curtain was loud and unanimous.

SIGHTS OF LONDON.

PANORAMA OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

WE had a peep yesterday at the Panorama of Constantinople, which is to open to the public on Monday next. It is exceedingly beautiful, and does Mr. Barford the highest credit. Under any circumstances it would be an attractive exhibition; but, in the present critical situation of the Turkish Empire, when no one can tell how soon this magnificent city, with its splendid palaces, superb kiosks, swelling domes, extensive terraces, lofty mosques, pointed minarets, glittering crescents, and populous aeragios, may be exposed to the ravages of an almost barbarous army, the interest which so fine a representation of it excites must be increased tenfold.

VARIETIES.

Population of Paris.—The inconveniences attendant on the density of the population in the heart of Paris begin to be very sensibly felt; and it has been proposed to imitate the plan which has of late years been so beneficially acted upon in London; namely, that of opening new streets and squares in the centre of the metropolis, in order to compel a portion of its inhabitants to withdraw towards the circumference.

Statistics.—M. Moreau de Jonnés lately read a paper to the Académie des Sciences, in which, taking a view of all the nations of Europe, he shewed that agricultural and commercial pre-eminence, as well as the general prosperity of the people, were always in direct proportion to the extent of pasturage in a country; whether the meadows were natural, though improved, or artificial. At the head of the nations so regarded he placed England; and to Spain, in which artificial meadows are unknown, he assigned the lowest rank. He considered France to be a century behind England in this respect; and that not only were the English flocks much more numerous than those of France, but that the animals were finer, and their flesh of a better quality; so that, upon the average, every inhabitant of England was enabled to eat double the quantity of animal food (and that of a superior kind), that, upon the average, every inhabitant of France had the means of procuring.

Mr. Buckingham.—The Glasgow Courier states, that on Saturday, the 8th inst., at the close of Mr. Buckingham's lecture (a lecture which lasted nearly four hours, but which was listened to with intense and uninterrupted interest and attention), a vote of thanks to him for the able and eloquent manner in which he had treated the subject of India and its administration was proposed, and carried by acclamation.

Germination of Plants.—About six months ago, M. Pinot communicated to the Académie des Sciences the result of some experiments made upon the radicals of seeds, in order to shew that in germinating they were capable of penetrating mercury. As, however, the weight of the seed, and the adhesion of the cotyledonary body to the humid surface of the mercury were supposed to afford an explanation of the fact, M. Pinot has lately made further experiments with a seed of *latyrus odoratus* (the cotyledons of which do not unfold themselves in the act of germination), which he balanced with great nicety over, but at the distance of nearly one-fifth of an inch from, a

* Vide Plutarch's Life of Alexander.

surface of mercury, previously moistened. The germination took place as usual; and when the radical reached the mercury it pierced and buried itself in it, as had been the case when the seed was put on the metal.

Migratory Crabs.—We are assured by a correspondent from Ryegate that there was no imposition in the story of a shower of crabs having fallen near that place. He tells us that the crabs were found in an enclosed yard attached to the United Poor-house on Easlewood common, which yard had been completely flooded by the torrent of rain that had just fallen. The occurrence excited much attention in the neighbourhood; and after the strictest inquiry into the circumstances, it was generally believed that the crabs descended with the rain, although in the first instance not the slightest credit was given to the fact. Several of the crabs, when found, were as lively and active as if just taken from the sea. The largest of them weighed somewhat less than two ounces.

The Holy Alliance.—General La Harpe, the tutor of the late Emperor Alexander, has addressed a long letter to the editor of the French *Globe*, in reference to the extracts which appeared in that paper from the work of a M. Empetas, of Geneva, the disciple of Madame de Krudener, and which represented the Holy Alliance as resulting from the religious enthusiasm of the emperor. The general denies that such was the origin of the Holy Alliance; and enters into a long detail of facts and dates, to shew that the emperor desired to introduce reforms required by the spirit of the age, and to form new institutions for the benefit of his subjects and of Europe in general; and he argues that these intentions were manifested by the emperor at the very commencement of his reign.

Paris Academy of Sciences.—At the last sitting of the Paris Academy of Sciences, M. Cassini made a report upon the collection of artificial plants presented to the Academy by Baron Humbert de Molard. The report stated, that the most complete success had attended the attempt to imitate the living plants, as to the leaves, stems, and fruits, but not so much so as to the flowers. The manufacturer of these plants was a M. d'Argenteille, who made them in the isle of France. At the same sitting, M. Pamard, a physician at Avignon, presented to the Academy an instrument of his invention, called *sonde courbe*, for the introduction into the bladder of the instruments for crushing the stone. According to the statement of the inventor, this instrument does away with all the inconvenience hitherto felt in operations of this description. A letter was read from M. Vanner, a physician at Thomery, on hydrophobia, and the means of treating it. The author considers this disease as entirely nervous, having its seat in the nerves of the eighth pair; and from the great success which has attended the use of sulphate of quinine in nervous disorders similarly seated, the doctor strongly recommends that it should be employed in cases of hydrophobia, in large doses, either by the skin, or by injection into the veins.

Mozart as Valet de Chambre.—In a recently published biography of Mozart, by Counsellor Nissen, the late husband of Mozart's widow, out of 900 pages of large octavo, along with anecdotes told over and over again, we meet with a few hitherto unknown. To these belongs the following, as given in Nissen's own words:—"Never was Mozart's situation more deplorable than at the court of the Archbishop of Salzburg. A low salary,

a haughty, repulsive treatment, humbled him extremely. The archbishop treated him as the meanest creature. No ignominious expression was spared to mortify that great musician, who already, even when a child, had been honoured by kings and princes. In the scale of domestic rank he had that of a *valet de chambre*. At the common table Mozart had his seat beneath the upper valets (*leibkammerdiener*), but above the cooks. Even the confectioner of the archbishop had precedence of him. At length Mozart very naturally demanded his dismissal; and this he received with these humane words—"Pack yourself off, if you will not serve me properly."

Magnificent Donation.—John Soane, Esq., R.A., has transmitted, through the hands of Lord Farnborough, one thousand pounds towards erecting a monument to commemorate the memory of H. R. H. the late Duke of York.

National Prejudices.—There are no people under heaven's canopy more jealous of their popular usages than the Swiss: they kick against the most trifling innovation, and are sceptical beyond measure as to its promised advantages. On one occasion a reform of the calendar was projected, and the canton of Glarus took up arms against the innovation, from a motive the absurdity of which never entered the simple brains of its opponents. On the borders of this canton stands a lofty rock, in which is a hollow passage called the "Mauritius Loch;" the sunbeams break through this aperture two days in the year (on the 3d of March and 3d of September), and illumine the steeple of the parish church at Elms. Now the country-people conceived, that were a new calendar introduced, Phœbus would be shorn of his privilege; and for this very pertinent reason they determined to resist his antagonist!

French Poetry.—The new chief Secretary of the Ministry of the Interior in France is Baron Trouvé, who was formerly a bookseller. He is a poet; and some of his verses, made on different occasions, are now circulated in Paris. The following are specimens—

"On the Convention.

Bientôt une auguste assemblée,
Dépositaire de nos droits,
Viendra, par la France appelée,
Nous délivrer du mal des rois.

On the 10th of August at the Tuilleries.

Tout a fui! l'horrible repaire
Où des long-temps siégeait la guerre,
En solitude s'est changé:
Le fer a semé le carnage,
L'airain promène le ravage,
Le sang du peuple est trop vengé.

On the Alliance.

Ah! faisons mourir la pousière
A cette horde meurtrière,
A cette mare des tyrans
Qui, du Danube et de la Spée,
Vient dévorer notre contrée
Au nom de deux ou trois brigands."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The Keepsake is in a state of great forwardness: among the contributors' names are the following: Sir Walter Scott—Lord Byron—Lord Holland—Lord Normanby—Lord Morpeth—Lord Porchester—Lord Nugent—Hon. George Agar Ellis—Hon. Charles Phipps—Hon. Henry Liddell—R. Bernal, M.P.—Theodore Hook—S. T. Coleridge—Archdeacon Spencer—J. R. Gowen—William Roscoe—W. Jerdan—Lady Caroline Lamb—Miss Landon—Thomas Haynes Bayly—Charles Brinsley Sheridan—the Authors of "Anastasia," "Granby," "O'Hara Tales," "Frankenstein," "Hungarian Tales," and "Hajji Baba." Of these we hear that Sir Walter Scott's contribution is a dramatic romance, alias a tragedy, in five acts, written in imitation of the German, and founded on the Free Knights; and Lord Byron's are ten letters of the most interesting nature, beginning with his settlement at Pisa in 1831, and ending at Missolonghi in April 1834, a few days before his death.

Earliest Poem of Lord Byron's.—An article of great curiosity and interest, being the first known attempt at poetry by Lord Byron, will, we understand, be sub-

mitted to the public in the volume of that favourite Annual, the Forget-Me-Not, now in preparation. It is copied from the autograph of the noble poet, and certified by the lady to whom it was addressed—the "Mary" who was the object of his earliest, and perhaps his only, real attachment, and whom he has celebrated in several of his poems—as having been written when he left Annanley, the residence of her family.

Archæology.—*Bullettino degli Annali dell' Instituto di Correspondenza Archæologica*, per l'anno 1829.—The plan of a journal which Professor Gerhard had formed, in conjunction with several Roman and German literati, met with many difficulties in the execution; and in consideration of what connoisseurs and friends of ancient art had to expect from a journal published at Rome with the assistance of antiquaries of all nations, it seemed advisable to make regular accounts of new discoveries and excavations a principal object. A number of the most distinguished amateurs and admirers of antiquities having united under the protection of his Royal Highness the Crown Prince of Prussia, and the direction of the Duke Blacas d'Aulp, to found an institution for archaeological correspondence, Messrs. Bunsen, Fes, Gerhard, Kestner, Millingen, Nibby, Panofky, Thorwaldsen, and Weicker, were chosen regular members of the board of directors; and Messrs. Boeckh, Hirt, Rumohr, A. V. von Schlegel, Stuckelberg, Ardit, Avellino, Carelli, Inghirami, Mustoxidi, Sangiorgio Spinelli, Serra di Falco, Visconti, and Zannoni, were appointed honorary members. The first Bulletin, for the months of January to May this year, contains many interesting reports: on excavations in Etruria and in the vicinity of Rome, by Gerhard—ditto in Naples, by Panofky—on Pompeii, by several—on the excavations of the Roman Forum, by Bunsen—on those of the forum of Trajan, by Fes, &c. The Society has obtained from the Cardinal Camerlengo Galeffi, the favour that all reports relative to excavations, addressed to the Committee of Antiquity in Rome, shall be communicated to it for the use of the Bulletin; in the same manner, the Neapolitan Academy of the Ercolanesi has been authorised by its government to communicate the antiquarian reports which it receives to the Prince of Sangiorgio Spinelli, who will put them into a proper form for the Annals. In this manner we may expect in future complete and authentic accounts of archaeological novelties in Italy, which have hitherto been procured only by chance, or with great pains, and yet seldom complete. Besides the Annals, the Society publishes copper-plates, in which imitated works of ancient art are represented in outline, from the contributions of the members. The Number which has already appeared contains—Representations of the wall and gates, and a plan of the town of Norba, drawn and engraved by Mr. Knapp—Gate of Segni, published by Dodwell—Ceres and Tripolemus, paintings on vases, by Gerhard—four pictures of vases, collected by Panofky—a ditto by Millingen. The explanations of these plates will appear in the first No. of the Annals, which are sold separately from the Bulletin, and, besides these explanations, will contain, partly, accurate accounts of excavations and the additions to the museums—and partly, a view of the latest publications in the department of archaeological literature. These three works, connected together, will be delivered only to those who have had themselves entered as members of the Society, by an annual contribution of two louis d'or.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Thomson's Atlas to Bateman, royal 8vo. 3l. 3s. bds.—Best's Cuma, a Poem, 8vo. 14s. bds.—Some Account of the Life of Reginald Heber, 18mo. 6s. bds.—Page on the Poor-Laws, second edition, 8vo. 5s. bds.—Gideon, and other Poems, by the author of "My Early Years," &c., 12mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—Vidocq's Memoirs, Vol. IV. 18mo. 3s. 6d.; royal 18mo. 6s. bds.—Heber's Sermons Preached in England, 2d edition, 8vo. 9s. 6d. bds.—Didbin's Bibliographical Tour, second edition, 3 vols. crown 8vo. 2l. 15s. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1829.

August.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 6	From 45. to 69.	30.00 to 29.88
Friday... 7	— 56. — 72.	30.05 — 30.12
Saturday... 8	— 50. — 76.	30.19 — 30.17
Sunday... 9	— 51. — 74.	30.06 — 29.96
Monday... 10	— 37. — 69.	29.85 Stationary
Tuesday... 11	— 45. — 66.	30.00 to 30.05
Wednesday 12	— 45. — 70.	30.00 Stationary

Wind variable, prevailing S.W.

Except the 10th, when it rained incessantly, the weather has been more favourable for the wheat harvest, which has, about this neighbourhood, generally commenced. Rain fallen, .475 of an inch.

August.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 13	From 53. to 75.	29.75 to 29.66
Friday... 14	— 54. — 63.	29.50 — 29.36
Saturday... 15	— 50. — 64.	29.50 — 29.69
Sunday... 16	— 47. — 60.	29.83 — 29.89
Monday... 17	— 38. — 67.	30.06 — 30.00
Tuesday... 18	— 49. — 67.	29.83 — 29.60
Wednesday 19	— 53. — 66.	29.50 — 29.40

Wind variable, prevailing S.E. and S.W.

Except the 16th and 17th, raining incessantly, rendering the weather very unfavourable for the harvest. In the afternoon of the 14th a storm of thunder and lightning from the S.W.

Rain fallen, 1.375 of an inch.

Edmonton. Latitude..... 51° 37' 39" N. Longitude.... 0. 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

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No. 658.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1829.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Itinéraire de Tiflis à Constantinople. Par le Colonel Rottiers. Bruxelles.

THE East is now the only theatre of great events,—there all the interest of the day is concentrated; and from the unabated thirst for information, and the continued demand for intelligence, we are induced this week to notice a foreign publication of some interest, which partially bears upon the subject. Colonel Rottiers, the author of the agreeable volume before us, is a native of the Pays Bas, lately in the military service of Russia; and in the capacity of *chef de l'état*, major of a division of the army of the Caucasus, became for some years a resident of Tiflis, the capital of the once feeble kingdom, but at present beautiful province, of Georgia. Military men perhaps suffer more acutely from *ennui* and hypochondriasis than any other class of individuals, when, after a period of their lives spent amidst the most spirit-stirring scenes, the energies of the mind, powerfully and constantly excited, and the corporeal frame nerved and strengthened by restless activity, they find themselves, by a sudden revulsion of war to peace, condemned to a sickly quiet—a deadly calm, from which they have not the power to escape. Such was the case with Colonel Rottiers: he sought and obtained his dismissal from this *tedium vite*, and prepared to return to his native country with his lady and four children, by the hazardous and singular route he thus describes:—

“However impatient, still I was resolved, instead of traversing Russia and Germany, to pass by Asia Minor to Constantinople. My track would be through Mochett, Gori, and Cotaïs; I should embark at Poti, and, lengthening the coast by touching at Trebisond, Sinope, and other ports, finally land in the port of Byzantium. In pursuing this route I should furrow the same waves which carried the first frail vessel—I should retrace, upon the shores, the footsteps of the Ten Thousand, the colonies of the Greeks, the palaces of Mithridates, the camps of Pompey, and the fortresses of the Cæsars. Besides these glorious remembrances, which might tend to new discoveries, or to corrections more or less important, I had a nearer object in view—I wished to gather an exact knowledge of the actual situation of these parts, so imperfectly known to Europeans since the Ottoman conquest; to take a correct map of the coast; to mark the principal military and commercial positions; to note the agricultural and manufactured products, the means of transport, the laws and manners of the different people. Such was the difficult task I imposed on myself at quitting Tiflis.”

The early pages of the volume afford a brief sketch of Georgian history, and an enumeration of its ancient dynasty, traced to within three hundred years of our era, and which only came to its close by the abdication of its ninety-seventh monarch, the Czar George, in the year 1799: characterised by weakness and imbecility, this long line of royalty has sunk

into merited oblivion; and if there be a single name worthy of history's rescue from the tomb, it is a woman's, and the last of the line, as the following extract will confirm.

“Mary, daughter of Prince George Taitsianoff, and widow of George XI., the abdicated king, remained at Tiflis after her husband's death in 1800, with her seven children. Whether Russia was regardless of a woman and children so young, or whether it respected the ardent desire of the queen to end her days in her native country, her residence in Georgia had till now been tolerated. Nevertheless, Mary, little satisfied with this indulgence of the government, or fearing for the continuance of the favour, sought to withdraw herself from the power of the Russians; she hoped to secure an asylum in her native country, by a project of escape which she nourished in secret. But General Taitsianoff closely observed her conduct; her slightest movements were watched; and, aware of her spirited and decided character, he did not fail to advise his government to remove the queen from Georgia. While waiting for such orders, Taitsianoff neglected no precaution to secure her person. He had in his interest a noble Georgian, named Kalatousoff, one of the queen's suite, and in possession of her confidence. This man, gained by liberal promises, made no scruple to betray all that passed in the palace, even reporting the most trifling conversations of the princess. The Pchavi and the Touchini, two tribes of Caucasus to the north-east of Tiflis, are the more formidable, as all the lofty qualities of the warrior are consecrated by their laws and customs; they are forbidden, under pain of death, to return to their country if wounded in the back, or even to shave their beards while the death of a relative remains unavenged. These mountaineers, from an early period to the fall of the throne, had composed the guard of the kings of Georgia, and had ever been devoted to the royal family. Solicited by Mary, who meditated flight, or having themselves conceived the plan of receiving her and her children in their mountains, these intrepid servants busily engaged themselves in the necessary preparations. Mary, in full understanding with them, seconded their labours, and appeared only to wait the day fixed for her escape. Unfortunately the design had transpired through the revelations of Kalatousoff, who, as we before said, enjoyed the queen's confidence: it was therefore rendered abortive at the very moment when all was prepared for her flight and refuge in the mountains. Gadilla, one of the Pchavi, a man of courage and gigantic stature, had the charge of conducting this affair: he had already been many times to Tiflis to concert measures with the queen, and now announced to her that his countrymen impatiently expected her. Taitsianoff, acquainted with all, but wishing to convince himself, and curious to know Gadilla, caused him to be arrested and brought before him. The general, according to custom, was alone, with the exception of his interpreter; but had

taken care to hide the traitor Kalatousoff beneath the drapery of a sofa in the saloon. Gadilla, on entering, saluted the general according to the manner of his country: ‘*Kamerjof, Taitsiano*’—Good day, Taitsiano. The following dialogue ensued:—The general: ‘What brings you to Tiflis?’ Gadilla: ‘To purchase salt.’ ‘Do not disguise the truth from me: are there no other reasons which have brought thee to this city?’ ‘No.’ ‘Pchave, thy life depends upon thy truth! know, if you do not discover, I can this instant order your head to be struck off!’ ‘My head struck off! by whom then? perhaps it would be by this Armenian interpreter?’ Afterwards, placing his hand upon his weapon,—‘Have I no longer my dagger? it never quits me.’ Taitsianoff, finding that menaces could not intimidate so intrepid a character, rose from his seat, and approaching him with the idea of gaining him by kindness, placed his hand upon his shoulder, saying, ‘My brave friend, be not angry; no harm shall come to you; speak only the truth.’ But all entreaties were vain; and while Gadilla was persisting in his denials, the general caused Kalatousoff to start forth from beneath the sofa, thinking to daunt the mountaineer by the unexpected appearance of a man whom he had never mistrusted near the queen. Kalatousoff, addressing the Pchave roughly, said to him: ‘Gadilla, cease to refuse your avowal of the motives which have brought you to Tiflis; behold me here to confront you! do you not recollect to have seen me with the queen when you came to announce to her yesterday that all was ready to favour her flight; that the mules were waiting for her at Kouki, to convey her to the mountains?’ The astonished mountaineer threw upon Kalatousoff a look of contempt and anger, and answered, ‘That it was all false: no time was allowed for a longer reply. A detachment of grenadiers rushed into the hall; and having beat him down with the but-ends of their muskets, disarmed him. As he was conducting under a strong escort to the fortress, Kalatousoff ventured to strike him a blow. Gadilla, turning himself round, proudly exclaimed,—‘If I had my dagger, singly I should feel sufficient strength to immolate the whole of you to my vengeance.’ Taitsianoff sought no further confirmation as to the reality of the design which the queen entertained: he was more than ever satisfied that her removal was indispensable to the tranquillity of the country; and, without permitting the least delay, her departure was fixed for the ensuing morning, Sunday, April 12th, 1803. It was arranged, as if to give an air of ceremonial to this event, that Major-General Lazareff should be present in full state, accompanied by an interpreter having the rank of captain, named Sorokin, an Armenian by birth; that at an early hour of the morning, with the military music, and at the head of two companies of infantry, they should repair to the residence of the queen, and enforce her setting out. Accordingly, at break of day, General Lazareff, in due form, pre-

sented himself before her abode, and hastily entered her presence: the queen, already awakened, was seated, after the custom of the country, with her legs crossed, in the recess where, with a simplicity but little allied to royalty, but by usage common to all ranks, they spread in the evening the mattresses on which they repose for the night. Already had two days elapsed since Mary had been secretly apprised that an order had arrived from Russia for her transportation from Georgia; and to the last moment she indulged the fond hope of being able to avoid this cruel fate. Her seven children,—all extremely young, the eldest scarcely nine years of age,—were sleeping peacefully around her. Lazareff, without the least respect, addressed her, through his interpreter, with these words: 'Arise—you must leave this.' The queen calmly replied—'Wherefore should I yet rise—do you not behold my infants plunged in sweet sleep around me? Should I awake them suddenly, their blood would chill.* Who has given you so pressing an order?' Lazareff having replied that the order came from General Tsitsianoff, she exclaimed—'Tsitsiano tsopiani!' (scum of our race). The queen, as if to lean upon the cushion which sustained her head during the night, had placed it on her knees; and beneath it she concealed the poniard (kinjal) of her husband. Lazareff, seeing that she persisted in the design of making him wait till the children awoke, approached to where she was sitting; and perceiving one of her feet to protrude beneath the cushion, he bent forward as if to seize it and force her to rise. As rapid as lightning the queen placed her hand upon the dagger, drew it from the sheath, and plunged it with such force into the side of Lazareff, that the point protruded on the other side: then drawing it out all reeking from the wound, without the least discomposure she threw it on the face of her enemy, exclaiming—'Thus die all who dare to add dishonour to my misfortune.' Lazareff fell dead under the stroke: at his single cry, the interpreter Sorokin drew his sabre, and the poltroon made several cuts at the queen, one of which wounded her deeply in the shoulder. Helena, her mother, who also slept in the saloon, was now awakened by the noise,—and on beholding blood, flew to her daughter and held her in her firm embrace. The house was instantly filled with soldiers, who tore the unhappy Mary from her mother's arms, and kept them separate by continued blows with the but-ends of their muskets: the queen was dragged bleeding from her residence and thrown with her children into the carriage prepared for her departure."

Thus finished this dreadful tragedy. The queen, escorted by a strong force, and accompanied by her children, left Tiflis for a monastery in Russia to which she was banished; and as the sad procession passed along, her tears and distress testified to the Georgians who flocked around how deeply she felt the exile to which she was condemned. Of the other actors in this sad drama, General Tsitsianoff was shortly after assassinated—the interpreter Sorokin was killed in action—and the vile traitor Kolesouoff, as was fitting, died miserable, and detested by all the world.

This romance of real life has occupied so much space, that we are compelled to defer any further extracts; and conclude with observing, that Colonel Rottiers fully demonstrates the impracticability of any approach to

the Turkish capital by Asia Minor, and that General Paskewitch's movements in that quarter have only for their object to prevent the Lesghi and other warlike people from giving their support or assistance to the Turkish army in Europe.

Private Life; or, Varieties of Character and Opinion. By the Author of "Geraldine," &c. &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1829, Cadell; Edinburgh, Blackwood.

WE take shame to ourselves that these admirable volumes should have remained so long unnoticed, and, worse still, with all possible claim to attention. Evidently written by a woman, they are just what we could wish an Englishwoman's writings ever to be;—that high-minded morality, which is the result of good feeling sanctified by religion—that fine perception of the beautiful, which is softened, not subdued, by serious reflection—that excellent common sense, not that calculating selfishness sometimes so misnamed, but clear perception, borne into action by undeviating principle;—such is the character of the work before us; and it is one of whose talent and utility its author may be justly proud. The story is very interesting, and told in the most graceful language; and all that feminine tact which in a touch catches resemblance, is shewn in the portraiture of the characters. But, perhaps, it is in the dialogues that our writer is most peculiarly happy: they are actual animated conversations, only rather more clever and spirited than those in real life,—and evince an originality of thought, an excellence of feeling, that render them as valuable as they are attractive. We cannot do better than offer a specimen for our readers' judgment. When affected languor and elegant indifference is so much the rage as they are at present, we recommend the ensuing scene:—

"'Pray can I do any thing for you at Southampton? I assure you my talents in the commission line are first-rate. I can choose music for you with equal skill. Will you trust me?' 'You can do us a very great service,' replied Constance; 'just call at the library, and scold Mrs. Gifford for not having sent the third volume of Tremaine; she promised it by the postman yesterday; we have waited four whole days for it.' 'With your heart breaking for the heroine, I suppose,' said Percy. 'Oh! it is too cruel,' exclaimed Constance. 'My sympathies are not in general so lively for these charming phantoms; but Georgiana Evelyn is so gracefully winning, so entirely lovely, that I cannot be at all happy while she is dying of decline.' 'Oh! she will not die,' returned Percy; 'I feel an instinctive conviction that she will recover. The author has too good taste, too much feeling, to kill her; he would not do any thing so savage.' 'If you have nothing better to justify your hope than the tender mercy of an author,' said Constance, 'it does not inspire me with the least confidence—it does not afford me the smallest consolation—they are such practised barbarians. Recollect the atrocities they perpetrate, the unprovoked murders. I believe they sometimes set the Fates to work, and cut the thread of life for the sole purpose of making us close their books with the heartache.' Percy laughed, and galloped off, with a promise not to return without Tremaine; while Sir Henry, addressing Constance, said—'Is a *fin joyeuse*, then, quite necessary to your enjoyment of a tale?' 'Not absolutely necessary, but certainly very conducive to my thorough enjoyment of one,' re-

plied Constance; 'and the *fin tragique* indisposes me very much for its second perusal. I have no objection to a fair proportion of cloud and storm, if the sun does but break out at last. Even in a tour of pleasure I can consent to cross a desert or tremble at a volcano; but let my eyes repose on a soft, green, smiling landscape at the end of my journey.—Is not this your opinion, too, my dear mother?' 'Why, as we walk in the garden of fiction chiefly for amusement,' returned Mrs. Grenville, 'I like, in the fashion of the knights of old, after traversing a gloomy forest, and being exposed to the pelting of the pitiless storm, to find myself at length in an enchanted palace, where all is bright and beautiful.' 'I am afraid you will stand convicted of a sad vulgar taste for happiness,' said Sir Henry. 'What would the refined Tremaine have said to you?' 'Tremaine and I should have differed upon many points,' replied Mrs. Grenville. 'I should have questioned the reality of his refinement—I should have been much better friends with Dr. Evelyn than with Tremaine.' 'Surely refined taste and feeling are portrayed in that character!' observed Constance. 'Tremaine was indolent, luxurious, and self-occupied,' replied Mrs. Grenville; 'defects incompatible with true refinement. That is not refinement which interferes with our usefulness or happiness.' 'Pardon me,' said Sir Henry; 'does it not sometimes interfere with both? May not the delicate perceptions and quickened sensibility which belong to refined feelings, render the fulfilment even of acknowledged duty distasteful to us? May there not be a repugnance which would not be experienced by coarser minds and duller feelings?—an intellectual noisety, for instance, which may induce a very inconvenient degree of fastidiousness with respect to our mental pleasures, whether derived from books or from society.' 'Tremaine's was precisely of this character,' said Mrs. Grenville, 'because it was without the corrective influence of Christian principle.' 'I am afraid,' observed Sir Henry, 'that the refinement of which you speak exists but in theory—that it is but a name.' 'It is rare, perhaps; but many a beautiful specimen is to be found,' replied Mrs. Grenville. 'We owe to refinement some rapturous feelings and some delicious hours; but I cannot think,' said Constance in a doubtful tone, 'that, upon the whole, it increases the sum of our happiness. How many things and persons does it render distasteful, not to say insufferable!' 'You are confounding fastidiousness with refinement,' observed Mrs. Grenville. 'Oh! they are near relatives, I am afraid,' exclaimed Sir Henry. 'Yes,' said Mrs. Grenville, smiling; 'but, like the crab and the nonpareil, perfectly distinct, in spite of their affinity.' 'I think,' said Constance, 'that refinement is more talked of than understood; that which really deserves the name appears to me exceedingly rare.' 'Why, amidst the present diffusion of cultivation, and where a taste for the arts is so widely disseminated, a certain degree of refinement must be very general,' observed Mrs. Grenville. 'Yes, that which is the mere offspring and creature of cultivation,' said Sir Henry; 'but is there not a refinement which seems to belong to minds of a certain temperament, independent, in a great degree, of cultivation and circumstances?—a refinement of mind distinct from refinement of manner—existing sometimes without it? And, on the contrary, are there not some people who have a sort of practical refinement—a kind of tact which prevents their violating, in the

smallest degree, the laws of propriety and good taste; and yet who have by no means that character of mind which appears essential to refinement? They have the varnish which every person may acquire by a certain process in well-bred society; but not that beauty and polish of which certain minds alone are susceptible.' 'Yes,' replied Mrs. Grenville; 'there is a refinement which discovers itself by a quick perception of the feelings of others, a delicate observance of those feelings, a ready sympathy, a graceful surrender of our own wishes and preferences—as superior to mere refinement of manner, as a living breathing grace would be, to one that smiled on us only on canvass. But this refinement will be found only in connexion with the highest principle.' 'While that which is the mere offspring and creature of cultivation, as Sir Henry observed, serves to give a monotonous aspect to society,' said Constance; 'constant friction and attrition not only rub off all rough angles and asperities, but every little characteristic streak and spot is obliterated.' 'If you quarrel with the effects of cultivation, at what point would you stop?' inquired Mrs. Grenville. 'You would not, like Lord Monboddo and Rousseau, send us back to the savage state for happiness.' 'No, not quite so far,' answered Constance; 'but I can imagine a state of society extremely delightful, equally removed from barbarism and luxury; from which the rudeness of savage ignorance, and the cold and heartless formalities of modern life, would be alike excluded. Now St. Pierre, in his tale of Paul and Virginia, gives an enchanting picture of such a state.' 'The general effect and colouring of the picture is enchanting,' said Mrs. Grenville. 'Virginia weaving garlands by the side of Paul, beneath the shade of the banana, counting the flight of hours by the shadows of the trees, and of years by their growth, is highly poetical and captivating; but then there are details that dissolve the spell—she washed the linen, cooked the dinner, and could neither read nor write—serious drawbacks in my estimation of felicity.' 'She only did what the royal Nausicaæ and the noble Achilles did before her,' observed Constance, laughing. 'Oh! the dignity of these precedents is unquestionable,' returned Mrs. Grenville; 'their happiness, perhaps, rather less so. Why, indeed, should we imagine it to have been more vivid or more permanent than our own? The senses were awake to enjoyment, the passions keenly alive to excitation, and the intellectual powers comparatively dormant. Now, next to the halcyon delights of devotion, and the exercise of the tender charities of life, the cultivation and expansion of the intellect open the richest source of enjoyment. Of this rich source, how little did they taste!' 'Their intellectual pleasures, though less enlarged,' observed Sir Henry, 'were perhaps more intense. Those of imagination, for instance, are certainly more vivid in that state of society than in any other. In these metaphysical, mathematical, logical days, imagination is fettered and crippled. There is none of the dimness and haze so necessary to the mysterious effect of its enchantments; reason and science have seized the potent wizard; and in their withering grasp the wand is broken, the incantation powerless. In these 'evil times,' we have but a faint notion of the effects of poetry upon our ruder ancestors; the rapture, the ecstasy, the keen emotion, the delicious illusion—at any rate the pleasures of imagination were theirs in all their force and vividness.' 'Yes, but not in their beauty and delicacy,' replied Mrs.

Grenville. 'What we have lost in intensity, we have gained in tenderness; besides, I am not convinced, that, because our enjoyment is more strictly intellectual, it is less complete. If the pages of Homer have ceased to convulse the physical frame, they have not ceased to electrify the mind—if the song of the bard no longer plucks the sword from the scabbard, it still kindles the glow of patriotism.'

The following sketch of cousin Frances is too good and too real to be omitted:—

"Such a treat for you, my dear mother!—A letter from cousin Frances!" said Constance, inspecting the address of one, which she handed to Mrs. Grenville. 'I am sure the very hand-writing looks out of temper. Pray is she as much in good humour with the world as usual?' continued she, as Mrs. Grenville folded up the letter. 'She is in good humour with you and me, at any rate,' replied Mrs. Grenville; 'for she intends paying us a visit next week.' 'Indeed!' said Constance. Now a great deal is sometimes revealed by this little word;—perhaps there is scarcely any one about which it is more necessary to say, 'Écrivez-moi le ton.' There is a joyous, animated *indeed*, bespeaking delighted surprise;—the dull civil *indeed*, indicating joyless acquiescence;—the *indeed* of disappointment, and the *indeed* of indifference. Time will develop the quality of the *indeed* just pronounced. 'Well!—poor Frances!' exclaimed Mrs. Grenville; 'I am sure I shall be extremely glad to see her!' 'It is a proof of your unfeeling, unconquerable benevolence, then, my dear mother. Not to be extremely sorry, is the warmest state of feeling I can bring myself to.' 'I hope we shall make her comfortable,' said Mrs. Grenville, in a doubtful accent, after musing a few minutes. 'When you have acquired the power of working miracles, that hope will be reasonable, and realised, perhaps,' observed Constance;—'but where lives the gifted mortal who could make cousin Frances feel and acknowledge herself happy? She used to bestow herself upon poor dear aunt Ellen for six weeks every summer; and I am sure her visits gave me a very lively idea of purgatory. I believe she would realise what Judge Jenkins said of John Lilburne—that 'if the world was emptied of all but himself, Lilburne would quarrel with John, and John with Lilburne.' She is so ingenious a self-tormentor—so inveterate a grumbler—I am persuaded she has studied grumbling as an art, and piques herself on the attainment. Never surely did any human being so thoroughly understand the theory and practice of discontent. And then she mistakes her uncertain temper and inordinate self-love for the fastidiousness of a refined and delicate mind. It is really too amusing.' 'After all, she has some very good points in her character,' said Mrs. Grenville; 'she is capable of generous exertions and sacrifices, and her understanding is excellent. She has often very kind thoughts and feelings;—I have not forgotten her coming to Dover to meet us on our return from Italy, and all the comfortable arrangements she had made.' 'But you know, my dear mother, people are to be estimated, as Johnson says, by the mass of character—a block of tin may have a grain of silver in it, but still it is *tin*—and a block of silver may have an alloy of tin, but still it is *silver*—really we cannot be expected to admire the block of tin. No, not all the magic of your benevolence can metamorphose cousin Frances into any thing but a very trying personage.'

'We were children together,'

observed Mrs. Grenville, 'and for many years lived under the same roof; I shall always, therefore, take a warm interest in Frances; she is just one of those unfortunate persons, who, by want of self-control and self-discipline, discover to all the world the infirm parts of their character, and thus contrive to be less valued than they really deserve.' 'How did it all happen?' inquired Constance; 'what evil genius presided over her destiny, and wrought the ill?' 'Her evil genius was early independence,' replied Mrs. Grenville. 'Those who have only themselves to please, and all appliances and means to boot, generally manage the matter remarkably ill. Frances expected and exacted too much. If she formed an intimacy, she was not satisfied with affectionate attention—she required exclusive preference—she must reign alone, and supreme, and, like Caesar, be first, or nothing; she made no allowance for the infinite variety of dispositions—the endless shades of character which society presents; she expected demonstration from the reserved, and ardour from the cold; she was not content to be welcomed and approved—she must be distinguished and paramount. Co-intimates and companions were with her competitors and rivals; she was disposed to overwhelm her favourites with attentions, and then to wonder and feel angry that they were not returned fourfold. From these mistakes, her intimacies, instead of ripening into friendships, after a few agree fits, generally passed from alienation to estrangement. With a warm heart and a good understanding, she has contrived to multiply enemies and distance friends; mortification has embittered her life; disappointment soured a temper originally uncertain; and now, instead of looking on the sunny side of events and characters, she sees every thing in shade; she runs away from society, not choosing to pay the current coin of little civilities and sacrifices required—shuts herself up with her own prejudices, by her own fire-side, and then complains of being left alone.'

We have now only to repeat our warm commendations. If that book be valuable, which, while it cultivates the taste, confirms the principles, these volumes deserve that best of praise; and we especially consider *Private Life* to be an acquisition to the library of our juvenile readers.

The Horse in all his Varieties and Uses; his Breeding, Rearing, and Management. By John Lawrence, author of a "Philosophical and Practical Treatise on Horses," &c. 12mo. pp. 315. London, 1829. M. Arnold.

Biographical Sketches and Authentic Anecdotes of Dogs. By Capt. Thomas Brown, F.R.S.E. 12mo. pp. 570. Edinburgh, 1829. Oliver and Boyd; London, Simpkin and Marshall.

THE horse and dog come so familiarly together, and are so prone to friendship with each other, that we cannot find it in our hearts to separate them in criticism. The first of the two on our list is, *The Horse in all his Varieties and Uses*, by the veteran John Lawrence; and although chiefly selected from matter already before the public, yet is a very convenient condensation of all that is valuable on the subject, and forms a volume well adapted for reference or consultation; and if not a few of our youthful cavaliers would, ere they venture on a purchase, in lieu of their own exalted opinions, acquire from such sources a little knowledge of what this noble animal in the pride of perfection should be, we are sure they would neither so frequently become dupes to their own ignorance,

nor our tribunals teem with such disgraceful exhibitions of impudent fraud and unblushing perjury. The following guide to purchasers is admirable :—

“ Now for the accustomed ceremonial of examining a horse in order to purchase. Having already been made acquainted with the terms, and that the nag is quiet to approach, giving him some gentle warning with your voice, you go up to him in his stall on the near (left) side, and laying your hand on his forehead (touching his height), you proceed from thence to examine his eyes, mouth, and countenance; still holding his head, and turning your own to the right about, you have a view of the curve of his neck, the height of his forehead, the position of his shoulder, and the substance of his forearm. Returning to his forehead, you descend to his legs and feet, minutely examining with your fingers every part, from above, below, withinside, and without. You will not forget the virgin integrity of the knees, so much and so justly in request: so difficult is this to repair, either by nature or art, when once violated, that I am almost tempted to add it as a fifth to the four irrevocable things—*tempus, juvenus, verbum dictum, et virginitas*. Being satisfied respecting his forehead, your eye and hand will glance over his back, girthing-place, carcass, and loins; thence proceeding to his hinder-quarter and the setting on of his tail. You will judge how far he agrees in each and every respect with those rules of proportion laid down. The hinder legs and feet will demand a share of attention full as minute as the fore ones; and I must once again repeat my advice, that the inside or hollow of the hock be not passed without due notice, as is commonly the case; since it often happens that the injuries of hard labour are most apparent in those parts. A survey of the other side of the horse concludes the stable examination. Suffer no person belonging to the seller to be with you in the stall (unless you know and are well satisfied with the dealer's character) during your inspection, that the horse may not be rendered unquiet, either designedly or at the mere presence of a habitual tormentor. A short time since I had occasion to examine a horse, for a friend, at the stable of a considerable dealer: it was a very beautiful and well-shaped nag, but, as is commonly the hard fate of such, he appeared to have done too much work. The attendant, from a superabundant share of regard to my safety, must needs hold the horse's head whilst I examined his legs, still assuring me he was perfectly quiet; nevertheless every time I attempted to feel below his knees, the horse started and flew about the stall in a strange manner, to the no small risk of my toes and shins. Whilst I stood musing and wondering what beside the devil could possibly all the animal, I discovered a short whip under the arm of the jockey, with which he had, no doubt, tickled the neck and chest of the horse whenever I stooped down with the intent of handling his legs. I wished this adept good morning.”

The *Biographical Sketches and Anecdotes of Dogs* is, in truth, an entertaining volume; and the compiler, Capt. Brown, is not only entitled to the gratitude of the canine race, but has likewise secured to himself the approbation of every friend to humanity; for there can be no doubt that this mass of anecdote, so forcibly describing their intelligence, fidelity, and attachment, must greatly conduce to their kinder treatment, and considerably exalt them in the scale of consideration. The natural

history of the dog, diversified as that animal is in form, size, sagacity, and properties, is skillfully developed, and affords much important and curious information, and may be very advantageously placed in the hands of the youth of both sexes: all technicalities are judiciously avoided, and instruction and amusement go hand in hand together.

The chapters on the breeding and training of dogs are so plain in their directions, as to be capable of practice by the most inexperienced; while the different remedies and prescriptions for the treatment and cure of diseases are so explicit and so simple, as to teach even the most timid to “throw physic to the dogs.” Among the contributors of anecdotes we find the names of Sir Walter Scott, and others not unknown to fame. We select the following one for our illustration :—

“ Mr. McIntyre, patent-mangle manufacturer, Regent Bridge, Edinburgh, has a dog of the Newfoundland breed, crossed with some other, named Dandie, whose sagacious qualifications are truly astonishing, and almost incredible. As the animal continues daily to give the most striking proofs of his powers, he is well known in the neighbourhood; and any person may satisfy himself of the reality of those feats, many of which the writer has himself had the pleasure to witness. When Mr. M. is in company, how numerous soever it may be, if he but say to the dog, ‘Dandie, bring me my hat,’ he immediately picks out the hat from all the others, and puts it in his master's hand. Should every gentleman in company throw a penknife on the floor, the dog, when commanded, will select his master's knife from the heap, and bring it to him. A pack of cards being scattered in the room, if his master has previously selected one of them, the dog will find it out and bring it to him. A comb was hid on the top of a mantel-piece in the room, and the dog required to bring it, which he almost immediately did, although in the search he found a number of articles also belonging to his master, purposely strewed around, all which he passed over, and brought the identical comb which he was required to find; fully proving that he is not guided by the sense of smell, but that he perfectly understands whatever is spoken to him. One evening, some gentlemen being in company, one of them accidentally dropped a shilling on the floor, which, after the most careful search, could not be found. Mr. M. seeing his dog sitting in a corner, and looking as if quite unconscious of what was passing, said to him, ‘Dandie, find us the shilling, and you shall have a biscuit.’ The dog immediately jumped upon the table, and laid down the shilling, which he had previously picked up without having been perceived. One time, having been left in a room in the house of Mrs. Thomas, High Street, he remained quiet for a considerable time; but as no one opened the door, he became impatient, and rang the bell; and when the servant opened the door, she was surprised to find the dog pulling the bell-rope. Since that period, which was the first time he was observed to do it, he pulls the bell whenever he is desired; and what appears still more remarkable, if there is no bell-rope in the room, he will examine the table, and if he finds a hand-bell, he takes it in his mouth and rings it. Mr. M. having one evening supped with a friend, on his return home, as it was rather late, he found all the family in bed. He could not find his boot-jack in the place where it usually lay, nor could he find it any where in the room after the strictest search. He then

said to his dog, ‘Dandie, I cannot find my boot-jack,—search for it.’ The faithful animal, quite sensible of what had been said to him, scratched at the room-door, which his master opened. Dandie proceeded to a very distant part of the house, and soon returned, carrying in his mouth the boot-jack, which Mr. M. now recollected to have left that morning under a sofa. A number of gentlemen, well acquainted with Dandie, are daily in the habit of giving him a penny, which he takes to a baker's shop, and purchases bread for himself. One of these gentlemen, who lives in James's Square, when passing some time ago, was accosted by Dandie, in expectation of his usual present. Mr. T. then said to him, ‘I have not a penny with me to-day, but I have one at home.’ Having returned to his house some time after, he heard a noise at the door, which was opened by the servant, when in sprang Dandie to receive his penny. In a frolic Mr. T. gave him a bad one, which he, as usual, carried to the baker, but was refused his bread, as the money was bad. He immediately returned to Mr. T.'s, knocked at the door, and when the servant opened it, laid the penny down at her feet, and walked off, seemingly with the greatest contempt. Although Dandie, in general, makes an immediate purchase of bread with the money which he receives, yet the following circumstance clearly demonstrates that he possesses more prudent foresight than many who are reckoned rational beings. One Sunday, when it was very unlikely that he could have received a present of money, Dandie was observed to bring home a loaf. Mr. M. being somewhat surprised at this, desired the servant to search the room, to see if any money could be found. While she was engaged in this task, the dog seemed quite unconcerned, till she approached the bed, when he ran to her, and gently drew her back from it. Mr. M. then secured the dog, which kept struggling and growling while the servant went under the bed, where she found 7½d. under a bit of cloth; but from that time he never could endure the girl, and was frequently observed to hide his money in a corner of a saw-pit, under the dust. When Mr. M. has company, if he desire the dog to see any one of the gentlemen home, it will walk with him till he reach his home, and then return to his master, how great soever the distance may be. A brother of Mr. M.'s and another gentleman went one day to Newhaven, and took Dandie along with them. After having bathed, they entered a garden in the town; and having taken some refreshment in one of the arbours, they took a walk around the garden, the gentleman leaving his hat and gloves in the place. In the mean time, some strangers came into the garden, and went into the arbour which the others had left. Dandie immediately, without being ordered, ran to the place, and brought off the hat and gloves, which he presented to the owner. One of the gloves, however, had been left; but it was no sooner mentioned to the dog, than he rushed to the place, jumped again into the midst of the astonished company, and brought off the glove in triumph. A gentleman living with Mr. M., going out to supper one evening, locked the garden-gate behind him, and laid the key on the top of the wall, which is about seven feet high. When he returned, expecting to let himself in the same way, to his great surprise the key could not be found, and he was obliged to go round to the front door, which was a considerable distance about. The next morning strict search was made for the key; but still no trace of it could be discovered. At last,

perceiving that the dog followed him wherever he went, he said to him, 'Dandie, you have the key—go fetch it.' Dandie immediately went into the garden, and scratched away the earth from the root of a cabbage, and produced the key, which he himself had undoubtedly hid in that place. If his master place him on a chair, and request him to sing, he will instantly commence a howling, which he gives high or low as signs are made to him with the finger. About three years ago, a mangle was sent by a cart from the warehouse, Regent Bridge, to Portobello, at which time the dog was not present. Afterwards Mr. M. went to his own house, North Back of the Canongate, and took Dandie with him, to have the mangle delivered. When he had proceeded a little way, the dog ran off, and he lost sight of him. He still walked forward, and in a little time he found the cart in which the mangle was, turned towards Edinburgh, with Dandie holding fast by the reins, and the carter in the greatest perplexity, who now stated that the dog had overtaken him, jumped on his cart, and examined the mangle, and then had seized the reins of the horse and turned him fairly round, and would not let go his hold, although he had beaten him with a stick. On Mr. M.'s arrival, however, the dog quietly allowed the carter to proceed to his place of destination."

Simplicity of Health: exemplified by Hortator. Second Edition. 12mo. pp. 264. London, 1829. E. Wilson.

WHETHER "simplicity" (a delicate term for absurdity) or "health" be the leading characteristic of this choice volume, we leave to our readers to determine; and we can assure them that, having their interest at heart, we shall forthwith proceed to extract some of the new and valuable opinions set forth in these pages. We find the sackcloth of former days is not, in reality, the penance we have been accustomed to think it, but rather constitutional.

"It requires only a little consideration to shew that very fine linen next the skin must be injurious. The closer and finer the texture, the nearer it approaches to the nature of parchment or goldbeater's leaf. All the perspiration lies on the surface, and is again absorbed into the body; for, having no substance itself, it cannot imbibe the moisture. Those whose situation in life requires them to be very exact as to appearance, should wear next the skin a small shirt of the very coarsest linen. Over that they can then have as fine as they please; and with this advantage, that if they are in a heat, the moisture will not spoil the frill or plaits, whatever may be the fashion; and they can go into the most particular company without the inconvenience of changing. This would generally be found as good as flannel, and certainly more agreeable." We doubt the agreeableness.

"Our present fashion of trousers is a valuable exchange for the tight breeches of our fathers, buttoned and buckled at the knee. It is, besides, no little saving in the article of hose, short stockings being, all things considered, only a sixth of the expense of long ones."

Speaking of drunkenness to his female readers, the author very properly warns them as follows: "But, for her who gets intoxicated, there is no doubt or qualification: she is irrecoverably lost. Men are often reclaimed from inebriety; but a woman is hopeless, and the very worst consequences follow. It is not safe for a virtuous female to drink, at any time, so as to produce the slightest elevation. The most in-

flexible reserve is necessary to secure her character from reproach, and her innocence from danger."

The ensuing advice we quote for the comfort of our married readers.

"In examining the lives of those who reached a hundred and upwards, we generally find that they were married, three, four, and sometimes five times, and had numerous children. This shews that marriage is conducive to our health. * * * That bachelors should not be as fair subjects for longevity as the married, does not appear to me to be difficult of solution. To be unsettled on so important a point as marriage, which seems so decidedly marked out as our natural state in civil society, must affect that serenity of mind which is necessary for maintaining the equilibrium of our constitution. *"

* * * There are but few circumstanced like Sir Isaac Newton. He early announced that his studies so much occupied his mind, that he could not devote the requisite attention to a family; and he remained, as it were by compulsion, single, without experiencing any unpleasant observations. After all the jokes and sarcasms at the expense of married men, those upon old bachelors are far more poignant. They are, indeed, constantly reminded of their inferiority in the scale of society; for, let us attempt to disguise it as we may, the good opinion of the sex is one of our highest gratifications. In this view the married have evidently the advantage. A widower of fifty stands higher in their estimation than a bachelor of forty, and he will sooner get a young wife."

The annexed are other choice bits of simplicity.

"Since I am on the subject of rest, I wish again to recommend attention to sleep without dreams. * * * Dreaming is no proof of sensibility, judgment, or strong understanding, because we find the foolish and the weak-minded very subject to it."

"The custom of putting pins in the mouth is very common. But though we may do it many thousand times with safety, it should be avoided, as some distressing and fatal consequences have thereby occurred. By keeping this in mind, we should soon acquire a habit of laying the pins down, or sticking them in the sleeve or elsewhere while using, and it would be found to be as convenient and expeditious as putting them in the mouth."

"To gentlemen who wish for a regular indoor exercise before breakfast, I recommend that they polish their boots and shoes, after being hard-brushed by the servant. There is nothing like a kind of task; and they would find this serviceable to the chest and arms, to expectoration, and to general warmth. This would be turning Warren's jet to a new account, unthought of by the ingenious inventor himself—health debtor to polishing."

"Curtains to beds are injurious, as excluding the free circulation of air. In the married state they are, however, become, I may say, indispensable, from the decorum necessary to be preserved in the better walks of civilised life. But they might surely not be closed until morning, when the domestics or any of the family may have occasion to enter, which would answer every purpose of delicacy or appearance!"

We cannot help smiling at the polite opinion of this work expressed by Mr. Abernethy: we think we see him bowing as he returned the M.S., little dreaming how his civility would be advertised. We conclude with his words: "Your suggestions and advice are, in general,

judicious; and would, if acted upon, greatly contribute to the preservation of health."

Mémoire sur le Séjour, &c. Memoir of the Residence of Lewis, Dauphin of Viennois (afterwards King of France, under the title of Lewis XI.), in the Netherlands, from the year 1456 to 1461. By the Baron de Reiffenberg. Brussels, 1829.

DID we stand in need of a notorious example of the subserviency to temporal interests which swayed the papal councils in by-gone ages, we could not estreat a fitter proof to our purpose than the shameful prostitution of language in which Pius II. indulged when he saluted Lewis XI. by the title of the "most Christian" of Christian majesties! For this Lewis, says the honest Comines, "was lowly in speech and attire; he was by nature a friend to persons of the middling class; he was loose in speaking of others, save and except those of whom he stood in fear; for he was naturally of a sufficiently timid disposition." It was his inclination to be avaricious, and his policy to be prodigal; he despised all the conventional decencies of social life; and, mistaking cunning for capacity, he preferred artifice to all the better endowments of our nature, and regarded it not as the means, but the main object of human endeavour. Though he had less aptitude in foreseeing peril than in finding his way out of it, his worst enemies have acknowledged him to have been possessed of no mean talents as a statesman: indeed, it is a singular fact, that whilst his habits, his character, and the doings of the whole outward man, tended to debase the kingly authority, he left it, at the close of a two-and-twenty-years' career, far more potent, and infinitely better consolidated, than he had found it. He was a man also of a ready wit, and wanted no apologist at his elbow, even on occasions when his whole court were in arms at his forgetfulness of the punctilios attached to his station. "Do you not know," said he, "that when pride takes the lead, shame and vexation tread upon its heels?" Withal, he was so jealous of his authority, that he would take advice of none; and it was his common observation, "that he carried his privy-council in his head." But we must not further pursue our sketch of a character, which the great novelist of Europe has familiarised, from Archangel to the Pillars of Hercules, in his beautiful tale of Quentin Durward; nor detain the reader from a peep into the hitherto veiled scene of his earlier career, from which our learned and intelligent friend, Professor de Reiffenberg, has grouped his present amusing picture of individual character and aristocratic manners.

The scandalous conduct of Agnès Sorel towards Lewis's mother, the neglected consort of Charles VII., is generally assigned as the cause of those quarrels between the French monarch and his son, which impelled the latter to take refuge with his uncle, the Duke of Burgundy, at the age of three and thirty years. At this period of his life, "flattery and state expediency had not given the finishing stroke to a character, the ribald license and gaiety of which afterwards yielded to gloomy and reckless suspicion, and to a brutal and hypocritical libertinism. Prompt in his repartees, simple in his manners, a wooer of pleasure, without being nice as to its quality, he was esteemed a merry companion, a jovial guest, and by some a bold cavalier, though he felt no great relish for lance or sword thrusts, which he deemed mere feats of parade, wherein there was danger without a useful end."

It was in 1456 that Louis, terrified at his father's menaces, fled precipitately into Burgundy with a few dependents, and arrived at Louvain, whither the Duke's heir, the Count de Charolais, and other nobles, were despatched to bid him welcome. The duke himself being absent at the siege of Deventer, there were none to receive him when he reached Brussels but the Duchess-consort Isabella, and her daughter-in-law, Madame de Charolais.

"As soon as these princesses were informed of his approach, they descended to the gate of the palace and awaited his arrival, standing. When he drew near, he alighted and kissed my lady the duchess, my lady de Charolais, and my lady de Ravestein (Beatrice of Portugal), who knelt before him; and then he went round and kissed the other ladies and maidens of the court. After this gallant ceremony, he took my lady the duchess by the arm, and wished to place her on his right; but of this circumstance a sharp debate arose. 'Sir,' said the duchess, 'it would seem you are desirous I should be laughed at, for you put me to do that which does not belong to me.' The dauphin assured her it was quite otherwise, and that it was his province to do honour to Madame of Burgundy, for he was the poorest vassal of the kingdom of France, and knew not where to find an asylum, excepting under the wing of his fair uncle Philip and herself. This discussion having lasted above half an hour, the dauphin was obliged to yield; though even when giving the duchess his left, he took her by the right arm; which, however, she would not suffer, protesting that nothing on earth should induce her to walk arm in hand with him or along the same parallel: still she was under the necessity of yielding in her turn, the which circumstance occasioned vehement exchange of words among the by-standers. On taking leave, she again knelt down to the very ground, as well as the other princesses, ladies, and maidens."

Philip, fearful of giving outward offence to the French king, found an excuse for not coming to Brussels, "though he was sensible that by having the person of the heir to the crown in his power, he should render himself more formidable to France; whilst the office of a protector did not flatter his pride less than his generosity."

On the occasion of the duke's subsequent arrival at Brussels, we have another amusing sample of the rigid etiquette of the fifteenth century. "The duchess and her daughter-in-law descended to the middle of the court to welcome him; and when this was told the dauphin, he quitted his chamber, placed himself by madame's side, and there awaited Duke Philip, standing. In vain did the duchess represent to him that etiquette was grievously wounded by his conduct, and that he ought to return to his apartments: she found him deaf to her reproaches. When the duke was informed that the dauphin was waiting for him in the middle of the court, he dismounted at the palace-gate, and on catching a distant glimpse of the prince, he knelt down upon the ground. The dauphin was desirous of advancing towards him, but the duchess held him back by the arm, which afforded time to Philip to make a second obeisance before the dauphin could stir from the spot; and when the latter came forwards, the duke again fell upon his knees. Lewis stooped down very low, put his arm within that of his uncle, and in this wise both ascended the staircase together..... These testimonials of respect appear strange in the present day. But Philip, himself a French

prince, considered nothing so exalted as the French crown..... It is, however, to be observed, that at the very moment when he was making his genuflections, and calling the king and his sons his *redoubtable lords*, the Duke of Burgundy knew how to enforce respect for his authority, and surrendered none of his solid advantages."

The dauphin having related the motives of his flight, Philip bade him heartily welcome, adding, "be ye well assured that I would spend my body and estates for you against all the princes in the world, saving always my potent master, your father, towards whom nothing could impel me to undertake aught which should occasion his displeasure. * * * Jousts and tournaments were not spared; and in order to give greater weight to his proffers of service, Philip assigned the castle of Genappe to the dauphin for his residence, together with a stipend of 36,000 francs (nearly £1500!), which was an enormous sum in those days. * * * Lewis abode there five years, amusing himself with hunting, reading, and gastric recreations. * * * A reciprocity of tastes, and the similarity of their stations, produced a sort of intimacy between the dauphin and the Count de Charolais (Philip's eldest son), despite of the diversity of their characters, and the subsequent quarrels which ensued between them."

The studies of the Fleming turned upon light and romantic subjects, but Lewis's predilections were of a more sober cast. "He was not without some smattering of classical learning, and, either to gain favour with a corporation which had acquired a certain degree of influence, or with a view to remove all grounds of suspicion as to his conduct, or else to gratify his thirst for knowledge, he registered himself as a student in the University of Louvain. It was in this school, which afterwards attained such great celebrity, that he undoubtedly acquired his known attachment to the philosophy of Aristotle. * * * But no subjects possessed so great a charm in his eyes as the facetious tales in which the infidelities of the fair sex were unceremoniously bared to view. Licentious narratives were his favourite pastime; for, observes P. Mathieu, 'it was against his inclination that the soul should be in the clouds, whilst the body was at table.' An idea of the tone which prevailed at his board may be formed from a perusal of the Hundred New Tales (*Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*); a work which recalls Boccaccio's style, and shews that the French language had then acquired a degree of grace, freedom, and precision, to which it had been hitherto a stranger, excepting in the prose of Froissart and Chastelain. These tales are put in the mouths of the dauphin, the Duke of Burgundy, and the nobles and other parties who were admitted to familiar intercourse with them."

Of Lewis's superstitious faith in astrology, a weakness which the author of *Quentin Durward* has dramatised with so much ingenuity and effect, mention is made in the following terms: "Peter Mathieu, the historian, relates, that during the period of the dauphin's sojourn in the Netherlands, he constantly visited those who professed the art of reading the stars; and he learned from John Coleman to scan the great almanac, 'which is,' as Naudé observes, 'at least as much as to know the use of charts and maps;' for which, however, the Emperor Charles V. was held in high esteem."

Though he wished it to appear that he took no interest in the affairs of the country in which he was a resident, "he was too fond of

intrigue to be content with playing an entirely passive part, and he employed those moments which he could not devote to the execution of great undertakings, in acquiring adherents. He sought out people of low estate as well as great lords, preferring the former to the latter, because he found them apter instruments, and could crush them with far less noise, after he had obtained all he wished from them, or was weary of their company. Where (says Olivier de la Marche) he could scent gentry of renown, he bought them for their weight in gold, and was yet a gainer." No wonder the stipend he enjoyed was, under such circumstances, insufficient to keep him out of debt. "Olivier le Dain, his barber, who was born at Thielt in Flanders, could not, however, have proved an expensive purchase: it was probably at this period that he took him into his service, though his conversion into a species of minister and ambassador was of later date."

Never was hospitality repaid by blacker ingratitude; Lewis's own parent is said to have predicted from the first, that "Philip would nourish a wolf in his bosom, who would devour all his chickens." Burgundy was the rich prize for which the dauphin yearned; and his intrigues at length succeeded in creating an irreconcilable schism between the heir to the Burgundian crown and the family "des Croy," which was the most potent amongst its vassals. From this time, the duke kept the royal prediction in mind, though his disposition was too generous and manly to allow of his driving the traitor from his door. It was probably for the purpose of interrupting the thread of his intrigues that he took Lewis with him on a tour through Flanders. "Never had Lewis beheld a wealthier, more numerous, or more flourishing race of people. Though the Flemings mistrusted him, they paid him great honour, because it was the duke's will, whilst it enabled them to do homage to their sovereign in the person of his guest. The clergy, magistracy, and common people, in their holiday apparel, came forth to welcome them from all parts; mysteries were enacted, and allegorical scenes represented. He proceeded first of all to Audenarde and Courtrai, and thence to Bruges, (a city, which in that quarter of Europe, occupied the same rank as Venice in regard to Italy). 'Into the which town of Bruges,' says Du Clercq, in his *Mémoires*, 'before they had entered, the several nations which abided at Bruges came out to meet them; each nation clad in diverse colours, all dressed in garments of silk or velvet, and the citizens the same; and there were of them, as was said, full eight hundred men, all attired in silk, and otherwise richly habited, without mention of the populace, who issued forth from the city to behold the said Monsieur le Dauphin; and of a surety Monsieur le Dauphin had never cast eyes on so mighty a concourse of people, which went out from the city.' Such a scene as this was well calculated to inspire him with a still more ardent longing to unite this noble territory to his crown on a later occasion."

In the same year (1458) Lewis was married at Namur to Charlotte, daughter of the Duke of Savoy; a match which, De la Marche says, was one of the conditions upon which Philip permitted him to reside in his dominions. Within a twelvemonth the dauphiness gave birth to a son, at the château de Genappe. "The duke, who was residing at Brussels, made a present of a thousand gold lions to Josselin Dubois, the bearer of this news, and ordered great rejoicings to be made in every

quarter. On the 5th of August the child was baptised in the parish church of Genappe, at the font which was said to have been used for the baptism of Godefroid de Bouillon, king of Jerusalem. The sponsors were Philip and Mad. de Charolais. Antony, lord of Croy, first chamberlain, held the child with Madame de Ravestein (Beatrice of Portugal), and the duke carried it in his arms. The presents he made were of a most magnificent description; he gave the child costly tapestries, and a vessel of gold and silver of enormous value. The lord of Croy was not backward; he presented a ship of silver gilt, the bottom of which was of crystal, weighing sixty marks silver, of eight ounces to the mark. When the christening was over, the dauphin thanked the duke, and uncovered his head entirely; which Philip observing, he dropped on one knee, and refused to rise until the dauphin had placed his "chapel" upon his head again. Though flint-hearted enough in all conscience, the dauphin being now a parent, and finding himself treated with such abundant marks of generosity, suffered himself to be moved. "My dearest unele," he said, with much warmth, "I thank you for all the kindness and honour you render me; I neither have deserved, nor shall be able to deserve it, for that is an impossibility; excepting that in the absence of all other return, I give you my body, the body of my wife, and that of my child." At these expressions, the sincerity of which was warranted by the circumstances of the moment, the eyes of the courtiers were moist with tears; etiquette itself was not sufficient to repress them. In spite of man, however, the child died; and was replaced two years afterwards by a daughter; on which occasion "the duke demanded an aid, treble of that which was customary, from the states of Artois; but the states who" (like a certain house nearer home,) "delighted in picking a quarrel with the ways and means, did not grant him more than a moiety of his demand."

"The negotiations did not flag between the courts of France and Burgundy; and the duke's last despatch represented that 'he had not seduced nor invited Monsieur Lewis to come and reside with him, but that he had come, under guarantee and safeguard, because he doubted the king his father; the which Monsieur Lewis he had received for the honour of the king, and had maintained him, and bestowed upon him of his own estate, according to the best of his ability, and not by the measure of his desires, or as belonged of right to Monsieur Lewis; and he was anxious every one should know, that so long as it pleased the said Monsieur Lewis to remain within his territory, he should never come to want, but as long as he had a penny himself, he should enjoy half of it with him; neither did he prevent him from returning to the king his father; moreover he was ready, whensoever it should so please Monsieur Lewis, to send him back with his son; or, if need were, he himself would go with him, bringing such a train in his company as should leave him nothing to fear.' It is impossible not to admire the grace with which Philip bore his burthen: one might liken him to the brave knight who never quails under his emprise until it be accomplished."

The death of Charles the VIIIth was the signal of the dauphin's return; and Philip had the honour of placing the crown on his brow. The author of the "Annals of Aquitaine" does not hesitate to bear testimony, that 'Lewis had acquired no bad habits from the Hainauters and Flemings, who are quick of temper and

easy to be moved.' "Would to Heaven!" pertinently adds the author, as he closes his narrative, "that the virtues of our forefathers had corrected his execrable disposition; but he quitted their threshold, and smote them with the very sceptre which they were the means of placing in his hand."

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

A Bibliographical, Antiquarian, and Pictorial Tour in France and Germany. By the Rev. T. Frognall Dibdin, D.D., &c. Second edition. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1829. R. Jennings, and John Major.

OUR earlier readers will, we hope, remember our review of the three costly *supra royal octavos*,* of which these three more modest volumes are a neat reprint. We encountered, at that period, some of the wrath of the author, in consequence of our animadversions on the bibliomaniacal dandyism, affectation, and other faults which his work exhibited in its ten-guinea form; but we at the same time did justice to its amusing qualities and more sterling merits. Now that it is before us in a popular shape, we are more inclined to abate our censures and augment our praises. The Tour is, indeed, very generally entertaining, and possesses much information to recommend it to every tolerable library in the kingdom. We have only to add, that though some expensive ornaments have of necessity been retrenched, it is still prettily illustrated; and that Mr. Dibdin, in a preface and notes, "shews fight" against Messrs. Crapet, Licquet, and other foreign critics, who attacked the first edition. As our former Nos. contained copious extracts, we forbear from further exemplification of a composition somewhat faulty, but, on the whole, well worth the favour of the public.

Natural Theology; or, Essays on the Existence of the Deity and of Providence, on the Immortality of the Soul and a Future State. By the Rev. Alexander Crombie, LL.D., F.R.S., and M.R.S.L. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1829. R. Hunter; T. Hookham.

THE worthy author of this worthy work is so well known to a wide circle of attached friends, that to mention his name is to circulate a tolerable edition of his book. But, independently of this circumstance, though we cannot enter into detail of its plan and merits, we are bound to say, that it is in itself highly deserving of the attention of the religious world. Indebted to preceding and sterling writers, Dr. Crombie has treated his vitally-essential subjects with much ability; and his metaphysics, as well as his theology, are of the soundest nature. Altogether, this is a production that does honour to the ripened years of a man whose whole life has been devoted to usefulness.

The Quarterly Journal of Agriculture and the Prize Essays and Transactions of the Highland Society of Scotland. No. VI. Edinburgh, 1829. Blackwood.

IT is not much our custom to notice our contemporaries in the periodical way,—and for several reasons: we cannot commend all, and we think it out of our place to make distinctions,—we have not room to quote from many, and we deem it most fair to decline quoting from any (this is almost a rhyme as well as a reason). But the importance to agriculturists of this northern Quarterly Journal appears to justify a slight departure from our general rule;

* In the *Literary Gazette*, No. 227, May 26th, 1821, page 221; and continued in subsequent Nos., at pages 342, 376, and 522.

and we venture to mention the work as one peculiarly deserving of attention. It is replete with information of the best kind, and is well calculated to guide to improvements in the valuable branches of industry to which it is devoted.

The London Miscellany; a Repertorium of useful Information, &c. Published by the Proprietors, at the Office of "The London Miscellany." 1829.

THIS is a most amusing and excellent little work: its pages are devoted to revivals of the olden time; and curious customs, anecdotes but little known, interesting extracts from authors somewhat forgotten, old ballads, &c. fill up a miscellany as various as it is entertaining. It is amazing what a mass of information has been collected: it resembles an old cabinet filled with all sorts of curiosities and antiquities.

Principles of Self-Knowledge; or an Attempt to demonstrate the Truth of Christianity, &c. against the Cavils of the Infidel, &c. By the late Stephen Drew, Esq. Barrister-at-Law, Jamaica. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1829. Longman and Co.

A SENSIBLE exposition of the leading doctrines of the Christian faith, and the chief arguments of the fathers of our church—called forth by the trials of Carille and others for blasphemy. Those not well read in the old divines will find much of their matter here; though there is (indeed could be) little original or very striking.

The Apocrypha of the Book of Daniel, &c. Translated from the Vulgate Latin. By Luke Howard, F.R.S., &c. pp. 32. London, 1829. J. and A. Arch.

MR. HOWARD denounces the apostates who exclude from their Bibles the stories of Susanna and the Elders, Bel and the Dragon, and other (considered) apocryphal writings; and deems the church of England to be utterly lost, in consequence of such scandalous infidelity. If they are given up, he rejects communion with that church, and says, "let me and mine be dissenters for ever!" Having always thought the tale of Susanna a very pretty tale of its kind, we are not astonished by Mr. Luke Howard's rage at its exclusion, though certainly vented a little after the fashion of Saint Luke's. He has here given his version with notes, dated "27th of" sixth month, 1829.

Some Account of the Life of Reginald Heber, D.D., Bishop of Calcutta. 18mo. pp. 239. London, 1829. Simpkin and Marshall.

A COMPILATION from sources so recent and so universally known as to possess no character of novelty; and still more censurable as an attempt to forestall (though in a pitiful degree) the Life of Bishop Heber, from authentic data, announced by his widow. It is but justice to add, much as we disapprove of the publication, that there is nothing in it inconsistent with propriety: on the contrary, it is a pleasing little work.

Waverley Novels (new edition). Guy Mannerling, Vol. II., and 4th of the Series. Edinburgh, 1829, Cadell and Co.; London, Simpkin and Marshall.

WE have just received this volume, with a most Burke-looking vignette, by Cooper, representing Dirk Hatteraick throttling Glossin.* It

* Ably engraved by J. C. Edwards, and very spirited in itself, though we cannot make out the anatomy of Glossin's left arm. The frontispiece is the characteristic picture of High Jinks, by W. Kidd, and well transferred to the plate by J. Mitchell.

affords us nothing new to observe; and we have only to look forward for its successor, the first of the Antiquary, to which, we understand, is prefixed a curious introduction.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Improvements in Glass for Astronomical Instruments.

SOMETIME ago we mentioned the persevering efforts made in Germany to bring to perfection that great desideratum in astronomical science, the manufacture of glass for instruments, free from those defects which have hitherto impeded the accurate observation of the heavenly bodies; and we could not but lament that our own country was somewhat behind-hand in this honourable as well as profitable race. We subsequently stated that Mr. Faraday (certainly one of the ablest chemists of whom Europe can boast) had turned his talents to this matter, and had succeeded in effecting much improvement in the making of glass; but still a good deal remained to be accomplished before the experimenter could be satisfied with his difficult task. It now, however, affords us high and unfeigned pleasure to say, that Mr. Faraday has at length been completely successful. He can now form lenses of a foot in diameter, nay, two feet if requisite, of such equal and perfect transparency, as to answer every purpose that can be desired by the most anxious astronomer, and afford results which must conduce to extraordinary discoveries in the celestial system. We congratulate the lovers of this most sublime study on the event; and, though sinking in the climax, we congratulate also the friends of our commercial prosperity on the addition to our exports of a very important commodity.

SURVEY OF THE WESTERN COAST OF AFRICA.

ACCOUNTS have been received from Captain Boteler, of his Majesty's ship *Hecla*, which we regret to learn are of an extremely unfavourable nature, and afford another sad proof of the insalubrity of the African climate. That officer had reached Sierra Leone in his survey of the coast. Two very fine and promising young officers, Messrs. Chaproniere and Bradley, midshipmen of the *Hecla*, and Doctor Burn, the surgeon of His Majesty's ship *Eden*, had fallen victims to the fever. Lieutenant Badgeley, the acting commander of the *Eden*, was lying in a dangerous state, and not expected to survive; and Lieutenant Tambe, of the *Hecla*, had been obliged to get the *Eden* under weigh from Sierra Leone, and take her out to sea for the recovery of her crew. An English merchant-ship, called the *Lochiel*, was found with the whole of her crew lying dead on board, and in that state was towed out of the river Nunes, near the Bijooga islands, by the boats of a man-of-war engaged in looking after slave-vessels.

SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION.

HIS MAJESTY'S ship *Blossom*, commanded by Captain Richard Owen, was to have left Woolwich yesterday for Spithead, where Captain Owen is to receive his final orders. This officer has been directed by the Admiralty to complete the surveys of the different parts of the West Indies which have been left undone by the Spaniards, and the late Admiralty surveyor in that quarter, Mr. De Mayne. Captain Owen, it is understood, will be principally employed among the Bahamas, and the coasts between Carthage and Yucatan, more particularly to examine the dangerous shores of the latter place; and to ascertain correctly the

meridian distances between the principal points in the West Indies chronometrically. He has received for this purpose a supply of the very finest instruments; and no pains have been spared in the equipment of the *Blossom*. Captain Owen, we are informed, has been particularly directed to report on the qualities of the star quadrant,—a late improvement of the quadrant, in which the glasses are considerably enlarged, for the purpose of gaining as much light as possible in observing the altitudes of stars with the sea horizon.

It is expected that the *Blossom* will proceed first to Barbadoes, for the purpose of measuring the meridian distance between that island and Madeira.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

SINCE the anniversary meeting on the 29th of April, upwards of 100 fellows have been elected into the Society; many important accessions have been made to the several collections; and various improvements effected in the arrangement of the Gardens, &c. In addition to purchases made to a considerable extent, the collections have been enriched by a great number of valuable donations from liberal and scientific contributors. The principal works completed at the grounds since the period above mentioned, consist of cages for foxes, &c., pond and enclosure for otters, dens for large quadrupeds, cage for macaws, extensive iron enclosure for monkeys, shed and enclosure for deer, &c. &c.: several others are in progress. Those acquisitions and improvements (as we noticed in several instances, when we happened to witness the scene) have attracted, during the season, a great increase of visitors,—the number admitted in one month only being 34,000. By the occupation of the land on the north side of the road in the Regent's Park, it is presumed the entire collection may be safely and conveniently exhibited during the ensuing winter to the fellows of the Society and their friends.

ANCIENT AND MODERN EGYPT.*

Eleventh Letter of M. Champollion.

El Mellissah, (between Syene and Omboe), February 10th, 1829.

WE are unfortunate: we left Syene on the 8th, and are yet far from Omboe, the passage to which place from Assuan is generally accomplished in nine hours; but a violent north wind has blown for these last three days. With great difficulty we have moored our vessel near Mellissah, where there is a quarry of freestone. However, we are in perfect health, preparing to examine Thebes thoroughly, if it is not too much for our means. I shall write after having thoroughly examined Egypt and Nubia. I can say beforehand, that our Egyptians will henceforth make a better figure in the history of the arts than they have hitherto done. I shall bring back with me a series of grand designs, which will convert the most obstinate.

My last letter is from Ypsamboul. I must, therefore, resume my itinerary from that fine monument, which we have exhausted, at the risk of being ourselves worn out by the difficulties of studying it.

We left it on the 16th of January; and early on the 19th we landed at the foot of the rock of Ibrim, the Primis of the Greek geographers, to visit some excavations near the foot of that enormous mass of freestone.

* We are at length enabled to present this letter to our readers; and we trust that our Journal will be found to throw a great light on this almost new branch of inquiry—the interpretation of the ancient records and monuments of Egypt—which we are not surprised to find becoming so general a theme of public interest.—Ed.

These speos (I give this name to the excavations in the rock which are not tombs) are four in number, and of different epochs; but all of the times of the Pharaohs. The most ancient is of the reign of Thoutmosis I. The bottom of this excavation, which, like all the rest, is of a square form, is occupied by four figures (one-third the size of life) in a sitting posture, and representing twice over that Pharaoh seated between the lord god of Ibrim (Prim.); that is to say, one of the forms of the god Thoth, with the head of a sparrow-hawk, and the goddess Saté, lady of Elephantina and Nubia. This speos was a chapel, or oratory, consecrated to these two divinities: the side walls were never sculptured or painted.

As for the second speos, it belongs to the reign of Meris, whose statue, sitting between those of the lord god of Ibrim and the goddess Saté (Juno), lady of Nubia, fills the niche at the back. This chapel to the gods of the country was formed by the care of a prince named Nahi, a great personage, who bears in all the legends the title of governor of the southern countries, which comprehend Nubia between the two cataracts. The remains of a large sculptured tablet, on the right-hand wall, represents this prince standing before the king, seated on a throne, and accompanied by several other public functionaries, presenting to the sovereign, according to the hieroglyphic inscription (which is unhappily very short) annexed to the tablet, the revenues in gold, silver, corn, &c., the produce of the southern countries, of which he was governor. On the door of the speos is inscribed the dedication which the prince made of the monument.

The third speos of Ibrim is of the following reign, of the time of Amenophis II., successor of Meris, under whom the countries of the south were governed by another prince, named Osorsaté. On the right wall King Amenophis II. is represented sitting; and two princes, of whom Osorsaté occupies the first rank, present to Pharaoh the tribute of the southern countries, and their natural productions, including lions, greyhounds, and live jackals, as stated in the inscription engraved over the tablet, which specifies the number of each thing offered; for instance, forty greyhounds and ten live jackals; but the text is in such a deplorable state of decay, that I could only collect the general facts. At the back of the speos the statue of King Amenophis is seated between the gods of Ibrim.

The most recent of these speos is the fourth, also a monument of the time of Sesostris. It was likewise made by a governor of Nubia, in honour of the gods of Ibrim, Hermes, with the sparrow-hawk's head, and the goddess Saté, to the glory of Pharaoh, whose statue is seated between the two local divinities at the back of the speos. But at this time the southern countries were governed by an Ethiopian prince, whose monument I have found at Ypsamboul and Ghirsche. This personage is represented in the speos of Ibrim paying his respects to Sesostris, and at the head of all the public functionaries of his government. Among them are two hierogrammates; also, the grammate of the troops and the grammate of the land, the intendant of the royal estates, and other scribes, who are not more particularly designated.

It is to be remarked, to the honour of Egyptian gallantry, that the wife of the Ethiopian prince Satnou presented herself before Sesostris immediately after her husband, and before the other functionaries. This, as well as a thousand other similar facts, shews how essentially the civilisation of Egypt differed from that of the

rest of the East, and resembled ours; for we may estimate the civilisation of a people according as the situation of the women is more or less tolerable in the system of society.

On the evening of the 17th of January we reached Derri, or Deir, the present capital of Nubia. Entering into conversation with a *Bervabre* of the country, I asked him if he knew the name of the sultan who had built the temple at Derri: he answered immediately, that he was too young to know that, but that the old men of the country appeared to him to be all agreed that this *birbi* had been built about 300,000 years before Islamism; but that all these old men were uncertain respecting one point; namely, whether it was the French, the English, or the Russians, who had executed this great work. So they write history in Nubia! The monument of Derri, although modern in comparison to the date assigned to it by the learned Nubian, is, however, a work of Sesostris. We remained here the whole of the 18th, and did not leave it till pretty late, having copied the most remarkable bas-reliefs, and drawn up a detailed account of all those of which we did not take copies. There I found a list of the sons and daughters of Sesostris, according to their ages, which will enable me to complete that of Ypsamboul. We also copied some fragments of historical bas-reliefs, most of which are effaced or destroyed. It was here that I was able to form my opinion on a very curious fact—I mean the lion which, in the tablets of Ypsamboul and Derri, always accompanies the Egyptian conqueror. The question to be determined was, whether this animal was placed symbolically to express the strength and valour of Sesostris, or whether that king, like the Capitan Pasha Hassan, and the Pasha of Egypt, kept a tame lion, his faithful companion in his military expeditions. Derri decided the question. I read there, over the lion assailing the barbarians attacked by Sesostris, the following inscription:—"The lion, servant of his majesty, tearing in pieces his enemies." This seems to me to shew, that the lion really existed, and accompanied Rhameses in his battles. This temple is a spece excavated in the rock of freestone, but on a very large scale: it is dedicated by Sesostris to Amon-Ra, the supreme god, and to Phre, the spirit of the sun, who was invoked there under the name of Rhameses, and was the patron of the conqueror and of his whole race.

This circumstance explains why we find on the monuments at Ypsamboul, Ghirscha, Derri, Seboua, &c., the King Rhameses presenting offerings or adorations to a god bearing the same name as himself. It would be a mistake to suppose that this sovereign was paying his worship to himself. Rhameses was merely one of the thousand names of the god Phre (the sun); and these bas-reliefs prove, at the most, a piece of priestly flattery towards the reigning king,—that of giving to the god of the temple that one of his numerous names which the king had adopted, and sometimes even the features of the king and queen, the founders of the temple. We see the same thing at Philé, in that part of the great temple of Isis which was built by Ptolemy Philadelphus. All the figures of Isis in the temple are the portraits of the queen Arsinoë, whose head is decidedly Greek; but the circumstance is much more striking on the most ancient monuments (those of the Pharaohs), where the pictures of the sovereigns are real portraits.

On the 18th, in the evening, we landed at Amada, where we remained till the afternoon of the 20th. There I had the pleasure of

studying at my ease—and without being interrupted by idle curiosity, as we were in the midst of a desert—a temple of the good period. This monument, which is choked up with a very great deal of sand, consists, first, of a kind of pronaoe, a hall supported by twelve square pillars covered with sculpture, and by four columns—to which no better name can be given than that of *proto-Doric*, or *Dorique prototype*,—for they are evidently the type of the Greek-Doric column;—and a circumstance worthy of remark is, that we find them employed only in the most ancient Egyptian monuments; that is to say, in the hypogeums of Beni-hassan, at Amada, at Karnac, and at Betoualli, where the most modern are those of the reign of Sesostris, or rather of his father.

The temple of Amada was founded by Thoutmoësis III. (Mœris), as is proved by most of the bas-reliefs of the sanctuary, and particularly by the dedication, sculptured on two jambs of the inner doors,—of which I here subjoin a literal translation, to give some idea of the dedications of the other temples, which I have collected with care.

"The beneficent god, lord of the world, the King, the son of the Sun (Thoutmoësis III.), moderator of justice, has performed his devotions to his father, the god Phre, the god of the two celestial mountains, and has raised to him this temple of hard stone; he has done it to be vivified for ever."

Mœris died during the building of this temple; and his successor, Amenophis II., continued the work which he had commenced, and sculptured the four halls to the right and left of the sanctuary, as well as the part which precedes them. The works of the king are detailed in an enormous stela, bearing an inscription of twenty lines, which I have copied with immense labour, at the bottom of the sanctuary.

His successor, Thoutmoësis IV., completed the temple, adding to it the pronaoe and the pillars; all their architraves are covered with these dedications, or laudatory inscriptions. One of them struck me by its singularity: the following is a translation:—

"Hear what the god Thoth says,—the Lord of divine words,—to the other gods residing in Thyrî. Come and behold the great and pure offerings made for the construction of this temple by the King Thoutmoësis (IV.) to his father the god Phre, the great god manifested in the firmament."

The sculpture of the temple of Amada, belonging to the best period of Egyptian art, is far preferable to that of Derri, and even to the religious picture of Ypsamboul.

On the 20th, in the afternoon, our labours at Amada being terminated, we set out and descended the Nile as far as Korosko, a Nubian village, of which I shall preserve the remembrance, because we met there the excellent Lord Prudhoe and Major Felix, who were carrying into execution their plan to ascend the Nile as far as Sennaar, and thence to go to India by way of Abyssinia, Arabia, and Persia. Our little squadron stopped, and we spent part of the night in talking over our past labours and our future projects: I at last bade adieu to these courageous travellers, and quitted them with much regret, for they go up the river in a very late season.

On the 21st, we arrived at Ouadi-Eseboua (the valley of lions), which received this name from an avenue of sphinxes placed on the dromos of its temple, which is a hemi-speos; i. e. an edifice half built of hewn stone, and half excavated in the rock. This is indisputably the worst work of the time of Rhameses the Great:

the stones are irregularly cut, the intervals are filled with cement, on which the ornamental sculptures are continued, and which are very indifferently executed. This temple was dedicated by Sesostris to the god Phre, and the god Phtha, the lord of justice: four colossal figures, representing Sesostris standing, occupy the beginning and the end of two rows of sphinxes, which form the avenue: two historical tablets, representing the Pharaoh defeating the people of the north and the south, cover the external face of the two walls of the pylones; but most of the sculptures are unintelligible, because the stucco or cement on which great part of them were delineated has fallen down, and leaves a number of breaks in the stone, and particularly in the inscriptions. This temple is almost wholly buried by the sands, which press upon it on all sides.

We lost the whole of the 22d in consequence of a violent high north wind, which obliged us to lie-to till sunset. We profited by the calm to reach Maharrakah, the temple of which we saw as we went up the river: it is not sculptured, and consequently uninteresting to me, who look only for the *hadjar-maktoub*, (the written stones), as our Arabs say.

At sunrise on the 23d, we were at Dakkeh, the ancient Pselcis. I hastened to the temple, and the first hieroglyphic inscription that caught my eye, informed me that I was in a holy place dedicated to Thoth, the lord of Pselk: thus I enriched my map of Nubia with the new hieroglyphic name of a town, and I could now publish a map of Nubia with the names in sacred characters.

The monument of Dakkeh is doubly interesting: in a mythological view, it affords materials of infinite value to enable us to comprehend the nature and the attributes of the Divine Being, whom the Egyptians worshipped under the name of Thoth (the twice great Hermes): a series of bas-reliefs had afforded me, in some degree, all the *transformations* of this god. I found him first (as he ought to be) in connexion with Har-hat, the great Hermes Trismegistus, his primordial form, and of which he, Thoth, is only the *last transformation*; that is to say, his incarnation on earth after Amon-Ra and Mouth, incarnate in Osiris and Isis. Thoth reascends to the celestial Hermes (Har-hat), the divine wisdom, the spirit of God, and passes through these forms:—1st, that of Pahinoufi (he whose heart is good); 2dly, that of Arihoenoufi or Arioenoufi (he who produces harmonious sounds); 3dly, that of Meui (of thought or reason): under each of his names Thoth has a particular form and insignia, and the images of these various transformations of the second Hermes cover the walls of the temple of Dakkeh. I forgot to say that I found here Thoth (the Egyptian Mercury) with the caduceus, i. e. the ordinary sceptre of the gods, entwined with two serpents, and also a scorpion.

With reference to history, I have found that the most ancient part of this temple (the last hall but one), was built and sculptured by the most celebrated of the Ethiopian kings, Ergamenes (Erkamen), who, according to the account of Diodorus Siculus, delivered Ethiopia from the theocratic government, by an atrocious means it is true, namely, by massacring all the priests of the country: undoubtedly he did not do the same in Nubia, since he built the temple there, and this monument seems to prove that Nubia ceased to be subject to Egypt upon the fall of the twenty-sixth dynasty, that of the Saïtes, dethroned by Cambyases. This country remained under the yoke of the Ethi-

ophans, till the time of the conquests of Ptolemy Evergetes I. who again united it to Egypt. Accordingly the temple of Dakkeh, commenced by the Ethiopian Ergamenes, was continued by Evergetes I., by his son Philopeter, and his grandson Evergetes II. It was the Emperor Augustus who began, but did not finish, the sculptures in the inside of the temple.

Near the pylone of Dakkeh, I discovered the ruins of an edifice; some large blocks of stone still preserve a portion of a dedication: it is a temple of Thoth, built by the Pharaoh Meris. This is another fact, which proves that the Ptolemies, and the Ethiopian Ergamenes himself, only rebuilt temples where they had already stood in the times of the Pharaohs, and to the same divinities as had always been worshipped there. This was a very important point to establish, in order to demonstrate that the last monuments raised by the Egyptians contained no new form of divinity. The religious system of this people was such a complete whole, so connected in all its parts, and fixed from time immemorial, in so absolute and precise a manner, that the dominion of the Greeks and of the Romans did not produce any innovation: the Ptolemies and the Cæsars only restored in Nubia, as in Egypt, what the Persians had destroyed, and rebuilt temples where they had formerly stood, and dedicated them to the same Gods.

(To be continued.)

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY AND BRITISH MUSEUM.

WE rejoice to hear that an arrangement has just been made between the Royal Society and the British Museum, which promises to be essentially serviceable to both these valuable Institutions, as well as highly beneficial to the cause of science and literature, and to the general interests of the public. It has, we are informed, been agreed to interchange, on the part of the Royal Society, a quantity of its treasures illustrative of various sciences,—geology, mineralogy, natural history, &c. &c., too long hidden in obscure repositories, for, on the part of the British Museum, duplicate copies of such works as are calculated to enrich the library, and complete the books necessary for reference to such a body as the Royal Society. In the first instance, we believe the value of the articles given will be far in favour of the latter; but, with that liberality which becomes the character of literary and scientific intercourse, it has consented to make a debit of the amount as against the Museum, to be diminished and extinguished as occasion offers, by the transfer of such things as are eligible to be received. The accession thus about to be made to the stores of the British Museum must greatly enhance the consideration of that already noble collection, and render it still more deserving of being viewed with pride as a national establishment. And, while alluding to it, we cannot help expressing our earnest wish that the munificence of the legislature would enable it to be exalted still higher in the scale. It is a painful matter to behold even third-rate foreign countries outstripping Great Britain in the accumulation of those objects which enlighten the most interesting fields for inquiry to enlightened man. But such is truly the case. Bavaria acquired the only remains of architectural antiquities which could vie with our Elgin marbles; and a private individual, Mr. Soane, carried away from the Museum itself one of the finest specimens of the ancient Egyptian sarcophagi in exist-

ence. Even at this hour, when France is shewing so honourable an example in the investigation of all that is left of that extraordinary people, and the recovery of their hieroglyphical records of the remotest era,—we—the English people by their rulers—are so beggarly and so poor, where learning and the sciences are concerned, that we cannot afford to purchase the admirable collection made by our own countryman, Mr. Salt,* but must leave it to be competed for between the Museums of Paris and Vienna! To us, this appears to be no less than a national disgrace; and we deeply lament that mercenary and petty minds should be placed where they can have any influence on such decisions.

KING'S COLLEGE.

HIS Majesty's grant of a charter to this Institution has, we understand, been received by the council within the last few days; and declares, in the preamble, that the College is founded with the intent, that "instruction in the duties and doctrines of Christianity, as taught by the United Church of England and Ireland, shall be for ever combined with instruction in the various branches of literature and science."

The charter appoints the Lord Chancellor and eight others, in virtue of their office, as perpetual governors:—the Archbishop of Canterbury as visitor; 8 life governors; 1 treasurer; 24 members of council; and three auditors: the whole of whom must be members of the Established Protestant Church, or otherwise become incompetent to act.

The corporation is designated, "The Governors and Proprietors of King's College, London."

Every preliminary arrangement having been matured, and the council having received proposals from various parties for the erection of the College, finally contracted for the completion of the buildings at a sum of 63,947*l.* independently of the fittings. Under this contract, we are told, that the magnificent front of Somerset House towards the river is to be finished.

The public access to the College will be through a gateway, at present occupied by the two houses 159 and 160 in the Strand; and to the High School, through an entrance to be formed on the site of two houses at the northern end of Strand-lane. The purchase of these properties has long since been effected; and no time will now be lost in carrying into effect the admirable purposes, for which the public munificence has already provided a sum of nearly 130,000*l.*

FINE ARTS.

DUKE OF YORK'S MONUMENT.

THE subscribers to this national testimonial will regret to learn, that the Committee to whom were intrusted the giving effect to their intentions, have suspended any decision upon the designs with which they have been furnished. Several of these appear to us to display considerable taste in composition, and to have the further merit of being appropriate in their application. The columns commemorative of Trajan and Antoninus seem to have been the models generally followed by the artists on this occasion; and, in our opinion, the columnar form is, of all others, the best

* The last and most mature selections of this experienced and, as consul, powerful collector; valued, as we have heard, at some five or six thousand pounds, which the British Museum trustees might have, if allowed, to sell a parcel of their useless duplicate books!

adapted for testimonials of this nature, which have a singleness of purpose. The insulated column, of lofty and noble proportions, the abacus, crowned with the majestic and well-known figure of the lamented prince, the pedestal enriched with appropriate sculpture—would be an object at once embraced by the eye, and, from being alone and unconnected with any other structure, would arrest and command undivided attention: and if there be any difficulty in procuring a proper foundation on the parade in St. James's Park, we venture to suggest the placing it on the site of Carlton House, and on the very spot where Mr. Nash has the pretty intention of constructing a *jet d'eau*, and charitably covering it with a Roman temple—to preserve the water from the rain! The column, thus placed, would well connect the two sides of the square, and would be a noble termination, as viewed from the County Fire Office. It would seem, however, that this work is not to be left to a straightforward way of proceeding; but, as in most of our public structures, that active, busy demon, *yooped* bad taste, must here also interfere, and with such a suggestion that we can scarcely credit that any men of taste have paused to entertain it. This notable scheme is, to tack the testimonial on to the Whitehall front of that quarry of insignificance, the Horse Guards, in the form of a triumphal gateway or entrance, which, from its very nature, will require considerable ornament and embellishments; and thus to make it subservient to a mass that has scarcely an architectural feature. This we take to be the *ne plus ultra* of absurdity; and though at present content with this brief notice, should the plan be persisted in, we shall again advert to it, and use our utmost endeavours to prevent the perpetration of so gross a folly.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Great Britain Illustrated. From Drawings by William Westall, A.R.A.; engraved by E. Finden. With Descriptions by Thomas Moule. Nos. 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12. *TIT.* THERE is no falling-off in this pleasing little publication (the moderate price of which renders it accessible to all ranks), from the ability which its earlier Nos. manifested: indeed we think that "Rochester," "Hastings," "Glen-maire Bridge," "Nottingham Castle," and several others, are among the best plates that have appeared.

Outlines from the Ancients. Etched by F. C. Lewis; with an Introductory Essay and Descriptions by George Cumberland, Esq. Part IV. Prowett.

THE outlines in this, the fourth and concluding Part of Mr. Cumberland's tasteful work, indicate "The Expression of Grief," "Heroic Action," and "Dignity." There is also an Appendix, with four compositions (one of them, "Venus counselling Cupid," remarkably beautiful) by the author, outlined by Blake; and exemplifying the author's principle—"that of lines flowing towards lines, so as to produce a harmony by confining the eye to the object." Upon the whole, we think Mr. Cumberland perfectly justified in characterising his elegant publication as "a work to form the taste of the gentleman, and at the same time to serve as a guide to the young artist who aims at superior excellence."

Lady Sophia Catherine Greyley.—engraved by Thomson from a miniature by W. S. Newton,—forms the fifty-seventh portrait of the series of our female nobility, for the next *Belle*

Assemblée, and is an extremely sweet specimen both of native loveliness and of graceful art. The expression is interesting, the painting delightfully simple, and the engraving delicately appropriate.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE FIRST GRAVE.

[We are indebted for the following pathetic little poem to the circumstance of the first grave being formed in the churchyard of the new church at Brompton: the place was recently a garden, and some of the flowers yet show themselves among the grass, where this one tenant, the forerunner of its population, has taken up his last abode.]

A single grave!—the only one
In this unbroken ground,
Where yet the garden leaf and flower
Are lingering around.
A single grave!—my heart has felt
How utterly alone
In crowded halls, where breathed for time
Not one familiar tone;

The shade where forest-trees shut out
All but the distant sky;—
I've felt the loneliness of night
When the dark winds past by;
My pulse has quickened with its awe,
My lip has gasped for breath;
But what were they to such as this—
The solitude of death!

A single grave!—we fall forget
How sunder human ties;
When round the silent place of rest
A gathered kindred lies.

We stand beneath the haunted yew,
And watch each quiet tomb;
And in the ancient churchyard feel
Solemnity, not gloom:

The place is purified with hope,
The hope that is of prayer;
And human love, and heavenward thought,
And pious faith, are there.

The wild flowers spring amid the grass;
And many a stone appears,
Carved by affection's memory,
Wet with affection's tears.

The golden chord which binds us all
Is loosed, not rent in twain;
And love, and hope, and fear unite
To bring the past again.

But *this* grave is so desolate,
With no remembering stone,
No fellow-graves for sympathy—
'Tis utterly alone.

I do not know who sleeps beneath,
His history or name—
Whether if, lonely in his life,
He is in death the same:

Whether he died unloved, unmourned,
The last leaf on the bough;
Or if some desolated hearth
Is weeping for him now.

Perhaps this is too fanciful:—
Though single be his sod,
Yet not the less it has around
The presence of his God.

It may be weakness of the heart,
But yet its kindest, best:
Better if in our selfish world
It could be less repressed.

Those gentler charities which draw
Man closer with his kind—
Those sweet humanities which make
The music which they find.

How many a bitter word 'twould hush—
How many a pang 'twould save,
If life more precious held those ties
Which sanctify the grave!

L. E. L.

BIOGRAPHY.

WILLIAM WADD, ESQ.

It is with great regret we have to record the unfortunate and violent death of Mr. Wadd, Surgeon Extraordinary to His Majesty, and well known to the public as the author of some volumes of medical pleasantries.

Mr. Wadd's family had been settled for many generations at Hampstead, in the vicinity of the metropolis; and its most distinguished member was Sir William Wadd, Governor of the Tower in the time of James I., during the Gunpowder Plot. The father of Mr. Wadd was a most respectable apothecary in the city, who died a few years since, at an advanced period of life: to him he served an apprenticeship as an apothecary, and a subsequent one, as a surgeon, to the late eminent Sir James Earle, whose pupil and dresser he was at St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Of this noble institution Mr. Wadd was elected surgeon, after a severe contest, in opposition to the present Mr. Vincent, when the revival of an illiberal by-law, which precludes the appointment of any one to the situation who had been an apothecary, disannulled his election. Mr. Wadd then commenced business as a consulting surgeon at the west end of the town, where his practice was chiefly among the higher circles. For the last six or seven years he was one of the Council of the College of Surgeons; and, during the present month, was appointed to succeed Mr. Abernethy as a member of the Court of Examiners.

Between 1807 and 1815, Mr. Wadd published several esteemed professional works of much practical utility, besides contributing largely to the *Medical Journal*; and during his leisure hours employed himself in etching numerous anatomical plates, which remain unpublished. Since 1815 various works of an anecdotal nature, connected with medicine and surgery, have appeared from his pen; the last of which was his *Essay on Corpulency*, at present, we believe, in the third edition.

The quaint and pleasant style in which his latter productions were written, procured for Mr. Wadd generally the appellation of "the facetious,"—a term which his manners and conversation in society were highly calculated to support. The most perfect good humour, with a certain drollery of expression, were his characteristics; but where difficulty or danger presented themselves, his professional career was marked by promptness and energy. Few medical men had so little of quackery about them as Mr. Wadd: with his patients he was candid; but his candour was that of a gentleman and a friend.

The melancholy account of Mr. Wadd's death reached town on Saturday last. He was making a short tour in the south of Ireland, in company with Mr. Tegart, of Pall-Mall; and, after spending a few days at Killarney, was proceeding in a post-chaise to Mitchelstown, the seat of the Earl of Kingston, about a mile and a half from Killarney. The horses, through some neglect of the driver, took head, when Mr. Wadd opened the chaise-door, and threw himself on the ground. Mr. Tegart remained in the carriage; and after being carried two miles, got safely out of it, the horses having been checked by a park-wall. On Mr. Tegart's returning to the spot where Mr. Wadd had

thrown himself out, he found that unfortunate gentleman quite dead, although he had imagined that he saw him on his feet after the fall.

Poor Wadd—the sportive and humorous—the Yorick of his profession—the man whose pleasantries have only within these few months so agreeably diversified our miscellaneous page! It is a melancholy thing to fill a slight but sad portion of them with the notice of his melancholy end. Alas! where be his jests now—his facetious "*Nugæ*"—his whimsical "*Mémoires*"—his laughter-moving "*Comments*?"—All gone to the silent dust; whence, like my lady's beauty, they may preach the gloomy lessons of mortality.

Mr. Wadd was a man of cheerful disposition and of high talents, and one much beloved and respected by all who knew him. Full of anecdote, he was a most entertaining companion, but at the same time intellectual and instructive; so that while you laughed with the wit, you never ceased to regard the man of information and science. He had the misfortune, not long ago, to lose his (we believe) only son; and the natural rebound of the mind from grief had perhaps some influence in leading to the publications we have noticed in the note below. His labours are now o'er, and he has learnt what we must all learn—that

Death—a necessary end—
Will come when it will come.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

TURKEY.

THE present Padishah, or Grand Sultan of the Ottoman empire, is Mahmud II., who was born on the 20th July, 1785, and ascended the throne 28th July, 1803. He is of the eighteenth generation from Osman I., who founded the dynasty, and the thirtieth sovereign of that dynasty. The hereditary prince is his eldest son, Abdul Mehid, who was born on the 20th April, 1824. And, besides whom, he has one other son, two years old, and four daughters.

The extent of the Ottoman dominions is estimated at 47,444 square miles, of which 10,000 are in Europe: but its European population has been variously computed; Balbi assuming it at 9,500,000; Hassel at 10,183,000; and other writers at 10,600,000. Of these, there are not more than 2,271,000 Turks; the remainder being composed of a motley mass of Pagans, Jews, and Christians. Amongst the latter are 3,000,000 Greeks, 300,000 Jews, and 80,000 Armenians. The whole population of the empire, in Europe, Asia, and Africa, is 23,650,000.

The *revenues* of this empire are about 2,900,000*l.* annually; but the expenditure disbursed by the state does not exceed 275,200*l.* The national debt is between seven and eight millions sterling. The revenue, or *miri*, just mentioned, belongs to the Turkish public treasury; but there is another branch of income, derived from presents, inheritances, imperial domains, and especially confiscations, which appertains to the "*ilsh hane*" or "*khasneh*," imperial treasury. The accumulations of this fund are said to be enormous, as every sultan is bound to set apart a given sum, according to the length of his reign.

Of its *military* force it is impossible to speak

* See *Literary Gazette*, for reviews of these playful and diverting performances; No. 530, for review of "*Nugæ Canore*;" No. 534, of "*Nugæ Chirurgicæ*;" No. 553, of "*Mémoires, Maxims, and Memoirs*;" and No. 621, of "*Comments on Corpulency*," &c.; and we take some merit to ourselves, for having, in great measure, instigated the later publications, by drawing the first out of the oblivion of a still-birth, and obtaining for it that popularity which it deserved, and which induced its author to pursue his playful course.

with precision since the destruction of the corps of janizaries; but before that period its regular troops were 30,000 cavalry, and 124,000 infantry; and its feudal militia, 120,000, the greater part of which were horsemen. Its naval force in 1826 consisted of 21 sail of the line, 31 frigates, 8 corvettes, and 30 gun-boats, carrying altogether 2990 cannon, and 5300 seamen; but this arm of its power was amputated by the "untoward" fight of Navarino.

European Turkey has one city containing above 500,000 inhabitants, five above 50,000, eleven above 20,000, and twenty above 10,000. Amongst the imperial towns are—

	Souls.	Houses.
Constantinople, containing	597,600	88,000
Cairo	400,000	
Aleppo	300,000	
Damascus	150,000	
Philippopolis (Filibe)	120,000	30,000
Adrianople	100,000	16,000
Salonica	70,000	4,000
Boma Seral	65,000	
Bucharest	60,000	
Schumla or Shumla	18,000	4000

The order of the crescent was instituted by Selim III. in the year 1797, and consists of three classes: and the present sovereign's title runs as follows: "We, the Sultan, son of a Sultan Chakan, son of a Chakan Sultan, Mahmud II., Chan, son of the victorious Sultan Abdul Hamid, by the infinite grace of the Creator of the world and eternal God, and by the mediation and miraculous act of Mohammed Mustapha, the chief of prophets, whom the blessing of God preserve, servant and lord of the cities of Mecca, Medina, and Kuda, towards which the whole globe turns its eye when prayer is made, Padishah of the great cities of Istanbul, Edrene, and Bursa, which all princes behold with envy," &c.

DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN.

OBSTINACY and hate seem to be plunging this unfortunate theatre into the gulf of utter ruin. Meetings are held, where nothing but bad passions are displayed; and common sense, as well as liberal feelings, are sacrificed on the altar of private sordidness and petty malignity. How the matter will end, cannot be foreseen; but it is easy to perceive that every one concerned in the struggle (except the lawyers) will pay dearly for the exhibition of uncompromising tempers and odious resentments.

ENGLISH OPERA.

ON Tuesday, *Der Vampyr*, a grand romantic opera, was produced at this theatre, and repeated on Thursday and yesterday, with unanimous and merited applause. It has been adapted to our stage by one of our ablest of adapters, as well as most successful dramatists, Mr. Planché; and, considering the difficulties which beset such productions, and the little fame which usually attends them, displays his talents to very great advantage. The plot hinges on the notorious superstition respecting vampirism; and the scene is happily laid in the native soil of that horrible mystery, Transylvania and Wallachia,—which affords scope for fine scenery and picturesque costume. The first act is an introduction, in which *Ebbs*, the Prince of Evil (Mr. O. Smith), grants the Vampire (Mr. H. Phillips) a farther term of existence, on the condition of his sacrificing a virgin bride to him within a month; and the monster is killed in an attempt to perform this by the murder of *Iantha* (Miss Cawse), a Greek girl, whose affections he has gained. He is restored by the aid of *Alexis* (Sapio), a friend, who drags his body into the moon-

beams, and from whom he extorts an oath of secrecy for the space of one month—the period of his trial. The opera then commences, and we find in the Vampire the rival of his preserver for the hand of *Henrika* (Miss Betts), and favoured by her father, *Baron Kassova* (Thorne), who appoints the nuptial ceremony to take place at midnight, the latest date of the Vampire's allowance. He, therefore, to make assurance more sure, assails the life of *Liska* (Miss H. Cawse), a peasant about to be united to *Wenzel* (J. Bland), the Baron's Heiduk; but is once more slain by the bridegroom, and left to his last hope, the marriage to *Henrika* before the time expires. This ultimately fails, the devil claims his own, and the human lovers are blessed with each other. Such is the outline of this drama, "freely translated from the German of Wilhelm Aug. Wohlbrück," the music by Henrich Marschner, and produced under the skilful superintendence of Mr. Hawes. The composer is evidently of the school of Weber; but though we trace a marked resemblance, we have nothing of servile imitation. The concerted pieces and choruses are almost all of them admirable performances, and the recitatives and airs of a masterly and pleasing character. We cannot, however, help thinking that the orchestral accompaniments were throughout too loud: we know how fond the Germans are of instrumental music, and to how high a pitch of science they have carried these combinations; but to English ears, we are sure that more of the human voice divine, and less of the woods and winds, would be infinitely preferable. We know not when we have listened to more expressive compositions, whether given to the diabolical and despairing strains of the Vampire, or to the lighter emotions of humanity, the merry drinking song, or the tender plaint. And though on the first night the singers appeared to be somewhat exhausted by frequent and long rehearsals of this laborious music, they collectively and individually did justice to its beauties. Phillips's rich bass is finely suited to the Vampire's various changes; and Sapio, Thorne, and Bland, executed their parts in a very meritorious manner. Miss Betts also evinced great powers in the difficult pieces allotted to *Henrika*; while Miss H. Cawse made quite a hit in the playful notes of *Liska*. Her *arrietta* in the second act was delightful, and so was her portion of the trio which followed. Altogether, we are of opinion that the oftener this opera is heard, the better will it be understood, and the more will it be liked; for it possesses much genuine harmony. Nor ought we to close our account of it without noticing, that in the peasantry and minor characters, J. Russell, Penson, Salter, Minton, and Mrs. C. Jones, perform most cleverly, and contribute much to the general effect. Combined with the humours of *The Spring Lock*, the English (German) opera need look for no farther attractions, should its season last till midsummer, which we are sorry it does not.

As the poetry is much above the usual level of such productions, we add an example, in justice to the writer.

"Day upon the Krapaks shakes his golden tresses,
Morning's sweetest flowers are laughing through their
tears;
Yes, 'e'en a look of life the sandy steppe wears,
Seen through the joy that now my bosom blesses!
The yellow maize in billows waving,
The mighty Maros onwards raving,
Of mountain peaks the snowy chain,
Like silver tents that gird the plain,
All brighter shew—more fair appear!
Gallops swiftly ye lingering hours:
'Ere noon shall blaze on Lipka's bowers,
My own Alexis will be here.

O! bliss almost too much to bear!
So fondly sigh'd for—sought so long—
For this fulfilment of thy pray'r,
Wake, happy soul, thy grateful song!—
Ave! Ave!—Star of ocean!
Thou to whom, in deep devotion,
Daily have I knelt and sued!
Voice! hearts thy shrine adorning,
Tapers burning night and morning,
Shall attest my gratitude!"

"From the ruin's topmost tower,
I have gazed a weary hour,
Wenzel to discover;
In the sun's descending beam,
Mountain glow'd and glitter'd stream,
But they bore no lover.
Trooping came the guests so gay,
But no bridegroom!—father, say—
Should not that my brow shade over?"

Evening sinks on hill and dale,
And the sobbing nightingale
Mourns one perjured lover;
From her cloudy slumber, soon
She will wake the silver moon,
And to pity move her.
Night is on its starry way,
Yet no bridegroom!—father, say—
Should not that my brow shade over!"

The Vampire's scena, in which he dares Alexis to betray him.

"Say'st thou!—Ha!—About it then!—
Yet before thy vow thou break'st—
Ere the awful cast thou mak'st—
Madman!—To thy mortal ken,
I will mercifully show
What thou stakest on the throw!
Foolish wren!—Betray me!—Fly!—
Lead thy soul with perjury;
And in triumph to thy tower
Lead Hungaria's fairest flower.
Happy bridegroom!—Joy yet higher!—
Of a seraph-race the sire!
But the hour that tolls for all
Will anon for thee be knelling;
For the last, dark, narrow dwelling,
Thou must leave thy lordly hall.
Trembling!—then recall thy vow—
Mark ye—I repeat it now—
'This reveal'd, by speech or sign,
May thy wretched fate be mine!
The oath is recorded!—and granted the prayer!
A prayer, remember, of thine own addition—
A free, uncall'd for, earnest petition—
Canst thou to look on the picture bear?
Thy frame forbidden in dust to perish!
With human blood thou art doom'd to cherish!
Thy nearest, thy dearest, must suffer first,
Thy fury to slake thy horrible thirst!
And one by one as thy darlings decline,
Their pangs shall add to the anguish of thine!
She that was fairest amongst the fair,
A beautiful cherub with golden hair,
Uplifting her poor little clasped hands,
Her innocent heart with agony riven,
Shall falter—'Father! be merciful,
And I will pray for thee to Heaven!
Thy soul shall be torn 'twixt affection and pain—
To fly thou shalt struggle, and struggle in vain!
Thy fate shall compel thee—thy thirst shall consume—
Thou canst not alter thy dreadful doom!
A Vampire!—Till Eblis claims his own!
Then, chain'd at the foot of his burning throne,
Thou shalt feel, that even the devils there,
Compared to thyself, are as angels fair!
Back shall they start in horror from thee—
Thou 'midst the cuned account shall be!
Thou starrest!—Thou standest as statue pale!
Ha! ha!—'Tis my lot I am painting now!
To share such a fate doth the hero quell?
Hence! begone! and break thy vow!"

VARIETIES.

Madder, Silk-Worms, &c.—M. Bourdillat has introduced into the department of Tarn and Garonne the cultivation of madder upon his own land; which is so prepared, that it may be used immediately. He has also occupied himself in rearing silk-worms, in cultivating teasles to full cloth, woad, flax, and hemp; but with the last four plants he has not been successful.

Typography and Calligraphy of Germany.—In this region of study and incubation, it has been calculated that, out of a population of forty-two millions, there are 12,500 writers, or one learned penman in every 3,200 souls. The number of sheets printed has been es-

timated at 187,000,000 per annum; which gives forty-seven sheets per head. Periodical works are not comprised in this calculation, though they form a mass of no trivial ponderosity. It would be superfluous to add, that if there be no country in Europe which can match the Teutonic in scribes, there is none which it does not distance in readers.

Shakespeare.—"The most *soverling* pre-scription in Galen is but empiric," says a French journal, meaning to quote Shakespeare.

Thunder—a Cure for Paralysis.—A vessel, whilst lately crossing the Atlantic, was repeatedly struck by lightning, and the persons on board of her were strongly electrified. Among the passengers was one whose extremities had been afflicted with paralysis for more than three years: this individual was lying in bed when the electric shock burst upon the ship; but, to the utter astonishment of the bystanders, he jumped up from his couch and ran upon deck, where he continued to walk about with as much readiness as any one of his shipmates. Nor was his cure of a merely temporary character—for he has continued ever since to enjoy the perfect use of his limbs. This event bears an analogy to the well-known efficacy of galvanism as a remedy for nervous affections and paralysis.

Butter-Churn.—An agriculturist of the department of Jura has invented a butter-churn, by means of which an increase of butter may be obtained, and in a shorter time, than by the usual churn. Although it is in appearance similar to some churns now in use, it differs in many essential points. The inventor has had two years' proof of its advantage—the butter which he has obtained being good and very well made: the expense of this new churn is not much.—*Annal. de la Soc. Linn. de Paris.*

To preserve Butter.—M. Thénard recommends the method used by the Tartars: it consists in melting the butter in *balneo marie*, or in a heat which does not exceed 82 degrees, and keeping it in that state until the cheesy matter is deposited, and the liquid is transparent. It is then decanted, or strained through a piece of linen, and frozen in a mixture of pounded ice and salt, or by means of cold well-water. Without this precaution, it becomes a crystalline mass, and cannot so well resist the action of the air. In a well-closed vessel, and in a cold place, it will keep for six months, or even more, almost as good as the first day, especially if care be taken to remove the upper part. If, at the time of using, a sixth of its weight of cheese is beaten up with it, it will have the appearance of fresh butter. The taste of rancid butter, according to M. Thénard, may in a great degree be removed by means of melting it as above mentioned.

Preservation of Corn.—The following method of preserving corn is adopted in Russia. The corn is dried in small ovens, or chambers, which communicate with a larger chamber or oven by small tubes, that enter the smaller chambers at the top. The oven is then filled with straw, closely pressed, which is lighted, and left to consume during the night. Next morning the corn is taken from the smaller chambers, the smoke from the ovens having passed into them, and perfectly dried it. This practice has several advantages: the corn is lighter to move, and is kept much easier, without requiring to be constantly turned, being preserved from vermin by the smoky taste communicated to it by the straw, which does not quit it until it has passed through the mill. The corn intended to be kept for any length of time is put into pits, in shape like a bottle,

sufficiently high for a man to stand erect in, which are dug in elevated places with a clayey soil. When they are dug, a fire is lighted for four-and-twenty hours, which forms a hard crust round the pit. The interior is lined with the bark of the birch-tree, fastened with wooden nails. Some straw is then put at the bottom, upon which the corn is placed, and more straw at the top, the mouth of the pit being then closed with a wisp of straw, in the form of a cone. Each pit contains from twenty-five to one hundred tchetverts, and the grain in them will keep for twenty years without being injured.—*Biblioth. Univ. de Genève.*

Human Life.—The result of researches in different parts of France, England, the Netherlands, Switzerland, and Russia, has been to shew, that out of a hundred men in those countries, only about twenty-five arrive at the age of sixty years. Mountainous countries, whatever may be their latitude, are those in which life is of the greatest duration.

Pulmonary Consumption.—*Le Globe* states that a student of medicine, twenty-six years of age, attacked by a malady which one of the commissioners appointed by the Académie des Sciences recognised to be pulmonary consumption, had been completely cured by the administration of chlore.

The Hiccough.—Keep a dog fasting for eight or ten hours, then lay it on its back, and pour some cold water on its stomach; the hiccough will immediately be produced. The same will occur with other animals.

Pigeons.—A pigeon has been known to live above two days after having been deprived of its brain and the upper part of the spinal marrow.

The Mole.—M. Flourens, a French naturalist, has lately made some inquiries into the organisation of the mole, and has found that if it is not exclusively, it is at least essentially carnivorous. It dies very soon if it be kept only upon vegetables; and though it is known to destroy roots of all sorts, it is not for the purpose of eating them, but to seek for worms and insects, and particularly for the eggs of insects. If kept upon any animal substance, it will live a long while. Ten or twelve hours is the maximum of the time which it can live without nourishment; and, like all animals which exist upon blood and flesh, it always drinks with great avidity.

German Oils.—MM. Schnebler and Beutsch have made some researches into the properties of oils obtained in Germany, and have found that the species of oleaginous seeds give the quantity of oil as follows:—Filberts, 60 per cent; garden cresses, 56 to 58; olives, 50; walnuts, 50; popples, 47 to 50; almonds, 46; colza, 39; white mustard, 36; tobacco-seed, 32 to 36; kernels of plums, 33; winter turnips, 33; summer turnips, 30; wood, 30; hemp-seed, 25; fir, 24; linseed, 22; black mustard, 18; heliotrope, 15; beech mast, 12 to 16; grape stones, 10 to 11.—*Allgem. Handl. Zeitung.*

China.—A museum, to be called "The British Museum in China," it is stated in the Canton Register, is about to be established among the British residents in that city.

Tokay Wine.—This nectar of German epicures is not the produce of Tokay itself, but of its environs, particularly Tarcal. The worst kind is grown close to the town; but the vineyards are scattered along a mountainous ridge, extending a distance of more than twenty miles. The yearly produce amounts on an average to 110,000 aulms; and the finest quality goes by the name of *essences*.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

ANNUALS.—In our last No. we mentioned the attractions held out by one or two of our promised Annuals for next Christmas; and even-handed justice induces us to give equal publicity to the claims of others. The plates of the *Souvenir* are nearly ready; and such of them as we have seen are not only well etched, but extremely well chosen, and of great public interest. The Editor's talents and experience are sufficient guarantee for the literary portion of this popular volume.

In addition to those with which our readers are already acquainted, we have before us the announcement of "a new Annual, of a decidedly religious character, to be entitled *Emmanuel*;" and we are told that the distinguishing feature of this publication will be its endeavour to diffuse and maintain, in various compositions of prose and verse, sound principles of religion and virtue; its governing rule being that which pervades the doctrines of the Established Church. The Editor is the Rev. W. Shepherd, author of "Clouds and Sunshine," &c. &c.; and the publisher Mr. Maunier, of Newgate Street,—himself a person of no inconsiderable literary talent.

The Offering, another novelty in this way, is also announced: similar to its predecessors, as consisting of contributions in prose and verse, from the pens of eminent writers; and especially designed to establish and illustrate the connexion between polite literature and religion. The embellishments are to be selected principally from Scriptural subjects, by the most celebrated ancient and modern painters; and the work to be edited by the Rev. Thomas Dale, M.A.: S. Low, Lamb's Conduit Street, and Hurst, Chance, and Co., are the publishers.

Among other literary novelties, we have before us the prospectus of a new monthly periodical, about to appear under the title of "The London University Magazine." It will owe its principal contents to the students of this University, and will be strictly a literary and scientific miscellany; containing "Reviews of new Publications, Characters of Science, Critical and other Essays, Sketches of Character, Satires on Men and Manners, Literary and Scientific Intelligence, occasional Reports of the Professors' Lectures, a Monthly Summary of the Proceedings at the University, and Miscellaneous Intelligence connected with it—allowing, besides, a voluminous *et cetera* for subjects which may not be included under any of these heads."

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Crombie's Natural Theology, 2 vols. 8vo. 11. 4s. bds.—Roscoe on Bills of Exchange, &c. 12mo. 15s. bds.—Jones's Christian Biography, 12mo. 9s. bds.—Personal and Literary Memorials, 8vo. 14s. bds.—Barker's Parliaments, Vol. II. 8vo. 18s. bds.—Clarke's Lays of Leisure, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Woodfall's Landlord and Tenant, new edition, by Pratt, royal 8vo. 11. 5s. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1829.

August.	Thermometer.		Barometer.	
	From 50.	to 60.	29.24	to 29.47
Thursday .. 30	—	45.	29.73	— 29.93
Friday 31	—	45.	—	29.60
Saturday .. 29	—	45.	29.33	— 29.45
Sunday 23	—	55.	29.50	— 29.45
Monday 24	—	54.	29.23	— 29.59
Tuesday .. 25	—	45.	29.80	— 30.00
Wednesday 26	—	38.	30.00	— 29.70

Prevailing wind, S.W.

Alternately clear and cloudy, with frequent heavy showers of rain and gusts of wind.

Rain fallen, 1.325 of an inch.

SOLAR SPOTS.—The several clusters of spots and facule now on the sun's disc are well worthy of telescopic observation.

Edmonton.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Miss Landon requests us to state that her name is erroneously inserted in our list of contributors to the *Keepsake* last week.

We do not think it necessary to go further into discussion respecting M. Chabert's poison and fire-proof operations. On the 23d he repeated his phosphorus dose of forty grains, his hot-oil swallowing, and his baking—the latter for six minutes, in an apparent temperature of 500° of Fahrenheit, which raised his pulse from 110 at entering, to 160 at coming out. A medical friend states to us that Chabert is also exhibiting at private parties, and is not in perfect health. It is also said that negotiations are on foot for purchasing his secret.

Our monthly astronomical article having no reference earlier than September 5th, the pressure of more temporary matter has induced us to postpone it till that date.—The eleventh letter of Champollion is also of necessity divided: contributing much to elucidate the most interesting subject which at present occupies the literary world, we are happy to say that it will supply two farther papers, of equal extent, to our two next Nos. We have also just received the twelfth letter, which is full of very important details, and will appear in due order.—The appalling accounts which have reached us of the dreadful wreck at Anticosti shall appear in our next.

We cannot find space in the *London Literary Gazette* for "Sylvan Shades;"—nor, in our modern times, for "lines on the Mummy." We are obliged to decline W. G. H., as well as "E. C., Brighton,"—and can only thank M. L. Q.

It is an easy matter to forget the name of a fool.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON. The

Notice of the various Courses of Lectures to be delivered during the next Session, and of the Days, Hours, and Fees, fixed for the Attendance of each, may be had at the Office of the University, and at Mr. Taylor's, 20, Upper Corner Street.

The Medical Classes will commence on the 1st of October, and the general Classes on the 3d of November.
By Order of the Council,
THOMAS COATES, Clerk.
August 1, 1839.

THE SECOND EXHIBITION of the NATIONAL REPOSITORY GALLERY of the ROYAL NEWS, CHARING CROSS,--PATER, the KING,--will continue open daily until further notice.

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ADVERTISEMENTS for the Nos. to be published on the 1st of October of the Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal, and the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal, will be required to be left with Longman and Co. London, by the 6th of September; or with Adam Black, Edinburgh, by the 10th of September.

MAPS. Under the Superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

There are already so many collections of Maps published in this country under the denomination of Atlases, and of such various sizes and merits, that it may at first appear unnecessary to provide for the public any additional work of this description. But in pursuing the objects for which they were originally associated, the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge find that geographical students and readers of history want an intermediate size between the large and expensive maps fit only for the library, and that smaller sort usually adopted in schools. The inequality in the compilation of most of these collections is another consideration of importance; but above all, the high price which maps when tolerably executed have hitherto borne, seems to require more than common exertion on the part of the Society to remove so serious an obstruction to the progress of popular education.

With these views, as well as for the purpose of illustrating the historical and geographical treasures which form part of the Library of Useful Knowledge, it has been determined to publish a series of modern and accurate maps, on similar scales, moderate in size, yet capable of distinctly showing every place of interest; of unexampled cheapness, yet finished in the best manner; and the accuracy of which may safely be relied upon, from the arrangements made for their composition and execution. They will be engraved on steel. The size will be about 11 inches by 14, and two of them will be delivered in a wrapper for one shilling, or with the outlines coloured, for one shilling and sixpence. The series will consist of at least fifty plates, and a number will appear at intervals of two months, or more frequently, if they can be more speedily completed.

The first Number will be published September the 1st, and will consist of

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No. 659.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1829.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

PHRENOLOGY.

[A considerable number of criminals having been executed for remarkable crimes during the current session, we have looked for the usual demonstrations of phrenological science upon these occasions; but as no such expositions have met our eye, we are led to the conclusion that this new branch of philosophy—a branch so facile, that its whole scope of knowledge could be attained in an hour—has had its day, and is now declining into the oblivion of all fanciful theories. Nevertheless, though heartily tired of these brain-mappers, as we have several publications on the subject before us, we will take this opportunity of clearing our table of the works which relate to them.]

1. *Travels of Phrenologastio*. By Gio. Battista Balzucchio. Translated from the Italian. 8vo. pp. 217. London, 1829. Saunders and Otley.
2. *Anti-Phrenology; or, Observations to prove the Fallacy of a Modern Doctrine of the Human Mind called Phrenology*. By John Wayte, M.D. Pp. 97. London, Baldwin and Craddock.
3. *An Essay on the Phrenology of the Hindoos and Negroes*. By James Montgomery, Esq. Pp. 62. London, E. Lloyd and Co.
4. *Observations on the Phrenological Development of Burke, Hare, &c.* By Thom. Stone, Esq., President of the Royal Medical Society. Pp. 75. Edinburgh, R. Buchanan; London, Underwood.
5. *Answer (to the foregoing)*. By George Coombe. Pp. 16. Edinburgh, J. Anderson, Jun.; London, Simpkin and Marshall.
- And *Rejoinder*, by Mr. Stone. Pp. 21. Same Publishers as the "Observations."
6. *The Head-Piece and Helmet*. By James the Less (our copy mislaid—a little book to prove phrenology inconsistent with Revelation 1!).

PHRENOLOGY may be described as the folly of many for the gain of a few; an art which has enabled the feelers of bumps to drink bumpers of claret, and a striking manifestation in its professors of the possession of the organs of acquisitiveness (No. 8), secretiveness (No. 7), and marvellousness (No. 18)! Their claims and pamphlets have led to the grand display of combativeness (No. 5) partly illustrated by the works at the head of this paper; and it may truly be said of them, in the language of the immortal Shakespeare, that they have set their all "upon a cast."

What, however, has puzzled us most in regard to phrenology seems not to have attracted the attention of any of the writers for or against that capital subject—we allude to its origin. Here was Adam, a perfect creature from the hands of his Maker, and Eve (gallantry forgive us for saying) almost as perfect—only wanting, what the majority of her sex still continue to want, No. 12, the organ of cautiousness:—now, how came Adam to have No. 1, the bump of amativeness so super-large as to sink him from his paradisaical estate?—how came Eve to be so deficient in No. 15, firmness?—and, above all, how came Cain to have No. 6, the organ of destructiveness, so terribly developed as to lead him to assassinate his own brother Abel? We

confess that we cannot understand and explain these things during the earlier period of phrenological causality (No. 35). That different faculties should have distinct divisions of the brain set apart for their use, we certainly, *a priori*, see no greater difficulty in supposing, than in believing that all the faculties should be acted upon or act promiscuously through the medium of the whole mass of brain; but when we are told that only a nice and invisible line separates the organs (Nos. 6 and 9) of the opposites destructiveness and constructiveness, we can but laugh at the ingenious speculators who try to foist such absurdity upon the credulous, under the title of a science. And, indeed, this ridiculous fallacy is demonstrated both by Dr. Wayte and Mr. Stone, who shew that, as the celebrated Blumenbach declared of it,

What is true is not new,
And what is new is not true.

Dr. Wayte points out the inconsistencies between the classification of organs which exist among phrenologists themselves, and particularly between the systems of their leaders, Gall and Spurzheim;—Gall denying *Hope*, Spurzheim insisting strongly upon it; and, *vice versa*, Gall asserting *Tenacity of life*, *Self-preservation*, *Memory*, &c. &c., all of which Spurzheim peremptorily disclaims! But as we do not purpose to argue the question at length, we shall merely state, of Dr. Wayte's pamphlet, that, in an anatomical light, it utterly annihilates many of the most prominent doctrines of phrenology. We add one quotation as a proof of the logical force and ability of the writer.

"It will probably excite the surprise of my readers to hear that phrenologists do not always consider the organ of destructiveness contributory to the perpetration of murder, at least they do not always look for its being large, but, according to circumstances, they bring others in as accessory, even those of a superior order. 'If I am told (says Dr. Spurzheim) that an individual has committed murder during his insanity, do you suppose that in every case I should look for a large organ of destructiveness? I would inquire as to the motive; and if I found that a person had despatched another in order to save him eternally, having sent him away that he should sin no more, I should rather look for the organ of conscientiousness to be large than that of destructiveness.' Upon this principle, the organs of veneration and benevolence may be similarly affected and equally implicated in the praiseworthy deed of saving sinners eternally, by despatching them, and in this most singular way be still instruments of good: so that three of the most humane and exalted faculties of our nature, may by phrenological reasoning be made indirectly conducive to a most horrid act; three organs whose excellent functions have obtained the title of controlling powers, inasmuch as they are said to counteract the evil tendency of those that are base, bad, and inferior. Immediately the doctor admitted the presence of insanity, he should have disregarded every species of organic development, whether small or

large. Can we for one moment calculate upon what actions a madman will commit, or when and how he will commit them? Certainly not. Consequently no dependence can or ought to be placed on the motives which he himself assigns for those actions; and hence it must be esteemed no great mark of wisdom to be inquiring after them."

Dr. W. also points out very forcibly the evil consequences that must result to society, were the principles of phrenologists to be adopted—principles which tend to generate universal suspicion and mistrust, and, still more, to throw off the yoke of moral responsibility. He concludes by strongly animadverting on the almost insane absurdity of attempting to apply this visionary theory to the (1) propagation and (2) education of children: but we believe that even Dr. Wayte was not aware of the ludicrous extent to which this last branch of the farce was carried. [We omit the (1), as being rather *recherché* for our columns.] We have in our possession some of the original (and now very rare) documents, promulgated by the phrenologists in support of this education scheme; and we cannot do better than reprint them for the entertainment of the public. Our first paper is entitled—

Phrenology applied to Education.

Under a strong impression that immense benefit will accrue to society by examining the heads of children phrenologically, previous to fixing upon the course of study they are to pursue, John Isaac Hawkins has turned his serious attention to various methods of taking measurements of the head, and has succeeded in inventing a very accurate apparatus for the purpose. He has also acquired considerable facility in judging of the development of the organs of the brain, and therefore announces, that he intends to devote a portion of his time to the measurement of the heads of children, and giving advice to parents, guardians, tutors, &c. upon the kinds of learning most suitable to the mental capacity of each child; and he has no doubt of being able, generally, to point out the best mode of education, for harmoniously strengthening and enlarging the moral, reflective, and perceptive faculties, and for keeping the animal propensities in due subordination, and thus avoid over-straining the weaker faculties by application to studies beyond their power, or suffering the stronger faculties to gain too much ascendancy by over-indulgence: both extremes having a tendency to lay the foundation of future insanity. Mr. H. entirely coincides with the best-informed phrenologists, in the opinion, that the judicious and general application of phrenology to the purposes of education, would render three-fourths of the mad-houses useless in one or two generations. The outlines of the heads of ladies and gentlemen will also be taken, in order to prove the growth of the head after the person has arrived to maturity; and the outlines of a head will be shewn, which increased more than half an inch in height, between the ages of thirty and fifty-four years.

Terms.—For measuring and laying on paper thirteen different outlines, exhibiting at one view the development of nearly all of the thirty-five organs of the brain, and giving a fair copy of the same, with some general observations on the mode of education proper to be adopted, *one guinea*. For ditto, with the addition of a more critical study of the development, and furnishing a written guide to the preceptor for the best management of the child, *two guineas*.

Applications, personally or by letter, to Mr. Hawkins, Chase Cottage, Hampstead Road, facing Chalk Farm, will be attended to, and an appointment made as soon afterwards as previous engagements will permit.

N.B. Chase Cottage is the second from Mr. Money's nursery garden.

August 10th, 1826.

Money's Nursery Garden seems to have been as happily chosen for a neighbourhood to this notable pursuit as any that could have been

mentioned. We do not know how Mr. John Isaac Hawkins succeeded. He has had a rival in one Mr. Crook, who announces that his "fee for a phrenological estimate of the natural character and capacity, with a written note of the development, is two guineas. If given verbally, and at his own residence, one guinea." And Mr. Wayte justly observes: "So long as we have the facts before us of persons committing actions directly contradictory to what their cranial developments would lead us to expect, as in the case of infanticide by the woman whose organ of destructiveness was small, and philoprogenitiveness very large; and of the two murderers who were lately dissected at Bury St. Edmunds, neither of whom were phrenologically destructive—further, so long as it is proclaimed that some of the most exalted faculties of our nature, such as veneration, conscientiousness, and others, may be indirectly conducive to acts which are diametrically opposed to their own kind and good functions,—and, lastly, so long as the most erudite phrenologists differ materially concerning the nature of organs, it would be extreme folly to repose any faith in the doctrine, and worse than folly to lay down a system of education for our children deduced from its principles; principles which are inconsistent with each other, and in a variety of instances contradicted by nature."

Perceiving, after these quotations, that our further remarks are likely to extend this notice to too great a length, we shall take the liberty of dividing it into two, and for the present conclude with another laughable programme, viz. the

"Object and Constitution of the Phrenological Society, established in London 1823."

"The object of the Society is to study the faculties of the mind, and to determine the correspondence which exists between their manifestations and the cerebral organization."

"*Constitution of the Society.*—1. The Council shall not exceed eleven in number.—2. Its members shall be permanent.—4. No person shall be admissible into the Council unless he be thoroughly acquainted with phrenology, and his cerebral organization be good."

"*Ordinary Members.*—2. On admission each ordinary member shall sign a declaration of his anxiety for truth, and his determination to search for it without prejudice,—to communicate it freely for the benefit of others,—and to promote to the utmost the best interests of the Society.—3. On admission each ordinary member shall present to the Society a cast of his head."

This nonsensical constitution was, *bona fide*, the first foundation of the Phrenological Society! *Risum tenetis?*

Scriptorium Veterum Nova Collectio à Vaticanis Codicibus, edita ab Angelo Mai, Biblioth. Vatic. Pref. Vol. III, 4to. Romæ, 1828. Typis Vaticanis.

THIS is not the least precious of the varied treasures with which the library of the Vatican has enriched the republic of letters. By labours such as those to which we are indebted for this splendid addition to our classical lore, has the zealous and indefatigable Abbate Mai continued to enhance his claim upon the gratitude of his contemporaries, and the veneration of posterity, from the first day of his auspicious appointment, some ten years back, to the custody of the pontifical collection. The present constitutes the third volume of the series he has promised us of inedited classics; and, within a space of eight hundred pages, comprises a strikingly multifarious assemblage of works, both in Greek and Latin, prose and verse; sometimes sacred, and sometimes profane.

The preface is followed by a Greek chronicle, or "Annals of the Lives of the Cæsars" down

to Michael Paleologus, in which the only hiatus that occurs is the first leaf of the codex, which briefly recorded the reigns of Julius, Augustus, and Tiberius; it opens, therefore, with the annals of Caius Caligula, and closes with the retaking of Constantinople by the Greeks, anno 1258. The subsequent enumeration of the patriarchs of that capital gives a total of two-and-forty, which corresponds precisely with the number of the Cæsars. This chronicle is contained in above ten thousand flowing iambics, and is written with considerable perspicuity by one Ephremios, of the thirteenth century, who is not the only poetic historian of his class: witness the esteemed versions of chronology rhythmatised by the Byzantine Pisiola and Manasses. For the use of such as are unacquainted with Greek, the editor has translated this valuable chronicle verse by verse. He has acted the same useful part by the succeeding Greek treatise, in which the author (a Methodist monk), on occasion of the schism in the eastern church in the reign of Michael VIII. Paleologus, demonstrates the care with which the ancient bishops endeavoured to avert all causes of variance.

The two works we have just mentioned extend to 264 pages, and introduce us to the second part, which contains the commentary of C. Mar. Vittorinus on St. Paul's Epistles to the Galatians, Philippians, and Ephesians. He was of African origin, taught in Rome under Constantine, the son of Constantine the Great, where he probably wrote the edited Comment on Cicero's "Rhetoric;" and, after his conversion to Christianity in the last years of that emperor's reign, evinced so firm an adherence to the new faith he had adopted, as to induce St. Jerome to observe of him, "that he deserved a statue in Trajan's forum." His work acquires additional value, from his having been in the prime of life when the first Nicene Council was held, and the divinity of our Saviour solemnly recognised. The style of these commentaries, like that of his other writings, possesses no pretensions to elegance; a defect, as Mai justly remarks, which is amply atoned for by the intrinsic value of his reasonings and annotations, and their deep importance towards forming a correct estimate of Christian dogmas. Independently of the three codices in the Vatican, whence this work is derived, Mai has availed himself of a fourth, which has remained equally inedited to the present day; and in which Vittorinus refutes the arguments adduced by natural philosophers in opposition to the Mosaic and Christian dispensations. In the notes to this author, the editor includes an ancient opusculum "contra Hæriolos;" and in some of the subsequent tracts affords us fragments of the chorographies of Julius Tizianus and Hilarius, bishop of Arles.

We now come to a notice of the codices he examined in the monasteries of Monte Cassino and della Cava, near Salerno; and to this notice he adds a complete catalogue of works, (of inestimable value in a religious point of view), which the illustrious A. J. Simon had prepared for the press, but which were unfortunately destroyed by a fire that occurred in his apartments at the Vatican in 1768.

The next subject in order is a valuable treatise, of seventeen pages, by Ferrandus, (deacon of Carthage, a disciple and bosom friend of St. Fulgentius), in which he combats the Arian doctrine, and of which nothing, beyond a mutilated fragment, has been hitherto known. This work Mai received from Ottavio Frangipane, the learned superintendent of the archives of Cassino; to whom the public is

already indebted for several additional discourses of St. Augustine.

The celebrated monastery of Bobbio has enriched this volume with some Roman and Milanese palimpsests, which afford specimens of the earliest Latin calligraphy, and supply abundant materials towards a comment on St. Luke's gospel. A still larger space is devoted to dogmatical tracts, and to two treatises, which appear to be fragments of some apocryphal books of the Old Testament. To refute these emanations, of a period when Arianism predominated, Mai has subjoined a host of pertinent annotations, the subjects of which he has derived from an extensive spoliation of the fathers, particularly of the Latin school. These portions are precursors of certain remains of ancient homilies, and several liturgical fragments of very early writing; of an anonymous diatribe against Arianism; and an inedited preface to a version of the Psalms by St. Isidore. None of these are more deserving of attention than a long inedited letter of Master Florus, deacon of Lyons, a celebrated scholar of the ninth century, on the subject of amending the Psalms. He here affirms that he had diligently collated the Hebrew, Septuagint, and Latin versions, noting their discrepancies with asterisks; and then adduces a considerable number of discordant passages in various Psalms, and offers suggestions for a complete and critical edition of the whole.

The canons of sacred criticism will be enriched by a new version or comment of the gospel of St. Matthew, derived from a very ancient codex in the Vatican, which is inserted in the present volume; it was found at Clermont in France; and having attracted the notice of several inquirers, was bought by Pius VI. for three hundred scudi, and placed in the Vatican. This codex contains the four gospels; but none besides the version of St. Matthew is anterior to the received text of St. Jerome; the remaining three agree entirely with his.

The third part of the volume opens with two inedited epitomes of Valerius Maximus; the one by Julius Paride, with a prefatory epistle from him, of which a fac-simile is given; and the other, which stops short at the 3d chapter of the 3d book, by Januarius Neposianus, containing emendations and additions to Paride's work, though not so ancient in date, nor so elegant in diction, as the last mentioned. From the same ancient codex, the editor has given the epitome of St. Augustine's six books on music, reduced to one and twenty chapters by some anonymous compiler. The same source has supplied him with four old homilies, from an unknown hand, of the age of Pope Gregory; of whom, as well as of Orosius, mention is made. Independently of the perspicuous style in which they are written, they contain several valuable notices, which Mai designates in his prefatory remarks. The name of Master Thomas, who, upon turning monk, adopted the surname of Theodulos, or servant of God, is illustrious in the literature of Greece during the middle ages. His "Atticisms" were printed at Rome in 1817; and to these are now added, for the first time, two long political essays, addressed by him to Andronicus II., a son of Michael VIII., the founder of the dynasty of the Paleologi: the first, treating of the sovereign's duty towards his subjects; and the second, of the subjects' duty towards their sovereign. The editor has inserted, in the margin, summaries of the contents of the various chapters, and mentioned the existence of thirteen other discourses by

the same writer, which he may be probably inclined to publish hereafter.

The whole closes with four Greek sibylline books in verse, which form an important addendum to the isolated eight books at present extant in print. Servius, after diligent investigation, informs us, that there were about one hundred sibylline books. Of these Mai discovered the fourteenth at Milan, as well as in the Vatican, and has appended it to the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth, from the same collection; supplying the whole with various readings. Inasmuch as they are now ascertained to be the production of the first ages of the church, and not, as was formerly conceived, of an earlier date, they shed an inestimable light on ecclesiastical history and antiquities. The Vatican books are of an historical character; the eleventh treats of the annals of the world from the deluge to the times of Julius Cæsar; the twelfth ranges from Augustus to beyond the reign of Severus; the thirteenth comes down to the age of Gal. Menus; but the contents of the fourteenth are so various and enigmatical, that it is not easy to describe them. The whole four contain eleven hundred and fifty-five Greek hexameters.

Such are the valuable contents of this third volume of the Vatican Collection, to which Mai has prefixed a dissertation, engraved in ancient characters, and a preface of thirty pages, independently of copious comments, appositely interspersed throughout the remaining portions of his publication.

The Freebooter's Bride; or the Black Pirate of the Mediterranean; including the Mystery of the Moriscos. 5 vols. 12mo. London, 1829. A. K. Newman and Co.

A ROMANCE in five volumes is a fearful thing now-a-days—as critics, the cold damp overpowers our natural temperament at the sight of such a production; and we joyfully cede it to those amiable readers whose fresh youth is yet delighted with cavern adventures, hair-breadth 'escapes, true loves (only known to that early period of life), and perfect happiness (which is known to no period). Of the present work we shall say little. It looks like a first attempt; and has adopted a groundwork susceptible of very interesting development, had the execution been equal to the conception, which we regret to state is far from being the case. Unable, therefore, to illustrate the romance itself, we shall make our extract from the preface, which explains the author's design, and strikes us as curious.

“Among the various popular superstitions abounding in Spain (more particularly marked by this characteristic than any other Catholic country), is one, which, strange to say, though generally unnoticed and unknown, is not less peculiar and important than that entertained in Portugal, with regard to the coming of San Sebastian. This is the belief, that the race of Abroudoulraham, the ancient Moorish kings of 'Valencia,' still preserve their existence, in some subterranean recess beneath the city, notwithstanding that so many centuries have elapsed since their visible and historical extinction; and that they prolong this secret dynasty, with the view of one day achieving the repossession of their old domains, by the assistance of the Turkish and Barbary governments. This fact was originally communicated to me by a Spanish gentleman, of literary attainments, with whom I accidentally became acquainted at the Library of the

British Museum; and I have since heard it verified by an Englishman, who has visited and resided on the spot in question. As I had long entertained a wish (among others less innocent, and even less useful) to write a romantic story, but had been deterred from the attempt, for the want of sufficient materials, it struck me, that the above subject, (however unworthy the honour of an historical inquiry) would afford me a foundation both novel and interesting: but in order to colour the fact with the greater probability, I deemed it expedient to throw the period of my narrative back to the era of Charles the Fifth, and to connect it in some measure with the history of the times. Still, as additions were wanting, when my foundation was laid for the rearing of the superstructure, the character of my heroine, and a train of circumstances, was introduced; though I must here apologise for the very great liberty I have taken, in making this lady nearly three centuries old, since I have every reason to believe that she is alive at this moment, and that her adventures are familiar to half the people in Spain. The character and the history of the Donna Concha are fact, and were made known to me three or four years since, through the medium of a public print; being a very extraordinary fact, however, in the present highly rational and sober-minded age, it was eminently adapted to the purpose I required; and I really think that its probability is improved by the removal; for characters in romance are not unfrequently like the portraits of some painters—they only appear natural when viewed at a distance. That the existence of such subterraneous passages and apartments, as form, in some degree, the groundwork of the romantic part of this publication, (and that many such are to be met with both in Portugal and Spain at the present moment), and that they give rise to many of the superstitions still prevalent in both kingdoms, may be fully credited by the following relation, furnished the author by a very intelligent gentleman, who resided many years in the town of Leira, Portugal, situate about twenty leagues from Lisbon, and two leagues from the sea-side. Above this town, on a commanding eminence, stands an old Moorish castle, which was the last of the 'seven' that was stormed by Alfonso Enrique, first king of Portugal; and since that period has been suffered to moulder in rugged ruin, as a visible memento of the fallen fortunes of its primitive possessors. This castle abounded with subterraneous recesses and passages, into which the gentleman above alluded to has penetrated to some considerable extent; and the current tradition is, that when the storming of the castle took place, nearly all the men had been put to the sword; but the females effected their escape to these unknown subterraneous, where, down to the present day, they are living in seclusion and security, and, at certain periods, may be heard singing and laughing together in their darksome dwellings; and the poor people are very zealous in endeavouring to convert strangers to the belief of it, in despite of all the stumbling-blocks of common sense and chronology. They relate the story of a peasant girl, which they themselves firmly believe, who, at a distant period, as handed down among them, was in the habit of going to milk her goats near this castle: one morning she met a beautiful Moorish lady, who promised, that if she would bring a basin of milk to the castle daily, for a twelvemonth, she should be endowed with great riches, and placed above her present

situation: but if, on the contrary, she neglected this, or betrayed the confidence reposed in her, she should not only lose all such advantages, but be subjected to some signal punishment. The girl was overjoyed at the prospect of the promised reward, and for many months she implicitly complied with all the terms of the agreement; but in so doing was obliged to pilfer from the property of her employer; and the loss, however trifling, was at length detected; for being watched, she was surprised in the act of conveying to her incognita the precious basin of milk. On being questioned as to her intention, she equivocated in great dread; but her employer would not suffer her to depart till he was satisfied; and then fearing she might disappoint the lady by her delay, she was induced to inform him, on his promising to let her go immediately to fulfil her morning duty. He was greatly surprised, as may be supposed, at her story; but to confirm his belief, she referred him to a deal box she had at home, which contained many valuable presents she had received, from time to time, from the Moorish lady, (who was always splendidly dressed), such as bracelets, ear-rings, chains, &c. &c. He then permitted her to depart, but never witnessed her return; and it is supposed, that on meeting with the Moslem lady, she was seized for betraying the secret, and immured in a wall, since her sighs and groans are to be heard to this day, as distinctly as the laugh of the fair infidel and her companions. On going to the trunk, strange to say, her employer and friends, on searching it, found all the valuables she had described, turned to ashes. One of the apertures to these unsearched recesses is in the wall of the town churchyard, which had formerly belonged to the gardens of the castle; and the Portuguese, while they apply their ears and listen to the joyous and melancholy sounds which proceed from within, have either too much reverence for the antiquity of the inhabitants, or fear of their necromantic power, to attempt a revelation of the mysterious abodes by ocular evidence, which, indeed, they are also forbidden by their priests to attempt exploring; and at this moment implicit credit is given to the above account, as handed down from parents to children, and is as much believed by most ranks of people, as is the advent of San Sebastian among almost all classes and degrees of Portuguese, to the present day.”

This story is very good; but the indifferent style in which it is related is a fair prelude to that of the novel.

RUSSIAN LITERATURE.

Steklovenia Ivana Koslova. Ivan Koslov's Poems. 8vo. pp. 142. Petersburg, 1823.

WE have been often enough perplexed by poets in our native language; but notwithstanding all the trouble the tribe have given us, it is only justice to them to acknowledge that we have been still more puzzled by this one little volume. It was, however, kindly lent to us as a literary curiosity by Thomas Moore, and we could not do less than our best to make out its contents. Yet these Russian letters are queer-looking things: we protest that Coptic is more readable; and though, after having turned the volume upside down, sideways, backwards, and forwards, we have come to some understanding of them, we are afraid that our account must be a very lame one. Nor will our readers wonder at this when we present to them, by way of specimens, the names of Moore, Byron, and

Scott, as they appear in this volume, in the Russian character.

Муръ Муръ
Байронъ Байронъ
Скоттъ Скоттъ

The first column gives the names in the written, the last in the printed character; and the only alteration we have made in the fac-simile is that of putting a final expletive letter instead of the genitive *a*,—a termination which, with the preposition preceding each of these names, indicates that the translation of the poems referred to is from one or other of these authors.

But to return to Kozlov: his poem of the "Chernetz," or Monk, which may be regarded as a species of *rifacimento* of Byron's Giaour, obtained for the author a considerable degree of reputation among his countrymen. He has since published a translation of the Bride of Abydos; but has not produced any original work of importance. The present collection consists merely of short fugitive pieces, several of which we had previously met with in various literary annuals, and of translations from English, French, and Italian poets. Among the latter, those from the English are the most numerous, and to us the most interesting, since we can better judge of the fidelity and spirit of the Russian version. The very first piece in the volume is the magnificent address to the sea, from the fourth canto of Childe Harold, commencing with the stanza "There is a pleasure in the pathless woods." Kozlov has adhered to the original metre as far as regards the number of lines in the stanza, but has deviated from the arrangement of the rhymes, as here there is only one triple rhyme, namely, of the second, fourth, and fifth lines, which certainly is no improvement. As to the translation itself, it is perhaps as close as the difference of the two languages would permit; every idea being retained, except those which depend upon particular epithets. Thus, for "pathless woods," we find "the gloom of dense forests;" while "yeast of waves" becomes "foam of waves." We do not produce these instances to prove any deficiency of ability on the part of the translator, for he has certainly preserved as much of the spirit of the original as could be expected, and we should be glad to learn that he had undertaken to execute the whole four cantos—we merely mention them to shew the impossibility of transferring into another idiom all the beauties of a poet, especially of one like Byron. The next piece from the same author is from the first canto of Lara, beginning at the line "It was the night, and Lara's glassy stream," &c.; to which succeed the spirit's song in Manfred—"When the moon is on the wave," "My native land, good night!" "Stanzas to Thyrsa," and the Hebrew Melody beginning "Sun of the sleepless," with one or two other pieces. From Moore we meet with translations of "The minstrel boy to the war is gone," and a few more of the Irish melodies; and from Scott one of the ballads in Rokeby—"Brigall banks are wild and fair;" besides which there is a version of Wolfe's popular stanzas on the death of Sir John Moore. The other translations are from Tasso, Chénier, Ducis, &c.

We have already said that, of the original

pieces here collected, several had appeared in print before: of those which are new to us we have been most struck by the address to Italy, and the stanzas on the Caucasus—

"Where, throned on ice, tiara'd high with snows,
Stern winter reigns upon its rifted peaks;
Beneath, the ruddy vintage smiling glows,
The crag overhanging; while yet lower, reeks
The foaming cloud the thundering cataract flings,
As down the abyss its headlong light it wings."

From the specimens here given we are satisfied that the author is capable of doing justice to our poetry; and if, therefore, he should continue to apply himself to translation, in preference to original composition, we hope that he will undertake some entire work—such a one as shall prove a valuable acquisition to his native literature. In order to afford a notion of Kozlov's general style, we have made a prose translation of one of his original pieces entitled "Kiev," and which appears at page 24.

"Kiev! where life and true religion dawned within our land; where the bright cross gleams upon the cupola of Petchersk, like a star in the blue heavens; where verdure and golden plenty crown thy fields, and the waves of the Dnieper foam and beat against thy antique walls!

"How oft does my soul fly towards thee, bright city! How oft in fancy is my sight enraptured by thy sacred beauty! Forgetting the world, I oftentimes linger by the convent-walls, or wander in the dead of night along the Dnieper's banks: all is Russian, beautiful, grand, holy.

"The moon has risen; the golden domes of Petchersk glitter in the waves of the river; her ruins call back ages to the memory; holy martyrs sleep within her vaults; the shade of Vladimir hovers over her; her battlements speak of glory. Fancy dwells around me, and the spirit of antiquity hallows all.

"In those fields has many a gallant hero fought; within these towers have high-born damsels dwelt, young, beautiful, and timid, and the minstrel sang to them of battles, feeding the secret ardour of their hearts. But the midnight bell tolls! the sound dies upon the air—another day has joined the past.

"Where are the bold who fought, whose sharp swords gleamed like lightning? Where are the beautiful, whose mild glance charmed and captivated all? Where the bard, whose minstrelsy enchanted? Alas! that midnight bell has answered all! Thy waves alone, O Dnieper, still beat against the sacred towers!"

It is, indeed, far better that translations like this or like Kozlov's should be made by writers acquainted with their originals, and not merely through the aid of French versions. Incredible as it may appear, it was thus that Serebrenikov, archbishop of Ekaterinoslav, actually undertook to introduce Paradise Lost to his countrymen. How well he must have known Milton, judging of him merely from his Gallic masquerade dress, it is unnecessary to say. The resemblance must have been nearly the same as that which the friar of a Parisian petit-maitre of the old regime bore to the "hyacinthine locks" of our great progenitor Adam.

Grammaire Raisonnée de la Langue Russe, &c.
Par Nic. Gretsck. Translated into French
by Ch. Ph. Reiff. Petersburg, 1828.

On the subject of Russian literature, we shall proceed to make a sort of miscellany of this Review; and if we are grave in our criticisms on poetry and grammar, make amends by a light addendum from recent works on Russia.

With regard to the grammar whose title we have just quoted, we have read the first volume of it with much attention and satisfaction: both the author and the translator deserve the

thanks and the praise of the literati. In our opinion, they have gone a good way in lessening the great difficulties which every instant impede the foreigner who wishes to acquire the Russian language. The curious linguist will also admire the short history of the origin and progress of the language with which the work commences, the methodical and clear grounds of the Russian alphabet, and the interesting enumeration of the best Russian grammarians. But as we are accustomed to speak the truth, we must say that we cannot entirely approve of all the parts of this useful work. We admit that much has been done, but there is still more to do. We have found many assertions and several rules which demand a clearer explanation. We differ from the author in the classification of the branches which form the great tree of the Russian language. Mr. Gretsck has laboured to shew that the Russian original words are derived from the Eastern and Western languages; and his remarks are very judicious, but not new—as, long before him, Lomonosoff had done the same. We find also that the system which Mr. Gretsck adopts in the division of the Russian verbs is too complicated for any student, and, perhaps, for many professors; and we truly wish that the author or the translator would simplify this part of the Grammar, since, as it stands at present, it must be a great obstacle to the progress of the learner. The celebrated Mexzofanti, who is certainly a great authority on such a subject, for he writes and speaks fifty-six dead and living languages, has said that, until the Russian grammar was simplified in the declensions and in the conjugations, it would always be, not only for foreigners but for the natives themselves, an inextricable puzzle. Many rules also, which regard the adverbs and the prepositions, ought to be rendered easier. Still, however, notwithstanding these objections, the present grammar is by far the best of the Russian language which has yet been published; and the translator has added to the original work many just remarks, though some of them are quite unnecessary. He has also shewn himself careful in avoiding many difficulties; but, *In vitium ducit culpas fuga, si caret arte.**

A Brief Account of Microscopical Observations made in June, July, and August, 1827, on the Particles contained in the Pollen of Plants, and on the General Existence of Active Molecules in Organic and Inorganic Bodies. By Robert Brown, F.R.S. V.P.L.S. &c. &c. Not published.

THIS, though a pamphlet of only sixteen pages, develops one of the most striking and extraordinary theories which has been produced in the age in which we live. The very high rank which the writer holds in the scientific world would entitle it to the most careful and respectful attention, even were it not intrinsically possessed of so remarkable and important a character; but the combination of both affords us as great satisfaction as we perform the office of

* We are quite surprised that no mention at all has been made of Catharine, the celebrated Russian casaria, to whose extraordinary character and abilities the Russian nation and literature are so much indebted.

* Russian literature seems to be beginning to excite the due share of the regard of other countries, and, among the rest, of our own. The Foreign Review, which has bestowed more attention on this subject than any other English periodical, has from time to time given notices of Russian publications; and in the Number which is just published, we observe a short article on a poem by Prokofievsky, entitled the Deer and the Pearl, accompanied by some translated extracts. We understand that the writer of the article is Mr. W. H. Leeds, from whose pen there has also appeared a paper on the literature and poetry of Russia, in the fourth Number of the same journal.

making this recent discovery (which has caused much wonder and discussion among our leading men of science) known to the general world.

That the three kingdoms of nature are far more intimately blended than has hitherto been imagined; that the ephemeral insect of the hour, and the sphinx of antiquity—that the ashes of the paper on which this notice is written, and the muscular fibre of him who pens it, differ but in name,—are only part of this arcana of microscopical discovery. What shall the winged fancy of the poet invent superior to the realities of existence as expounded here?—

This is a block of granite,
And this a gauzy fly,
And this a mass of iron,
And this the bud of a rose,
And these the ashes of a burnt paper kite,
And these of the heart of Alexander the Great,

without a distinguishing characteristic in either, all identically the same!!!

Pursuing certain inquiries into the structure of the pollen, and its mode of action on the pistillum in phanogamous plants, Mr. Brown immersed some large particles or granules (taken from anthers full-grown, but before bursting, of the *Clavikia pulchella*) in water; and while examining their forms, he says:—

“I observed many of them very evidently in motion; their motion consisting not only of a change of place in the fluid, manifested by alterations in their relative positions, but also not unfrequently of a change of form in the particle itself; a contraction or curvature taking place repeatedly about the middle of one side, accompanied by a corresponding swelling or convexity on the opposite side of the particle. In a few instances the particle was seen to turn on its longer axis. These motions were such as to satisfy me, after frequently repeated observation, that they arose neither from currents in the fluid, nor from its gradual evaporation, but belonged to the particle itself.”

Similar observations extended to other plants have strengthened this opinion; and Mr. Brown says:—

“Having found motion in the particles of the pollen of all the living plants which I had examined, I was led next to inquire whether this property continued after the death of the plant, and for what length of time it was retained. In plants, either dried or immersed in spirit for a few days only, the particles of pollen of both kinds were found in motion equally evident with that observed in the living plant; specimens of several plants, some of which had been dried and preserved in an herbarium for upwards of twenty years, and others not less than a century, still exhibited the molecules or smaller spherical particles in considerable numbers, and in evident motion, along with a few of the larger particles, whose motions were much less manifest, and in some cases not observable.

The very unexpected fact of seeming vitality retained by these minute particles so long after the death of the plant, would not perhaps have materially lessened my confidence in the supposed peculiarity. But I at the same time observed, that on bruising the ovula or seeds of equisetum, which at first happened accidentally, I so greatly increased the number of moving particles, that the source of the added quantity could not be doubted. I found also, on bruising first the floral leaves of mosses, and then all other parts of those plants, that I readily obtained similar particles; not in equal quantity indeed, but equally in motion. My supposed test of the male organ was therefore

necessarily abandoned. Reflecting on all the facts with which I had now become acquainted, I was disposed to believe that the minute spherical particles or molecules of apparently uniform size, first seen in the advanced state of the pollen of *Onagraris*, and most other phanogamous plants,—then in the anthers of mosses and on the surface of the bodies regarded as the stamina of equisetum,—and lastly, in bruised portions of other parts of the same plants, were in reality the supposed constituent or elementary molecules of organic bodies, first so considered by Buffon and Needham, then by Wrisberg with greater precision, soon after and still more particularly by Müller, and very recently by Dr. Milne Edwards, who has revived the doctrine, and supported it with much interesting detail. I now, therefore, expected to find these molecules in all organic bodies; and accordingly, on examining the various animal and vegetable tissues, whether living or dead, they were always found to exist; and merely by bruising these substances in water, I never failed to disengage the molecules in sufficient numbers to ascertain their apparent identity in size, form, and motion, with the smaller particles of the grains of pollen. I examined also various products of organic bodies, particularly the gum resins, and substances of vegetable origin, extending my inquiry even to pit-coal; and in all these bodies molecules were found in abundance. I remark here, also, partly as a caution to those who may hereafter engage in the same inquiry, that the dust or soot deposited on all bodies in such quantity, especially in London, is entirely composed of these molecules. One of the substances examined was a specimen of fossil wood, found in Wiltshire oolite, in a state to burn with flame; and as I found these molecules abundantly, and in motion in this specimen, I supposed that their existence, though in smaller quantity, might be ascertained in mineralised vegetable remains. With this view, a minute portion of silicified wood, which exhibited the structure of *Coniferae*, was bruised, and spherical particles, or molecules in all respects like those so frequently mentioned, were readily obtained from it; in such quantity, however, that the whole substance of the petrification seemed to be formed of them. But hence I inferred that these molecules were not limited to organic bodies, nor even to their products. To establish the correctness of the inference, and to ascertain to what extent the molecules existed in mineral bodies, became the next object of inquiry. The first substance examined was a minute fragment of window-glass, from which, when merely bruised on the stage of the microscope, I readily and copiously obtained molecules agreeing in size, form, and motion, with those which I had already seen. I then proceeded to examine, and with similar results, such minerals as I either had at hand or could readily obtain, including several of the simple earths and metals, with many of their combinations. Rocks of all ages, including those in which organic remains have never been found, yielded the molecules in abundance. Their existence was ascertained in each of the constituent minerals of granite, a fragment of the Sphinx being one of the specimens examined. To mention all the mineral substances in which I have found these molecules, would be tedious; and I shall confine myself in this summary to an enumeration of a few of the most remarkable. These were both of aqueous and igneous origin, as travertine, stalactites, lava, obsidian, pumice, volcanic ashes, and meteorites from various localities. Of

metals, I may mention manganese, nickel, plumbago, bismuth, antimony, and arsenic. In a word, in every mineral which I could reduce to a powder sufficiently fine to be temporarily suspended in water, I found these molecules more or less copiously; and in some cases, more particularly in siliceous crystals, the whole body submitted to examination appeared to be composed of them.”

Mr. Brown enumerates other substances, and proceeds:

“There are three points of great importance which I was anxious to ascertain respecting these molecules; namely, their form, whether they are of uniform size, and their absolute magnitude. I am not, however, entirely satisfied with what I have been able to determine on any of these points. As to form, I have stated the molecule to be spherical; and this I have done with some confidence: the apparent exceptions which occurred admitting, as it seems to me, of being explained by supposing such particles to be compounds. This supposition in some of the cases is, indeed, hardly reconcilable with their apparent size, and requires for its support the further admission, that, in combination, the figure of the molecule may be altered. In the particles formerly considered as primary combinations of molecules, a certain change of form must also be allowed; and even the simple molecule itself has sometimes appeared to me when in motion to have been slightly modified in this respect. My manner of estimating the absolute magnitude and uniformity in size of the molecules found in the various bodies submitted to examination, was by placing them on a micrometer divided to five thousandths of an inch, the lines of which were very distinct; or more rarely on one divided to ten thousandths, with fainter lines, not readily visible without the application of plumbago, as employed by Dr. Wollaston, but which in my subject was inadmissible. The results so obtained can only be regarded as approximations, on which perhaps, for an obvious reason, much reliance will not be placed. From the number and degree of accordance of my observations, however, I am, upon the whole, disposed to believe the simple molecule to be of uniform size, though as existing in various substances, and examined in circumstances more or less favourable, it is necessary to state that its diameter appeared to vary from $\frac{1}{1000}$ to $\frac{1}{5000}$ of an inch.”

Such are the remarkable phenomena described by Mr. Brown, and which have excited much discussion both at home and abroad. By some philosophical inquirers they have been almost laughed at as visionary—the appearances being ascribed to motion in the liquid in which the substances were examined; but others have considered them to be of great importance to science. *Non nostrum tantas componere lites*; but the subject is certainly well worth being more generally known; and it is the part of such a publication as ours to make it so.

In conclusion, we have to notice another microscopical publication* by Dr. Goring and Mr. Pritchard, which, though devoted to objects of natural history, may readily be connected with the foregoing. It is a curious and interesting account of various larvae, &c. as seen by the aid of powerful glasses; and we recommend it to the attention of the public.

A little book, too, called *Microscopic Amusements*, by T. Ballard, is worthy of our notice,

* No. 1. of the Natural History of several new, popular, and diverting living Objects for the Microscope, &c. &c. London, 1839. A. Pritchard and Hensley.

as a pleasing initiation into this interesting pursuit, and especially for young persons.

The French Librarian; or, Literary Guide.
By L. T. Ventouillac. 8vo. pp. 536. London, 1839. Treuttel and Co.

THE object of this useful and agreeable work is, to point out the principal writers of France, with critical opinions, anecdotes, and biographical notices; and the plan, in itself most commendable, has been executed by M. Ventouillac with manifest judgment and ability. Not only for reference, but for amusing miscellaneous reading, we have found it to be a pleasant lounge's book, as well as a good guide. The following particularly neatly turned notices of Fenelon (from Butler's works) and of Fontaine will serve to illustrate the spirit of the whole.

"Fenelon soon after his consecration published his celebrated *Explication*, &c.—the immediate cause of all his we. It is certain that, before it was printed, it was examined with the most severe and scrupulous attention by the Cardinal de Noailles and M. Tronson, and by M. Pirot, a theologian of great eminence in his day, attached to Bossuet. It is, however, certain that immediately on its appearance it was distinctly and loudly condemned by the public voice. After the Cardinal de Noailles, the Bishop of Chartres, and Bossuet, had published their condemnation of the *Maxims of the Saints*, the two former almost quitted the war, and left the field to Bossuet and Fenelon. 'Then,' to use the words of the Chancellor d'Aguesseau, 'were seen to enter the lists two combatants rather equal than alike. One of them, of consummate skill, covered with the laurels which he had gained in his combats for the church, an indefatigable warrior, his age and repeated victories might have dispensed him from further service; but his mind, still vigorous and superior to the weight of years, preserved in his old age a great portion of his early fire. The other, in the full strength of youth, not yet much known by his writings, but enjoying the highest reputation for his eloquence and the loftiness of his genius,—long exercised in the subject of discussion, a perfect master of its language, nothing in it was above his comprehension, nothing in it which he could not explain, and every thing explained appearing plausible.' In composing his *Relation of Quietism* (Paris, 8vo. 1822*), Bossuet availed himself of some secret and confidential writings which he had received from Madame de Guyon, of private letters written to him by Fenelon during their early intimacy, and of a letter which, under the seal of friendship, Fenelon had written to Madame de Maintenon, and which she unfeelingly communicated to Bossuet. The substance of these different pieces Bossuet connected with so much art, interwove in them the mention of so many curious facts, so entertaining an account of Madame de Guyon's visions and pretensions to inspiration, and so many interesting anecdotes of the conduct of Louis XIV. and Madame de Maintenon during the controversy: he occasionally inserted in it so much dignified and truly episcopal eloquence, and set it off by such brilliancy of thought and expression, as excited universal admiration and attracted universal favour to its author. A letter of Madame de Maintenon shews the eagerness with which the extraordinary performance of Bossuet was read:—'They talk here of nothing else; they

lend it, they snatch it from one another, they devour it.' Nothing could exceed the consternation which this raised among the friends of Fenelon at Rome and at Paris. His first intention was not to answer it; but the Abbé de Chanterac informed him that the impression which it made against him at Rome was so strong, that a full refutation of it was necessary: he therefore determined to reply. Bossuet's *Relation* appeared in the middle of June; Fenelon's reply was published on the 3d of August. A nobler effusion of the indignation of insulted virtue and genius, eloquence has never produced. In the first lines of it Fenelon placed himself above his antagonist, and to the last preserved his elevation. * * *

"La Fontaine was possessed of singular naïveté. A curious anecdote is related of his enthusiasm for the apocryphal book of Baruch. He was one day with Racine, who being occupied for the moment, lent him a Bible which contained the Apocrypha to look over until he should be at liberty. The good man opened by chance on a chapter in Baruch which contained the prayer and supplication of the people: after perusing it with strong feelings of admiration, he suddenly addressed Racine—'Who is this Baruch? what a fine genius!' For some days he was so full of the subject, that every one he met was accosted with—'Have you read Baruch? What a fine genius!' For the last two years of his life La Fontaine acted the part of a contrite spirit, and practised some of the severest austerities of monastic worship. At his death it was discovered that he wore a hair shirt. Louis Racine wrote the following lines on the subject:—

Vrai dans tous ses écrits, vrai dans tous ses discours,
Vrai dans sa pénitence à la fin de ses jours,
Du maître qui s'approche il prévient la justice,
Et l'auteur de *Jocunde* est couvert d'un cilice.

Rabelais was passionately admired by La Fontaine. He would allow no author, ancient or modern, sacred or profane, a place on the same shelf. He was one day at the house of Despréaux in company of Racine, the Doctor Boileau, and some others: one of the party was speaking of St. Augustine: he listened for some time abstractedly; at length, rousing himself as from a dream, he asked the doctor with the most serious air, if he thought that St. Augustine had more wit (*esprit*) than Rabelais? The doctor, glancing at him from head to foot, merely replied—'Prenez-garde, Monsieur La Fontaine—one of your stockings is wrong side outwards.' Many anecdotes are related of La Fontaine's absence of mind."

We cannot do better than recommend this valuable work: it is like a *coup d'aile* over French literature, which will enable every reader to select at a glance what is best suited to his tastes or pursuits—thus enabling him to devote that time to acquirement which would otherwise have been wasted in selection: both plan and execution, we repeat, are a high credit to M. Ventouillac.

The History and Antiquities of the Parish of Lambeth, and the Archiepiscopal Palace in the County of Surrey, &c. &c. By Thomas Allen. 8vo. pp. 468. London, 1829, J. Allen, and Nichols.

THIS is indeed a very ordinary compilation of materials which have not even the labour of research to recommend them. The book is chiefly made up from "Pennant's London," "Brayley's Lambeth," Lyson's works, and other well-known publications; combined with a profusion of local anecdotes and parish tales,

collected from a variety of sources, amounting probably to the population of Lambeth and its environs; but its merits as a literary or antiquarian production are of a commonplace order.

The increase of buildings in the parish of Lambeth during little more than a century is worthy of remark. In 1719 the number of houses was 1400; in 1823, 14,000.

As a specimen of the style and gossip, we extract the following:

"On repairing the *Three Mariners*, in 1752, in it was found a remarkably high-elbowed chair, covered with purple cloth, and ornamented with gilt nails. An old fisherman told Mr. Buckmaster, that he heard his grandfather say, that King Charles the Second, disguised, used, on his water tours with his ladies, to frequent the above tavern to play at chess, &c. and that the chair found was the same as the king sat in. The chair was repaired and kept as a curiosity, by the late John Dawson, Esq., but by neglect was, at the pulling down his dwelling at Vauxhall, in 1777, destroyed. Mr. Buckmaster sat in the chair many times, but his feet would not touch the ground. King Charles was very tall."

Lambeth Palace, which is in a most deplorable state, is thus qualified:

"In point of architecture, the present palace of Lambeth exhibits a motley appearance, convenience and accommodation having been studied in its various alterations and improvements, rather than uniformity of style: taken as a whole, however, its effect is highly venerable and imposing, particularly when viewed from the opposite bank of the Thames, or the adjacent bridge of Westminster, where the ancient parts are principally conspicuous."

Now we cannot help thinking that, so far from convenience and accommodation having been studied, the only study has been how to avoid making the necessary repairs. So obvious, indeed, is this feeling, that, seeing it is intended to apply to Parliament for leave to build a new bridge across the river, in the immediate vicinity of the palace, we should not be surprised if the site of this ancient structure, hallowed as it is by so many recollections connected with the history of our religion, were, ere long, advertised "to be let on building leases."

Mr. Blore is now, and has been for some time, employed in making great alterations in and restoring this ancient edifice. The same gentleman, we understand, is to build the Pitt Library, at Cambridge. Lord Farnborough, and some others of the trustees, who have sanctioned this excellent application of the surplus subscription for a monument to the memory of that patriot minister, had appointed about the present time to lay the foundation stone, with appropriate ceremonies. We have not yet heard, however, of its being done.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

A Letter to the Publisher of the Quarterly Review, &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 52. Saunders and Otley.

SIR RUFANE DONKIN, feeling himself aggrieved by the review of his Dissertation on the Course and probable Termination of the Niger, which appeared in the last Quarterly Review, has here taken up the cudgels against his reviewer, whom he accuses of suppression, perversion, and a want of taste bordering on vulgarity. As we have not only given our own opinion of the gallant general's book, but admitted an explanatory letter from him into our columns, we do not

* This date must be an error of the press, as Bossuet was born in 1627, and died in 1704.—Ed. L. G.

think ourselves called upon to go farther into this dispute than merely to say, that Sir Rufus has produced a strong and able pamphlet in defence of his hypothesis. We are sorry to add, that he has also, under the mask of an ironical justification of an individual to whom he states the authorship of the review is by common consent attributed, belaboured a gentleman of distinguished literature and of high official station. We dislike the tone of irony; for if it was unfit for, and gave offence in, the reviewer, it was equally unsuited to the gallant general, from whom plain straight-forward remarks would have come with better grace than these *Barrow-metrical* observations.

Sketches of Buenos Ayres and Chile. By Samuel Haigh. 8vo. pp. 316. London, 1829. Carpenter.

THE exaltation of his own ideas, combined with the persuasion of friends, have probably been the causes that induced Mr. Haigh to step aside from his laudable commercial pursuits, and publish the volume before us. However this may be, we must beg leave to tell him, in his own mercantile phraseology, that his cargo is stale, consisting at best but of small ware, the market already overstocked, and the venture very unlikely either to be profitable to himself or his consignee, the public. What he offers under the above title is little more than a commonplace narrative of a journey from Buenos Ayres across the Cordilleras to Valparaiso, undertaken for commercial purposes, so long ago as the year 1817. We can find nothing of sufficient novelty or general interest to venture at an extract.* There is much mention of persons and names of no interest at all; and on the subject of trade, where we expected to find the redeeming portion, the volume is equally deficient. It may be said, however, to have the negative praise of containing nothing offensive; and its merits may be summed up in the homely words of being neither good nor bad, but altogether indifferent.

An Analysis of Bishop Burnet's Exposition of the Thirty-Nine Articles, with Notes. By T. Newland, A.B., of Trinity Coll. Dublin. 12mo. pp. 643. Dublin, 1829. W. Curry; London, Hurst and Co.

THIS is a very laudable attempt to arrange Burnet's valuable theological matter in a more perspicuous form—it is an excellent volume for the student of divinity or young divine.

Diary of Occurrences on a Journey through a part of Belgium, Holland, and up the Rhine to Mayence, &c. Pp. 112. London, 1829. J. Ridgway.

THERE could be little of novelty in this now so common tour: the author however gives the track, and notices the matters which struck him most in pursuing it. Extracts from preceding publications are introduced, at apposite places, to vary the dry journal.

Batter's Companion to the Lakes of Cumberland, &c. London, 1829. Hurst and Co.

WITH a good map prefixed, this book contains all that is necessary for the information of the tourist, who (with fine weather) may spend a month or six weeks most delightfully in visiting these sylvan beauties of England. And,

* Except, perhaps, the following: "A friend of mine, who was very curious in these matters, assured me that through a microscope, he had discovered that the fleas in the Pampas were black and white, and streaked like a zebra. I cannot speak to this, as whenever I caught one, I despatched it, without giving it the benefit of a single examination."

though there is some superfluous matter introduced, the Companion really deserves its name, for it is an amusing miscellany, and contains many things to interest the reader, or while away the duller hours that occur on every party of pleasure.

A Descriptive Road-Book of France, &c. By M. Reichard. New edition. S. Leigh. GREAT improvements have been made in this useful road-book; which, like all Mr. Leigh's similar publications, is a very correct and excellent guide to the traveller.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, Sept. 1st.

AMONG the periodical works of the day which are the subjects of conversation, and promise to be beneficial to the public, is "Annales d'Hygiène Publique, et de Médecine Légale;" the subjects discussed in the first two Numbers of which are particularly interesting; there is also a very curious article on the influence of tobacco on the working classes, and another on the rate of mortality in prisons. If such works are protected, what will become of the doctorhood?—"Histoire de France depuis la Restauration, par M. Charles Lacretelle," is considered as the most impartial and, consequently, the most faithful that has appeared: the first two volumes treat of events until the year 1820; and the other volumes are to contain the history from that period until the present day. Ladies' pens are prolific in romances; of which "L'Elève de Saint Denis" is one of the most popular. I understand Madame de Genlis is again about to publish a religious novel, as her *last* ext. But she has so often taken her leave of the literary world, and reappeared notwithstanding, that it is probable she will never decide on a lasting farewell until death seals the promise of silence with which she has so often threatened her readers.

An Italian, who is a connoisseur in sauces, pies, and pasties, has just built, for the convenience of the public, *une cuisine ambulante*. This kitchen is about the size of an omnibus, and pretty much on the same construction: it is to be put into action on the 12th of next month; and all those who wish to associate exercise and eating may accomplish their desire for the moderate sum of fifteen sous.

This summer forms quite an era in Parisian constitutions and characters; for we are now as splenetical and vapourish as the Londoners during November fogs. In vain female wit essays to discover a new pleasure; all equally turns out to be "vanity and vexation of spirit;" and ennui exhausts itself in Oh's! Ah's! and yawning. A lady of an uncertain age, by way of varying her *soi-disant* intellectual entertainments, gave, a few evenings ago, a *magnetical soirée* to her friends—*c'est à dire*, her countess-ship was to be *somnambulated*. For this purpose, an azure-blue sofa was placed in the middle of a well-illuminated *salon*, on which Madame reclined, or rather lay stretched, in a corpse-like position, but still so as to display a pretty foot and ankle. When all was in readiness, and the young and old beaux had paid their tribute of compliments on the beauty of the lady's form, and her statuary proportions, a little black man, who might safely pass himself for a minion of Beelzebub, stepped forward, and with a mysterious air waved his hand backwards and forwards, at the same time uttering some unintelligible jargon, which neither he nor those present understood. He then proceeded to part Madame's curls—an operation which

made her start (for *wigs* are peculiarly sensitive): this done, he gently passed his fingers along the countess's temples, and thence downwards to her heart, until a *delicate snore* announced that she was in a deep sleep, or pretended to be so. The magnetiser then desired the lady to transport herself to Lisbon to her husband's lodging, and to say what were his occupations. In about ten minutes she made the voyage, and had the joyful pleasure of finding her *caro sposo* saying his prayers *vis-à-vis* the *portrait* of a beautiful Magdalene. This reply called forth much merriment and *badinage*. But the gravity of the magnetiser silenced laughter and innuendos. The next question was more difficult to solve: one of the company wrote on a sheet of paper some lines from Lord Byron, in English, and afterwards covered them with a piece of silk. The sleeper was desired to read them: at first she refused, saying it would strain her eyes; but on the magnetiser urging her to repeat merely the first line, she acquiesced; and although she pronounced the words badly, she did not commit the slightest error. Great was the admiration and wonder testified by those present at this miracle; but all agreed that it would be totally against the interests of society to encourage the science of magnetism; since it would be equally dangerous in its consequences with the "palace of truth," particularly as few wives could hope to find their husbands kneeling to *portraits*.

Madlle. Sontag performs to-morrow night in the rôle of *Semiramis*; and M. Inchindi makes his *début* in the character of *Assur*. Every place has been taken *aux Italiens*, this week past:—such is the attraction of novelty!

The Muses are increasing and multiplying: three lady-poets, *inconnues*, have given a volume of their inspiration to the public. Reviewers speak highly of its merits; but whether their praises proceed from pity, gallantry, or admiration, it would be difficult to decide; for French critics are not always swayed by strict justice, when authors belong to the gentle, and sometimes ungente, sex.

A lady managed to poison her husband the other day, by means of warming soup in a saucepan covered with verdigris. However, she cannot be called to account for the action, as she pretends it was a mistake. What mistakes will not now be committed? There will be a matrimonial saucepan in every kitchen in Paris, set apart for *le pauvre mari*.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR SEPTEMBER.

22d day, 20 hrs. 17 min. — the autumnal equinox; the sun being vertical to the equator, the boundary of light and darkness passes through each pole, and the days and nights are consequently equal in every region of the globe. After this day, the arch described by the sun above the horizon will be observed sensibly to diminish, and darkness gradually to extend its reign. The emblems of the dying year will present themselves in rapid and melancholy succession: the sickly tinted foliage of the wood, the grove, and the garden — the leaf borne from the bough at the feeblest breath, and flitting to the ground in many circles — the pensive strain of the robin warbling forth a farewell to the parting season — and the moaning gale heralding the icy car of Winter: but above these scenes of change and desolation, the brilliant constellations of winter re-appear and pursue their unwearied and unerring courses, shining forth from their depths of immensity

with unfading splendour, to cheer the gloomy nights of the northern world.

Solar Eclipse.—28th day, 2 hrs. 2 min. 15 sec.—an annular eclipse of the sun; the breadth of the luminous ring surrounding the opaque body of the moon $1' 17''$. This beautiful phenomenon will be visible to the inhabitants of Kamchatka, the Aleutian and Japan islands, and China, in which empire it will doubtless be observed with all the extravagant ceremonies with which this singular people have from very distant ages distinguished these celestial appearances. As soon as the obscuration commences, the inhabitants of the chief cities fall prostrate to the earth, uttering loud exclamations, amidst the horrid noise of drums and cymbals, which continues till the termination of the eclipse. This custom arose from a superstitious notion that the clamour prevented the luminary from being devoured by the celestial dragon; and though this absurd idea has yielded to a correct acquaintance with the cause of the phenomenon, the ceremonial is still preserved, from an attachment to ancient custom. The Chinese astronomers, for some time preceding eclipses, are required to furnish the emperor and the principal officers of government with explanatory types, which are carefully compared with the actual occurrence by persons appointed for that purpose. In the year 1310 before the Christian era, Ho and Hi, two celebrated Chinese astronomers, were punished with death, for having omitted to predict an eclipse that happened in that year.

Lunar Eclipse.—13th day—an eclipse of the moon, which will commence a short time before it sets, consequently a small portion only of the obscuration will be visible at Greenwich, namely, $1^{\circ} 19' 22''$: in Ireland and the western ocean it will be more considerable; and to the inhabitants of North and South America, its whole duration will be visible.

	H.	M.
Beginning of the eclipse	17	25
Moon's upper limb sets	17	38
Ecliptic opposition	18	29
Middle	18	37
End of the eclipse	19	49

Digits eclipsed $6^{\circ} 5'$ on the moon's southern limb, or from the northern side of the earth's shadow.

The moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Jupiter in Scorpio	5	7	0
Saturn in Cancer	23	8	15
Mars in Leo	26	9	15
Mercury in Virgo	29	19	0
Venus in Libra	30	18	45

The planets Mercury, Mars, and Saturn, are too near the sun for satisfactory observation. Jupiter and Venus are evening stars. The following will be the only visible eclipses of the satellites of Jupiter:—

	D.	H.	M.
First Satellite, emersion	5	7	23
Second Satellite, emersion	26	6	44

Uranus passes the meridian at the following times respectively:—

D.	H.	M.	D.	H.	M.	D.	H.	M.
1	9	39	11	9	2	21	8	26

Occultation of Aldebaran and other Stars in Taurus, August 21st day (see Nos. 649 and 654). The circumstances attending the occultation of these stars (70, 75, and α Tauri, 160 Mayer and Aldebaran) were peculiarly inauspicious; and, with the exception of the emersion of the latter, the detail will be interesting only as affording an opportunity of comparing the state of the atmosphere with that of other observatories. Aug. 21st day, 10 hrs. 47 min.—the moon was observed clear of the horizon, and γ Tauri to the west of the southern cusp. 11 hrs. 45 min.—a veil of mist enveloped the

moon, through which it was dimly seen. 12 hrs. 15 min.—70 Tauri very close to the moon's bright limb: at the predicted time of immersion of this star, dense clouds intercepted the view. To the misty vapour succeeded a dappled sky, through which, at intervals, an opportunity offered of following α Tauri to the verge of the lunar disc, or within a minute or two of its occultation, when darker clouds interposed for four minutes, on the withdrawing of which the star was invisible. 15 hrs. 30 min.—the whole hemisphere generally obscured, so that none of the emersions of those behind the disc were seen. 15 hrs. 48 min.—observed 160 Mayer to the west of the moon. 17 hrs. 30 min.—Aldebaran distinctly seen approaching the bright limb, and visible till within twelve minutes of its expected immersion, when thick clouds concealed both the star and the moon. 18 hrs. 15 min.—the sky became comparatively clear, and continued sufficiently favourable to afford as satisfactory a view of the emersion as, from the presence of the sun, could be expected. At 19 hrs. 1 min. 30 sec. Aldebaran instantaneously re-appeared, without any diminution of its light (when compared with its appearance at 17 hrs. 30 min.), alteration of colour, or sensible variation in its rate of motion. The dark limb of the moon was not visible.

Dexford.

J. T. B.

ANCIENT AND MODERN EGYPT.

M. Champollion's Eleventh Letter—continued.

DAKKEH is the most southern point where I have discovered work executed under the Ptolemies and the emperors. I am convinced that the Greek or Roman dominion never extended, at the most, beyond Ibrim. Accordingly, I have found from Dakkeh to Thebes a nearly uninterrupted series of edifices built in these two epochs: the Pharaonic monuments are rare, and those of the times of the Ptolemies and the Cæsars are numerous, and almost all unfinished. I inferred from this, that the destruction of the Pharaonic temples originally existing between Thebes and Dakkeh in Nubia, is to be ascribed to the Persians, who must have followed the valley of the Nile to about Seboua; where, to go to Ethiopia, as well as to return from it, they took the road through the desert, which is infinitely shorter than that by the river, which is also impassable by an army, on account of the numerous cataraacts: the road through the desert is to this day chosen by most of the caravans, the armies, and individual travellers. This march of the Persians saved the monument of Amada, which might easily have been destroyed, because it is of small extent. From Dakkeh to Thebes we find only the *second editions* of the temples.

We must except the monument of Ghirache, and that of Bet-ouali, which the Persians could not destroy, because it would have been necessary to overturn the mountains in which they are excavated. But these speos, and especially the first, were desolated as much as the nature of the place permitted.

We arrived at Ghirache-bussan, or Ghir-houssein, on the 25th of January. This, like Ypsamboul, Derri, and Seboua, is a real Rhamesseion, or Rhamesion; that is to say, a monument due to the munificence of Rhameses the Great. It is consecrated to the god Phtha, a personage of whom we find a faint imitation in the Hephestus of the Greeks, and the Vulcan of the Latins. Phtha was the god of Ghirache, which in the Egyptian language bore the name of Phatheh, or Thyphthah, the abode of Phtha. Thus this Nubian village formerly bore the same sacred name as Memphis; and it seems

that these pompous names were in fashion in Nubia, since the hieroglyphic inscriptions inform me, for instance, that Derri had the same name as the celebrated Heliopolis of Egypt, *the abode of the sun*; and that the miserable village now known by the name of Seboua, and the monument of which is so poor, dignified itself with the name of Ammon- α i, which is the same as that of Thebes with the hundred gates.

The portion of the hemi-speos of Ghirache built of stone is almost entirely destroyed, and the part excavated in the rock—an immense work—has been ravaged with a kind of studied zeal. I have, however, been able to make out the subject of all the bas-reliefs, and a great portion of the legends. The great hall is supported by six enormous pillars, in which six colossal figures are hewn, presenting the singular contrast of barbarous workmanship close to bas-reliefs, the execution of which is very fine. On the side walls eight square niches contain each three seated figures, sculptured in high relief; the personage occupying the centre of these niches is always the god Sun Rhameses, the patron of Sesostris, invoked under the name of Great God, and as residing in Phthaei, Amonei, and Thyri; that is to say, Ghirache, Seboua, and Derri, where there exist, in fact, Rhamesseions dedicated to the god Sun Rhameses, the same who is adored at Ghirache, as the son of Phtha and Hathor, the great divinities of that temple. The study of the religious pictures of Ghirache throws much light on the mythology of those three personages.

The 26th was partly devoted to the little temple of Dandour. Here we come back to modern times; it is an unfinished work of the temple of the emperor Augustus; but though not important for its extent, this monument interested me very much, because it relates entirely to the incarnation of Osiris in a human form upon the earth. The evening of the 25th had been enlivened by a magnificent echo opposite Dandour: it repeats, very distinctly and loudly, as many as eleven syllables.

The temple of Kalabachi employed us on the 27th: it is here that I discovered a new generation of gods, which completes the circle of the forms of Ammon, the commencement and point of union of all the divine essences. Ammon-Ra, the supreme and primordial existence, being his own father, is called the husband of his mother (the goddess Mouth).—his feminine portion contained in his own essence both male and female. All the other Egyptian gods are only forms of these two constituent principles, considered under different relations, taken singly; they are only pure abstractions of the Great Being. These secondary, tertiary, &c. forms constitute an unbroken chain, which descends from the heavens, and is materialised in incarnations under a human form. The last of these incarnations is that of Horus, and this extreme link of the divine chain, forms, under the name of Hor-ammon, the Omega of the gods of whom Ammon Horus (the great Ammon, the acting and regenerating spirit,) is the Alpha. The commencement of the Egyptian mythology is a triad, formed of the three parts of Ammon, namely Ammon (the male and the father) Mouth (the female and the mother), and Khous, (the infant son). This triad having manifested itself upon earth, is resolved into Osiris, Isis, and Horus. But the parity is not complete, because Osiris and Isis are brother and sister. It was at Kalabachi that I at length found the final triad, the three members of which are exactly resolved into the three members of the initial triad; Horus there, in fact, bears the title of husband of the mother;

and his son by his mother Isis, who is called Malouli (the Mandouli of the Greek Proscynema), the principal god of Kalabschi, and fifty bas-reliefs give us his genealogy. Thus the final triad was composed of Horus, of his mother Isis, and their son Malouli, personages which exactly correspond with the initial triad, Ammon, Month, and Khous; accordingly, Malouli was worshipped at Kalabschi under a form like that of Khous, in the same costume and the same insignia; only the young god bears here, in addition, the title of Lord of Talmis, that is to say, of Kalabschi, which the Greek geographers, in fact, call Talmis, a name likewise met with in the inscriptions of the temples. I have also acquired certain proof, that there had existed at Talmis three editions of the temple of Malouli, one under the Pharaohs and under Amenophis II., successor of Mœris; one of the time of the Ptolemies; and the last, the temple now standing, which was never finished, under Augustus, Cæsar Caligula, and Trajan; and the legend of the god Malouli, on a fragment of a bas-relief of the first temple, employed in the building of the third, differs in no respect from the most recent legends. Thus, then, the local worship of all the towns and villages of Nubia and Egypt never underwent any modification, no innovation was made, and the ancient gods still reigned on the day when their temples were closed by Christianity. These gods had, besides, in some manner, shared Egypt and Nubia among them, thus constituting a kind of feudal division. Every town had its patron: Chnouphis and Saté reigned in the island of Elephantina, at Syene, and at Beghe, and their jurisdiction extended over the whole of Nubia; Phre at Ypsamboul, at Derri, and at Amada; Phtha at Ghirsche; Anouké at Maschak; Thoth, the superintendent of Chnouphis, over all Nubia, had his principal fiefs at Gibal-addeh and at Dakkeh; Osiris was lord of Dandour; Isis queen at Phile; Hathor at Ypsamboul; and lastly, Malouli at Kabatschi. But Ammon-Ra reigns every where, and occupies the right of the sanctuaries. It was the same in Egypt; and we can easily conceive that this partial worship could not change, because it was attached to the country by all the powers of religious belief. Besides this worship, which was in a manner exclusive in each place, did not produce any hatred in the neighbouring towns, since each of them received into its temple, in a judicious spirit of courtesy, the divinities adored in the adjacent districts. Thus I found at Kalabschi the gods of Ghirsche, and of Dakkeh to the south, and those of Deboud to the north, occupying a distinguished place; at Deboud the gods of Dakkeh and Phile; at Phile those of Deboud and Dakkeh to the south, and those of Beghe, Elephantina, and Syene, to the north; lastly, at Syene the gods of Phile and of Ombos. It was also at Kalabschi that I observed for the first time the violet colour employed in the painted bas-reliefs. I have at length discovered that this colour proceeded from the pigment or mixture applied to the parts of these pictures which were to be gilded; thus the sanctuary of Kalabschi and the hall before it were gilded as well as the sanctuary of Dakkeh.

Near Kalabschi is the interesting monument of Bet-Onally, which employed us the 28th, 29th, 30th, and 31st of January, till noon. There my eyes were refreshed, after the barbarous sculptures of the temple of Kalabschi, which were made rich because they did not know how to make them beautiful,—by viewing the historical bas-reliefs, in a very good style, which

decorate this spot, and of which we have complete copies. These pictures relate to the campaigns against the Arabs and the African nations, the Kouschi (the Ethiopians), and the Schari, who are probably the Bischari of this day;—campaigns made by Sesostris in his youth and during his father's life-time, as is expressly stated by Diodorus Siculus, who at this time makes him, in fact, subdue the Arabs and almost all Libya.

King Rhamses, the father of Sesostris, is seated on his throne in the naos, and his son, in the costume of a prince, presenting to him a group of Arab Asiatic prisoners. Farther on, the Pharaoh is represented as a conqueror, striking himself a man of this nation, at the same time that the prince (Sesostris) presents to him the military chiefs and a great number of prisoners. The king in his chariot pursues the Arabs, and his son strikes with his axe the gates of a besieged town: the king tramples under foot the vanquished Arabs, a long line of whom is led away captive by the prince his son. Such are the historical bas-reliefs adorning the left wall of what was the principal hall of the monument, supposing that this portion of the speos was ever covered.

The right wall represents the details of the campaign against the Ethiopians, the Bischari, and the Negroes. In the first picture, which is of great extent, we see the barbarians completely routed, taking refuge in the forests, the mountains, or the marshes. The second picture, which covers the rest of this wall, represents the king seated in a naos, and welcoming, by a sign of his hand, his eldest son, Sesostris, who presents to him, 1st, an Ethiopian prince named Amenemoph, son of Poeri, supported by two of his children, one of whom presents him a cap, as if to give him strength to reach the throne of the father of his conqueror; 2dly, some Egyptian military chiefs; 3dly, tables covered with gold chains and panthers' skins, bags containing gold dust, thrones of ebony, elephants' teeth, ostrich feathers, bundles of bows and arrows, rich furniture, and all sorts of spoil, taken from the enemy or exacted by the conqueror; 4th, after these riches follow some captive Bischari, both men and women: one of the latter with two children on her shoulder in a kind of basket. Then come persons bringing to the king the most curious live animals of the interior of Africa—the lion, panthers, the ostrich, monkeys, the giraffe, perfectly well drawn, &c. &c. This I hope will be recognised as the campaign of Sesostris against the Ethiopians, whom he compelled, according to Diodorus Siculus, to pay to Egypt an annual tribute in gold, ebony, and elephants' teeth: the other sculptures of the speos are all religious. This monument was dedicated to the great god Ammon-Ra, and to his secondary form Chnouphis. The first of these gods declares several times in his legends that he has given all the seas and all the lands that exist to his dear son the lord of the world (the Sun, the guardian of justice) Rhamses (II). In the sanctuary this Pharaoh is represented sucking the milk of the goddesses Anouké and Isis. "I who am thy mother, the lady of Elephantina," says the first, "take thee on my knees and offer thee my breast, that thou mayest take thy nourishment, O Rhamses!" and "I, thy mother, Isis," says the other, the lady of Nubia, "grant thee the periods of the Panegyries (those of thirty years), that thou mayest suck well my milk, and which will pass away in a pure life." I have had these two pictures copied, as well as several others, among which are two bas-reliefs re-

presenting the Pharaoh, conqueror of the people of the south and the people of the north. It must not be forgotten, that the Egyptians gave the name of northern nations to the Syrians, the Assyrians, the Ionians, and the Greeks. I took leave of this monument at Bet-Onally with some pain; for it was the last of the good period and of good sculpture which I was to meet with between Kalabschi and Thebes.

On the 31st, at sunset, we were at Kardási, or Kortha, where I went to visit the remains of a little temple of Isis, without sculpture, except a bas-relief on the shaft of a column. I had seen, two hours before, the temples of Tafah (the ancient Taphis), also without sculptures or hieroglyphical inscriptions; but it is easy to perceive, by the style of their architecture, that they belong to the time of the Roman domination.

[Feb. 1st, M. Acerbi, Austrian consul-general in Egypt, passed them on his way to go up to the second cataract.]

About two in the afternoon we were at Deboud, or Diboudé. On going to the temple, and passing under the three little propylons, without sculpture, I found that it had been built in a great measure by an Ethiopian king named Atharramon, and who must be the predecessor, or the immediate successor, of the Ergamenes of Dakkeh. The temple, dedicated to Ammon-Ra, lord of Tebot (Deboud), and to Hathor, and also to Osiris and Isis, was continued, but not completed, under Augustus and Tiberius. In the sanctuary, which is also without sculpture, are the fragments of a bad monolithic naos, of rose-coloured granite, of the time of the Ptolemies.

Our labours being concluded, we hastened on to re-enter Egypt, and bid adieu to Nubia, the dryness of which had already wearied all my fellow-travellers. At nine in the evening we landed at the isle of Phile, thanking the ancient divinities Osiris, Isis, and Horus, that we had not perished of hunger between the two cataracts.

We remained on the island till the 7th of February, finishing the work which we had begun in September, and collecting all the mythological pictures relative to the history of Isis and Osiris, the principal gods of Phile, and bas-reliefs, which are very numerous there. I content myself with stating here the dates of the chief monuments of the island.

The little temple to the south was dedicated to Hathor, and built by the Pharaoh Nectanebo, the last of the Egyptian race of kings, de-throned by the second invasion of the Persians. The great gallery, or covered portico, which leads from this pretty little edifice to the great temple, is of the time of the emperors; the sculptures are of the reigns of Augustus, Tiberius, and Claudius.

The first pylon is of the time of Ptolemy Philometor, who has encased in this pylon a propylon dedicated to Isis by the Pharaoh Nectanebo; and the existence of this propylon proves that before the present great temple of Isis, there existed another on the same site, which must have been destroyed by the Persians under Darius Ochus: this accounts for the fragments of more ancient sculpture employed in the construction of the existing pronaos of the great temple.

It was Ptolemy Philadelphus who built the sanctuary and the adjacent halls of this monument. The pronaos is of the time of Evergetes II., and the second pylon of Ptolemy Philometor. The sculptures and the external bas-reliefs of the whole edifice were executed under Augustus and Tiberius.

Between the two pylons of the great temple of Isis there are on the right and left two beautiful edifices of a particular kind. That on the left is a peripteral temple, dedicated to Hathor and to the deliverance of Isis, who had just brought Horus into the world. The most ancient part of this temple is of Ptolemy Epiphanes, or of his son Evergetes II. The external bas-reliefs are of the reign of Augustus and Tiberius. Evergetes II. ascribes to himself the honour of building this temple, in the long dedications on the columnal frieze.

The same king has also ascribed to himself by a similar inscription the edifice on the right hand, which is almost entirely of his brother Philometor, with the exception of the hall sculptured under Tiberius.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

Recherches Philosophiques sur la Langue Ouolofe. Par M. Le Baron Roger, Ex-Commandant et Administrateur du Sénégal. Paris, 1829. Dondéy-Dupré. In-8vo. de 176 pages.

[Abridged from the *Revue Encyclopédique*.]

AMONG the perfection of our arts, the pride of our civilisation, and the riches of our literature, we never entertain the slightest suspicion that a black people, without laws, without universities, without academies, without sciences, incapable even of representing the sounds which they utter, may, nevertheless, have created a language, which, by its beautiful and profound combinations, unites the harmony of ancient with the precision of modern tongues. Pre-occupied by the study of our own language, or of others which ascend to a common origin, we never imagine it to be possible to introduce such qualities into an idiom destitute of numbers, genders, and cases, in nouns; and of moods and tenses in verbs. Such is, nevertheless, the phenomenon exhibited in the language of the Ghiolofs. Certain affixes* have been sufficient with them to express all the modifications of European and Asiatic languages; to none of which is their new system inferior. In M. Roger's work the characteristics of this language are detailed: we will give a slight sketch of them.

The Ouolof substantives have but one gender. In the few instances in which it becomes necessary to distinguish the sex, a word suffices, as when we say, *a male hawk, a female hawk*. They have no number; the plural is indicated by the vowel *i*, generally placed before the substantive, but capable of transposition. They have no cases: as with us, prepositions supply the deficiency.

As for the verbs, that part of speech, usually so complicated, so rich in various forms, is with the Ghiolofs invariable; but the persons are easily expressed by the addition of personal pronouns; the tenses and moods by affixes;—*don* for the imperfect, *on* for the preterit, *de* for the future, *de kon* for the conditional. These words can be rendered in French [or in English] only by periphrases. The two words *de kon* correspond to the Greek particle *av*, which, as is well known, gives to the indicative the sense of the conditional.

Other adverbs, uniting with the pronouns, and with the form of the infinitive, produce voices, or new verbs; by which, abstinence from, or the cessation of an action, is indicated. Lastly, by changing their final syllable, the

Ouolof verbs form many derivatives, both verbs and substantives.

That, however, which distinguishes the language of the Ghiolofs from all others, is the constant use which those people make of signs of place. The three vowels, *i*, *ou*, and *e*, modified by consonants which influence the euphony, and following a very remarkable law, indicate the presence, the proximity, or the remoteness of the object spoken of. These signs extend to every thing; they are continually occurring in speech; they constitute, in some respects, the principal characteristic of the language; and, by a very refined analogy, not at all to be expected from savages, applied to the infinitive of the verbs, they express—*bi*, the present; *bou*, the future, constantly approaching; *be*, the past, constantly receding.

For further information we refer our readers to M. Roger's work.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A Series of Subjects, from the Works of the late R. P. Bonington. Drawn on Stone by J. D. Harding. Part I. Carpenter and Son.

In No. 655 of the *Literary Gazette* we noticed, with the praise which was its due, the print of "Charles V. visiting Francis I. after the Battle of Pavia," which is one of the five embellishments of this, the first Part of Messrs. Carpenter's intended publication. The other four are—"Study of a Female Head, from Nature;" "Maternal Solitude, a Sketch;" "A View of the Place du Molard, Geneva;" and "A View of the Church of St. Sauveur, at Caen." They are all replete with true painter's feeling; and we look forward with great pleasure to the continuation of a work which promises to be so highly interesting.

Portraits and Memoirs of the most Illustrious Personages of British History. By Edmund Lodge, Esq. Nos. VIII. and IX. (Published monthly.) Harding and Lepard.

The various new editions of this interesting publication are steadily proceeding, and continue to exhibit the excellence which has so frequently called forth our warmest approbation.

Eagle. Drawn from Nature and on Stone, by S. M. Smith. Smith and Son.

We would give something to have a shot at such a magnificent fellow, within what Acres calls "a good gentlemanly distance." Mr. Smith is entitled to great commendation for the fine character which he has imparted to the royal bird; and for the combined depth, delicacy, spirit, and softness, of his lithographic execution.

BRITISH SCULPTURE.

A COLOSSAL head of the Duke of Wellington has lately been modelled by Mr. George Clark, of Charles Street, Covent Garden,—the first sight of which irresistibly drew from us the exclamation—"prodigious!" We are far, however, from meaning by this expression to disparage the work; which, on the contrary, does great credit to the youthful artist, who, we understand, is a native of Warwickshire, has hitherto had but few opportunities of study, and has been in London only about four months. He is commissioned to execute a statue, in marble, of Colonel Pepper, who fell in the Burmese war; the design for which is one of great simplicity, although it would, perhaps, be as suitable to the statesman as to the soldier. Among the busts in Mr. Clark's studio are

those of the late Dr. Parr and Dr. Milner; Miss Stanfield the artist, Mr. Macready, Mr. Brummell, &c.; all evincing talents, which, under auspicious circumstances, will no doubt raise their possessor to a distinguished rank in his profession.

HAYDON'S PICTURES.

WE are glad to state, that Mr. Haydon has finished his fine picture of Buckle—for the possession of which a *raffle* has been projected; and the subscription (nearly, if not entirely) filled. This very clever artist's *Punch*, or *Life in London at Noon-day*, is also fast proceeding towards completion; and bids fair to rival the *Mock Election*. Both these pictures are to be exhibited together, and will excellently illustrate the painter's powers in the classic and comic of art.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

IMPROMPTU: TO THE OCEAN.

O PRACID Ocean; scene of my delight!
How oft on thee I've gazed in night serene,
Charmed with the lustre of the evening light;
When twilight lingers in the space between
The sky and sea; or when the moon is seen
And her attendant stars that march on high,
Fit maids of honour for night's lovely queen;
—Then would my soul; great Lord, in rapture fly
To thee, and wish thy name to glorify.

But when the raging tempest roars on high,
And deaf'ning thunder strikes upon the ear;
When lightnings shoot impetuous through the sky,
And on the water's waste midre bright appear,
When mountain waves their horrid breasts
uprear,
And burst upon the shore?—O, who can tell
How much I do such scenes admire and
fear?
Thou, Lord, art great in might, and Thou
canst quell
This elemental strife, and all its gloom dispel.

A BROKEN CHAIN RETURNED.

Take hence the chain! for the shade of many sorrowful
twined in its links.

WHY hast thou brought again,
Once more to bind,
As erst it bound, the linked chain,
Spirit and mind?

Was fancy's pinion all too free,
And life too light?
That thou dost fling once more o'er me
In forceful might,

That slow corroding life and heart,
All dark and chill;
The deep, deep pining of the heart,
That naught may still?

Dreams of the pale and joyless past,
And hopes unblessed,
That share the sleepers' calm — their last
And dreamless rest.

Sad thoughts, that lie while brightly shines
The lips' calm breath;
As Etna's steep, where smiling vents
Hide fires beneath.

M. T.

* When we are mentioning a *raffle* for a picture, we ought to notice that the celebrated painting of the "Death of Lord Nelson," by West, is also to be disposed of in the same way. The picture is valued at £3000, and Miss West, the grand-daughter of the late president, is having three hundred tickets at five guineas each; which, as soon as the subscription is full, are to be drawn, and the fortunate owner of the prize decided.

* By the word "affixes" is meant a letter or a syllable added, either to the commencement or to the termination of a word, to determine its relation to the rest of the sentence.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

DREADFUL SHIPWRECK.

In our last *Gazette* we alluded to accounts of a dreadful case of shipwreck and starvation which had reached us from an officer on the station near Anticosti, where this sad catastrophe took place. Of this calamity, hardly equalled by that of Admiral Byron's time, or the more recent destruction of the *Medusa*, it is almost painful to print the particulars; but, as a record of human suffering, it seems that the fearful interest it excites may excuse the horrible nature of these details; an imperfect version of which has already appeared in the *Atlantic Recorder* (American Journal), and been copied into the *London Times* and other English newspapers. Speaking of Anticosti and this appalling incident, our correspondent says—

"This villainous island is only fit for bears to live on, and that is the reason, no doubt, that there are so many of them on it: it is a pity they should ever be disturbed. It is more than 300 miles round, and yet there is only one place where a vessel can anchor, and there, if the wind came on suddenly and violently in the night, it is more than probable she would be driven on shore.

"Last November, the crew of a deserted ship, which is supposed to have become water-logged in a gale in the Gulf, landed on Anticosti; and this spring not one of them remained alive to tell the tale of their extreme misery. The story is almost too horrid to relate. A boat from the Magdalen Islands, on a sealing excursion, landed near the east end of Anticosti, and proceeded to a hut which they observed near the shore. On entering it they were struck speechless with horror at the scene which presented itself. The floor of the hut was strewn with skeletons of men, women, and several children of different ages, the latter doubtless passengers in the lost vessel. One dead man was hanging in his hammock as he had died. There was a kettle in the fire-place, as it had been left, with human flesh in it, in a state of putridity. In an adjoining out-house, several bodies were thrown across a line, like carcasses in a slaughter-house, and the flesh had evidently been cut from the corpses as required for the horrid and revolting repasts to which the last extremity of human misery had driven the survivors. Articles of female and children's apparel were found, which indicated that the sufferers were of a respectable rank in life; many valuable articles, such as watches, and a considerable sum of money were also found, as well as papers belonging to several persons, which will shew what vessel it was; but that point had not transpired for certain when I left Quebec."

We annex the story as it appeared in the *Times* about a fortnight ago.

Pictou, June 12.

"Dear Sir,—I take the liberty of sending you the enclosed affidavit for publication, shewing the melancholy fate of a number of human beings (supposed to be 16 or 18 in all). I have just returned from the Magdalen Islands, where I saw a number of articles belonging to the unfortunate sufferers; but not one of the ship's papers, or any thing to shew distinctly what she was, or where she was owned. By publishing the annexed marks, which appear on some of the articles, the parties concerned will be able to ascertain what vessel she was.

"I cannot close this account without noticing the circumstance of the occupiers of the port of Anticosti being absent. I have been

informed that this and two other posts have been kept up for a number of years, during the winter, by the government of Lower Canada, for the purpose of affording aid in the many cases of shipwreck which happen on the island; and they also posted up, at a certain distance along the coast, signal posts, with suitable labels, directing the reader in what direction the houses were, the distance, &c. It remains to be shewn for what reason these houses were abandoned by their keepers, without notice being given publicly; and I trust it will point out most forcibly the necessity of having them in future well supplied and attended. I am, &c.

JAMES DAWSON, Lloyd's Agent.

"Marks on a part of the property.—A tablecloth, A. B. S.; a pair of stockings, R. M.; a cotton shirt, J. N.; a lady's pocket, A. B.; a trunk made by M. A. Broxholm, Soho, London; a pair of stockings, J. H. F.; some silver tea-spoons, J. S.; two Quebec papers, latest date 23d October, *Gazette*; a shirt, P. Vaughan; one ditto, William Nash, No. 8, Sept. 17, 1827; a finger-ring, engraved inside, 'Married J. S. to A. S. 16th of April, 1822'; on a blank leaf in Blank's American Coasting Pilot, was written 'J. Strickney, Esq., J. S. Campbell, Esq., Quebec'; on another leaf of the same book was written, 'Ship Granicus, Cook.' On the African Coasting Pilot, and two other nautical books, appears—'Robert Martin, Barnmouth by Ayton, near Berwick, N. B.' Below two lines of poetry in the *Seaman's Daily Assistant*, 'Adam Willis.'

"On a small piece of paper found with some money, was written in pencil, 'Sir, you will find 48 sovereigns in a belt in my hammock; send them home to Mary Harrington, Barrack-street, Cove,' as they are the property of her son."

Copy of an Affidavit.—To all whom it may concern: be it known, that Jacques Bourgois, Joseph Boudroit, Joseph Bourgois, and John Chesson, all of the *Shallon Victory*, of the Magdalen Islands, have personally appeared before me, P. F. Colbeck, Esq., one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the district of Gaspé, and made oath that on Tuesday, the 12th May instant, they landed on the north side of the Island of Anticosti, about six leagues from the east point, and visited a fur station there, which they had previously known; that they found the door of the house shut, and tied inside with a rope; that, on forcing the door, they perceived the carcasses of four human beings, with the heads, legs, and arms cut off, and the bowels extracted, hanging by the thighs in the room, and two others on the floor cut up in the same manner; that they found a human body in a hammock, which appeared to have died there; the body was habited like a sailor, and there were two trunks in the room with human flesh in them, cut up into small pieces. There was also a pot with human flesh in it; round the house pieces of human flesh and bones strewn about; there was no appearance of bread, flour, or animal food, in the house. Two brands of fire were in the fire-place, and some ashes; in the house were two axes and an adze; on the shore was a jolly-boat, but the name was defaced. From the clothing there appeared to have been both women and children of the party. The Frenchmen interred the bodies.

In testimony whereof, &c.

* We have no doubt this is the Cove of Cork.—Ed. L. G.

GEORGE THE FOURTH, DESCENDED FROM A BURGER OF NORDEN.*

THE principality of East Friesland, as our readers will recollect, was incorporated with the kingdom of Hanover in the year 1815; and it is worthy of remark, that on his mother's side, George the Fourth, who has added this gem to his German inheritance, is descended from a race of stout Frisian burghers. We do not mean to insinuate that he forfeits, but that he enhances, by this circumstance, his claim to the loyalty of "a nation of shopkeepers;" besides which, a knowledge of the precedent may serve to warm the imaginations of the traders of the present day, with a vision of the regal glories in which their posterity may bask—some six hundred years hence!

But to the point. The first scion of the princely house of East Friesland, whose name appears in its national annals, was Cirk, an affluent citizen of the town of Norden, in the thirteenth century. His son Edzard Cirksema in the year 1269 joined the crusaders under Lewis the Ninth of France, shone as a leading personage in their sacred host, and was not only dubbed a knight by the French sovereign, but, in testimony of his noble bearing, enjoyed the high distinction of being permitted to wear a "golden lily" midst the plumes of his helmet. On his return from the Holy Land he became Häuptling of Gretsiel, a station of the highest rank among the Frisian nobles; and his posterity continued to enjoy it, from father to son, until the year 1453, when Ulrich Cirksema was chosen "Lord Paramount" of East Friesland, by the assembled states, and, the year succeeding, was raised to the dignity of a Count of the empire, by Conrad the Fourth. This individual was, in fact, the founder of the dynasty of the Cirksemas, from which sprung the subsequent counts and princes of East Friesland. The male branch of this sovereign family became extinct in the person of Charles Edzard, who died in 1599; but its female branch has given monarchs and princes to many an European people, as will appear in tracing the maternal descent of our present sovereign.

Edzard's daughter Maria (1579—1616) married Julius Ernest, Duke of Brunswick-Lüneburg, in 1614, and two years afterwards gave birth to Maria-Catharine, who was espoused to Adolphus-Frederic I. duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, in 1635. Their son Adolphus-Frederic II., and grandson Adolphus-Frederic III., inherited, successively, the dukedom of Mecklenburg-Strelitz; but leaving no male issue, Gustava Carolina, a daughter of the first of these two, brought her husband and cousin, Christian Lewis, duke of Mecklenburg-Grabow, the inheritance of the dukedom of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, in the year 1735; and from this union its present princes are descended.

On the demise of Adolphus-Frederic III., in 1752, the dukedom of Mecklenburg-Strelitz passed to his nephew, Adolphus-Frederic IV., who died unmarried in 1794, and was succeeded by his brother, Charles-Lewis-Frederic, the father of the present Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, as well as of Louisa, late Queen of Prussia, and of the present Duchess of Cumberland; which last is, consequently, a niece of Sophia-Charlotte (the mother of George the Fourth, King of England and Hanover), she being a sister of Adolphus-Frederic IV., and, as we have now shewn, a descendant of Cirk,

* A sea-port and manufacturing town in East Friesland, with a population of 6000 inhabitants.

burgher of Norden, whose fellow-countrymen of the present day have returned to the allegiance sworn in olden times to one of his princely posterity.

Among the descendants of Maria-Catherine, grand-daughter of Count Edzard, are, the present hereditary Prince of Denmark, the Crown Prince of Prussia and his brothers and sisters, the wife of the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, the Queen of Bavaria, the Duchess of Cumberland, the Empress of Russia, *cum plurimis aliis*.

MUSIC.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A Set of Turkish Melodies: the Poetry by Maurice Dowling, Esq.; and the Music by David Lee. Vol. I. A. Lee and Lee.

THIS little volume ought and must speedily be very popular. The music is beautiful and characteristic; and we think "The Nightingale," "Gulnare's Love," and the air "Dost thou, Laila" (the last being extremely lively and pretty), admirably calculated for the pleasures of the drawing-room and social circle.

The Archer Boy. Written by Mrs. B. C. Wilson; composed by John Barnett. Barnett and Co.

WE like the archness, yet simplicity, and grace of this cavatina very much. It was sung by Miss Love in the *Partisans*, and found almost equal favour with the auditory as "Gentle moon;" together with which it deserves a light and pleasing popularity.

Orook's Daughter. Music by J. Reeves. Falkner.

ANOTHER of the numerous sweet and simple compositions, which is sure to be every body's favourite.

Echoes of the Alps. By J. Moscheles. Mori and Lavenu.

A FINE composition: the original parts extremely brilliant, and well contrasted with the beautiful Swiss airs which Mr. Moscheles has introduced with infinite taste.

The Land which no Mortal may know. By Mrs. Shelton. J. B. Cramer.

THIS touching ballad, to which the charming voice of Mr. Wood does such ample justice, is one of the most enchanting compositions of the season. The words are affecting, and the melody and pathos perfectly adapted to them.

The Argyle Wreath. W. T. Ling. Preston. To young players we cannot recommend a better or a prettier exercise: it is simple, easy, and short; and several sweet Scots melodies enrich the divertimento.

DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN.

THE public meeting called for next Wednesday affords the last hope for removing the present obstacle to the re-opening of the theatre, so as to enable Mr. Willet to carry on the concern another season, which he has promised to do if the executions are taken out, and the scenery, &c. preserved. Mr. Kemble is to be present at the meeting. There is a report that the Duke of Bedford means to offer 120,000*l.* for the property altogether, with the intention of appointing his own manager, and making it his own speculation. Should no arrangement be made on Wednesday, there is a conditional agreement entered into between the principal actors of Covent Garden, Mr. Arnold, and the Lord Chamberlain's office, by which that gen-

tleman is empowered to keep open with the regular drama four nights per week, (the French play to occupy the other two,) until the existing differences shall be settled by the decree of the Lords.

We have also heard that Macready has offered 6000*l.* for the season, and M. Laporte a still higher sum. It is, therefore, as yet impossible to say how the matter will terminate.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

Les Suites d'un Mariage de Raison has been translated by Miss Boaden, the adapter of *Quite Correct*. It is a novelty in its way, being a tragic drama in one act; but the oblivion to which its predecessor has been long consigned depreciates the only intrinsic merit it possesses — the picture of the *Fatality* (an old woman's phrase, by the way,) which, nine times out of ten, would follow so foolish a marriage as that which the French author has designated one of reason. A young, beautiful, and enthusiastic girl is *reasoned* into a match with an old lame sergeant, her *love* being unalterably fixed upon the companion of her infancy and the son of her benefactor, a romantic though somewhat libertine captain. Such is the story of *Love and Reason*, produced some seasons back at Covent Garden. In its sequel (*Fatality*), the young captain returns, a colonel and a married man, but parted, of course, from a wife whom he never loved, and fonder than ever of the sergeant's wife, from the very circumstance of her being another's. The sergeant takes alarm, and, anticipating consequences, thinks it most prudent to call out the colonel before worse happens; shoots him, and the curtain falls.

There is a pleasant touch of the exquisite inconsistency of dear human nature in the interview between *Susannah* and the *Colonel*, who, describing the misery of his own married life, and imprecating curses on every wife who, like his own, shall slide from the path of duty, in the same breath makes violent love to the fair partner of his old friend and faithful servant, and seems perfectly astonished when the conscious but indignant lady quotes his words against him. The piece was acted with spirit, and received with applause; but, for the reason we have already given, cannot hope for a long existence.

ENGLISH OPERA.

THE new grand opera, *Der Vampyr*, has made the decided hit we anticipated. The beauty of its melodies has nightly stolen more sweetly on the ears of the public. Phillips has immortalised himself by his personation of the terrible hero; and Miss H. Cawse has rendered *Liska* the sweetest of rural brides. The minor parts are most admirably supported by Pen-son, Salter, and J. Russell; the latter gentleman has farther raised himself in the public estimation through his excellent singing of the imitative scene in the *Spring Lock*, which is about one of the best things of its kind we ever heard: his imitation of Velluti is *inimitable*. The absence of Phillips, at the Cheshire meeting, unfortunately interrupts the run of the opera for one week; but Mr. Arnold has two novelties to supply the gap, one of which is to be produced this evening.

VARIETIES.

Receipt to destroy Vermin on Cattle, and to cure the Mange. — Put into an earthen vessel four ounces of flour of sulphur, and a pound weight of nut-oil; place the vessel upon a moderate fire, and stir the mixture with a piece of wood, until part of the flour of sulphur is dis-

solved, and the oil has acquired a reddish-brown colour; then remove it from off the fire, and, before it is entirely cold, add four ounces of essence of turpentine; then stir it again until it is incorporated. This preparation is neither expensive nor complicated; and when used, is merely put upon the parts infested with a feather. — *Bibliothèque Physico-Economique.*

The Netherlands. — In the last "Jaarboekje," an annual work published at the expense of the King of the Netherlands, is a statement, derived from the observations of ten years, of the comparative amount of births and deaths in the different months of the year, for the whole kingdom. Taking unity as representing the medium amount of all the months (considered as of the same length), the following is the scale of proportion:

	Births.	Deaths.
January	1,091	1,196
February	1,117	1,177
March	1,171	1,171
April	1,017	1,091
May	0,934	0,978
June	0,876	0,897
July	0,851	0,833
August	0,918	0,826
September	0,903	0,860
October	1,003	0,837
November	1,011	0,962
December	1,021	1,043

It appears, therefore, to be clearly established, that the greater number both of births and deaths occur in the winter months.

The Russian Empire. — The following is published, in a work by M. Adrien Balbi, as a statement of the progressive aggrandisement of the Russian empire:

	Sq. Miles.	Population.
1462, at the accession of John III.	256,900	6,000,000
1505, at his death	594,900	10,000,000
1584, at the death of John IV.	2,007,400	12,000,000
1645, at the death of Mich. Romanof ..	4,069,800	12,000,000
1689, at the accession of Peter I.	4,223,400	15,000,000
1726, at his death, comprising the conquests from the Persians ..	4,413,000	20,000,000
1762, at the accession of Cath. II.	5,119,600	25,000,000
1796, at her death	5,300,300	35,000,000
1825, at the death of Alexander	5,879,900	56,000,000

He considers the following to be the existing state of the empire:

Surface, in square miles	5,912,000
Population	60,000,000
Revenue, in francs	400,000,000
Debt, in francs	1,300,000,000
Army	1,039,000
Ships of war of all sizes	130

Spiders. — In a memoir on spiders, lately read to the Académie des Sciences, the author, M. Straus, divides them into three orders; one breathing by lungs, and having a circulation of blood through very complicated vessels; another breathing by a windpipe, and having no blood-vessels; the third breathing by gills. M. Straus intends to publish a work on the subject, illustrated by anatomical plates. — At the same sitting, M. Virey communicated to the Academy the result of some observations which he had made on the small spinning spider, and which satisfied him that it ascended and floated in the air by the movement of its four pair of feet, which acted like little oars or wings.

Parrots. — A whimsical treatise has appeared at Paris, entitled the "Physical and Moral Education of the Parrot, with Instructions for curing the various Diseases to which it is subject." What a treasure to many an old maid!

Yamantaga. — There is in the Imperial Museum at Moscow a Mongolian idol, Yamantaga, the God of Destruction. It represents a man with a bull's head, round which are six grotesque men's heads, with sixteen feet and thirty-four hands. Above these seven heads rises an eighth, equally deformed, and surmounted in its turn by another head, which is very beautiful. All these heads are encircled

with flames, and with fillets formed of human skulls. This statue, which embraces a female, holds in its hands the symbols of destruction and regeneration, and its feet are placed on similar symbols. Its total height is about six inches; and it is very skilfully wrought.

Silo.—M. Tolhuire, an inhabitant of Brussels, has taken out a patent in the Netherlands for a silo, in which corn may be kept in a perfect state for any number of years.

Simple Method of Preserving Fruits.—When the fruit has been well plucked, and is not too ripe, it is placed in common bottles, which must be entirely filled. The bottles are to be corked, and are then to be placed upright in a vessel filled with water, which is to be heated gradually, until it acquires a temperature which the hand can bear. This degree of heat is to be kept up about half an hour; the bottles are then to be withdrawn one by one, and are to be filled to within an inch of the cork with boiling water: they are then to be hermetically sealed, and should be placed on one side, so that the cork is kept wet, to prevent the fruit from fermenting or becoming mouldy. The bottles are to be turned once or twice a-week during the first and second months, and once or twice afterwards in each succeeding month. Fruit heated in this manner will keep for more than two years. The heat should not be strong enough to burst the fruit.—*Biblioth. Physico-Econom.*

Preservation of Meat and Fish with Ice.—Some experiments have been made, by the council of health of the prefecture of police in Paris, upon the preservation of viands and fish by means of ice. The experiments have been very various, as much from the nature of the alimentary substances which have been tried, as from the time they were allowed to remain in the ice. The results are as follow:—1. That fresh viands of every sort, as well as fish, may be kept in ice for a long time without experiencing the least alteration. 2. That the placing of these substances in ice, when in a state of putrefaction, will stop the decomposition. 3. That the substances put in a fresh state in the ice, and kept so for a longer or shorter time, when they are withdrawn and exposed to the action of the air, putrefy with the greatest rapidity; and if the temperature of the atmosphere is rather high, some hours suffice to bring on putrefaction and render them unfit for nourishment. 4. That these substances, when cooked after being taken from the ice, not only do not lose any of their good qualities, but become even more tender and delicate.

Mode of Making and Preserving Verjuice.—Some unripe grapes are put into a mortar, the stones being carefully extracted, as they would give a bad taste to the liquor; the juice is then strained through a cloth and put into bottles, which are placed in the sun, without corks: the liquor is left to ferment until all impurities are extracted. During six or seven days the bottles are filled up every morning; at the termination of this time the scum becomes white, and the fermentation ceases: it is then decanted, taking care to keep back the dregs. The bottles are well secured, so as to exclude the air; and it is then fit for use.—*Hygie de Bruxelles.*

Mount Sinai.—The monastery on this mountain is 5400 feet above the surface of the Red Sea, and the perpendicular elevation of its summit above that monastery cannot be less than 2000 feet; so that the height of Mount Sinai itself is 7400 feet. But this is not the loftiest

feature of the Sinai chain. Mount St. Catherine's is at least 1000 feet higher; and the most elevated ridge of this chain cannot, therefore, be estimated at less than 8400 feet above the level of the Red Sea.

Relic of Mary, Queen of Scots.—In what is styled the "schöne capelh," or beautiful chapel of the palace at Munich, there exists a most interesting relic of the unfortunate Mary, which the Scottist nunnery at Vienna spent much precious time, without avail, in claiming as its property, both before the ancient Diet of Ratisbon, as well as subsequently before the council of religious foundations at Vienna. It consists of a diminutive altar of molten gold, four inches in height, and was a present from the French Jesuits and the Scotch refugees, who were their allies, to the Jesuits of Munich. The following inscription was attached to it by order of Maximilian the First, Elector of Bavaria:—

Ex illi comes et careris imago
Mar. Stuarde Scot. Reg.
Fuit, fulset cedis, al vixisset.

Duchesse de Bouillon's Satan.—It will be in the recollection of our historical readers, that there existed under the reign of Lewis XIV. a commission of inquiry, denominated the "chambre ardente," whose province it was to probe and check the frightful extent to which poisonings, enchantments, and other necromantic practices, were carried between the years 1675 and 1680. The Duchesse de Bouillon was one of the individuals summoned before this tribunal; and La Reynie, its president, was weak enough to open her examination by asking her whether she had seen his satanic majesty? "Most undoubtedly," she replied; "he stands before me at this very moment; he is an ugly, detestable-looking fellow, and calls himself a president and privy-councillor." This sarcasm provoked the duchess from any further molestation.

Farina of Potatoes.—The quantity of farina which potatoes produce varies not only according to the species, but according to the period when the extraction takes place. The variations produced by this last cause are nearly as follows: two hundred and forty pounds of potatoes produce of farina, or potato-flour, in

August, from 23	to 25 pounds.
Sept. 32	— 38
Oct. 32	— 40
Nov. 38	— 45
March 45	— 38
April 48	— 28
May 28	— 20

The extraction of the farina should be discontinued at the period when the potatoes begin to grow, the farina being destroyed by germination. Red potatoes produce a smaller quantity of farina. Those which are blue on the outside give little, but it is of a good quality: the white, which is often tinged with red in the interior, is the least proper for this extraction. The best of all is that which has a yellow tint, as its farina is of very good quality, and abundant.—*Hygie de Bruxelles.*

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The new volume by L. E. L., containing the Venetian Bracelet, the Lost Pleiad, and other Poems, is expected very early in October. A beautiful frontispiece for it, from a painting by Howard, has been engraved by William Finden.

The Literary Souvenir is in a state of great forwardness. Among its contributors are the Authors of "Highways and Byways," "Constantinople in 1828," "Tales of the Munster Festival," "Recollections of the Peninsula," "Tales of the O'Hara Family," "The Kuzilbash," "Tales of the Moon," "The Sorrows of Rosalie," "The Bath Man," "Richelieu," "Tales and Confessions," "Rouge et Noir," and also J. Galt—W. M. Ford—Miss Milford—Mrs. Hemans—Miss Bowles—J. Montgomery—Professor Wilson—Barry Cornwall—

T. H. Bayly—Dr. Maginn—T. K. Hervey—Sir Aubrey de Vere Hunt—Hartley Coleridge—D. M. Moir—J. Bowring—Miss Jewsbury—Rev. T. Dale—W. and M. Howitt—Derwent Conway—W. S. Walker—Rev. C. Hoyle—Alaric A. Watts, &c. &c. The illustrations are from pictures by Sir Thomas Lawrence—Howard—Collins—Chalon—Harlowe—F. P. Stephanoff—Martin—Lestie—Allston—Westall—Phalippion, and Uwins.

The Amulet for the coming year is stated to us to be nearly complete; and Mr. Hall, it is added, has been very successful in obtaining the co-operation of many distinguished writers. Among its illustrations will be an engraving, from the King's picture, of an English cottage, by Mulready—another from Wilkie's painting of the "Dorcy Balm"—another from a drawing by Martin, by Le Keux, for which, it is said, the engraver received the unprecedented sum of 180 guineas.

The Juvenile Forget-Me-Not is also announced for publication, under the superintendence of Mrs. S. C. Hall. It is, we understand, to contain twelve engravings of a very interesting character to the little folk, for whom it is intended as a Christmas present or new year's gift.

The Musical Bijou is another of our promised Annuals: the prose and poetical articles are by Sir Walter Scott—Mr. T. H. Bayly—Lord Nugent—Mrs. C. B. Wilson—the Ettrick Shepherd—Lord Ashmont—Messrs. Planche, Pocock, E. Fitz-Ball, Richard Ryan, &c. &c. and the music by Rossini, Bishop, Herz, Kalkbrenner, Rodwell, Kiallmark, J. Barnett, J. Parry, and others.

In the Press.—An Account of the Origin, Rise, and Progress, of the Town of Greenock; with numerous embellishments.—A German and English Comparative Dictionary, meant to hold out to the beginner encouragement and facility to the acquisition of the German language.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Moore's Lalla Rookh, 15th edition, fcp. 14s. bds.—Mangnall's Questions, new and improved edition, 12mo. 5s. bd.—Goldsmith's Grammar of Geography, new edition, 18mo. 3s. 6d. sheep.—Gwill's Anglo-Saxon Grammar, 8vo. 6s. bds.—Morrison's Mercantile Teacher's Assistant, 12mo. 5s. sheep.—Bonington's Drawings, by Harding, No. 1. 4to. 12s.; proofs, 18s.—Platt on Covenants, 8vo. 1l. 5s. bds.—Selby's Ornithology, Second Series, No. VII. folio, plain, 1l. 11s. 6d.; coloured, 5l. 5s.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1829.

August.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 27	From 45. to 63.	29.53 Stationary
Friday 28	— 49. — 59.	29.44 to 29.06
Saturday ... 29	— 51. — 65.	29.36 — 29.06
Sunday 30	— 49. — 63.	30.08 — 30.11
Monday ... 31	— 49. — 63.	30.06 — 30.04
September.		
Tuesday ... 1	— 53. — 65.	29.92 — 29.90
Wednesday 2	— 53. — 67.	29.86 — 29.96

Prevailing wind, N.W.

Except the 28th, generally clear.

Rain fallen, 8 of an inch.

Edmonton.

Latitude 51° 37' 39" N.

Longitude 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

Extracts from a Meteorological Register kept at High Wycombe, Bucks, by a Member of the London Meteorological Society. August 1829.

Thermometer—Highest	74° 00'
Lowest	38° 00'
Mean	54° 33.14
Barometer—Highest	29.96
Lowest	29
Mean	29.62236

Number of days of rain, 18.

Quantity of rain in inches and decimals, 4.66125.

Winds.—0 East—5 West—2 North—3 South—0 North-east—4 South-east—9 South-west—8 North-west.

General Observations.—The same similarity to the weather of 1823, noticed last month, occurred again in this; the minimum of the thermometer the same, and the range only one degree greater than at that time; the mean, however, was less than any one in the last thirteen years; the month consequently cold, and the quantity of rain unusually great, being exceeded only by the quantity which fell in last August. From the 24th to the 28th there were continual gales of wind from the west and north-west, and nearly half the rain fell in that time. Thunder heard on the 27th about midnight. The evaporation 0.3875 of an inch.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The London Miscellany is, we believe, published somewhere in Fleet Street.

The sale of game ought certainly to be legalised, if the admirers of our labours will continue to evince their feelings in the shapes of grouse, partridges, venison, &c. &c. A game and poultry shop might be opened next door to the Literary Gazette Office, and, between the two, a capital and brisk trade be carried on. Seriously, we do not know how, except thus publicly, to thank our unknown liberal and complimentary friends.

If the vagabond who, under the name of Mr. Jardine Brown, and calling himself Assistant Editor of the *Literary Gazette*, applied to Mr. Hughes for orders for Vauxhall, should forge the same request to any other public place, we shall be much obliged to the managers to cause him to be apprehended. We never ask favours of the sort; and no one is authorised by us to do so.

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A NEW PROPOSAL for a QUAY on the THAMES.

The noble plans hitherto suggested have been formed on two grand and expensive scales; the one now submitted appears useful and ornamental, and yielding an ample interest, immediately compensating the expense incurred.

Between two bridges, a line of flat-bottomed ships, not floating, but fixed, resting on the ground; the heads and sterns in a line with the tide, with open spaces between every two vessels, so as to allow three barges plying at the same time; two bridges thrown over from vessel to vessel. The range of vessels placed either central between shore and shore, or if nearer one shore than another, leaving ample space for the craft to lie between them and the shore. The access to them by like vessels from the shore, or by the bridges; in the latter case, the decks of the vessels must be on a level with the road of the bridge.

These vessels could be warehouses below, and dwellings above the water: suppose each of six hundred tons burthen, or less, or as much more as might be suitable. The rent of these warehouses and dwellings would, I should suppose, much exceed the hiring of vessels for mercantile speculations: being, as they are grounded, they would be subject to no movement, either by tides or storms.

It would be adding to the city a new and noble street of communication and traffic; the dwellings themselves would be healthy, and much sought after by people in business, and by such invalids as have great benefit of enjoying the freshness of air only a board of ships, which are capable of being rendered as warm as houses on shore. Any other forms could be adopted, which might be thought more eligible; but I mention ships, conceiving no other form would be so appropriate on the Thames, so beautiful, — galleys, merchantmen, frigates, or even men of war of the largest size.

For the carriage-way, the middle road over them should be sixteen feet wide, with a broad path for passengers on each side.

There might be apartments for gangways or masts, the two quarter galleries would serve, — one as a staircase, and the other, on an inclined plane, the carriage-way.

The appearance would be highly ornamental, the vessels being kept fresh by occasional renewal of paint; and the iron bridges being handsomely cast.

It is not at all paradoxical to say the river would appear of greater magnitude; for it is observed, if the eye be attracted by any object in the centre of a river, in extending the view to the other bank, the river will appear a third broader.

The proposal might be tried on a narrower scale for foot passengers only; it could be at any time enlarged for carriages.

In this manner the river also may at once be established, the vessels forming at it were the pier, with the communication by iron or chain bridges. It matters not how deep the river may be, the greater the depth, the greater the space for storage, and the greater the rent to be received.

No more would our country envy be excited by the fine quays of the different cities of Europe; — nothing would equal this: viewing the river on both sides, and then the facility of execution, the augmentation of space, and the immediate compensation by interest.

August 21st, 1820.

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No. 660.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1829.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

History of the Rise of the Mahomedan Power in India, till the Year A.D. 1612. Translated from the original Persian of Mahomed Kasim Ferishta. By Lieut.-Col. Briggs, M.R.A.S. 4 vols. 8vo. London, 1829. Longman and Co.

WITH the knowledge that history of a departed interest, and in a voluminous form, is uninviting to general readers, we shall, before we enter on our review of this History of the Mahomedan Power in India, indulge in a few preliminary observations, in order to court the public mind to a little more attention to it and to similar publications. We must admit, *a priori*, that histories of such times, if only cursorily perused, seldom offer more than confused and oft-repeated recitals of the rapid elevation of obscure chiefs to supreme power, and their sudden declension—of a recklessness, a disregard of human life in all ranks, from the mere exalted to the most abject—of acts of barbarous cruelty, accompanied, as usual, by deeds of sensual license;—all this, even to repetition, with scarce a character of rainbow brightness to break through the surrounding gloom. The reader thus becomes discouraged, relinquishes his task with disgust, and volumes of the same description become sealed ones to the many; but, however burdened with such matter, the reflective mind will discover and separate the sterling ore from the dross that accompanies it; and even in the single instance of the narration before us, we venture to say, there is hardly a branch of learning or science that a perusal may not require by furnishing curious information, or materials and hints for further research;—and to justify as well as illustrate our conclusions, we observe, that among other varieties, they indicate a clue to the early intercourse between India and Egypt, which may tend to the development of the history when these two countries were so intimately connected, as the similarity which pervades the mythology, astronomy, and calculation of time of both would seem to evidence;—likewise, a curious mention, on the authority of a work called the *Mutla-ool-Anwar*, of the tribe of Afghans, stating them to be Copts of the race of the Pharaohs; and that when the prophet Moses got the better of that infidel, who was overwhelmed in the Red Sea, many of the Copts became converts to the Jewish religion; but others, refusing to embrace the true faith, came to India, and settled in the Soolimony mountains, where they bore the name of Afghans. Together with other circumstances favourable to this belief, is the remarkable one of the Hebrew names of Dawood, Moosa, Yakoob (David, Moses, Jacob), being of frequent occurrence with them, and seldom to be met with among the Moslems of any nations with whom the Afghans are unconnected. Although such stimulants are freely scattered through this work, they are not the only encouragements to a perusal; for under the present political circumstances of India, now, perhaps, on the eve of a great

change, it can be neither altogether uninteresting nor useless to revert to the period of this conquest, and note the characteristics by which the contending parties were distinguished,—forming, as they do at this moment, the mingled population of the country. The merciless and errant Mahomedan remains unchanged; but the character of the Hindoo appears to be most grossly misrepresented, when charged with the opprobrium of being devoid of moral energy, and inclined to submit without resistance to the grossest oppression. The pages even of the Mahomedan narration before us teem with examples of Hindoo self-devotion and patriotism worthy of the best days of more ancient history; and when the strong attachment they have ever borne to their national and religious tenets, and the desperate courage they have evinced for their retention, is here studied, with the knowledge that the same seeds are still rife in their bosoms, we trust it may conduce to the warning of other rulers to avoid all direct and forcible interference with them, under the specious guise of reclamation, and to leave the suppression of their most offensive customs and contemptible superstitions in the peaceful yet all-powerful hands of fast approaching knowledge and civilisation. We trust we have said enough on this subject; and we pursue our task. This account of the Mahomedan Power in India commences with its rise in the year 977 of our era, and is continued to 1609. It was composed by Mahomed Kasim Ferishta, at the command of his sovereign; and although a work of acknowledged importance, several portions of it having long since been translated, yet to Lieut.-Col. Briggs is due the merit of laying before the public, for the first time, a complete and admirably rendered version of the original. Of Ferishta few particulars are known, and those only derived from the portion of his history wherein he was himself an actor. We thus learn that he was born at Astrabad, on the borders of the Caspian, and that he was the son of a learned man, who quitted his native country, and established himself and family at Athmudnuggur in the Deccan, during the reign of Moortuza Nizam Shah. Of the precise date of the historian's birth we have no information; but circumstances lead us to assume its having been about 1570, and that his life was not prolonged beyond his fortieth year. The labours of the English translator have been of no ordinary character; the tables of comparative chronology are very serviceable; and we could only wish that the number and extent of the valuable notes which are appended had received a further augmentation from the same storehouse of Oriental learning. We do not in our extracts confine ourselves to the regular course of the volumes, but quote *ad libitum*; and we commence with Ferishta's mention of our countrymen, who had then for the first time gained a footing in India. He thus quaintly describes them:—

"In the year 1611, the Emperor of Dehly, Jehangeer, the son of Akbur Padshah, granted

a spot for the English to build a factory in the city of Surat, in the province of Guzerat, which is the first settlement that people made on the shores of Hindoostan. The persuasion of this nation is different from that of other Europeans, particularly the Portuguese, with whom they are in a state of constant warfare. They assert that Jesus was a mortal, and the prophet of God; that there is only one God, and that he is without equal, and has no wife nor son, according to the belief of the Portuguese. The English have a separate king, independent of the King of Portugal, to whom they owe no allegiance; but on the contrary, these two nations put each other to death wheresoever they meet. At present, in consequence of the interference of Jehangeer Padshah, they are at peace with each other, though God only knows how long they will consent both to have factories in the same town, and to live on terms of amity and friendship."

The devastating progress of the Mahomedan conquest in India, here described, is strikingly similar to that achieved by the Spaniards of the New World. "Mahmood, in the year 1024, having mustered all his forces, found them to consist of 54,000 chosen horse, and 1200 elephants, disposable for foreign service. With this army he marched to Bulkh, to expel Allyinggeen from the government of Mawur-ool-Nehr, for oppressing the people, who complained of his tyranny to the king. When the chiefs of Mawur-ool-Nehr heard that the king had crossed the Jyhoon, they came with presents to meet him. Kuddur Khan, of Khooutun, also paid him the compliment of a visit, and was honourably received. Mahmood prepared a great feast upon this occasion, and concluded a treaty, after which the monarchs took leave of each other, making an exchange of princely presents. Allyinggeen, seizing this opportunity, betook himself to flight, but the king of Ghizny sent a party of horse after him; after a long search he was discovered and brought to the camp, after which he was confined for life in one of the forts of India. The celebrated temple of Somnat,* situated in the province of Guzerat, near the island of Dew, was in those times said to abound in riches, and was greatly frequented by devotees from all parts of Hindoostan. These infidels not only believed that souls after death went before Somnat, who transposed them into other bodies according to their merits in their former state, but also pretended that the ebb and flow of the tides represented the obsequies paid by the ocean to this shrine. Mahmood marched from Ghizny in the month of Shaban (Sept. 1024) with his army, accompanied by 30,000 of the youths of Thorakistan, and the neighbouring countries, who followed him without pay, for the purpose of attacking this temple. Somnat, which gives its name to the city, is situated on the sea-shore,

* Som signifies in Sanscrit the moon: it is well known how this planet affects the tides; and this circumstance was, no doubt, taken advantage of by the priests of Somnat to enhance the sanctity of the temple."

and is to be seen in the district of Dew, now in the hands of Europeans. Some historians affirm that the idol was brought from Mecca, where it stood before the time of the Prophet; but the Bramins deny it, and say that it stood near the harbour of Dew since the time of Krishn, who was concealed in that place about 4000 years ago. In the middle of the month of Rumzan (Oct. 1024), the Mahomedan army reached the city of Mooltan; and as a great desert lay before them, the king gave orders for the troops to provide themselves with several days' water and provisions, as also with provender for their horses, besides which 20,000 camels were laden with supplies. Having passed the desert, the army reached the city of Ajmeer. Here, finding the Raja and inhabitants had abandoned the place rather than submit to him, Mahmood ordered it to be sacked, and the adjacent country to be laid waste. Conceiving the reduction of the fort of Ajmeer would occupy too much time, he left it unmolested; and proceeding on his expedition, took by assault some smaller forts on the road, till at length he arrived at Nehrwalla, a frontier city of Guzerat, which was evacuated on his approach. Mahmood, taking the same precautions as before, by rapid marches reached Somnat without opposition. Here he saw a fortification on a narrow peninsula, washed on three sides by the sea, on the battlements of which appeared a vast host of people in arms, who, making a signal for a herald to approach, they proclaimed to him that their great idol, Somnat, had drawn the Mahomedans thither to blast them in a moment, and to avenge the destruction of the gods of India. In the morning, the Mahomedan troops, advancing to the walls, began the assault. The battlements were in a short time cleared by the archers, and the Hindoos, astonished and dispirited, crowded into the temple, and, prostrating themselves in tears before the idol, prayed for assistance. The Mahomedans, having seized this opportunity, applied their scaling-ladders and mounted the walls, shouting aloud 'Alla Akbur!' The Hindoos, urged by despair, returned to the defence of the works, and made so spirited a resistance, that the Mahomedans, unable to retain their footing, and wearied with fatigue, fell back on all sides, and were at length obliged to retire. Next morning the action was renewed, but as fast as the besiegers scaled the walls, so fast were they hurled down headlong by the besieged, who now seemed resolved to defend the place to the last. Thus the labours of the second day proved even more unsuccessful than those of the first. On the third day an army of idolaters having arrived to reinforce the garrison, presented itself in order of battle in sight of the Ghizny camp. Mahmood determined to prevent this attempt to raise the siege; and having ordered a party to keep the garrison in check, himself engaged the enemy in the field. The battle raged with great fury: victory was long doubtful, till two Indian princes, Brahma Dew and Dablahleem, with other reinforcements, joined their countrymen during the action, and inspired them with fresh courage. Mahmood at this moment perceiving his troops to waver, leaped from his horse, and, prostrating himself before God, implored his assistance. Then mounting again, he took Aboul Hussun, the Circassian (one of his generals), by the hand, by way of encouragement, and advanced on the enemy. At the same time he cheered his troops with such energy, that, ashamed to abandon their king, with whom they had so often fought and bled, they, with one accord, gave a loud shout and rushed for-

wards. In this charge the Moslems broke through the enemy's line, and laid 5000 Hindoos dead at their feet. The rout became general. The garrison of Somnat, beholding this defeat, abandoned the defence of the place, and issuing out at a gate towards the sea, to the number of 4000, embarked in boats, intending to proceed to the island of Serendeeep or Ceylon. This manœuvre did not escape the king, who secured some boats left in a neighbouring creek, manned them with rowers and some of his best troops, and pursued the enemy; on which occasion he took and sunk some of their flotilla, while a part only escaped. Having now placed guards round the walls and at the gates, Mahmood entered Somnat, accompanied by his sons and a few of his nobles and principal attendants. On approaching the temple, he saw a superb edifice built of hewn stone. Its lofty roof was supported by fifty-six pillars curiously carved and set with precious stones. In the centre of the hall was Somnat, a stone idol, five yards in height, two of which were sunk in the ground. The king, approaching the image, raised his mace and struck off its nose. He ordered two pieces of the idol to be broken off and sent to Ghizny, that one might be thrown at the threshold of the public mosque, and the other at the court door of his own palace. These identical fragments are to this day (now 600 years ago) to be seen at Ghizny. Two more fragments were reserved to be sent to Mecca and Medina. It is a well-authenticated fact, that when Mahmood was thus employed in destroying this idol, a crowd of Bramins petitioned his attendants, and offered a quantity of gold if the king would desist from further mutilation. His officers endeavoured to persuade him to accept of the money; for they said that breaking one idol would not do away with idolatry altogether; that, therefore, it could serve no purpose to destroy the image entirely; but that such a sum of money given in charity among true believers would be a meritorious act. The king acknowledged there might be reason in what they said, but replied, that if he should consent to such a measure, his name would be handed down to posterity as 'Mahmood the idol-seller,' whereas he was desirous of being known as 'Mahmood the destroyer.' He therefore directed the troops to proceed in their work. The next blow broke open the belly of Somnat, which was hollow, and discovered a quantity of diamonds, rubies, and pearls, of much greater value than the amount which the Bramins had offered. The author of the Hubeeb-ool-Seer relates, from other authorities, that Somnat was the name of the idol; but he is contradicted by Sheikh Fureed-ool-Deen Attar, who observes, that 'the army of Mahmood found in Somnat the idol whose name was Nat.' I have, however, inquired on this subject, and learn, that Soma was the name of the prince after which the idol Nat was called. Nat signifies, among the Hindoos, lord or chief, and is rendered applicable to idols. Thus we have Jugnat, signifying the lord of the creation, to whom divine honours are offered up. In the time of eclipses we are told that from 200,000 to 300,000 worshippers used to frequent this temple, and that the different princes of Hindoostan had bestowed in all 2000 villages, the revenues of which were applied to maintain its priests. This revenue was independent of other costly presents received from all parts of the empire. It was customary, also, for those idolaters to wash Somnat twice daily with fresh water from the Ganges, though that river is above 1000 miles distant. Among the spoils of the temple was a

chain of gold, weighing 200 muns (say 400lb.), which hung from the top of the building by a ring; it supported a great ball, which called the people to worship. Besides 2000 Bramins, who officiated as priests, there belonged to the temple 500 dancing women, 300 musicians, and 300 barbers to shave the devotees before being admitted to the sanctum; and it was even usual for the princes of Hindoostan sometimes to devote their daughters to the service of the temple. The King of Ghizny found in this temple a greater quantity of jewels and gold than it is thought any royal treasury ever contained before. In the Zein-ool-Maasir it is related that there were no lights in the temple, except one pendent lamp, which, being reflected from the jewels, spread a bright gleam over the whole edifice. Besides the great idol above mentioned, there were in the temple some thousands of small images, wrought in gold and silver, of various shapes and dimensions."

The following, we think, is one of the happiest specimens of the author's style; and not the less curious for the poetry by the celebrated Hafiz:—

"After the coronation, Bahadur Khan, Sufdur Khan, and Azim Hoomayoon, hastened to the capital, where they pledged their allegiance and made suitable offerings of congratulation; while the Ray of Beejanuggur, having raised the siege of Rachore, agreed to pay to Mahmood the tribute stipulated in the reign of Mahomed Shah Ghazy. Mahmood Shah had a taste for poetry, and wrote some elegant verses. He also spoke the Persian and Arabic languages fluently. He was neither too much elated with prosperity, nor did he allow grief to overwhelm him in the hour of misfortune or disappointment. He never cohabited but with one wife, and paid great regard to the opinions of divines, in whose company he delighted. During his reign the poets of Arabia and Persia resorted to the Deccan, and partook of his liberality. Meer Feiz Oolla Anjoo, who presided on the seat of justice, once presenting the king with an ode, received a thousand pieces of gold, and was permitted to retire to his own country, loaded with wealth and distinction. The fame of the king's taste, his affability, and munificence, spread so widely, that the celebrated poet of Shiraz, Khwaja Hafiz, determined to visit the Deccan, but was prevented by a train of accidents, which are thus related. Meer Feiz Oolla Anjoo sent to this famous poet a present from the king, and a letter from himself, promising, if he would come to Koolburga he should be handsomely rewarded, and have safe conduct back to Shiraz. Hafiz, from these kind assurances, consented; and having disposed of the articles sent him among his relations and creditors, quitted Shiraz and arrived safely at Lar, where he assisted a friend who had been robbed with part of his ready money. From Lar he was accompanied to Ormus by Khwaja Zein-ool-Abid-Deen Hamdany and Khwaja Mahomed Kaziroony, who were also going to visit Hindoostan. With these persons he took shipping in one of the royal vessels, which had arrived at Ormus from the Deccan; but it had scarcely weighed anchor when a gale of wind arose, and the ship was in danger, and returned to port. Hafiz suffered so much during the storm, that he insisted on being put ashore, and abandoned his voyage. Having written the following verses, he delivered them to his companions to be given to Feiz Oolla Anjoo, after which he returned to Shiraz.

Can all the gold the world bestow,
Though poured by Fortune's bounteous hand.

Repay me for the joys I lose,
The haunts of my native land?
My friends exclaimed, 'Oh! stay at home,
Nor quit this once-beloved spot;
What folly tempts thee thus to roam—
To quit Shiraz—desert thy cot?
Yon royal court will ill repay,
Though all its gorgeous wealth be given,
The blessings which you cast away,
Health and content, the gifts of heaven.'
The glare of gems confused my sight—
The ocean's roar I never had heard;
But now that I can feel aright,
I freely own how I have erred.
Though splendid promises were made,
How could I such a dotard prove,
How could I leave my natal glade,
Its wines, and all the friends I love?
Hafiz abjures the royal court—
Let him but have content and health;
For what to him can gold import,
Who scorns the paths of worldly wealth?

When Feiz Oolla received this poem, he read it to the king, who was much pleased; and observed, that as Hafiz had set out with the intention of visiting him, he felt it incumbent not to leave him without proofs of his liberality. He therefore intrusted a thousand pieces of gold to Mahmood Kasim Meshidi, one of the learned men at Koolburga, to purchase whatsoever, among the productions of India, was likely to prove most acceptable, in order to send them to the poet at Shiraz.—Mahmood Shah, while a youth, was fond of gaudy apparel; but upon his accession to the throne he always wore plain white robes. He frequently observed, that kings were only trustees of the state, and that it was a breach of trust to expend more on themselves than necessity required. A famine occurring during his reign, he employed ten thousand bullocks, at his private expense, constantly going to and from Malwa and Guzerat for grain, which was distributed to the people at a cheap rate. He established orphan schools at the cities of Koolburga, Bidur, Kand'har, Elichpoor, Dowlatabad, Choul, Dabul, and in some other great towns, with ample foundations for their support. He appointed stipends for the expounders of the scriptures, and gave monthly charity to the blind throughout his dominions. He paid great attention to Sheikh Siraj-ood-Deen, visited him in his last illness, and after his death, going often to his tomb, offered up prayers, and gave alms to the poor pilgrims who resorted to it. The king, preferring the blessings of peace to engaging in war, allowed his reign to pass in tranquillity; and from his great wisdom the Deccanies gave him the title of Aristotle. * * * The king died of a putrid fever, on the 20th of April 1367; and on the following day, Mullik Seif-ood-Deen Ghooory, the faithful adherent of the house of Bahmuny, after a life of one hundred and seven years, most of which was devoted to the service of this family, died also. He was buried, agreeably to his will, in the court of the tomb of Sooltan Alla-ood-Deen Husun Gungoo Bahmuny, and over his grave was laid a terrace of stone. It is recorded, that Mahmood Shah was a strict promoter of the law of the Koran, permitting no neglect on the smallest point, which occasioned the judges to take cognisance of all deviations in points of morality. One day a woman convicted of adultery was brought to the court of justice to receive sentence; when the judge, asking her how she came to be guilty of so heinous a crime, she replied, 'How could I think, O judge! that the act was unlawful? Seeing that one man may have four wives, why might not I also indulge with equal propriety in four husbands? If I am in error, I repent, and will not offend by a repetition of the crime.'

The judge was perplexed, and suffered her to escape only with a reproof. Mahmood Shah Bahmuny reigned nineteen years, nine months, and twenty-four days."

We must here close our labours for this week.

Constable's Miscellany, Vol. XLV.

THE forty-fifth part of this popular series is a happy choice; for it is a republication, in a form at once neat and cheap, of the Rev. Gilbert White's delightful Natural History of Selborne, with a few additions by that zealous and eminent naturalist, Sir William Jardine. It is forty years since these, Mr. White's, letters (to Mr. Pennant and the Hon. Daines Barrington) originally appeared, in conjunction with his account of the antiquities of his secluded parish, and making a quarto volume, which soon became scarce. In 1802 and in 1825 they were republished, also in union with other matter, and of considerable size; and we rejoice to see them now (calculated as they are to amuse and inform the general reader of every age and class,) singly and simply confined to the subject of natural history, of which they are so pleasant an illustration.

In a recent review of the Journal of a Naturalist,* we thought we could pay its author no higher compliment than by comparing his volume to that of Mr. White: the study is so innocent and interesting, and the habits of many creatures which we may call our constant companions so curious, that we hardly know a purer gratification than may be derived from observing and communicating a knowledge of their wonderful instincts and remarkable characteristics. Of such information the Natural History of Selborne is full; and the anecdotes are told in so unaffected a way, that we quite forget they are conveying scientific intelligence, and fancy they are penned merely for our entertainment. It would, nevertheless, be rather an encroachment on our page were we to transplant into it any considerable portion of a performance so well known as Mr. White's, and one likely to be disseminated still more in its new shape:—but we will afford a little space to some of the matter introduced by Sir W. Jardine. In a note on Mr. White's Plestor oak, Sir W. says:

"The celebrated Cowthorpe oak, upon an estate near Wetherby, belonging to the Right Hon. Lady Stourton, measures, within three feet of the surface, 16 yards in circumference, and close by the ground 26 yards. Its height is about 80 feet, and its principal limb extends 16 yards from the boll. The Greendale oak, at a foot from the ground, is in circumference 33 feet 10 inches. The Shire oak covers nearly 707 square yards; the branches stretching into three counties—York, Nottingham, and Derby. The Fairlop oak, in Essex, at a yard from the ground, is 36 feet in circumference. Damory's oak, in Dorsetshire, at the ground, was in circumference 68 feet, and when decaying became hollow, forming a cavity capable of containing 20 men; and Wallace's oak, in Torwood, in the county of Stirling, must have been at least 11 or 12 feet in diameter."

In another note, on a page where the historian of Selborne regrets the forsaking of that part by the black game, his editor remarks:

"Black game have increased greatly in the southern counties of Scotland and north of England within the last few years. It is a pretty general opinion, though an erroneous one, that they drive away the red grouse; the two species require very different kinds of cover,

* Published by J. Murray, and already running rapidly through a second edition.

and will never interfere. It is to be regretted that some of our extensive and wealthy northern proprietors do not attempt the introduction of the wood grouse; extensive pine or birch forests, with quiet, would be all the requisites; and the birds themselves, or their young, could be very easily obtained, and at a trifling expense. In a late number of Mr. J. Wilson's Zoological Illustrations, there is an excellent plate of the *tetrao urophasianus* of North America, a very handsome species, which, with some others lately discovered by Mr. Douglas, might be introduced into this country, and form a fine addition to our feathered game. The little American partridge, the *ortyx borealis* of naturalists, has been introduced, and is now plentiful, in some counties in England."

Why not also endeavour to introduce into the larger pine-forests of the North the superb Cock of the Wood, once a denizen of our island, and yet so abundant in Norway and other congenial regions?

Respecting the hedge-hog we find the following:—

"The hedge-hog feeds indiscriminately on flesh and vegetables, is very fond of eggs, doing considerable mischief by destroying game during the breeding season. It will even enter a hen-house, and when within its reach, will turn off the hens and devour the eggs. They are frequently caught in traps baited with eggs for the carrion crows. They are easily tamed, and become very familiar in a state of confinement; will eat bread, potatoes, fruit, flesh, raw or cooked, without any apparent choice."

On the subject of animal habits, and connected with this extract, we may here notice the peculiar predilection of a spaniel within our own experience. This fellow, so sleek and handsome as to be quite fit for a lady's lap-dog in the drawing-room, had a particular fancy for, or, we should perhaps rather say, antipathy to, hedge-hogs. In Gloucestershire, when permitted to attend us on a shooting excursion, his chief employment and delight was to discover the unfortunate hedge-hogs in their holes under copse-bush or in sandy bank, and drag them forth to day. Nor was this the worst: he had a cruel knack of skinning the spine-defended animal with the most singular dexterity; seizing it in his teeth, and by a quick spurring sort of application of his fore-paws tearing off its hide, generally in less than a minute; while larger, stronger, and bolder dogs could hardly be induced to bring their noses a second time near so prickly a customer!!

Of cats, Mr. White observes: "There is a propensity belonging to common house-cats that is very remarkable; I mean their violent fondness for fish, which appears to be their most favourite food; and yet nature in this instance seems to have planted in them an appetite that, unassisted, they know not how to gratify; for, of all quadrupeds, cats are the least disposed towards water, and will not, when they can avoid it, deign to wet a foot, much less to plunge into that element:—" and upon this Sir W. Jardine adds: "In the Library of Entertaining Knowledge, on the authority of Dr. Darwin, cats fish. He says, 'Mr. Leonard, a very intelligent friend of mine, saw a cat catch a trout by darting upon it in a deep clear water, at the mill at Weaford, near Lichfield. The cat belonged to Mr. Stanley, who had often seen her catch fish in the same manner in summer, when the mill-pool was drawn so low that the fish could be seen. I have heard of other cats taking fish in shallow water, as they stood on the bank. This seems to be a natural method of taking their prey, usually lost by

domestication, though they all retain a strong relish for fish.' The Rev. W. Bingley mentions another instance of a cat freely taking the water, related by his friend Mr. Bill, of Christchurch. When he lived at Wallington, near Carshalton, in Surrey, he had a cat that was often known to plunge, without hesitation, into the river Wandle, and swim over to an island at a little distance from the bank. To this there could be no other inducement than the fish she might catch on her passage, or the vermin that the island afforded."

These are curious instances; but the following, which may be depended upon as a fact, is still more remarkable. At Caverton Mill, in Roxburghshire, a beautiful spot upon the Kale Water, there was a favourite cat, domesticated in the dwelling-house, which stood at two or three hundred yards from the mill. When the mill-work ceased, the water was as usual stopped at the dam-head, and the dam below consequently ran gradually more shallow, often leaving trout, which had ascended when it was full, to struggle back with difficulty to the parent stream; and so well acquainted had Puss become with this circumstance, and so fond was Puss of fish, the moment she heard the noise of the mill-clapper cease, she used to scamper off to the dam, and, up to her belly in the water, continue to catch fish like an otter. It would not be easy to cite a more curious case of animal instinct approaching to reason and overcoming the usual habits of the species.

At an era when scientific inquiry is extended to every distant region of the globe, we read the following with surprise and regret.

"Ireland even still remains comparatively unexplored, except in its botanical productions. The *Sceloporus sabini*, a new species of snipe, was, I may say, accidentally discovered there about three years since, of which specimens have been subsequently got, confirming the identity of the species; and we have every reason to expect some novelties, particularly in ichthyology and entomology. *Sedum palustre* and *papaver medicale* are among the late botanical discoveries."

Of the affections of birds, &c. Sir W. Jardine relates the following:

"I once slept, during a very stormy night, in a house of considerable age, and not in the best state of repair; one of the windows in my bedroom had been built up, but so loosely, that bats and swifts had free access between the wall and a large board that was placed on the inside to add to the warmth of the room. On the night above mentioned, this board was blown down inwards, and the room immediately filled with bats and swifts. Many of the former had one or two young adhering to their breasts while flying round the room, and even when knocked down, were not freed from their burdens. Above sixty were caught in this small space, and kept until morning, and at least as many must have escaped. They appeared to be in terms of perfect amity with the swifts."

"All birds of prey are capable of sustaining the want of food and water for long periods, particularly the latter, but of which they also seem remarkably fond, drinking frequently in a state of nature, and during summer washing almost daily."

"Cats (Sir W. tells us, in another place) will kill shrews, but will not eat them." (See p. 231.) The tabbies against the shrews is rather an odd warfare; but we take the word of so distinguished a naturalist, that it really exists—*fera natura*!

But we have now given a sufficient little

cento of natural history to indicate the sort of matter of which this volume is composed; and have only to conclude by again warmly recommending it to our readers, and especially to the young and observant.

The Life and Services of Captain Philip Beaver, late of H. M. S. Nisus. By Captain W. H. Smyth, R.N., &c. 8vo. pp. 340. London, 1829. J. Murray.

THIS volume has, somehow or other, had the ill-luck to be one of our postponements; for in keeping up the *march* of reviewing during the active period of the campaign, which more resembles levies *en masse* than recruiting, it is impossible, with all our discipline and exertion, to prevent an occasional falling into the rear. Yet this memoir of Captain Beaver deserved better at our hands, being a just tribute to the character of a very able and meritorious officer, and containing much that is worthy of the attention of the profession and the public. It is true that Captain Beaver had the misfortune to dissipate a large portion of talent in writing in newspapers and other periodical publications; a fact which, though valuable to the recipients, is but ill adapted to reward the author, or procure for him that fair share of fame to which his labours, in another more concentrated shape, would entitle him. Still, Captain Smyth has now rescued so many clever papers and ingenious speculations from their first and temporary repositories, and placed them before us in so clear a light, that we can better appreciate the active intelligence of the man; and by holding his skill and bravery forth as an example, not only stimulate others, but raise a memorial to his own honour. The only fault we have to find with his friendly biographer is, that his style is too ambitious;—a simple, characteristic portrait is far preferable to one overloaded with ornament and finery, especially when the subject is a captain of the British navy. But observe Captain Smyth:—

"In describing a personal career, the principles of action should be investigated and carefully defined, in order that genuine ardour may be distinguished from spurious. Love of glory supports the energies drawn forth in battle; but fortitude is, perhaps, more truly and extensively tried in lingering blockades and pestilential climates, in the noise of many waters, and the darkness of the moonless gale; and, indeed, in most of the occurrences incidental to maritime life. But many a mediocr man, borne on the tide of ephemeral success, is decked with laurels, while others of ardent zeal and acknowledged talents pine in the intricacies of service, and are scarcely lifted above oblivion's surge. Thus it was with the subject of this memoir, whose merits, except in the navy, were not known as they justly deserved; nor were the rewards he received at all commensurate with the prosperous results of his skill. It is, therefore, an imperative duty to point out the claims of deserving individuals to the notice of their country; and to shew that, though mere chance may confer both riches and popularity, abilities only can procure fame."

We are sorry to blame, where a warm admiration of the individual has betrayed his encomiast into so flowery a path of composition; but in our critical chair we cannot but point out what appears to us to be bad taste in a writer.

Captain Beaver (originally said to be Beauvoir) was derived from a good family, and commenced his naval career in 1777. He was engaged in the American war and against the

French (principally in the West Indies); of which brief accounts are given. In 1784 Mr. Beaver, whose conduct had, on several occasions, attracted the notice of his superiors, obtained his lieutenant's commission—though peace had then nearly shut the door of promotion, and laid many an ardent and aspiring hero upon the shelf. In the interim, between this and 1789, Mr. B. seems to have read much, and greatly improved himself in that species of knowledge which was best calculated to be useful to him in his future life. Embarking in busier scenes, we soon find our enterprising lieutenant one of an expedition (under Mr. Dalrymple, who had been disappointed of the governorship of Sierra Leone) to colonise Bulama, an island near that settlement; and as this is about the earliest mooted of a question—that of the cultivation of the coast of Africa by free labour—which has since led to so much controversy, and is fiercely agitated at the present day, we shall select a part of the history which is given of the fruitless and fatal attempt.

"The views of the society, in this undertaking, were directed to cultivation; it being imagined that the produce of the West Indies might be readily raised at Bulama by free natives, and thus, forming a contrast to the vicious habits of the slave-dealing Europeans, contribute towards the civilisation of those regions. Though commerce was considered only in a subordinate point of view, when compared with their grand object, it was conceived that a new and extensive channel would be opened to trade, which would at the same time be the means of introducing letters, liberty, and, above all, a knowledge of the Christian religion, amongst the sable sons of that vast continent. By this scheme, happiness was promised to thousands,—misery to none: the only fear was, that as the paucity of their wants, and the natural fertility of their soil, render negroes averse to labour, they could not be relied upon; and it was apprehended that white colonists would be very unequal to the toil of field-work in that enervating climate. 'I have nothing to do,' says Beaver, 'with the question, whether a state of uncultivated nature, or of civilisation, be most conducive to happiness. The man who prefers being a brute to a rational creature, may put down the book.' Having been acquainted by Mr. Pitt, that government had no objection to the enterprise, the number of subscribers increased rapidly; though the infant colony was not viewed with friendly eyes, either by the speculators of Sierra Leone, or the West India merchants. As might have been expected, the whole of the adventurers were not actuated by the same praiseworthy motives which influenced our Cincinnati, and many great errors took place in the outset. 'A plausible rascal,' says the note-book, 'of the name of Bant, who called himself a Quaker, but was really of no religion, and had been successively of all, possessed an exquisite facility of imposing upon almost every body. This fellow, having gained the ear of Mr. Dalrymple, was recommended as a man so valuable and useful, that, being too poor to subscribe, five hundred acres of land were offered to induce him to embark with us. This was not only agreed to, but he was shortly after elected into a committee, and would probably have crept into the council, had I not proposed that no member sitting there should hold any place of profit,—the latter of which, from his endeavours to procure the storekeeper's office, I knew he would prefer to the former. Now this vaunted addition to our party was so well

known to many mercantile houses in the city, that his very name operated like a pestilence on some of our proceedings; for it was naturally enough supposed, that no honest people could possibly be connected with so notorious a character.' Besides this man, many profligate and worthless wretches enrolled themselves as subscribers; and one, who died at Bulama, was found to have committed arson, robbery, forgery, incest, and murder!"

Various untoward events preceded the sailing of the expedition, which at last set out.

"Eighty-three men, thirty-three women, and thirty-three children, were embarked on board the Calypso, of two hundred and ninety-eight tons, commanded by Lieutenant Hancorne;—sixty-five men, twenty-four women, and thirty-one children, were on board the Hankey, of two hundred and sixty-one tons, under the authority of Lieutenant Beaver; and five men and a boy were in the Beggar's Benison, a Gravesend boat of thirty-four tons, in charge of Lieutenant Dobbin. Thus, with a fair breeze, they stood out of the channel, a heterogeneous assemblage; several of them animated with the highest emotions of hope; others, willing to barter life for profit, plunging into what they considered a desperate undertaking; and many, too prone to idleness to have any defined object in view,—

'Hard sons of penury, abroad they roam,
To seek that competence they want at home.'"

The vessels, owing to some strange inattention, having parted company, the Hankey "entered the Bijuga channel on the 3d of June, with two boats constantly a-head sounding; and thus, on the 5th, they anchored within sight of Bulama. Judging it expedient to have a better knowledge of the strait before venturing farther, Mr. Beaver, with the master of the Hankey, went in the long-boat to explore it; and perceiving two vessels at anchor near a square-bastioned fort at Bissao, they rowed thither to procure a pilot. 'There they heard of a ship, answering to the description of the Calypso, having passed a few days before; and the appearance of a second strange sail in those unfrequented parts excited a strong suspicion in the minds of the Bissosons of their being pirates. The Portuguese governor, actuated by this idea, kept the whole party in close confinement for the night, determined to make the master produce his papers before he would grant a pilot. Beaver argued very warmly against condescending to this step, but to no avail, his costume of a sailor's jacket and trousers not appearing consistent with his high tone: he was therefore detained as a hostage, until the required examination had taken place on the following day. In the mean time the Calypso had joined company, after a melancholy event, which struck terror into the hearts of the colonists; and what rendered matters worse was, that the calamity resulted entirely from the contempt of method and discipline which characterised that ship. Being in want of fresh provisions, the Calypso sailed from Teneriffe to Goree, a place well known to be incapable of supplying any; but having procured a pilot, they ran through the Bijuga channel, and anchored at Bulama on the 25th of May. The colonists were allowed to go on shore without any kind of precaution, strolling about night and day, wherever they chose; some seeking crabs and muscles, others taking oysters from the mangrove branches, while many were inland botanising, or hunting after lizards; and others chasing, 'some butterflies, and some elephants.' On the 30th, a war canoe, contain-

ing twenty or thirty armed men, reconnoitred the ship, but refused every advance towards friendly intercourse. Even this act did not suffice to instil any prudential measure, and consequently next morning it was discovered that the natives in the night had carried off all the tents which had been pitched on shore. Although as yet the colonists had no right to land, they immediately commenced erecting what they ridiculously termed a block-house,—a mere hut, enclosed with inch plank; and in this place they deposited fire-arms, ammunition, and utensils, without planting a single sentinel. On Sunday, the 3d of June, instead of being called to prayers, and having that opportunity taken for pointing out the difficulties of their situation, and the necessity of order and industry, they were, as usual, permitted to follow their individual fancies. Thus many were wandering over the island with the most incautious confidence, while a few were sleeping in the block-house, and some of the women and children sitting in its shade. In this criminally unguarded state, with all their guns lying still dismounted in the hold of the ship, they were suddenly alarmed by the Bijugas firing a volley of musketry into the hut, which rousing the sleepers, they rushed out, and were all shot. The savages then entered and seized sixty stand of arms, loaded and primed; and with these very means sallied forth and accomplished their object. Loaded with booty, they retreated to the bushes, having killed five men and one woman, desperately wounded four men, and carried off four women and three children; whilst not one of their own party received the slightest hurt. 'Among all who suffered on this occasion,' says Beaver, 'the fate of Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner was certainly the most cruel and the most lamented. He had been wounded by a musket-ball, and was endeavouring to reach the beach, when he was intercepted by one of the party of the islanders, who had been stationed for that purpose. To go back was certain death; to advance towards the ship, it was necessary to pass this man. Unarmed, and weakened by loss of blood, Mr. Gardiner advanced, bowing as he approached; but the savage, regardless of his humiliation, made a stroke at him with his well-tempered cutlass, which Mr. Gardiner attempting to parry with his hand, it was severed from the arm at the wrist. He passed on into the water, and was one of those standing up to his chin in it, when the boats of the Calypso arrived to carry them on board. He died a few days afterwards. His wife, having witnessed the fate of her husband, was a prisoner in the hands of the savages; these, having rifled the block-house and stripped the dead, began their retreat, with their prisoners and booty, across the island. Mrs. Gardiner was unfortunately lame, and unable to keep pace with their rapid march; they therefore shot her.' The irrational boldness of the colonists was now converted into the most groundless fear; no attempt was made to recover either the dying or the dead; but getting under sail, they were standing towards Bissao, where the Hankey and the cutter were seen at anchor. The communication between the two ships produced the worst consequences; for not only did the discontent and irregularity of the Calypso spread to her consort, but also a fever which had been contracted by her crew. Bitter reproaches against each other were heard in that unfortunate ship; and finding the comfortable order in which the Hankey was kept, and that she had been carefully supplied with fresh provisions, they loudly ac-

cused their members of the council of neglect. 'They were tired with the length of the voyage, irritated with sickness, the loss of their associates, and the disappointment of their hopes; and became extremely dissatisfied with their situation.' Indeed, apprehension and despondency had already become pretty general. The first object after the junction of the ships was the redemption of the captive women and children; which was kindly undertaken by Señor De Sylva Cordoza, a merchant of Bissao, who sent a boat with some of his grumetes, or native servants, to King Bellchore, a savage remarkable for his exploits and his treachery, who resided at Canabac, with the articles requisite for their ransom. On the 19th they returned with the prisoners, except a woman and child, who were detained in the clutches of King Jalorem, on another part of the island of Canabac. These females had been tolerably treated by the natives, for which they were indebted to the prejudice that makes them regard European women with disgust: 'their devil,' says Beaver, 'is white.' After having procured a plentiful supply of water, provisions, and refreshments, the vessels proceeded to Bulama."

It is nearly needless to add, that this unfortunate expedition ended most miserably: the particulars are very distressing, though both interesting and curious; and, as they must be read with feelings of deep anxiety, we regret that they are too long for extract. Beaver lost two years and a half in the wretched experiment, of which he was at last almost the only survivor.

In 1795, having rejoined the service, he was at the taking of the Cape of Good Hope; and in 1799, after frequently and greatly distinguishing himself, he was appointed Commander of the *Dolphin*, 44. The narrative proceeds to detail his gallant exploits, and his numerous plans for improving various departments, arms, charts, works, machinery, &c. &c., connected with his profession,—but for these we must refer to Captain Smyth's volume. In 1800 he was posted, and took a prominent part in Sir Ralph Abercrombie's landing in Egypt. His last important service was the disembarkation of the force by which the Isle of France was conquered in December 1810. He afterwards cruised about for several years in his fine frigate the *Nisus*, achieving laudable enterprises in the Indian Seas; and died April 5th, 1813, aged only forty-eight, at the Cape of Good Hope, on his return to England. "Admired in life" (says his friend, the author), "he was still more worthy of admiration in that trial which is the touchstone of us all. To use the emphatic words of a gallant companion in arms, Captain Schomberg, who assiduously attended his sick-bed,—'He has not only taught us how to die, but also how we should live, in order to be enabled thus to meet death.'"

With this we should conclude our remarks, but that the Appendix supplies the following pleasing specimen of Captain Beaver's literary talents.

"On the Battle between the *Milford* frigate and the *Dieu de Ciel*, fought on the 10th of May, 1790.

Up in the wind, three leagues or more,
We spied a lofty sail;
'Let's hoist a Dutch flag for decoy,
And closely hug the gale.'

Nine knots the nimble *Milford* ran—
'Thus, thus,' the master cried;
Hull up, she raised the chase in view,
And soon was side by side.

'Down the Dutch ensign, up St. George,
To quarters now all hands!—

With lighted match, beside his gun,
Each British warrior stands.

• Give fire! the gallant captain cries;
"The done—the cannons roar;
• Stand clear, Monsieur, digest those pills,
And then we'll send you more."

Yon French jack shivers in the wind,
Its files look all pale
And well they may—they must come down,
For Britons shall prevail.

Raked fore and aft, her shatter'd hull
Admits the briny flood;
Her decks are covered with the slain,
Her scuppers stream with blood.

Our chain-shot whistle in the wind,
The grape descend like hail;
• Huzza! my hearts, three cheering shouts!
Our foe begins to quail."

The fight is done—she strikes—she yields;
No more our force she braves!—
Henceforth she'll bear our cross, and prove
That Britons rule the waves."

ROYAL POETRY.

Two volumes of poetry, by King Louis of Bavaria, have been translated into French, and published in Paris. This monarch, happily for his country, is (as we have often had occasion to state) most advantageously distinguished from the other kings of continental Europe. His education was not the usual education of courts. He resided, a simple student, at the universities, associated with learned men and artists, travelled over Europe with an inquisitive and poetical eye, and every where sought knowledge, and imbibed generous feelings. In a word, he studied to become a king, as if he were studying an art or a science, or rather, as if he were about to devote himself to some sacred office. In consequence, scarcely had he mounted the throne, when he cast a new splendour on Bavaria. Germany saw in him a genuine German prince, who had witnessed her calamities, and the slavery by which Napoleon had disgraced her. At that earlier period, when the heroic youth of the German universities followed their professors and masters, alternately chanting and philosophising, to the army or to the assault, Prince Louis of Bavaria, distant, and almost in captivity, participated in their enthusiasm, and envied Körner his death on the field of battle. In subsequent and more tranquil days, longing for liberty as ardently as the humblest subject of the monarchs whose equal he was soon to become, he profoundly meditated on reforms and ameliorations of government: always attached to the arts, he repaired to Italy, to increase his acquaintance with them: devout, he maintained his faith, without forgetting that the religion he professed was one of philosophy and benevolence. Thus passed his youth; occupied by patriotism, the arts, and piety. Every day, as a relaxation, or rather as a pledge of intended and future good, he composed some short piece of poetry. The day of his accession to the Bavarian crown arriving, he shewed himself what he had always been; only his speculations were converted into actions. A severe economy, unlooked-for retrenchments, replaced the somewhat improvident luxury of the excellent Maximilian his father. Liberty of thinking, equality of religious sects, received a new sanction. Munich became a city of arts and sciences: a museum, rich, and every day augmenting—a university, which reckoned Schelling at the head of its philosophers—magnificent libraries—wise regulations, especially calculated to reform the savage manners of the students—attracted to it the flower of the German youth. King Louis thus created in the south a rival to Berlin; and he himself, in the midst of this learned world which he animated,

a frank and unpretending author, submitted, from the elevation of his throne, to criticism; and opened to the public his journal of good thoughts—for so ought the two volumes to which we have alluded to be entitled, and as such they ought to be read. They are the notes of the studies of a good king. The following are a few specimens; divested, of course, of their metrical form.

"Tivoli.

"Do you hear the lamentable voice which escapes from the midst of these ruins? This was the magnificent and vain-glorious residence of our enemy. But the whole has crumbled away. In vain does the eye of curiosity seek for its traces: the earth has long ago reclaimed what belonged to it.

To appear, to disappear,—is the common fate of us all. Nations unceasingly prey upon one another; authority changes hands every moment; but the earth always preserves its ancient power. What German must not experience a profound emotion on this spot? Traveller! thou treadest the soil on which was built the villa of Quintilius Varus; of that Varus who despised the Germans, and whom the Germans made to feel the weight of their vengeance. The name of Hermann faintly resounds amidst the silence of the solitary valley.

I redder, at once with shame and joy, when I reflect on what Germany is, and on what she formerly was. Will she no more be roused by the voice of the liberator? Has she reached that point of debasement? Are her present chains less heavy than those of ancient times? Now, as then, victories are to be gained, liberty is to be achieved. Was not Rome then all-powerful? Were not the legions which perished under the walls of Teutoburg the flower of her armies?

What! we are never to profit by the lessons of history! Fame is no more to proclaim the glorious triumphs of the Germans! Rome has long been the spoil of every conqueror: Germany, self-destroyed, bends to the yoke of the Corsican; discord alone has vanquished her."

"On hearing the Bavarian March.

(Jan. 1814.)

"Sounds which powerfully move my soul, which inspire me with new ardour, and give me new strength for the combat—you kindle the courage of my heart. A burning desire fills my breast. I seize the sword with enthusiasm; and a devouring fire consumes my being.

The time has arrived at which we must live only for the present moment. Determined action alone can regenerate order. It is only by war that a durable peace can be obtained. The blood now spilt will ensure a rich produce for the future.

What superlative transport to enjoy such a triumph!—to be present at the finest epoch of Germany! But the death of those who die for their country is not less enviable: an eternal glory awaits them.

Behold the German youth; who, led by their princes, rush on France! I alone am compelled to remain inactive, and far from the field! I! who was so early imbued with the German spirit; who never shrunk in the presence of danger, or was intimidated by the victories of our opponents; I see myself excluded from this good fortune!

I feel my blood boil in my veins. I struggle with the destiny which detains me from the conflict. To assist in the downfall of the tyrant, to pursue him to his own throne—alas!

that is a happiness for the privation of which nothing can compensate.

Yes, ye martial trumpets, ye summon me to follow the brave sons of Germany, to share in the battle of the nations, to fight until the enemy of humanity is defeated,—until the peace of the world has been conquered. May that great work be accomplished by us!"

"On my Visit to Schwetzingen, in the Summer of 1810.

"Seated, solitarily, on the ruins of the temple of Mercury at Schwetzingen, my thoughts reverted to a period long passed. Artificial ruins, you have become real ones since I saw you; so many things, alas! have perished. These haunts, which witnessed the days of my youth, are now the confidants of my sadness; and yet they awaken the most pleasing recollections. What I have undergone, what I have seen, and what I have acquired, are no where so vividly recalled to my mind as here. Schwetzingen! afflicting image of worldly vicissitudes! I resided there but as a stranger. Hidden from the eyes even of those who loved me, I lived on the past, with respect both to the dead and to the living. I had before me the writings of Jean de Müller, that friend of whom death has prematurely deprived me,—those admirable works which warm the heart and elevate the soul. Absorbed in profound melancholy, tears filled my eyes on thinking of Hompesch;* of that friend whom I lamented as I never did lament, and as I never shall lament, any other person. Rapid death tore those two cherished beings from me in the same year. Alas! I little thought at that time that I should so soon assume the mourning scarf for thee, O noble Stadion!† the friend of Hompesch, and of Germany. The same day which had separated those two friends, a year after re-united them for ever. Will my life also terminate at the same instant? Death has deprived me of many faithful friends; but the memory of them survives. Let all totter around me, I will remain to myself the same—attached to whatever is good."

"On contemplating my First-born, when only six days old.

"May a sweet sleep close thine eyes! Repose in peace, beloved infant! Thou art yet ignorant of the troubles of this life; but, alas! happy childhood flies with rapid wing.

A stranger to the joys of existence, thou art also a stranger to its sufferings; but thou wilt not escape them more than any other mortal. We are all born imperfect.

The morning of thy life has been saluted by general rejoicing. Max, O! my dear Max, be a good man. Then, even amidst the cares of royalty, thou wilt enjoy the serene slumbers of innocence.

Thou smilest, and openest wide thine eyes. At present thou castest on the world a joyful look. This world will one day make thee taste its bitterness; and thou wilt learn how wicked and deceitful it is.

Behold, extended on his little couch, feeble and helpless, he who one day is to govern men! Happy will the person then be considered who knows how to please, even in trifles, one who has so much to give, and who can take so much away.

Nothing on earth is durable. May this truth be early engraved on thy young mind.

* Baron William de Hompesch, Minister of the Finances of Bavaria, died the 9th of December, 1809.

† Count Frederic Lothaire Stadion, Minister Plenipotentiary from Austria at the Court of Bavaria, died the 9th of December, 1810.

But virtue will render herself superior to all vicissitudes. Thou owest her eternal fidelity.

Wear heaven in thy heart. Whether in solitude or in crowds, obey like a child the divine precepts; and death will find thee tranquil and happy.

Never forget, O Max! that thou art a German. Let not the false splendour of the foreigner dazzle thee. Be ever on thy guard against his stratagems.

If he who has given thee life should hear from thy mouth only the liasings of infancy; if he should fall early in the defence of his country, drop a tear on his grave.

Learn to inherit his German feelings. Draw thy sword fearlessly for thy fire-sides; die with joy in protecting them; be worthy of thy ancestors!"—*Foreign Journals.*

PHRENOLOGY.

[Second notice.—Conclusion.]

As Dr. Spurzheim has arrived in town since our preceding paper was written, we shall, in courtesy to our foreign visitor, treat the subject with less of levity than before; though, having indulged in a peep at Mr. De Ville's gallery of casts, we certainly were never more inclined to laugh in our lives than we were at the numerous collection of desperately ugly specimens there exhibited. To be hanged is nothing; and even the terror of dissection fades before the more horrible apprehension of being thus gibbeted in everlasting plaster, and stuck up to be viewed and lectured upon, in grinning phrenological infamy. It should operate strongly against the commission of crime; and we are inclined to think, that if a row of these busts were planted in front of the Old Bailey, as the Grand Signior exhibits ears and heads in front of the Seraglio, they would strike such a dread into the hearts of evil-doers, that we should have few more instances of capital offences. We hope the Secretary of State for the Home Department will ponder upon this suggestion; and we dare say the patriotism and science of Mr. De Ville will induce him to sell a set at a reasonable price. Meanwhile return we to our publications on Phrenology.

Mr. Stone, in his pamphlet, demonstrates that the phrenological developments of the monsters Burke and Hare not only do not correspond with, but directly and absolutely contradict, their acknowledged characters. Burke's organ of destructiveness was below the common average in fifty skulls, and his organs of benevolence and conscientiousness above the average; and yet Burke was one of the most cold-blooded, systematic destroyers that ever disgraced humanity: his cerebellum was also below the average size. With regard to Hare, Mr. Stone, from an accurate comparison, shews that the organ of destructiveness in this atrocious murderer was not above the average size, and that many individuals of exemplary character, at the same time that they possess this organ larger than he did, exhibit a greater deficiency in the alleged organs of benevolence and conscientiousness. The skulls of other hardened assassins, of whom a list of sixteen is cited, afford similar results, and are all formed as if it were on purpose to stultify the theories of the phrenologists. The same examination and ratiocination applied to thieves proved that they had the organ of acquisitiveness often absolutely and relatively less than honest individuals, and the organ of conscientiousness larger:—from all which data, and a table of measurements (fatal to phrenology as figures and demonstrations can be), Mr. Stone thus concludes:

"They profess that their doctrines are as well established, and as palpable to every inquirer, as the most demonstrable truths in nature, yet do not agree among themselves on the most preliminary points;—Dr. Gall ridiculed the bumps of Dr. Spurzheim; Dr. Spurzheim rejects with disdain the callipers of Mr. Combe; and Mr. Combe has been lately engaged in an open phrenological warfare with one of the most intelligent of his contemporaries, on the subject of what is even the necessary result or tendency of their faith;—they give an organ one function to-day, another to-morrow;—they maintain that a large organ of veneration is, at one time, the characteristic configuration of the head of a saint—at another, equally essential to that of the most notorious and professed infidel! Lastly come the interminable combinations of their imaginary organs; and thus the phrenologists shift from argument to argument, from position to position, resembling the ghosts in Virgil's Inferno:

'Huc, illic volitant, nec certis in sede morantur.'

To this mortal *carte* Mr. George Combe, the Edinburgh apostle of phrenology, returned *tierce*. He accuses Mr. Stone of omitting the breadth of the organs in his measurements, and thence of drawing erroneous deductions; and also of mistaking one of the cases (that of Pepe) on which he argued. Mr. Stone rejoins, that he did not measure breadth, because it was purely fanciful and ideal—a trick of every manipulator, incapable of rule or definition. In other points this is a very able pamphlet, resting on strong facts and arguments, which it would be no easy matter to meet—impossible to overthrow.

The publication of Mr. Montgomery, with Dr. Thompson's answer, is of very little importance to phrenology. Neither of the writers apply the callipers so closely as to elucidate the dispute with any new discoveries; and we pass to the Travels of Phrenologasto, as affording more amusing materials; though we regret that its playful and ingenious author (Mr. Trotter) has since fallen a victim to the climate of India. The Introduction is a whimsical piece of mystification, but we learn that the MS. had fallen from the moon, whither its writer, Gio. Bal-scopo, had flown in a balloon, and whence the said Gio. could devise no means of returning. In that lunar world he tells us—"When I began to examine the inhabitants a little more closely, I found that they all wore their hair very closely shaved, and had their heads painted white. Nor was this the only thing remarkable, for the head of every individual was chalked out by black lines into a variety of little fields and enclosures, very much in the same style as we see a gentleman's estate in England laid down on a map. These divisions, among the bulk of the people, amounted altogether to thirty-three; but a few gentlemen, dressed in long black gowns, and who appeared to be possessed of some authority, had extended them, by fainter lines, to a much greater number. These divisions and subdivisions had each a particular number affixed to them, and the philosophers above mentioned had, by way of ornament, a skull hanging on a golden chain round their necks. The dress of the women, too, I could not but think very fantastic, and unlike any thing I had seen before, being of a light sky-blue substance interspersed all over with groups of skulls, which in some of them were clustered together in a very fanciful way. One lady, whose name I refrain from mentioning, on whose dress was a great profusion of these insignia, afterwards assured me that they represented the skulls of all her ancestors, in a

direct line, for fifteen generations, and amounted to the enormous number of thirty-two thousand seven hundred and sixty-eight."

One of the philosophers further informs him, that "this flourishing country is the famous kingdom of Phrenologasto, the capital of which, in the Italian tongue, is Cranioscoposco. The origin of the nation, as it has been recorded in all our most learned works, and handed down by tradition through twenty-five centuries, is highly curious and instructive. Our forefathers, you must know, from whom the whole colony is descended, were originally twelve inhabitants of that part of the globe to which you belong, which is called Egypt. At the time when that country was renowned for the occult sciences, and had obtained a glory for learning and philosophy which has been since eclipsed by the pre-eminence of other states, there lived a sect of philosophers who devoted their whole labours to the study of craniology. Start not, young man," he continued (for I began to be incredulous), "start not at this information, which I see must be new to you, as from your surprise it is clear that you regard that noble art as an invention of modern days. Is it then indeed true that this profound science, which was once the glory of Egypt, has been again lost to the world? Holy fathers! can it be so? No wonder that the world is in its present state of degradation and darkness. Alas! alas! too truly did the wise Proco, looking through his telescope on the world below, allege that the art there had again sunk into oblivion."

He is presented to the king, and says: "My hair was cropped very short, and to cover the natural deformity of my head, an artificial skull, of perfect symmetry, was fastened over it by means of springs. I afterwards discovered, that many ladies and gentlemen of the court wore this disguise, much in the same way as artificial teeth and hair are worn in my own country. When I entered the presence-chamber, I was instructed to advance twelve paces into the room, and kneeling down, to strike my head thirty-three times on the ground, in token of the thirty-three grand divisions of the human skull; and that a herald would then advance, who would call out in a loud voice the names of the thirty-three different organs. As every person in the kingdom has some organ more developed than another, by which it is known to what clan or family he belongs, it is the usual custom, when the herald arrives at that particular organ in the catalogue, for the individual to raise his hand, and, touching the corresponding spot on his head, to answer 'Eccomi.' As for me, I could not yet be said to belong to any one division, the shape of my skull not being particularly ascertained; in which I might have been put to some difficulty, when it was fortunately discovered in the herald's office, that there was a saving clause for those who had no predominant quality, and who were classed under the general title of idiots (goffi). Upon this it was thought advisable by the lord chamberlain and master of the ceremonies, that to avoid the enactment of a new law, or the infringement of the rules of the court, I should consider myself for the present under that denomination."

All the principal officers in the government are elected according to their phrenological developments.

"The king alone wore his head covered; as it was thought more politic, and more accordant to the dignity of majesty, that the manifestation of his faculties should not be open to public inspection, or the vulgar surmises of the multitude."

We have not room to follow our amusing traveller through his moon adventures, but must quote his account of the great national University.

"The following was the form of entrance into the lower class, or that of mechanics,—which was by far the most numerous division of the school. Having ascertained the predominant organ in the boy's head, the particulars of the examination, as in the higher college, were registered in the books of the society, and it was immediately determined to what walk in life he should be educated. Those who had large protuberances in the parts of time and number were marked down as watchmakers and accountants; those who shewed a disposition for harmony and time were destined to be musicians; and others, who were inclined to secretiveness or cunning, were set apart for police officers; the combative and destructive classes were destined for soldiers; a shew of the principle of constructiveness led the way for coachmakers, carpenters, or tailors; whilst wit, individuality, and imitation, gave rise to lawyers, fiddlers, and mountebanks; the organ of conscientiousness was supposed to be best for an attorney's clerk—the organ of firmness for a jailor. In this manner the whole professions in the kingdom were supplied with men of the most certain and undeniable qualifications; and as in the whole world the just proportion of males and females has been reasonably pointed out as a singular mark of the wisdom of nature, so it was found that, in this institution, the number of persons in every condition of life exactly adapted itself to the demand; which analogy is, to my mind, a more satisfactory proof than any other of the reasonableness of the system."

On examining a chamber of comparative anatomists, the author related—

"This was a noble room, two hundred feet long by eighty wide, and filled with many tables, at each of which one of the anatomists was at work. I computed there could not be less than four hundred present; besides a vast collection of all manner of beasts and birds, which were confined in cages round the room, and supplied to those learned gentlemen at the expense of government. The first I came up to was employed in extracting the destructive organ from a cat's head. The operation being finished, and a mouse placed before her, she took it gently up in her paw and licked it all over, apparently with much tenderness. The mouse, on getting on its legs, ran immediately under an adjoining table, where another gentleman was employed in inserting the same organ into the head of a lamb, who no sooner saw the mouse than he devoured it without remorse. An anatomist, a little further down the room, who was also a great architect, was extracting the organ of constructiveness from a spider's head, in which, he said, it was much more fully developed than in any other animal that was known. Another had been employed for three months on the head of a musquito (a common animal in that country): in comparing it with that of a famous murderer who died about that time, he had found in both heads a strong degree of the organ of blood-thirstiness. I had not gone much further when a young tiger came running towards me, at which I felt rather uneasy, till my guide assured me his destructive organ had been completely extracted a week before. Her majesty the queen keeps a number of these animals in her park, who, having gone through this operation in the anatomical school, herd with the cows and deer, and eat apples from her majes-

ty's hand. I was just leaving the room when a gentleman begged me to step aside to look at the head of a frog he was then dissecting, in which he had found the organ of locomotion in a very perfect state. At his right hand lay a cast in plaster of Paris of a grasshopper's skull, which he had made for the purpose of examining its salutory organ. He assured me he had found a perfect fac-simile of it in the head of an eminent dancing-master who had but lately died. The same person, a year before, had made some curious experiments on the head of a cock-chaffer, where the organ of circumspection was very remarkable. He proved to me, beyond a doubt, that this organ did not originally belong to that species of animal, but was an hereditary quality, which had gradually manifested itself from the time that boys became acquainted with the cruel practice of spinning them on needles."

And now we must leave phrenology and our author together, with one piquant extract relative to the fair sex (o' th' moon, be it remarked).

"The queen, in whose pericranium, like that of most of her sex, was a wonderful rise of inquisitiveness, was particularly anxious to know if the organs of curiosity and vanity were as prevalent with my own countrywomen as with hers, and said she would be happy if I would describe the means by which we depressed them; for this lady had a great idea of promoting, by her own example, and by her personal influence, the moral and domestic virtues of her female subjects. In reply to these inquiries, I assured her majesty that it was a subject to which I had seldom given much attention, either in the land below or in her majesty's realms; though I could answer for my own dear countrywomen, that they possessed as great a share of love, and modesty, and attachment to their children, as in any other country of the world. But when her majesty, who would not be put off with a general answer, asked me the average number of inches which ladies' heads displayed of these qualities, I was obliged to confess my ignorance on this point; upon which she told me I was a credulous old dotard, to suppose that a woman's disposition could be guessed at by any thing she said or did."

Who durst say so of the dear creatures on our earth? Let him who dare!

The Gardens and Menagerie of the Zoological Gardens delineated, &c. &c. Nos. I. and II. 8vo. London, 1829. N. Hailes.

As the Zoological Society has been gradually advancing in importance, and will soon, we trust, shew its utility, by introducing into the country such animals as may adorn its pleasures as well as enrich its economy and commerce, we have from time to time recorded those proceedings which seemed to tend to this desirable consummation. In some minor points we think there might be improvements; but there are few of any consequence which, on examining the *pros* and *cons*, we have not found bottomed on good reasons. The form of a subscriber being called on to sanction the entrance into the gardens of a visitor paying a shilling, is, for instance, in our opinion, a needless piece of trouble and inconvenience; and we shall be still more sorry to hear that a prevalent suspicion respecting the Institution is well grounded, viz. that it is intended to make it more aristocratical, and to get rid of the class of subscribers in middle life, such as respectable tradesmen, by whom in its infancy it has been mainly cherished and supported.

We cannot, however, believe that there is any truth in this rumour, and we should be glad to see it contradicted by authority.

But to come to the publication before us. It is the commencement of a work in monthly parts, purporting to furnish descriptions and figures in illustration of the natural history of the living animals in the Society's collection, with the sanction of the council, and under the superintendence of the secretary (Mr. Vigors) and the vice-secretary (Mr. Bennett). We have in a preceding review spoken of the gratifications which attend the studies of the naturalist, and therefore need only notice here that they are not a little enhanced when they can be particularly directed to rare and curious subjects, as in the case of the Zoological Gardens. If we find amusement in observing the habits of creatures the most familiar to us, still greater entertainment is afforded us when making ourselves acquainted with those of stranger natures. The soft chinchilla, the architect beaver, the graceful llama, the anomalous kangaroo, and many others both of birds and beasts, offer constant food for observation; and when located in habitats similar to their native climates and congenial to their native characters, are admirably adapted impressively to instruct the young and enlarge the minds of all. And this purpose the present design is beautifully calculated to aid. The embellishments are very handsome; the animals finely drawn by W. Harvey; and the wood-cuts, by Branston and Wright, quite little gems in that style of art. Of the letter-press, also, we may speak in high terms, as well suited to convey popular information. The proper study of mankind, it is true, may be man; but it will be no disadvantage to add to it some knowledge of the animal world—links in the chain of creation so intimately connected with its moral and intellectual trend. And here we have their history, anecdotes of their instincts and habits, and all that information which the undertaking requires. In these Numbers, the Chinchilla; Ratel; Wanderoo, Diana, and Mona Monkeys; Hare Indian, Esquimaux, and Australian Dogs; Barbary Mouse; Condor; Crested Curassow; Macaws (2); Napu Musk-deer; Palm Squirrel; Peccaries (2); Storks (2); Spoonbill; and Californian Owl—are ably figured and described; and we have only to add, that the tail-pieces are delightful little bits of art, and, with the typography, reflect great credit even on Whittingham's Chiswick press.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Polynesian Researches, during a Residence of nearly Six Years in the South Sea Islands. By William Ellis. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1829. Fisher.

WE have no space even to enter into a brief analysis of these highly interesting volumes; and it must suffice for the present to observe, that they are replete with valuable and curious matter, descriptive of the South Sea Islands and their inhabitants. Having on a former occasion spoken rather despondingly of the labours of Mr. Ellis and his Missionary brethren, we are the more pleased that an opportunity now offers to congratulate them on a partial success they have undoubtedly achieved, and which is proven by the practical results of their having induced the natives to abandon infanticide, formerly so all-prevailing in these islands; by the abolition of the brutal, yet singular institution of the Areois; and by their having excited these people from their natural indolence to works of useful labour and industrious occupation. A strain of unaffected, unexaggerated

piety runs through the work, without interfering, in the slightest degree, with the information it affords. A more advantageous title might certainly have been chosen: the resort to a Greek nomenclature for this portion of the world, appears to us, in the first instance, to have been absurd; and we suspect that not a few readers will be startled to find the Missionary Ellis's account of the South Sea Islands ushered forth as "Polynesian Researches."

A Comprehensive Grammar of the English Language, with Exercises in a familiar Style, &c. &c. By W. Pinnock. London, 1829. Poole and Edwards.

MR. PINNOCK is so generally known and appreciated as an able guide to the instruction of youth, that his name is a sufficient passport to any work of education. Nor will this Grammar detract from his credit: on the contrary, as far as we have had time to examine it, we consider it to be a very valuable production, very sound in its older canons, and very ingenious in its newer views.

History of the Jews. Family Library, No. VI. Of the History, Vol. II. J. Murray.

HIGHLY as we spoke of the first volume of this History, we owe no less praise to Mr. Milman's second, which relates the events from the captivity to the period of Vespasian, when John of Gischala fled from Jerusalem, and left it a prey to feuds and disorder. Another of these admirable little tomes will finish this branch of the Family Library, of which the early volumes are already out of print.

The Friends' Epistle, 1829.

IT is generally known that the Society of Friends yearly circulate a moral and religious admonition, which is drawn up at their annual meeting: that of the present year is now before us, and somewhat remarkable for the fashion in which it appears. For though plain in their own attire, language, and manners, the Friends seem to be quite the reverse in their typography. The Epistle is indeed a brilliant specimen of the various ways in which Howlett and Brimmer print with letters of gold, silver, and the gayest colours, upon paper of the most beautiful texture and various hues. The little books are truly literary curiosities. With regard to their contents, it appears that it has cost members of this Society 13,800*l.* in resisting the payment of tithes, ecclesiastical, and some military demands; and that numbers once in communion with them in America have fallen off from their persuasion. The rest of the text is exhortative to piety and virtue.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

OUR Paris letter of this week contains nothing of sufficient interest to print. A few days ago, says our correspondent, a *gourmand* of *haut ton* and fastidious taste promised the sum of a thousand francs reward to any member of the gastronomic trade who should invent a new dish capable of tickling his palate. Accordingly, before twenty-four hours had elapsed, a squirrel, stuffed with pounded eels, snails, truffles, garlic, and anchovies, was served up to his epicureship. Were I, however, to offer double the sum for either a novel idea or curious anecdote, I should be left in the lurch. We are to have private concerts during the winter,—or rather performed at private houses, for admittance will not be gratis, as the object of these musical meetings is to form a fund for portioning orphans. The poor ought to bless St. Paul; for had he not said that "charity

covereth a multitude of sins," poverty would interest but little.

ARTS AND SCIENCES. ANCIENT AND MODERN EGYPT.

M. Champollion's Eleventh Letter—concluded.

I HAVE given almost a whole day to the little isle of Beghé, near Phile, where the commission of Egypt indicated the remains of a small Egyptian edifice:—in fact, I found some columns of a very small temple of very bad workmanship, and of the time of Philometor; but I learned, from inscriptions, that I was in the isle of Snem—a name which I have frequently met with, from Ombos to Dakkeh, in the legends of the gods, especially those of the god Chnouphis and the goddess Hathor. This was one of the most holy places in Egypt, and a sacred island, to which pilgrimages were made much earlier than to the neighbouring isle of Phile, called in the Egyptian language Manlak. Hence came the Coptic Pilaseh, the Arab Bilaq, and the Greek Philai,—none of which have any thing at all to do with *fil* (elephant), as some pretended etymologists have affirmed.

The temple of Snem (Beghé) was, in fact, dedicated to Chnouphis and Hathor; and the monument now existing was only the second edition of a much older and larger temple, built under the reign of the Pharaoh Amenophis II., the successor of Meris. I have found the ruins of this temple and the remains of a colossal statue of the same Pharaoh, which adorned one of the pylones of the ancient temple. I collected in this island, while scrambling over rocks of rose-coloured granite, twenty inscriptions, all of the times of the Pharaohs, proving visits and acts of adoration in the holy island of Snem by great personages of ancient Egypt; and, among others, 1st, a proscynema of a Basilico-grammate, commanding the troops under the Pharaoh Amenophis III. (Memnon) grammate, named Amenomoph; 2d, an inscription certifying the pilgrimage of a high priest of Ammon, a prince of the family of Rhameses; 3d, that of an Ethiopian prince named Memosis, under Amenophis III.; 4th, that of the Ethiopian prince Messi, under Rhameses the Great; 5th, that of a high priest of Anouké, called Amenomoph; 6th, a proscynema, conceived in these terms—"I am come to you, I your servant to you all, great gods who reside in Snem; grant me all the benefits which are in your hands (to me), the intendant of the lands of the king, lord of the world, Amenophis (III.): Amosis."—this Amosis is represented by the side of the inscription, raising his hands in an attitude of adoration; 7th, lastly, towards the summit of a mountain of great rocks of granite, I have copied a beautiful inscription, which certifies that in the years thirty, thirty-four, and thirty-nine, of the reign of Rhameses the Great (Sesostris), one of the princes, his children, was present at the panegyrie of Snem, and celebrated it by sacrifices. I do not speak of many other inscriptions, which are merely onomastic; and of some others, which, containing only royal legends sculptured on a large scale, of the Pharaohs Psammeticus I. and II., Apries and Amasis,—seem to have been intended to record the visit of those Pharaohs to the isle of Snem, or perhaps great excavations in the mountains of this island, the granite of which is very beautiful.

Before we left Phile, I landed on the right or opposite bank of the river, to hunt after the inscriptions on the rocks of granite, among

which is that hewn into the form of a seat, which M. Letronne has thought might be the *abaton* mentioned in the Greek inscriptions of the obelisks of Phile; it is, however, only a rock like the others, with this difference, that it is covered with very curious inscriptions, but which have no connexion with the gods of Phile. The most remarkable of these inscriptions are the following:—1. A stela sculptured on the rock, but half effaced, which records a victory gained over the Libyans by Thoutmosis IV., in the seventh year of his reign, the eighth day of the month of Phanemoth. 2. A stela of his successor Amenophis III. (Memnon) in pretty good preservation; also fourteen lines, recording that Pharaoh having just subdued the Ethiopians, in the fifth year of his reign, passed by this place, and held a panegyrie (a religious assembly). 3. A proscynema to Neith and to Mandou, for the health of King Mandocouthph (Smendes), of the twenty-first dynasty. 4. A proscynema to Hor-Ammon, Saté, and Mandou, for the health of King Nephrothoph (Nepherites), of the twenty-ninth dynasty. I do not speak of a multitude of proscynema of private individuals to Chnouphis and to Saté, the great divinities of the cataract.

The rocks on the way from Phile to Syene, and which I explored on the 7th of February, have also a great number addressed to the same divinities: I also copied three inscriptions and sculptures representing Ethiopian princes doing homage to Rhameses the Great, and to his grandfather Mandouei—the same of whom I have found similar monuments in Nubia.

I at length returned to Syene, which I left in December, and re-examined the ruins of the temple dedicated to Chnouphis and Saté, under the Emperor Nerva; it is a monument of the extreme decline of the arts in Egypt; but interesting, 1st, because it is the only one which bears the legend of Nerva; 2d, because it acquaints me with the hieroglyphic-phonetic name of Syene, Souan; which is the Coptic name, Souan; and the origin of the Syene of the Greeks and the Osouan of the Arabs; 3d, because the symbolic name of this same town, representing the plummet of an architect or mason, most undoubtedly alludes to the ancient position of Syene under the tropic of Cancer, and to the celebrated well into which the rays of the sun fell perpendicularly at the summer solstice: the Greek authors are full of this tradition, which might, indeed, have been founded on a real fact, but at an infinitely remote period.

I visited in my boat the granite rocks in the environs of Syene, ascending towards the cataract: I found the homage of an Ethiopian prince to Amenophis III. and to Queen Taia, his wife; an act of adoration to Chnouphis, the local deity, for the health of Rhameses the Great; of his daughters Isenofré and Bathianti, and of their brothers Scha-bem-kame and Merenptah; the Ethiopian prince Memosis (the same of whom I found an inscription in the isle of Snem) on his knees, and adoring the phenomenon of King Amenophis III.; lastly, several proscynema of private persons or public functionaries, to the divinities of Syene and the cataract, Chnouphis, Saté, and Anouké.

I visited for the second time the isle of Elephantina, the whole of which would hardly make a park fit for a good citizen of Paris, but which certain modern chronologists would fain make into a *kingdom*, in order to dispose of the ancient Egyptian dynasty of the Elephan-

times. The two temples have been recently destroyed to build a barrack and magazines at Syene: thus the little temple has disappeared which was dedicated to Chnouphis by Amenophis III. I have found nothing standing but the two granite jambs of the doors, which belonged to another temple of Chnouphis, Saté, and Anouké, dedicated under Alexander, son of Alexander the Great. But a bad wall of a quay of Roman construction afforded me mangled and mutilated fragments of several of the most curious edifices of Elephantine, built under kings Moeris, Mandouei, and Rhameses the Great. From the remains of a chamber which terminates the flight of steps of the Egyptian quay, I have copied several curious hieroglyphic proscynema, and the inscription of a mutilated stela of the Pharaoh Mandouei.

Having rejoined my squadron, and having nothing more to see or to do at the ancient boundary of the Roman empire, I quitted the granitic rocks of Syene and Elephantine, and we proceeded on our voyage to Ombos, where we arrived on the 12th February, and resumed and finished the work we began in December. Every thing here is of the Greek period; the architecture of the great temple is, however, very fine, and has a grand effect: it was begun by Epiphanes, continued under Philometor and Evergetes II. Some bas-reliefs are of the time of Cleopatra—Cocce, and Soter II. This grand edifice, the ruins of which are extremely imposing, was consecrated to the two triads which share the temple, which is, in fact, divided lengthwise into two very distinct parts. Sevek-Ra (the original form of Saturn, Kronos) with a crocodile's head, Hathor (Venus), and their son Khous-Hôr, form the first triad. The second is composed of Aroeri, of the goddess Tsouenoufré, and their son Pnevtho: these are the two lords of Ombos; and the crocodile on the medals of the Ombite Nome is the animal sacred to the principal god, Sevek-Ra.

Cleopatra, the consort of Philometor, bears in the dedications and scrolls (*cartouches*) sculptured on the cornice of the pronaos, a surname which can be no other than the Greek Triphone or Dropion; but the first is the more probable: it is repeated thirty times, and is impossible to be mistaken.

The little temple of Ombos, like one of those at Philé and the temple of Hermonthis, was an *emissi* or *mammisi*, (a sacred edifice, typifying the birth-place of the young god of the local triad), that is to say, a terrestrial image of the place where the goddesses Tsouenoufré and Hathor brought into the world their sons Khous-Hôr and Pnevtho, the two sons of the two triads of Ombos. In making my way among the fallen stones of this little monument, and visiting one by one all those remains which will soon be swallowed up by the Nile, that has already destroyed the greater part of this temple, I found some blocks belonging to a much more ancient edifice, namely, a temple dedicated by Thoutmosis III. to the god Sevek-Ra, and with the ruins of which part of the *emissi* was built under Evergetes II., Cocce, and Soter II.

The great temple of Ombos, therefore, is likewise only a second edition; and it is to the more ancient temple of Saturn that the jambs of a very little propylon belong, which is now let into the exterior face of the brick wall that surrounds the temple on the south-east side. The sculptures are of the time of Thoutmosis III., and the hieroglyphic name of this propylon, inscribed at the bottom of the two jambs,

was *porte* (or propylon) of Queen Amensé, leading to the temple of Sevek-Ra (Saturn). This Queen Amensé, we must remember, is the mother of Moeris. The great propylon near the Nile is of the time of Philometor, and led to the little temple.

At Ghebel-Selseleh we expect a rich harvest, of the times of the Pharaohs.

I have not forgotten the notes of M. Letronne. He will be glad to hear that the fillet on which the inscription of Ombos is engraved was gilt, and that the letters have retained a bright red colour, which is still very visible. I have not been able to verify what there was upon Serapis at Tafah, as the stone said to have that name on it no longer exists. Adieu!

Twelfth Letter.

Biban-el-Molouk (Thebes), March 25th, 1839.

The first paragraph mentions incidents of no consequence, and that the expedition had paid further attention to the monuments of Luxor.

On the 23d they went over to the left bank, proceeded to the valley of Biban-el-Molouk, where the tombs of the kings of the 18th and 19th dynasties are situated: and the narrative continues. This valley being narrow, stony, and bounded by pretty high mountains, which are wholly destitute of vegetation, the heat must be insupportable in the months of May, June, and July. It was therefore of great importance to explore this rich and inexhaustible mine, at a time when the air, although very much heated, is however tolerable. Our caravan took up its quarters there the same day, and we occupy the best and most magnificent lodging which it is possible to find in Egypt. It is king Rhameses (the fourth of the 19th dynasty) who affords us hospitality, for we all reside in his splendid tomb, the second on the right hand as you enter the valley of Biban-el-Molouk. This hypogeum is in an admirable state of preservation, and admits so much air and light, that we are very well lodged: we occupy the first three halls, extending together to the length of 65 paces. The walls, which are from 15 to 20 feet high, and the ceilings, are wholly covered with painted sculptures, the colours of which still retain almost all their brilliancy: it is a truly princely habitation. The ground is entirely covered with mats and rushes. Lastly, the two *kaouas*, (our body-guard) and the domestics, sleep in two huts, set up at the entrance of the tomb. Such is our establishment in the Valley of Kings, which may truly be called the abode of death, as not a blade of grass is to be found in it, nor any living creature, except the jackals and hyenas, which the night before last devoured, at the distance of a hundred steps from our palace, the ass which had carried my Barabra servant Mahomet, during the time that he was agreeably passing the night of the Ramadan in our kitchen, which is in a royal tomb, entirely dilapidated.

A courier whom I received at Thebes brought me letters of the 20th of December.

The announcement of the archaeological commission for the Morea, given to our friend Du Bois, has afforded me great satisfaction. Twenty years ago we dreamed together of the journey to Egypt and to Greece which we are now performing. This dream is realised; and I can write a letter from Thebes to Athens! What different historical ages are brought together for the same object! It is like a general search which modern civilisation is making among the ruins of the ancient; and I hope that the labour will not be in vain.

I have also caused excavations to be commenced at Karnac and Kourna. I have collected eighteen mummies of all sorts and kinds; but I shall bring away only the most remarkable, and especially the Greco-Egyptian, which have both Greek inscriptions and demotic and hieratic legends. I have several of this kind, and some of children entire, which are hitherto rare. All the bronzes obtained by my excavations at Karnac, and taken even from the houses of ancient Thebes, fifteen or twenty feet below the level of the plain, are in a state of complete oxydation, which renders them of no use. I have given the direction of my excavations on the eastern bank to a man named Temahh (the crocodile), formerly employed by M. Drovetti in the same capacity, who appears to me skilful, and gives me great hopes. I do not much depend upon them, because it would be necessary to work upon a large scale, and my means will not suffice. I shall endeavour, however, to have the works carried on with more diligence in the months of June, July, and August, at which time I shall be upon the spot, either at Karnac or at Kourna. I have forty men at work, and I shall see if the produce of their labours will nearly make up for the expense, and if my budget can bear it. I have also thirty-six men employed at Kourna, on the joint account of Rosellini and myself. It is evident that I cannot think of carrying away precisely what the Royal Museum is in want of,—namely, large pieces; because the carriage alone to Alexandria would much more than exhaust my finances.

I shall now resume my itinerary and the account of the monuments from Ombos, whence my last letter was dated. Having left Ombos on the 17th of February, on the 18th, in the evening, we reached the vast quarries of Ghebel-Selseleh (Silsila), where I promised myself an ample harvest. My hopes were fully realised, and the five days which we passed there were well employed.

The two banks of the Nile, which is confined between mountains of very fine freestone, were used as quarries by the ancient Egyptians; and the traveller is confounded, if he reflects, as he passes through them, on the immense quantities of stone which have been taken from them, to form the open galleries and the vast excavations. The most remarkable monuments are on the left bank.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

WE recently alluded to the meagre funds which put it beyond the power of the British Museum adequately to sustain its character as a great literary institution, worthy of the wealth and intelligence of the British nation; and since then another striking and melancholy proof of this fact has come to our knowledge. It is well known that the Cottonian library is extremely rich in historical documents: among the rest, the diplomatic correspondence of the reign of Henry VIII. is very voluminous and important; as original letters and communications of this class are (as we have often stated) the only genuine foundations on which true history can be built. It is also curious to mention, that a very large portion of these valuable records remain at this moment locked up in cipher, useless alike to the student of general literature and to the historian. Will it be credited that, though a most eligible offer has been made to the trustees of the Museum to expound these interesting papers (probably

more interesting on account of the secret characters in which they are preserved), the proposition has been declined; owing, we believe, to there not being any means applicable to defray even the small expense requisite for this purpose!!!

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

M. DE SACY, in opposition to Messieurs Von Hammer and Langlès, who stoutly maintain the Indian origin of these seductive tales, has satisfactorily shewn, in a memoir read in a public sitting of the Academy of Inscriptions, that they have no claim to such an origin, and are not of any very ancient date. It would be wearisome to any but a classical reader to accompany us through the pithy commentary with which De Sacy has convicted his opponents out of their own shewings; but it would be inexcusable in us to suppress his summary of the most probable conjectures which can be formed in reference to the literary history of this work, which, as he observes, has stood proof against the caprices of fashion and the convulsions of social usages, has never failed to find publishers and readers, and has lost nothing of its original popularity and estimation. "It appears to me," says this profound Oriental scholar, "that it was originally written in Syria, and in the common tongue; that the death of the author, or some other cause, prevented his putting a finishing hand to it; that copyists subsequently endeavoured to complete it, either by inserting tales which were already known, but did not form part of the collection, such, for instance, as the *voyages of Sindbad the Sailor*, and the *book of the Seven Viziers*; or by using their various talents in the construction of additional stories, whence arise the discrepancies which have been observed between the several MSS. of this collection; that this is also the reason why those MSS. differ as to the *dénouement*, which is related in two very dissimilar ways; that the additional tales have been incorporated at different periods, and perhaps in different countries, but especially in Egypt; and, lastly, that the only assertion we can venture with any degree of satisfactory probability is, that it is not of very ancient date, as is proved by the language in which it is written, and that at the time of day when it was so written, the use of coffee and tobacco was unknown, as neither of these luxuries are named in it; for the author does not evince such a degree of respect for probabilities as would lead us to suppose that he would have omitted to have pipes or cups of coffee presented to the personages of his piece, in order to avoid compromising the faith of his narratives by committing slight anachronisms. This remark would place the formation of this collection at least in the middle of the ninth century of the hejira, so that it cannot have existed above four hundred years."

Since we made the preceding extract, our attention has been called by a foreign friend to a very beautiful Arabic version of the Arabian Nights, which is in course of publication by Professor Habicht of Breslau. The type with which this work is printing, is a gift from the Prussian Sovereign to the press of that University. The first two pages are enclosed within a richly embellished red border, and the subsequent ones within a plain black rule: the print is of a brilliant jet black, the paper excellent, and the impression executed with great care and neatness. The learned editor mentions in his preface that he is indebted for the MSS. to Mr. M. Annagar, an Arabic

scholar of Tunis, with whom he spent some years under the same roof at Paris, and subsequently, when both had returned to their respective homes, kept up a constant correspondence. Amongst other MSS. which this friend forwarded to him, was the copy from which the present edition is publishing: it consists of ten volumes, in large octavo; and the conclusion of the last vol. bears the Mussulman date of 1144, or A.D. 1731. The fifth vol. contains a tale, of some length and great beauty, which is not found in any hitherto known copy of the "Thousand and one Nights."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO " " "

Oh, Lady! in my boyish hour,
Perchance thou see'st me gay as young,
The happy slave of Pleasure's power,
With rapture in my heart and tongue:
Yet think not thus I ever seem,
As though no grief did e'er annoy;—
There's darkness in the brightest dream,
And sorrow in the sweetest joy!
Alone amid the world I move,
With scarce a smile or tear for me,
And not a heart to share the love
Of unaffected sympathy:
Without it, what can realms bestow
Of all that mingling natures feel?—
It is to kindred mind we owe
The rapture Time delights to steal.
But may no cloudy shade intrude
Upon the sunshine of thy lot,
And all that dims my gayest mood
In thy fresh feeling be forgot:
May Heaven attend thee! wheresoe'er
The winging years may waft thee on;
And nothing mar that blissful air
All eyes have loved to look upon!

Sept. 4, 1833.

R. MONTGOMERY.

THE BUDDING LEAF.

Now Nature wears her vernal hue;
Again will poets sing
Of "daisies pied, and violets blue,"
And all the charms of spring:
The budding leaves with joy we see,
And former bliss recall;
But oh! what may our feelings be,
When these young leaves shall fall?
Then hearts that now are throbbing high
With hopes that wildly soar,
May heave sad disappointment's sigh,
And learn to hope no more:
The maid whose eyes, whose smile, whose bloom,
Are soft enchantment all,
May sink, love's victim, in the tomb,
When these young leaves shall fall.
The mind whose energy and fire
Shines through the sparkling eye,
May then—O fate forlorn and dire!—
A wreck, a ruin lie;
Its reason fled, its judgment lost,
While fancied fears appal,
In whirls of stormy passion tost,
When these young leaves shall fall.
And many a one whose soul is twined
With soul of kindred truth,
Whose passion, ardent yet refined,
Survives the charms of youth,
May sadly mourn love's broken tie
Within the lonely hall,
And heave the solitary sigh,
When these young leaves shall fall.

O Man! thy date of joy is brief,
More brief is pleasure's hour;
It withers like the blighted leaf—
Fades like the gather'd flower.
The view is awful, yet sublime,
Of earth's still changeable ball;
I shrink while musing on the time
When these young leaves shall fall.

But hark! I hear an airy voice,
Soft whispering in mine ear—
"Thou who dost mourn when most rejoice,
And saddenest hope with fear,
Thy worldly cares and woes may rest
Within the churchyard wall,
And dark weeds wither on thy breast,
When these young leaves shall fall."

Y. M.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

RECOLLECTIONS OF RUSSIA.*

THE air of this country is wholesome, and the rigour of the climate is, in some measure, compensated by the purity of the atmosphere; as a proof of which may be cited the absence of contagious and epidemic diseases—even of those disorders which, without actually endangering existence, frequently attack the entire population of a country. Strangers preserve their health better than even in more temperate latitudes; but their features change sooner, and gray hairs generally anticipate old age. In short, the Russian faces may be said to grow old before their time. Females are particularly subject to the influence of the *Great Bear*.

It must be admitted, that a continued cold of fifteen or twenty degrees is a terrific enemy; and, in very severe winters, it sometimes reaches even twenty-five and thirty: nothing can be more rapid than the execution it then makes. Suppressed perspiration is equivalent to a sentence of death, to reverse which, the utmost efforts of medical science would prove unavailing. Drunkenness succeeded by sleep is almost always mortal. I recollect an instance of a coachman, who, after having driven his master's carriage to the theatre, repaired to a neighbouring *kobak* (wine-shop) to charm away the lingering hours with his usual beverage,—a glass or two of brandy. On returning to his seat he fell asleep: the footman some time afterwards gave the customary signal for departure, but the reins were motionless in the unfortunate Jehu's hand; and on endeavouring to rouse him, one of the lackeys found him dead.

It is easy to conceive the number of accidents that happen to sentinels during the excessive severity of a Russian winter: at Petersburg and Cronstadt, in the year 1820, many were found perished in a single night.

In Russia it is by no means an uncommon circumstance to hear two people accost each other in the following dialogue, by way of salutation: "I beg leave to acquaint you that your nose is freezing"—to which the other probably answers, "I was just going to observe to you that yours is already frozen." On such occasions both the sufferers stop, and reciprocally perform on each other the operation of rubbing the afflicted part with a piece of stuff, or sometimes with a handful of snow, in order to restore the circulation of the blood. After this service mutually rendered, the parties separate with the usual ceremonial of bows and salutations. Upon one occasion, an Italian arrived at Petersburg for the first time in the month of Decem-

* These recollections were intended to form the conclusion of our review of Russian Literature, last week, but were by some error omitted.

ber. He had scarcely stirred a short distance from the house, when his nose became completely frozen. A good-natured peasant perceiving his mishap, took up a handful of snow, and, without stopping for explanation, instantly commenced rubbing the stranger's nose in the most liberal manner. The latter, far from being grateful for the peasant's interference, mistook his humane but rather blunt procedure for a desire to insult him, and at last, in the violence of his passion, began to belabour the operator most lustily. A crowd soon gathered—a police-officer came up, to whom the peasant explained his motives. The officer luckily spoke French, and order was speedily restored. The Italian was now at a loss to find excuses for his ungrateful hastiness, and conjecturing that the *billet bleu* (worth about four shillings,) would be the most effectual peace-maker on the occasion, he slipped one into the hands of the nose-rubber, who, emboldened by the unexpected gratuity, immediately recommenced his operation with increased vigour. The Italian shortly afterwards retreated, carefully holding his nose, and exclaiming, "Good God! who would have imagined this at Florence!"

On another occasion, a Venetian, terrified, I had almost said petrified, by the severity of a winter at Petersburg, indulged in the most bitter and fruitless invectives against the climate. At the moment when his lamentations were most dolorous, he was informed that a foreigner had just committed suicide at the public baths. The narrator of the story, commenting on the event, exclaimed, "How horrible! no mercy can be extended to suicides!" "Excuse me, sir," replied the Venetian; "God can never be so unjust as to punish suicides committed at Petersburg."

The following anecdotes relative to the Emperor Alexander, and furnished by one of his *aides-de-camp*, will afford the reader some characteristic traits of his late imperial majesty:—

The gardens of Tsarkoé-Sélo (the favourite palace of the emperor) were always open to the public. Notwithstanding Alexander's taste for solitude, he could never bring himself to deprive the inhabitants or strangers of the pleasure afforded by the walks of this delightful retreat. He did not, however, usually extend his indulgence so far as to suffer any petition to be presented to him in the course of his promenades. No positive law existed on this subject; but custom is often more binding than any enactment. An advocate (M. Béakre), though perfectly aware of the strict etiquette observed in the imperial park, was determined to try all means to speak with his sovereign. The successful termination of a law-suit confided to his management, depended, in his opinion, on a few moments' audience of the emperor. Arming himself with a double dose of the assurance which is seldom lacked by gentlemen of his profession, he set off for the park. He was not, however, fortunate in his first essay, as the alleys of the park are of immense extent, and the emperor on that day did not happen to pass through the one in which the petitioner had taken up his position. The second trip was more successful, as the monarch and the advocate encountered each other almost immediately. The latter had already dressed his batteries: he hoped that the emperor, perceiving a neatly folded paper in his hand, and the half piteous expression of a suppliant in his countenance, would condescend to break the ice, and afford him some opening for preferring his suit. The emperor, however, escaped the snare; contenting himself with returning the

advocate's salute as he passed, he regained his palace, and the same evening went back to Petersburg. The advocate, though disappointed, was not discouraged. In a fortnight afterwards, his imperial majesty again visited his favourite palace. The autumn was already far advanced. The toughest trees in the park bent to the blast of a sharp north-east wind, which had put to flight all the promenaders except the emperor and the hardy petitioner. Chance at last befriended the advocate. At the extremity of one of the walks he suddenly found himself in the presence of his sovereign, and addressed him with confidence. To his respectful solicitations the emperor bluntly replied, "Pray, Sir, be covered; the air is too keen for you to remain bareheaded." The advocate, from excess of respect, thought it prudent to disobey this order: it was repeated. "Be covered, Sir, be covered," exclaimed the emperor, impatiently; and as the advocate still hesitated, Alexander himself seized his hat, forcibly pressed it down on M. Béakre's head with one hand, and with the other pinioned the advocate's arm to his side, to escape his further demonstrations of respect. The advocate immediately presented his petition. "I shall not take it, Sir," replied the emperor; "were I to receive it, I should to-morrow be pestered with a thousand more. But observe that alley—it leads in the direction of the post-office, where you may deposit your memorial; in an hour hence it will be in the palace." "Sire, I shall go instantly; but if your majesty would deign to cast your eyes upon this clause"—(and the advocate held his papers open): the emperor, overcome by his respectful importunity, hastily read the clause in question, and retired, saying, "Your claim is just—to-morrow it shall be attended to;" and the very next morning it was granted.

The emperor was one day walking in the gardens accompanied by two favourite dogs, whose frolicsome, though rather rough gambols, occasioned no little terror to a lady, who, from her appearance, was a foreigner. The emperor immediately accosting her, offered his excuses with the utmost politeness, and pursued his walk in company with the lady and the rest of her party, to whom his majesty had the complaisance to act as *cicerone* for several minutes, and to point out different objects worthy of notice. "Sir," at length observed the lady, "all that you have shewn us is certainly very fine; but, for my part, I should prefer seeing the emperor to any other sight." "Madam," replied the emperor, "nothing can be more easy than to gratify your wishes; Alexander frequently walks in these gardens, and you will see him sooner than you imagine; it is even probable that you may speak to him before the day be over." The emperor, upon this, saluted the party, who speedily lost sight of him in a thickly planted alley. The lady afterwards meeting with an officer of the court with whom she was acquainted, requested to know who the colonel was that had been so excessively polite. "The emperor, Madam," was the reply.

Most of the houses in Petersburg are provided with two doors,—a circumstance that, unfortunately for the *ivotchik* (Russian hackney coachmen), furnishes *mauvais sujets* with the opportunity of bilking them of their fare. Whilst the poor *ivotchik*, with his humble equipage, waits patiently at one door, the customer often walks quietly out at the other. The emperor, in the course of his *incognito* excursions, occasionally engaged one of the above-mentioned modest vehicles. He one day ordered

an *ivotchik* to drive him to the palace, and, on alighting, desired him to stop an instant, adding, that his fare should be sent out to him. "No, no," replied coachee, "I'm up to that trick; I've driven many a grand gentleman to this same palace, and never seen a sight of him again. Just try your pockets, will ye, and see if you can't find my fare at the bottom." "I positively have no money," replied the emperor; "but stay—here is my cloak, which I leave in pledge with you." "I'm satisfied," said the *ivotchik*; "I see it's new, and therefore you'll be in a hurry to redeem it." The emperor laughed heartily, and disappeared. In a few minutes, a valet-de-chambre of the court was sent to demand "his majesty's cloak," and at the same time presented a hundred rubles to the amazed *ivotchik*, to make up for the losses he might previously have sustained. Coachee retired in the utmost consternation, at the idea of having mistaken the "Emperor of all the Russias" for a *slippery customer*.

SIEGES OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

THIS celebrated metropolis, the *Anthusa*, or blooming maiden, of the Greeks, and the *Ummüdünya*, or mother of the universe, as it is styled by the Turks, has been visited with the horrors of nine-and-twenty sieges. The subsequent enumeration of their successive occurrence cannot fail to possess something more than a transient interest in the eyes of our readers.

- B.C. 477. Besieged by Pausanias after the battle of Platae.
 410. By Alcibiades, in the beginning of the fifth cent. anno 410 or 411.
 347. By Leo, Philip's general.
 A.D. 197. By the Emperor Septimius Severus.
 313. By Maximilian Caesar.
 315. By Constantine the Great.
 616. By Choroës of Persia, under Heradius, emperor of the East.
 626. By the Chaghan of the Avari, an ally of Choroës.
 666. By Moavia, the general of All, an Arab sovereign.
 669. By Isid, a son of Moavia.
 674. By Sofian Ben-Auf, one of Moavia's generals.
 719. By two sons of Caliph Merwan, when Anthemios was emperor.
 744. By Solymán, a son of Caliph Abdolmelek.
 764. By Paganos, the kral of the Bulgarians, under Constantine V.
 786. By Harun-al-Rashid, under Leo IV.
 796. By Abdolmelek, a general of Harun-al-Rashid.
 811. By Krumus, the despot of the Slavonians.
 830. By Thomas, the Slavonian, under Michael the Stammerer.
 886. By the Russians, under Ascol and Dir.
 914. By Shmeon, kral of the Bulgarians.
 1048. By Tormicus, the rebel, under Michael Monomachos.
 1081. By Alexius Comnenus, on Good Friday.
 1204. By the Crusaders, on the 12th of April.
 1261. By Michael Palaeologus, on the 25th of July.
 1396. By Bajazet, the lightning-flash. The first Ottoman siege.
 1402. By the same.
 1414. By Musa, a son of Bajazet.
 1422. By Amurath II, a son of Mahomet I.
 1453, 29th May. By Mahomet II. "the conqueror of Constantinople," against whose victorious host, Phrazaïs tells us, Constantine Dragoes Palaeologus, the last Greek emperor, rushed forth, exclaiming, "I would rather die than live!" and shortly afterwards, perceiving himself deserted by his recreant followers, and crying aloud, "Is there no Christian hand to smite off my aching head!" met a glorious death, though doomed to fall by the cimeter of an infidel.

DRAMA.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

If persevering and judicious exertion ought to command success, we need not wonder at

* Though Elmakim speaks of a second siege by the Russians, in 940, when Igor is said to have devastated the Greek territories at the head of 400,000 men, we feel ourselves justified, by Karamsin's silence, in excluding it from this enumeration.

On a previous occasion, namely, in the year 904, Oleg descended the Dnieper with 80,000 followers, and encamped under the walls of Constantinople, which, after Leo the philosopher had made a fruitless attempt to rid himself of his adversaries by wholesale poison, was redeemed by the cogent argument of an immense ransom.

the popularity which has this season rewarded the management of the English Opera House. The absence for a week of Mr. Phillips, to meet an engagement at the Chester Musical Festival, having interrupted the brilliant career of *Der Vampyr* for a few nights, we have had two novelties produced during that short period. The first is a little operetta called *Sold for a Song*, from the pen of Mr. T. H. Bayly; and the music, which is both clever and pleasing, by A. Lee. Something allied to *Il Fanatico per la Musica*, in this piece a Count Cremona (J. Russell) resolves to wed his niece Adele (Miss Cawse) to the singer of the best song among the aspirants to her hand. Alfred, her lover (Mr. Wood), woe in the prescribed fashion, but in the several characters of a Spaniard, Italian, and Englishman: the Count rejects the latter as a Boeotian; and it is only when convinced that the three musicians are the same person that he consents to make the youthful pair happy with each other. Two other parts, that of *Dense* (Mr. Salter), and *Elisa* (Miss H. Cawse), fill up the *dramatis personæ*, and give variety to the scene. Light and playful, there is all the merit that could be desired in this interlude; and it enjoys the further advantage of being well acted and charmingly sung. Russell and his fair companions are excellent; but the brunt of the battle is borne by Wood, and it could not be imposed on a more efficient supporter. His songs, and especially the English ballad, are remarkably sweet,—sweet enough to win fifty brides, were brides generally to be sold for songs, instead of gold, as is the usual practice. The drama has been received throughout by the audiences with unmixed approbation; and we notice this, because some of our brother critics have, we are told, offered different opinions. Citing jokes which do not occur in the piece, they censure them as too bad even for farce. Now, though it is almost absurd to weigh such matters nicely and gravely, we cannot think that any of the pleasantries which we heard were other than of that species of light badinage very well and laughably employed in so unpretending a composition. For instance, though we will not uphold them as belonging to the highest class of wit, we were amused with the following. The maid-servant, when informed by Dense that her mistress must marry to please her guardian, says, "Oh, but Alfred must and will have her. He'll take a lover's leap if he don't!" "What! tumble over a treble cliff?" rejoins the musical factotum. Again, when Cremona is playing on a square piano, Dense says, "I beg your pardon, sir, is not your piano a *leettle* out of tune?" "No," replies his master; "the question is an insult: my piano never fails me; I can always depend on it." "Then, sir," says Dense, "it is what I call really an *upright* piano-forte." Such dialogue is, in our judgment, precisely of that sportive cast which befits a trifle of this order. And a still more complete justification might be made for the author (were it worth while) against the charge of having spoken illiberally of foreign musical talent. In fact, he has done no such thing; and the public ought to thank him for the well-intentioned and well-expressed sentence or two which he has introduced in praise of

our native songsters. Much as every person of taste must admire the exhibitions of such foreign excellence as we enjoyed during the past season in London, it is not going too far to confess a wish that English excellence had not been so generally excluded from our musical entertainments. We cannot tell exactly how often the unrivalled Braham appeared,—only not half so often as was desirable; and (excepting the concerts of ancient music) we do not remember that Paton or Stephens sang more than twice each at the multitude of morning concerts which filled so many months. These hints, by the by.

With regard to the second drama, *the Recruit*, we regret that we cannot speak so favourably. It seems to be adapted from the Chronicle of the Canongate, where the Highland Widow drugs her son's cup to prevent him from joining the regiment into which he has enlisted; only the scene is laid in Switzerland, and it is husband and wife instead of son and mother. The circumstances are nearly the same, and few or none of them not familiar to the stage. Thus, the preparations for shooting a deserter, and the pathetic appeals of his spouse, though relieved, as usual, by an underplot with some comic situations, and though sustained by the powers of Miss Kelly, aided by J. Vining, O. Smith, Keeley, Mrs. K., &c., failed to produce altogether the effect which some of the scenes separately realised. *The Recruit* is, however, we understand, only the first attempt of a recruit in the dramatic world, —Mr. Haller, a banker.

Allowances to the French Theatres, &c.—It appears from a recent statement, that of the 1,300,000 francs which are carried annually to the civil list in France, for the support of the royal theatres, 840,000 francs are given to the Opera House (Académie de Musique), 200,000 francs to the Théâtre Français, 130,000 francs to the Opéra Comique, 140,000 francs to the Conservatoire de Musique, 90,000 francs to the Italian Theatre, and 160,000 francs to the Odéon. In addition to these, there are 120,000 francs allowed in pensions to literary men, who write for the theatres, and who are about eighty in number. Notwithstanding the enormous amount of the sum devoted to the Opera House (about £32,000), and the comparatively high prices of admission at that theatre, so numerous are the persons who are thrown upon the establishment by the influence of the ministry, that the director is said to gain very little by his privilege from government. The Odéon, notwithstanding the aid which it received, became a bankrupt concern; and Laurent, of the Italian Theatre, declares that it is impossible to carry on the business with the present allowance. The system of granting sums of money to the managers of theatres is not peculiar to the capital. In nearly all the large towns, and in many of the smaller ones, a fixed allowance is made by the municipal authorities; subject, however, to cessation, and to a revocation of the privilege granted to the manager, if he should fail to provide a *troupe* to the satisfaction of the inhabitants. There are some towns in France, with a population of less than 15,000, in which the manager is required to keep a full company for tragedy, comedy, and opera.

Foreign Drama.—The French papers contain a long account of the trial of a M. Carloti before the conventional police at Paris, upon a charge of having given dramatic representations without a license. On the trial, however, it appeared that M. Carloti merely

caused his pupils, who are learning languages upon a new system, to perform dramatic scenes in different languages, for the purpose of shewing the rapidity and correctness with which they obtain a knowledge of them under M. Carloti's tuition. The charge being proved, M. Carloti was sentenced to pay a fine of 100 francs; but the court recommended him to apply to the government for a license, and promised to use its endeavours in his behalf to obtain one.

VARIETIES.

Covent Garden.—At a meeting called by the performers of Covent Garden theatre on Wednesday, and attended by such of its friends as are in town at this season, a voluntary loan and subscription were entered into, to enable the house to be opened at the usual period. The creditors having abstained from pressing their claims, under all the unfavourable circumstances of the case, we rejoice to say that about 1500*l.* were subscribed, and since then (Friday evening) about 400*l.* have been received at the box door. This augurs well, as 6000*l.* will be sufficient for present purposes, and no account has yet been taken at the bankers', where, of course, the principal nobility, and other friends of the drama possessed of ample fortunes, from whom the largest sums may be expected, will, as speedily as their convenience allows, send their donations. Of these we hope to hear a satisfactory detail early in next week.

Population of Constantinople.—From the last returns, the population of Constantinople (which was thought to be very large) proves to amount to only 380,000 souls, reckoning the inhabitants of the environs. The number of persons capable of carrying arms is in a very small proportion. The number of houses is calculated to be 85,000.

Vegetable Poisons.—In a paper recently read to the Académie des Sciences, to shew the means of neutralising the action of vegetable alkalies on the animal economy, it was stated that the administration of two grains and a half of the iodide, the bromide, or the chloride of strychnia, produced no pernicious effect on a dog, although it is well known that strychnia is the most deleterious of the vegetable alkalies, and that half a grain will kill a large dog. It being important to ascertain whether, if the poison and the antidote were introduced into the stomach separately, an innoxious combination would take place, seven experiments were tried of administering, first, a grain of pure strychnia or veratrin, and subsequently a dose of tincture of iodine; and, with the exception of one case, in which the administration of the tincture of iodine was too long delayed, the life of the animal was uniformly preserved. The same success, however, did not attend the administration of the tincture of bromine.

The French Press.—It is painful to observe how completely any political movement in France destroys, for a time at least, the literary and scientific character of the French periodical press. At the present period, those columns which were, until lately, filled with valuable disquisitions on subjects of practical and general utility, are now devoted to the most bitter, malignant, and disgusting abuse of the party which has recently obtained an ascendancy in the French cabinet.

New Medicament.—Messrs. Caventou and François have announced to the Académie des Sciences the discovery of a particular chemical principle, which they consider as a useful remedy in which the therapeutic art has hitherto

* The only passage we remember that could be so construed at all is a mere jocular repartee, where Cremona calls the English a damp, foggy, husky, inharmonious atmosphere; and Elisa says, "Inharmonious! let me tell you, foreigners sing much higher in England than in their own countries:—Oh, they run up astonishingly. I've heard of a *shew*-toned voice: bless your heart, in England a voice is positively gold."

been deficient. They found it in the root of a Brazil shrub of the family of the rubiacæ. It is the *kaiaca chiococca racemosa*, known in the province of Bahia by the name of *rair-prela*, the black root. Various experiments have proved that the extract from this root is tonic, without being stimulating. It has other properties, which seemed to indicate that it would be serviceable in cases of dropsy; and it has been tried in such cases with the happiest results.

Sorofula.—Iodine has recently been administered, with great success, in the French hospitals in scrofulous disorders.

Imperial Munificence.—The Emperor of Russia has desired Von Cancrin, his minister of finance, to send Baron A. Von Humboldt twelve hundred ducats, on account of the expense of his intended visit to the Ural district. This sum, however, is merely designed to cover his disbursements until he reach St. Petersburg, where a further sum of ten thousand roubles (450*l.*) will be presented to him. The governors of all towns and provinces have been ordered to afford him every aid in their power. He travels from Berlin in company with Professors Rose and Eschenburg, and will be joined at St. Petersburg by several pupils of the mining department.

The Zend-Avesta.—The first European edition of this work, in its native tongue, is now in the Hamburg press. It is preparing at the instance, and with the support, of the Danish government, by Professor Olshausen of Kiel, who will enrich it with a critical and exegetical commentary. The celebrated lithographic establishment of Speeter is employed upon it; and the first volume is so far advanced that its appearance is at hand.

Ecclesiastical Edifices: their dimensions.—There is now in course of publication at Milan a most splendid work, entitled, "Chiese principali d'Europa," which will extend to thirty-six Numbers, each of them being devoted to one particular edifice. From the Nos. already published we extract the subsequent notes.

St. Peter's, at Rome.
Width of the cathedral..... 333 English feet.
External diameter of the cupola .. 158
Total height 448

Cathedral at Milan.
Width of the front..... 216 feet.
Width of the cross 251
Total height 350

Pantheon, at Rome.
Length of the portico 103 piedi.*

* The measurements of this edifice are given in feet; but they are neither the Roman, nor the Parisian, nor any other feet we are acquainted with. The other measurements are given in French metres of 39.37*in.* English inches.

Width of ditto..... 61
Interior diameter 133
Height from the pavement to the summit of the cupola 133

St. Stephen's, at Vienna.
Width of the facade 148 feet.
Great tower (from the ground to the tip of the cross) 450
Greatest breadth between the two chief towers 235

St. Mary's "del Fiore," Florence.
Whole length 517 feet.
Total height 366

Preservation of Canvass, &c.—An inhabitant of Troyes, in Champagne, has discovered a method of preparing canvass, and every other description of coarse linen, so as to resist damp, and prevent the approach of insects or vermin; thus rendering it a valuable article for flour and provision bags generally. Some sail cloth, which had been prepared by this person, and laid by in a very damp situation for two years, was found to be in perfect condition; whilst another portion of the same cloth, which had not been so prepared, was nearly rotten. He premises to make his discovery public.

French Cavalry.—The Comte de la Roche-Aymon, a lieutenant-general in the French army, has just published a work on the improvement of the French cavalry; in which he admits that the French horses, although abundant, are much inferior to the English, and attributes the superiority of the latter principally to the race-course. Of all the continental states, Prussia seems to be that in which the amelioration of the various breeds of horses has been the most attended to.

German Receipt to cure Hams.—In Westphalia they prepare the hams in the months of November and March. The Germans place them in deep tubs, which they cover with layers of salt and saltpetre, and with a few laurel-leaves. They are left four or five days in this state, and are then completely covered with strong brine. At the end of three weeks they are taken out, and left to soak for twelve hours in clear well-water; they are then exposed during three weeks to a smoke produced by the branches of juniper, which is very common in that country. — *Biblioth. Physico-Econom.*

A Word!—A late Number of the Cherokee Phoenix furnishes an example of a long and very significant word. It is written thus:—wi-ni-dau-di-ge-gi-na-li-akau-lung-da-nau-neli-di-se-ti, and signifies—"They will, at the time, have almost ceased to shew favour from afar (or, while absent) to me and to thee." The first syllable, *wi*, denotes that the subject of the verb is absent. *Ni* denotes that some circumstance or other is spoken of, and that the action of the verb will be completed as soon as that circumstance takes place: hence it is rendered, *at the time*. The syllable *dau* shews that the action of the verb is dative—to thee and to me, to each severally. *Di* denotes the plural of the object of the verb, that more than one favour is shewn. The word favour is not expressed in this polysyllabic word, but merely the circumstance that several are shewn—the abstract idea of the plurality of the object. The next syllable, *ge*, denotes the person and the number of the verb, *they*. *Gi-na*—these syllables express the persons and numbers of the receivers—*thou and I*. Only three syllables, *li-akau-lung*, are radical and unchangeable. *Da* varies with tenses and moods, but is not of particular importance. The syllable *nau* indicates that the action is nearly finished—they will almost have ceased. *Ne* is equivalent to our *to*, and has a dative signification. *Li-di* signifies almost, or rather our *to be about—they are about to finish, or to cease*. The concluding *se-ti* is the termination of the future. This example shews that the Cherokee language can make shift with few particles, and without any prepositions at all.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

A new Annual, announced to be upon a more enlarged and splendid scale than any hitherto undertaken, is now, we are informed, in active preparation. It is to be entitled "the Landscape Annual, or the Tourist in Switzerland and Italy;" and will be published by Mr. Jennings, with its contemporary, about November. Twenty-six highly finished line engravings, executed from coloured drawings taken on the spot by Mr. Prout, and the whole of the embellishments under the direction of Mr. Charles Heath, are the attractions advertised. The literary department is conducted by Mr. T. Roscoe. A few specimen copies of the work, a size larger than the Keepsake, are already exhibited.

The Winter's Wreath for 1830, a Collection of Original Pieces in Prose and Verse, contributed by Mrs. Hemans—Miss Mitford—Mary Howitt—Miss Jewsbury—Miss E. Taylor—Miss Bowles—Miss M. A. Browne—Delta—author of "Recollections of the Peninsula"—author of "Selwyn"—author of "Rank and Talent"—a Modern Pythagorean—the Roscoes—Archdeacon Wingham—Rev. Drs. Butler, Raffles, and J. Parry—Bowring—Wiffen—W. Howitt—Derwent Conway—Hartley Coleridge, &c.

&c.;—and embellished with engravings from Northcote—Howard—H. Bone—Havell—Stephanoff—Christall—Lewis—Wild—Jan Steen—Moses—Williamson, and Austin,—finishes (we believe) the Annuals announced for the ensuing season.

A History of China, translated from the Chinese of Choo-Poo-Tze, by P. P. Thoms, many years resident at Macao in China, is announced for early publication. It is stated to commence with the reign of Fuh-ha, according to Chinese chronology B.C. 3000, and to reach the reign of Min-te, A.D. 300, including a period of 3,300 years.

In consequence of a representation from the proprietors of "Friendship's Offering," "the Offering," a new Annual, announced by Mr. Dale (see our No. 369), is to be named "the Iris, or Literary and Religious Offering."

We have had a very satisfactory letter from the author of Herbert Milton, and of the King's Page, in which he explains the causes (over which he had no control) that led to the marked inferiority of the latter publication, and to the long-continued system of puffing which preceded its appearance. Having in the former instance spoken highly of the author's talents, and in the latter felt it to be our duty to censure his work,—we think it but justice to him and to ourselves to notice his explanation, and to absolve him almost entirely from responsibility for the errors we condemned.—We believe the author has another novel in hand, which we trust will equal his first clever production, and stand dear of the faults of his last.

Herbert Milton has been translated into German by Mr. Richards (formerly a lieutenant in the Hanoverian service); and the same gentleman is now employed on Devereux, having already given Pelham and the Disowned a German dress. These translations, though stiff and destitute of grace and elegance, are very popular in Germany.

A monthly Edinburgh Journal of Natural and Geographical Science, conducted by an Association of Naturalists, illustrated occasionally with Maps, Charts, and Engravings,—is about to appear.

There is nearly ready for publication, a second edition of the works of George Peele, collected and edited, with some Account of his Life and Writings, by the Rev. Alexander Ayrton. This edition will, we are told, contain the fac-simile of a very curious letter from Peele to Lord Bureleigh, the entire poem of Polyhymnia, and numerous additional notes and corrections.

Mr. Cooper, the American novelist, has nearly ready for publication a new tale called the Borderers.

It has, we are assured, been erroneously stated that Sir Walter Scott is preparing another series of the Tales of a Grandfather. Sir Walter Scott is now, and has been for some months, preparing a history of Scotland from the earliest period of authentic record to the union of the crowns. This work is already in the press, and will be published on the 1st of November, being the first volume of Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia. In conjunction with Sir Walter Scott, are engaged Sir James Macintosh and Thomas Moore, Esq.—the one for the history of England, and the other for that of Ireland.

In the Press.—The fourth volume of Russell's Works of the English and Scottish Reformers.—A third edition of the Familiar Treatise on the Human Eye, by Francis Westcott, M.D.—Selections from the German, in Prose and Poetry, for the use of the students in the University of London, by L. Von Mühlenfels, LL.D.;—and Lectures Preliminary to the Study of German Literature, by the Same.—Second Edition of Compton's Savings Bank Assistant; with the Report of a Committee of the House of Commons on Life Annuities in Connection with Savings Banks.

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Bell's Anatomy, 7th edition, 3 vols. 8vo. 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Nunsey's Evening, and other Poems, post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Jones and Kingston's Flora Devonensis, 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Ten Introductory Lectures at the London University, 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Foreign Quarterly Review, Vol. I. to IV. 8vo. 3*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Picture of Australia, post 8vo. 6*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Dialogues on Prophecy, Vol. III. 8vo. 12*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Palaret's Thesaurus Ellipticum Latinum, by Barker, 8vo. 8*s.* 6*d.* bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1829.

September.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 3	From 46. to 67.	30.06 Stationary
Friday... 4	47. — 64.	29.98 to 29.87
Saturday... 5	44. — 64.	29.70 — 29.68
Sunday... 6	49. — 68.	29.49 — 29.47
Monday... 7	41. — 63.	29.62 — 29.53
Tuesday... 8	46. — 60.	29.48 Stationary
Wednesday 9	47. — 63.	29.58 to 29.63

Prevailing wind, N.W. and S.W.

Except the 3d and 4th, generally cloudy, with frequent heavy showers of rain.

Rain fallen, 6.25 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

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Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Epping Hunt. By Thomas Hood, Esq. author of "Whims and Oddities." Illustrated with six engravings on wood, by Branston and Wright, Bonner, Slader, and T. Williams; after the designs of George Cruikshank. 12mo. pp. 29. London, 1829. C. Tilt.

THE epigraph of "Hunts roasted —" on the title-page indicates the drollery we are to expect in this amusing account of an Epping Hunt, where the whim of Hood and the humour of Cruikshank conspire to furnish a hearty laugh to the lovers of pun and fun. The English language, indeed, seems to have no protection against the curious ingenuity of Mr. Hood, who twists it into such grotesque shapes, and brings such dissimilar ideas into close contact by his odd fancies, that we are apt to think the whole of its structure has been framed merely to be his sport and plaything. The annual exhibition at Epping, too, has afforded him excellent materials for the exercise of his very peculiar talent; and since the epoch of the renowned John Gilpin, there has been nothing of this kind produced so well calculated to rival the popularity of that most popular of poems. But though we can compare this new citizen-like excursion to no other prototype than its celebrated model describing the adventures of the famous Linen-draper, it must be understood that no two performances can in their execution be more different. In Cowper, the public applause is earned by the natural simplicity of the narrative, and the portraiture of manners and feelings where every one readily recognises the numerous and angust family of Cockney: in Hood, on the contrary, the effect is produced by the most epigrammatic point, and a broader style of painting,—for almost every line is a witticism, and every verse a jest. The whole is irresistibly jocular and comic; as the following extracts (which we are ashamed to pillage at such length from so short a piece) will convince Gravity itself.

"The Easter chase (says the preface) will soon be numbered with the pastimes of past times: its dogs will have had their day, and its deer will be fallow. A few more seasons, and this City Common Hunt will become uncommon. In proof of this melancholy decadence, the ensuing epistle is inserted. It was penned by an underling at the Wells, a person more accustomed to riding than writing.

"Sir,—About the Hunt. In answer to your Inquiries, their as been a great falling off lately, so much so this year, that there was nobody almost. We did a near nothing provisionally, hardly a Bottle extra, which is a proof in Pint. In short, our Hunt may be sad to be in the last Stag of a Decline. I am, sir, with respects from your humble servant, Bartholomew Rutt."

To rescue the ancient and honoured custom (more honoured in the breach than in the ob-

servance) from falling into unsung oblivion, the inspired bard commences—

"John Huggins was as bold a man
As trade did ever know,
A warehouse good he had, that stood,
Hard by the church of Bow.

There people bought Dutch cheeses round,
And single Gloster flat;
And English butter in a lump,
And Irish in a pat.

Six days a-week beheld him stand,
His business next his heart,
At counter with his apron tied
About his counter-part.

The seventh, in a sluice-house box,
He took his pipe and pot,
On Sundays, for ecstacy,
A very noted spot.

Ah, blest if he had never gone
Beyond its rural shed!
One Easter-tide some evil guide
Put Epping in his head.

Alas! there was no warning voice
To whisper in his ear,
Thou art a fool in leaving Cheap
To go and hunt the deer!

No thought he had of twisted spine,
Or broken arms or legs;
Not chicken-hearted he, although
"Twas whisper'd of his eggs!

Ride out he would, and hunt he would,
Nor dream of ending ill;
Mayhap with Dr. Ridout's fee
And surgeon Hunter's bill.

So he drew on his Sunday boots,
Of lustrous superfine;
The liquid black they wore that day
Was Warren-ter to shine."

Our hero is mounted on a gallant gray, in the keep of which he goes halves with a brother cit.

"A well-bred horse he was, I wis,
As he began to shew,
By quickly rearing up within
The way he ought to go.
But Huggins, like a wary man,
Was ne'er from saddle cast;
Resolved, by going very slow,
On sitting very fast."

He proceeds to Tottenham Cross, where a companion, who was to have joined him, is found a defaulter.

"Whereas the man had changed his mind
Meanwhile upon the case,
And meaning not to hunt at all,
Had gone to Enfield Chase.

For why? his spouse had made him vow
To let a game alone,
Where folks that ride a bit of blood
May break a bit of bone.

"Now be his wife a plague for life!
A coward sure is he!
Then Huggins turned his horse's head,
And crossed the bridge of Lea.

Thence slowly on through Laytonstone,
Past many a Quaker's box—
No friends to hunters after deer,
Though followers of a Fox.

And many a score behind—before—
The self-same route inclined,
And minded all to march one way,
Made one great march of mind."

The cortège of the various hunters is next amusingly and accurately described, among which John—

"paced on to Woodford Wells,
Where many a horseman met;
And letting go the reins, of course,
Prepared for heavy trot."

Old Tom Rounding, the landlord of the Wells, is a very clever portrait; though one verse, in

page 13, may provoke the charge of bordering on the profane.

"Now welcome, lads," quoth he, "and prads,
You're all in glorious luck!
Old Robin has a run to-day,
A noted forest buck.

Fair Mead's the place, where Bob and Tom
In red already ride;
'Tis but a stop, and on a horse
You soon may go a stride."

So off they scamper'd, man and horse,
As time and temper press'd;
But Huggins, hitching on a tree,
Branch'd off from all the rest.

Howbeit he tumbled down in time
To join with Tom and Bob,
All in Fair Mead, which held that day
Its own fair meed of mob.

Idlers, to wit—no Guardians some
Of Tattlers in a squeeze;
Ramblers in heavy carts and vans,
Spectators up in trees.

Butchers on backs of butchers' hacks,
That shambled to and fro;
Bakers intent upon a buck,
Neglectful of the dough!

Change Alley Bears to speculate,
As usual, for a fall;
And green and scarlet runners, such
As never climb'd a wall!

'Twas strange to think what difference
A single creature made;
A single stag had caused a whole
Stagnation in their trade.

Now Huggins from his saddle rose,
And in the stirrups stood,
And lo! a little cart that came
Hard by a little wood.

In shape like half a hearse, though not
For corpses in the least;
For this contained the deer alive,
And not the deer deceased!"

The deer alive being let out—

"Away he went, and many a score
Of riders did the same,
On horse and ass—like high and low
And Jack pursuing game."

The hunt is up—

"Some lost their stirrups, some their whips,
Some had no caps to shew;
But few, like Charles at Charing Cross,
Rode on in statu quo.

"O dear! O dear!" now might you hear,
'I've surely broke a bone';
'My head is sore,' with many more
Such speeches from the throng."

Howbeit their wallings never moved
The wide satanic clan,
Who grinned, as once the devil grin'd,
To see the fall of man.

And hunters good, that understood,
Their laughter knew no bounds,
To see the horses 'throwing off,'
So long before the hounds.

But now Old Robin's foes were set,
That fatal taint to find,
That always is scent after him,
Yet always left behind.

And here observe how dog and man
A different temper shews—
What hound resents that he is sent
To follow his own nose?

Towler and Jowler—howlers all—
No single tongue was mute;
The stag had led a hart, and lo!
The whole pack follow'd suit.

No spur he lack'd—fear stuck a knife
And fork in either haunch;
And every dog he knew had got
An eye-tooth to his paunch!

Away, away! he scudded like
A ship before the gale;
Now flew to 'hills we know not of,'
Now, nun-like, took the vale.

Some gave a shout, some roll'd about,
And antick'd as they rode,
And butchers whistled on their curs,
And milkmen taily-ho!

About two score there were, not more,
That galloped in the race;
The rest, alas! lay on the grass,
As once in Chevy Chase.

But even those that galloped on
Were fewer every minute—
The field kept getting more select,
Each thicket served to thin it.

For some pulled up and left the hunt,
Some fell in miry bogs,
And vainly rose and 'ran a muck,'
To overtake the dogs.

And some, in charging hurdle stakes,
Were left bereft of sense;
What else could be premised of blades
That never learn'd to fence?

But Roundings, Tom and Bob, no gate,
Nor hedge, nor ditch, could stay;
O'er all they went, and did the work
Of leap-years in a day!

And by their side see Huggins ride,
As fast as he could speed;
For, like Mazeppa, he was quite
At mercy of his steed.

No means he had, by timely check,
The gallop to remit,
For firm and fast between his teeth
The bitler held the bit.

Trees raced along, all Essex fled
Beneath him as he sate—
He never saw a county go
At such a county rate!

But soon the horse was well avenged
For cruel smart of spurs,
For, riding through a moor, he pitched
His master in a furze!

Where, sharper set than hunger is,
He squatted all forlorn;
And like a bird was singing out
While sitting on a thorn.

Right glad was he, as well as might be,
Such cushion to resign;
'Possession is nine points,' but his
Seemed more than ninety-nine.

Yet worse than all the prickly points
That enter'd in his skin,
His nag was running off the white
The thorns were running in!

We omit Huggins's further exploits, and
return him safely to the Wells, after the hunt
was over.

"And many a horse was taken out
Of saddle and of shaft;
And men by dint of drink became
The only 'beasts of thought.'

For now begun a harder run
On wine, and gin, and beer;
And overtaken men discuss'd
The overtaken deer.

How far he ran, and eke how fast,
And how at bay he stood,
Deer-like, resolved to sell his life
As dearly as he could:

And how the hunters stood aloof,
Regardful of their lives,
And shunn'd a beast whose very horns
They knew could handle knives.

How Huggins stood when he was rubb'd
By help and ostler kind,
And when they cleaned the clay before,
How 'worse remain'd behind.'"

And now to conclude with the *Moral*.

"Thus Pleasure oft eludes our grasp,
Just when we think to grip her;
And hunting after Happiness,
We only hunt a slipper."

We can assure all readers, however, that
there is a pleasure to be derived from the
perusal of Mr. Hood's very whimsical effusion,
which we advise them not to suffer to slip.
In these dull times it is quite a treat to en-
counter so merry a companion; and we are
sure his little book will rapidly spread a broad
grin all over the island when it is published—
next week, we believe.

*The Influence of Climate in the Prevention and
Cure of Chronic Diseases, more particularly
of the Chest and Digestive Organs: com-
prising an Account of the Principal Places
resorted to by Invalids in England and the
South of Europe; a Comparative Estimate
of their respective Merits in particular Dis-
eases, &c. &c.* By James Clark, M.D. &c.
&c. 8vo. pp. 328. London, 1829. Under-
woods.

The work whose rather lengthy but charac-
teristic title we have just transcribed, is on a
subject of the very first importance to the in-
habitants of this country; and it would claim
the attention of our readers in the strongest
manner if its whole scope were confined to the
consideration of only one of the diseases of
which it treats. This disease is *consumption*,
which is estimated to carry off one-sixth part
of the inhabitants of this country. Dr. Clark
professes to lay before us the advantages and
disadvantages to be expected from a visit to
the milder climates of the South in this dis-
ease,—the particular cases likely to be benefited
or injured by such a measure,—the stage of
the disease at which patients should leave their
homes,—and the particular places which should
be sought or avoided by them. If this were
all that the work professed to teach, and if it
taught this accurately, we need add nothing
more with the view of enhancing its value,—
as most of our readers must be aware that
more is at present expected by the faculty
from change of climate than from any merely
medicinal treatment in this disease; and that,
while agreed as to the superior efficacy of cli-
mate, they are much disunited as to the par-
ticular climates that are most beneficial. But
the author of this volume professes not merely
to give us this information in respect of con-
sumption, but relatively to many others of
our chronic diseases, particularly all the va-
rieties of catarrh and cough, asthma, disorders
of the stomach, hypochondriasis, gout, rheu-
matism, &c. &c.;—and to give it as the result
of his own experience and personal observation
of the effects of the various climates on these
various diseases: and we are bound to con-
fess, after an attentive perusal of the work,
that its contents justify the promise of its
title. We look upon it, indeed, as one of the
most valuable works that has appeared for a
long time in medicine: it is extremely cre-
ditable both to the head and heart of the
author, as almost every page bears witness to
his zeal, industry, and talents. Dr. Clark, to
judge by his book, appears to belong to that
class of good and simple-minded men who con-
sider it as a matter of course, that they are to
devote themselves heart and soul to their pro-
fession, merely because it is their profession,
and because they find that the study and prac-
tice of it, in the manner they think it de-
serves, leaves them no time for other pursuits
or pleasures. In the first part of his work he
has occasion to treat of almost every place of
note in Italy, Switzerland, and the South of
France, famous in ancient or modern times for
their natural or artificial beauties, as for the
great deeds of which they have been the
theatre; and it is almost amusing to see with
what ardour and straightforwardness he pro-
secutes his researches respecting the tempera-
ture, winds, rain, diseases, &c. of each place,
without ever seeming to be aware that out of
the thousands who annually visit it, he is per-
haps the only one whose eye and imagination
are not fixed on other objects of contemplation
presented or suggested by the scene before

them. No doubt the plan adopted by Dr. C. is
the very one he ought to have adopted; and his
silence respecting the topics that engross the
attention of the common traveller, is the re-
sult of a correct and philosophical conception
of the relation in which he wishes to stand
with his readers. We are not sure, however,
if in so acting he has consulted his own popu-
larity, at least with the general reader. Of
this, at least, we are assured, that if he had,
like some recent travellers, made use of the
Guide-books only, even although he had shut
his eyes to the scenes before him, the result of
his ten years' travel and residence abroad
would have amounted to something very dif-
ferent from a modest octavo. We, however,
of all men, must not quarrel with our author
on this score; and we shrewdly suspect that
some of his learned brethren, on the winding
up of their accounts with their publishers, will
lament that they have not shewn some of the
forbearance of Dr. Clark, and "bridled in
their struggling muse," although "with pain."
But, lest we should be accused of lapsing into
the same faults we are reprehending, we must
now proceed, in our usual way, to make our
readers acquainted with what they have really
to expect from the perusal of the volume be-
fore us.

The first part gives an account of the gen-
eral physical character of the climate of the
milder parts of England and of the South of
Europe,—notices the manner in which this
general climate is modified, in different places,
by local circumstances,—and states the actual
and relative effects of each particular place on
the various diseases for which change of cli-
mate is recommended. In this way we have
accounts, in England, first, of the south coast
—including Hastings, Brighton, Isle of Wight,
Southampton; secondly, of the south-west
coast—including the various watering-places
in Devonshire, more particularly Torquay;
thirdly, of Cornwall, more especially Penzance;
fourthly, of the west of England, including
Clifton, Bristol, Bath, &c. &c. In France,
we have, first, an account of the west and
south-west coast—including Pau on the
Pyrenees, respecting which, long details are
given; secondly, of the south-east of France,
including Montpellier, Marseilles, Aix, &c.
&c. Intermediate between France and Italy,
are Nice, Villa Franca, &c., of the first of
which places we have a very full account. In
Italy, the author particularly dwells on Genoa,
Florence, Pisa, Rome (where he appears to
have resided eight or nine winters, practising
his profession among our British nobility and
gentry annually crowding to the Eternal City),
Naples, Ischia, Sienna, Lucca, &c. Under the
head of "a summer residence," an account is
given of the climate of Switzerland; and this
part concludes with a circumstantial history of
the climate of Madeira. The chief particulars
of the climate of each place are given in the
text, and the whole illustrated by a series of
meteorological tables, which the author (we
believe justly) characterises as being more com-
prehensive and perfect than any previously
published. These tables are, indeed, singularly
minute and comprehensive, and must prove
extremely interesting to the meteorologist.
We surmise, however, that most of Dr. C.'s
readers will be contented with the general
results given in the body of the work, and will
leave the Appendix for the perusal of the pro-
fessed meteorologist or natural philosopher.
We ought to have stated, that this account of
places is preceded by an interesting chapter on
the general effects and *modus operandi* of

change of climate on diseases. Our limits deny us the privilege of making large extracts from any parts of the work; but we shall select a few passages which will at once serve as specimens of the manner in which the author handles his subject, and may be also interesting and useful to some of our readers. We commence with one which, we are sorry to say, comes too closely home to our own business and bosoms.

"On the continent, the beneficial effects of change of air are duly estimated; and the inhabitants of this country, and more especially of this metropolis, are now becoming fully sensible of its value. The vast increase in the size of our watering-places of late years, and the deserted state of London during several months, are sufficient proofs, not to mention others, of the increasing conviction among the public in general, that, for the preservation of health, it is necessary, from time to time, to change the relaxing, I may say the deteriorating, air of London, for the more pure and invigorating air of the country. This, indeed, is the best, if not the only remedy, for that terrible malady which preys upon the vitals, and stamps its hues upon the countenance of almost every permanent resident in this great city, and which may be justly termed the *cachexia Londinensis*. When the extent of benefits which may be derived from this remedy, both on the physical and moral constitution, is duly estimated, no person whose circumstances permit him to avail himself of it, will fail to do so."

It is by no means a matter of indifference, it seems, to what place or to what climate the invalid, even the sufferer from slight disease, turns his steps.

"In that numerous class of persons, indeed, who are merely suffering from a residence in the city, without any decided disease, the simple change to the country may be all that is requisite to restore their health, and it is of less consequence to what part of the country they go. But the case is very different with the real invalid, whose sufferings are chiefly referable to some particular disease. To him, the selection of his temporary residence is not a matter of indifference. For one individual of this kind, an elevated situation, and a dry bracing air, will be most proper; a sheltered residence, with a milder air, will be suitable to another; while the sea-side may be the situation indicated for a third. In like manner is it with the more important measure of change of climate."

It seems that the common opinion, that change of climate is especially, if not exclusively, beneficial in consumption, is a great error.

"Such an opinion could only have originated in a very limited acquaintance with the influence of climate on disease; and, indeed, it is so far from being a correct view of the matter, that, were the character of this remedy to be estimated by its effects on consumption, when fully formed, it would be justly valued at a very low rate. In dyspepsia, and disorders of the digestive organs generally, and in the nervous affections and distressing mental feelings which so often accompany these; in hypochondriasis, in asthma, in bronchial diseases, in scrofula, and in rheumatism, the beneficial effects of climate are often far more strongly evinced than they are in consumption. Likewise in cases of general delicacy of constitution and derangement of the system, in childhood and in youth, which cannot be classed strictly under any of these diseases; and in that disordered state of the general health which so often occurs at a cer-

tain period of more advanced life, when the powers of the constitution, both mental and bodily, are apt to fail, and the system to lapse into a state of premature decay, change of climate becomes a most powerful remedy."

We think our author, in his zeal in behalf of the beneficial effects of climate in chronic diseases, pays too little attention to the influence of the mere act of travelling, independently of the climate. He by no means, however, overlooks this agent, as the following paragraph from the same chapter will shew:

"The mere act of travelling over a considerable extent of country is itself a remedy of great value, and, when judiciously conducted, will materially assist the beneficial effects of climate. A journey may indeed be regarded as a continuous and rapid change of climate, as well as of scene; and constitutes a remedy of unequalled power in some of those morbid states of the system in which the mind suffers as well as the body. The continued change of air seems to do that for the corporeal part, which the constant succession of new scenes and objects does for the mind. In chronic irritation of the mucous surfaces of the pulmonary and digestive organs, especially when complicated with a morbidly sensitive state of the nervous system, in hypochondriasis, &c., travelling will often effect more than any other remedy with which I am acquainted."

The second part of Dr. C.'s work is devoted to an account of the diseases benefited by a residence in a mild climate, and to the determination of the place or places best suited to each particular case. We have already enumerated the chief diseases noticed in this treatise; but there are two of these which have justly obtained a much greater share of the author's attention. These are, diseases of the digestive organs and consumption; his account of which must be considered as truly excellent in every way. In his extended chapter on dyspepsia, under which term he comprehends all the varieties of bilious or stomach complaints, he has, in our opinion, given a more admirable and instructive monograph of this most important class of diseases than any preceding writer. In the discrimination of the various forms of this proteiform affection, and in the application of the remedial means best adapted to each, he has evinced great power of accurate observation, and proved himself to be long disciplined in the philosophic practice of medicine. Like the most illustrious among his predecessors, Dr. Clark appears to depend more upon the use of the simplest means, properly applied, than upon the array of a bold, novel, or complex medication. His motto resembles that of the great Boerhaave—*Nullum ego cognosco remedium, nisi quod tempestivo usu fiat tale*. He evidently trusts as much to the sage avoidance of the exciting causes of disease—in other words, to *regimen*, in the full sense of that term—as to medicines properly so called. It will not be matter of surprise, therefore, that change of air, change of climate, change of diet, mineral waters, &c. &c., figure more in his pages than the barbarous names of chemicals or Galenicals; and least of all will it surprise those best acquainted with the nature of stomach disorders, that these means constitute a large proportion of those recommended in the cure of that prolific source of disease and misery, in all times,—whence

*Macies et nova febrim
Terris incubuit cohors.*

The only thing we have to regret in this part of the work is the want of details on some important points, owing, obviously, to

the restrictions laid upon the author by the plan of his treatise. We believe that if Dr. C. were to enlarge the articles on dyspepsia and consumption, and publish them separately, he would confer a great benefit on his professional brethren; as we think we see in his views of these diseases, things by no means generally known by the profession, and the general knowledge of which could not fail to be most useful. We cannot make any extracts from the essay on disorders of the stomach; but we strongly recommend its perusal to our readers, medical and non-medical, as containing much that it is for their interest to know.

The article on consumption is also highly interesting. Assuming the fact, now universally admitted by the profession, that this disease, when fully formed, is, in the vast majority of cases, incurable, the author puts forth his strength in delineating the embryonic features of the malady, and in rousing the attention of parents and practitioners to a state even antecedent to any formal symptom of pulmonary disease. Of this masterly sketch we cannot here give even an outline; but we strongly recommend it to the attention of the profession, as well as to those intrusted with the supervision of youth, whether parents or teachers.

It is only in the very earliest stages of consumption, or rather in the stage of disordered function antecedent to this, that a change of climate is advised by Dr. Clark. Different places are recommended for such cases as can with any prospect of benefit be sent abroad, according to the nature and stage of the affection, the constitution of the patient, or the disorders with which the chief disease is complicated. In a few, Nice is most proper; in a much greater number, Rome and Pisa are preferable; but the place which above all others Dr. C. considers as best suited to consumptive invalids, is the island of Madeira. The climate of this island is described as most delightful, being equally temperate both in its summer and winter, to a degree almost unknown in any other place of which we have accounts. Unfortunately, it lies too remote from our shores; and it possesses few other attractions besides those afforded by its climate.

We cannot conclude this account of Dr. Clark's work without once more recommending it, in the strongest terms, to all those who are interested in the important subjects of which it treats. To that numerous class of our countrymen who travel for health, and who now, almost as periodically as the swallows, forsake our shores for the south, on the approach of winter, we would more particularly recommend it. We are well assured that all who peruse it will be ready to admit that the author has succeeded very completely in the object he had in view in composing his work. "It has been my wish," he says in the preface, "to lay before the public such a work as might serve at once as a manual to the physician in selecting a proper climate for his patient, and a guide to the latter while no longer under the direction of his medical adviser."

Family Library. No. VI. History of the Jews, Vol. II. Murray.

WE last week briefly mentioned the appearance of this interesting volume, and that it brought the current of Jewish history down to the commencement of the siege of Jerusalem. As in the former volume, the author has evinced singular judgment and discretion in the selection of the incidents on which he has

thought proper to dwell, and equal skill in placing in the most prominent light both the events and the characters with which he has to deal. The account which he gives of the rise, prosperity, and fall of the Herodian family, is remarkable for its clearness and force: he does full justice to the general ability of Herod the Great, and paints in vivid and appalling language the domestic feuds and dissensions which embittered the latter days of that celebrated and powerful monarch, and entirely ruined his family. The entire story is admirably told, and will be perused with deep attention; for although the principal facts must be familiar to all our readers, yet the tragical scenes which took place in the family of Herod are so clearly and powerfully described, that the narrative excites intense emotion. It is, indeed, a dreadful tale, calculated to fill the mind with affright and horror. We would gladly make some extracts from this domestic tragedy; but the whole is too long for our pages,—and mere fragments would mar its beauty. To prove to our readers, however, that we have not spoken of the contents of this volume in language either of undeserved or overstrained commendation, we select for their perusal the following beautiful account which the author has given of the sect called the Essenes.

“At a considerable distance from the metropolis, in some highly cultivated oases, amid the wilderness on the shores of the Dead Sea, were situated the chief of the large agricultural villages of the Essenes. According to Philo, their number was about 4000. Almost in every respect, both in their rules and in the patient industry with which they introduced the richest cultivation into the barren waste, the Essenes were the monastic orders of the Jews. Among groves of palm-trees, of which, according to the picturesque expression of Pliny, they were the companions, and amid fertile fields won from the barren wilderness, they passed their rigid and ascetic lives. They avoided populous cities, not from hatred of mankind, but from dread of their vices. In general, no woman was admitted within their domains. Some of the inferior communities allowed marriage, but only associated with their wives for the procreation of children; the higher and more esteemed societies practised the most rigid celibacy, and entirely forswore all communication with the other sex. Wonderful nation, says the Roman naturalist, which endures for centuries, but in which no child is ever born. They were recruited by voluntary proselytes, or by children whom they adopted when very young, and educated in their discipline. Among the Essenes all pleasure was forbidden as sin; the entire extinction of the passions of the body was the only real virtue. An absolute community of goods was established in their settlements: even a man's house was not his own; another person might enter and remain in it as long as he pleased. The desire of riches was proscribed; every lucrative employment, commerce, traffic, and navigation, were forbidden. They neither bought nor sold; all they had was thrown into a common fund, from which each received the necessities of life; but for charity, or for the assistance of the poor or the stranger, they might draw as largely as they would on this general revenue. They were all clothed alike in white garments, which they did not change till they were worn out: they abhorred the use of oil; if any one were anointed against his will, he scrupulously cleansed himself. Their lives were regulated

by the strictest forms; they rose before the sun, but were forbidden to speak of any worldly business, and devoted all the time till break of day to offering up certain ancient prayers, that the sun might shine upon them. After this they received their orders from the superior, and went to work, according to his commands, at the labour or craft in which they were skilled; but their artisans might only work on articles used in peace, by no means on swords, arrows, or military weapons,—though they carried arms when they travelled, to defend themselves against robbers. Having worked till the fifth hour, eleven o'clock, they assembled for refreshment. First, however, they washed, and put on a linen garment; they then went into a room which no one might enter who was not of their sect. After that, they entered the common refectory as if it were a sacred place; there in silence waited till grace was said; then each received his portion, from the baker and the cook, of bread, salt, and hyssop; another grace closed the meal: then, putting off their sacred garment, they returned to their toil till evening, when they again assembled to supper. No noise or tumult was heard; they spoke only by permission and in turn: on other occasions, if ten were met, one could not speak without the consent of the nine. In company they were to avoid spitting either before them or to the right hand. They observed the sabbath with the strictest precision, not even lighting a fire or performing the necessities of nature. At all other times they concealed their excrements with scrupulous care, digging a pit a foot deep, lest the holy light should be defiled. They then washed themselves with great care. On the sabbath they all met in their synagogues, where the elders interpreted the sacred writings, explaining them chiefly by parables. In their religious opinions they differed from their countrymen; though they sent their gifts to the Temple, they offered no sacrifices there. They were strict predestinarians. They believed that the body was mortal, the soul immortal: that the soul, emanating out of the noblest and purest air, is imprisoned in the body, where it is subjected to severe trials: when released from its corporeal bonds, it escapes as it were a long servitude, and soars back rejoicing to its native element. They believed, with the Greeks, in a delightful region beyond the ocean, in which the souls of the good dwell for ever. There rain, and snow, and parching heat, were unknown, but the air was continually refreshed with balmy and gentle breezes from the sea. The souls of the wicked were doomed to a cold and gloomy place of everlasting punishment. They were great students of their sacred books, and especially of the prophetic writings. Many were endowed, according to Josephus, with that gift. They studied likewise the nature and cure of diseases, and the medicinal properties of herbs and minerals. Their morals were rigid in every respect. They were bound, by solemn vows, to worship God, and to be just to men; to keep inviolable faith; if intrusted with authority, to abstain from all wrong, and from splendid apparel; to love truth, and hate liars; to communicate only to the members of the society the tenets of the sect; to preserve their sacred doctrinal books, and the names of the angels. They paid the highest veneration to age: many of them, from their temperate habits, lived to more than one hundred years. They abstained from all oaths, considering an oath as bad as perjury. They abhorred slavery, as an infringement of the natural liberty of men. In

their civil constitution, they were all equal as regards their rights, but divided into four classes; of which the superior class looked down so much on those beneath them, that if touched by one of a lower order, they were defiled, and washed themselves. There were stewards who managed the common stock, and officers who took care of all strangers who might enter their towns. No one was admitted into the society without the strictest probation; the proselyte received a small pickaxe, linen garments, and a white dress, and so commenced his year of novitiate. After having given satisfactory proof of continence and temperance for that period, he was admitted to closer intimacy, and to wash in the holy water: yet for two years longer he remained on trial, and only at the end of that time was admitted to the common refectory. Whoever was guilty of any great crime was expelled from the society—a fearful doom! for having sworn that he would receive no food but from his own sect, the outcast fed, like a beast, on the grass of the field, till at length he perished with hunger. Sometimes, if at the last extremity the criminal shewed sincere repentance, he was readmitted, from compassion, within the society. But this awful fate was inflicted with great reluctance; for justice was administered with the utmost care; and no verdict could be given unless a hundred were present; it was then irrevocable. The Essenes were cruelly persecuted by the Romans, who probably entered their country after the capture of Jericho. They were tortured, racked, had their bones broken on the wheel, in order to compel them to blaspheme their lawgiver, or eat forbidden meats. They did not attempt to appease their tormentors; they uttered no cry, they shed no tear; and even smiled in the worst agony of torment; and in steadfast reliance on the immortality of their souls, departed, rejoicing, from life.”

The cruelties and extortions of the various governors who were sent to plunder Judea, and whose atrocities at last drove the people to revolt, are well calculated to rouse our bitterest indignation against these infamous delegates of oppressive power. We are told that one of these worthies, “Felix, administered the province with the authority of a king, and the disposition of a slave. Supported by the interest of Pallas, says Tacitus, he thought he might commit all crimes with impunity. The land was full of armed robbers, who wasted the country. Felix at first proceeded with vigour and severity against them; but afterwards, for his private ends, entered into a confederacy with some of the most daring. The high-priest, Jonathan, assuming the privilege of a friend, like the Christian apostle, would reason with him on temperance and righteousness. His remonstrances, if at the time they produced the same effect, and made Felix tremble, were fatal to himself. Felix, weary with his importunity, entered into a secret conspiracy with some of the Sicarii, or assassins, the most extravagant of the school of Judas the Galilean. These were men, some fanatics, some unprincipled desperadoes, who abused the precepts of the Mosaic law, as authorising the murder of all on whom they might affix the brand of hostility to their country and their God. Having bribed Doras, the intimate friend of Jonathan, through his means Felix sent a party of these wretches into the Temple. With their daggers under their cloaks, they mingled with the attendants of the high-priest. They pretended to join in the public worship, and suddenly struck dead the unsuspecting

pontiff, who lay bleeding on the sacred pavement. From this period, says the indignant Josephus, God hated his guilty city, and disdaining any longer to dwell in his contaminated Temple, brought the Romans to purify with fire the sins of the nation. The crime remained unrevenged and unnoticed. The assassins, emboldened by their impunity, carried on their dreadful work. No man was secure. Some from private enmity, others on account of their wealth, as they pursued their peaceful occupations, were struck dead by men who passed by, apparently unarmed, and as peacefully disposed as themselves. Even the Temple was not a place of safety; the worshipper did not know but that the man who knelt by his side was preparing to plunge his dagger to his heart. Such was the state of the city; the country was not much more secure. The robbers multiplied, and grew more bold. Nor were these the worst; in every quarter arose impostors, and pretenders to magic, who, asserting their miraculous powers, led the people into desert places, and harangued them on the impiety of obedience to the Roman government. Felix in vain scoured the country with his horse: as fast as some were seized and crucified, others arose; and the fanatical spirit of the people constantly received new excitement. The most formidable of these men was a Jew of Egyptian birth. He assembled in the desert, probably that of Quarantania, between Jerusalem and Jericho, as many as 30,000 followers. He led them to the Mount of Olives, and pointing to the city below, assured them that its walls would fall down, and admit his triumphal entrance. Felix marched out to attack him: the Egyptian escaped; but many of his followers were killed, many taken, the rest dispersed."

The dreadful details of the ferocious contest which at length took place between the Jews and their relentless and insulting masters, are prefaced by the following judicious remarks and reflections:—

"Judæa was now in open rebellion against Rome. It was a mad and desperate revolt, for to declare war against Rome was to defy the whole force of the civilised world. The insurgents neither had, nor could hope for allies; the rest of the Roman provinces were in profound peace, and little likely to answer the call or follow the example of a people they despised, in assertion of their independence. In Europe the only unsubdued enemies of the Romans were the wild tribes in the north of Britain, or in the marshes of Germany. In Asia, the only independent kingdom, the Parthian, was not in a state to make a war of aggression. Philo, in his oratorical invective against Caligula, threw out hints of the formidable numbers of his countrymen in Babylonia, and of the multitudes who were scattered throughout almost all the cities in the eastern dominions of Rome. But the foreign Jews, though, as Josephus hints in one place, solicited by ambassadors, either took no interest in the fate of their countrymen, or were too sadly occupied in averting the storm of public detestation from their own heads, or in bewailing its consequences, in the unprovoked carnage of their own friends and families. They were trembling in the agony of personal apprehension, or gathering up for burial the bodies of their murdered countrymen. The state of the country offered scarcely better grounds for any reasonable hope of permanent resistance. The fortified places were not all in the power of the insurgents; they had no organised or disciplined force; no warlike engines, except those cap-

tured from the enemy; no provisions of any kind for a long war. Worse than all, they were divided among themselves. In every city there was an interested, or a timid, or a prudent party, anxious to purchase peace at any cost. They had no acknowledged leader. The representative of the Herodian house, Agrippa, openly espoused the Roman party. The rest were either undistinguished as soldiers, or strangers and robber chieftains. Their only trust was in their own stubborn patience and daring valour, in the stern fanaticism with which they looked upon themselves as the soldiers of their God, and in the wild hope that Heaven would work some miraculous revolution in their favour. Yet, however frantic and desperate the insurrection, why should the Jews alone be excluded from that generous sympathy, which is always awakened by the history of a people, throwing off the galling yoke of oppression, and manfully resisting to the utmost in assertion of their freedom? Surely if ever people were justified in risking the peace of their country for liberty, the grinding tyranny of the successive Roman procurators, and the deliberate and systematic cruelties of Florus, were enough to have maddened a less high-spirited and intractable race into revolt. It is true that the war was carried on with unexampled atrocity; but on the other hand, insurrectionary warfare is not the best school for the humaner virtues; and horrible oppression is apt to awaken the fiercer and more savage, not the loftier and nobler passions of our nature. And it must be borne in mind, that we have the history of the war, only on the authority of some brief passages in the Roman authors, and the narrative of one to whom, notwithstanding our respect for his abilities and virtues, it is impossible not to assign the appellation of renegade. Josephus, writing to conciliate the Romans both to his own person and to the miserable remnant of his people, must be received with some mistrust. He uniformly calls the more obstinate insurgents, who continued desperately faithful to that cause which he deserted, by the odious name of robbers; but it may be remembered that the Spanish guerillas, who were called patriots in London, were brigands in Paris."

The siege of Jotapata called forth the most extraordinary acts of valour on the part of the combatants; but notwithstanding the prodigies of valour which were performed by the Jews during its investment, "the end of Jotapata drew near. For forty-seven days its gallant inhabitants had resisted all the discipline and courage of the whole Roman army, under their most skilful general; they had confronted bravery with bravery, and stratagem with stratagem. They were now worn out with watching, and fatigue, and wounds, and thirst. Their ranks were dreadfully thinned; and the over-wearied survivors had to fight all day, and watch all night. A deserter found his way to the camp of Vespasian, and gave intelligence of the enfeebled state of the garrison, urging him to make an assault at the early dawn of morning, when the sentinels were apt to be found sleeping on their posts. Vespasian suspected the traitor, for nothing had been more striking during the siege than the fidelity of the Jews to their cause. One man who had been taken had endured the most horrible torments, and, though burnt in many parts of his body, steadily refused to betray the state of the town, till at length he was crucified. Still the story bore marks of probability; and Vespasian, thinking that no stratagem could inflict great injury on his

powerful army, prepared for the assault. A thick morning mist enveloped the whole city, as at the appointed hour the Romans, with silent step, approached the walls. Titus was the first to mount, with Domitius Sabinus, a tribune, and a few soldiers of the fifteenth legion. They killed the sentinels, and stole quietly down into the city. Sextus Cerealis and Placidus followed with their troops. The citadel was surprised: it was broad day, yet the besieged, in the heavy sleep of fatigue, had not discovered that the enemy were within the walls; and even now, those who awoke saw nothing through the dim and blinding mist. But by this time the whole army was within the gates, and they were awakened to a horrible sense of their situation, by the commencement of the slaughter. The Romans remembered what they had suffered during the siege, and it was not a time when mercy and compassion, foreign to their usual character, could arrest the arm of vengeance. They charged furiously down from the citadel, hewing their way through the multitude, who, unable to defend themselves, stumbled, and were crushed in the uneven ways, or were suffocated in the narrow lanes, or rolled headlong down the precipices. Nothing was to be seen but slaughter; nothing heard but the shrieks of the dying, and the shouts of the conquerors. A few of the most hardy had gathered round Josephus, and mutually exhorted each other to self-destruction. As they could not slay the enemy, they would not be tamely slain by them. A great number fell by each other's hands. A few of the guard, who had been at first surprised, fled to a tower on the northern part of the wall, and made some resistance. At length they were surrounded, and gave themselves up to be quietly butchered. The Romans might have boasted that they had taken the city without the loss of a man, had not a centurion, named Antonius, been slain by a stratagem. There were a great number of deep caverns under the city, in which many took refuge; one of these, being hotly pursued, entreated Antonius to reach his hand to him, as a pledge of accepting his surrender, as well as to help him to clamber out. The incautious Roman stretched out his hand, the Jew instantly pierced him in the groin with a lance, and killed him. That day all were put to the sword who appeared in the streets or houses; the next, the conquerors set themselves to search the caverns and underground passages, still slaughtering all the men, and sparing none but infants and women: 1200 captives were taken. During the siege and capture 40,000 men fell. Vespasian gave orders that the city should be razed to the ground, and all the defences burnt. Thus fell Jotapata, on the 1st day of Panemus (July)."

History of the Rise of the Mahomedan Power in India. By Lieut.-Colonel Briggs.

(Second notice: conclusion.)

AMONG the curious statements we every where meet with in these volumes, we find the extraordinary one of the existence of a convent of Russian Missionaries in Thibet so early as A.D. 1556: they are thus described—

"Ahmad Hoorein went to Sumurkote, a place occupied by a people called Russies, a description of Sofy. He seized some of these people, and inquired of them where Beiram Chuk had gone. They replied, that they had conveyed him in a boat to Nadilly, and delivered him safe over to Ameer Zeina. These Russies are an agricultural people, employing themselves either in sowing grain or planting

fruit-trees. They live in a society by themselves, and do not marry."

We have also mention of fire-arms being in use by the Hindoos so early as 1368—only fifty years after the time usually assigned for the invention of gunpowder; and the proficiency of the Indian nations in the conduct of sieges, and the construction of field works, is very remarkable, and well illustrated in the siege of Chittoor, by Akbur Padshah, in 1567.

"Akbur, having invested Chittoor, employed five thousand workmen of different descriptions to conduct the siege. The approaches were made by *sabat*, a description of defence for the besiegers peculiar to India. The *sabats* are constructed in the following manner. The zig-zags, commencing at gunshot-distance from the fort, consist of a double wall, and by means of blinds or stuffed gabions covered with leather the besiegers continue their approaches till they arrive near to the walls of the place to be attacked. The miners then proceed to sink their shafts, and carry on their galleries under ground, for the construction of the mines; in which having placed the powder and blown up the works, the storming party rushes from the *sabat*, or superior galleries, and assaults the place. On the present occasion, two *sabats*, or superior galleries, having been constructed, two mines were carried under bastions at different spots, and they were both fired at the same time. It happened that one of them exploded before the other, and a practicable breach was formed. Two thousand men, prepared to storm, advanced immediately, under the supposition that both mines had been sprung, and the parties divided, in order to enter both breaches at once. One of the mines, however, exploded only just as one of the parties got close over it, when five hundred men were killed, besides a number of the enemy who were crowded on the bastion. Of the Moguls, fifteen officers suffered on this occasion, among whom were Syud Jumal-ood-Deen Khan Barha Murdan Koolly Shah and others. The consequence was, that both attacks failed. Other mines were directed to be constructed; and as the works were in progress, the king, while in the batteries, observed Jugmul, the governor of the place, superintending the repairing of the breaches, and giving his orders by torch-light. Akbur, seizing a matchlock from one of his attendants, fired at him, and was so fortunate as to lodge the ball in Jugmul's forehead. The spirit of the besieged fell with their governor; and in their despair, they performed the ceremony of the jowhur, and putting their wives and children to death, burned them with the corpse of their chief on a funeral pile. The king, perceiving what was in progress within the fort, advanced under the cover of night to the breaches, and found them abandoned, so that he entered the fort without opposition. Daylight appeared, and still not a soul was to be seen of the garrison; all had retired to their temples, and, as usual, refused quarter. The king, mounting his elephant, ordered the temples to be stormed, when ten thousand rajpoots fell in the assault; while, with the exception of one Noosrut Ally, not a Mahomedan lost his life. The command of Chittoor being conferred on Asuf Khan Hirvy, the king returned to his capital."

The word admiral is supposed by Lieutenant-Colonel Briggs to have been introduced by the Moors, through Spain, into Europe; the ancient Arabian title for a commander at sea being *ameer-al-bher*; and the word *bher*, signifying ocean, being dropped, leaves us *amiral*, or *admiral*, a naval commander only.

In the reign of Mahomed Toghluq, of Delhi, A.D. 1325, we find the following mention of a paper currency. "The king, unfortunately for his people, adopted his ideas upon currency from a Chinese custom of using paper on the emperor's credit, with the royal seal appended, in lieu of ready money."

From the earlier period of the history of the kingdom of Sind, we cite a romantic instance of female ingenuity for the gratification of revenge.

"The widow of Raja Dahir resolved to adopt the measure abandoned by her son; and, with a truly masculine spirit, placing herself at the head of fifteen thousand rajpoots, prepared to meet the Mahomedans. Mahomed Kasim, however, giving orders to his troops not to attack, they merely stood on the defensive; and the rajpoots quietly withdrew with their female chief into the fort of Ajdur, which was now closely invested. The siege being protracted to a great length of time, the garrison were nearly starved out, when they came to the final alternative of performing the jowhur, a ceremony which requires the Hindoos to sacrifice their women and children on a burning pile; and the men, after bathing, rush on the point of the enemy's lances sword in hand. This dreadful step being taken, the gates of the fortress were thrown open, and a body of rajpoots, headed by the widow of Dahir, attacked the Mahomedans in their camp, and all lost their lives. The heroes of Assyria having repulsed this attack, forced their way into the fort, where they slew six thousand rajpoots, and took prisoners three thousand more. Among the latter were the two daughters of Raja Dahir. These princesses were sent by Mahomed Kasim to Hijaj, to be received into the seraglio of Wuleed; and after having placed all the towns of Sind under Arab governors, Mahomed Kasim proceeded to reduce Mooltan, which was also subject to the authority of Dahir. On reaching Mooltan, Mahomed Kasim also subdued that province; and himself occupying the city, he erected mosques on the site of the Hindoo temples. When the two daughters of the King of Sind arrived at the court of Hijaj, at Bussora, he forwarded them to the seraglio of the Caliph Wuleed, at Damascus, where they remained until the year 96, A.D. 714, when having sent for them into his presence, he inquired their names. The elder replied that she was called Surpa Devy, and the younger Burreel Devy. The caliph becoming enamoured of the elder, wished her to submit to his embraces; when she burst into tears, and told him that she was unworthy of him, since she had been disgraced on three successive nights by Mahomed Kasim. The enraged caliph, whose will was the law, wrote with his own hand an order to Mahomed Kasim, requiring him to clothe himself in a raw hide and embrace that death which he so richly merited. The faithful Kasim submitted to this unjust decree, and caused himself to be sewn up in a raw skin, which produced his death, after which his body was sent to the caliph. Upon the arrival of the corpse, the caliph, sending for Surpa Devy, said, 'Behold Mahomed Kasim in his shroud: it is thus I punish the sins of those servants who insult the deputy of the prophet of God.' Surpa Devy replied, with a smile full of triumph and of sarcasm, 'Know, oh caliph, that Mahomed Kasim respected my person as that of his own sister, and would no more have polluted my bed than that of his mother. He, however, put to death my father, my mother, my brother,

and my countrymen; and in his death, indifferent to my own fate, I have gratified that revenge which has so long been consuming me.' The caliph became much disconcerted; and having dismissed the damsel, he lamented over the body of his faithful and innocent servant."

The little regard paid during these periods to the Prophet's injunction of abstinence from fermented liquors is very remarkable: we cull one from among the many instances recorded.

"In the year 1519, Ismael Adil Shah made preparations for marching to recover Moodkul and Rachore from the Ray of Beejanuggur; who, gaining early intelligence of his intention, moved with a great force, and stationed his camp on the banks of the Krishna, where he was joined by many of his tributaries; so that his army amounted to at least fifty thousand horse, besides a vast host of foot. The king would now have deferred his expedition, as the enemy held possession of all the ferries of the Krishna, but his tents being once pitched, he considered it would be undignified to delay. He therefore marched with seven thousand cavalry, composed entirely of foreigners, and encamped on the bank of the river opposite to the Hindoos, waiting for the preparation of rafts to cross and attack. Some days after his arrival, as he was reposing in his tent, he heard one of his courtiers without the screens reciting this verse: 'Rise and fill the golden goblet with the wine of mirth, before the quaffer shall be laid in dust.' The king, as if inspired by the verse, called his favourites about him, and spreading the carpet of joy, gave way to the pleasures of music and wine. When the banquet had lasted longer than was reasonable, and the effects of the liquor began to exercise their influence, a fancy seized the king to pass the river and attack the enemy. He accordingly called on his military officers to state the cause of the delay in preparing the boats and rafts. He was told that one hundred boats were already finished, and the rest would be ready in a few days. The king, heated with the banquet, resolved to cross immediately; and mounting his elephant, without making his intentions known, proceeded to the river, as if to reconnoitre, but suddenly gave orders for as many of his troops as could go to embark on the rafts, directing others to follow him on elephants. The officers in vain represented the imprudence and danger of this precipitation; but the king, without reply, plunged his own elephant into the stream, and was instantly followed by some of his officers and soldiers, on about two hundred and fifty elephants. By great good fortune all reached the opposite bank in safety, and as many troops as could cross on the rafts and boats at two embarkations had time to arrive before the enemy opposed him. The Hindoos, however, were in such force as precluded every hope of the king's success, with whom were not more than two thousand men to oppose thirty thousand. The heroes of Islam, as if animated with one soul, behaved so gallantly, that above a thousand of the infidels fell, among whom was Sungut Ray, the chief general of Beejanuggur. The Mahomedans, however, found themselves so harassed by cannon shot, musketry, and rockets, which destroyed nearly half their numbers, that the survivors threw themselves into the river, in hopes of escaping. Tursoon Bahadur and Ibrahim Beg, who rode on the same elephant with their king, drove the animal across the stream; but so rapid was the current, that, with the exception of that elephant and seven others, the rest were all drowned. The

king's rashness was severely punished by so great a loss. He took a solemn vow never to indulge again in wine till he had wiped away the stain of this defeat; and for this purpose he bent his whole mind to repair his misfortune."

We here conclude our extracts, which we trust will in themselves be a recommendation to our readers for a more intimate acquaintance with these curious and very amusing annals: but we must remind them on a perusal to make liberal allowance for the historian's extravagant laud of the Mahomedan, and his undue abasement of the Hindoo. Kasim Ferishta was recording the progress of his own religion, and the glories of his own people. Colonel Briggs's book is one of those which belong to the library as a sterling and permanent work.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Florence; or, the Aspirant: a Novel. 3 vols. London, 1829. Whittaker and Co.

INTO what unknown region will the novel writer adventure for materials? We have gone back upon the past, till not a bone has been left in the graves of our ancestors undisturbed;—we have lifted up the crimson curtains of modern life, till the mysteries of fashion are familiar in our mouths as household words;—love has not a distress, or sentiment, or danger, that has not been portrayed to the minutest particle. Yet the author of the work before us has, at least, novelty of subject:—under the guise of a fiction we are involved in the mazes of religious discussion; and *Florence* is, in reality, but a defence of the Roman Catholic religion, embodied in the history of a young and fair convert. We will leave these polemical disputes to the higher authority of our divines, and confine ourselves to the literary merits of the work in question; and in this point of view it is below mediocrity. The picture of English society is as untrue as it is absurd; and the only touch which discovers knowledge of human nature is where the heroine, after hearing a young and handsome Jesuit preach, is made to exclaim, "O that I might be adopted by that holy and elegant man!"

Miscellanies in Prose and Verse; consisting of the Inspector, a periodical Paper. By Isaac Wilson. 12mo. pp. 360. Kingston-upon-Hull, for the Author: London, Simpkin and Marshall.

Something New on Men and Manners; a Critique on the Vices and Follies of the Age. 8vo. pp. 295. Hailsham, for the Author; London, Baldwin and Cradock.

SOMETHING old would have been far more suitable to these volumes, which belong to a school of essayists at least "sixty years since," when Flirtillas, Hortensios, Coquetts, Poppings, &c. were the staple commodities of those moral picture-galleries, now as threadbare as they are common-place. That of being well-meaning, is the only praise we can justly bestow on these publications.

Memoirs of a New England Village Choir; with occasional Reflections. By a Member. pp. 149. R. J. Kennet, London; S. G. Goodrich and Co., Boston, U.S.

We really do not see enough of merit in these pages to justify their republication in this country. The squabbles among the psalm-singers in the gallery of a country church are matters, we know, of mighty import to the parties concerned; yet their interest must necessarily be local. Still, however, there is an occasional vivacity and neatness of description that make

us think the author of these pages might do much better. Animated and accurate sketches of Transatlantic scenes and manners would be very popular:—an American *Mias Mitford* would be a very original and delightful person.

Miscellanies. By William Mavor, LL.D.: with a Portrait. 8vo. pp. 512. Longman and Co.

WE protest against being considered as critics while speaking of this very delightful volume: the recollections of our youth rise up in judgment against us; and all we can do is to recall the many happy hours spent with its pages. We strongly recommend these *Miscellanies* to our youthful readers; they must gain from them something of instruction—some wise or kindly precept will impress itself upon the mind, stored up, almost unconsciously, among the better materials of future years. We recommend them, in the belief that few could rise unbenefited from their perusal.

A Token for Children; being an enlarged Edition of Mr. Janeway's Work: containing Thirty-Six Memoirs of Young Persons. Collected and revised by Mrs. Cameron. 2 vols. 18mo. pp. 528. London, Seely and Co.

THIS is an improved edition of Mr. Janeway's *Memoirs of Pious Children*. The biography of infantine devotion, and the records of the good among the youthful portion of society, are at all times gratifying to those of their own age, who generally feel a deep interest in perusing such brief annals, and in whose breast that perusal is calculated to excite virtuous emulation. On this account such collections as the little volumes under notice are valuable; and we need therefore only remark, that Mrs. Cameron seems to have so modernised Mr. Janeway's style, as to render her *Token for Children* an acceptable offering to the more religious orders. The advertisement, in the midst of all its seriousness, made us smile, by speaking of the liberties taken by the editor "with the additional lives, from the necessity of shortening them:"—a murderous mode of expression.

The Picture of Australia; exhibiting New Holland, Van Diemen's Land, and all the Settlements from the first at Sydney to the last at Swan River. 12mo. pp. 370. Whittaker and Co.

THIS volume has picked out of travels, and other publications, a number of details respecting Australia; but we can neither praise the judgment with which they have been weighed, nor the style in which they are related. Of the Swan River Settlement the author appears to know nothing, though the principal subject of immediate interest for such a volume to elucidate; and we were surprised to learn, from a supplemental note, page 367, that honest Allan Cunningham, whom we saw in good health and at large in London at the very time, had been transported to Sydney in April last!

The Principal Events of the History of Ireland, in the form of Stories. 18mo. pp. 230. London, 1829. E. Lloyd.

THIS pretty little volume seems intended to match Mr. Croker's pleasing *Stories from the History of England*; and we can hardly award it higher praise, than that it is justly entitled to a place on the juvenile library shelf along with the publication we have mentioned, the *Tales of a Grandfather*, and other favourites. It is evidently the production of an accomplished mind; and has the rare merit, treating of Ireland, of being moderate and unprejudiced.

The Library of Entertaining Knowledge. Vol. II. Part II. London, C. Knight; Longman and Co.

THIS fifth part of a very successful, very useful, and well-digested publication, resumes the History of Vegetable Substances; and as we had the trees before, now gives us concise but interesting, though not sufficiently full, accounts of the various fruits which they produce. Notwithstanding it does not afford us convenient specimens for extract, we can most cordially recommend this intelligent volume to every class of readers. The Library of Useful Knowledge, under the superintendence of the Society, has also just published the *Art of Brewing.* Part I. Baldwin and Co.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, Sept. 10th.

THE Royal Society of Antiquaries of France is at its last gasp—last session (if I may use the expression, as they still sit): they never collected above four or five at any of their meetings, held once every ten days; and the indefatigable, unwearied five, "nothing daunted," have magnanimously determined to forego the pleasures of vacation, and to continue their sittings! What they sit about, I know not, never having formed part of the quintetto; or what the learned Oldbucks propose by their perseverance, except upon the principle, that vacation is a sort of *restaurant* for the exhausted powers of the mind, as Veréy's is for the weakened force of the body; and as they had nothing last winter to exhaust their mental faculties, they have no need of the *restaurant*. Quoad effects, this spirited "resolve" seems much like the favourite *tisane*, which is ordered here on every occasion, from a cut finger to a formidable attack of gout; in this point the whole faculty coincide:—however, they differ on others, like two eminent M.D.'s, the Baron Dupuytren and a Dr. Maisonnabe. The latter—who seems to think that our Abernethy and the late illustrious Gregory owe their reputation to their candid manner alone, forgetting that nothing but their talents made the former bearable—wishes to bludgeon himself into notoriety, and was nearly knocking the Baron down, when argument failed to convince him. The Royal Council of Public Instruction have decided, that "Dr. Maisonnabe offered at the Faculty of Medicine, before a great number of persons, serious and unprovoked insults to Baron Dupuytren that the former shall be censured in the presence of the council of the University, on a day to be fixed by the grand master; and shall make an apology and reparation to the Baron, in presence of the Faculty of Medicine, convoked especially for this purpose; and further, that his complaint against M. Dupuytren is devoid of foundation in every respect." There is no appeal: should he prove sturdy, which is most likely, his diploma is recalled, and he cannot practise in the French dominions without it, under heavy penalties, *ad infinitum*. He will probably betake himself, bludgeon and all, to the Netherlands, the asylum at present for the "oppressed by power" of every description.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ANCIENT AND MODERN EGYPT.

M. Champollion's Twelfth Letter—continued.

COMING from Syene, we first meet with three chapels, heven in the rock, and nearly contiguous. All three are of the best Pharaonic period, and resemble each other as well in the

plan and arrangement as in the whole of the external and internal decorations: all open with two columns formed of truncated buds of lotus.

The first of these chapels (the most southerly) was excavated in the rock under the reign of the Pharaoh Ousirei of the eighteenth dynasty: it is almost entirely destroyed. Only two bas-reliefs are still visible, and are not interesting except on account of the workmanship, which has all the elegance and delicacy of that time. The second chapel is of the following reign, that of Rhamsees II. The pictures which adorn the walls to the right and left acquaint us with the divinity to whom this little edifice was dedicated by Pharaoh. He is represented adorning, first, the Theban triad, the greatest of the gods of Egypt—Ammon-Ra, Mouth, and Khous, those who were invoked in all the temples, because they were the type of all the others; farther on, he is offering wine to the god Phré, to Phtha the lord of justice, and to the god of the Nile, who is called in the hieroglyphic inscription *Hapimouou*, the vivifying father of all that exists. It is to this last divinity that the chapel of Rhamsees II., as well as the two others, were particularly consecrated: this is shewn by a very long hieroglyphic inscription, of which I have taken a copy. It is dated "the year IV. the 10th day of Mesori, under the majesty of the powerful Aroëri, the friend of truth and son of the sun, Rhamsees, beloved by Hapimouou, the father of the gods." The text which contains the praises of the god Nile (or Hapimouou), identifies him with the celestial Nile (*Nenmouou*), the primordial water, the great Nilus, whom Cicero, in his treatise on the Nature of the Gods, calls the father of the principal divinities of Egypt, even of Ammon, which I have found attested also by monumental inscriptions.

The third chapel is of the reign of the son of Rhamsees the Great. It was natural that the chapels of Silsilis should be dedicated to Hapimouou (the terrestrial Nile), because it is the place in Egypt where the river is the most confined, and seems to make a second entrance after having burst through the mountains which here oppose its passage, as it forced it, way through the granite rocks at the cataract, to make its first entrance into Egypt.

To the north of these chapels is a series of tombs made to receive two or three embalmed bodies: they are all of the time of the first Pharaohs of the eighteenth dynasty, and some of them belong to directors of the works, or chief inspectors of the quarries of Silsilis. We have also copied some stele, bearing dates of the reign of several Rhamsees of the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties, as well as a great inscription of the year 22 of Sesonchis.

The most important of the monuments of Silsilis is a great specos, or edifice excavated in the mountain, and singular on account of the variety of the epochs of the bas-reliefs which ornament it. This beautiful excavation was commenced under King Horus, of the eighteenth dynasty; it was intended for a temple, dedicated first to Ammon-Ra, and then to the god Nile, the divinity of the place, and to the god Sevek (Saturn with the crocodile's head) the principal divinity of the Om-bite nome, to which Silsilis belonged. It is with this design that the sculptures and inscriptions of the principal door were executed, under the reign of Horus, as well as all the bas-reliefs of the sanctuary, and some of those which decorate a long and beautiful cross-gallery which precedes the sanctuary. This very extensive gallery forms a real historical museum. One

of the walls is covered in its whole length with two rows of great stele, or bas-reliefs, sculptured on the rock, and for the most part of various epochs: similar monuments decorate the intervals between the five doors which are the entrances to this curious museum. The most ancient bas-reliefs, those of King Horus, occupy a portion of the western wall; the Pharaoh is there represented standing, with a battle-axe on his shoulder, receiving from Ammon-Ra the emblem of divine life, and the gift of subduing the north and conquering the south. Below are Ethiopians, some of them thrown on the ground, others raising their hands in an attitude of supplication, to an Egyptian chief, who reproaches them, in a legend, with having closed their hearts against prudence, and not having listened when they were told—"Behold the lion is approaching the land of Ethiopia (Kousch)." This lion was king Horus, who conquered Ethiopia, and whose triumph is recorded by the ensuing bas-reliefs.

The victorious monarch is borne by military chiefs on a rich palanquin, accompanied by fan-bearers. Servants are keeping the road clear through which the procession is to pass; after the king come warriors leading captive chiefs; other soldiers, with their shields over their shoulders, are marching, preceded by a trumpeter; a group of Egyptian sacerdotal and civil functionaries receive the king and do him homage. The hieroglyphic legend of this representation is to the following effect: "The gracious god returns (to Egypt) borne by the chiefs of all the countries (the nomes); his bow is in his hand, like that of Mandou the divine lord of Egypt; he is the king, director of the vigilant, who leads (captive) the chiefs of the lands of Kousch, a perverse race: this king, director of the worlds, approved by Phré, son of the sun and of his race, the servant of Ammon, Horus, the vivifier. The name of his majesty has been made known in the land of Ethiopia, which the king has chastised, conformably to the words addressed to him by his father Ammon."

Another bas-relief represents soldiers bringing prisoners of the ordinary class in very great numbers: the legend expresses the following words, which they are supposed to utter in their humiliation:—"O thou, the avenger! king of the land of Kémé (Egypt), son of the Niphaïat (the Libyan people), thy name is great in the land of Kousch, the royal ensigns of which thou hast trampled under thy feet!"

All the other bas-reliefs of this specos, whether stele or pictures, belong to various later epochs, but, however, not lower down than the third king of the nineteenth dynasty. We remark among other subjects:—1. A picture representing an adoration of Ammon-Ra, Sevek (the god of the nome), and Bubastis, by the Basilico-grammate, charged with the execution of the palace of King Rhamsees Meiamoun, in the western part of Thebes (the palace of Medinet Habou), Phori, a man of veracity. 2. Three magnificent inscriptions, in hieratic characters, recording that the same functionary came to Silsilis in the month of Paschous, the fifth year of the reign of Rhamsees Meiamoun, to direct the working of the quarries, for building the palace of that Pharaoh. 3. A great bas-relief—King Rhamsees Meiamoun adoring the god Phtha and his companion Pascht (Bubastis). These monuments demonstrate, without any doubt, that all the free-stone employed in building the palace of Medinet Habou at Thebes came from Silsilis, and that this great edifice was begun, at the

soonest, in the fifth year of the reign of its founder. 4. A great stele, representing the same king adoring the gods of Silsilis, and dedicated by the Basilico-grammate Honi, superintendent of the buildings of Rhamsees Meiamoun, intendant of all the palaces of the king in Egypt, and charged with the erection of the temple of the sun, built at Memphis by that Pharaoh. Pictures representing acts of worship, and several stele more ancient than the preceding, prove also that Rhamsees the Great derived from Silsilis the materials for others of the great edifices erected under his reign. Several of these stele, dedicated by intendants of the buildings, or by princes who came to upper Egypt to hold religious assemblies, in the years 30, 34, 37, 40, and 44, of his reign, have furnished me with curious details respecting the family of the conqueror. One of these stele tells us that Rhamsees the Great had two wives: the first, Nofré-Ari, was the consort of his youth—the same who appears, as well as some of her children, in the monuments of Ypsamboul and Nubia; the second (and last, as far as we yet know) was called Isénofré: she was the mother—1. of the Princess Bathiani, who appears to have been her favourite daughter, the darling of the old age of Sesostris: 2. of Prince Schahemkémé, who presided over the religious assemblies in the last years of the reign of his father, as is proved by three of the great stele at Silsilis. This is probably the son who succeeded him, and, laying aside the name which he bore as prince, assumed on the monuments that of Thmeiothph (the possessor of truth, or he whom truth possesses). This is the Sesostris II. of Diodorus, and the Pheron of Herodotus. Like his father, he was the founder of many buildings, of which but few traces remain. Three are in the specos at Silsilis—1. a little chapel, dedicated in his honour by the intendant of the lands, of the Om-bite nome, named Pnahasi: 2. a stele (the date effaced), dedicated by the same Pnahasi, and recording that the quarries of Silsilis furnished the stone used in the erection of the palace which that king built at Thebes, where there is no trace of it, at least to my knowledge. This stele tells us, that the wife of this Pharaoh was called Isénofré, like his mother, and his eldest son Phthamon: 3. a stele of the year 2 of the fifth day of Mesori, stating that Silsilis furnished the stone for building the palace of King Thmeiothph at Thebes, and for additions and repairs to the palace of his father the Rhamseion (the edifice which has improperly been called the tomb of Osymandias and the Memnonium). Lastly, there are at Silsilis similar stele relative to some other kings of the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties. Two stele of Amenophis Memnon, the father of King Horus, are on the east bank, where the most extensive quarries are situated. These stele give the first sure date of the most ancient working of the quarries of Silsilis. It is certain, that after the nineteenth dynasty they always furnished the materials for the monuments of the Thebaid. The stele of Sesonchis I. prove it, where mention is made of their being worked in the twenty-second year of the reign of that prince, for erections in the grand abode of Ammon;—these are those which form the right side of the first court at Karnac, near the second pylon—a monument of the reign of Sesonchis, and of the Bubastite kings, his descendants and successors. Lastly, it is natural to suppose that the materials of the temples of Edfou and Eneah came chiefly from these same quarries.

On the 24th, in the morning, we visited the

porticoes and colonnades of Edfou (Apollinopolis Magna). This monument, which is striking from its extent, bears, however, the marks of the decay of the Egyptian art under the Ptolemies, to whose time it entirely belongs. There is no more the same ancient simplicity: we observe in it an injudicious affectation and profusion of ornaments, which indicate the transition from the noble gravity of the Pharaonic monuments to the tasteless decorations of the temple of Raneh, built in the time of the emperors.

The most ancient part of the decorations of the great temple at Edfou (the interior of the naos and the exterior of the right side) is no older than the reign of Philopator. The work was continued under Epiphanes, whose legends cover part of the shafts of the columns and the internal pictures of the right wall of the pronaos, which was terminated under Evergetes II.

The sculptures of the external frieze, and of the outside of the walls of the pronaos, were decorated under Soter II. The gallery on the right of the court before the pronaos was sculptured under the same king. The gallery on the left, and all the sculptures of the two walls (massifs) of the pylon, belong to Philometor. I have found, however, towards the bottom of the right wall a bad little bas-relief, representing the Emperor Claudius adoring the gods of the temple. The wall enclosing the naos is wholly covered with sculptures: those on the inner side are of the reigns of Cleopatra-Cocce and Soter II., of Cocce, of Ptolemy, Alexander I., and of his wife, Queen Berenice. This will give a correct idea of the antiquity of the great temple at Edfou;—not from conjectures, but facts, inscribed on a hundred parts of the monument, in characters ten inches, and in some instances two feet in height. This vast and magnificent edifice was consecrated to a triad, composed—1. of the god Har-Hat, celestial knowledge and light personified, of which the sun is the image in the material world: 2. of the goddess Hathor, the Egyptian Venus: 3. of their son Har-Sout-Tho (the Horus, support of the world), who corresponds with the god of love, the Eros of the Greek and Roman mythology. The attributes, titles, and diverse forms of these three divinities, which we have collected with care, throw great light on many important parts of the Egyptian theogony. It would occupy too much time to enter here into such details.

I have also had drawings made of a series of fourteen bas-reliefs of the interior of the pronaos, representing the rising of the god Har-Hat, identified with the sun, his setting and his symbolic forms, at each of the twelve hours of the day, with the names of these hours. This collection is extremely interesting, as illustrating the small portion of Egyptian mythology which is really relative to astronomy.

The second edifice of Edfou, called the Typhonium, is one of those little temples named mammisi (lying-in chamber), which were always built by the side of all the great temples where a triad was adored: it was the image of the celestial abode where the goddess had brought forth the third person of the triad, who is always represented under the form of an infant; and the mammisi of Edfou represents, in fact, the infancy and the education of the young Har-Sout-Tho, son of Har-Hat and Hathor, with whom flattery has associated Evergetes II., represented likewise as a young child, and sharing in the caresses which the gods of all orders lavish on the infant son of Har-Hat. I have had copies made of a great number of bas-reliefs on this monument, of the reigns of Evergetes and of Soter II.

Having completed our task at Edfou, we went to refresh our eyes, (wearied by the bad hieroglyphics and the wretched Egyptian sculptures of the time of the Lagides,) in the tombs of Elethya (El Kab), where we arrived on Saturday, 28th of February. We were received by the rain, which fell in torrents, with thunder and lightning, during the night of the 1st of March. Thus we may say with Herodotus, I think,—“in our time there was rain in Egypt.”

I eagerly explored the interior of the enclosure of the ancient town of Elethya, still existing, as well as the second enclosure, which contained the temples and sacred edifices. I did not find a single column standing: the barbarians have destroyed within these few months what remained of the two inner temples, and the whole temple situated outside of the town. I was obliged to content myself with examining one by one the stones which had escaped the spoilers, and on which there remained some fragments of sculpture and inscriptions to show that the temple of Elethya, dedicated to Sevek (Saturn) and to Sowan (Lucina), belonged to various times of the Pharaonic period: those which the town contained were built and decorated under the reigns of Queen Amensé, of her son Thoutmois III., and under Amenophis Memnon, and Rhameses the Great. Kings Amyrtheus and Acoris, two of the last princes of the Egyptian race, repaired these antique edifices, and added to them some new buildings. I found at Elethya nothing of the Greek or Roman times: the temple without the town is of the reign of Moeris.

The tombs, or hypogea, excavated in the Arabic chain near the town are most of them of very remote antiquity. The first that we visited is that of which the commission of Egypt published the painted bas-reliefs relative to rural occupations, to fishing and navigation. This tomb was excavated for the family of a hiero-grammate named Phapé, attached to the college of the priests of Elethya (Sowan Kah). I have had drawings made of several inedited bas-reliefs, and have taken copies of all the legends, rural and other scenes, which have been rather negligently published. This tomb is of very great antiquity. A second hypogeum, that of a high-priest of the goddess Ilythya, or Elethya (Sowan), the goddess of the town of the same name, bears the date of the reign of Rhameses Meiamoun: it offers a great number of family details, and some agricultural scenes in very bad condition. I remarked, among other things, the beating or treading out of the sheaves of wheat by oxen; and above the same we read in hieroglyphics, which are almost all phonetic, the song which the conductor of the operation is supposed to sing; for in ancient as well as in modern Egypt all was done singing, and every kind of work had its peculiar song.

The following is that belonging to the treading out of the corn, in five lines,—a sort of address to the oxen, which I have since found, with very slight variations, in tombs much more ancient. “Tread for yourselves (*bis*), O oxen!—tread for yourselves (*bis*)—bushels for you—bushels for your masters.”

The poetry is not very brilliant; probably the air made the words pass; however, it is adapted to the occasion on which it was sung; and I should still think it very curious, if it only proved the antiquity of the *bis*, which is written at the end of the first and of the third lines. I should have been glad to find the

music to send to our respectable friend General La Salette: it would have furnished him with some data for his learned researches into the music of the ancients.

The next tomb to this is still more interesting in an historical light: it was that of an individual named Ahmosis, son of Obeschné, chief of the mariners, or rather of the pilots; he was a great personage. I have copied in his hypogeum what remains of an inscription of thirty columns, in which this Ahmosis addresses himself to all persons present and future, and tells them his history, which is to the following effect. After having stated that one of his ancestors held a distinguished rank among the servants of an ancient king of the sixteenth dynasty, he informs us that he himself entered the naval career in the time of King Ahmosis (the last of the seventeenth legitimate dynasty);—that he went to join the king at Tanis;—that he took part in the wars of those times, in which he served on the water;—that he afterwards fought in the south;—that he took some prisoners with his own hands;—that in the war of the sixth year of the same Pharaoh he took rich spoils from the enemy;—that he accompanied King Ahmosis when he went up by water to Ethiopia, to impose tribute upon it;—that he distinguished himself in the war that followed;—and, lastly, that he commanded ships under King Thoutmois I. This is, without any doubt, the tomb of one of those warriors who under the Pharaoh Ahmosis nearly completed the expulsion of the shepherds, and delivered Egypt from the barbarians.

Not to extend the account of Elethya to too great a length, I will conclude by noticing a tomb which is nearly ruined: it has made me acquainted with four generations of great personages of the country, who governed it under the title of Soutensai of Sowan (princes of Elethya), during the reigns of the first five kings of the eighteenth dynasty, viz. Amenophis I. (Amenostep), Thoutmois I., Thoutmois II., Amensé, and Thoutmois III., in whose personal service they held a high rank, as well as in that of queens Ahmosis-Alare and Ahmosis, the wives of the two kings first named, and of Ranofré, daughter of Queen Amensé, and sister of Moeris. All these royal personages are successively named in the inscriptions of the hypogeum, and thus form a supplement and a valuable confirmation of the table of Abydos.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A Series of Maps, Modern and Ancient. Under the Superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. No. I. Baldwin and Cradock.

THE object of the Society in this publication is to furnish geographical students and readers of history with maps of an intermediate size between the large and expensive ones, fit only for the library, and the smaller sort usually adopted in schools. The series will consist of at least fifty plates; and the price is exceedingly moderate. No. I. contains “Ancient Greece; Southern part,” and “Turkey, III., containing the Southern Part of Greece and Candia.” They appear to be very accurate; and we have no doubt that the publication will be very acceptable to a large class of the population of the empire.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

EUROPEAN UNIVERSITIES.

IN the subjoined statement we have included no establishments which are frequented by fewer

than 1000 students; neither have we been enabled to ascertain whether any of the Spanish or Portuguese universities are, or are not, entitled to be inscribed upon our tablet. The estimate cannot fail to suggest matter for deep and sorrowing meditation to our countrymen in general, though it is more especially designed for those to whom the youth of England look up for the means of intellectual advancement.

Proportion of Professors to Students.

Berlin	1 to 13	Naples	1 to 30
Leipzig	1 to 17	Lemberg	1 to 34
Göttingen	1 to 17½	Pavia	1 to 36
Halle	1 to 20½	Munich	1 to 36½
Vienna	1 to 23	Cambridge	1 to 40½
Upsala	1 to 26	Oxford	1 to 40
Prague	1 to 26½	Edinburgh	1 to 102½
Paris	1 to 27		

It would hence appear, that the capital of Prussia has made the most liberal, and that of Scotland the most niggardly, provision for the intellectual training of their youthful frequenters; whilst our own universities occupy a scarcely less conspicuous rank as adepts in the craft of cultivating the mind with the slenderest means.

ORIGIN OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,—I observe in an article on the "Arabian Nights," published in your esteemed Journal of Saturday last (p. 603), that M. De Sacy charges my friend, Von Hammer, with ascribing an *Indian* origin to those beautiful tales. But De Sacy must excuse me for preferring to his assertion the recorded opinion of the Ottoman historiographer, as to the source of what he terms "the ripened blossoming of the most enchanting flower of the garden of romance, which has immortalised with its undying splendour the Nile, and the Nile alone." This passage must have escaped the intelligent and inquiring eye of De Sacy, no less than another, in which Von Hammer not only states an opinion, but delivers a matured judgment, on the origin of these tales. "The Thousand-and-one Nights, as known to the world by Galland's translation, and my continuation, is wholly and obviously of *Egyptian* stamp and fashioning: they date partly from the times of the Fatemites and Ejbides,* and partly from the nearer age of the Circassians and Mamelukes of the Nile: this is amply evidenced by the tale of 'Al-bondakani,' i. e. Bundukdari, the cognomen of Bibars, the fourth sultan of the Mamelukes of the Nile."

However Von Hammer may differ from De Sacy in ascribing an *Egyptian* where the latter ascribes a *Syrian* origin to the Arabian Nights, it is quite evident that he neither supposes them to be of an ancient date nor of *Indian* derivation. I am, sir, &c.,

16th Sept. 1839.

NUREDDIN.

Since the preceding lines were written, it has occurred to me, that there is, in truth and *ipso facto*, the meekest shade of difference between the two apparently conflicting parties; for as De Sacy refers the main composition of the tales to a period when Syria was in the hands of the Mameluke dynasty of the Nile (which endured from the close of the twelfth to that of the fourteenth century), the *Syrian* writer was, of course, an *Egyptian* subject; and, as an individual of a lively and susceptible imagination, very likely,—if, indeed, he was not of Egyptian origin,—to have acquired a high relish for the refinements, pomp, and magnificence, which his new masters brought

with them; and to have moulded his beautiful imaginings accordingly.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Traditions of Lancashire.

WE have seen a set of proofs of the illustrations, twelve in number, of a work about to be published under the above-mentioned title. They are engraved by Mr. E. Finden, from drawings by Mr. G. Pickering; and are eminently beautiful. Without departing from local fidelity, Mr. Pickering, by a skilful management of effect, especially in the skies, has imparted to his views much of the character of compositions. "South Port," "Hornby Castle," "Collegiate Church, Manchester," and "Lathom House," are singularly fine. Mr. Finden has engraved the plates with his usual power and taste.

Searching the Net. Painted by W. Collins, R.A.; engraved by J. Phelps. F. Collins. ONE of those charming little groups of a fisherman's children, in the representation of which Mr. Collins is always so successful. The engraving is very elaborate; perhaps too much so. It strikes us that if it had been less minute in its execution, the effect would have been better.

Illustrations of Natural History. Conducted by J. Le Keux, &c. The engravings by J. Le Keux and R. Sands. 4to. Edition, Part 2. 8vo. Edition, Parts 4, 5, and 6. Longman and Co.

THIS publication continues to maintain the pleasing and unassuming character which it evinced at its commencement. It is peculiarly calculated for the information and amusement of youth.

The Spirit of the Plays of Shakspeare. Drawn and engraved by Frank Howard. No. XIV. Cadell.

KING JOHN and Coriolanus have furnished Mr. Howard, the former with thirteen, the latter with nine, subjects for this No. "Arthur leaping from the walls of the castle," and "Caius Marcius alone within the walls of Corioli," are our favourites. Mr. Howard would do well to attend a little more carefully to the drawing of his extremities: in some of the plates it is susceptible of much improvement.

Great Britain Illustrated; from Drawings by William Westall, A.R.A.; engraved by E. Finden. No. XIII. Tilt.

THE embellishments of this No. are strikingly contrasted. It is difficult to conceive a greater variety of subjects than "Melrose Abbey," "Hampstead Heath," "Newmarket," and "Lymouth and Linton." The last-mentioned is certainly the most picturesque; but they are all pleasing in their way.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

STANZAS.

(Unpublished.)

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy Tree,
Thy branches ne'er remember
Their green felicity:
The north cannot undo them,
With a sleety whistle through them;
Nor frozen thawings glue them
From budding at the prime.

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy Brook,

Thy bubble's ne'er remember
Apollo's summer look;
But with a sweet forgetting,
They stay their crystal fretting,
Never, never petting
About the frozen time.

Ah! would 'twere so with many
A gentle Girl and Boy!
But were there ever any
Writhed not at passed joy?
To know the change and feel it,
When there is none to heal it,
Nor numbed sense to steel it,
Was never said in rhyme.

JOHN KEATS.

THE STORM.

THERE is a Ship upon the western deep,
One only which the eye discerns between
The cliff and the horizon—for the storms
Have made old Ocean's realm a solitude,
Where man may fear to roam.

The winds are up
Again, maddening the wave; and from the strand

There comes a heavier sound, a lengthened roar,
Each moment deeper, rolling on the ear
With most portentous voice. Rock howls to rock,

Headland to headland, and upon the wings
Of the wild gale of eve the feathery foam
Sails o'er the dim-seen capes; the strong-winged gull

With scream prophetic seeks his savage cliff;
And e'en the bird that loves to sail among
The ridges of the sea, with hurried wing
Flies from the blast's dread onset. Swift the Sun

Descends beneath the wave, and, black as night,
And big with fate, the giant Tempest comes,
Darkening the occident, as if to quench
The last faint streaks of day.

At once the womb
Of horror bursts; the lightning gilds the sea
E'en to the far horizon. Ocean roars
To the loud Thunder; and the Thunder speaks
To the rebellious Ocean with a voice
So terrible, that all the rush and roar
Of waves are but the murmuring of rills,
To that deep, everlasting tone which peals
From Niagara, flinging down his steep
The rivers of a world.

Again the flash
Hisses along the main, and hovers there
As if it lingered o'er the black abyss,
And raised its veil of darkness, but to shew
Its wild and tortured face. There is no eye
That looks upon the writhing billows now,
But turns away and hails the gloom which drops
At once upon them, when the arrowy fires
Vanish a moment. The remorseless winds
Grow mightier with the deepening night, and scourge

The waves to madness, and each moment burst
With tenfold added power, and shriek and cry
Almost unearthly.

Morning came at last:
The eye looked out upon the watery world—
With fearful glance looked east and west, but all
Was wild and solitary, and the surge
Dashed on the groaning cliff, and foaming rose
And roared, as 'twere triumphing. Nought
was heard
But the mad mirth of mountain billows, mixed
With revelry of winds, that through the night,
Like bloodhound on the stretch, had chased
that Ship,
Flying with lightning-speed in vain. Ah!

* Of the tenth to the twelfth centuries.

The flash had lit the seaman to his grave—
The sea-dog feasted on the dead!

Plymouth.

N. T. CARRINGTON.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE BLACK SEA.

(At a period when every thing descriptive of Turkish feelings and habits is more than usually interesting, we select the following from the MS. notes of M. Fontanier, who was sent into the East by the French Government, and with instructions from the Geographical Society at Paris.)

At the close of the winter of 1826 I left Georgia for Redut-Kale, where I was desirous of embarking for Trebisond. With this view, I made terms with a Turkish captain, who had just entered the harbour with a cargo of citrons and dried fruits, which he intended to barter for Turkish wheat; an article sold at a low rate by the Mingrelians. My passage being secured, I went into quarantine, spent the night on board of the vessel, and received permission to depart the next morning from the superintendent of the Russian lazaretto; who availed himself of the opportunity afforded, by our having been allowed to enter the day before without being either examined or reported, to make a display of his authority by administering a score of *coups de bâton* upon the backs of the offending sentinels.

My companion was a young Byzantian, who had followed some merchants into Persia as an interpreter, and was now on his way homeward. * * * Our vessel had but one mast, with a large sail, besides a foresail and two small ones: it had what was intended to serve as a deck, and in her after-part was a species of hold, dignified by the name of a cabin, in which we stretched a carpet upon the substratum of maize. She was navigated by five sailors, who were interested in the vessel's adventure, and before the anchor was raised betook themselves to their prayers; which being ended, we steered our course through narrow channels, to the mouth of the Copi; and setting our sails, were wafted, by a stiff breeze, along the coast of Georgia. The mouth of the Phasis being speedily doubled, about noon we were in sight of the mountain behind Batum; left the Caucasus on our stern, and gradually approached the lofty ranges of Asia Minor. Both of these elevated masses run nearly parallel to each other from north-east to south-west: a branch of the Caucasus passes through Suram, and forms a junction with the opposite chain; whilst at the foot of the three mountains lie the marshy plains of Mingrelia, and spacious forests of Gurriel, through which flow the Phasis and Copi, descending from the towering Caucasus.

As the wind continued favourable during the night, we determined upon holding our course, frail as our bark was, in a straight line to Trebisond; but were assailed the next morning by so strong a north-easter, that we were compelled to put our helm about, and make for the coast. The clouds were arrested by the mountain tops, and collecting in a heavy mass over them, we had scarcely time to gain a sheltered roadstead, when a tempest vomited its fury around us: it continued eight-and-forty hours, and we were obliged to wait until the forty-ninth, employing ourselves in the interval on the repair of our solitary mast, which he blast had snapped. Hospitality is so rare in this quarter of the globe, that our roommates canvassed the matter over and over gain before they ventured to set foot on shore; and even then declined to take us with them,

as we should have been inevitably consigned to incarceration. They had previously felt great alarm at the prospect of being compelled to take refuge in Batum, where they would have been certain to experience maltreatment. In fact the four or five districts between Trebisond and that place are generally at variance; nor can any native, much less a stranger, attempt to land without imminent danger. * * * There are many bights, such as that in which we lay, along this coast: the mountain chains of Asia Minor run in a north-westerly direction; and their points, jutting out into the sea, afford shelter to wind-bound navigators.

We prosecuted our course towards midnight, and in the morning came in sight of *Risa*, or *Irissa*, a place of considerable traffic, which its inhabitants consider a gem in their sovereign's aigrette: it lies upon the sea-shore, and contains about four thousand souls. The houses are not crowded upon one another, as in other parts of Turkey; but each of them is encircled by trees, and many are surrounded by a fenced parterre, in which maize is grown. Some few, situated on the declivity of a hill, wore a picturesque appearance in the distance, but we were completely undeceived on a nearer approach: a similar impression accompanies the remote aspect of most of the towns, and even villages, in Turkey. The natives are happy in their choice of sites: they are an indolent race of beings, and their gazing propensity impels them to prefer situations on which Nature has been lavish of her gifts; but the inert habits of the Turk bring under the stranger's closer eye a mass of ruins, instead of a knot of smiling habitations. No region would surpass the shores of the Black Sea in productiveness, were it not the scene of perpetual strife.

Suermene, the next spot we made, was the native place of our captain and his crew—their land of promise; and in defiance of the phlegmatic mien they put on, their patience was evidently succumbing under the pitiless indolence of the breeze. "God is great!" exclaimed the captain, as if apprehensive that his over-anxious petitions had insulted his Maker; and every lip responded "God is great!" with an affectation of unconcern which speedily faded from their brows. As we came alongside of the town in the afternoon, a boat put off from the shore: the helmsman carried a musket across his shoulder; his girdle was hung with pistols, a dagger, and several water-bullets. He instantly recognised the captain, who had been away a whole month. "Ah! Ali Reis, is it you? Welcome back, my friend—Mahmud, I'm glad to see thee. But what infidels are those you have on board?" "They are sons of some noble Franks," returned Ali Reis, "and we are taking them to Trebisond." "You are welcome, sirs." "Have you any thing new a-shore?" asked the Reis. "Nothing at all; only the son of the Aga of Risa has murdered his cousin in a fit of jealousy, and is come to us for shelter; 'tis a fine lad: ay, and Allah forgive my bad memory, Hussein laid a charge of gunpowder under your neighbour's house, and has blown it to atoms; five lives were lost by the accident." "That's an unfortunate piece of business," exclaimed Ali. "Not worth another thought; 'twas a parcel of children!" During this confabulation our boat was lowered, the whole crew armed themselves completely, and made for the shore, as if they were about to take the place by storm. In a few minutes our ears were saluted with the din of musketry; but it was mere *vox et præterea nihil*;

as it turned out to be nothing more than a *salvo* in honour of our friends' return, which they re-echoed from the muzzles of their own pieces. Anxious as I was to get loose from the pit in which I had been immured during the last four days, I was obliged to pass the night on board, and await the return of our crew. It appeared strange to me that the captain should venture to leave his ship and cargo in so perilous a neighbourhood with no better protection than a couple of travellers, who would have made but a sorry show against any predatory attempt. He certainly seemed struck when I made this observation to him, though he parried it by telling me, that from the moment the anchor was lowered, the property was looked upon as under the immediate safeguard of the inhabitants;—a strange sort of consanguinity this, between honesty and Vandalism!

At an early hour the next morning the sailors returned, with a number of their fellow-townsmen, who came to purchase their maize, and began their operations by coming up to us and examining our apparel: a dyer laid his indigo-clotted fingers upon my spectacles, and when he found his fist in such close proximity to my face, he seemed delighted beyond measure with the freak it suggested, and evinced an intention of making me look blue upon the occasion. He was taken somewhat a-back; however, when I ventured to push him away, but much more so when the captain stepped in between us and sided with me. "What! isn't this fellow an infidel?" he inquired: "am I to lose my right of exercising my craft upon him? am I doing any thing to hurt him?" There was sufficient point about these arguments to create an occasion for a pretty long discussion on the difference between a Frank and a Rajah; and my advocate dexterously enforced his remonstrances by a declaration, that on his return-voyage he would have to present the commandant of Redut-Kale with a certificate that he had taken due care of his passengers,—a circumstance which, as he alleged, to a certain extent made him responsible for our good treatment. Thenceforward, no further attempt was made to molest us. The aga of the village, who was interested in the cargo, next made his appearance on board, accompanied by the young man who had murdered his relative but two days before; he having, by that deed of valour, approved himself worthy of being appointed the aga's body-guard. During his visit, he descanted knowingly on politics, insisted upon the indubitable superiority of the Turks over every other power; lost no opportunity of abusing the Russians, and, in conclusion, graciously permitted us to set foot upon his territory. Not a moment was wasted in availing ourselves of the license; and our first visit was to the bazar, which we found in no small bustle, in consequence of the arrival of a caravan from Balbut. But not an individual would take us in. I had observed in the neighbourhood the ruins of a castle upon a hill, but I was not allowed to approach it; for the inhabitants not only declared that it contained hidden treasures, but had even attempted one night to try their luck at an excavation. Though they had found nothing, they were apprehensive lest the pasha should avail himself of the circumstance to extort a contribution from them: and on this account, my informant conjured me not to open my lips upon the subject.

Suermene contains about two thousand souls, Turks and Greeks. Their dwellings are low and insignificant, though built of stone; the

walls substantial enough for every purpose of defence; and most of the houses surrounded by an enclosure, in which maize (the principal food of their owners) is grown. They use it for bread and cakes, which are roasted in ashes, and esteemed a tit-bit: for my own part, I preferred the black rye-bread which I purchased at the bazar. The place also produces fruit, which is sent to Balbut: its olive-trees are numerous, though of a diminutive species; and citrons succeed better at Risa, whence they are exported to Redut-Kale and Trebisond. A considerable traffic is also carried on in hazelnuts and dried figs. The shops are ill supplied, and the majority of them belong to Greeks, who deal in woollens, cottons, tobacco, and groceries. Every shopkeeper has a loaded musket at his elbow, and is frequently called upon to use it when an attack is made by the neighbouring villagers. But when a quarrel breaks out between them and the town's-people, they, as Christians, are not allowed to employ firearms, but adopt a more prudent course, and put up with a cudgelling, as a ready means of terminating the broil. I was an eye-witness of the severe drubbing bestowed upon one of this ill-starred race, who objected to take up a hoe and join others of his own faith in working upon the aga's property. * * * Every Turk is abroad during the day-time; they collect in the bazar, smoke their pipes, and spend their hours in conversation: when evening approaches they go home to their families. Our skipper (who was anxious we should not conceive him to be impatient to see *his wife*!) had his children sent to him on the day of his arrival, and avoided crossing his own threshold until the following day, when, as he did not think fit to favour us with an invitation, we were doomed to wander about like outcasts in our foreign habiliments, exposed to the hostile stare of his suspicious countrymen. That we might be more at our ease, we therefore returned on board of our vessel, and here we remained in duration two days longer, whilst the cargo was discharging, and some unexpected difficulty was adjusted. The pasha of Trebisond was at war with an aga, a neighbour of the Suermeniotas, who had made common cause with him; they did not dare, therefore, to suffer themselves to be seen by their enemies, who would have instantly made a caption of the vessel and cargo; but got out of the dilemma by adopting an expedient of every-day occurrence among the Turks: on the one hand, they sent off proposals for settling their differences to the pasha, and promised him due submission and payment of the *fic*; and, at the same moment, shipped off, in the bark which carried the despatches, fifteen men, with the aga's nephew at their head, to the assistance of the rebel. These young adventurers, who were of course a sample of the most unruly fellows of the town, were destined to be our travelling companions to Trebisond, and met us on board of a large vessel with a single sail; but as it came on to blow hard, we were obliged to bring to, and they preferred going ashore and making their way by land. The captain was as much delighted to get rid of them as ourselves, and eagerly resumed his course, fearing lest they should change their minds and come on board again.

The coast of the Euxine, till we reached Trebisond, afforded a most delightful prospect; there were houses and gardens in all directions; and though judging from the uncultivated state of the soil that the population must be scant, yet their dwellings lay so scattered as to give the country an appearance of being well peopled.

In some places we perceived ruins—a sort of signal-posts that the traveller is approaching the capital of some ancient state. We doubled several small points of the mountain ridges, and I observed that a basaltic soil appeared to cover the limestone, which was the predominant mass throughout this elevated region. About five miles east of Trebisond I discerned two pyramids, which are probably used as light-houses, on the top of a hill. We ran into the harbour in the middle of the night, and were compelled to await the return of daylight before we could set foot within the last capital of the Greek empire. Trebisond lies on the seashore, the port being behind a promontory east of the town, beyond the outer extremity of which a pier has been built. This pier is a great protection to vessels against the dreadful north-west wind which rages in the Euxine during the summer, but in winter they are compelled to shelter at Platana, about five miles off. The flat on which the town lies, rises about ninety feet above the level of the sea; the dwellings of the Greeks and Armenians descending in an amphitheatre to the shore. The Christian population amounts to five or six hundred; but the Mahomedan is estimated at sixty thousand. With the exception of the French consul's residence, the houses are but of a mean description, and resemble a heap of prisons, for the walls are solid, and what few windows embellish them look upon the interior court-yards. Their internal arrangements are much of the same character as those I saw in other parts of Turkey. Every thing bespeaks the backward state of civilisation; and the European is perpetually reminded of the necessity of keeping a careful look-out after his sayings and doings.

MUSIC.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

No. VIII. *Popular Songs, &c.* By C. Eulenstein. Mayhew and Co.

MR. EULENSTEIN, the celebrated and extraordinary player on the Jew's harp, or guimbardes, has here arranged most beautifully, with an accompaniment for the Spanish guitar, the well-known and justly popular air, "Rise, Gentle Moon"—"My Sweet Guitar"—and "A Wreath of Roses." Of these, we need only say that they display musical taste and talent of the first order, and are as pleasant and harmonious as the lover of melody could wish.

O give me but my Arab Steed. By T. A. Rawlings. Chappell.

"A ROMANTIC ballad" for the piano-forte, which, however, we have never seen: It is extremely well arranged for youthful beginners.

O Music, sweet Music. C. Vernot.

THE words are by a Mr. Bartholomew, and the music is Weber's last waltz, which we have heard tortured into so many shapes, that if ever so well done again, we could only express regret at the hackneying of so beautiful a composition.

The Elf-King; a Song. By Aug. Voigt. Calcott.

VOIGT rarely, now, makes his once familiar notes heard by the public,—and this little piece causes us to regret his abstinence. It is above the general compositions of the day,—each verse having a different air, and all being striking and original. The music of the second verse is particularly melodious, though it is almost an injustice to distinguish it from the others.

The Father Land. By John Barnett. Barnett, Moncrieff, and Co.

THIS charming song, sung by Mrs. Hughes, has been heard by every body at the Adelphi, when Monsieur Mallet drew his nightly crowds. It is written by Mr. Moncrieff, and is as delightful in the drawing-room as in the theatre.

Evening Song to the Virgin. The Words by Mrs. Hemans; the Music by her Sister. Willis.

A VERY lovely duet (from the Forest Sanctuary), in which a sister's music does justice to the beautiful sentiments of the poet.

Barnett's Songs of the Minstrels: arranged for the guitar by Eulenstein. Mayhew and Co.

WE have noticed these songs before, as arranged for the piano-forte; and have here only to say that we like them almost better with Mr. Eulenstein's graceful and easy guitar accompaniments.

The White Maid of Avenel. Balls.

A SERENADE composed by Mrs. Col. Stewart, late Miss Wainwright, and, we have heard (though we never had the pleasure of hearing it at first hand), sung delightfully by its fair author. We could have fancied something more wildly sweet for the White Maid of superstitious romance.

I'll come again to Thee. J. H. Calcott. Cramer and Co.

A BALLAD by Mr. Bayly, and the music familiar to us as an old Scots air—it is very pretty, though not one of this popular lyricist's great hits.

Andante e Rondo, from Semiramide. By A. Meves. Chappell.

A *Mavis* would be well understood by our northern friends to mean a *thrush*; and this little piece is worthy of such a warbler. Our young friends could meet with nothing more easy, simple, and pretty.

Adeste Fidelis; with Variations by W. E. Tipper. Cramer, Addison, and Beale.

It is almost impossible to spoil this splendid air; and it is sufficient to say that Mr. Tipper has done justice to it, and rendered it more delightful by his sweet variations.

PAGANINI.

[Mr. Ackermann has obliged us with the following extract of a letter dated]

Frankfort, September 1st, 1833.

THE extraordinary violin-player Paganini has been performing here lately; and although the playhouse prices were trebled on the occasion, it was overflowed—such was the desire to hear this celebrated musician. His execution is really wonderful. He goes to Paris, and then to London. The *Literary Gazette* of the latter metropolis contains a description of him, which is so truly exact, that no doubt great curiosity is already excited among the admirers of musical performance.

DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN.

THE subscription in aid of this theatre has not, we regret to hear, succeeded so much as the hopes of its friends anticipated. It is a curious matter in theatrical history, that there is a very old precedent of a theatre in precisely the same situation with Covent Garden; and the proceedings on that occasion form a remarkable contrast to the present, and singularly ex-

hibit the difference of circumstances, manners, and public feelings. It was, we think, in 1633 (nearly two centuries ago), that the famous theatre of *Black Fryers* fell into overwhelming difficulties; upon which an application was made to the government for aid and relief. Government appointed the magistrates of Middlesex as a commission to inquire into the matter, and they made a Report to (if we remember rightly) the privy council. In this they represented, that on calling the players before them and examining them, they pointed out the deplorable state into which the vested interests of the house, the performers, and a number of widows, tradesmen, &c. connected with, or employed by, the theatre, would be plunged if it were shut up; and they offered to carry it on if 16,000*l.*!!! were granted to them,—a monstrous demand, equal to fully five times its amount according to the value of money in our days! The commissioners very naturally demurred, and called for the particulars which could reach to so enormous a sum. The players forthwith gave in the items, and it appeared from them that the total incumbrance of the *Black Fryers* was no less than 21,000*l.*!! Again taking this statement into their consideration, the justices estimated the concern very differently from the company of actors, which consisted of only twelve persons. They valued the interests of the two brothers Burbages, from whom the theatre was leased for *fifty-one* pounds per annum, at fourteen years' purchase = 714*l.*; some waste ground "for coaches to turn," at a similar rate; and the wages of the players, properties, and other matters, altogether in various ways; making the total of relief, in their opinion, a little above 3000*l.*! Instead of 21,000*l.*! We cannot recollect how the affair ended, but simply that the Report was signed, among others, by Mr. Childe, the founder of the wealthy and distinguished family of that name.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

A BROAD farce, called *William Thompson*, broadly acted, and broadly successful, was produced on Friday week at this theatre; and has since furnished the less squeamish class of play-goers with abundant laughter.

VARIETIES.

Swiss Typography.—Such is the want either of writers or readers in Switzerland, that more than one half of the one hundred and thirty presses it has hitherto employed, have nothing to issue. *Geneva* stands at the head of the list, and has 18; *Zürich*, 17; *Basle* and *Argovia*, 16; *Berne* and *St. Gall*, not more than 9 together!

The Zend-Avesta.—Among the Literary Notices in the Foreign Quarterly Review (No. VIII.), there is one which shews that the first European edition is not that of Professor Olshausen, of Kiel (as mentioned in our last *Gazette*, from a foreign journal), a previous edition having been commenced in Paris.

Steam Carriages.—It is stated that Gurney's steam-coach is really to start next month (the 1st) in working—not experimental journeys—for travellers between London and Bath. A steam-engine, on some new principle, has recently been tried in a boat on the Thames. We heard that it belonged to the same parties: the action seemed slow, and the noise was great. A Mr. Nathan Gough has been travelling in a steam carriage before the people of Manchester, at from five to seven miles an

hour. Mr. Brown invites the scientific to witness the perfection of his gas apparatus for the same purposes at Old Brompton. Surely, among all the efforts, something efficient will be done.

Paris Geographical Society.—At the sitting of the Paris Geographical Society, on the 4th instant, some details were communicated by M. Brue relative to the islands of Saint-Pierre and Miquelon; from which it appears that, in 1783, Miquelon formed a distinct island. Since that period, however, the sand, which divided them, has disappeared, and at the north there is an extensive bay, at the end of which is a port. This port it is intended greatly to improve, as it is thought it will afford a better shelter for vessels than Saint-Pierre, and be useful to the cod-fishery. The roads of Saint-Pierre are very magnificent, and the bay is formed by the eastern part of the Isle St. Pierre and the Isle of Dogs. M. Brue states that the chart of Newfoundland published in 1784 was very defective, and calculated to cause danger, as the fogs which prevail often prevent navigators, going from France to these islands, from observing their position. M. Brue mentions a rock under the water, near the isle Saint-Pierre, not pointed out in any chart, rectifies the errors relative to the fogs, and describes the bank of Saint-Pierre at the western extremity of the great bank. Mention is also made of the rocks of Cape Raze, which are found to be situated nearly one degree more to the east than they are marked in the chart of 1784. At the same sitting a favourable account was given to the Society of the progress which the young Ethiopians now in Paris have made in the sciences; and it was stated that they are about to translate the Geography of Malte-Brun into the Turkish language: One of them is also about to engrave several lithographic charts from the atlas of Malte-Brun and that of M. Brue.

Literature.—A curious plan of literary agency is advertised in our usual columns: if the proposer gets as many fees as we get MSS., he will find it a flourishing concern; and we doubt not that, if properly conducted, it might be useful to *débutants* in the thorny paths of publishing.

Turco-Lancasterian System.—The St. Peter's of Mussulmen is the great mosque of Damascus, constructed by Abdolmelek, the fifth caliph of the house of Ommia. This superb edifice is six hundred feet long from east to west, and one hundred and fifty feet broad from north to south; its erection is said to have cost the enormous sum of five millions of ducats (2,250,000*l.*), and its daily expense to have amounted to three hundred (140*l.*). The various services of the day were performed by sixteen imams; and during the nights of the Ramadan it was resplendent with twelve thousand lamps! This was the mosque in which, as we are informed by Tefkeretub-hikem, Ebu Dürda, a disciple of the Prophet, and the chief reader of the Koran, adopted the system ascribed to Lancaster: one pupil taught one or more of his comrades; and in this way Ebu Dürda instructed 1,600 youth at a time in the art of reading the sacred books of Islamism.

Education in the Lower Seine.—The following is a statement of the degree of instruction of the young men who were submitted to the drawing for the conscription of the Department of the Lower Seine in 1828:—Submitted to the drawing, 5,331, (in 1827, 5,583); number able to read, 277, (in 1827, 172); to

read and write, 2,374, (in 1827, 2,324); unacquainted with either, 2,469, (in 1827, 2,684); number of those whose instruction was not ascertained, 211, (in 1827, 403). It results, by the comparison of these two tables, that the number of young men able to read in 1828 exceeds that of 1827 by 105; and of those who could both read and write by 50; and the number of those who know neither is less by 215.

Revenues, &c. of the Pasha of Egypt.—It is stated in a letter from Alexandria, dated May 18th, that the total amount of the revenues of the pasha of Egypt does not exceed 19,930,000 piastres, which is thus made out:

Direct taxes on land, date-trees, &c. nominally valued at 14,000,000 piastres, but of less real value, on account of the absolute want of means of payment by many of the agriculturists, &c.	10,000,000
Duties of customs	1,200,000
Fees for private monopolies	3,900,000
Profit to the treasury upon 150,000 quintals of cotton, taken at three piastres, and sold in Europe at eight piastres	750,000
Ditto, 20,000 quintals of flax and 60,000 ard. of flax-seed, which are taken by the pasha at three and two piastres, and sold at eight and five piastres	280,000
Ditto upon manufactured goods taken and sold in the same way	600,000
Ditto upon provisions for exportation	2,400,000
Ditto upon sugar, gums, indigo, elephants' teeth, and other articles	900,000
Ditto upon coining at the mint	600,000
Total	19,930,000

Sugar for Wine.—M. Mollerat, an experimental chemist of Pouilly, near Seurre, has substituted sugar extracted from potatoes for that of the sugar-cane, in sweetening those wines in which tartaric acid abounds. His motive for this substitution is, that the sugar of the latter, and that of the grape, are of a different nature, whereas the sugar from potatoes bears a strong affinity to it.

Gymnastics.—The *Revue Encyclopédique*, advertizing to a description in the Edinburgh newspapers of a festival at which a number of Highlanders went through certain gymnastic exercises, in which description it was stated that the best leaper sprang fifty inches from the ground, and that a weight of twenty-one pounds was cast to a distance of thirty-one feet four inches, and a hammer of twelve pounds to a distance of sixty-seven feet four inches,—observes, that certainly there can have been no exaggeration in the statement, and that many of the villagers in France, without having had any gymnastic training, would dispute the palm with the Scotch, either in leaping or in throwing the quoit.

Greece.—Independent Greece is at present divided into thirteen departments; seven continental, and six insular. The continental departments comprehend a surface of 6,439 square miles, and a population of 300,000 souls; the insular departments comprehend a surface of 1,339 square miles, and a population of 196,000 souls: making in the whole a surface of 7,778 square miles, and a population of 496,000 souls.

Population of Paris.—According to the last census, the population of Paris amounts to 713,765; the number of births yearly to 25,156; marriages, 6,465; and deaths, 22,917. It is estimated that there are in that capital 346,188 men; 367,796 women; 224,922 hearths; 366,000 individuals living upon their property, or by their industry; 348,000 by their daily labour; 77,192 from charity; 3,987 sick in the hospitals; 9,771 infirm or aged persons in the workhouses; 12,580 foundling children; 16,000

* In the best times of Greece the same space was occupied by not fewer than 205 cities and towns; and by a population of about 2,500,000 souls.

men in garrison; 429 public functionaries; 10,450 clerks; 446 individuals connected with the law; 1,139 at the Institute and the University; 47,000 students; and 80,000 domestics. This population, says a French paper, pays annually upon property and industry, in *contributions foncières*, 10,404,000*f.*; *personnelle*, 6,230,000*f.*; *doors and windows*, 1,942,000*f.*; *patentes* (licenses) 4,626,000*f.*; *contributions indirectes*, 10,000,000*f.*; expenses of justice, contracts of sale, registries, rights of succession, mortgages, fines, &c. 11,200,000*f.*; upon building materials, 1,300,000*f.*; upon journals, cards, public carriages, and passports, 2,000,000*f.*; lotteries, 25,000,000*f.*; total, 76,702,000*f.*;—to which may be added 22,100,000*f.* for excise (octroi) duties on articles entering Paris; 6,515,000*f.* duties upon provisions sold in the markets; and 7,772,600*f.* the amount produced by the farming of the gaming tables; making a total of 112,043,600*f.*; and to this must be added the customs' duties upon articles of consumption from abroad, making a total of public and municipal taxes on the inhabitants of Paris amounting to 165*f.* per head. From 1817 to 1827 the population of Paris increased 176,463, or about 25 per cent. The increase in the number of houses during the same period was 2,671, being about 10 per cent. The average number of inhabitants to each house in 1817 was 26*f.*; in 1827 it was 30*f.*.

Count Daru, the well-known author of the History of Venice, died a few days ago at his seat near Paris, aged sixty-two.

Silk-Worms.—The Society of Domestic Economy in France have, at the suggestion of Count Lasteyrie, offered several premiums for the cultivation of mulberry-trees, in different parts of France where they are not now planted, for the purpose of feeding silk-worms. The count asserts that silk-worms may be reared, and fine silk procured from them, in almost every part of France; and he states that a sample of silk produced in the North of France was pronounced by some Milanese manufacturers to be better than their own. The value of the raw silk used in France annually is 112 millions of francs, of which to the value of only 15 or 16 millions is of French production; so that more than 100 millions of francs are paid annually for foreign silk. It appears that in Flanders, and at Berlin, the cultivation of silk is carried on to a great extent, and with decided success.

The Hocco.—General Lafayette has imported from South America two birds, male and female, called *hocco*, which are now at his estate, near Paris. This bird, which is wild in South America, becomes speedily as tame as the domestic fowl, and thrives in our climates. The *hocco* is as large as a small turkey, and its flesh is said to be exquisite. The female in the possession of General Lafayette has laid six eggs, but they were broken by accident. It is thought, however, that it will soon lay again, and that the breed may be propagated to a great extent.

Dried Apples and Pears.—The apples and pears which arrive here in a dried state from France, are thus prepared. The fruit is put into boiling water, in which it is left until it becomes soft. It is then taken out and carefully peeled, the stalk being left on. To prevent any loss of juice, it is placed on a strainer, under which is a dish. When peeled it is put into an oven heated to the ordinary temperature for bread, and left there 24 hours. When taken out and cold, the fruit is pressed flat between the hands; and after being plunged

in its own juice, which has been set apart for that purpose, it is packed in boxes and exported.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Tales of a Grandfather: Third Series.—We had previously announced this forthcoming publication, but the statement that it was not in preparation reached us from so high and authentic a quarter last week, that we did not hesitate to insert it in the *Literary Gazette*. We were, however (as we are sure our informant was), misled—for the work is in progress, the first volume finished, and the second in the course of printing. Nay, all the plates are engraved and ready,—the frontispiece of the first volume being a portrait of the Chevalier St. George, and the vignette the execution of Lord Derwentwater and his unfortunate fellow-sufferers. The second Vol. has a portrait of the great Duke of Argyle, and a vignette of a celebrated incident which took place at the Battle of Sheriff Muir: Vol. III. portrait of a Highland Chieftain out in "the Forty-five;" and a vignette of Flora Macdonald. In short, this Third Series is expected to be out so early as November. With these particulars before us, we unhesitatingly correct the error in our last No.

The *Bijou* appears this season among its brother Annals with (we are told) high graphic and literary attractions. The embellishments are from pictures by Lawrence, Stothard, Wilkie, Bonington, &c.; including portraits of the King, from the original in the possession of Sir William Knighton, and of Mrs. Arbuthnot,—both by the President R.A.

We are glad to hear that the *Life and Times of Daniel de Foe* is preparing for publication. If well executed, we do not know a literary biography, or a period to illustrate in the whole annals of English literature, better calculated to make an interesting publication.

Now that Portugal, notwithstanding its ancient grandeur and modern interest, and after so much has been written respecting it, has almost ceased to be recognised among nations, it must appear singular that a new work on that country is announced from Lisbon, although under the simple title of "Gleanings of an English Hermit in Portugal during the Years 1827, 1828, and 1829." This work, however, professes to offer chiefly information on subjects that have not been hitherto treated, derived from personal observation and close intercourse with the natives of all classes. Historical and antiquarian researches, accounts of interesting points in the city and suburbs of Lisbon, tours for health, pleasure, &c.—are also promised.

Preparing for publication, *Some Account of the Life and Writings of White Kennett, D.D.*, Minister of St. Botolph, Aldgate, afterwards Lord Bishop of Peterborough, by W. Burgess.

The third Number of the *Enigmatical Entertainer*, and Mathematical Associate, for the year 1830, is announced.

The *Hamburg Reporter* states that the publication of *Childe Harold*, translated into German by Baron Von Zedlitz, has been prohibited by the Austrian authorities at Vienna.

Le Compilateur, in a recent Number, has an article on the state of the press in France, by which it appears that there are now in Paris 152 journals, literary, scientific, and religious, and seventeen political—in all, 169. Of these papers 151 are constitutional, or, as they are called, liberal—the eighteen others being more monarchical in their spirit. The 151 constitutional journals have, it is stated, 197,000 subscribers, 1,500,000 readers, and produce an income of 1,155,300 francs; the eighteen others have 21,000 subscribers, 192,000 readers, with an income of 437,000 francs. It goes on to give the names of the editors of the ten principal papers, as follows:—*Le Moniteur*, the official paper, from 2,500 to 4,000 subscribers, principally public functionaries—*M.M.* Manabiau, Pouchet, Amar, Aubert de Vitry—*Le Constitutionnel*: 18,000 to 20,000 subscribers—*M.M.* Etienne, Jay, Dumoulin, Léon, Thiers, Thiers, Annde, Desvoisins, Count de Laborde, Thierry, Rolle—*Journal des Débats*: 13,000 to 14,000 subscribers—*M.M.* Bertin-Devaux, Duviquet, Felet, Lesourd, Guisot, Salvandy, St. Marc-Girardin, Becquet, M. de Chateaubrand—*Quotidiens*: 5,000 subscribers—*M.M.* Laurentie, Michaud, Soulier, Mennechet, Merle, Larose, Audibert, F. Laloue, Bazin, and Charles Nodier.

Courrier Français: 4,500 subscribers—*M.M.* Chateilain, Keratry, Jouy, Avenel, de la Pelouse, A. Jumeau, Moreau, Guyet, De Pradt, B. Constant—*Journal du Commerce*: 3,500 subscribers—*M.M.* Best, Larrey, Rouen, Desloges, J. Genouli, Leclerc, Guilleminot, Thomas—*Gazette de France*: 7,000 subscribers—*M.M.* de Genoude, Colnet, Sevelinges, Boisbertand, Bénaben, de Rougemont, R. Perrin, Mme. Bolly, and the Counts de Permonnet and de Corbière—*Messenger des Chambres*: This paper, which since the accession of the Polignac ministry seems to have taken up liberal ideas, has 2,500 subscribers—*M.M.* A. Romien, J. Janin, Bruckner, Veron, Royer, &c.: Its late editors were *M.M.* Malitourne and Capéfigue—*Tribune des Départemens*, a new paper, 100 subscribers—*M.* Daunou, and the writers of the *Revue Encyclopédique*—*Nouveau Journal de Paris*: 1000 to 1,500 subscribers—*M.M.* Lecon-Pillet, Montglave, Eusebe Salverte. These are all published in the capital: those printed in the provinces it calculates at seventy-five journals, exclusive of papers for advertisement, and ministerial bulletins. Of these, sixty-six are constitutional, supported only by their subscribers of the same way of thinking. One, the *Mémorial de Toulouse*, is supported

by the archbishop of that diocese: four are, it is asserted, paid from the secret funds of the Jesuits; the other four are described as monarchical, but of little influence. With respect to the state of public opinion in France, it averages, according to the same authority, among 100 electors in one college, twenty-five revocable public functionaries, four judges, five advocates, four attorneys, six notaries, three physicians, ten merchants, and forty-three persons of no distinct profession. These latter give forty votes to constitutional candidates; and with eight merchants, two physicians, four notaries, one attorney, two advocates, three judges and revocable functionaries, make up in all sixty constitutional votes out of the 100.

In the Press.—Selections from Pliny's Natural History, with English notes, for the use of Schools, by the Rev. W. Turner.—The Mother and her Daughters.—A Manual of the Economy of the Human Body, in Health and Disease.—A third edition of the *Lacronics*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Edinburgh Review, No. XCVIII. 6*s.*—Knapp's Universal History, 6th edit. 12*m.* 5*s.* sheep.—Identity of the Druidical and Hebrew Religions, 12*m.* 5*s.* bds.—Sander's Select Florist, 12*m.* 2*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Paget's Way of Peace, 12*m.* 3*s.* 6*d.* hf.-bd.—Christian's Manual, 12*m.* 3*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Brace's *Edipus Coloneus* of Sophocles, royal 12*m.* 5*s.* bds.—Senger's *Abridgment of Hoogewegen*, 8*vo.* 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Valpy's *Septuagint*, with Apocrypha, 8*vo.* 1*l.* 1*s.*

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1829.

September.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 10	From 53. to 67.	29.30 to 29.30
Friday... 11	— 49. — 64.	29.46 — 29.61
Saturday... 12	— 47. — 65.	29.50 Stationary
Sunday... 13	— 39. — 62.	29.54 to 29.30
Monday... 14	— 44. — 58.	29.16 — 29.34
Tuesday... 15	— 38. — 59.	29.08 — 29.71
Wednesday 16	— 43. — 56.	29.56 — 29.54

Wind variable, prevailing S.W.

The frequent and heavy rains of the past week have been the cause of considerable damage in various parts of the country.

Rain fallen, two inches and $\frac{1}{5}$ of an inch.

Edmonton.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37' 39" N.

Longitude..... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

Meteorology.—On the afternoon of Tuesday, the 15th inst., Deptford was visited by a short but violent storm of thunder and lightning: the flashes of lightning were of unusual vividness, and the peals of thunder very loud and protracted. At two minutes and a half after four a fire-ball fell a few yards to the north of St. Paul's church, but without doing any damage: it was accompanied by a sharp cracking explosion; its course was from the west, and inclined to the horizon in an angle of about forty degrees; the more condensed part of the ball, as observed at the distance of about fifty yards, was probably nine or ten minutes in diameter, of an irregular form, and reddish hue; the colour of the streams that proceeded from the upper part and sides more nearly resembled the flash of lightning with which the descent of the ball and the explosion was simultaneously attended. The storm came from the north-west, and did not continue longer than twenty minutes: about twelve minutes after the fire-ball fell, the sun was shining clearly.

Deptford.

J. T. B.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We regret we cannot be more agreeable to W. G. H.

"A beginner" need not fear our harshness, though we cannot insert his poem.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,—In your criticism of 29th ult., on my "Simplicity of Health," you more than indirectly say that I published Mr. Abernethy's favourable opinion of the work without his consent. I think that you would not willingly hurt my moral character; and as this may injure me, I hope that you will allow for my defence the same extensive circulation that promulgated the unfounded charge.

When Mr. Abernethy expressed himself in favour of my production, I requested his permission to publish the circumstance, and I sent him a copy of what I proposed to state. To this he consented, on condition of my omitting some effusions of gratitude for his disinterested kindness—disinterested it may be well called, for I am even yet unknown to him! I regret my being thus forced to proclaim a private matter; but it explains, however, why I have been so reserved in my praise of Mr. Abernethy, to whom I owe so much.

As to your strictures on my work, authors being fair game for the public press, I only complain that you selected those passages alone that you thought were the most unimportant, and that even those you generally presented unconnectedly, and of course disadvantageously. To this I object, as not being a very fair kind of review; but as you appeared to be in a peculiarly severe mood, for reasons perhaps not inexpressible, I feel obliged by the general courtesy of your language.

HORTATON.

* Since writing the above, it has been discovered that the spire of the church was struck, and damaged by the electric fluid.

ADVERTISEMENT

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

LITHOGRAPHY. In reply to a Pamphlet lately circulated by Mr. Hullmandel, I beg to make the following statements:—

1st. That Mr. Hullmandel has been a pupil of Mr. Engelmann, so far as paying a sum of money every year for instruction constitutes a pupil. The sum certainly was a mere trifle.

2dly. That the preparation of yellow facing was discovered in Mr. Engelmann's establishment at Mulhausen, and communicated to his house in Paris, where, after some experiments, it was found to be so dangerous that it was entirely given up. I have no doubt that Mr. Hullmandel was made acquainted with the circumstance; but supposing that was not the case, what blame could it reflect on Mr. Engelmann, not to have communicated a process he considered as good for nothing? The yellow facing used by Mr. Engelmann, I know to be a dangerous and uncertain process. It may succeed completely in one instance, and be an entire failure in twenty. I have some reasons to suppose that the preparation employed by Mr. Hullmandel is the same, having etched several drawings made on stones prepared by him, the last of which was the result of Bonington. Mr. Hullmandel told the artist (Mr. Colin) that it was impossible for any one but himself to etch that drawing with success, as it was made upon yellow facing, which was a discovery of his, and a secret to all other lithographic printers. Notwithstanding this, the publishers Messrs. Moore, Joyce, and Co. caused the drawing to be etched, and I have succeeded in publishing it in the most perfect manner. It is therefore not unfair to suppose that he who knows how to treat a preparation is acquainted with its principles; and I may add, that were I obliged to prove the uncertainty of that method, I could give facts from one of the very artists quoted by Mr. Hullmandel, who at once destroyed the reports which had been extensively circulated—that our establishment was formed in this country contrary to the said agreement.

As to the testimonials produced by Mr. Hullmandel, one has been evidently granted through politeness, and from its vague expressions, cannot be of use to its possessor. On Mr. Harding's letter I must remark, that that gentleman having from friendship towards Mr. Hullmandel given him all his drawings to print, he has no right to speak of the comparative merits of other establishments, much less to attribute a superiority to his friend. At all events, neither of these letters prove that the yellow facing is Mr. Hullmandel's discovery—a discovery of too little importance for me to have taken this method of refuting, had not Mr. Hullmandel's assertions involved in the question the conduct of one of my partners.

This is the first, and it certainly shall be the last time, that I will answer Mr. Hullmandel's circulars and pamphlets. I should not even now have done so, had not Mr. Hullmandel published assertions as false as they are injurious to Mr. Engelmann.

Let the public, who can feel no interest in statements and counter statements, decide who is the best lithographic printer, from the works produced by their respective presses.

JOHN COINDET.

14, Newman Street, 10th Sept. 1850.

DR. COPLAND will begin his **WINTER COURSE OF LECTURES ON THE NATURE AND TREATMENT OF DISEASES**, at the Medical School, Little Dean Street, Soho, on Thursday, the 1st of October, at Four o'clock. Dr. C.'s Pupils will also be entitled to attend his Practice at the Royal Infirmary for Children, and his Lectures on the Influence of Climate on Health, and on the Diseases of Warm Countries.

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This Journal is supplied Weekly, or Monthly, by the principal Booksellers and Newsmen, throughout the Kingdom; but to those who may desire its immediate transmission, by post, we recommend the LITERARY GAZETTE, printed on stamped paper, price One Shilling.

No. 662.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1829.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Diary and Correspondence of Philip Doddridge, D.D. illustrative of various Particulars in his Life hitherto unknown, with Notices of many of his Contemporaries, &c. Edited from the original MSS. by his Great-Grandson, J. Doddridge Humphreys, Esq. 8vo. Vols. I. and II. London, 1829. Colburn and Co.

WE know not when, if ever, we have perused two volumes of the description of these now before us, with more intense curiosity, amusement, and instruction: curiosity, in following the "amours" (to use his own word, and in no improper sense,) of a young and warm nonconformist clergyman; amusement, in witnessing the various scrapes into which his devotion to the fair sex brought the worthy preacher; and instruction, in studying his philosophical views of human nature, his frankness, his general love of his kind, and his mild and liberal religious tenets. The picture of such a man drawn by his own hand, in his letters on every occasion which could call forth his sentiments, opinions, and actions, is to us worth a thousand such lives as Job Orton, or even Dr. Kippis, could write; and we have been accordingly entertained and delighted with these octavo thoughts of the length of 1000 honest pages.

Embracing so many interesting topics, the largest of our contemporary Reviews will be unable to afford any thing like a competent idea of their matter and variety; and they must, probably, as we in our more limited space are compelled to do, address themselves separately to such portions as are best suited to their several characters. Theology, the education of dissenting ministers, family biography, ecclesiastical affairs, criticism, &c. &c. we therefore leave to those to whom they are important, and trust we shall better consult the tastes of our numerous and miscellaneous friends if we take up the hitherto unknown particulars in the life of the celebrated author of the "Family Expositor" which are here unfolded, and exhibit the private traits of this justly popular and estimable person. It may be true that the medley will seem an odd one; for the mixture of the amorous and of the pious, of the flesh and of the spirit, of the natural and of the religious, of the earthly and of the heavenly, is indeed as naïve and candid a piece of *exposition* as can well be imagined. For it, his grandson thinks necessary to offer many apologetical passages,* which, however, we cannot consider to

* For example: "The gaiety of expression in certain letters, I have indeed been told may with some persons be a source of offence; and should it prove so, I can only say that I wish them warmer hearts and sounder heads."

It should also be remembered, that from family connexion and the advantages of education, having mixed in good society and become familiar with polite literature, there is nothing remarkable in the fact that, that pharisaical exhibition of solemn austerity with which the ignorant zealot and crafty professor overbear the unthinking and disgust the judicious, was in his estimation no proof of piety or object of imitation. He evidently considered a moderate enjoyment of the luxuriant products of nature and of art not only as innocent, but commendable, and therefore viewed the feelings and habits of polished life as in no way unconsensual with the virtues of the Christian.

have been called for by the occasion. Dr. Doddridge was, in truth, a good man, with as few of the infirmities of humanity as often fall to the lot of his kind. He was in most respects a fine character, whether we regard his conduct to his fellow-creatures, or his duties to God: he was amiable, learned, affectionate, enlightened, feeling, pious, just, and merciful, untainted by pharisaical pretence, and sincerely religious without dogmatism or cant. The world to this Dissenter was a world of innocent recreation and lawful pleasure; he thought it no crime to enjoy the good things with which its Maker had stored it; and he was neither guilty of the sourness of ascetic folly, nor of the worse guilt of that too common hypocrisy so prevalent in his as well as in our times, which cloaks its pride under counterfeit sanctity, and covers its hidden indulgences under gloomy externals and rigid austerities.

We will not meddle with the editor's preface, further than to notice that he declares his purpose to be to make his ancestor "better known as a man," by presenting a minute and faithful history of his public and private life;—that he is strongly opposed to the Evangelical party of our church, and asserts that the Nonconformist clergy alone can uphold the pure Christian faith against their encroachments, and at the same time against those now opened to the Roman Catholics.

Philip Doddridge was descended of an ancient family; and one of a numerous progeny,—as of twenty, only he and a sister were left orphans. He was born in 1702, and in his boyhood lost all his paternal property; so that, after several plans were proposed, he was finally educated at St. Alban's and Kibworth, as a minister of the sect to which his relations belonged. But we pass to his riper years, and, as we have promised, to his first affairs of the heart. In 1722 he thus writes on a delicate subject to Mrs. (i. e. Miss) Rebecca Roberts; and the following extracts are curious specimens of the epistolary style and conversation of the period, so familiar, indeed, to every reader of that Augustan age of our literature, and shewn as completely in the young dissenting divine, as in Pope, or Swift, or gayer folks. The first is dated April 17th, 1722.

A knowledge of these circumstances being premised, those passages in his correspondence where a playful air of gallantry is assumed, will not be misunderstood; and those where a more tender sentiment prevails will not be perverted, for such passages occur. If, indeed, a cold Platonic indifference to the general charms of female society be deemed a proof of exalted intellect, or an apathy to the blissful emotions of reciprocal affection, and the softer impressions of the senses, be deemed a proof of sanctity, Dr. Doddridge had no claim to either! nor was it a claim which he was ambitious to secure. To place virtue beyond the pale of humanity, and attempt to stifle in their birth the finer emotions of the heart, because in excess they grow pernicious, is little wiser than to tear away the vine that embowers our dwelling with a canopy of grateful fruit and soothing shade, because the wholesome grapes in another form may intoxicate and destroy."

We were inclined to preach on these texts, we should perhaps be inclined to go further, and to maintain that the individual destitute of ardour in the natural passions is incapable of experiencing the highest attributes of religious feelings: that a heart dry and hard towards man can never be finely expanded towards God.

"Your rules of behaviour are certainly very judicious; but the business of kissing wants a little further explanation. You tell me the ladies have resigned their claim to formal kisses at the beginning and end of visits. But I suppose they still allow of *extemporary* kissing, which you know a man may be led into by a thousand circumstances which he does not foresee. I cannot persuade myself that this pretty amusement is entirely banished out of the polite world, because, as the apostle says in another case, even nature itself teaches it. I would not for the world be so unmannerly as to ask my aunt whether she has not been kissed within this fortnight; but I hope I may rely on her advice, and that she will not deceive me in a matter of such vast importance. For my own part, I can safely say, I look upon this, as well as the other enjoyments of life, with a becoming moderation and indifference. Perhaps, madam, I could give you such instances of my abstinence as would make your hair stand on end! I will assure you, aunt, which is a most amazing thing, I have not kissed a woman since Monday, July 10th, 1721, about twelve o'clock at night; and yet I have had strong temptations both from within and from without. I have just been drinking tea with a very pretty lady, who is about my own age. Her temper and conversation are perfectly agreeable to mine, and we have had her in the house about five weeks. My own conscience upbraids me with a neglect of a thousand precious opportunities that may never return. But then I consider that it may be a prejudice to my future usefulness, and help me into further irregularities, (not to say that she has never discovered any inclination of that nature), and so I refrain. But tomorrow I am to wait upon her to a village about a mile and a half from Kibworth, and I am sensible it will be a trying time. However, I shall endeavour to fortify my mind against the temptations of the way, by a very careful perusal of your letter, and my mamma's of the 31st October."

We should note, that the phrases "aunt" and "mamma" imply no relationship, but are pet terms for female acquaintances; and that the very pretty lady here mentioned was Miss Catherine Freeman,—Doddridge's "amour" with whom figures singularly in these pages. But we proceed with the chapter on kissing.

"I wish, madam, I could fix the day when I am first to wait on you, that you might take care to be undressed to receive me. You know it is my misfortune to be extremely out of countenance at the sight of a fine suit of clothes, especially when an agreeable lady appears in them. I am sensible this is a weakness that every minister of the gospel ought to endeavour to conquer, if he expects his labours should meet with any success, and accordingly I have been using the means. The lady whom I mentioned above is very decent all the week, but, according to our country fashion, dresses best on a Sunday; and so I spend an hour every Sunday morning in looking upon a sort

of habit which they call a brocade, which she generally wears on that day. But I have still some dreadful apprehensions of seeing you dressed, and I hope you will mercifully provide against them. I am charmed with the thoughts of spending another day with my cousin Robson; but then you tell me I must furnish myself with something to make my company agreeable. Alas! madam, you quite mistake my abilities. My modesty and other imperfections instruct me to be on the obscure side; and at best you know there is very little gallantry to be expected from a scholar. I have not had an opportunity of making many observations upon the female world; but I am ready to imagine, from the little I have seen, that a man may have read all Aristotle's works, except his masterpiece, and all Plato's, but his pun upon kissing, and yet not be at all fit to entertain a roomful of ladies. However, there is a book called the Lady's Cabinet Opened, and another Callipædia, which it seems they are extremely fond of; and I design to set apart a whole week before the vacation for the perusal of them. But I am afraid they will not carry me completely through."

Next month the interesting theme is renewed in another letter.

"I am extremely concerned for the persecution you suffered from your *twenty-four* admirers, for I think that was the sum total. I concluded that the merry confessor was my friend and brother Mr. Mead; but I cannot imagine whom you mean by wise Sam! I am sure it cannot be Mr. Clark of St. Albans, for all his appetites to kissing are mortified, and he never goes about it but with fear and trembling. I suppose, however, that it was some reverend Sir, and if it were, I am sorry that you beat him. I thought our cloth had always protected us, and that we had never occasion to exercise our carnal weapon. I hope, for the sake of my dear brethren, that all the ladies have not this Amazonian turn. For my own part, I am not much concerned, for I have almost forgotten what kissing is. However, since I know it would be too great a presumption to use so much familiarity with my aunt, I must beg my cousin Robson to inform me whether the eyes or the lips are made use of upon that occasion. I remember that formerly I had a gift that way, and perhaps, with a little labour, might be able to recover it, especially under so good a mistress. And I am the more inclined to attempt it, because you know Solomon tells us that there is a time to kiss, Eccles. iii. 5. Our translators by a mistake render it to embrace; but the original Hebrew word properly signifies to kiss. However, if the ladies are very much bigoted to their English Bible, we young scholars must yield ourselves to their argument and their phrase."

At this period he preached his first sermon, and seems fond of the annexed anecdote connected with it, for he repeats it in three different letters to different persons.

"There was (he tells his sister) one good old woman that was a little offended to see such a lad get up into the pulpit; but I had the good fortune to please her so well, that as soon as I had done, she told Mrs. Jennings that she could lay me in her bosom. They tell me this may be the foundation of an amour; but I have so much respect for my unknown girl, that I do not intend to prosecute it any further."

To a lady for whom he seems to have entertained not quite a fraternal feeling, he relates

the joke thus:—"The old women treated me very graciously; and one of them, that was a little offended to see such a lad go up into the pulpit, was pleased to declare, when I came down, that she could have laid me in her bosom. Our young gentlemen tell me that this might be a good foundation to begin an amour; but I think I have heard you say that you do not like a married man so well as a bachelor, and so I will let my ancient admirer rest in peace. If you have a curiosity to see my text, you may take your Bible and turn to 1 Cor. xvi. 22."

And to a third fair dame it is thus recorded: "I am particularly obliged to one old woman, who when she saw me go up into the pulpit, was a little tempted to despise my youth; but, when I was come down, said she could have laid me in her bosom. I wish, for the jest, it had been Hannah Robson—but that, madam, you are to keep to yourself. As I shall be obliged to preach at Leicester once a-month, the preparing my sermons will be sure to take up some of the time that I used to devote to the service of my female idea. However, it may possibly turn to as good account in this way; and, that my dear unknown may not have any temptation to take it unkindly, I can assure her, that, after the gravest speculations, I shall still retain so much tenderness in my temper, that she may enchant me whenever she pleases. In the mean time, while I have my reason and my senses undisturbed, I shall always continue, &c."

It has been said that Queen Elizabeth desired to see Falstaff in love; and though commanded by so potent a monarch, and performed by so immortal a poet, we are not sure that there is any thing in the fat knight's sordid passion to be compared with the genuine amorousness of the Reverend Doctor Doddridge, as painted by his own hand. His first confiding of his passion for Miss Freeman to Mrs. Roberts ("aunt," as previously explained) is a curious example. After whispering that he has a most important secret to disclose, he proceeds—

"If I were even at Bethnal Green, I should be half an hour before I could bring it out; and at last, I should perhaps be so much embarrassed, that it is a thousand to one you would not understand me; but being all alone in my study, and almost a hundred miles off, I can give it utterance in three words. In short, madam, I—am—in—love,—and that is all. And, you will say, enough too. And yet, upon second thoughts, that is not all neither; for I am most violently in love with a charming girl that lives in the neighbourhood of Leicester, about seventeen years of age, and, to borrow an Arabian phrase, as beautiful as the moon in her fullness. * * * I have frequently told you that I have a heart exactly prepared to receive the fondest and tenderest impressions. But Clarinda has charms that would awaken the most stupid, and subdue the most obdurate. Clarinda is the darling of the old, and the joy of the young; the idol of our sex, and the envy of her own. You see my style begins to grow exalted, and my sentiments rapturous. But, *en vérité*, she is such a girl that language cannot paint. And now, madam, do you judge what work such a *dreadful* lovely creature must create in the soft, sensitive breast of your dutiful nephew. Reason and philosophy yielded at her first appearance; and when they afterwards rallied their forces, it was only that they might receive a more signal defeat. I own, madam, that your letters have done me considerable service; for

who can resist the force of reason and the charms of wit when communicated with so much freedom and good nature? but, as soon as those dear papers are laid aside, I forget every thing but Clarinda. I dream of her in the night, and rave of her in the day. If my tutor asks me a question about predestination, I answer him that Clarinda is the prettiest creature in the world! Or if I sit down to make a sermon against transubstantiation, I cannot forbear cautioning my hearers against the excesses of love. Now and then, after a long course of abstinence and mortification, I get a lucid interval for a few moments; but if I touch a romance or a play, drink a glass of wine, or take a cup of chocolate, I presently relapse. I am at this time tolerably serene, and therefore I earnestly entreat you to tell me what I must do. Recollect I have a wonderful opinion of your skill, or I should not put myself into your hands; but I beg that you will use me with a great deal of tenderness, or I shall certainly be killed outright. I do not inquire how I may gain my mistress, which, perhaps, might be very possible,—but how I may conquer this impetuous, ungovernable passion. It will certainly be a hard task, but I see that it is a very necessary one; for, in the first place, I have not the least thought of marrying till near thirty, unless I have a very clear and undeniable call, which, I think, will not be these ten years. And a more important consideration remains to be told: this dear, charming Clarinda, with all her wit, beauty, and tenderness, good breeding and piety, is—I am sorry to say it, but she is—the daughter of a dissenting minister, that has half-a-dozen children more to provide for! O aunt! why have not I five hundred a-year, that I might marry a girl of a small fortune, without ruining both her and myself?"

To another lady he writes—and it certainly is not easy to construe it figuratively:

"What have I done to displease the dearest, best mamma in the world, that I have not heard from her in so many ages? It is impossible to express my uneasiness at her silence. I answered her last almost a quarter of a year ago, and yet I have not so much as heard whether she be alive or dead. If the infirmitates of *old age*, which you talked of, have taken away the use of your limbs, surely, madam, you might have prevailed upon my aunt to have informed me of your misfortune, and I would not have failed to have sent you a most dutiful letter of condolence; but alas! my aunt is as unkind as my mother, and will not favour me with her advice, though I desired it with so much importunity; and although the circumstances of my case were so worthy of compassion. Will you drive me into the arms of Clarinda, to bury my sorrows in her beautiful bosom, and to search in that charming friend for all that I enjoyed and have lost in you? If you have any remaining affection for a dutiful son—nay, but common humanity and good nature, let me entreat you to write to me before you go to sleep: till then I remain, in the midst of ten thousand anxieties," &c.

In the next letter he says, playfully enough (and as it happens, by this publication, prophetically), "the historian who writes my life, in the fourth chapter of it, which may contain my behaviour at the academy, will have such a passage as this—'It is not to be wondered at, that, at the twentieth year of his age, Mr. Doddridge grew much more polite and agreeable than persons of his profession and circumstances gene-

* * Clarinda is one of the pet names for Miss Kelsey Freeman; Theodora, in after letters, is another.

really are; for it was then that he received the instructions of Mrs. Clark and Mrs. Farrington, which he found of great advantage to him in that part of his life." The whole paragraph is too long to be transcribed; but I suppose posterity will find it about the 75th page of the octavo edition. . . . I told you in my last, that my heart was an uninhabited box.

I am afraid the phrase may want a little explanation. Allow me then to inform you, that though I have not pitched upon any particular lady, yet I find it absolutely necessary to have some subject of amorous contemplation: and so my imagination has dressed up a very pretty piece of pageantry, which, in my scholastic language, I call the idea of —. It is true, some parts of it are a little confused, as a bachelor's conception of woman always must be; but yet, upon the whole, I am grown so fond of it, that I carry it to bed with me every night; and when I arise in the morning, it takes its place in my thoughts till some graver employment obliges it to retire. Now judge yourself, madam, how this impertinent idea will behave herself when she comes to be locked up. You know the creature it represents is noisy enough, and extremely impatient under the mere appearance of restraint; so that if I have recourse to violent methods, you may depend upon it, she will be bouncing and rattling about in her confinement, and perhaps disturb me when I do not desire to have any thing to do with her. Especially when I seek repose, she will be very clamorous in her demands, and if I should chance not to have any other company, perhaps she may force me to open the door almost against my will; so that I fancy it may prove more than an imaginary Bella Maria: and therefore, Clio, I beg the favour of you to send me a little good advice on this head."

Some eighteen months later, our loving hero seems to have sobered, if not cooled, a little, for he writes—"I acknowledge that I love her heartily, and have been applying to the grand business with a great deal of diligence, and I hope with some success. I have indeed no thoughts of marrying very soon, and whenever I come to take that master-work in hand, I hope I shall remember the important article of a provision for a family; for I have a mortal aversion to the cares of the world, and am fully convinced that it is impossible for the most agreeable woman it contains to preserve her beauty or good humour, if she has nothing to subside upon but compliments and kisses."

Again: "I am confident that I am not mistaken in her, for I have known her several years. I have lived several months in the same house with her, and can seriously affirm that, after the most diligent inquiry, and the most curious observation, even in her unguarded moments, the more intimately I have known her, the more I have admired and loved her. Rational esteem and friendship has by gentle degrees improved into love, under the approbation of reason, and, if you will permit me to be grave for a moment, I hope I may add of religion too. In short, madam, when I am speaking of Theodosia, it is but a trifle to say that (in my judgment, and at a little distance) she is very pretty. But it is most undoubtedly certain that she is prudent, generous, good-natured, cheerful, genteel, and, above all, has been remarkably religious from her earliest years. I think she has a good genius for politeness. And though it has not met with great opportunities for improvement in the obscure village where she was brought up, yet I assure you she has made the best of the advantages she enjoyed. . . . I knew there

is one question which you will be ready to ask me, and which is certainly of too great importance to be omitted, and that is, whether this butterfly's wings are spotted with gold; or in plainer terms, whether she has a good fortune? All that I can at present say to this sage interrogation is, that she has a great deal more than I can reasonably demand; that her good management will make a little go a great way; and that we are both persons of so much prudence and good sense as not to think of setting out for the East Indies without taking some provisions for the voyage."

And again: "I will content myself with telling you, in general, that I did not discover her to be wonderfully handsome till I had loved her about a month; and if I had not discovered it then I should not have been extremely concerned about it. I consider it of much greater importance that she is prudent, generous, cheerful, genteel, complaisant, and, above all, remarkably pious, and has been so from her very childhood. I am extremely charmed with the natural simplicity of her behaviour, in which I know none who excel her; indeed she is entirely free from that artifice and affectation, that has given me a feeling of disgust towards some of the finest women that I ever beheld. I wonder I did not mention her good nature before, for which she is so remarkable, that sometimes she is ready to carry it to an excess. Considering the family and neighbourhood in which she has been brought up, it is next to impossible that she should be mistress of a great deal of politeness: but she has naturally a very good genius; and as I conceive that I have her education in my own hands, I will not be wanting on my part to form her more completely, at least to my own fancy. I have endeavoured, sir, according to your kind and prudent directions, to act an open and honourable part with relation to the parents. They both of them very freely gave me their consent, and assured me that my only business lay with their daughter. As for the lady herself, I think she has not broken my rest above two nights, and then not for above two or three hours. Though she perfectly well understands the graceful decorum of her sex, yet she does not think it obliges her to assume either cruelty or dissimulation, and therefore does not scruple to acknowledge that she is touched with the tender stories I have sometimes told her; but rather takes a thousand opportunities of shewing that my addresses are not at all disagreeable. The principal remaining difficulty which I apprehend in the affair is from two rich uncles at London, on whom part of her fortune depends, and from whom in time she may expect something pretty considerable. They are both of them violent Tories, and I believe that a dissenting minister without an estate is the last thing in the world they would choose for their niece. However, they have often assured Mr. Freeman that they would acquiesce in any thing which he approved. As there is upon this account at least some uncertainty in the affair, I shall endeavour so to moderate my affection, as that I may be in no danger of breaking my heart, if upon the whole I should fail of success. The most formidable opposition that I meet with here in the country is from a large mastiff dog, who frequently posts himself in the lane that leads to Mr. Freeman's house. As I ride upon a horse that is little more than his own size, he has seized upon me twice with so much violence, as to carry off two large pieces of my greatcoat. I did not know but that some of my rivals might keep him in pay, for I have more than one in the neigh-

bourhood; and I was so terrified with the fury of his assaults, that my friends at Stretton were apprehensive that his interposition might break off the match; but, upon a further inquiry, I am inclined to believe that he is actuated purely by a zeal for the establishment, and that he would tear out my heart for being a schismatical teacher: and therefore, out of my concern for the dissenting interest, and abhorrence of a persecuting spirit, I shall sign a warrant for his execution, or at least close custody."

With all this prudence of passion, founded on long observation, and looking patiently so far forward, who could fancy that the fair lady should turn out a jilt, discard poor Philip, and each of them unite themselves to other partners for life? Such was the event; but it is really so amusing, that we trust we may allow ourselves another extraordinary *Gazette*, to finish the picture—for it is rather a novelty to see how serious people manage in these tight gambols.

The Borderers; or, the Wept of Wish-ton-Wish. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1829. Colburn and Co.

WE can conceive few periods better calculated to offer a promising field to the novelist than that which these pages illustrate;—the mingling of wildest adventure with the most plodding industry—the severe spirit of the religion of the first American settlers—the feelings of household and home at variance with all the earlier associations of country—the magnificence of the scenery by which they were surrounded—their neighbourhood to that most picturesque and extraordinary of people we call savages;—these, surely, are materials for the novelist, and in Mr. Cooper's hands they have lost none of their interest. We shall not attempt to detail the narrative, but only say it is well worthy of the high reputation of its author. All the more serious scenes are worked up to the highest pitch of excitement: if any where we have to complain of aught like failure, it is in the lighter parts, and some of the minor details, which are, occasionally, spun out too much. But again the attention is aroused; and we only lament that our limits will allow short space for the justice we should wish to render. We endeavour to abridge the dramatic and powerfully written attack of the Indians on a small out-settlement; premising that the Indian youth alluded to has been made prisoner, and in some degree softened by the kindness with which he has been treated.

"Whoops and yells were incessantly ringing around the place, while the loud and often-repeated tones of a conch betrayed the artifice by which the savages had so often endeavoured, in the earlier part of the night, to lure the garrison out of the palisades. A few scattering shot, discharged with deliberation, and from every exposed point within the works, proclaimed both the coolness and the vigilance of the defendants. The little gun in the block-house was silent, for the Puritan knew too well its real power to lessen its reputation by a too frequent use. The weapon was therefore reserved for those moments of pressing danger that would be sure to arrive. On this spectacle Ruth gazed in fearful sadness. The long-sustained and sylvan security of her abode was violently destroyed, and in the place of a quiet, which had approached, as near as may be on earth, to that holy peace for which her spirit strove, she and all she most loved were suddenly confronted to the most frightful exhibition of human horrors. In such a moment, the feelings of a mother were likely to revive;

and ere time was given for reflection, aided by the light of the conflagration, the matron was moving swiftly through the intricate passages of the dwelling, in quest of those whom she had placed in the security of the chambers. 'Thou hast remembered to avoid looking on the fields, my children,' said the nearly breathless woman, as she entered the room. 'Be thankful, babes; hitherto the efforts of the savages have been vain, and we still remain masters of our habitations.' 'Why is the night so red? Come hither, mother; thou mayest look into the wood as if the sun were shining!' 'The heathens have fired our granaries, and what thou seest is the light of the flames. But happily they cannot put brand into the dwellings while thy father and the young men stand to their weapons. We must be grateful for this security, frail as it seemeth. Thou hast knelt, my Ruth, and hast remembered to think of thy father and brother in thy prayers?' 'I will do so again, mother,' whispered the child, bending to her knees, and wrapping her young features in the garments of the matron. 'Why hide thy countenance? One young and innocent as thou may lift thine eyes to Heaven with confidence.' 'Mother, I see the Indian, unless my face be hid. He looketh at me, I fear, with wish to do us harm.' 'Thou art not just to Miantonimoh, child,' answered Ruth, as she glanced her eye rapidly round to seek the boy, who had modestly withdrawn into a remote and shaded corner of the room. 'I left him with thee for a guardian, and not as one who would wish to injure. Now think of thy God, child,' imprinting a kiss on the cold, marble-like forehead of her daughter, 'and have reliance in his goodness. Miantonimoh, I again leave you with a charge to be their protector,' she added, quitting her daughter and advancing towards the youth. 'Mother!' shrieked the child, 'come to me, or I die!' Ruth turned from the listening captive with the quickness of instinct. A glance shewed her the jeopardy of her offspring. A naked savage, dark, powerful of frame, and fierce, in the frightful masquerade of his war-paint, stood winding the silken hair of the girl in one hand, while he already held the glittering axe above a head that seemed inevitably devoted to destruction. 'Mercy! mercy!' exclaimed Ruth, hoarse with horror, and dropping to her knees, as much from inability to stand as with intent to petition. 'Monster, strike me, but spare the child!' The eyes of the Indian rolled over the person of the speaker, but it was with an expression that seemed rather to enumerate the number of his victims, than to announce any change of purpose. With a fiend-like coolness, that bespoke much knowledge of the ruthless practice, he again swung the quivering but speechless child in the air, and prepared to direct the weapon with a fell certainty of aim. The tomahawk had made its last circuit, and an instant would have decided the fate of the victim, when the captive boy stood in front of the frightful actor in this revolting scene. By a quick forward movement of his arm, the blow was arrested. The deep guttural ejaculation, which betrays the surprise of an Indian, broke from the chest of the savage, while his hand fell to his side, and the form of the suspended girl was suffered again to touch the floor. The look and gesture with which the boy had interfered, expressed authority rather than resentment or horror. His air was calm, collected, and, as it appeared by the effect, imposing. 'Go,' he said, in the language of the fierce people from whom he had

sprung; 'the warriors of the pale men are calling thee by name.' 'The snow is red with the blood of our young men,' the other fiercely answered; 'and not a scalp is at the belt of my people.' 'These are mine,' returned the boy, with dignity, sweeping his arm while speaking, in a manner to shew that he extended protection to all present. The warrior gazed about him grimly, and like one but half convinced. He had incurred a danger too fearful, in entering the stockade, to be easily diverted from his purpose. 'Listen!' he continued, after a short pause, during which the artillery of the Puritan had again bellowed in the uproar without. 'The thunder is with the Yengeese! Our young women will look another way, and call us Pequots, should there be no scalps on our pole.' For a single moment the countenance of the boy changed, and his resolution seemed to waver. The other, who watched his eyes with longing eagerness, again seized his victim by the hair, when Ruth shrieked in the accents of despair—'Boy! boy! if thou art not with us, God hath deserted us!' 'She is mine,' burst fiercely from the lips of the lad. 'Hear my words, Wompahwiset; the blood of my father is very warm within me.' The other paused, and the blow was once more suspended. The glaring eye-balls of the savage rested intently on the swelling form and stern countenance of the young hero, whose uplifted hand appeared to menace instant punishment, should he dare to disregard the mediation. The lips of the warrior severed, and the word 'Miantonimoh' was uttered, as softly as if it recalled a feeling of sorrow. Then, as a sudden burst of yells rose above the roar of the conflagration, the fierce Indian turned in his tracks, and, abandoning the trembling, and nearly insensible, child, he bounded away like a hound loosed on a fresh scent of blood. 'Boy! boy!' murmured the mother; 'heathen or Christian, there is One that will bless thee!—'

One more scene, and we must leave the rest to the imagination of the reader, and also to his curiosity. They are attempting to bear the children from the flames.

'When the young Indian had rejoined the party in the dwelling, he led them, without being observed by the lurking band that still hovered in the smoke of the surrounding buildings, to a spot that commanded a full view of their short but perilous route. At this moment the door of the block-house half opened, and was closed again. Still the stranger hesitated—for he saw how little was the chance that all should cross the court unharmed; and to pass it, by repeated trials he knew to be impossible. 'Boy,' he said, 'thou, who hast done thus much, may still do more. Ask mercy for these children in some manner that may touch the hearts of thy people.' Miantonimoh shook his head; and pointing to the ghastly corpse that lay in the court, he answered coldly—'The red man has tasted blood.' 'Then must the desperate trial be done! Think not of thy children, devoted and daring mother, but look only to thine own safety. This witless youth and I will charge ourselves with the care of the innocents.' Ruth waved him away with her hand, pressing her mute and trembling daughter to her bosom, in a manner to shew that her resolution was taken. The stranger yielded; and turning to Whittall, who stood near him, seemingly as much occupied in vacant admiration of the blazing piles as in any apprehension of his own personal danger, he bade him look to the safety of the remaining child. Moving in front himself, he

was about to offer Ruth such protection as the case afforded, when a window in the rear of the house was dashed inward, announcing the entrance of the enemy, and the imminent danger that their flight would be intercepted. There was no time to lose—for it was now certain that only a single room separated them from their foes. The generous nature of Ruth was roused; and catching Martha from the arms of Whittall Ring, she endeavoured, by a desperate effort, in which feeling rather than any unreasonable motive predominated, to envelope both the children in her robe. 'I am with ye!' whispered the agitated woman; 'hush ye, hush ye, babes! thy mother is nigh!' The stranger was very differently employed. The instant the crash of glass was heard, he rushed to the rear; and he had already grappled with the savage so often named, and who acted as guide to a dozen fierce and yelling followers. 'To the block!' shouted the steady soldier, while with a powerful arm he held his enemy in the throat of the narrow passage, stopping the approach of those in the rear by the body of his foe. 'For the love of life and children, woman, to the block!' The summons rang frightfully in the ears of Ruth; but in that moment of extreme jeopardy, her presence of mind was lost. The cry was repeated; and not till then did the bewildered mother catch her daughter from the floor. With eyes still bent on the fierce struggle in her rear, she clasped the child to her heart and fled, calling on Whittall Ring to follow. The lad obeyed; and ere she had half crossed the court, the stranger, still holding his savage shield between him and his enemies, was seen endeavouring to take the same direction. The whoops, the flight of arrows, and the discharges of musketry, that succeeded, proclaimed the whole extent of the danger. But fear had lent unnatural vigour to the limbs of Ruth; and the gliding arrows themselves scarce sailed more swiftly through the heated air than she darted into the open door of the block. Whittall Ring was less successful. As he crossed the court, bearing the child intrusted to his care, an arrow pierced his flesh. Stung by the pain, the witless lad turned, in anger, to chide the hand that had inflicted the injury. 'On, foolish boy!' cried the stranger, as he passed him, still making a target of the body of the savage that was writhing in his grasp; 'on, for thy life, and that of the babe!' The mandate came too late. The hand of an Indian was already on the innocent victim, and in the next instant the child was sweeping the air, while with a short yell the keen axe flourished above his head. A shot from the loops laid the monster dead in his tracks. The girl was instantly seized by another hand, and as the captor with his prize darted unharmed into the dwelling, there arose in the block a common exclamation of the name of 'Miantonimoh!' Two more of the savages profited by the pause of horror that followed, to lay hands on the wounded Whittall, and to drag him within the blazing building. At the same moment, the stranger cast the unresisting savage back upon the weapons of his companions. The bleeding and half-strangled Indian met the blows which had been aimed at the life of the soldier, and as he staggered and fell, his vigorous conqueror disappeared in the block. The door of the little citadel was instantly closed, and the savages, who rushed headlong against the entrance, heard the fitting of the bars which secured it against their attacks. The yell of retreat was raised, and in the next instant the court was left to the possession of the dead. 'We will be thankful for

this blessing,' said Content, as he aided the half-unconscious Ruth to mount the ladder, yielding himself to a feeling of nature that said little against his manhood. 'If we have lost one that we loved, God hath spared our own child.' His breathless wife threw herself into a seat, and folding the treasure to her bosom, she whispered rather than said aloud — 'From my soul, Heathcote, am I grateful!' 'Thou shieldest the babe from my sight,' returned the father, stooping to conceal a tear that was stealing down his brown cheek, under a pretence of embracing the child—but suddenly recoiling, he added, in alarm—'Ruth!' Startled by the tone in which her husband uttered her name, the mother threw aside the folds of her dress, which still concealed the girl, and stretching her out to the length of an arm, she saw that, in the hurry of the appalling scene, the children had been exchanged, and that she had saved the life of Martha. Notwithstanding the generous disposition of Ruth, it was impossible to repress the feeling of disappointment which came over her with the consciousness of the mistake. Nature at first had sway, and to a degree that was fearfully powerful. 'It is not our babe!' shrieked the mother, still holding the child at the length of her arm, and gazing at its innocent and terrified countenance, with an expression that Martha had never yet seen gleaming from eyes that were, in common, so soft and so indulgent. 'I am thine! I am thine!' murmured the little trembler, struggling in vain to reach the bosom that had so long cherished her infancy. 'If not thine, whose am I?' The gaze of Ruth was still wild, the workings of her features hysterical. 'Madam—Mrs. Heathcote—mother!' came, timidly, and at intervals, from the lips of the orphan. Then the heart of Ruth relented. She clasped the daughter of her friend to her breast, and nature found a temporary relief in one of those frightful exhibitions of anguish which appear to threaten the dissolution of the link which connects the soul with the body."

The end of the second volume is somewhat languid; but the third will bear comparison with the very best of Cooper's works. The young Indian chief, the regicide, the English girl with all the habits and feelings of an education among the Indians, the stern old Puritan, are perfect of their kind; and it is in the belief that their interest will be as our own, that we recommend this work to our readers.

Waverley Novels, Vol. V. The Antiquary, Vol. I. Edinburgh, Cadell and Co.; London, Simpkin and Marshall.

THIS new edition proceeds most prosperously; indeed it is quite unprecedented that the circulation should be so immense, after the almost glut, as it was commonly considered, of the works in their several previous forms. The neatness, the consistency, the price, and the introduction of interesting particulars connected with the history of these extraordinary productions, however, fully warrant the success which has attended this experiment on the public taste.*

* As every hint which may tend to the improvement of this edition must be acceptable, we notice the following from a correspondent: "In the prospectus (he writes) I do not observe any mention of an accompanying Glossary. This, to southern readers, would be a very desirable accompaniment. The octavo collective edition has one, I think, attached to it; and I am sure it would greatly add to the value of this, which must decidedly take precedence of all others. I notice in *Waverley*, that the vignettes do not, in both cases, relate to the volumes on the *title-pages* of which they are engraved. They, in this instance, both relate to scenes in the *first* volume: might not this be corrected in future with advantage? A reference to the page in which the

The preliminary matter to the present volume consists of the advertisement to the first edition of the *Antiquary*, and a quotation respecting the character of Jonathan Oldbuck, from the *Chronicles of the Canongate*. Sir Walter Scott then states, that no incident of any consequence in the novel has been borrowed from the original who suggested the general idea of this admirably drawn character. He then refers to the part of the beggar, and gives us some remarks on a curious class now scarcely to be traced in Scotland.

"Many (he tells us) of the old Scottish mendicants were by no means to be confounded with the utterly degraded class of beings who now practise that wandering trade. Such of them as were in the habit of travelling through a particular district were usually well received both in the farmer's ha' and in the kitchens of the country gentlemen. Martin, author of the *Reliquia Divi Sancti Andreae*, written in 1683, gives the following account of one class of this order of men in the seventeenth century, in terms which would induce an antiquary like Mr. Oldbuck to regret its extinction. He conceives them to be descended from the ancient bards, and proceeds:—'They are called by others, and by themselves, Jockies, who go about begging; and use still to recite the Sloggorne (gathering-words or war-cries) of most of the true ancient surnames of Scotland, from old experience and observation. Some of them I have discoursed, and found to have reason and discretion. One of them told me there were not now above twelve of them in the whole isle; but he remembered when they abounded, so as at one time he was one of five that usually met at St. Andrews.' The race of Jockies (of the above description) has, I suppose, been long extinct in Scotland; but the old remembered beggar, even in my own time, like the Baccob, or travelling cripple of Ireland, was expected to merit his quarters by something beyond an exposition of his distresses. He was often a talkative, facetious fellow, prompt at repartee, and not withheld from exercising his powers that way by any respect of persons, his patched cloak giving him the privilege of the ancient jester. To be a *gude crack*, that is, to possess talents for conversation, was essential to the trade of a 'puir body' of the more esteemed class; and Burns, who delighted in the amusement their discourse afforded, seems to have looked forward with gloomy firmness to the possibility of himself becoming one day or other a member of their itinerant society. In his poetical works it is alluded to so often, as perhaps to indicate that he considered the consummation as not utterly impossible. Thus, in the fine dedication of his works to Gavin Hamilton, he says,

'And when I downa yoke a naig,
Then, Lord be thankit, I can beg.'

Again, in his Epistle to Davie, a brother poet, he states, that in their closing career—

'The last o't, the worst o't,
Is only just to beg.'

And after having remarked, that

'To lie in kilns and barns at e'en,
When banes are crazed and blude is thin,
Is doubtless great distress';

the bard reckons up, with true poetical spirit, the free enjoyment of the beauties of nature, which might counterbalance the hardship and uncertainty of the life even of a mendicant. In one of his prose letters, to which I have lost the reference, he details this idea yet more seriously, and dwells upon it, as not ill adapted

scene illustrated occurs, would also be a convenience worth attending to."

to his habits and powers. As the life of a Scottish mendicant of the eighteenth century seems to have been contemplated without much horror by Robert Burns, the author can hardly have erred in giving to Edie Ochiltree something of poetical character and personal dignity, above the more abject of his miserable calling. The class had, in fact, some privileges. A lodging, such as it was, was readily granted to them in some of the out-houses; and the usual *awmous* (alms) of a handful of meal (called a *goupen*) was scarce denied by the poorest cottager. The mendicant disposed these, according to their different quality, in various bags around his person, and thus carried about with him the principal part of his sustenance, which he literally received for the asking. At the houses of the gentry, his cheer was mended by scraps of broken meat, and perhaps a Scottish 'twalpenney,' or English penny, which was expended in snuff or whisky. In fact, these indolent peripatetics suffered much less real hardship and want of food than the poor peasants from whom they received alms. If, in addition to his personal qualifications, the mendicant chanced to be a King's Bedesman, or Blue-Gown, he belonged, in virtue thereof, to the aristocracy of his order, and was esteemed a person of great importance. These Bedesmen are an order of paupers to whom the Kings of Scotland were in the custom of distributing a certain alms, in conformity with the ordinances of the Catholic church,* and who were expected in return to pray for the royal welfare and that of the state. This order is still kept up. Their number is equal to the number of years which his majesty has lived; and one Blue-Gown additional is put on the roll for every returning royal birth-day. On the same auspicious era each Bedesman receives a new cloak, or gown of coarse cloth, the colour light blue, with a pewter badge, which confers on them the general privilege of asking alms through all Scotland,—all laws against sorning, masterful beggary, and every other species of mendicancy, being suspended in favour of this privileged class. With his cloak, each receives a leathern purse, containing as many shillings Scots (vide licet, pennies sterling) as the sovereign is years old; the zeal of their intercession for the king's long life receiving, it is to be supposed, a great stimulus from their own present and increasing interest in the object of their prayers. On the same occasion one of the royal chaplains preaches a sermon to the Bedesmen, who (as one of the reverend gentlemen expressed himself) are the most impatient and inattentive audience in the world. Something of this may arise from a feeling on the part of the Bedesmen, that they are paid for their own devotions, not for listening to those of others. Or, more probably, it arises from impatience, natural, though indecorous, in men bearing so venerable a character, to arrive at the conclusion of the ceremonial of the royal birth-day, which, so far as they are concerned, ends in a lusty breakfast of bread and ale; the whole moral and religious exhibition terminating in the advice of Johnson's 'hermit hoar' to his proselyte,

'Come, my lad, and drink some beer.'

Of the charity bestowed on these aged Bedesmen in money and clothing, there are many records in the treasurer's accounts. The following extract, kindly supplied by Mr. MacDonald of the Register House, may interest those whose taste is akin to that of Jonathan Oldbuck of Monkbarns.

* Like the Maundy pensioners in London.—*Ed. L. G.*

"BLUE GOWNIS."

"In the Account of Sir Robert Melvill of Murdocarny, Treasurer-Depute of King James VI., there are the following payments:—

"Junij 1580.

"Item, to Mr. Peter Young, Elimosinar, twentie four gownis of blew clayth, to be givin to xxiiij auld men, according to the yearis of his hienes age, extending to viij x vij elnis clayth: price of the elne xxiiij s.

Inde, ij c. j li. xij s.
Inde, viij li.
"Item, twentie four purses, and in ilk purse twentie four schilling, Inde, xxviij li. xvj s.

"Item, the price of ilk purse iij li. Inde, viij li."

"Item, for making of the saidis gownis, viij li."
(We omit the other examples.)

"I have only to add, that although the institution of King's Bedesmen still subsists, they are now seldom to be seen on the streets of Edinburgh, of which their peculiar dress made them rather a characteristic feature. Having thus given an account of the genus and species to which Edie Ochiltree appertains, the author may add, that the individual he had in his eye was Andrew Gemmells, an old mendicant of the character described, who was many years since well known, and must still be remembered, in the vales of Gala, Tweed, Etrick, Yarrow, and the adjoining country. The author has in his youth repeatedly seen and conversed with Andrew, but cannot recollect whether he held the rank of Blue-Gown. He was a remarkably fine old figure, very tall, and maintaining a soldierlike, or military manner and address. His features were intelligent, with a powerful expression of sarcasm. His motions were always so graceful, that he might almost have been suspected of having studied them; for he might, on any occasion, have served as a model for an artist, so remarkably striking were his ordinary attitudes. Andrew Gemmells had little of the cant of his calling; his wants were food and shelter, or a trifle of money, which he always claimed, and seemed to receive, as his due. He sung a good song, told a good story, and could crack a severe jest with all the acumen of Shakspeare's jesters, though without using, like them, the cloak of insanity. It was some fear of Andrew's satire, as much as a feeling of kindness or charity, which secured him the general good reception which he enjoyed every where. In fact, a jest of Andrew Gemmells, especially at the expense of a person of consequence, flew round the circle which he frequented, as surely as the bon-mot of a man of established character for wit glides through the fashionable world. Many of his good things are held in remembrance, but are generally too local and personal to be introduced here. Andrew had a character peculiar to himself among his tribe, for aught I ever heard. He was ready and willing to play at cards or dice with any one who desired such amusement. This was more in the character of the Irish itinerant gambler, called in that country a *carron*, than of the Scottish beggar. But the late Reverend Doctor Robert Douglas, minister of Galashiels, assured the author, that the last time he saw Andrew Gemmells, he was engaged in a game at brag with a gentleman of fortune, distinction, and birth. To preserve the due gradations of rank, the party was made at an open window of the chateau, the laird sitting on his chair in the inside, the beggar on a stool in the yard; and they played on the window-sill. The stake was a considerable parcel of silver. The author expressing some surprise, Dr. Douglas observed, that the laird was no doubt a humourist or original; but that many decent persons in those times would, like him, have thought there was nothing extraordinary in passing an hour, either in card-playing or conversation, with Andrew Gemmells. This singular man-

dicant had generally, or was supposed to have, as much money about his person as would have been thought the value of his life among modern foot-pads. On one occasion, a country gentleman, generally esteemed a very narrow man, happening to meet Andrew, expressed great regret that he had no silver in his pocket, or he would have given him sixpence:—"I can give you change for a note, laird," replied Andrew. Like most who have arisen to the head of their profession, the modern degradation which mendicity has undergone was often the subject of Andrew's lamentations. As a trade, he said, it was forty pounds a-year worse since he had first practised it. On another occasion he observed, begging was in modern times scarcely the profession of a gentleman, and that if he had twenty sons, he would not easily be induced to breed one of them up in his own line. When or where this *laudator temporis acti* closed his wanderings, the author never heard with certainty; but most probably, as Burns says,

"— he died a cadger-powry's death
At some dike side."

The author may add another picture of the same kind as Edie Ochiltree and Andrew Gemmells; considering these illustrations as a sort of gallery, open to the reception of any thing which may elucidate former manners, or amuse the reader. The author's contemporaries at the university of Edinburgh will probably remember the thin, wasted form of a venerable old Bedesman, who stood by the Potter-row port, now demolished, and, without speaking a syllable, gently inclined his head, and offered his hat, but with the least possible degree of urgency, towards each individual who passed. Their man gained, by silence and the extenuated and wasted appearance of a palmer from a remote country, the same tribute which was yielded to Andrew Gemmells's sarcastic humour and stately deportment. He was understood to be able to maintain a son a student in the theological classes of the University, at the gate of which the father was a mendicant. The young man was modest and inclined to learning, so that a student of the same age, and whose parents were rather of the lower order, moved by seeing him excluded from the society of other scholars when the secret of his birth was suspected, endeavoured to console him by offering him some occasional civilities. The old mendicant was grateful for this attention to his son; and one day, as the friendly student passed, he stooped forward more than usual, as if to intercept his passage. The scholar drew out a halfpenny, which he concluded was the beggar's object, when he was surprised to receive his thanks for the kindness he had shewn to Jemmie, and at the same time a cordial invitation to dine with them next Saturday, 'on a shoulder of mutton and potatoes,' adding, 'ye'll put on your clean sark, as I have company.' The student was strongly tempted to accept this hospitable proposal, as many in his place would probably have done; but as the motive might have been capable of misrepresentation, he thought it most prudent, considering the character and circumstances of the old man, to decline the invitation. Such are a few traits of Scottish mendicity, designed to throw light on a novel in which a character of that description plays a prominent part. We conclude that we have vindicated Edie Ochiltree's right to the importance assigned him; and have shewn, that we have known one beggar take a hand at cards with a person of distinction,

and another give dinner parties. I know not if it be worth while to observe, that the Anti-quary was not so well received on its first appearance as either of its predecessors; though in course of time it rose to equal, and with some readers, superior popularity."

Upon this extract we have little to observe, except that we do not think the quotations from Burns sustain the conclusion, that the immortal ploughman ever seriously contemplated the condition of an itinerant beggar as the fate of his old age; and indeed we can hardly read the bare supposition of its existence, without wishing that his great successor had expressed some stronger feeling on the subject than is contained in the dry detail of references.

The embellishments of this volume are, a frontispiece, by Stanfield, of Oldbuck removing old Saunders, in his distress, from the occupation of boat-mending; and a vignette, by Cooper, of little Davie run away with by his steed.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

The Carcanet: a Literary Album; containing select Passages from the most distinguished English Writers. 18mo. pp. 248. London, 1828. Pickering.

This interesting selection, got up with Mr. Pickering's usual good taste, doth give us pause. We begin to question whether a well-chosen mélange of past beauties is not more agreeable than a gathered collection of novelties, such as we see in too many modern publications. Certainly the former are flowers,—the latter have at least a due proportion of weeds. At all events, this pretty little volume is deserving of its name, though we only take two or three of the smaller jewels off its string.

"The Maiden's Choice.

Gentle in personage,
Conduct and equipage,
Noble by heritage.

Generous and free;

Brave, not romantic,
Learn'd, not pedantic,
Fratric, not fratric—

This must he be.

Honour maintaining,
Meanness disdaining,
Still entertaining.

Engaging and new;

Neat, but not finical,
Sage, but not cynical,
Never tyrannical,

But ever true."

"Farwell.

Oh, Anna! do not say 'farewell,'
Though we be doomed to sever;
'Tis like the mallow passing bell
Of pleasure gone for ever.

Ah! find a gentler language then,
The mournful truth to tell,
Say 'parted friends may meet again!'
But do not say farewell:

Oh, do not say farewell.

It tells of pleasure past away—
It tells of future sorrow—
That summer smiled on yesterday,
And winter comes to-morrow.

Around the heart it seems to throw
A melancholy spell
Of mingled memory and woe—
Oh, do not say farewell:

Oh, do not say farewell."

"Inscription on an old Tombstone.

We end

When scarce begun,
And ere we apprehend

That we began to live, our life is done.

Then count thy days; and if they flow too fast
For thy dull thoughts to count, count every
Day the last!"

These are but specimens, the least familiar we could pick out; but the best of ancient and modern authors contribute to this sweet nosegay of literature. The same piece carelessly appears at pages 108 and 247.

The Modern Traveller; a popular Description, Geographical, Historical, and Topographical, of the various Quarters of the Globe. 18mo. pp. 860. London. J. Duncan.

ANOTHER volume of this extensively and deservedly popular publication has just appeared. It treats of the South American States of Peru and Chile; and treats of them, as it has done of all the countries hitherto embraced in its circle, with a full measure of intelligence hardly to be reconciled with its brevity, and a degree of accuracy rarely to be met with in accounts brought down to the most recent periods. But the editor has carefully consulted all the later writers on his subject, (we speak from experience, having, in the discharge of our own duties, gone through the same travel), and, on the data which they have furnished him, produced a clear and excellent history of Peru; and of Chile, too, as far as he had materials, but these are so scanty, that he could not do much with them. The result is a nice standard work "in little," so well arranged, that we may refer to it for information relative to the past and present state of these provinces whenever changes and revolutions excite an interest in the public mind. That they will yet undergo many of these, is evident; and we have only now to add, from recent sources on which we can depend, that Chile, of which we hear least, is making more sure progress to prosperity than any other of the South American States: and the cause is this—however much parties may differ, there are none that do not endeavour to advance the happiness of Chile, instead of sacrificing every thing to their own lust of power, as is the case in the other governments.

A few Remarks on the Expediency and Justice of Emancipating the Jews; addressed to the Duke of Wellington. By P. Anichini. 8vo. pp. 82. London, 1829. E. Wilson.

THIS is a fierce and furious pamphlet against the Roman Catholics, against Mr. Peel, and all who supported his late measures,—a pamphlet speaking, to use the most moderate terms, very strongly about the aristocracy, the hierarchy, and the church of England—and a pamphlet which strenuously espouses the policy of emancipating the Jews from all disabilities. It is a broad question, and one which is not now likely to sleep; and, therefore, though the tone of Mr. Anichini must displease every moderate reader, and his arguments are neither well arranged nor altogether just, there is a force in his manner, and a curious jumble of facts in his researches, which render his performance striking where it is not convincing.

Halkjeton-Nutshi; or, the Adornment of the Saviour. Printed at Constantinople, at the close of the Rebantishir in the year 1244 (middle of November 1828). 4to. pp. 845.

WE gave our readers some account of a gem in Turkish jurisprudence on a former occasion; and it would seem by the present work, that the "din of war" has not arrested the activity of the Byzantine press. The *Halkjeton-Nutshi* is one of the numerous commentaries on the *Minijetol-Moselli*, or haven of the supplicant; the most celebrated digest which the Mussulman possesses on the duties of prayer; and the production of the actually celebrated Imam Kashgari. Seid Mustafa Ben Mohammed Ben Mustafa of Gisel-

hisar is the author of the publication before us: it was completed three years back, is to consist of two quarto volumes, and is written in Arabic, though such words as are of infrequent occurrence are explained in Turkish; a circumstance which cannot fail to prove eminently useful to oriental lexicographers. On every occasion he has quoted the various authorities in the circle of Moslem dogmatics which he has laid under contribution.

Having given this brief view of the nature of the learned commentator's production, we shall confine ourselves to a few such excerpts from it as may enable the reader to conjecture the character of its general contents.

"Every important concern which is not begun in the name of God, the All-merciful, is pointless.—It was prohibited by the prophet to drink whilst standing.—Actions are judged according to their intent.—The prophet was accustomed to kiss some of his wives without washing previously.—It is permitted us to partake of two kinds of carrion, and two sorts of blood; the first are fish and locusts, and the second liver and spleen. (The prophet was evidently no anatomist, though his biographers speak of him as an adept in medicine!)—In whatever direction you may turn yourselves, you are still in God's presence.—The power of heat proceeds from the effluvia of hell.—Whosoever amongst ye shall make confession of your faith, fly to God for refuge against four evils, saying, 'O God! I seek help of thee against the pains of hell, the pains of the grave, the disquietude of death, and the wickedness of Antichrist!'—On the back of every prayer it stands written, 'There is no God but the only God, without associates: his is the power, his the praise; he is my God, having dominion over all! None refuseth when thou givest; none giveth when thou refusest; and to the rich man nothing availeth his wealth.'"

Ainsworth's Latin Dictionary, reprinted from the folio Edition of M.DCC.LII., with numerous Additions, Emendations, and Improvements. By the Rev. B. W. Beatson, A.M., Pembroke College, Cambridge; revised and corrected by W. Ellis, Esq., A.M., King's College, Aberdeen. London, 1829. J. O. Robinson.

ENCOURAGED we trust by the deserved success of the edition of Johnson's Dictionary in one large 8vo. volume, we have here its Latin counterpart—a publication on which we do not hesitate to bestow our most unqualified praise. Ainsworth's has always been, what it merited, a popular Thesaurus; and, for ready reference to the student, none better could be constructed. There were, however, as there must be in all works of the kind, many errors, either original, or such as had crept in through careless reprinting; and we are glad to see a multitude of these rectified by the industry and judgment of the present editor. In other respects, also, great and notorious improvements have been effected—retrenchment of what was obsolete or unnecessary, and amplification where the nature of the explanations required it. Altogether, (and we have looked carefully through many intricate examples to enable us to give this honest opinion)—altogether we can most unreservedly recommend this volume as one of the best guides to early classical attainments, and also one of the completest Latin dictionaries that has ever courted public favour.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, Sept. 21.

A FEW days ago the obsequies of the Count Daru were celebrated at the church of St. Thomas Aquinas; and, as usual on such occasions, there were many "outward and visible signs" of grief displayed. The four corners of the pall were held by Maréchal Maison, M. Fourier, Comte de Cessac, and Duc de Bassano. Peers of France, dressed in all the glitter of embroidered costumes, artists, savans, and several military detachments, escorted the *convoi* to the churchyard of Montmartre, where Cuvier, Ternaux, and Silvestre de Sacy, pronounced orations over the inanimate body. The discourse of M. de Sacy was by far the most interesting. He gave, in simple language, a short sketch of the life of his friend, enumerated his public and private virtues, extolled his talents, and then terminated his eulogium by "Vanité des vanités, et tout n'est que vanité,—hormis craindre et servir Dieu."

Notwithstanding the *mauvais temps*, on Sunday the carriages to St. Cloud were filled in a true John Gilpin style: the old, young, middle-aged, halt, whole, and maimed, set out in high glee to trip a merry dance in honour of his saintship; but scarcely had the fiddlers struck up, and ladies ventured to look at their partners, when the heavens sent forth a shower which obliged musicians, dames, and demoiselles, to try their talents in swimming. Noah's deluge could scarcely occasion a greater confusion: husbands stormed, wives scolded, dandies hollowed, daughters wiped their bonnets, and some sent the saints to hot quarters. Not a carriage was to be had, inns were full, and many dripping human beings were compelled to wade through mud and dirt to the next town. In short, it was about as bad and foolish an affair as your Horticultural fete must have been;—only we have sometimes a fine day as an excuse for such entertainments in France.

To the Editor, &c.

PARIS POPULATION — UNIVERSITY — SUPERFICIES OF EUROPE — ANIMAL KINGDOM.

SIR,—I was somewhat startled by a statement of the present population of Paris, which you gave in your last Number. If it be correct, the mortality which has carried off 180,000 souls in two years has been most miraculously noiseless!—for I have at this moment before me an *official extract* from the census of 1826, which states the number of the inhabitants of that capital, at the close of that year, to be 890,431; and it is well known that it amounted to 715,000 even so far back as A.D. 1817. Now I submit that your informant must, at all events, be a blunderer; for if, as he says, there were 346,188 men and 367,796 women, the population must have been 713,984 (exclusive of persons under age), not 713,765,—the number with which he unfolds his intelligence. I assume the statement of *men and women* to be correct; and adding thereto one-fourth for *non-adults*, I arrive at a population of 892,480, which I should apprehend to be much nearer its actual state! Having thus given vent to my scepticism, I shall avail myself of the present opportunity to submit to your readers the result of an analysis of the official extract I have before alluded to.

French towns above 100,000 souls—3: viz. Paris, 890,431—Lyons, 145,675—Marseilles, 115,913.
Ditto above 50,000 and under 100,000—5: of which Bourdeaux, 93,549—Rouen, 90,000—Nantes, 71,739.
Ditto above 20,000 and under 50,000—39.
Ditto above 10,000 and under 20,000—65.

Your informant also speaks of a *University of Paris*, and of 47,000 students. It is right this blunder also should be corrected. There is no such thing as a *University of Paris*; but there is a *Royal University of France*, composed of twenty-six *Academies*, of which that of Paris is undoubtedly the most illustrious. Each of them has a rector and an academical council and professors; and most of them resemble what we call a University, though none approximate so closely to our apprehension of that designation as the Academy of Paris. The remaining five-and-twenty are—Aix, Amiens, Angers, Besançon, Bourdeaux, Bourges, Caen, Cahors, Clermont, Dijon, Douai, Grenoble, Limoges, Lyon, Metz, Montpellier, Nancy, Nîmes, Orleans, Pau, Poitiers, Rennes, Rouen, Strasbourg, and Toulouse. Subject to the jurisdiction of these academies are the Royal and Commercial Colleges; and I have little doubt but that the 47,000 students mentioned by your informant are the total numbers of the scholars entered on the books of the several academies, and therefore pupils of the University of France; for in 1827 the matriculated pupils of the Paris Academy amounted to 10,354; and though I admit there has been a considerable increase since that date, it cannot certainly have been in the ratio of five to one.

To shew you further how little dependence is frequently to be placed upon statistical data, I will only add two remarkable instances of discordancy between the statements of very intelligent and respectable writers.

Bergmann	181,682 square miles.
Galett	171,606
Gaspard	168,000
Hassel	155,481
Fabri	150,000

Between the highest and the lowest of these there is therefore a difference of more than one-fifth!

The second example of the uncertainty of wholesale enumerations occurs in one of the tables given by M. Moreau de Jonnès, in an attempt to ascertain the extent of lands devoted to pasturage in the various countries of Europe, to shew the backward state of France in this branch, and to deduce, from general and analytical statements, the advantages which flow from its extension.

Enumeration of horses, &c. bred in the under-mentioned territories:—

	Horses.	Cattle.	Sheep.
British Isles	1,800,000	10,000,000	42,000,000
France	1,656,000	6,681,000	29,000,000
German Confed.	1,900,000	12,000,000	20,000,000
Spain	140,000	1,000,000	12,000,000
Austria	1,180,000	4,689,000	10,867,000
Hungary	430,000	2,355,000	3,000,000
Prussia	1,202,000	4,355,000	2,049,000
Hanover	225,000	676,000	1,540,000
Netherlands	454,000	1,933,000	1,508,000

I shall but remark upon this statement, as regards the British Isles, that England alone has been generally accounted to breed 43,000,000 of sheep, and Scotland and Ireland 30,000,000. And I have recently seen a very careful estimate of the number of that invaluable animal bred in the Prussian dominions, which gives a total of more than 12,000,000. Even in 1821 it amounted to 9,597,151; and in 1827 the flocks of Silesia alone were ascertained to contain 2,250,000 sheep, which are beyond even Moreau's estimate for *all Prussia*. In 1827 the actual number of horses bred in that country was above 1,400,000, and of horned cattle above 6,000,000,—the official return of the latter in 1821 having been 4,275,679. As regards Austria, it is now nine years ago since Baron Lichtenstern reported the number of sheep at

11,358,000; and within less than a twelve-month back, the annals of Austrian husbandry have shewn an increase to 20,000,000.

I am afraid yourself and your readers will become impatient of my prolixity; and as that quality is ever "more honoured" the breach than the observance," it behoves me to lose no time in subscribing myself, sir, yours, &c. S.
Sept. 22d, 1829.

ARTS AND SCIENCES. SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION.

LETTERS dated off the Cape of Good Hope have been received from Captain Foster, of His Majesty's Ship Chanticleer, who, our readers will no doubt remember, sailed from England more than a year since on a scientific voyage to the southern hemisphere. As might have been anticipated, the Chanticleer has encountered much severe weather, and was forced by it into Mossel Bay. Captain Foster, we are happy to learn, has procured satisfactory observations at Cape Horn and South Shetland; and from his operations, consisting chiefly of pendulum experiments, important results may naturally be expected.

THE JOURNAL OF MAJOR LAING.

[In giving this tragical and disgraceful story to the British public, we may notice that the individual who figures so suspiciously in it, viz. Hassouna d'Ghies, must be well remembered a few years ago in London society. We were acquainted with him during his residence here, and often met him, both at public entertainments and at private parties, where his Turkish dress made him conspicuous. He was an intelligent man, and addicted to literary pursuits; in manners more polished than almost any of his countrymen whom we ever knew, and apparently of a gentler disposition than the accusation of having instigated this infamous murder would fix upon him.—*Ed. L. G.*]

It was known some days ago that Baron Rousseau, the French consul-general and chargé d'affaires at Tripoli, had taken down his flag, in consequence of very serious disputes between the Pasha and him, respecting the papers of Major Laing. If we may credit the information which we have received, Baron Rousseau is implicated in this affair. As soon as the official documents, which we expect, have reached us, we shall lose no time in laying them before the public.

News received from Tripoli.

It was about three years ago, that Major Laing, son-in-law of Colonel Hammer Warrington, consul-general of England in Tripoli, quitted that city, where he left his young wife, and penetrated into the mysterious continent of Africa, the grave of so many illustrious travellers. After having crossed the chain of Mount Atlas, the country of Fezzan, the desert of Lempta, the Sahara, and the kingdom of Ahades, he arrived at the city of Timbuctoo, the discovery of which has been so long desired by the learned world. Major Laing, by entering Timbuctoo, had gained the reward of £3000 sterling, which a learned and generous Society in London had promised to the intrepid adventurer who should first visit the great African city, situated between the Nile of the Negroes and the river Gambaron. But Major Laing attached much less value to the gaining of the reward than to the fame acquired after so many fatigues and dangers. He had collected on his journey valuable information in all branches of science: having fixed his abode at Timbuctoo, he had composed the journal of his travels, and was preparing to return to Tripoli, when he was attacked by Africans, who undoubtedly were watching for him in the desert. Laing, who had but a weak escort, defended himself with heroic courage: he had at heart the preservation of his labours and his glory.

But in this engagement he lost his right hand, which was struck off by the blow of a yatagan. It is impossible to help being moved with pity at the idea of the unfortunate traveller, stretched upon the sand, writing painfully with his left hand to his young wife, the mournful account of the combat. Nothing can be so affecting as this letter, written in stiff characters, by unsteady fingers, and all soiled with dust and blood. This misfortune was only the prelude to one far greater. Not long afterwards, some people of Ghadames, who had formed part of the Major's escort, arrived at Tripoli, and informed Colonel Warrington that his relation had been assassinated in the desert. Col. Warrington could not confine himself to giving barren tears to the memory of his son-in-law. The interest of his glory, the honour of England, the affections of a father,—all made it his duty to seek after the authors of the murder, and endeavour to discover what had become of the papers of the victim. An uncertain report was soon spread that the papers of Major Laing had been brought to Tripoli by people of Ghadames; and that a Turk, named Hassouna Dghies, had mysteriously received them. This is the same Dghies whom we have seen at Marseilles, displaying so much luxury and folly, offering to the ladies his perfumes and his shawls—a sort of travelling Usbeck, without his philosophy and his wit. From Marseilles he went to London, overwhelmed with debts, projecting new ones, and always accompanied by women and creditors. Col. Warrington was long engaged in persevering researches, and at length succeeded in finding a clue to this horrible mystery. The Pasha, at his request, ordered the people who had made part of the Major's escort to be brought from Ghadames. The truth was at length on the point of being known; but this truth was too formidable to Hassouna Dghies for him to dare to await it, and he therefore took refuge in the abode of Mr. Coxe, the consul of the United States. The Pasha sent word to Mr. Coxe, that he recognised the inviolability of the asylum granted to Hassouna; but that the evidence of the latter being necessary in the prosecution of the proceedings relative to the assassination of Major Laing, he begged him not to favour his flight. Col. Warrington wrote to his colleague to the same effect. However, Hassouna Dghies left Tripoli on the 9th of August, in the night, in the disguise, it is said, of an American officer, and took refuge on board the United States corvette *Fairfield*, Captain Parker, which was then at anchor in the roads of Tripoli. Doubtless, Captain Parker was deceived with respect to Hassouna, otherwise the noble flag of the United States would not have covered with its protection a man accused of being an accomplice in an assassination.

It is fully believed that this escape was ardently solicited by a French agent, whom we see, with a profound sentiment of grief, engaged in this affair. It is even said, that the proposal was first made to the captain of one of our (French) ships, but that he nobly replied, that one of the king's officers could not favour a suspicious flight,—that he would not receive Hassouna on board his ship, except by virtue of a written order, and, at all events, in open day, and without disguise.

The *Fairfield* weighed anchor on the 10th of August, in the morning.

The Pasha, enraged at the escape of Hassouna, summoned to his palace Mohamed Dghies, brother of the fugitive, and there, in the presence of his principal officers, commanded him, with a stern voice, to declare the truth.

Mohamed fell at his master's feet, and declared upon oath, and in writing, that his brother Hassouna had had Major Laing's papers in his possession, but that he had delivered them up to a person, whom we shall refrain from naming, for a deduction of forty per cent on the debts which he had contracted in France, and the recovery of which this person was endeavouring to obtain by legal proceedings.

The declaration of Mohamed extends to three pages, containing valuable and very numerous details respecting the delivery of the papers of the unfortunate Major, and all the circumstances of this strange transaction.

The shape and the size of the Major's papers are indicated with the most minute exactness; it is stated that these papers were taken from him near Timbuctoo, and subsequently delivered to the person above mentioned *entire, and without breaking the seals of red wax*,—a circumstance which would demonstrate the participation of Hassouna in the assassination; for how can it be supposed otherwise, that the wretches who murdered the Major would have brought these packages to such a distance without having been tempted by cupidity, or even the curiosity so natural to savages, to break open their frail covers?

Mohamed, however, after he had left the palace, fearing that the Pasha in his anger would make him answerable for his brother's crime, according to the usual mode of doing justice at Tripoli, hastened to seek refuge in the house of the person of whom we have spoken, and to implore his protection. Soon afterwards the consul-general of the Netherlands, accompanied by his colleagues the consuls-general of Sweden, Denmark, and Sardinia, proceeded to the residence of the person pointed out as the receiver, and in the name of Col. Warrington, and by virtue of the declaration of Mohamed, called upon him instantly to restore Major Laing's papers. He answered haughtily, that this declaration was only a tissue of calumnies; and Mohamed, on his side, trusting, doubtless, in a pretended inviolability, yielding, perhaps, to fallacious promises, retracted his declaration, completely disowned it, and even went so far as to deny his own handwriting.

This recantation deceived nobody; the Pasha, in a transport of rage, sent to Mohamed his own son, Sidi Ali: this time influence was of no avail. Mohamed, threatened with being seized by the *chiaous*, retracted his retraction; and in a new declaration, in the presence of all the consuls, confirmed that which he made in the morning before the Pasha and his officers.

Now the outlines of this affair are clearly laid down, we submit them to the attention of France and of Europe. The reader will easily divine every thing that delicacy renders it our duty to pass over in silence. One consolatory fact results from these afflicting details: the papers of Major Laing exist, and the learned world will rejoice at the intelligence; but in the name of humanity, in the name of science, in the name of the national honour—compromised, perhaps, by disgraceful or criminal bargains,—it must be hoped that justice may fall upon the guilty, whoever he may be.

(From the *Semaphore of Marseilles*.)

ANCIENT AND MODERN EGYPT.

[Touching hieroglyphics, the conservators of the Museum at Naples have just announced that one of the manuscripts on papyrus, found in the excavations at Pompeii, and which has lately been deciphered according to the process of Sir Humphry Davy, bears the following

title:—"Septuaginta novem Inscriptiones ex Hieroglyphicis in Latinn verba Servorum." These papyri are supposed to be anterior to the dominion of the Ptolemies in Egypt; and this Latin version, it is hoped, will afford a sufficient insight into the hieroglyphics to compose an alphabet which may serve for the interpretation of hieroglyphic inscriptions; and also throw great light on the sacred language of Egypt, by explaining the inscriptions on the monuments, &c. in the temples of Egypt and Nubia.]

M. Champollion's Twelfth Letter—continued.

On the 3d of March, in the morning, we arrived at Esneh, where we were very graciously received by Ibrahim Bey, the governor of the province. Through his means we obtained permission to examine the great temple of Esneh, which is filled with cotton; and, being used as a general warehouse for that commodity, has been incrustated with the mud of the Nile, especially on the outside. Besides this, the intervals between the first row of columns of the pronaos has been filled up with mud walls; so that we were obliged to carry on our operations, sometimes with candles in our hands, and sometimes with the help of ladders, to examine the bas-reliefs more closely.

Notwithstanding these obstacles, I have collected all that it was important to know of this great temple with regard to mythology and history. This building has been considered, on the strength of mere conjectures founded on a particular mode of interpreting the zodiac of the ceiling, to be the *most ancient* monument of Egypt. The result of my study of it has been fully to convince me that it is the *most modern*; for the bas-reliefs which adorn it, and especially the hieroglyphics, are in such a rude and stiff style, that we perceive at a glance the extreme point of the decay of the arts; and the inscriptions fully confirm this view. The masses of this pronaos were erected under the emperor Cesar Tiberius Claudius Germanicus (the Emperor Claudius), whose dedication is on the door of the pronaos, in large hieroglyphics. The cornice of the façade, and the first row of columns, were sculptured under the emperors Vespasian and Titus. The back part of the pronaos bears the legends of the emperors Antoninus, Marcus Aurelius, and Commodus: some columns of the interior of the pronaos were adorned with sculpture under Trajan, Adrian, and Antoninus; but, with the exception of some bas-reliefs of the time of Domitian, all those on the right and left walls of the pronaos bear the legends of Septimius Severus and of Geta, whom his brother Caracalla had the barbarity to assassinate, at the same time proscribing his name throughout the Roman empire. It seems that the proscription, commanded by the tyrant, was carried into effect even in the Thebaid; for the cartouches (or scrolls) bearing the proper names of the Emperor Geta are all carefully effaced with a hammer, but not so effectually as to hinder me from clearly reading the name of that unfortunate prince—*The Emperor Cesar Geta, the Director*. I believe that Latin or Greek inscriptions, in which this name has been hammered out, are already known: here we have hieroglyphic legends to add to the list. Thus, then, the real antiquity of the pronaos of Esneh is incontestably fixed: its erection is not of a more remote period than the reign of the Emperor Claudius, and the sculptures come as low down as Caracalla; and among the latter is the famous zodiac which has been so much talked of. What remains of the naos, that is to say, the back wall of the pronaos, is of the time of Ptolemy Epiphanes; and therefore, as it were, but yesterday in comparison with what was believed. The excavations which we have made behind the pronaos have convinced

us that the temple properly so called has been razed even to the foundations.

However, let the friends of the antiquity of the monuments of Egypt console themselves:—Latopolis, or rather Esneh (for this name is read in hieroglyphics on all the columns and on all the bas-reliefs of the temple), was not a village in the great Pharaonic times; it was an important city, adorned with fine monuments; and I have discovered the proof of this in the inscription of the columns of the pronaos. I have found upon two of these columns, the shafts of which are almost wholly covered with hieroglyphic inscriptions, arranged vertically, a notice of the *fêtes* which were annually celebrated in the great temple of Esneh. One of them related to the commemoration of the dedication of the ancient temple by King Thoutmosis III. There exists, besides—and I have taken a drawing of it—in a small street in Esneh, in the quarter of Sheikh Mohammed Ebbedri, the jamb of a door, of very beautiful rose-coloured granite, bearing a dedication of the Pharaoh Thoutmosis II.; and belonging doubtless to one of the old monuments of the Pharaonic city of Esneh. I have also found at Edfou a stone, which is the only known remnant of the temple that existed in that town before the present structure, which was built under the Lagides. The ancient temple was of the age of Mæris, dedicated, like the new one, to the great god Har-Hat, lord of Hat-fouah (Edfou), by Thoutmosis III., who built most of the sacred edifices in the Thebaid, as well as in Nubia, after the invasion of the Hykshos—in the same manner as the Ptolemies rebuilt those of Ombos, Esneh, and Edfou—to replace the primitive temples destroyed during the Persian invasion.

The grand temple of Esneh was dedicated to one of the greatest forms of the divinity—to Chnouphis, who has the titles of "Nev-an-thosné, lord of the country of Esneh, creative spirit of the universe, vital principle of the divine essences, support of all the worlds, &c." With this god are associated the goddess Neith, represented under divers forms, and the various names of Menhi, Tnébouasou, &c.; and the young Haké, represented under the form of an infant, which completes the triad adored at Esneh. I have collected a multitude of very curious details relative to the attributes of these three personages, to whom the principal *fêtes* and religious assemblies annually celebrated at Esneh were consecrated. On the 23d of the month Hathor the *fête* of the goddess Tnébouasou was celebrated; that of the goddess Menhi was on the 25th of the same month—on the 31st that of Isis, the third form of the two above-named goddesses. On the 1st day of Choiak, a panegyria (or religious assembly) was held in honour of the young god Haké; and another on the same day in honour of Chnouphis. The following is the article of the sacred calendar, sculptured on one of the columns of the pronaos:—

"On the new moon of Choiak, panegyries and offerings in the temple of Chnouphis, lord of Esneh; all the sacred ornaments are displayed; there are offerings of loaves, wine, and other liquors, of oxen and geese; collyrium and perfumes are presented to the god Chnouphis, and to the goddess his consort; afterwards, milk to Chnouphis. With respect to the other gods of the temple, a goose is offered to the goddess Menhi; a goose to the goddess Neith; a goose to Osiris; a goose to Khous and Thoth; a goose to the gods Atmon, Thore, as well as to the other gods worshipped in the temple: seeds, flowers, and ears of corn; are

presented to the lord Obnoupis, sovereign of Eaneh; and he is invoked in these terms," &c. Here follows the prayer pronounced on this solemn occasion, and which I have copied, because it is highly interesting in a mythological view.

To the same divinities was dedicated the temple situated to the north of Esneh, in a fine plain, formerly cultivated, but now overgrown with briars, and very recently devastated. This temple is no longer such as it was left by the commission of Egypt; nothing remains of it but a single column, a small piece of a wall, and the bas-reliefs, almost on a level with the surface of the ground. Among the bas-reliefs I found one of Evergetes I. and Berenice his wife; and also the legends of Philopator on the column, those of Adrian on a portion of architecture; and on another, in most barbarous hieroglyphics, the names of the Emperors Antonine and Verna. Chance led me to discover, in the external basement of the left part of the temple, a series of captives representing nations conquered (by Evergetes I., according to all appearance); and by the help of the nails of our Arabs, who scratched up the ground valiantly, in spite of the stones and briars, I succeeded in copying ten of the onomastic inscriptions of the nations, engraved on a kind of shield, fastened to the breast of the vanquished. Among the nations whom the victor boasts of having subdued, I have read the names of Armenia, Persia, Thrace, and Macedonia; perhaps the victories of some Roman emperor may be referred to; for there is nothing in a sufficient state of preservation to clear up this doubt.

On the 7th of March, we visited the ruins of the ancient Tophium, now Taoud, situated on the right bank of the river, but in the vicinity of the Arabic chain, and very near to Hermonthis, which is on the opposite bank. Here there are two or three apartments of a little temple, inhabited by Fellahs or their cattle. In the largest there are still some bas-reliefs, which informed me that the triad worshipped in the temple consisted of Mandout, the goddess Ritho, and their son Harphre, the same as in the temple of Hermonthis, the capital of the nome to which Tophium belonged.

At noon we were at Hermonthis, where we again spent some hours in copying bas-reliefs and hieroglyphic inscriptions, to complete our labours relative to Erment, which we commenced at our first visit in the month of November last. This temple is only a mammi, or el-misi, consecrated to the delivery of the goddess Ritho, built and sculptured (as is proved by all the bas-reliefs) in commemoration of queen Cleopatra, daughter of Anletes, on the birth of Cesarion, son of Julius Caesar, who was pleased to be the Mandout of this new goddess Ritho, as Cesarion was the Harphre. It was, indeed, pretty much the custom of the Roman dictator to endeavour to complete the triad, especially when he met with queens who, like Cleopatra, had something divine in them, without disdaining on that account terrestrial joys.

On the 8th our little squadron moored at the foot of the ancient quay washed by the Nile, and which will not be able much longer to defend the palace of Luxor, the last columns of which nearly touch the banks of the river. This quay is evidently of two different epochs: the primitive Egyptian construction is of large burnt bricks, cemented with extremely hard mortar, and its ruins form enormous blocks from fifteen to eighteen feet broad, and from twenty-five to thirty in length, like rocks inclined over the

river, to the middle of which they project. The quay of freestone is of much later date: I have observed in its stones from demolished edifices still bearing fragments of sculpture of the style of the lower ages.

We had completed (within a trifle) our researches respecting Luxor before we came to take up our quarters here at Biban-el-Molouk, and I am able to furnish the necessary details respecting the era of the erection of all the parts that compose this great edifice. The founder of the palace, or rather of the palaces, of Luxor was Amenophis-Memnon (Amenothph III.) of the eighteenth dynasty. It was that prince who built the series of edifices which extends from south to north, from the Nile to the fourteen great columns, forty-five feet in height, which belong to this reign. On all the architraves of the other columns which adorn the inner courts and halls (which columns are 105 in number—most of them entire) there are, in large hieroglyphics, of a very low relief and excellent workmanship, dedications offered in the name of king Amenophis. I here subjoin the translation of one of them, to give an idea of all the others, which differ only in some royal titles more or less. "Life! Horus, powerful and moderate, reigning by justice, the organiser of his country, he who keeps the world in repose, because, great in his strength, he has struck the barbarians: the king, lord of justice, beloved of the sun, the son of the sun, Amenophis, moderator of the pure region (Egypt), has caused the execution of these buildings, consecrated to his father Ammon, the god lord of the three zones of the universe, in the Oph of the south: he has had them built of good and hard stones, in order to erect a durable monument. This is what has been done by the son of the sun, Amenophis, beloved of Ammon-Ra." These inscriptions therefore remove all kind of doubt respecting the precise epoch of the construction and decoration of this part of Luxor. My inscriptions are not without a verb, like the Greek inscriptions explained by M. Letronne, and which have been found fault with so *mal à propos*: I can announce to him on this subject that I shall bring him Egyptian dedicatory inscriptions of the temples of Phile, Omboe, and Dendera, in which the verb *to build* is never wanting.

The bas-reliefs which adorn the palace of Amenophis are, in general, relative to acts of worship paid by that prince to the great divinities of this portion of Thebes, who were—1. Ammon-Ra, the supreme god of Egypt, and he who was worshipped almost exclusively at Thebes; 2. his secondary form, Ammon-Ra, the generator, called mystically the husband of his mother, and represented under a Priapian form—it is the Egyptian Pan mentioned in the Greek writers; 3. the goddess Thamoun or Taton, that is to say, the female Ammon, one of the forms of Neith, considered as the consort of Ammon the generator; 4. the goddess Mouth, the divine grandmother, the consort of Ammon-Ra; 5. and 6. the young gods Khous and Harka, who complete the two great triads adored at Thebes, viz.—

Fathers.	Mothers.	Sons.
Ammon-Ra.	Mouth.	Khous.
Ammon-generator.	Thamoun.	Harka.

The king is represented making offerings, sometimes very rich ones, to these divinities, or accompanying their bar, or sacred arks, borne in procession by the priests.

Egyptian Antiquities, &c.—To the request of our correspondent, who says it would much enhance the interest and importance of Champollion's Letters were we

* The south part of the province of Thebes (Amon-Eli), that on the right bank of the Nile.

to indicate the period at which the lower Egyptian divinities, whose names and inscriptions are thus being rescued from their long oblivion,—we have to answer, that the subject has occupied much of our attention, and will be fully entered upon in many a future Gazette. But it is one of great doubts and difficulty; and the very discoveries which we are weekly recording, furnish the lights to guide us through the conflicting opinions that have prevailed upon it to the present day. In the mean time, we strenuously advise every reader who feels interested in this, certainly the most curious literary inquiry of the age, to peruse a small volume recently published by M. Pickering (8vo. pp. 129). It is entitled "The Ancient Fragments," &c. &c.; and contains all that remains of the earliest writers who have treated of the history of the first nations among mankind. Thus we have Sanchiathion, Berossus, Abydenus, Megasthenes, &c.; and, above the whole, Manetho, the oldest and best authority on the Egyptian dynasties. There are other very valuable relics in this most useful volume; and all excellently translated by the editor, J. P. Cory, of Caius College, Cambridge,—to whom the learned world, as well as the general reader, are under deep obligations for the work.

PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

At the sitting of the Paris Academy of Sciences on the 21st instant, M. Payen announced a new mode of preparing plaster. By accident, he discovered that some sulphate of lime which had surrounded a tube heated to 105° by hot air, was converted into excellent plaster. He proposes, therefore, this method of preparing it, instead of that in general use, which is more expensive and less certain as to the result.—Geoffrey St. Hilaire read the report of the commission on the scientific expedition to the Morea. His report enumerated corrections of various geographical errors of importance, interesting researches among ruins,—drawings of which are given; experiments on the temperature of the sea, measurements of mountains, &c. The report states, that the members of the expedition were every where received with hospitality, that the agriculture of the country appears to be in its infancy, and that the inhabitants are destitute of a multitude of vegetables which would thrive in their climate. The report concludes by congratulating the Academy on the vast addition to the museum which will result from this expedition; and declares that M. Bory de St. Vinct, and each of its members, is entitled to the praise of the Academy.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR OCTOBER.

3d day—the earth at its mean distance from the sun. 23d day, 4 hrs. 29 min.—the sun enters Scorpio. The solar disc has latterly been copiously covered with spots, particularly those denominated facule.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	d.	h.	m.
First Quarter in Sagittarius . . .	5	11	49
Full Moon in Pisces . . .	12	3	20
Last Quarter in Cancer . . .	19	2	30
New Moon in Libra . . .	27	7	44

The moon will be in conjunction with

	d.	h.	m.
Jupiter in Scorpio . . .	3	11	49
Saturn in Leo . . .	20	19	30
Mars in Virgo . . .	23	13	6
Mercury in Libra . . .	27	13	15
Jupiter in Scorpio . . .	30	16	15
Venus in Ophiuchus . . .	30	21	45

3d day—Mercury at his greatest elongation, and visible as an evening star. 28th day, 13 hrs.—in his inferior conjunction.

Venus appears under a gibbous phase, with 9 digits west illuminated, and apparent diameter 14". This beautiful planet divides the empire of the evening sky with Jupiter, and will be in conjunction with the following stars, at the times specified respectively:—

	d.	h.	m.
2 α Libræ . . .	5	11	49
2 ——— . . .	21	14	—
2 ——— . . .	13	11	—
2 Scorpii . . .	13	11	—
2 Ophiuchi . . .	30	21	45

Mars will be in conjunction with β and γ Virginis on the 2d day 16 hrs., and 15th day 5 hrs. respectively.

Satellites of Jupiter.

The following will be the only visible eclipses:

First Satellite, emersion . 14 5 55 7

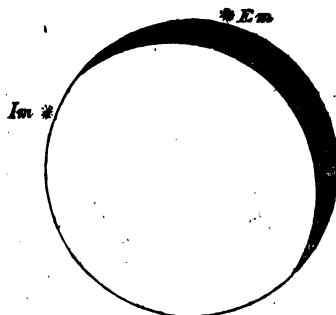
Saturn is rapidly gaining on the midnight heavens, and advancing towards the bright star Regulus in Leo. This planet rises at the following times: the intermediate periods may easily be obtained by proportion:—

D. H. M. D. H. M. D. H. M.
1 13 8 | 13 12 30 | 25 11 46

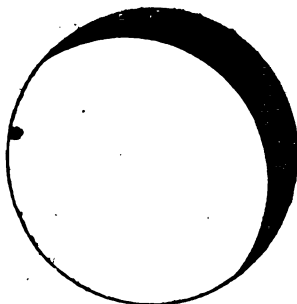
12th day—Uranus stationary. 25th day, 17 hrs. 30 min. in quadrature. This distant planet transits the meridian at the following times respectively:—

D. H. M. D. H. M. D. H. M.
1 7 40 | 11 7 12 | 21 6 36

Occultation of Aldebaran.—Oct. 15th day—this star will again be occulted by the moon, and under more favourable circumstances than those which have already preceded in this year; (see Celestial Phenomena for July and September). The apparent passage of the star will be considerably north of the centre of the moon, or according to the subjoined diagram.



Aldebaran projected on the disc of the moon.—The accompanying diagram will give some idea of this singular phenomenon.



The following will be the times of occultation, as computed for five principal observatories:—

	Sidereal Time.		Mean solar Time.	
	H.	M.	H.	M.
Paris.....	22	51	9	14
Greenwich ..	23	35	9	58
Bombay ..	23	43	9	19
Beiford ..	23	25	9	49
Batavia ..	23	48	9	13
Batavia ..	23	28	9	47
Batavia ..	23	50	9	15
Batavia ..	23	12	9	35
Dublin.....	22	31	8	56
Dublin.....	22	56	9	30

The circumstance that has rendered an occultation of Aldebaran a curious subject of investigation, is, that in former occultations of it since the year 1699, several of the most eminent astronomers on the continent, and a few in this country, have observed this star, which

is of a reddish colour, either clinging to, or projected on the disc of the moon, at the moments of immersion and emersion, during a period varying from one to ten seconds of time. A similar appearance has been observed with Regulus, Spica Virginis, and some other fixed stars, also with some of the planets; but the instances have been few with these compared with the frequency of its occurrence with Aldebaran.

Dejford.

J. T. B.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ANTIQUITIES OF FRANCE.

AT Plémur, in the department of Morbihan, in Brittany, a tumulus, eighteen feet in height, and three hundred feet in circumference at its base, has recently been opened. A vault formed of small stones, and closed by a cover, was found in the centre, containing the rotten remains of a large box, in the midst of which were ashes and charcoal. In the side of the mound was a Celtic axe, of black stone, half broken.—A very interesting Essay on the antiquities of the department of Morbihan, by M. Mahé, a canon of the cathedral of Vannes, was published last year. Among a number of curious details, is a notice of the abbey of St. Gildas. This abbey, founded by Duke Guerech the First, was afterwards very celebrated, in consequence of its becoming the residence of Abelard. The new abbot, having made many useless efforts to produce a reform in the manners of the monastery, at length excited so much discontent, that his life was several times in danger. One day especially, to avoid death, he was obliged to escape by the pipe of a sewer, which is shewn to this day. Before the revolution, was to be seen the pulpit, loaded with Gothic ornaments, from which he delivered his lectures. It appears that the republican soldiers, being in want of wood to warm themselves, did not hesitate to commit to the flames this valuable remembrance of the lover of Heloise.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

National Portrait Gallery of Illustrious and Eminent Persons of the XIXth Century. Engraved on Steel. With Memoirs by the Rev. H. Stebbing, M.A. &c. Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. London, 1829. Fisher, Son, and Co.; Colnaghi, Son, and Co.; Ackermann; Jones and Co.

In each of these Nos. are three portraits, with the autographs of the originals, and three memoirs, written by a gentleman well known to, and much appreciated by, the literary world, Mr. H. Stebbing; who has in these brief sketches displayed much laudable modesty in abstaining from giving opinions, and much good sense in stating the leading facts to which he confines his narrative. Princess Charlotte, Wellington, Byron, Wollaston, Davy, Marquess Wellesley, Lord Amherst, Lord Grenville, are among those distinguished personages here illustrated; the plan embracing the living as well as the dead. Most of the portraits are striking likenesses, and forcibly engraved; and as the work is very cheap, we think it likely to be popular.

Winter's Wreath, for 1830. Whittaker and Co., London; G. Smith, Liverpool.

SEVEN proofs out of the thirteen engravings which are to constitute the graphic flowers of the forthcoming "Winter's Wreath" have been sent to us. Several of them are exceedingly beautiful. Among these are, "The Parting

from the Bridal of Fontenaye," engraved by E. Goodall, from a picture by C. R. Bone; and "Il Cavaliere Pittore," engraved by H. Robinson, from a picture by F. P. Stephanoff. In the former, the general taste and elegance of the grouping—and in the latter, the fine contrast between the passionate declaration of attachment by the youthful artist, and the bashful yet graceful reception of that declaration by his exquisitely lovely model, are admirable. The "View near Derwent Water, Lodore," engraved by R. Brandard, from a picture by W. Havell, is also a rich and charming composition. Of some of the other prints we are unable to speak in terms of unqualified praise. To such an "Idol," especially, we trust that we are too good Christians ever to feel any inclination to bow down.

ANTIQUITIES.

A LETTER, of last month, from a distinguished English author at Naples, mentions that more than two thousand vases have been discovered in the Acropolis of the Volsci, in the Roman states, numbers of which have the names of Greeks inscribed on them in Greek characters. Of this treasure of arts and antiquities we shall endeavour to procure accurate accounts.

RUSSIAN SCULPTURE.

A RUSSIAN sculptor, of the name of Martoss, is at present engaged in casting in bronze a statue, which the inhabitants of Kherson have been authorised to raise within their walls, to the memory of Prince Potemkin. This monument, which will be placed on a pedestal, either of white marble or of granite, will consist of a statue of the height of the Hercules Farnese, representing Prince Potemkin, standing, supporting his left hand on his sword, and extending his right hand, in which he holds a roll of paper. The attitude, at once simple and majestic, is highly creditable to the artist; who has adopted for his draperies a mixture of the Roman and Slavonic. At the feet of the hero is a helmet; and at the four corners of the pedestal are four colossal figures, seated, and representing Mars, Neptune, Apollo, and Hercules. The expense of this monument is estimated at 170,000 rubles, (above £80,000.)—*Bulletin du Nord.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE SONG OF THE POET'S WAKE.

LIGHT of the poet's eyes,
Fire of his breast,
Thou spirit of minstrelsy,
Where dost thou rest?

Cold is the ashy lips,
Colder the brow—
Spirit that warm'd them,
Where art thou now?

Haply thou slumberest
Inert in that clay,
And shall, corrupting,
With it melt away.

Noble in Nature's scale,
Lord of thy kind,
Creation's best masterpiece—
Courage and mind,

Art thou in slumber's chains
Shackled and hid?—
Forbid it, high heaven's powers—
Nature, forbid!

Soul of the form divine,
Where hast thou sped?
Where is thy resting-place,
Ghost of the dead?

Far o'er the starry sky,
Up through its dome,
Angels have waited thee
Hence to thy home.
Rest there in glory's lap:
Worlds shall fade,
But thou art eternal,
Soul of the dead!

Liverpool.

SIGMA.

[In our travels lately we picked up the annexed elegant little gem; and we trust we do no wrong in making it public: it is pleasant even in so slight a thing to see the union of petite literature and taste with philosophy and science.—Ed. L. G.]

THE CAPTAIN OF A STEAM-VESSEL *loquitur*.

ENTRATE, O fortunati! in questa
Nave, ond' io l' ocean sicuro varco;
Cui destro è ciascun vento, ogni tempesta
Tranquilla, e lieve ogni gravoso incarco.
Eastbourn, 1825. DAVIES GILBERT.

ISABEL IN HER GARDEN.

It is a morn of spring, and she has left
Her couch at dawn, and now amid the flowers
Delighted wanders. Thus should ever wake
Young Beauty, and adorn her laughing cheek
With vermeil hues; for health is in the breeze,
And life. The azure eye of Isabel
Sparkles with new-born fires; her lip has caught
The ruby's deepest tint; and as her form,
Her sylph-like form, is seen sweet gliding there
Amid the bud (the bloom of that fair world
Which May has quickened round her), earth
holds not
A lovelier vision.

She has stooped to kiss
The rose, and o'er the queen-flower now she
bends
In ecstasy; and see her ivory hand
Wanders among its buds, but with a touch
Gentle as that of the bland spring-breeze: then
Her eye roams o'er that paradise of hues,
Of beautiful hues, and forms assembled there;
And with a sweet uncertainty she strays
Amid them, charmed with all, and listening oft
To the musicians of the woods—the birds—
Pouring their first best lays, the while the
breeze
Is playing with her radiant locks.
Devonport. N. T. CARRINGTON.

SIGHTS OF LONDON.

WE were tempted on Wednesday to the Argyll Rooms by the challenge of a person of the uncommon name of J. Smith to M. Chabert, our old friend the Fire King, whom this individual dared to invite to a trial of powers in swallowing poison and being baked! The audacity of such a step quite amazed us; and expecting to see in the competitor of him of the *Zampagos* struggle at least a Vulcan, the God of all the Smiths, we hastened to the scene of strife. Alas, our disappointment was complete! Smith had not even the courage of a blacksmith for standing fire, and yielded a stake of fifty pounds, as was stated, without a contest, to M. Chabert, on the latter coming out of his oven with his own two steaks perfectly cooked. On this occasion Chabert took twenty grains of phosphorus, swallowed oil heated to nearly 100° above boiling water, took molten lead out of a ladle with his fingers and cooled it on his tongue; and, besides performing other remarkable feats, remained five minutes in the oven at a temperature of between 300° and 400° by the thermometer. There were about 150 persons present, many of them medical men; and being convinced that these things were fairly done, without trickery, much astonishment was ex-

pressed that any human being could do them and live. We are not very anxious to ascertain whether the challenge was or was not a device to attract public attention: be that as it may, the exploits of Chabert are very wonderful; and if, as he asserts, he possesses the secret of counteracting poisons by sure antidotes, we can only repeat our former opinion, that it ought to be rigorously inquired into by competent persons, and a just compensation be awarded for the discovery of so valuable a means of rescuing our fellow-creatures from agony and death.

DRAMA.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

THE activity of the manager has presented another novelty at this house, under the name of *Procrastination*, and from the pen of Mr. Howard Payne. Most of the materials are gathered from various French pieces,—but they are put together very cleverly; and what the author has produced to connect them is extremely suitable and well done. The hero and support of the comedy is the late Mr. M. (Montague), performed by Farren. His want of punctuality involves him continually in scrapes and disappointments; but in the end he saves his distance and marries *Miss Duncan* (F. H. Kelly), an orphan ward, who has long been secretly attached to him. The personation of this character, which is younger—not thirty-five years of age—than Mr. Farren usually acts, is of the most perfect order, and adds another feather to the already full plume which adorns his histrionic brows. Nothing can surpass the pathos of his reading the letter which discloses the devotedness of his ward to him;—it is acknowledged by the audience with many tears. The other parts consist of a gay widow (Mrs. Humby), who escapes the man of delay, and weds, more to her mind, a person of greater promptitude in *Major D'Arcy* (Mr. Vining). Mrs. Glover and Mr. Webster, in a virulent old maid and her brother, a scheming attorney, trying to catch Mr. M., have a very good scene; and it is no small praise to Mr. Webster to say, that he plays fully up to Mrs. Glover, and in this and other parts displays so much talent, as to be rapidly and surely establishing himself as a decided public favourite. Mr. John Reeve as *John Bates*, a rustic servant, has not much to do; and on the second representation (when we saw the piece) could not do much. Mr. Williams, who is so useful here as to be in every thing, acquitted himself well in *Sir J. Franklin*, the brother of the widow; and, altogether, *Procrastination* bids fair to have a procrastinated run. There seems to have been great improvements made in it since the first night, when some indecorous allusions provoked the disapprobation of the audience. There are yet some passages which ought to be expunged.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

WE only notice this theatre to warn our readers that it approaches its close; for there have been no novelties since our last, and no need of any. Without stars, as they are ridiculously called, but with admirable music produced with great taste and skill, unceasing novelties, and an excellent company, we rejoice to say (for the sake of the Drama itself) that the English Opera House has been most attractive throughout the whole of its present season.

DRURY LANE has advertised to open on the 1st of October, at reduced prices; the boxes

being 6s. and the pit 3s. These are signs of the times, both with regard to theatrical property and public taste and means.

The Adelphi opens on the 29th; but, though Michaelmas day, it is not with *Mother Goose*.

De Begnis, Curioni, Blasias, Castelli, and Spagnioletti, have formed a little operatic company, and are about to set out for Dublin, to en-charm the natives there.

The Italian Opera in Paris promises to have a splendid season. Mademoiselle Sontag having concluded a treaty of peace with M. Laurent, made her re-appearance on the 15th inst., in the character of *Semiramide*; and Mademoiselle Heinefetter came out on the 19th, in the character of *Zelmira*. With these two singers, and the united talents of Madame Pissaroni, Donzelli, Bordogni, Santini, and Zuchindi, the most fastidious amateurs must be satisfied. The return of Madame Malibran, in October, will complete the attractions of the *Théâtre-Italien*.—*Foreign Journal*.

VARIETIES.

Celestial Phenomenon.—The newspapers contain an account of a remarkable appearance seen in the heavens from Epsom, on the 15th. It was produced by the moon and clouds, which assumed the shape of a prodigious and rainbow-coloured crucifix. Credulous folks think (in spite of later arrivals) that the Russians must have taken Constantinople on that date.

Orthopædic Establishment.—There is in Louvain an orthopædic establishment, which is in some respects superior to any other in Europe. It combines with the most ingenious means of the art all the contrivances of gymnastics. Progressive stretching-beds have there received great improvements; and have succeeded not only in correcting the obliquities of the vertebral column, but in successfully treating bendings of the ribs and clavicles, the deformities called club-feet, and incurvations or declensions of the head. In less than six months, in consequence of the regimen and exercises to which she was subjected at this establishment, a girl, thirteen years of age, grew six inches. The King of the Netherlands, as a testimony of his satisfaction at the conduct of M. Baud, one of the professors of the university, who affords his gratuitous assistance in directing the treatment of the inmates of this institution, has decorated him with the order of the Belgic Lion.

Greatest Elevation of the Apennines.—Nearly in the centre of the continuous chain which extends from the Col' di Tenda to the Capo dell' Armi, ulterior Calabria is crested by the noble summit of Mount Corno, which commonly bears the apposite cognomen of the "Gran Sasso d'Italia." Immense masses of calcareous substance, stratified and intersected with beds of pyramidal quartz, form the component matter of this mountain, as well as of its compeers, the Velino, Sibylla, and Majella. The lowest strata of carbonated chalk have a horizontal inclination of about five and forty degrees; these are succeeded by strata running parallel with the horizon; and above the latter are vertical layers, which take a gently horizontal direction when they approach their greatest elevation, and thus form a moderately inclined plane at the summit. From this point, on a fine clear day, the spectator enjoys a magnificent view of the Mediterranean on the one hand, and of the Adriatic on the other, as far as the last ripple which curls along the shore of Dalmatia. Reuss gave this summit an elevation of 8791 English feet above the

level of the sea; Professor Schouw, of 9585; and Delfco, of 10,191. The disparity in these admeasurements is accounted for, as regards the former, from the circumstance, that he did not visit the Sasso personally, nor contemplate it otherwise than from a considerable distance. The estimates of the latter approximate nearest to one which has been taken by Orsini after four years' successive observations, and gives to this "great rock of Italy" an elevation of 10,119 feet.

Philosophy.—There will shortly appear at Stuttgart, "*Corpus Philosophorum optima nate qui ab Reformatione usque ad Kantii ætatem floruerunt.*" This publication will contain select works of Bacon, Descartes, Spinoza, Locke, Hume, Leibnitz, &c. It will be printed in octavo, and a prospectus is preparing.

Our Netherland neighbours are also busily at work on a "*Bibliothèque Philosophique*," or Philosophical Library; in which Voltaire's "Pucelle," and Diderot's free and easy novels, will enjoy the distinguished honour of appearing by the side of Dugald Stewart and Reid.

Erlangen, in Bavaria, is about to send into the world her "*Organon des Menschlichen Wissens*," or Organ of Human Knowledge; a publication which, our correspondent writes us, will be a useful medium for philosophical discussions to every enlightened mind, and may therefore be regarded as a mortal blow given to scholastic philosophy! It will exhibit human nature arrayed in all her power and dignity; and glorying in her matured conception of first principles! The author has peculiarly aimed at expressing himself with concision and perspicuity.

Expeditions.—The Krotkey and Helena, Russian ships on a scientific voyage, were at Sydney, New South Wales, early in May, and about to pursue their course.

Anticosti.—It turns out to have been the crew and passengers of a vessel called the *Granicus*, who met with the horrid fate we recently described on the desolate island of Anticosti. Some means have been adopted to prevent the repetition of similar calamities.

Welch Modesty.—Between Caernarvon and Llanberis there is an insignificant bridge of one arch; the architect of which has placed thereon his profile, with an inscription, informing all passengers that "Harry Parry, the modern Inigo, built this bridge, A. D. 17, &c."

Earthquake.—On the 7th of last month, at three o'clock in the morning, several smart shocks of an earthquake were felt in various parts of the department of the Upper Rhine.

Wounds.—A surgeon at Lausanne has been devoting his attention to simplifying the dressings and ligatures employed in the treatment of wounds; and has endeavoured to shew that simple rags and water may be advantageously substituted for the lint; bandages of all kinds, and various medicaments at present used for that purpose.

The Gases.—From investigations made into the nature of the gases in the stomach and intestines of human beings in a state of sickness, it has been concluded, first, that in that state only six descriptions of gas are to be met with, viz. oxygen, azote, carbonic acid, hydrogen, proto-carbonated hydrogen, and sulphuretted hydrogen; secondly, that azote is found in much larger quantities in a man who has died of sickness than in a healthy man, the reverse of which in certain cases takes place with respect to carbonic acid; thirdly, that carbonic gas generally goes on increasing in the digestive canal of a man in a state of sickness, at the temperature of from 11° to 21°, and that it goes on

diminishing at the temperature of from - 2° to + 5°; fourthly, that in adult subjects the quantity of hydrogen gas is more considerable at the temperature of from 10° to 16° than at that of from - 1° to + 6°, while the reverse takes place with respect to old persons in the same circumstances of temperature; fifthly and lastly, that hydrogen is more abundant in the small intestines than in the stomach and large intestines; and, consequently, that it does not go on increasing in the latter, as has been hitherto supposed.—*French Paper.*

Canal of the Pyrenees.—A second canal, to connect the two seas between Bayonne and Toulouse, is in contemplation. The probable cost is estimated at 38 millions of francs. It is to be navigable for vessels of 140 tons burthen.

Russian Amazons.—In a recent official statement of the population of St. Petersburg (estimated on the whole at 422,166 souls) is the following singular item:

	Men.	Women.	Total.
Soldiers and Subalterns.....	46,076	9,975	56,051

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Most of the Annuals for the ensuing Christmas, have agreed not to send out what are called *show-boards*, i. e. specimens of their plates on pasteboard, such as were last year so common in every bookseller's shop throughout the country. In some respects we consider this to be a judicious measure; for these displays not only tended to waste a number of the earliest and best impressions of the engravings, but also to do away with the charm of novelty in the volumes themselves, when purchased or presented as tokens of regard.

Transatlantic Annuals.—Besides our own Annuals, the Atlantic Souvenir, published at Philadelphia, and the Token, published at Boston, may be expected in London. They will, we are informed, be enriched with numerous engravings; and among the contributors are mentioned some of the most distinguished writers in the United States.

Historical Memoirs of the Church and Court of Rome, from the Establishment of Christianity under Constantine to the present period, is announced by the Rev. H. C. O'Donoghue, A.M. St. John's College, Cambridge. And also, by the same author, the Peculiar Doctrines of the Church of Rome, as contained exclusively in her own Conciliar Decrees and Pontifical Bulls, examined and disproved.

A volume of Sermons, by the Bishop of London, is nearly ready for publication.

Mr. Jennings is preparing for publication a second volume of the Topography, Edifices, and Ornaments of Pompeii, by Sir William Gell; containing an account of the excavations since the former volume.

We understand that the first volume, forming a new series of the Extractor, under the enlarged title of the Polar Star of Entertainment and Popular Science, will soon be published.

The first volume of Sir Walter Scott's History of Scotland, in two volumes, will be published on the 1st of October, and consequently will be the first work that Sir Walter will publish for the ensuing season.

Dr. Arnott's Elements of Physics, or Natural Philosophy, will be completed by the publication of the second volume, of which the first half, comprehending the subjects of Heat and Light, with a copious account of the important and the beautiful phenomena which range under these heads,—is to appear early in October. It will be accompanied by a fourth edition of Vol. 1, in which the true nature of the common defect in speech, called stuttering, or stammering, is for the first time completely exposed; and, as a fruit of the discovery, a Key, of very easy application, is given, for effectually setting free the imprisoned voice.

The Life of Romney the painter will, we learn, be ready about March next.

A new Juvenile Annual, to be called the Zoological Keepsake, treating its zoological topics in a light conversational manner, varied by anecdotes and a share of humorous poetry and description,—is announced. The embellishments are to consist of engravings from drawings by Cruikshanks, Landseer, Baynes, Saunders, &c.

Another and another "can we add" still succeeds. A Mr. Shes, who some years since published a poem called Budekiki in this country, and afterwards went to America, seems to have become a popular writer at New York, where a volume of poetry is just announced from his pen; a novel is immediately promised; and an opera of his (composed by M.J. Cramer) is to be performed at the theatre!

The Annual Gen announces contributions from Lord Nugent—Sir Aubrey de Vere—Hon. Mrs. Norton—Archdeacon Wrangham—Horace Smith—James Kenney—J. Carne—Miss Milford—Don T. de Trueba—J. Montgomery—Dr. Bowring—James Hogg—Mrs. Calcott—C. B. Sheridan—Miss M. A. Browne—the late John Keats—Miss Jewsbury—John Clare—Miss Lawrence—

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In the Press.—A Topographical and Historical Account of Wainfleet and the Wapentake of Candleshoe, in the County of Lincoln.—The second part of the Imperial School Grammar, with the new system of parsing.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Wilmot Warwick, Vol. II. 8vo. 9s. bds.—The Garden of Surrey, or Sketches of Dorking, 12mo. 4s. bds.—Historical Recollections of Henry Monmouth, 12mo. 5s. bds.—Palmer's Illustrations of Medicine, 8vo. 10s. bds.—Bates on Inflammation, 8vo. 8s. bds.—Davies on Greek Verification, 12mo. 2s. 6d. sewed.—Petersdorf's Reports, Vol. II. royal 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d. bds.—Pulpit, Vol. II. 8vo. 8s. bds.—Principal Events in the History of Ireland, 18mo. 3s. 6d. hf.-bd.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1829.

September.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday.. 17	From 37. to 57.	29.76 to 29.59
Friday.... 18	— 46. — 57.	29.20 — 29.18
Saturday.. 19	— 46. — 55.	29.49 — 29.63
Sunday.... 20	— 38. — 61.	29.98 Stationary
Monday... 21	— 51. — 41.	29.70 to 29.50
Tuesday... 22	— 37. — 60.	29.80 — 29.83
Wednesday 23	— 38. — 65.	29.76 — 29.82

Prevailing winds, N.E. and S.W.
Except the 16th, 18th, and 19th, when it was raining, generally clear; a heavy shower of rain on the 23d.

Rain fallen, .575 of an inch.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37' 32" N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

Mr. Adams will, as requested by "a Constant Reader at Bath," give in an early No. of the *Literary Gazette* a tabular view of the amount of rain fallen in past years during the months of June, July, August, and September, the period in which so much rain has fallen during the present season; when our readers will be enabled to form a more correct idea of the excess of the quantity of the present over that of past years.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To the Editor, &c.

Sir,—I am confident that no one will rejoice more than yourself to find that the serious charge brought in your last No. against the English Universities, with regard to the paucity of instructors, rests entirely on a misapprehension:—It arises from the very different senses in which the word professor is applied. At Oxford and Cambridge the term does not apply to so many as one-fourth of those who are engaged in the duty of delivering lectures; whereas in the other universities mentioned by you, it includes all;—indeed, did we adhere to our strict and statutory sense of the word (which is a Dr. in any of the three faculties), not one even of those to whom in common parlance we extend the title, could claim it on the grounds of his office. The following is the amount of our staff of instructors.

Fewers to whom we limit the title of Professor	94
Lecturers appointed by the Senate	31
Lecturers appointed by the Colleges	87

Number of Professors, as they would be termed at } 108
Edinburgh and the foreign universities.....

The average number of residents in *status pupillari* is 1,600; so that we have rather more than one Professor to sixteen students, or more than double the proportion of that assigned for Berlin, which was the highest on your list. But this is not all. Besides these permanent officers, there is a body of annual officers, appointed for the purpose of conducting examinations, and who thus take a part of the professorial duties: were we reckon these in the joint ratio of their number, and the share they take, the above proportion would come out about one professor to twelve students. I doubt not but Oxford can give as favourable an account of herself. I leave Edinburgh, which is entirely modelled on the continental system, to settle the matter with you as she can. I am, &c.

Cambridge, Sept. 23d, 1829.

A CONSTANT READER.

The Secretary of the present London Philological Society assures us, with reference to our *Gazette* of the 5th inst., that it was not established until March 1824; and that none of the laws and regulations stated in our paper were ever enacted by them. They were, therefore, we acknowledge, somewhat wiser than their predecessors. Of our own feelings towards the Society, though we think little of the science, the best proof is, that we have cheerfully published their proceedings.

Thanks to K—y for an excellent h—ch, and for his northern letter. Thanks to W. L., Somersetshire; B. W.; W.; W. A.; T—H—; and other very pleasant correspondents.

. The variety and interest, as well as the temporary character, of the articles contained under our head of Arts and Sciences, have of necessity shortened our *Reviews* for this week;—which we have cause to regret, as several important new works, marking the recommencement of the publishing season, are consequently obliged to be postponed.

The letter to "T." has been duly forwarded.

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MUSIC.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1829.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Venetian Bracelet; the Lost Pleiad; the History of the Lyre; and other Poems. By L. E. L., author of "the Improvisatrice," "the Troubadour," "the Golden Violet," &c. 12mo. pp. 310. London, 1829. Longman and Co.

An ingenuous preface, in a somewhat apprehensive and apologetical tone, introduces this publication* to the reader; and as it is the first time that the abstract of the three initial letters (L. E. L.) of great poetic potency and popular influence hitherto, has assumed a real and living form, we hasten to assure the fair author that neither need she fear criticism nor her works solicit favour. For we find in this new publication only another enchanting proof of female genius; original, varied, delightful, and exalted. That there may be marks of carelessness or haste in passages—or rather that the writer will not waste a systematic polish upon the treasures which her gifted mind pours so profusely forth—will not escape the microscopic regard of the minute examiner; but the splendid poetical imagery,—the superabundant evidence of true inspiration, the ever-recurring flashes of new thoughts, and the passionate bursts of noble strains, which prevail throughout the whole, will bear along the soul of every reader of taste and feeling; and all will be unnoticed, save the magic power of this extraordinary individual. We profess that we have no terms high enough to speak our admiration of many parts of the volume before us, alternating from depths of sentiment to the most pathetic touches of nature; and from simple ideas of perfect novelty and exquisite beauty, to prolonged themes of moral and philosophical grandeur, which seem rather the attribute of masculine understanding and profound reflection than the emanations of a young and feminine spirit, though endowed with that marvellous faculty which we know to be genius, and to be as different from talent or cultivated intellect, as the sun which lights is different from the reflected image of the lake or stream. And it is to this rare quality, after all, that the homage of fame is paid. The level and ordinary, though sweet and graceful, composition excites none of those strong emotions which genius raises at command; we are pleased and gratified, but the heart never gushes over in a flood of sympathy, struck from it by the master-stroke of the prophet's wand; the soul never rises with the sublime sentiment; the involuntary exclamation of wonder and rapture is never elicited by that irresistible appeal which wakens its response in the inmost cells of the human bosom. It is to genius, and to genius alone, that such an empire belongs; and without referring to the many preceding instances in which L. E. L. has asserted her rights to the throne, we are indeed deplorably mistaken if the following

selections will not cause it to be again acknowledged by common and universal assent.

Of the first of the poems, "the Venetian Bracelet," we shall, however, say nothing, except that, as an attractive story, it is perhaps more completely wrought out than any of the writer's former productions. The "Lost Pleiad" (from which Mr. Howard and Mr. W. Finden have painted and engraved one of the loveliest gems of a frontispiece that we ever saw) is also a tale of great and affecting interest: it is that of the Star which, according to heathen mythology, formed an earthly attachment, and lost its place in that heavenly constellation where the other six daughters of Atlas still continued to shed their celestial influence. From this poem we make our commencing extract.

"Oh pleasant is it for the heart
To gather up itself apart;
To think its own thoughts, and to be
Free, as none ever yet were free,
When, prisoners to their gilded thrall,
Vain crowd meets crowd in lighted hall;
With frozen feelings, tutor'd eye,
And smile which is itself a lie.
—Oh, but for lonely hours like these,
Would every finer current freeze;
Those kinder impulses that glow,
Those clear and diamond streams that flow
Only in crystal, while their birth
Is all unsull'd with stain of earth.
Ever the lover hath gamsay'd
The creed his once religion made,
That pure, that high, that holy creed,
Without which love is vain indeed;
While that which was a veiled shrine,
Whose faith was only not divine,
Becomes a vague, forgotten dream,
A thing of scorn—an idle theme.
Denied, degraded, and represt,
Love dies beneath the heartless jest.
Oh vain! for not with such can be
One trace of his divinity.
Ever from poet's lute hath flown
The sweetness of its early tone,
When from its wild flight it hath bow'd,
To seek for homage 'mid the crowd;
Be the one wonder of the night,
As if the soul could be a sight;
As all his burning numbers speak
Were written upon brow and cheek;
And he forsooth must learn its part,
Must choose his words, and school his heart
To one set mould, and pay again
Flattery with flattery as vain;
Till, mixing with the throng too much,
The cold, the vain, he feels as such;
Then marvels that his silent lute
Beneath that worldly hand is mute.
—Away! these scenes are not for thee:
Go dream beneath some lonely tree;
Away to some far woodland spring,
Dash down thy tinsel crown and wring
The scented unguents from thine hair:
If thou dost hope that crown to share
The laurel's bards immortal wear,
Muse thou o'er leaf and drooping flower,
Wander at evening's haunted hour;
Listen the stork-dove's plaintive song
Until it bear thy soul along;
Then call upon thy freed lute's strain,
And it will answer thee again.
Oh, mine own song, did I not hold
Such faith as held the bards of old,
That one eternal hope of fame
Which sanctifies the poet's name,
I'd break my lyre in high disdain,
And hold my gift of song as vain
As those forced flowers which only bloom
One hot night for a banquet-room."

"The History of the Lyre" is one of L. E. L.'s very powerful compositions; like Erinna, in her last volume, sweeping along the most elevated flight of poetical imagination—

dwelling on the glories and the sorrows that too surely pertain to the children of song, and yet vindicating the Lyre from all its worldly taints and wrongs. But we must reserve this fine subject for a separate Review; and proceed to give our miscellaneous examples of the author's various performances. "The Ancestress" presents us with the first opportunity, and exhibits her in a dramatic form. A note informs us that the hint for this was taken from a Review of the German Grillparzer's poetry, in *Blackwood's Magazine*; and departing widely from that writer, L. E. L. has displayed a tenderness and refinement which we can compare to nothing but the *Romeo and Juliet* of our immortal Shakespeare. Mighty as is the praise alleged by such a comparison, we quote the first scene, and are firmly convinced that it will bear us out in our opinion.

"The Ancestress."

Bertha.—It is in this we differ; I would seek
To blend my very being into thine—
I'm even jealous of thy memory:
I wish our childhood had been pass'd together.
Jaromir.—Bertha, sweet Bertha! would to Heav'n it
had!
What would'st thou with a past that knew thee not?
Bertha.—To make that past my own by confidence,
By mingled recollections; I would fain
Our childish sorrows had been wept together;
Our childish joys had been indulged together;
Our childish hopes had been believed together:
But as this cannot be, I speak of them—
The very speaking does associate us—
I speak of them, that, in those coming years,
When youthful hours rise up within the mind,
Like lovely dreams some sudden chance has brought,
To fill the eyes with long-forgotten tears,
My image may be with them, as of one
Who held such sympathy with aught of thine.
Jaromir.—Sweetest, no more of this: my youth hath
pass'd

In harsh and rugged warfare, not the scenes
Of young knights with white plumes and gallant steeds,
With lady's favour on each burnish'd crest,
Whose tournaments, in honour of fair dames,
May furnish tales to suit the maiden's ear.
—
I've had no part in such; I only know
Of war's terrible reality—
The long night-watch beneath the driving snow—
The unsought pillow, where the strong man lay
Like a weak child, by weary sickness worn
Even to weeping;—or the ghastly dead,
By the more ghastly dying, whose last breath
Pass'd in a prayer for water—but in vain,
—
Or their eager comrades hurry on
To slaughter others. How thy cheek is blanch'd!
I truly said these were no tales for thee.
Come, take thy lute, and sing just one sweet song
To fill my sleep with music.

Bertha. Then good night.
I have so much to say to my old nurse,—
This is her annual visit, and she waits
Within my chamber,—so one only song.
My lute is tuneless with this damp night-air.
Like to our own glad spirits, its fine chords
Are soon relax'd.

Jaromir. Then sing, love, with the wind,
The plaining wind, and let it be thy lute.
Bertha.—How wildly round our ancient battlements
The air-notes murmur! Blent with such a wind
I heard the song which shall be ours to-night.
She had a strange sweet voice the maid who sang,—
But early death was pale upon her cheek;
And she had melancholy thoughts, that gave
Their sadness to her speech: she sat apart
From all her young companions, in the shade
Of an old tree—a gloomy tree, whose boughs
Hung o'er her as a pall: 'twas omen-like,
For she died young,—of gradual decay.
As if the heart consumed itself. None knew
If she had loved; but always did her song
Dwell on love's sorrows.

Sleep, heart of mine,—
Why should love awake thee?

* Yet we can hardly call it so; for it is, we believe, announced for the 8th inst., and we are indebted to a first copy for this Review.—Ed.

Like yon closed rosebud,
To thy rest betake thee.
Sleep, heart of mine,—
Wherefore art thou beating?
Do dreams stir thy slumbers,
Vainest hopes repeating?
Sleep, heart of mine,
Sleep thou without dreaming:
Love, the beguiler,
Wearth such false seeming.
Sleep, heart of mine;
But if on thy slumbers
Breathe one faint murmur
Of his charm'd numbers,
Waken, heart of mine,
From such dangerous sleeping:
Love's haunted visions
Ever end in weeping.

But now no more of song. I will not lose
Another legend of my nurse's store.
A whole year must have added to her list
Of ghastly murders, spiritual visitings:
At least, 'twill make the ancient ones seem new.

Jaromir.—And you will listen like a frightened child.

I think I see you:—when the turret clock
Has toll'd the night hour heavily; the hearth
Has only flickering embers, which send forth
Gleams of distorting light; the untrimm'd lamp
Exaggerates the shadows, till they seem
Flung by no human shape; the hollow voice
Of that old crone, the only living sound;
Her face, on which mortality has writ
Its closing, with the wan and bony hand,
Rais'd like a spectre's—and yourself the while,
Cold from the midnight chill, and white with fear,
Your large blue eyes darker and larger grown
With terror's chain'd attention, and your breath
Suppress'd for very earnestness. Well, love,
Good night; and if our haunted air be fill'd
With spirits, may they watch o'er thee like love!

Bertha.—Good night, good night!—the kind Madonna
shed

Her blessings o'er thee! [*Exit Jaromir.*]
'Tis his last footfall,—I can catch no more.
Methinks he pass'd too quickly. Had I left
This room, I should have counted every step,—
Have linger'd on the threshold; but he went
Rapidly, carelessly. Now out on this,
The very folly of a loving heart!
O Jaromir! it is a fearful thing
To love as I love thee; to feel the world—
The bright, the beautiful, joy-giving world—
A blank without thee. Never more to me
Can hope, joy, fear, wear different meanings. Now
I have no hope that does not dream for thee;
I have no joy that is not shared by thee;
I have no fear that does not dread for thee.
All that I once took pleasure in,—my lute
Is only sweet when it repeats thy name;
My flowers, I only gather them for thee;
The book drops listless down, I cannot read,
Unless it is to thee; my lonely hours
Are spent in shaping forth our future lives
After my own romantic fancies.
He is the star round which my thoughts revolve
Like satellites. My father, can it be
That thine, the unceasing love of many years,
Doth not so fill my heart as this strange guest?
I loved thee once so wholly,—now methinks
I love thee for that thou lovest Jaromir.
—It is the lamp gone out,—that dreams like these
Should be by darkness broken! I am grown
So superstitious in my fears and hopes,
As if I thought that all things must take part
In my great love.—Alas, my poor old nurse,
How she has waited!

The nature, the pathos, the beauty, of this
extract, require no comment—for there is not
a heart that must not feel and confess them.
In the preface, to which we have adverted,
there is a playful allusion to the silly cavil
about a young lady's writing on Love; and it
is hardly worth while to add a grave remark to
this lively exposition of the folly of identifying
the poet with what he, or she, has written.
According to L. E. L. (and most truly), if she
is individualised in this fashion, she must have
been not only distraught with Lord knows what
unfortunate attachments, but literally broken-
hearted, dead, and buried!—seeing that she
has been but too apt to lay her heroines
in the grave. But she might have gone much
farther; and, if the rule is to be applied, have
contended for being shot as a deserter, left for
dissection in an hospital, and a hundred other
casualties, such as her graphic pencil has
so forcibly delineated. The whole argument,
however, is an absurdity. It is *genius* which
makes, on the instant, the oak of an acorn—

which, out of a vague fancy, an idle hint, a
word, a whisper, conjures up those glorious
fantasies that last for ever—fantasies that
gather strength as they grow, till even in the
breast of their creator the mere germ whence
they sprung is as utterly forgotten as if it had
never been—and as untraceable as the knowledge
of grosser foundations is, to them, so purely
endowed, the grossest of fictions. In short,
the idea is so laughable, that we would under-
take, admitting it to be the reverse and a just
canon, to prove Sir Walter Scott a bandit, a
thief, a hair-brained enthusiastic lover, a vil-
lain, and a murderer. He has admirably sung
in a few memorable lines, that Love is the
sweetest theme that ever waked a minstrel
dream; and wretched is the critic that would
banish it from the catalogue of any true bard,
young or old, male or female. To the pure,
its warmest descriptions are pure—to the gro-
veller, its least impassioned painting is impure:
—and so, to end this discussion, we quote a
soliloquy of Bertha.

"The sound of festival is in my ear,
Haunting it with faint music; the red lights
Shine fitfully reflected in the lake,
Where I have never seen aught but the moon
Mirror'd before, or the bright quiet stars.
A weight is on the air, for ev'ry breeze
Has, bird-like, folded up its wings for sleep.
It is like mockery of the silent night
To choose her hours for merriment; but thus
We struggle with all natural laws, and make
Our life a strange disorder. Yet how sweet
Comes up the distant music!—though 'tis sad.
A few brief moments, and those notes will be
But echoes to the dancer's joyous steps.
Why should they rouse in me such mournful thoughts?
Recalling snatches of familiar songs
I've sung to those sweet airs, all sorrowful.
I see the youthful warrior with his head
Pillow'd upon his shield, but not for sleep;
The maiden with her face upon her hand
Bow'd in its last despair. What are the words?
[Sings a few words in a low tone to herself.]

And fitfully the embers raised
A faint and passing flame;
They mis'd her from her father's hearth,
But call'd not on her name.

They knew that she was weeping
For the loved and for the dead;
In silence and in solitude
Must such heavy tears be shed?

And can these notes, so long associate
With love and sorrow, thus be turn'd to mirth,
And we shall dance to what brought tears before?

[*Learning from the casement.*]

How beautiful it is! though on the air
There is the stillness of a coming storm,
And on the sky its darkness. On the west,
Like a rebellious multitude, the clouds
Are gather'd in huge masses; but the moon,
Like a young queen, unconscious, brightens still
A little clear blue space; though rapidly
Her comrades, the sweet stars, sink one by one,
Lost in the spreading vapours. Yet the lake
Has not a shadow. Well may the young moon
Forget her danger, gazing on the face
Its silver waters mirror—all beyond
Is like the grave's obscurity; more near
All is most tranquil beauty and repose.
The garden flowers are paler than by day,
And sweeter. What an altar of perfume
Is the musk-rose, beneath my casement twined!
Dipping its golden tresses in the lake,
Leans the laburnum; and beneath its shade
Sleep my two swans, as white, as still as snow.
—The wind is rising, and a yellow haze,
Like a volcano's smoke, makes heaven less dark
To be more fearful. I can now discern
Our ancient avenue of cedar-trees,—
How black they look, and with what heavy strength
The giant branches move!—the weary air
Like a deep breath comes from them.—Ah, how dark!
It is the first cloud that has touch'd the moon:—
Her loveliness has conquer'd,—oh, not yet!
One huge cloud, and another. I could deem
The evil powers did war on high to-night.
And are there such that o'er humanity
Hold influence,—the terrible, the wild,—
Inscrutable as fear,—the ministers
To our unholy passions? These are they
Who dandle with unrighteous wealth, and make
Our sleep temptation; they who fill its dreams
With passionate strife and guilt, until the mind
Is grown familiar with the sight of blood.
I do believe in them:—by those strange crimes
Man's natural heart would shrink from,—by the fear
That comes with midnight,—by that awful face,

Which, though they say it was a fantasy,
I know I saw,—I do believe in them."

"The Ancestress" is succeeded by six "Poetical Portraits;" meaning, we presume, ideal por-
traits, drawn with a poetical fancy. No matter
—they are at once brilliant and natural; and
indeed, if vigour and originality are consistent
parts of poetry, poetical to the farthest limit
of the term. In the subjoined two there is
enough to make a poet's reputation and popu-
larity.

"O no, sweet lady, not to thee
That set and chilling tone,
By which the feelings on themselves
So utterly are thrown:
For mine has sprung upon my lips,
Impatient to express
The haunting charm of thy sweet-voiced
And gentlest loveliness.
A very fairy queen thou art,
Whose only spells are on the heart.
The garden it has many a flower,
But only one for thee—
The early grace of Grecian song,
The fragrant myrtle tree;
For it doth speak of happy love,
The delicate, the true.
If its pearl buds are fair like thee,
They seem as fragile too;
Likeness, not others; for love's power
Will watch his own most precious flower.

Thou art not of that wilder race
Upon the mountain side,
Able alike the summer sun
And winter blast to bide;
But thou art of that gentle growth
Which asks some loving eye
To keep it in sweet guardianship,
Or it must droop and die;
Requiring equal love and care,
Even more delicate than fair.

I cannot paint to thee the charm
Which thou hast wrought on me;
Thy laugh, so like the wild bird's song,
In the first bloom-touch'd tree.
You spoke of lovely Italy,
And of its thousand flowers;
Your lips had caught the music breath
Amid its summer bow'ns.
And can it be a foreign like thine
Has braved the stormy Apennines?
I'm standing now with one white rose
Where silver waters glide:
I've flung that white rose on the stream,—
How light it breasts the tide!
The clear waves seem as if they loved
So beautiful a thing;
And fondly to the scented leaves
The laughing sunbeams cling.
A summer voyage—fairy freight!—
And such, sweet lady, be thy fate!"

"His hand is on the snowy sail,
His step is on the prow,
And back the cold night-winds have flung
The dark curls from his brow;
That brow to which his native heaven
A something of itself has given.
But all too mid'd with earthly stalks,
The nameless shadowy case,
Which tells, though Heaven gave it birth,
Its home has not been there;
And here the earth and heaven seem meet
In one discordant element.

It wears our nature's nobler part;
That spirit which doth spur
The weary bondage of our world,
And show what man can earn;
Where, led by honourable pride,
Hero and sage are defied:—
Those high imaginings which make
The glory which they hope;
Fine-wrought aspirations, lofty aims,
Which have in youth such scope;
Like tides which, haunted by the moon,
Rise but, alas! to fall too soon.
Vain are these dreams, and vain these hopes;
And yet 'tis these give birth
To each high purpose, generous deed,
That sanctifies our earth,
He who hath highest aim in view,
Must dream at first what he will do.
Upon that youthful brow are traced
High impulses like these:
But all too purposeless, like gales
That wander o'er the seas;
Not winds that bear the vessel on,
Fixed to one point, and only one.
And meaner workings have deform'd
His natural noble mind;
Those wretched aims which waste the eye
For happier use design'd.

And petty wishes, life praise,
 Destroy the hopes of better days.
 And hath no earlier vision taught
 A more exalted creed?
 Alas! that such a mind should waste
 Its powers away, to feed
 That wretched vanity which clings
 To life's debasing, paltry things.
 The worthlessness of common praise,
 The dry-rot of the mind,
 By which its temple secretly
 But fast is undermined.
 Alas! the praise given to the ear
 Ne'er was nor e'er can be sincere—
 And does but waste away the mind
 On which it preys.—In vain
 Would they in whom its poison lurks
 A worthier state attain.
 Indifference proud—immortal aim,
 Had aye the demigods of fame.
 The dew of night falls cold around,
 Yet can it not allay
 The fever burning on thy cheek,
 That eats thy life away:
 For thou dost know thy birthright sold
 For even less than his of old.
 Thou know'st what thou hast power to be,
 Thou know'st too what thou art;
 And heavily does discontent
 Sit pining at thy heart;
 And thou dost mark thy grief the while
 With scornful sneer, and bitter smile.
 But yet thou art too indolent
 From such weak bonds to free
 Thy better self, and urge thy strength
 To be what thou might'st be.
 These dost reprove the past, and blame,
 And yet thy future is the same.
 Ay, leave thy rudder to the wave,
 Thy sail upon the wind,
 Leave them to chance, and they will be
 Fit likenesses to thy mind:
 Unguided sail, unmaster'd prow,
 Are only emblems,—what art thou?"

The Miscellaneous Poems are of many a kind and many a verse;—the effusions of the hour, and partaking, we hardly like to say so, of the apparent moods of their author,—accomplished by an innate or heaven-born principle, which has not always that glorious direction of which it is susceptible; but is occasionally marred by a frivolity that it spurns and mourns in its nobler hours. We are no friends to the nourishing of sickly aspirations, by solitudes and moon-lights, and all the accessories of mediocrity; but we firmly hold, that even a Byron has been in a high degree made by circumstances, and that the same mind thrown upon the gauze-trammels of fashionable life, and the miserable charms of gay society, would have been, at best, the passport of a (perhaps rather superior) coxcomb and reveller. In "the world" it would be affectation to differ far from the herd; but there is so reproachful a sentiment of self-condemnation running through this volume, that we cannot help wishing it were a mere imagining, and not a censure (almost justified by the inequalities of some of these, in truth, immortality-giving poems) for yielding to paltry things a mind capable of the most undivided and glorious effort.

We have, however, been tempted by the extraordinary character of this volume into more than our allotted medium of observation; and we hasten to redeem our own prosing by the verse of one on whom future critics will expend a thousand times our extent of investigation, if they only quote those proudly distinctive proofs of genius, which a line, an epithet, or a word, convey. We will not garble a piece called "a Night in May;" we could point out a flaw or two; but, altogether, it is a charming poem.

"Light and glad through the rooms the gay music is waking,

Where the young and the lovely are gather'd to-night;
 And the soft cloudless lamps, with their lustre, are making
 A midnight hour only than morning less bright.

There are roses,—the flowers within them are breathing
 Sighs almost as sweet as the lips that are near;
 Light feet are glancing, white arms are wreathing,—
 O temple of Pleasure! thou surely art here.

I gazed on the scene; 'twas the dream of a minute;
 But it seem'd to me even as fairy land fair:
 'Twas the cup's bright inside; and on glancing within it,
 What but the dregs and the darkness were there?
 —False wave of the desert, thou art less beguiling
 Than false beauty over the lighted hall shed:
 What but the smiles that have practised their smiling,
 Or honey words measured, and reckon'd as said?
 Oh, heart of mine! turn from the revellers before thee:
 What part hast thou in them, or have they in thee?
 What was the feeling that too soon came o'er thee?—
 Weariness ever that feeling must be.

Praise—flattery—oplates the meanest, yet sweetest,
 Are ye the fame that my spirit hath dream'd?
 Late, when in such scenes, if homage thou meetest,
 Say, if like glory such vanity seem'd?
 O for some island far off in the ocean,
 Where never a footstep has press'd but mine own;
 With one hope, one feeling, one utter devotion
 To my gift of song, once more, the lovely, the lone!

My heart is too much in the things which profane it;
 The cold, and the worldly, why am I like them?
 Vanity! with my lute chords I must chain it,
 Nor thus let it sully the minstrel's best gem.
 It rises before me, that island, where blooming,
 The flowers in their thousands are comrades for me;
 And where if one perish, so sweet its entombing,
 The welcome it seems of fresh leaves to the tree.
 I'll wander among them when morning is weeping
 Her earliest tears, if such pearls can be tears;
 When the birds and the roses together are sleeping,
 Till the mist of the daybreak, like hope fulfill'd, clears.
 Grove of dark cypress, when noontide is flinging
 Its radiance of light, thou shalt then be my shrine;
 I'll listen the song which the wild dove is singing,
 And catch from its sweetness a lesson for mine.

And when the red sunset at even is dying,
 I'll watch the last blush as it fades on the wave;
 While the wind, through the shells in its low music sigh-
 ing,
 Will seem like the anthem pealed over its grave.
 And when the bright stars which I worship are beaming,
 And writing in beauty and fate on the sky,
 These, mine own lute, be the hour for thy dreaming,
 And the night-flowers will open and echo thy sigh.
 Alas! but my dream has like sleep's visions vanish'd—
 The hall and the crowd are before me again:
 Sternly my sweet thoughts like fairies are banish'd;
 Nay, the faith which believed in them now seems but
 vain.

I left the gay circle:—if I found it dreary,
 Were all others there, then, the thoughtless and glad?
 Methinks that fair cheek in its paleness look'd weary,
 Methinks that dark eye in its drooping was sad.
 —I went to my chamber,—I sought to be lonely,—
 I leant by the casement to catch the sweet air,
 The thick tears fell blinding; and am I then only
 Sad, weary, although without actual care?

The heart hath its mystery, and who may reveal it;
 Or who ever read in the depths of their own?
 How much we never may speak of, yet feel it,
 But, even in feeling it, know it unknown!
 Sky of wild beauty, in those distant ages
 Of which time hath left scarce a wreck or a name,
 Say, were thy secrets laid bare to the sages,
 Who held that the stars were life's annals of flame?
 Spirit, that ruleth man's life to its ending,
 Chance, Fortune, Fate, answer my summoning now;
 The storm o'er the face of the night is descending,—
 Fair moon, the dark clouds hide thy silvery brow.

Let these bring thy answer, and tell me if sadness
 For ever man's penance and portion must be;
 Doth the morning come forth from a birthplace of glad-
 ness?
 —Is there peace, is there rest, in thine empire or thee?
 Spirit of fate, from yon troubled west leaning,
 As its meteor-piled rack were thy home and thy shrine,
 Grief or our knowledge, 'twill teach me thy meaning,
 Although thou but speak'st it in silence and sign.

I mark'd a soft arch sweep its way over heaven;
 It spann'd as it ruled the fierce storm which it bound;
 The moonshine, the shower, to its influence seem'd given,
 And the black clouds grew bright in the beautiful
 round.

I look'd out again, but few hues were remaining
 On the side nearest earth; while I gazed, they were
 past:
 As a steed for a time with his curb proudly straining,
 Then freed in its strength, came the tempest at last.
 And this was the sign of thy answer, dark spirit!
 Alas! and such ever our pathway appears;
 Tempest and change still our earth must inherit,—
 Its glory a shade, and its loveliness tears.

The "Nameless Grave," and some sportive
 "Fairy" lines addressed to Mr. Crofton Croker,
 are favourites with us, among the concluding
 poems; but we think the "Dying Child" is
 deserving of selection, on account of its con-
 trast.

"Her cheek is flush'd with fever red;
 Her little hand burns in my own;
 Alas! and does pain rack her sleep?
 Speak! for I cannot bear that moan."

Yet sleep, I do not wish to look
 Again within those languid eyes;
 Sleep, though again the heavy lash
 May never from their beauty rise.

—Aid, hope for me?—now hold thy peace,
 And take that healing cup away:
 Life, length of life, to that poor child!—
 It is not life for which I pray.

Why should she live for pain, for toil,
 For wasted frame, and broken heart;
 Till life has only left, in death,
 With its base fear of death to part!

How could I bear to see her youth
 Bow'd to the dust by abject toil,
 Till misery urge the soul to quit,
 From which its nature would recoil?

The bitterness of poverty,
 The shame that adds the worst to woe,—
 I think upon the life I've known,
 Upon the life that I shall know.

Look through yon street,—a hundred lamps
 Are lighting up the revels there,—
 Hark! you can hear the distant laugh
 Bleeding with music on the air.

The rich dwell there, who know not want;
 Who loathe that wretchedness whose name
 Is there an unfamiliar sound:—
 Why is not my estate the same?

I may have sinn'd, and punishment
 For that most ignorant sin incur;
 But be the curse upon my head,—
 Oh, let it not descend to her!

Sleep, dear one! 'tis a weary world;
 Sleep the sweet slumber of the grave!
 Vex me no more with thy vain words;
 What worth is that you seek to save?

Tears—tears—I shame that I should weep;
 I thought my heart had nerved my eye!—
 I should be thankful, and I will,—
 There, there, my child, lie down and die!"

We spoke of the philosophical (say meta-
 physical) properties of some of these produc-
 tions; and though we would rather have feel-
 ing, nature, and the simple affections, we can-
 not refuse our eulogy to the following:—

"Out on our being's falsehood!—studied, cold,
 Are we not like that actor of old time,
 Who wore his mask so long, his features took
 Its likeness?—thus we feign we do not feel,
 Until our feelings are forgotten things,
 Their nature warp'd in one base selfishness;
 And generous impulses, and lofty thoughts,
 Are counted folly, or are not believed:
 And he who doubts or mocks at excellence
 (Good that refines our nature, and subdues),
 Is rivetted to earth by sevenfold chains.
 O, never had the poet's lute a hope,
 An aim so glorious as its present one,
 In this our social state, where petty cares
 And mercenary interests only look
 Upon the littleness of to-day, and shrink
 From the bold future, and the steadily past,—
 Where the smooth surface of society
 Is roll'd by deceit, and the warm heart
 With all its kind affections' early flow,
 Flung back upon itself, forgets to beat.
 At least for others:—tho' the poet's gift
 To melt these frozen waters into tears,
 By sympathy with sorrows not our own,
 By waking memory with those mournful notes,
 Whose music is the thoughts of early years,
 When truth was on the lip, and feelings wore
 The sweetness and the freshness of their morn.
 Young poet, if thy dreams have not such hope
 To purify, refine, exalt, subdue,
 To touch the selfish, and to shame the vain
 Out of themselves, by gentle mournfulness,
 Or chords that rouse some aim of enterprise,
 Left and pure, and meant for general good;
 If thou hast not some power that may direct
 The mind from the mean round of daily life,
 Waking affections that might else have slept,
 Or high resolves, the petrified before,
 Or rousing in that mind a finer sense
 Of inward and external loveliness,
 Making imagination serve as guide
 To all of heaven that yet remains on earth,—
 Thine is a useless lute: break it, and die."

And here we must conclude. If we have
 spoken in the warmest language of panegyric,
 we are sure we have justified that language by
 the beautiful and magnificent poetry which we
 have quoted;—poetry which, indeed, we can
 only sum up in that word already used to ex-
 press all that is lovely and exalting—GENIUS.

Annals and Antiquities of Rajast'han, or the Central and Western Rajpoot States of India. By Lieutenant-Colonel Tod, late Political Agent to the Western Rajpoot States. Vol. I. royal 4to. London, 1829. Smith and Elder; and Calkin and Budd.

It is rarely that an historian possesses so many concurrent advantages as Colonel Tod commanded for the accumulation of authentic materials. Clothed with an official character, familiar with the language of the Rajpoots, and addicted by taste as well as habit to the cultivation of their literature, his popularity, arising from benefits conferred upon the principal state (Mewar), at a period when misrule and Mahratta oppression had disorganised its society,—afforded a free scope to inquiries which, under less favourable circumstances, might have excited insurmountable jealousy.

Rajpootana, or the country of the Rajpoots, is a part of India almost untrodden by the geographer and the historian. The events of the great Mahratta war of 1818, which opened Central India to the British arms, brought us into contact with this singular people. Sir John Malcolm gave to Europe the first distinct details respecting the Rajpoot states: but Sir John touched only the confines of Rajast'han; and for many of his facts he was indebted to the author of this work. From his first appointment as political agent (an office analogous to that of *chargé d'affaires* in Europe), Colonel Tod devoted himself, with an ardour and application which seem to have prejudiced his health, to the examination of documents of all kinds, in the public archives and in private hands, and to the collection of every fact which could elucidate the history and institutions of the Rajpoots. The result is, a substantial proof that, with due diligence, the imputation of barrenness which rests upon the historic muse of India may be effectually removed.

The volume before us consists of several distinct portions. An essay on the geography of the country is accompanied by a magnificent original map, from the author's own surveys. "It is a duty owing to himself to state," says Col. Tod, "that every map of India, without exception, printed since 1815, has its foundation, in regard to Central and Western India, in the labours of the author." The succeeding portion is a history of the Rajpoot tribes; which is followed by a dissertation on a feudal system in Rajast'han. Then follows the history of Mewar, with a detailed account of its religious establishments, festivals, and customs. A narrative of the author's journey into that country closes the volume. Appendices, containing original documents, fac-similes, and, above all, some exquisite plates, illustrate the different subjects treated of by the author.

Works relating to Indian topics, generally speaking, are not popular in England; they mostly demand a certain degree of previous knowledge, which the mere reader for passing the time has had no opportunity or inducement to acquire. But this aversion ought not to extend, and perhaps does not extend, to works of an historical character, which necessarily presume the reader's ignorance, and contain the very elements of knowledge, in that particular branch of study. The history of a new country, wherever situated, must be a source of pleasure to all classes; and there is no apparent reason why a history of Rajpootana should not be as interesting to an English reader as a history of America. We therefore do not participate in the apprehensions which Col. Tod indulges, in his introduction, from the "apathy which

dooms to neglect almost every effort to enlighten this country on the subject of India."

The essay on the Rajpoot tribes, and the dissertation on a feudal system in Rajast'han, are of an antiquarian complexion: they are curious, no doubt, as well as instructive, to persons thoroughly conversant with Hindoo literature; but do not possess so much interest to an English reader. The latter, which is an attempt—we may venture to call it a successful attempt—to identify some of the martial customs and institutions of the Rajpoots with those of the feudal tribes of Europe, is, however, well worthy of perusal. There are abundant reasons for suspecting that the Scandinavian and other northern races, by whom Europe was overrun in the dark ages, derived their origin from the East. Traces of affinity appear between their religion and military government, and those of eastern people—two very important branches of the social system. The details of the analogy, in respect to the latter branch, were never demonstrated with so much minuteness and precision as in Col. Tod's dissertation.

The annals of Mewar, the chief of the Rajpoot states, commence, like those of all ancient nations, in fable. The Rajpoots, by virtue of their designation, consider themselves "sons of kings" (Rajapootras); and the pedigree of their princes they trace to the sun or moon;—nay, on failure of that source, they are content to claim a descent from a *dyte*, or demon. These puerilities, Col. Tod, however, considers to be of modern fabrication. He makes the point of outset the emigration of Keneksen, the founder of Mewar, from the most northern of the provinces of India to the peninsula of Saurashtra. This took place A.D. 145. By the aid of manuscripts, ancient inscriptions, and synchronisms, Col. Tod conducts us, with great skill, through the "dark ages" of these annals, down to the birth of the hero Bappa Rawul (A.D. 728), since whom fifty-nine princes, lineally descended from him, have sat on the gadi or throne of Mewar.

To lay before the reader any thing approximating to a compendium of the events of these 1100 years would be utterly inconsistent with the space we can devote to the notice of a single work. Wars without, and intrigues within, form the sum of them. The narrative is agreeably diversified with biographical sketches, and incidents which illustrate the Hindu character, and that of the Rajpoots in particular.

The reign of Lakumsi, who succeeded A.D. 1375, was "a memorable era in the annals, when Cheetore (the capital), the repository of all that was precious yet untouched of the arts of India, was stormed, sacked, and treated with remorseless barbarity, by the Pat'han Emperor, Alla-o-din." The incentive to the attack was rather romantic. He was inflamed with the extraordinary beauty of the Princess Pudmani, wife of Lakumsi's uncle, Bheemsi. The person of the latter, who was protector during the Rana's* minority, was secured, and made dependant upon Pudmani's surrender. The valiant Rajpoots opposed craft to craft. They pretended to consent; and the supposed princess proceeded from Cheetore to the camp of Alla, accompanied by her attendants in seven hundred covered litters, in each of which was a brave Rajpoot. On a sudden they issued from the litters; but Alla was too well guarded. They released Bheemsi, who reached Cheetore in safety; but the devoted band perished

to a man, in covering his retreat. Subsequently, however, the Pat'han prince obtained possession of the city; but not till the major part of its brave defenders had died before its walls, and the women had sacrificed themselves by an awful ceremony, the terrible rite called *johur*, in which preservation from pollution or captivity is sought in the flames. "The funeral pyre was lighted within the 'great subterranean retreat,' and the defenders of Cheetore beheld, in procession, the queens, their own wives and daughters, to the number of several thousands. The fair Pudmani closed the throng, which was augmented by whatever of female beauty or youth could be tainted by Tartar lust. They were conveyed to the cavern, and the opening closed upon them, leaving them to find security from dishonour in the devouring element."

In about half a century, Mewar not only recovered its former state, but was exalted, by Prince Hamir, to a high degree of splendour. He retaliated the wrongs of his ancestors upon the Mahomedan princes of India, some of whom he made captives; and before he died, was almost the sole Hindu prince, of considerable power, in India. For two centuries after his death, Mewar continued prosperous, in spite of the inroads of the Mussulmans. Succeding years brought weaker princes to the direction of affairs; and Cheetore underwent another and a third sack, or *saka*, as the people term it; in which thousands of Seesodias (the name of the Mewar race), male and female, perished by self-destruction in the field of battle, or in the dreadful *johur*.

Pertap, the idol of the Seesodia Rajpoots, the hero of Mewar, succeeded his father Oody Seng towards the latter end of the sixteenth century, when the affairs of the state were almost desperate, and when it had to sustain a contest with the great Akbar. The history of this prince is quite romantic: he was oftentimes driven into the mountains with his family, and when perishing with hunger had to dispute with the wild animals his casual supply of food. Still, with heroic fortitude, he withstood, not the force merely, but the solicitations and the wiles, of the Mogul emperor. The closing scene of his life deserves to be recorded.

"A premature decay assailed the pride of Rajast'han; a mind diseased preyed on an exhausted frame, and prostrated him in the very summer of his days. The last moments of Pertap were an appropriate commentary on his life, which he terminated, like the Carthaginian, swearing his successor to eternal conflict against the foes of his country's independence. But the Rajpoot prince had not the same joyful assurance that inspired the Numidian Hamlicar; for his end was clouded with the presentiment that his son Umra would abandon his fame for inglorious repose. A powerful sympathy is excited by the picture which is drawn of this final scene. The dying hero is represented in a lowly dwelling; his chiefs, the faithful companions of many a glorious day, awaiting round his pallet the dissolution of their prince, when a groan of mental anguish made Saloombra inquire what afflicted his soul that it would not depart in peace? He rallied: 'It lingered,' he said, 'for some consolatory pledge that his country should not be abandoned to the Toork;' and, with the death-pang upon him, he related an incident which had guided his estimate of his son's disposition, and now tortured him with the reflection, that for personal ease he would forgo the remembrance of his own and his country's wrongs. On the banks of the Pethola, Pertap and his

* The princes of Mewar were entitled formerly *Ranas*; their present title is *Rana*.

chiefs had constructed a few huts* (the site of the future palace of Oodipoor), to protect them during the inclemency of the rains in the day of their distress. Prince Umra, forgetting the lowliness of the dwelling, a projecting bamboo of the roof caught the folds of his turban and dragged it off as he retired. A hasty emotion, which disclosed a varied feeling, was observed with pain by Pertáp, who thence adopted the opinion that his son would never withstand the hardships necessary to be endured in such a cause. 'These sheds,' said the dying prince, 'will give way to sumptuous dwellings—thus generating the love of ease; and luxury, with its concomitants, will ensue, to which the independence of Mewar, which we have bled to maintain, will be sacrificed: and you, my chiefs, will follow the pernicious example.' They pledged themselves, and became guarantees for the prince—by the throne of Bappa Rawul—that they would not permit mansions to be raised till Mewar had recovered her independence. The soul of Pertáp was satisfied, and with joy he expired."

We hasten, however, over the succeeding portion of the history, which exhibits many remarkable circumstances and striking traits of the peculiar character of this people, to the period when the firm and decisive policy of Lord Hastings expelled the Mahrattas from their hold in this part of India, and led to alliances with the Rajpoot states and the British government. Col. Tod is by no means favourable to this system; he advocates a different kind of connexion between the Rajpoots and ourselves: the existing system by which the several states, to a certain extent, renounce their independence for the sake of British protection, in his opinion, formed from an exact study of the Rajpoot character, is injurious to the interests of both parties. A restoration of these states to independence, whilst it would present no chance of a combination against England, owing to their discordant feelings and prejudices, would enlist their affections and gratitude—the point of honour amongst them—in favour of the paramount power, and establish a really efficient political barrier against any invasion in that quarter, whether from Asiatics or Europeans. We subjoin a brief picture of Mewar at the period when the Mahrattas had sway in this quarter.

"In the spring of 1806, when the embassy entered the once fertile Mewar, from whose native wealth the monuments which the pencil will portray were erected, nothing but ruin met the eye—deserted towns, roofless houses, and uncultivated fields. Wherever the Mahratta encamped, annihilation was ensured; it was a habit; and twenty-four hours sufficed to give to the most flourishing spot the aspect of a desert. The march of destruction was always to be traced for days afterwards by burning villages and destroyed cultivation. Mewar was rapidly approaching dissolution, and every sign of civilisation fast disappearing: fields laid waste, cities in ruin, inhabitants exiled, chieftains demoralised, the prince and his family destitute of common comforts."

This is one side of the picture: the other is of a different character. Notwithstanding the innumerable obstacles encountered by the British agent, arising from the encroachments of subordinate chiefs, and the evils of a long-disordered state, between 1818 and 1822 the population had almost trebled. The number of ploughs had more than trebled; cultivation

had quadrupled. No fewer than one thousand towns and villages were united to form the fiscal demesne of the Rana, whereby his revenue, which in 1818 was 40,000 rupees, in 1821 was upwards of 1,000,000 rupees; the commercial duties having increased from a nominal sum in 1818, to 217,000 rupees in 1822. The progress of prosperity is most decisively shewn in the following statement of the number of houses, in 1818 and 1822, in the principal towns:—

	In 1818.	In 1822.
Oodepoor (the modern capital).....	3,500	10,000
Bhillwara	not one	2,700
Poorh	200	1,200
Mandel	80	400
Gosconda	60	350
	3,840	14,650

To this may be added, that, under the improved police, insurance, which was formerly eight per cent in a space of twenty-five miles, was reduced to one-fourth of a rupee per cent, or nearly nominal, from one frontier to the other. These are benefits conferred by British administration, which are sufficiently apparent and substantial.

Amongst the customs of the Rajpoots, Col. Tod touches upon the *Sati* rite. "To arrive at the origin of this rite," he says, "we must trace it to the recesses of mythology, where we shall discover the precedent in the example of Sati, who to avenge an insult to Iswara, in her own father's omission to ask her lord to an entertainment, consumed herself in the presence of the assembled gods. With this act of fealty (*sati*) the name of Dacsha's daughter has been identified; and her regeneration and re-union to her husband as the mountain nymph Mera, or Parvati, furnish the incentive to similar acts. The chief characteristic of *sati-ism* is its expiatory quality; for by this act of *faith* the *sati* not only makes atonement for the sin of her husband, and secures the remission of her own, but has the joyful assurance of re-union to the object whose beauty she procures. Nothing short of the abrogation of the doctrines which pronounce such sacrifices exculpatory, can be effectual in preventing them; but this would be to overturn the fundamental article of their creed, and the return of metempsychosis."

The personal narrative of the author's journey into Mewar presents us with a living picture of Rajpoot manners and character, as well as with anecdotes of ancient times, deduced from tradition or from the bards. We close our Review with an extract from this portion of the work, where the author describes the martial manners of the Mairs, or Meeras, and gives a passage from the celebrated bard Chund, the Homer of the Rajpoots, which exhibits a striking analogy with the style of Osian.

"Unail espoused the daughter of a Mena chieftain, by whom he had Cheeta, whose descendants enjoy almost a monopoly of power in Mairwarra. The sons of Cheeta, who occupied the northern frontier near Ajmer, became Mahomedans about fifteen generations ago, when Doodoh, the sixteenth from the founder of the race, was created dawat khan by the hakim of Ajmer; and as Athoon was his residence, 'the khan of Athoon' signified the chief of the Mairates. Chang, Jhak, and Rajosi, are the principal towns adjoining Athoon. Anoop also took a Mena wife, by whom he had Burrar, whose descendants have continued true to their original tenets. Their chief places are Burrar, Bairaawra, Mundilla, &c. Though the progeny of these Menas may have been improved by the infusion of Rajpoot

blood, they were always notorious for their lawless habits, and for the importance attached to them, so far back as the period of Beesildeo, the celebrated prince of Ajmer, whom the bard Chund states to have reduced them to submission, making them 'carry water in the streets of Ajmer.' Like all mountaineers, they of course broke out whenever the hands of power were feeble. In the battle between the Chohans of Ajmer and the Purihars of Mundore, a body of four thousand Mair bowmen served Nahur Rao, and defended the pass of the Aravulli against Pirthiraj in this his first essay in arms. Chund thus describes them:—'Where hill joins hill, the Mair and Mena thronged: the Mundore chief commanded that the pass should be defended: four thousand heard and obeyed, each in form as the angel of death—men who never move without the omen, whose arrow never flies in vain—with frames like Indra's bolt, faithful to their word—preservers of the land and the honour of Mundore, whose fortresses have to this day remained unconquered—who bring the spoils of the plains to their dwellings. Of these, in the dark recesses of the mountains, four thousand lay concealed: their crescent-formed arrows beside them. Like the envenomed serpent, they wait in silence the advance of the foe. Tidings reached the Chohan that the manly Mena, with bow in hand, stood in the mountain's gorge. Who would be bold enough to force it? His rage was like the hungry lion's when he views his prey; he called the brave Kana, and bade him observe those wretches, as he commanded him to clear the pass. Bowing, he departed, firm as the rock on which he trod. He advanced; but the mountaineer (Mair) was immovable as Soomair. Their arrows, carrying death, fly like Indra's bolts—they obscure the sun. Warriors fell from their steeds, resounding in their armour as a tree torn up by the blast. Kana quits the steed—hand to hand he encounters the foe—the feathery shafts, as they strike fire, appear like birds escaping from the flames. The lance flies through the breast, appearing at the back, like a fish escaping through the meshes of a net—the evil spirits dance in the mire of blood—the hero of the mountain encountered Kana, and his blow made him reel; but, like lightning, it was returned, and the mountaineer fell: the crash was as the shaking of Soomair. At this moment Nahur arrived, roaring like a tiger for his prey: he called aloud to revenge their chief his brother, and fresh vigour was infused into their souls. On the fall of the mountain chief the Chohan commanded the hymn of triumph to be sounded: it startled the mountaineer, but only to nerve his soul afresh. In person the Chohan sought his foe: the son of Somesa is a bridegroom. His streaming standards flutter like the first falls of rain in Asar; and as he steps on the bounds which separate Mundore from Ajmer, victory! victory! is proclaimed. Still the battle rages: elephants roar, horses neigh,—terror stalks every where. The aids of Girnar and of Sindé now appeared for Mundore, bearing banners of every colour, varied as the flowers of the spring. Both arrays were clad in mail: their eyes and their finger-nails alone were exposed—each invoked his tutelary protector as he wielded the dodharra—Pirthiraj was refulgent as Indra—the Purihar's brightness was as the morning star—each was clad in armour of proof:—immovable as gods in mortal form, the sword of the Chohan descended on the steed of the Purihar; but as he fell, Nahur sprang erect, and they again

* This magnificent lake is now adorned with marble palaces. Such was the wealth of Mewar even in her decline.

darted on each other, their warriors forming a fortress round the persons of their lords. Then advanced the standards of the Pramur like a black rolling cloud: while the lightnings flashed from his sword, Mohuna, the brother of Mundore, received him. They first examined each other: then joining in the strife, the helm of the Pramur was cleft in twain: now advanced Chaond, the Dahami: he grasped his iron lance—it pierced the Purihar, and the head appeared like a serpent looking through the door in his back: the flame (*sate*) united with the fire from which it sprung, while the body fell on its parent earth. By his devotion the sins of his life were forgiven. Nobly did the tiger (Nahur) of Mundore meet the lion of the world. He called aloud,—"Hold your ground, as did Bul Raja of old!" Again the battle rages—Doorga gluts herself with blood—the air resounds with the clash of arms and the rattling of banners—the Aswar rains on the foe—Khetral sports in the field of blood—Mahadeva fills his necklace—the eagle gluts itself on the slain—the mien of the warriors expands as does the lotos at the sunbeam—the war-song resounds: with a branch of the tools on the helm, adorned in the saffron robe, the warriors on either side salute each other."

Our Review affords but an imperfect notion of the contents of this interesting and splendid work. The decorations, by E. Finden, are beautiful. Amongst the engravings, the view of the Palace of Oodipoor—the Palace of Rana Bheem and Pudmani—an interior view in Cheetore, Rajmahal—Island and Palace of Jagmurdur, in particular, are exquisite:—some of them perfect Mahometan paradises. They exhibit not only the scenery but the arts of India in a very advantageous point of view: and they will, it is to be hoped, recommend the work to that share of public patronage which it claims upon higher grounds—namely, its intrinsic excellence, as one of the most curious publications regarding India which has ever appeared in England.

The Son and the Ward, or Selfishness Corrected: a Tale for Youth. By Marianne Parrott. 12mo. pp. 192. London, 1829. Longman and Co.

THIS is a very charming little volume, with a story as interesting as it is gracefully told. Selfishness is a weed of such wide and evil growth in the present age, that it cannot be too carefully eradicated; or feelings of kindlier and better growth too sedulously implanted in its stead. A little story of this kind is not very well adapted for quotation; but the following anecdote is too curious to be omitted.

"It was customary for those in our vicinity who had cattle to send to the London markets, to drive them to a certain spot, a few miles on the road, where the salesman who was to dispose of them received them from their owners, and took charge of them for the rest of the journey. On one of these occasions I rode to the spot, accompanied by a favourite dog, whose claims to my regard, however, rested rather on his fidelity than on his beauty. By some chance he got separated from me; and, meeting with the salesman whom he was accustomed, in his occasional visits to my family, to see, he followed him towards London. On their arrival at the Angel at Islington, where my friend generally stopped, he had the dog tied up with his horse, to be left till he returned from London the following day. When he came back, to his great dismay, the animal was gone. His inquiries among the servants

of the inn were for a long time fruitless. At length, however, by alternate bribes and threats, he elicited from one of them, that the poor dog had been violently assailed by one of its own species, who claimed a prior right to the possession of the stable, and that, having been, after a severe struggle, completely vanquished by its more powerful antagonist, it had retired from the yard much discomfited. Despairing, therefore, of seeing it again, my friend returned into Warwickshire; and so much was he grieved at our loss, that he rode round several miles, though the day was far advanced, to inform us of it. But a pleasurable surprise awaited him. Our faithful friend had arrived about two hours before, looking hungry, fatigued, and dirty. The next morning, however, it had again disappeared, and was this time accompanied in its flight by the yard-dog, a larger and much more powerful animal. They were gone several days, and then returned, both of them much in the same state as above described. When our friend again called at the Angel, he was informed, that, a few days after his last visit, the two dogs had entered the yard together, and falling on the former assailant, had torn it in pieces."

We agree with our author in deprecating this spirit of revenge even in a dog; but it is a most singular circumstance. The school-adventures of the two heroes are particularly well told; and we cannot do better than recommend this work most cordially to all whose care it is to provide amusement and instruction for the youthful mind.

Dr. Doddridge's Diary and Correspondence.

[Second notice.]

WE are sorry to hear from an "orthodox" correspondent that he blames our last week's notice of Doddridge's letters, as offering strong temptations to dissent. He declares, that if these ministers are allowed more than Roman Catholic privileges among the fair dames of their communion, he sees no protection for the true church,—the palinode of which he sings in a very melancholy strain. All that we can answer is, that it is no business of ours: we simply shew what the book is, which, after all, is in our opinion the most characteristic mode of writing reviews, (however great the authorities and examples are the other way; i.e. that of mentioning a work at the head of an article, and never by any chance alluding to it again); and if ill consequences result from it, the author, editor, compiler, or whatever he may be, is responsible;—nobody ever thought of whipping or hanging an echo! therefore we (in security) revert to the dear Doctor, whom, we believe, we left much in love with Kitty Freeman: witness his hand.

"To Miss Kitty.

"London, August 6, 1794.

"It is with a great deal of pleasure that I sit down to converse for a few moments with my dear and charming mistress, whose company is more to me than the whole world besides; and without whom I seem to be half alone, even in London, that seat of entertainment and improvement, although surrounded by a circle of the kindest and most agreeable friends. I have a thousand tender things in my heart, which I should be very desirous to transcribe upon this occasion. But it is my misfortune, that instead of a whole delightful morning, it is but a few minutes that are allowed me to converse with you; and if I am not upon my guard, I shall spend the whole of

my time in describing and lamenting its shortness. I will not, my dear creature, throw away these precious moments merely in saying that I love you. I have told it you already a thousand times, and you have had the justice to acknowledge that you believe it; indeed, if I had never given my passion utterance, your own merit and my disposition, joined with our intimate acquaintance, might have prompted you to suspect it. You have sometimes been pleased to express your apprehensions that some of the polite ladies about London might make a more powerful impression upon my heart; and I would fain remove such ideas, which as they are very unreasonable in themselves, may be equally prejudicial to me; and I hope I shall now be able to succeed,—for I have within these few days conversed very freely with a great variety of the most agreeable women whom I have the pleasure of knowing, and have been very curious in remarking their behaviour, and examining their characters; and, upon the whole, I have not found any one of them that could have made herself mistress of my heart, though it had been entirely disengaged, much less for whom I could be contented to exchange you. Indeed, I cannot but feel surprised to think, that I have found a dear girl at Burton, who so far exceeds the most celebrated among them, not only in beauty, seriousness, sincerity, and good nature, which seem the more natural growth of the country, but even in good sense and politeness, which they are ready to challenge as their distinguishing prerogative. I therefore once more positively assure you, and I give it you under my hand, that I neither will nor can entertain any thought of a change, but that you may be as secure of the constancy as of the sincerity of my affection. I heartily wish I could have the same confidence in you. But indeed, madam, you must pardon me, when I say, that I have a great many tormenting fears, as to the effect which may be produced in your mind, which was never over-resolute, by an absence of so many weeks; and these apprehensions are very much increased, when I consider that there are some persons about you, who, though they may be my friends in every thing else, are yet my enemies in that one great affair, in which I have the most occasion for their kind assistance. I hope they will not be so injurious as to assault me while I am at so great a distance, and utterly unable to defend myself. But if they should insinuate any thing to my disadvantage, I do most earnestly entreat you to remember, that as my worldly happiness is centred in you, so in all human probability they are pleading for the ruin of one who is, with too great an excess of tenderness, dear lovely creature, your most affectionate lover and most obedient servant."

August 22.

"These long weeks, I had almost said these years of absence, are drawing on to their end, and if I live till next Friday, I hope to see you at Burton. I entreat you, my dear, that if it be possible you will contrive to be at home that evening; for otherwise I foresee, by an infallible prognostication, that I shall be in great danger of a violent fit of the vapours. And yet, madam, I will presume to remind you, that though I am so earnestly desirous of the sight of you, as that to obtain it I can quit all my friends, and all the entertainments of this polite and agreeable town, not only with content, but with pleasure,—yet still as you may order it, the meeting may be very little to my satisfaction; for it is possible my charmer may receive me with those marks of indifference in

her countenance which I have sometimes discerned after a much shorter absence, when some of my kind and judicious neighbours have been expressing their astonishment at the strange news!—and intimating that the addresses of a gentleman of my profession are to be received with scorn rather than with indulgence. I question not, but at this favourable conjuncture they have been repeating their wise remonstrances, and I heartily wish that my lovely creature may not have been too much impressed by their officious advice. It is even possible that while I am counting the tedious hours of separation, and longing to clasp her in my impatient arms, with all the warmth of a lover, as well as with all the tenderness of a friend, she may be deliberating whether she shall not break off the correspondence, or has perhaps already determined upon that step, and is only searching out the most decent method of doing it.”

This extraordinary lover, nearly about the same time, writes to his sister:—

“From a sense of the uncertainty of human affairs in general, and of this in particular, I study the government of my passions, and apply closely to my business; and, between friends, I find the retirement of a student an admirable remedy against the extravagant transports of a lover: so that though I maintain a constant habitual friendship for that dear creature, who indeed well deserves it, yet really I cannot say that I am violently in love above half an hour in a day, and that is generally between nine and ten in the evening.”

The worthy divine also writes thus prettily to a friend—

“As for my rose, it continues to flourish in its native beauty; and I have frequently the pleasure of exhaling, with due precautions, by the by, its heart-reviving fragrance. But as lovely as it is, I must confess that I have been in some danger of being torn by the thorns. In short, I am grown so fond of that blooming trifle, that I am afraid if I am not permitted to wear it for life, I am spoiled for a florist.”

And again—

“My China idol, as you are pleased to call her, returns her acknowledgments for the gallantry with which you remember her. And I, sir, most sincerely thank you for the reasonable caution you so elegantly insinuate, and hope it will teach me to correct that excessive fondness, that more than human affection, with which I am ready to cleave to the dust of the earth, merely because it is refined to so uncommon a degree of lustre.”

Alas! for the Roses and the China Idols of our boyhood and girlhood—that brilliant epoch of life which anticipates an Eternity in a Hope! Witness, O Cupid! our next quotation.

“To Miss Kitty.

June 4th, 1725.

“Dear Madam,—I have so little opportunity of conversing with you alone, that I am forced to take this method of expressing my concern, and indeed my amazement, at what has just passed between us. I knew you to be a lady of admirable good sense, and I wish you would find out the consistency of your behaviour yesterday and to-day. Yesterday you expressly assured me you loved me as well as I did you, which you know is to a very uncommon degree; and that it grieved you that you had given me so much uneasiness, adding, you would take care to avoid it for the time to come. To-day you have been telling me you could not bear the thought of not being so rich as your sister; that you do not know why you may not expect a good man, with a good estate! I

leave you to judge whether it be possible I should hear this remark without uneasiness. And, if it be not, whether it were fit for you to make it. Consider, madam, I am a rational creature; and though too much transported with love, yet, blessed be God, not absolutely distracted! How then do you imagine I can put any confidence in the assurances you give me of your love, when you are so continually contradicting them? For do you not contradict them when you talk of discarding me for the sake of money? I always thought, my dear creature, you had been remarkable both for good sense and religion. But I own, I do not see how it is reconcilable with either, to throw aside those entertainments of a rational, a friendly, and a religious nature, which you yourself think you may find in me, merely that you may eat and drink more sumptuously, and wear better clothes, with some of those people whom the word of God already brands as fools. Madam, I must presume so far as to say that is is neither the part of a Christian, nor a friend, to keep me in such a continual uneasiness. You unfit me for business, devotion, or company, and in short make my very life burdensome by the inconsistency of your behaviour. Let me therefore most earnestly entreat you—not entirely to dismiss me, which God forbid, but resolutely to remember your promises, and not to allow yourself those unbounded liberties of saying every thing that the vanity of your own dear excellent heart may sometimes prompt you to utter, without considering how I am able to bear it. As for what you said at parting, that I have ‘a relish for the vanities of life,’ I own that I regard them too much. But, I bless God such is not the governing temper of my mind; and that I can say with a full assurance that I know how to postpone them, not only to my duty to God, but to my affection for you. And I think you may easily believe it, when I now give it under my hand, as you had it yesterday from my mouth, that I will willingly and thankfully take you with what your father and mother will give you, if by any means there be a prospect of the necessary comforts of life.—I remain, dear madam, your sincere lover and respectful servant.”

It is, we fancy, a mistaken notion, that lovers’ (or any) quarrels lead to more gracious reconciliations and warmer regards: on the contrary, every difference causes a diminution of affection, though it may be imperceptible in the first stages, and only become apparent when repetition has made doubts and opposite opinions frequent and habitual. Coldness, dislike, and even hate, are often grafted thus upon the fondest (married and single) attachments—and so it happened to Philip and his Kitty. His love was (though somewhat too prudential) certainly fervent; for he tells her in very natural language, though we cannot approve of the religious mixture:—

“My heart for a considerable time had been so entirely swallowed up with affection for you, that you became in a manner my all. In every moment of leisure you engrossed my thoughts and my discourse. Even when you were absent, you mingled yourself with all my studies. You determined by your smile or your frown whether I should be either sprightly and cheerful, or distracted with care and anxiety, unfit for devotion, for study, for conversation, or usefulness; nay, God forgive me, when I confess, that where his blessed self, and the most important objects of religion, and the brightest hopes a creature can form, had one thought, you at least had ten. The

hope of obtaining you, and the fear of losing you, affected me more sensibly than the thoughts of a happy or a miserable eternity. And was this, madam, the temper of a Christian or a minister? Was this a proper course to engage the favourable interposition of Providence to determine this dear affair according to my wishes? When I read Mr. Baxter’s excellent treatise on Self-Denial, and being crucified to the world, and examined my temper by it, though, I bless God, I found a great deal to be thankful for upon other accounts, yet when I turned my thoughts to you I could not but continually condemn myself; not that I loved you better than any other friend—not that I rejoiced in every thing that looked like an excuse of your love to me, and made you the greatest of my creature-comforts;—that, madam, I always allowed, and I allow it to this moment. But I condemned myself for this, that I put you almost in the place of heaven, and thus clouded the evidences of my own sincerity, and sacrificed the pleasures of an habitual communion with God to at best an inferior happiness, and too frequently to those tormenting agonies that arose from the suspicion of your love to me, or the fear of being otherwise deprived of you. This, madam, was one of the greatest faults I found to charge upon myself in my self-examination before the last sacrament; and this was what I solemnly engaged to endeavour to reform. And will you then condemn me if I have not entirely forgotten an engagement of so sacred a nature? May God forgive me, that I have forgotten it so far! If, upon the whole, you have less of my thoughts than you had some time ago, it is only that God, and my Redeemer, and heaven, may have more, and that the divine Being might not be provoked to take away a friend of whom I had made an idol. Once more, madam, I do seriously assure you (and as I have often done before, I profess in the presence of God,) that I love you with greater tenderness than I can express; and that I have never permitted any friend upon earth to rival, or even approach you in my regard. I am daily praying that if it be the good pleasure of God, I may be so happy as to enjoy you; and that it may be my daily and delightful care to make your life easy and pleasant, to promote your present and your future happiness. May God say Amen to this petition; and may you, madam, join your consent! But if you will barbarously and ungratefully despise my love, and banish me from your heart and from your sight, though I have never deserved it from you, I shall own it as a just punishment from God for the excessive fondness I have bestowed upon you. I cannot certainly say I should have strength and virtue to undergo so severe a trial; but I must submit myself to the determination of Providence; and this I can confidently affirm, that if I were to lose not only you, but every other friend whom I have in the world, many of them deservedly dear and valuable, though not one of them equally beloved with yourself; yet while I have a sense of the Divine favour, the present entertainments of a scholar, a minister, and a Christian, and the future hopes of everlasting glory, it will be my folly and my crime if I am utterly inconsolable: and yet I cannot but often fear that I may be found so foolish and so wicked, if I am brought to the trial. My dear creature, let your goodness prevent it, and restore the peace of your anxious lover and faithful servant.”

The lady seems not to have been propitiated by this and similar adjurations—for her hapless

swain thus communicates his distress in various letters to confidants of both sexes.

"She is a woman of very good sense, a most obliging temper, and admirably fitted for a minister's wife. I am thoroughly assured that she loves me; but then she loves herself too well to plunge herself into strait circumstances with me.

"I have seriously to look back upon an amour of about twenty-eight months; and I find that, at the expense of a great many anxious days and restless nights, fond transports, passionate expostulations, weak submissions, and a long train of other extravagances, which I should be ready to call impertinent, if they were not too injurious to admit of so soft a name, I have only purchased a more lively conviction that all is vanity! On the whole, I bless God that it is not such an intolerable vexation as I was once ready to imagine it would have been. But the warning I had of this dreadful blow gave me an opportunity of summoning up all my philosophy to my assistance. I am just now come from the sacrament, where I have been renewing the dedication of myself to God, and leaving all my concerns with him. I have so often been referring this dear business to his wisdom and goodness, that I dare not dispute his determination. Kitty has left me, and a thousand fond schemes are vanished with her; and it was just that I should lose this creature, of whom I knew in my conscience I had sometimes made an idol."

And at length—

"To my Brother.

"March 10th, A.D. 1796.

"Restoration! Peace!! and Liberty!!

"Dear brother,—These few lines come to let you know that I am well, and that I lost my mistress yesterday about twenty minutes after four in the afternoon,—and that I am, &c."

How Kitty, like a true woman, wheedled him back again, that she might enjoy the triumph of turning him off; how he defended himself (lamely enough) against her charges of his being a very general lover;*—and other remarkable matters, will reward the inquisitive reader through some 200 pages of Vol. II.: but we cannot find room for the progress of the plot. The *dénouement* must, however, be consolatory to all persons who happen to be distractedly and unchangeably over head and ears in love. Doddridge says—"My late mistress is gone to Nottingham; and my heart is already in such good repair, that, if a more secure tenant could be found, it would be fit to let."

And when he comes to address another, which he soon does, he thus describes himself:

"When I lost my mistress, I bore it the more decently, in the hope that in some future amour I might meet with more equitable and generous usage. But, alas! with what confidence can I pretend to offer my heart to another charmer when she may so readily and unanswerably conclude that it is inconsistent because it is alive! If this be a new way of deciding the question, which is universally received, I am afraid I have lost the whole sex;—and if such be the case, it would be more likely to break my heart than to lose any one of its agreeable members. If such a catastrophe should really happen, I shall at least

have this consolation in my dying agonies, that even upon your own severe principles I have proved myself constant to woman, whatever I may have been to my late tyrant of awful memory."

We daresay we shall be tempted to resume these most characteristic—ay, and, in a social and moral view, most important volumes.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Mohamed; or, the Illustrious! An Apology for the Life and Character of the celebrated Prophet of Arabia. By Godfrey Higgins, Esq. 8vo. pp. 109. London, 1829. R. Hunter; Hurst and Co.; Ridgway and Co.

SUCCESS to chivalry!—the "age" is not yet gone; and it is amusing to trace its permanency in one of the illustrious name of Godfrey, though a little depreciated by the adjunct of Higgins. At the moment when the glorious Crescent has waned into almost an imperceptible indication of semicircular light—when the barbarous wick's and bich's* are defiling the Sublime residences in the oples and the opolist—at this moment of humiliation and distress does our author step bravely forward in honour of Mohamed and his disciples. What effect his prowess may have on the fate of Turkey, we cannot predicate; but we cheerfully award him the praise of being a very liberal and a disinterested author, as he is a worthy and independent man. Yet his volume seems to take things by the wrong end—for he writes to "abate the mischievous spirit of intolerance which has hitherto existed between the followers of Jesus and those of Mohamed";† and yet he addresses the Christians as if their intolerance had ever gone farther than doctrinal and polemical opinions, while that of the Mussulmans has ever been in practice, throughout a vast empire, the most bigotted and inveterate personal persecution. On one side it has been words, on the other blows; and without entering upon the merits of the controversy,‡ all this difference alone shews that Mr. Higgins has begun with putting the cart before the horse. Upon a perusal of his book, it does seem that our author is more inclined to the Mohamedan than to the Christian faith; though we are unable to say whether he has been regularly initiated. Throughout, he decidedly prefers the former to the latter, and not only speaks very irreverently of, but sneers most profusely at, the gospel, its professors, and the church. Such being the case, the *Literary Gazette* can have no vocation to canvass his heterodox opinions; and we leave his book (the most anti-Christian we have ever met from a professed Christian writer,) to the world, with the single notice, that he asserts the traveller Burckhardt to have been truly (not fictitiously) converted, and to have died a firm believer in Islamism.

Reynolds's Book-Keeping. 8vo. pp. 119. *Key to the Same.* Pp. 38. Hurst and Co.

THE only kind of book-keeping with which we happened to be acquainted was that very common practice among one's friends of borrowing volumes and forgetting to return them (witness many a sad hiatus in our library!); and whenever we have seen a publication with the title of "The Book-Keeper's Assistant," we have thrown it aside, as a work of supererogation. But Mr. Reynolds's having a different name, we were led to look into them, and to

* See names of the Russian generals.

† Ditto, of Turkish cities.

‡ Upon, by the by, a most untenable assumption,—that "both religions, however unfortunately changed by time, are the same in their original foundation and principles!"

our surprise found that they furnished very excellent instructions for the keeping of mercantile accounts. As such, we commend them heartily to the commercial world, and particularly to the young Inkles of the day, who will discover nothing in them like a waste-book, except the lessons how to enter their transactions in that oddly-denominated memorial. Among the fictitious entries given as examples of the method, we were amused with one, charging "Thomas Hood, Esq., Adelphi," as the purchaser of 1000lb. of thread, at 24L 9s.; and surprised to see the poet credited for having paid the same in ready cash. In another place the same gentleman is charged with two butts of sherry, which is more in character;—but he also figures as an exporter of £250 of scarlet cloth to Smyrna! The introduction of his well-known name puzzled us awhile; but at length we learnt that the judicious author of these works was his near relative; and this accounted for his figuring in such accounts instead of the Epping Hunt.

Examination of the Principles and Policy of the Government of British India, &c. By a Gentleman in the Service of the Company. 8vo. pp. 184. London, Hurst and Co.

THE government of India becomes every hour a question of greater importance. It is widely assailed, and we are surprised not to see a well-organised defence of it by those whose interests are most concerned. If they do not look about them, the unanswered press will overturn their power; and they will find, too late, that nobody's business has been the ruin of their everybody. The present work is an insulated but able production. It suggests, and we cordially concur with the author, the anxious dissemination of education and European literature among the natives of India, as the surest way to preserve the empire to Great Britain. There is, besides, much interesting intelligence in the writer's descriptions and remarks; though we are not competent to decide on the value of his views with regard to the tenure of lands, nor on the justice of his strictures on the foolish conduct of the lawyers and judges adverse to the Company's rule, and leading to a belief that the King and the Company are opposed to each other.

Historical Recollections of Henry of Monmouth, and other Eminent Characters. By the Author of "Memoirs of James II.," &c. &c. 12mo. pp. 237. Baldwin and Cradock.

SKETCHES of several memorable characters are contained in this volume, in the usual garb in which favourable historians present them; and therefore it may be considered an amusing work, to allure the young into the graver study of general history. It might be wrong to look for much discrimination and philosophical reasoning in a production of its class; a portion of both, however, might have been added with advantage.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Rome, Sept. 13, 1829.

THE story of the geese of the Capitol, which were reported to have been discovered in the neighbourhood of the Campidoglio, is a mere fable. There has been no excavation near its site for more than a twelvemonth past. Some years ago, excavations were made under the directions of Signor Nibby, a zealous antiquary, who discovered the Temple of Concord; but no sarcophagus containing the geese of the Capitol was at that time mentioned. They continued their search in the vicinity of the Roman

* The correspondence on this topic extends to great length. The lady, it seems, got hold of, and read, her sweetheart's private memoranda; and his explanation of the items are, to say the least of them, more curious than satisfactory. See p. 95, Vol. II. of seq.

Forum, and having opened a great part of the Via Sacra, they discovered behind the Temple of Peace some rooms with mosaic pavement, which are supposed to have been baths; but of their origin we have no authentic account.

Count Hawks le Grice is making excavations on the side of Mount Palatine (the site of the palace of the Cæsars and baths of Livia, &c.), the property of Signor Filippini, a gentleman much devoted to antiquarian pursuits. The object is to discover the ground-plan of the Theatre of Caligula, said to contain many costly marbles. Part of a bust of very rare alabaster-a-rosa has just been found.

I have seen a cameo of most exquisite Greek workmanship, found a few months back in a sarcophagus near Naples. It is in a most perfect state; the subject, an hermaphrodite, with infantine figures bearing symbols of love. This precious antique is in the possession of the Rev. Dr. Nott, who has formed, during his long sojourn in Italy, a fine collection of cameos and gems.

Mr. S. Gibson, architect, has produced a plan for the restoration of the Trajan Forum, in which he has shewn great research and knowledge of its supposed ancient grandeur. The design is very defective in drawing and perspective; but it is hoped the author will make a new plan of a work of so interesting a character.

Mr. Gibson, the classic sculptor, (so called for his close adherence to the Greek school), has lately modelled a recumbent figure, representing Narcissus enamoured of the reflection of his own person. Although the subject is not new, yet, it is so poetically treated, and so exquisitely formed, as to be a *chef-d'œuvre* of art. It is to be executed in marble for Lord Barrington.

In the Dead Christ, by J. Hogan, (an Irish sculptor) we admire the expression of resignation, the calm sleep of death, the laxity of the limbs and muscles, which are conceived with great feeling, and portrayed with striking truth. This statue is intended (it is said) to embellish one of the new Catholic churches in Ireland.

We cannot pass over in silence the works of Mr. Scouler the sculptor, whose modest and retired habits estrange him from his countrymen visiting Rome, and have veiled the productions of his chisel from the eye of the amateur. This artist received the highest prizes from the academies of Edinburgh and London, and in the year 1825 was sent to Rome, under the auspices of the Royal Academy. Since his arrival here he has produced many admirable works in model, as well as in marble. Among the models in gesso, is a group representing the Deluge. Though the subject is not considered to be of a sufficiently classic character, yet it is a very striking composition. The figures, which are finely formed, are also handled in a bold and masterly style. The strongly marked muscles of the male, the round and voluptuous form of the female, and the drooping youth, furnish pleasing contrasts, and are qualified to shew the abilities of this artist in a very strong light. Mr. Scouler has produced, in marble, a Narcissus in the act of contemplating the charms of his figure; a female in an Italian costume, with guitar; and has just given the *coup de grace* to a group of Adam and Eve, a work much admired for accuracy and beauty.

We have seen the first number of a work just published, entitled the Monuments of Greece, reduced to a regular scale of measurement; to which are added, Observations on Ancient Architecture, adapted to the Archi-

ture of our own times, by Girolamo Romani, architect and civil engineer. In this work the author has, with great precision, reduced the antique edifices to a graduated scale, and given a brief but clear and erudite information of their history. In the index of calculations, he has developed with accuracy the hypotheses of the art, and proves, by actual comparisons, that the doctrines of Vitruvius are applicable to the architecture of the present day. The same author published, in 1826, an illustration of the celebrated problem of the Ionic volute of Vitruvius; and, in 1828, an explanation of the *seamilli impares*, and the three orders of Vitruvius. The Academy of St. Lucca has testified its approbation of his works, and declared them indispensable to the study of architecture.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

EXPEDITIONS.

New Guinea.—The King of the Netherlands having directed a survey of the northern parts of New Guinea, the Triton, commanded by the late Captain Steenboom, and accompanied by the brig Isis, proceeded on that service, and to take regular possession of the coast in the name of his majesty. Several official and scientific gentlemen accompanied the expedition, and, in steering along the shore, discovered in 3° 42' south latitude, and 133° 57' longitude east of Greenwich, a bay, which received the name of Triton Bay, and which they considered favourable for their plans. With the assistance of the natives, whom they found very mild and tractable, they constructed a fort, which they named Bus, and where the flag of the Netherlands was hoisted on the 24th of August, 1828—the anniversary of the king's birth-day. The expedition has (it is stated from Brussels) ascertained several interesting facts for geography, natural history, and nautical science. The permanent establishment of a European factory at New Guinea, will, no doubt, lead to further important discoveries, amongst which will be that of a thorough examination of the river Dourga, which will probably be found to be a strait, forming an island of the southern part of New Guinea.—*Gazette of the Netherlands.*

A letter dated Chippawa, Upper Canada, February 17, 1829, has lately been received by Mr. Hulbert, of Shrewsbury, from Mr. John Murree Willis, who, some four years ago, delivered a course of lectures in Shrewsbury on the science of geography, &c. Mr. Willis, we may mention, had formerly travelled in Russia, and experienced great politeness from the Russian government, and the literati of that country. In the letter above alluded to, he mentions the kind reception he met with from Mr. Brandt, chief of the six nations of Indians; and particularly speaks of the hospitality with which he was treated during three months residence with a tribe of Pagan Indians, totally unacquainted with any European language or custom. Mr. Willis consulted the tribe on the possibility of travelling west to the Russian settlement on the Pacific. They at first endeavoured to dissuade him from the enterprise, but finding him steady in his purpose, two of them kindly offered to accompany him to the Columbia river. Mr. W. anticipates an interesting, though dangerous and dreary, journey of 2000 miles across the American continent, through immense forests, inhabited by numerous wild beasts and savage tribes, without the chance of meeting a civilised being to direct or cheer him during his perilous route. Should he reach the mouth of the Columbia river, he

intends to pass over to Kamschacka, and, with the aid of his old friends the Russians, to reach St. Petersburg before the winter sets in; afterwards, he purposes to return to England. He promises Mr. Hulbert an account of his "travels and adventures," for a future edition of the Museum of the World.

Mr. Willis's letter is accompanied by a beautiful drawing of the Falls of Niagara. A short time before he made the drawing, a large piece of rock, near the centre of the Falls, fell with a tremendous crash. The part detached he supposes to be of the extent of an acre of ground; it had, consequently, changed the appearance of the Falls. His opinions of the Yankees are not very favourable to their moral character or liberality of feeling. Mr. Willis laments not having heard from his family since he left Europe.

ANCIENT AND MODERN EGYPT.

M. Champollion's Twelfth Letter—concluded.

BUT I have found and copied, in two of the halls of the palace, a still more interesting series of bas-reliefs, relative to the founder himself. I add a few words respecting the principal ones. The god Thoth announcing to Queen Tmauhemva, consort of the Pharaoh Thoutmosis IV. that Ammon-generator has granted her a son: the same queen, whose state of pregnancy is visibly expressed, led by Chnouphis and Hathor towards the lying-in chamber (the *mammisi*): the same princess lying on a bed: the birth of King Amenophis: women supporting the queen, and divine genii ranged below the bed, raising towards the infant the emblem of life: the queen suckling the young prince: the god Nile painted blue (the season of low water), and the god Nile painted red (the time of the inundation), presenting the infant Amenophis, as well as the infant god Harka and other divine children, to the great divinities of Thebes: the royal infant in the arms of Ammon-Ra, who caresses him: the young king taught by Ammon-Ra; the goddesses, protectresses of Upper and Lower Egypt, offering him crowns as emblems of his dominion over the two countries; and Thoth choosing for him his great name, that is to say, his royal prænomen—"Sun, lord of justice and truth"—by which he is distinguished on the monuments from all the other Amenophis. One of the last halls of the palace, of a more religious character than all the others, and which probably served for a royal chapel or sanctuary, is adorned only with representations of acts of adoration to the two triads of Thebes by Amenophis; and in this hall, the ceiling of which is still entire, there is a second sanctuary, the following dedication of which clearly fixes its date, which is very recent in comparison with that of the great sanctuary:—"Restoration of the edifice made by the king (beloved of Phré, approved by Ammon), the son of the sun, lord of the diadems of Alexander, in honour of his father Ammon-Ra, guardian of the regions of the Oph (Thebes), he has caused the new sanctuary to be built of good and hard stones, in the room of that which had been erected under the majesty of the king, sun, lord of justice, the son of the sun, Amenophis, moderator of the pure region." Thus this second sanctuary is no older than the origin of the dominion of the Greeks in Egypt, the reign of Alexander, son of Alexander the Great, and not the latter, as is proved also by the infantine countenance of the king, who is represented, both on the interior and exterior of this little edifice, adoring the Theban triads. In one of these bas-reliefs, instead of the goddess Tha-

moun, we have the city of Thebes personified under the figure of a woman, with the following legend:—"This is what Thebes (Toph), the great governess of the world, says: 'we have placed in thy power all the countries (the nomes); we have given thee Keme (Egypt), the fostering country.'" The goddess Thebes addresses these words to the young king Alexander, to whom Ammon-generator says at the same time—"We grant that the edifices which thou buildest shall be as durable as the firmament." This is the only modern part to be found in the ancient palace of Amenophis; for it is not worth while to mention the following circumstance, except for its singularity. In a hall which precedes the sanctuary, there is a stone of an architrave, which, having been restored in the reign of a Ptolemy, and adorned with an inscription, produces, on reading, a strange inscription, because no regard has been paid to the old stones of the architrave next it, which retain the original dedication, as follows:—

1st modern stone. "Restoration of the edifices made by King Ptolemy, always living, beloved of Ptaha." 2d ancient stone. "World! the sun, lord of justice, the son of the sun, Amenophis, has caused these buildings to be erected, in honour of his father Ammon," &c.

The old stone which was in the place where that of Ptolemy now is, had the following inscription:—"Aroeris, the powerful, &c., lord of the world, &c." It was not considered whether the new inscription had any connexion with the old one.

It is at the fourteen great columns of Luxor that the works of the reign of Amenophis end, under whom, however, the second and the seventh of the two rows, as you go from south to north, were decorated: the bas-reliefs belong to the reign of Horus, son of Amenophis, and the last four to the following reign.

All the north part of the edifices at Luxor is of another period, and formed a distinct monument, though connected by the great colonnade with the Amenophium, or palace of Amenophis. This north part was built by Rhameses the Great (Sesostris), whose intention was, not to embellish the palace of Amenophis, but to build a separate edifice; as evidently appears from the following dedication, sculptured in large hieroglyphics below the scroll (cartouche) of the pylon, and repeated on the architraves of all the colonnades, which the modern huts have not yet hidden.

"Life! Aroeris, child of Ammon, the master of the upper region and of the lower region, twice amiable, the Horus, full of strength, the friend of the world, the king (sun, guardian of truth, approved by Phré); the son preferred by the king of the gods, who, seated on the throne of his father, rules upon earth, has caused these buildings to be erected in honour of his father Ammon-Ra, king of the gods. He has built this Rhamseion in the city of Ammon, in the Oph of the south. This was done by the son of the sun (the beloved of Ammon-Rhameses), vivifier for ever."*

This, then, is a separate monument, distinct from the Amenophium; and this accounts for the two buildings not being in the same line, which has been remarked as a gross fault by all travellers, who supposed them to form one whole, which is not the case.

It is before the pylon of the Rhamseion of Luxor that the two celebrated obelisks of rose-coloured granite stand, which are so remarkable

for the purity of the workmanship, and their fine state of preservation. These two enormous masses,—real jewels, above seventy feet in height,—were erected in this place by Rhameses the Great, to adorn his Rhamseion, as is expressly stated in the hieroglyphic inscription on the middle column of the north face of the obelisk on the left, which is as follows: "The lord of the world, sun, guardian of truth (or justice), approved by Phré, has caused this edifice to be erected in honour of his father Ammon-Ra, and he has erected to him these two great obelisks of stone before the Rhamseion of the city of Ammon."

I possess accurate copies of these two beautiful monolithes: I have taken them with extreme care, correcting the errors of the engravings already known, and completing them by digging down to the base of the obelisks. Unfortunately, it is impossible to procure the end of the east face of the right-hand obelisk, and of the west face of that on the left hand: to obtain these, we must have pulled down some dwellings built of earth, and dislodged several families of poor Fellahs.

I do not enter into longer details of the contents of the inscriptions of the two obelisks. It is already known that, far from containing, as was imagined, great religious mysteries or sublime philosophical speculations, the secrets of occult science, or, at least, lessons of astronomy, they are merely dedications, more or less pompous, of the edifices before which such monuments were set up. I proceed, then, to the description of the two pylons, which are far more interesting.

The immense surface of each of these is covered with sculptures in a very good style, all military subjects, composed of several hundred figures: that on the right represents the king, Rhameses the Great, seated on his throne in the middle of his camp, receiving the military chiefs and foreign envoys; details of the camp—baggage, tents, &c. &c.; the Egyptian army drawn up in order of battle; war-chariots in front, in the rear, and on the flanks; in the centre the infantry regularly formed into squares. On the left side a bloody battle—the defeat and pursuit of the enemy—the passage of a river—the taking of a town: afterwards the prisoners are brought.

This is the general outline of the subject of the two representations, each of about fifty feet: we have very accurate drawings of them, and copies of the few inscriptions mixed with the military scenes. The principal inscriptions relative to this campaign of Sesostris are below the bas-reliefs. Unfortunately, a part of the village of Luxor must be pulled down to get copies of them: I was obliged, therefore, to content myself with learning from the upper lines which are still visible, that this war took place in the fifth year of the reign of the conqueror, and that the battle was fought on the 5th of the month of Epiphi. These dates prove to me that this is the same war as that, the events of which are sculptured on the right wall of the great monument of Ypsamboul, and which are likewise dated in the fifth year. The battle represented in the latter temple is also of the month of Epiphi; but the 9th, not the 5th: it is evident, therefore, that these are two affairs of the same campaign; and the people whom the Egyptians had to combat are Asiatics, who may be recognised by their costume as Bactrians, Medes, and Babylonians. The country of these last is expressly named Naharsina-kah (the country of Naharsina, Mesopotamia) in the inscriptions at Ypsamboul, as well as the countries of Séhôt, Robechi,

Schbatous, Marou, Bachous, which must of course be sought in the primitive geography of Western Asia.

The obelisks, the fourteen columns, the pylon, and the vast peristyle, or court, surrounded by columns, are all that remain of the Rhamseion on the right bank; and we read every where the dedication of Rhameses the Great, with the exception of two points only of this great edifice. It seems, in fact, that about the 8th century before the Christian era, the ancient decoration of the great portion between the two walls of the pylon was, through some cause or other, in very bad condition, and was entirely rebuilt. Instead of the bas-reliefs of Rhameses the Great, new ones were placed there, which still exist, and represent the chief of the 24th dynasty, the Ethiopian conqueror Sabaco, or Sabakon, who for a long series of years governed Egypt with great mildness, making the usual offerings to the gods, protectors of the palace and of the city of Thebes. These bas-reliefs, in which we see the name of the king, which is written Schabak, and which may be read very plainly, though pains have been taken to hammer it out at a very ancient period: these bas-reliefs, I say, are also very curious with respect to the style. The figures are robust, and very distinctly designed, with the muscles strongly marked, but free from the heaviness which is observed in the sculptures of the times of the Ptolemies and of the Romans. They are, too, the only sculptures of this reign that I have met with in Egypt.

A second, but unimportant, restoration is also to be seen in the Rhamseion of Luxor; and three stones of an architrave, and the capital of the first left-hand column of the peristyle, were renewed under Ptolemy Philopator; and accordingly the following inscription, as usual, placed over the architrave. "Restoration of the edifice, made by King Ptolemy, always living, beloved of Isis and Ptaha, and by the governesses of the world, Arsinoe, gods Philopators, beloved by Ammon-Ra, king of the gods."

I do not reckon among the restorations some sculptures of Rhameses-Meamoun, which are to be seen on the exterior of the Rhamseion, on the east side, because they may have belonged to a contiguous edifice, not really connected with the monument of Sesostris.

Here I terminate for this time my monumental accounts: in my next letter I shall speak of the tombs of the Theban kings, on which we are actually employed. Farewell.

P.S. April 2d. Nothing new since the 25th. We are still in good health and spirits. I give to my companions this evening a *fête* in one of the handsomest apartments of the tomb of Osirei.

LITHOTRITIE.

THE notice of medical literature is, with a few exceptions, out of our province; and the importance of the subjects it embraces, as well as their peculiarity, limits the discussion of them, generally speaking, to the professional journals which are at this day so numerous and so ably conducted throughout Europe. But there are subjects, in themselves purely, strictly professional, on which it is right not only that the practitioner should be taught, but that the public should be informed. Had the practical application of Jenner's great discovery, and the incalculable benefit it has entailed on the whole human race, depended solely on the efforts of the medical world, divided as it was at the period of the introduction of vaccination by the conflicting prejudices and interests of its

* The words between parentheses indicate the contents of the scrolls, the pronomen, and proper name of the kings.

members, not all the weight of character and talent which advocated it, could have succeeded in procuring its general reception and adoption. Jenner, with the good sense for which he was so distinguished, saw the necessity of convincing the public mind of the value of his discovery; of accustoming the public mind to reason on it; of apprising the public that means of safety and protection were within their reach. Now, though we do not mean to place this discovery of our French neighbours, of which we are about to give an outline, on a footing of equal importance with that of our Jenner, the benefactor of all mankind, yet there are strong features of analogy between them, which lead us to introduce to our readers a subject which we should otherwise have passed over without notice. The stone, a disease common throughout Europe, and the most painful of all maladies, hitherto relieved only by a formidable operation, of which death was too often the result, is, by this novel process—a process of perfect safety and great simplicity—rendered susceptible of cure in its most advanced stages; and surgery is furnished with means of preventing its growth at an earlier period. The value of this treatment therefore induces us to depart from our general rule, and to assist in making known the revolution which is in progress for the relief of the greatest of human sufferings.

The Baron Heurteloup, a French surgeon of great ingenuity and attainments, to whom the world is indebted for the perfection to which this department of his art has now arrived, has been some weeks in London, demonstrating publicly the nature and practice of this most extraordinary process, which has been named by the French faculty *lithotritie*. It consists in breaking the calculeous concretions which form within the bladder into powder or particles so minute that they are readily discharged by the natural passage through which the mechanism necessary for the destruction of the foreign body is introduced, without subjecting the patient to the terrors or dangers of incision. During the last five years this process has occupied the attention of several ingenious French surgeons, amongst whose researches those of Baron Heurteloup are the most prominent, having procured him "the grand prize of surgery" for the year 1827, from the Institute, for the perfection of the instruments he then suggested. Before his inventions, the destruction of these concretions was accomplished by repeated perforations, the result of which was their division into fragments, which fragments underwent in succession a subdivision by the same perforating instruments: but the baron saw the necessity of devising some means more rapid, and consequently less fatiguing to the organ in which they were employed; and he succeeded in obtaining them.

His instruments are introduced in a tube of small diameter, and developing themselves in the bladder, are so adapted, that the foreign body places itself within the branches which open opposite its neck, and, subsequently included within them, is retained firmly. The mechanism of this part of the apparatus, which consists of four branches, movable at will, together or separately, is peculiarly ingenious, and of very extensive application in various circumstances, which may modify its use; but it would exceed our limits to detail them. Suffice it to say, that the stone, firmly embraced by these four branches, placed in the centre of the bladder, which has been previously filled with tepid water, is submitted to the action

of what the baron calls the *evidour*, by the progressive, though rapid, eccentric motion of which its interior is completely excavated; and the exterior falls into the bladder in fragments resembling portions of shell, having a convex and concave surface. For the reduction to powder of these portions, Baron Heurteloup uses an instrument which he appropriately calls *brisecoque*, or shell-breaker. It consists of two branches, enclosed in a tube of small diameter also, which by a very simple mechanism extend and seize these fragments; and with extraordinary power (yet perfect protection against injury to the bladder) grind them into fine powder, which being voided as well as the detritus resulting from the action of the *evidour*, is passed off with the warm water previously introduced, and so terminates the operation.

We were much pleased with the candour and liberality with which the baron, in the demonstration at which we were present, noticed and appreciated the inventions of his countrymen who had preceded him in this department of surgery: he stated to us that he continues to make use of the three-branched instrument invented by M. le Roy (D'Étiolles), with which this ingenious surgeon, as well as M. Civiale, have effected several cures in France,* in cases where the stone was small; but we have above shewn that the obvious objections to its use were its tediousness and insufficiency, which the system of M. Heurteloup so admirably remedies. We should not omit to mention an important invention auxiliary to the baron's operation,—a species of bed, or great chair, on which the patient reposes, furnished with a mode of fixing the instrument (after the stone is seized), enabling the operator to dispense with the clumsy and embarrassing apparatus (chevalet) held by an assistant, previously in use.

Such are the important labours, for which we think not his profession only, but also humanity, owes a great debt to Baron Heurteloup: and we have been induced to exceed the limits we proposed in this article, to manifest how cordially we are disposed to forward the philanthropic views of this distinguished individual. We must not omit to mention that we have ourselves witnessed the benefit of this invention in the person of a gentleman aged sixty-six, many years a sufferer from this terrible malady, on whom the baron operated at the residence of Mr. A. White, the eminent surgeon of Parliament Street. As Mr. White is about to give the details of the case to the profession, we shall merely observe, that the individual in question is perfectly cured, and suffered so little inconvenience as to be able to walk home after the application of the instruments. Mr. Wattie, of 78 Upper Ebury Street, Pimlico, permits us to state that he is the gentleman to whom we refer.†

RUSSIA.

ALTHOUGH we have given some details of the statistics of this mighty empire on former occasions, we owe it to our readers not to withhold

* The history of the earlier inventions for the same purpose, which have ultimately led to the present improved practice, would be curious and interesting.

† We observe that at a recent sitting of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, a M. Rigal read a paper relative to several instruments which he has produced for performing this operation with ease and safety. Another gentleman submitted to the Academy an invention for dissolving the stone in the bladder; and a report was ordered to be made upon it. We have ourselves carefully examined the baron's instruments, and it is impossible to conceive any contrivances more ingenious and skillfully adapted to the purposes for which they are required.

further elucidations of so engrossing a subject, at a period when it must be peculiarly desirable to them to possess data of a correct and authentic character. And such, we can assure them, is the nature of the information which we now proceed to lay before them.

The empire of Russia takes precedence of every other nation in Europe, as regards its extent and population. The numbers of the motley race by which it is tenanted amounted, at the close of 1828, to 62,592,000 souls, of whom the following is a classification by distinct nations:—

1. Slavonians	64,000,000	of 7 grades.
2. Finlanders	3,000,000	11
3. Tartars	2,500,000	10
4. Caucasians	1,010,000	6
5. Germans	800,000	2
6. Mongolians	320,000	3
7. Esquimaux	90,000	7
8. Samojeeds	70,000	14
9. Mameurs	65,000	3
10. Indians	25,000	3
11. Kamtschadales	12,000	3
12. Unknown origin	1,000,000	14

62,592,000, of 63 various grades or races of human beings.

In respect of the *religious creeds* professed by this parti-coloured multitude, it falls under the subsequent heads, according to an estimate made two years ago:—

Greeks	46,300,000	Lamaites	210,000
Catholics	6,000,000	Reformed Church	84,000
Mahometans	3,300,000	Armenians	79,000
Lutherans	2,600,000	Herrnhuthers	19,000
Shamanese	700,000	Mennonites	6,000
Jews	600,000	Filipponese	3,000

The population of Russia in Europe, independently of her Polish possessions (which in 1827 contained 3,850,658 souls), amounted in that year to 44,603,600, which is double that of Great Britain. Relatively to the other states of Europe, it is extremely thin of inhabitants, and stands inferior even to Norway and Sweden in density of population.

In *financial* respects, the following present general results for the year 1827:—

Revenue (Poland inclusive)	£138,333,333	= £17,291,600
Expenditure	£135,484,990	= £16,935,620
National Debt	£300,000,000	= £37,500,000

The *military force* consists—in infantry, of 23,800 guards and 294,600 of the line; in cavalry, of 63,520; of 24,000 irregulars; 300 pieces attached to the horse, and 732 pieces attached to the foot artillery, forming a total of 47,038. This is the amount of the regular establishment; but, in time of war, like the present, it is greatly augmented by levies under the imperial ukase. The Polish army consists of 50,000.

The *Russian navy*, at the beginning of 1828, comprised 50 ships of the line, 35 frigates, and above 100 other large vessels, besides floating-batteries, gunboats, galleys, &c.—the whole manned by somewhat more than 50,000 sailors. This establishment has of late been considerably increased.

The whole empire does not present above 1840 cities and towns, 1219 strong places, and 227,400 villages and hamlets. Among the first mentioned are Petersburg, 325,000; Moscow, 260,000; Warsaw, 126,443; Kiev, 40,000; Sandomir, 50,000; Odessa, 40,000; Riga, 47,000; Tula, 36,000; Kaluga, 25,000; Kasan, 50,000; Astrachan, 36,000; and Irkutsk, 30,000.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

LONDON UNIVERSITY.

THIS important Institution has, it seems, adopted the plan, some time in agitation, of rendering itself a guide to the tyro, as well as to the so-far instructed youth. We have only seen an outline of the plan in the newspapers; but it appears to embrace the principle of a first-rate day-school, to prepare boys for the

more advanced labours of the University in its lectures and finishing instruction. As the King's College has proclaimed an intention of the same kind, we presume that such *doings* will be very injurious to the boarding-schools for young gentlemen in and about the metropolis. They will also probably lead the way to establishments like the Edinburgh free-school, and others, where the children attend so many hours a-day, &c.; and their parents are shareholders and directors. Similar schools are spreading fast; and the example of Edinburgh has been most successfully followed at Plymouth, &c. &c.; and, finally, so near London as Brompton.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES OF EUROPE.

WE are unable to state the exact number of these useful establishments, though, on a superficial enumeration, they cannot amount to fewer than between seven and eight hundred; the contents of which have been estimated by Malchus at 19,847,100 volumes. Of these contents there are preserved in

The Austrian States	2,280,000 vols.
Prussian	907,000
Remaining States of Germany.....	3,524,500
The whole of Germany	6,651,500
France.....	6,427,000
Great Britain.....	1,533,000
Russian Empire	880,000
Italy.....	2,139,000

The six most considerable, and, at the same time, most valuable libraries in Europe are the following:—

Royal Library, Paris.....	450,000 vols.	76,000 MSS.
Bodleian, Oxford	420,000	30,000
Royal Central, Munich.....	400,000	9,000
Vatican, Rome	100,000	40,000
University, Göttingen	300,000	5,000
British Museum, London	300,000	

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Literary Souvenir for 1830.

WE have received proofs of the twelve prints which are to illustrate the *Literary Souvenir for 1830*. They are at least equal in merit to those which have appeared in the former volumes of this interesting and popular publication; and we do not know any terms of higher praise. "Mrs. Siddons, in the character of Lady Macbeth," engraved by C. Rolls, from a painting by G. H. Harlowe, is placed at their head, and richly deserves to be so. It gives us an additional reason to lament the premature death of an artist, who, like poor Bonington, had he lived a few years longer, would have done honour to his country. The figure is replete with Siddonian grandeur, and the expression perfectly embodies the feeling of the animated apostrophe to the absent Thane:

"Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
And chastise, with the valour of my tongue,
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crowned withal."

Nor must we omit to express our warmest admiration of the powerful and mellow manner in which Mr. C. Rolls has performed his part of the work—"The Sale of the Pet Lamb," engraved by C. Rolls, from a painting by W. Collins, R.A. An interesting subject, delightfully treated in the Flemish style of art; but with much more of sentiment than is usually to be found in the pictures of the Flemish school. In the engraving, Mr. C. Rolls has again distinguished himself. The effect of sun-light, especially, is most happily preserved.—"Viscountess Belgrave," engraved by R. Graves, from a painting by Sir T.

Lawrence, P.R.A. Finely executed by Mr. Graves (who is rapidly verifying our prediction last year respecting him) from one of the President's most simple and charming heads.—"Jacob's Dream," engraved by E. Goodall, from a painting by W. Allston, A.R.A. The subject is beautifully managed by the painter, and the engraving is a perfect gem; although its size is much too small for the variety of matter which it embraces.—

"The Tournament," engraved by J. T. Willmore, from a drawing by J. Martin. The last remark which we made on the last article is equally applicable to the present; in which, nevertheless, an admirable idea is conveyed of extensive space, and of condensed masses of human beings.—"La Fille bien gardée," engraved by C. Rolls, from a painting by A. E. Chalon, R.A. A fine specimen of Mr. Chalon's tasteful pencil, to which great justice has been done by Mr. Rolls.—"Childe Harold and Ianthe," engraved by E. Portbury, from a drawing by R. Westall, R.A. We like the engraving better than the design, which has somewhat of a theatrical and affected air: yet the figure of Ianthe is very sweet and sylph-like.—"Oberon and Titania," engraved by J. C. Edwards, from a painting by H. Howard, R.A. There is a delightful expression in the countenance of Titania, on whose eyelids the fairy king is squeezing the flower, which, on her waking, is

"To make her full of hateful fantasies."

Mr. Edwards is advancing with great strides in his profession; and has, in this instance, been most successful in transferring Mr. Howard's elegant and classical composition to steel.—"The Sisters of Scio," engraved by H. Rolls, from a picture by A. Phalipon. A simple and pathetic conception, sweetly engraved.—"A Portrait," engraved by W. Danforth, from a painting by C. R. Leslie, R.A. Full of life and individuality, as every portrait ought to be. Were we possessed of barbequin's magic sword, however, we would transform the insignificant bird on the lady's hand into a noble falcon.—"The Discovery," engraved by J. Goodyear, from a picture by F. P. Stephanoff. Although the exact parallelism of the two heads and necks is somewhat injurious to the composition, it is very graceful and interesting; and has afforded Mr. Goodyear a good opportunity of shewing his command of the tool.—"The Brigand's Cave," engraved by C. Rolls, from a painting by T. Uwins. The pity in the face of the brigand's wife, as she contemplates the innocent sleeper in her lap, will, we trust, have its due influence on her ruffian husband. The print is perhaps a little hard and liny, but it is very characteristic. Having thus glanced over the whole of this miniature gallery, we conclude, as we began, by bestowing upon it our hearty commendation.

Illustrations to the Iris.

THE engravings for this Annual have been placed before us too late for a specific notice in this Gazette; and all we can say on a cursory glance, is, that several of them from Carlo Dolci, Murillo, Baroccio, Cignani, and other ancient masters, are very finely executed. There is a remarkable production, the Raising of Lazarus, from J. Lievens, a painter of a former age: it is dated 1631.

Fountain of Tophana. Fountain of Bob Houmayon. From drawings by Page.

At a time when every thing Constantinopolitan has a peculiar interest, we are obliged to

Mr. Ackermann for these two large coloured prints of two of the most picturesque and remarkable objects in the city, about to be—who can tell what? We doubt not, however, whoever are masters will be prone to take care of these splendid fountains, so precious in eastern climes. For ourselves, we are contented to drink at them in imagination from these showy and characteristic pictures.

Engraved Illustrations of Ancient Arms and Armour. After the Drawings, and with the Descriptions of Dr. Meyrick; by Joseph Skelton, F.S.A. Part XX.

THE plates which embellish the twentieth part of Mr. Skelton's work are among the most beautiful that have hitherto appeared. They consist of "Musketeer's Armour, A.D. 1603;" "Spur, Boes of a Bit, and Stirrups;" "Indian and Albanian Weapons;" "Target of Steel embossed, A.D. 1568;" "Maces, Mazuelles, &c.;" and "Russet Armour, A.D. 1558."

The Right Hon. Lady Anne Beckett. Engraved by T. Wright, from an original Miniature by Mrs. Mee. M. Colnaghi.

WE have seldom seen a countenance exhibiting more feminine delicacy and sweetness of expression. This little print is the fifty-eighth of the Series of Portraits of the Female Nobility, published in "La Belle Assemblée."

Great Britain Illustrated. From Drawings by W. Westall, A.R.A.; engraved by E. Finden. Nos. 14 and 15. Tilt.

OF the several picturesque views which ornament these Numbers, those of "Lancaster" and "Durham" are our favourites.

Fisher's Illustrations of England. Nos. 10, 11, 12, and 13.

THE noble towns of Liverpool and Manchester have furnished the subjects for these four Nos. of Mr. Fisher's publication. Most of them are very picturesque, and all of them are very prettily engraved.

Fisher's Illustrations of Ireland. Nos. 6 and 7. THERE is much architectural magnificence and beauty in the plates which embellish these two Numbers.

GREEK VASES.

[The following is the Extract of the Letter of a distinguished Antiquary from Naples, to which we alluded last week.]

"WE have had, in the Roman states, a most extraordinary discovery of the Necropolis of Vulci, or Vulcia, in which already no fewer than 2000 vases, of the best workmanship and preservation, have been found: one-third of these vases are inscribed—all, however, with Greek characters, Greek personages, and by Greek artists, who are often named,—such as Andocides, Sosthenes, Phitias, Eschylus, Megacles, Glaucou, and Phidippos—all of whom either *egraphē* or *epoiesen* some of the paintings. These discoveries will be continued in the winter. About 400 plates, not unlike modern plates in shape, but in red terra cotta, with black figures, have also been found, which I imagine served for the funeral feast—probably only corn and raisins.

"The price of Greek vases is expected to fall in consequence; but at present they sell as well as ever. The collection here, which was the best in the world, is, of course, much diminished in value."

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

[At the present time, from which we take our colour, it will be seen that we prefer in these Sketches, and also in other parts, the subjects that are most interesting to the generality of readers. Among these, accounts of Russia and Turkey consequently take the lead; and we only beg to state, that our intelligence respecting these countries is not copied from unauthentic sources, but carefully extracted from rare and important works of the first authority.]

PASKEWITCH AND DIEBITSCH.

A FRENCH officer, who was present at a splendid ball given to the late Emperor Alexander at Moscow, in 1821, speaks in the following terms of these celebrated characters. "In the group of officers who at times assembled in his suite, I observed Paskewitch: his stature was lofty, his hair scanty, and his look melancholy. His eye shone like lightning; and deep meditation had rendered him bald. Diebitsch, too, was one of the circle: I met with him on several occasions, and, amongst others, at Taganrog, at the time of Alexander's death. He is of diminutive stature; his complexion sunburnt, and he walks with his head bent downwards: his look is chilling; but he has a busy, fiery eye; his forehead is high, like Buonaparte's; his back somewhat bent, and his features remind me of Chateaubriant's, allowing for disparity of years. His age at the present moment must be from five to seven and forty. His person betrays great vivacity of thought, and presents a striking combination of elegance and military spirit. He is said to be a man of pleasure; and we were accustomed to predict the distinguished station to which he would ultimately attain. Count Paskewitch, a man of a graver mood and more varied acquirements, is the mirror of German enthusiasm. I saw him a second time at the University of Charcoff, to which place he had brought his son."

SPECIMENS OF TURKISH LEGISLATION.

[Extracted from the *Mukhatta* (or Political Code), and the Book of Civil Jurisprudence.]

The Sultan's Power.—The chief of the Moslems must be a disciple of Mahommedanism, and have attained his majority; must be of sound mind, of noble race, and of the male sex. As Mahomet's representative and imam in chief, the sultan is conservator of the sacred code of laws, and guardian of the canonical enactments. As possessor of the Imametz, he is privileged to attend public prayers on Fridays and celebrate the two Bairams; and as the national guardian, he is endued with unlimited power over the faithful. In the sultan alone is vested the right of appointing to offices, whether of a judicial or executive character: to him alone appertains the uncontrolled disposal of the revenue and expenditure of the state, the command of the national forces, the right of making peace or war, and the watching over the public safety and tranquillity; on him alone, in short, devolves, and in him alone centres, the entire government of the state. The sultan's power is indivisible—his person sacred and inviolable—his judicial powers extend over all persons and things—and he is consequently placed beyond the reach of any penal laws. Conquest has given him military suzerainty; and hence arises his right to command the army. Yet he has no power of interference with the canon law, much less if such interference should be prejudicial to the condition of his subjects or the well-being of the servants of God; for both are recommended as special objects of his paternal care.

Foreign Residents.—The stranger during his sojourn in Moslem countries is entitled to the

protection of the laws, provided he reside by permission of the sovereign or his representative. This permission is confined to two, six, or eleven months, and is never extended to a whole twelvemonth. If a foreigner remain in the country beyond the period appointed him, he becomes a taxable subject, is obliged to pay the capitation tax, and forfeits the right of quitting the country without impediment. Strangers of the female sex incur similar liabilities upon their marriage with the sultan's subjects. But the residence of a foreigner who has become chargeable with taxes, does not entitle him to the protection of the Moslem laws as respects his property in other countries: the female also, with her children and every description of property, is in time of war subject to the laws which attach to the enemies of Islamism. If either quit the country after becoming taxable, they are deemed to have removed themselves surreptitiously, and incur the penalty of proscription, which places them beyond the pale of the law. If slain or taken prisoner whilst fighting under the enemy's colours, their property is confiscated by the act, and becomes lawful booty to the conqueror.

Marriage.—A man can marry four wives; and at marriage both incur the obligation of remaining true to each other for the duration of their lives. A Mussulman is prohibited from marrying, amongst others, his mother, grandmother, daughter, aunt, or niece; his wife's kindred; his own slave, or the slave of another, if the husband be already possessed of a lawful wife; a female of another faith; or a woman who is betrothed to another. And a Moslem woman is forbidden to intermarry with an infidel. The milk which a woman affords to a stranger child gives the child the same rights as if it were of her own blood. Even if the child sip but a drop of other milk, or what is still more extraordinary, if but the smallest possible drop of her milk fall accidentally into the child's nostril, or if it taste it by the merest chance, even without having been taken to the breast, it acquires an inalienable right to a mother's care. The husband must place all his wives on the same footing as to food, apparel, and rank; and may choose for himself, if he cannot take all of them with him on a journey, though his more prudent course is to let them draw lots for the right of accompanying him. He possesses an almost despotic power over them, but forfeits it if he refuse to return her the marriage-gift she brought him! On the other hand, if she rebel against his slightest caprice, or refuse perfect obedience to him, he is entitled from that moment to suspend her maintenance.

Divorces in Turkey.—According to the Turkish law, the husband alone is the arbiter of a separation *à mens et toro*; and he can sever the connubial tie at his own good pleasure, provided always that he be of age and sound in intellect. The sentence of divorce is laconic enough, the Turk probably opining that, on such occasions, the less said the sooner mended, and either of the following formulæ suffices to erect the partition-wall between man and wife. "Thou art cast off;" or, "Carry thy fecundity far away from my presence;" or, "Go, count thy months;" or, "I cast thee away from me, with 'thy lap, thy breast, thy head,' or thy countenance." But from the moment the doom has passed his lips, he himself forfeits all personal claim on his spouse; whilst the latter is compelled to isolate herself from all society throughout the succeeding three months, during which period such conjugal rights as affect

the laws of inheritance and the husband's powers over the wife remain unimpaired. He is, however, entitled within this space to take her back again, even though she may prove contumacious, and to incarcerate her until she consent to live with him once more. During her confinement he is also at liberty to visit her at intervals, for the purpose of endeavouring to pave the way to a reconciliation: but his visits must be limited to the mere intercourse of the tongue—any endearment or familiarity whatever is rigidly excluded and prohibited; and so be to him if he be caught transgressing against the prescribed observances; a breach of them arms the wife with the right of employing even poison to send him into the other world. The dissolution of the marriage-vow is consummated upon the expiration of the three legal months; and if after that period the couple are inclined to resume their conjugal relations, the nuptial ceremony must be celebrated *de novo*. A similar course becomes requisite if a second divorce should result in a second homage to the laws of attraction and cohesion; but after a tertian relapse, the husband cannot resume possession, excepting the wife have been married to another.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

THIS house opened on Thursday with a bumper audience. The play was *Hamlet*; and Miss Faucit made a very promising *début* in *Ophelia*. So late in the week we cannot enter into particulars.

COVENT GARDEN.

THIS theatre opens on Monday with *Romeo and Juliet*, cast in a style of uncommon interest. Abbott, an actor who did more to make second parts *first* than any performer we ever saw, plays *Homeo*; and we anticipate he will not make a *first* part *second*, though C. Kemble is to be the *Mercutio*, and Warde the *Friar Laurence*. Meadows (for whom no fair opportunity has ever occurred, or been created, to exhibit his fine comic talent) is only the *Apothecary*; but the grand attraction of the night is the first appearance of Miss Kemble (the daughter of Mr. C. K.) as *Juliet*; and Mrs. Kemble, her mother, as *Lady Capulet*. The attraction is so strong, that in the better time of the Drama we should have thought of securing a place as soon as the doors were opened.

ENGLISH OPERA.

THE season closed last night; and as we have noticed its deserved success as it went on, we need only recapitulate the causes.

Middle Temple, a Farce by Peake; Music by Rodwell, 23 nights.

Sister of Charity, a Melo-Drama by Benini; Music by Hawes, 33 nights.

Inoc. "What's in a Name," a Farce, Anon.; Music selected, 2 nights.

Robber's Bride, a Grand Opera, translated by E. Ball; Music by Ries, arranged and adapted by Hawes, 19 nights.

Witness, a Melo-Drama by T. H. Bayly; Music by A. Lee, 7 nights.

Spring Lock, a Melo-Drama by Peake; Music by Rodwell, 26 nights.

Der Vampyr, a Grand Opera, translated by Planché; Music by Marchner, arranged and adapted by Hawes, 14 nights.

Sold for a Song, an Operetta by T. H. Bayly; Music by A. Lee, 16 nights.

Recruits, a Melo-Drama by C. W. Hallett; Music by Hawes, 6 nights.

In addition to the rapid production of nine new pieces, several successful revivals have taken place. Dibdin's *Waterman*, which gave Wood an opportunity of singing the beautiful ballads in a pure and delightful style. The

fares of *Master's Rival* (sent to the tomb of the capulets by Liston, at Drury Lane,—but brought to life again by the clever little practitioner Keeley, who infused a new spirit into the defunct, and made it run for fourteen nights at Covent Garden) has been also revived with distinguished success, and performed no fewer than ten times during the English Opera season. Mr. Bartley spoke an appropriate address; for which we regret we have not room.

ADELPHI.

THIS pleasantest of pleasant places opened on Tuesday; but we have not yet had an opportunity of visiting it. *Monsieur Mallet* was a sure card to play out; and there would be, of course, a great deal in the house, packing in the best sense, and no packing in any other.

SURREY THEATRE.

It is, for guides of public taste, a shameful confession to make, but we so seldom think of visiting the minor theatres, unless seduced by some uncommon occurrence, that it was somewhere about the *hundredth* repetition of *Black-eyed Susan* at this house when we witnessed the performance on Tuesday last. Having seen it, we do not wonder at the extraordinary popularity of this piece; for if admirable acting and a well-constructed drama can insure success, the requisites are here. T. P. Cooke is the best sailor that ever trod the boards—in frolic and in affliction he is always true to nature, and to the peculiarities of the seaman. His hitch, his swing, his back-handed wipe, his roll—in short, his every look, gesture, and motion, are redolent of the blue water and the lower deck; and all this is qualified by great ability, and a degree of feeling which is far more like truth than acting:—can we wonder that such a man should draw and delight crowds for hundreds of nights? We are not, however, going to criticise the Surrey; and all we shall say of our experience there is, that the entertainments were most gratifying, and far superior to any expectation we had formed. Vulgarly, the vice of the smaller theatres, was shunned by the sound discretion of the leading, and very clever, actors; so that, without expecting an aristocratic company, there was nothing which the best society might not witness with pleasure. Cooke made every man in his ship a sailor as well as himself; and Vale (in three parts) displayed a versatility of talent (kept quietly down below the buffoonery of actors, who often obtain much applause by their tricks) that obtained our hearty approbation. We were also much pleased with the performances of Mr. Forrester, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Buckingham, and others; and have no hesitation in advising our readers to go forthwith, and enjoy a night's amusement at the Surrey.

CHESTER MUSICAL MEETING.

It is said, that after defraying the expenses of the late "Festival," upwards of a thousand pounds will be appropriated to charitable purposes. The manner in which national, and particularly provincial, talent has been encouraged, reflects the greatest credit upon the committee of management. A Manchester gentleman, of the name of Bennett, (said to be the private pupil of that admirable master Crevelin,) is spoken of highly in the Chester papers; and is considered by the critics as one of the most promising *tenors* of the day. His performance of a song from the "Redemption" excited an extraordinary sensation in the audience.

VARIETIES.

Moulds.—A complete manual of the art of making moulds of all the various materials which are used for that purpose has been published at Paris, and is spoken of by the French reviews with great praise, as throwing every light upon the subject of which it is susceptible.

Improved Candle-wicks.—A M. Hebuta, a candle manufacturer at Paris, has invented a new wick for tallow candles, which is hollow. It is said to give a better light than the ordinary wick, and to prevent guttering.

Stereotype Printing.—Holland possesses far more substantial claims to the merit of this invention than to the glory of originating the noble art of typography. Besides a quarto Bible, published in 1711, there exists a Dutch Bible, stereotyped in folio at the commencement of the eighteenth century. These are indisputable proofs that stereotype printing was employed in Holland long before it was even known in France. In a note to No. 1316 of Barbier's Catalogue, it is also recorded, that Johann Müller, pastor of the German church at Leyden, had devised, in the year 1701, a novel method of printing, which much resembles the process of stereotyping as now practised. This method consisted in composing the page in the usual manner, correcting it accurately, securing the type with iron ties, turning it over on its face, and then cementing it into a solid mass by means of a metallic composition, or, preferably, of mastic. The first trial of this process was made with a book of prayers, entitled, "Gebede-Bockjen van Johan Haverman," and printed by W. Müller, the inventor's son, in 1701. The invention was subsequently transferred to Halle; and Müller, in a letter of the 28th June, 1709, mentions that he had applied it in the publication of a Syriac New Testament, conjointly with a Lexicon.—*De Reiffenberg*, Louvain.

Literary Rewards.—The King of Prussia, who in 1813 wrote a very flattering letter, accompanied with a gold medal, to M. Julien, at Paris, the author of "the Spirit of Pestalozzi's Method of Education," has recently addressed to the same gentleman another letter, accompanied with a second gold medal, in return for a copy of the fourth edition of his "Essay on the Employment of Time." Such notices, from crowned heads, are among the best encouragements to literary and useful exertion; and we sincerely wish they were more usual.

Hungarian Universities.—In the Royal Academy of Presburg there are 433 students; viz. 236 of philosophy, and 197 of law; added to which there are in the Archiepiscopal Lyceum of Turnau 78 students of philosophy, and in the Episcopal Lyceum of Waitsen 60. At the Royal University of Pesth, there have been, during the present year, 1,710 students; viz. 73 of theology, 381 of law, 401 of medicine, and 609 of philosophical science. Of this number, 1,243 are Roman Catholics, 142 Greeks, 68 Protestants of the Augsburg confession, 140 *Reformés* of the Swiss confession, and 153 Jews.

Meditations upon Nature.—At a late sitting of the Paris Royal Academy of Sciences, M. Meckel was unanimously elected Corresponding Member in Germany, to fill up the vacancy in the section of medicine and surgery.—M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire read a memoir, entitled "Meditations upon Nature;" and made some observations on this new branch of science, cultivated in Germany, and which has specially

received the name of philosophy of nature. The principles which its partisans profess, are the pretension of uniting the *ensemble* of the phenomena of nature; of arriving at conceptions, not by deductions *a priori* drawn from the observation of particular facts, but from primitive views. M. St. Hilaire stated the difficulties of such an hypothesis, but admitted that a man of genius might make progress in such a science. Kepler, he said, pursued his astronomical studies according to the inspirations of his genius, without the aid of knowledge and observation; and Newton had, by similar means, established one of the most important propositions—that planetary bodies attract in direct proportion to the inverse masses of the square of the distance. One of the principles professed by these philosophers is, the unity of organic composition; and that all organised beings are divided into two distinct classes, according to whether they breathe in the midst of air or water. Vertebrated animals, they contend, are constructed under a double point of view. Their embryo presents two respiratory organs, and if one of them dominates over the other, the result is, that the animal becomes either an aerial one or a fish. The author professes to have paid much attention to monstrosities, and endeavours to prove that though they were formerly considered as contrary to nature, yet, in fact, they only furnish new proofs of the constancy of her laws. M. de St. Hilaire, in conclusion, said, that, if we believed in the determinate existence of certain organic materials, in that of a very few laws for their disposal, in a prescribed and necessary order of arrangement, and, consequently, in the philosophical resemblance of beings;—and, finally, that if we had made these propositions, extended to all their identical cases, the subject of an abstract and general principle, we had, at least, not conceived that principle before the examination of the facts; but, on the contrary, had adopted it only after long-continued investigation.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The Fourth and last Part of the History and Antiquities of Luton Chapel is on the eve of publication.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Borderers, by the author of "the Spy," 3 vols. post 8vo. 12. 11s. 6d. bds.—Stewart's Practice of Conveyancing, Vol. II. royal 8vo. 12. 1s. bds.—The Heraldry of Crests, royal 18mo. 10s.; large paper, 13s. bds.—Tammlyn's Reports in Chancery, Part I. 8vo. 6s. sewed.—Norton's London, by Tyrrell, 8vo. 12. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1839.

September.	Thermomètre.	Baromètre.
Thursday... 94	From 45. to 58.	30.89 to 30.95
Friday... 95	— 38. — 60.	30.04 — 30.08
Saturday... 96	— 35. — 62.	30.13 — 30.60
Sunday... 97	— 52. — 61.	29.94 — 29.79
Monday... 98	— 38. — 67.	29.78 — 29.80
Tuesday... 29	— 33. — 56.	29.93 — 29.90
Wednesday 30	— 31. — 57.	30.08 — 30.16

Wind variable, prevailing N.E. and N.W.
Except the 27th, generally clear; a thick fog on the morning of the 28th.

Rain fallen, 25 of an inch.

Latitude..... 51° 37' 38" N.
Longitude..... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are glad to find that a copious Glossary is preparing for the new edition of the Waverley Novels, as suggested in our last; but it had been previously advertised, and escaped our notice.

We really (on Thursday night) cannot tell C. H. whether we received "Night," a poem, or not.

Our readers will please to correct the following ERRATA: in our last, p. 632, col. 1, line 20, for "commercial" read "communal;" and in the same page and col. insert this heading to the subsequent statement of the "Superficial Extent of Europe." Also in our notice of the Haymarket, near the end, for "brother" read "wonder;" Sir J. Franklin being Mrs. Vernon's uncle.

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LITHOGRAPHY. In answer to a Reply by Mr. Coindet to a Pamphlet lately circulated by me, I beg to observe, that the statement in a fair and satisfactory way one single statement that I have made.

Mr. Coindet states that Mr. Engelmann's "yellow facing is good for nothing." How are we to conciliate this avowal with the manner in which the honour of having discovered facing is claimed for Mr. Engelmann in the "History of Lithography?" The claim sets forth how Mr. E. "was the first to discover the presence of iron in lithographic stones," and how from one string of reasoning to another he was led to use facing; and yet all this claim for the priority of the idea is about a process which is "good for nothing." Mr. Coindet asserts that a faced stone "may succeed in one instance, and fail in twenty," by which assertion he charitably insinuates, since I have declared that I continue to use facing, that this must still be the case with drawings which are sent to my establishment to be printed. Mr. Coindet, in his answer to my pamphlet, bewails himself in his own reasoning; for he admits that the "History of Lithography," and Engelmann did communicate to me the process of facing; and yet, as his answer, he supposes that Engelmann might not have communicated it to me because it was "good for nothing." He says that "he has some reason to suppose that my facing is the same as Engelmann's," but how can he doubt its being the same, since he maintained at first that Engelmann gave me the process? Mr. Coindet says, that out of twenty-one drawings, only one succeeds, when done on faced stones. This does not look as if, to use his own words, "he who knows how to treat a preparation in one instance, and fail in twenty," was a man in business in Mr. Coindet's manner. I must surely be a man of moderate blood to go on using this dreadfully uncertain process; and artists and publishers must be very stupid to go on sending their drawings to me, when they lose twenty drawings out of one and twenty, and to wonder that, when informed Mr. Coindet (a French artist) that "it was impossible" (Mr. Coindet has put this word in italics) that any one but myself could etch his drawing, on account of the facing. This, to use Mr. Coindet's expression, is "a fibber;" and as he has quoted Mr. Coindet, to him I appeal whether I did not inform him simply, that the success of his lithography was entirely dependent on the facing, and that, as I myself, as stones sent out from my establishment required a peculiar treatment; but I never used the word "impossible." I considered myself bound to warn Mr. Coindet against the risk of the failure of his drawing; for I knew that several drawings, done on stones which were in the first instance obtained from my establishment, had been spoiled when placed in the hands of other printers; and Mr. Coindet himself cannot deny, that when this has happened to him, he has invariably attributed the failure to my "curious facing."—I am using his own words; Mr. Coindet has plucked his fingers in his own way, and need no better defence for the caution I gave to Mr. Coindet than quoting Mr. Coindet—that, in his opinion, "twenty drawings fall out of twenty-one." Messrs. Moon and Boys, on Mr. Coindet's own saying, may congratulate themselves on the narrow escape they have had with Mr. Coindet's drawing. To all this I must add, that what I said to Mr. Coindet could not have been spoken in enmity to Mr. Coindet, since he did not know himself where the stone was gone to be printed; all he knew on the subject was, that he had sold it to Messrs. Moon and Boys.

It appears then that I was, in asserting that Mr. Croker the author of the "History of Lithography" was a partner of the firm of Engelmann, Coindet, and Co. I have to apologise to Mr. Croker for the mistake; but if this latter gentleman, as is affirmed, is not a partner in the business, Mr. Coindet well knows that at no distant period Mr. Croker was not very far from being received as one; I was, therefore, not deviating much from the truth in what I advanced.

Mr. Coindet says, "I have seen with pleasure that Mr. Hullmandel declares that he was willing to break his agreement with the house of Engelmann, and that he has destroyed a report which has been extensively circulated—that our agreement was formed contrary to the said agreement." If by this Mr. C. wants to insinuate that I am the author of these reports, he says that which is unfounded and false. I defy him to trace such a report to me, or to show me any one in my employment; for never have I said such a thing as to break my agreement; for, if he, an individual to whom I have asserted, or even hinted such a thing.

I maintain that all that I have advanced is true; and if some of these assertions are injurious to one of Mr. Coindet's partners, he has drawn this attack upon himself, by his conduct in contesting from me, contrary to his agreement, processes he claims as his discovery. Mr. Coindet rejects Mr. Harding's testimony with regard to my process and my printing, on the ground of this gentleman's having had no drawings printed elsewhere. I may perhaps be allowed to mention the fact of Mr. Lane having confided again to me the printing of those drawings of his which he considers of most importance, after having had many plates printed by Mr. Coindet.

Mr. Coindet's determination to answer my pamphlets no more. Nothing will give me more pleasure than to see, in part, that to put a stop to my complaints; let him carry on his business in a fair and honourable way towards me—let him not speak to every one as he has done, and is continually doing, of me, and of my establishment, so as to harm me as much as he can; let him oppose me in an open and straightforward manner, by trying to send forth better work than me—let him not backbite and slander me to all who will listen to him—let him not, as far as concerns myself, advance as facts things which he knows to be false, or which he knows nothing about—and I will most willingly remain silent. If, very far from my trying to throw myself before the public; but Mr. Coindet has compelled me to do so. I cannot conclude better than by using Mr. Coindet's own words:—"Let the public decide who is the best Lithographic Printer from the works produced by their respective Partners."

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 By ALEXANDER de HUMBOLDT and AIME BONPLAND.
 Written in French by ALEXANDER de HUMBOLDT, and translated into English by HELEY MARIA WILLIAMS.
 Printing for Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green.

On Thursday next, the 8th instant, will be published, price Six Shillings,
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Article. Contents.
 1. Phrenology.
 2. Letters on Germany.
 3. Modern French Drama.
 4. Müller; the Dorians.
 5. Bourrienne; Napoleon Buonaparte.
 6. Political Economy.
 7. Goldoni, Gozzi, Notti, Giraud; Modern Italian Comedy.
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No. 664.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1829.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Alpenstock; or, Sketches of Swiss Scenery and Manners, 1825-26. By C. J. Latrobe. 8vo. pp. 388. London, 1829. Seeley.

THIS is an amusing volume, written by a young traveller, who throws over all his perils, by land and water, that spirit of enjoyment "which only boyhood can,"—we beg pardon, we mean youth just verging upon manhood. We shall make a miscellaneous collection of what strikes us as most amusing.

"The lake of Morat was the scene of a very singular phenomenon during the earlier months of this year, 1825. I remember the report reaching Neuchâtel—through the medium of the market people passing from one lake to the other (some time during the winter)—that the waters of the lake of Morat had suddenly become the colour of blood, though I could meet with no one whose testimony was sufficiently clear and unequivocal to establish the fact. This, joined to my not having the leisure then to come (go?) and see for myself, caused the matter to slip my memory entirely, till I found myself in the neighbourhood. Here the circumstance was fully confirmed to me in a manner not to be questioned; and having since met with a paper, written by M. Decandolle, of Geneva, on the subject, I shall take what is there stated as my best guide in mentioning the facts as they occurred. It appears that this singular phenomenon began to excite the attention of the inhabitants of Morat as early as November last year, and that it continued more or less observable during the whole of the winter. Mr. Trechsel, a gentleman resident at Morat, to whom M. Decandolle applied, on hearing the report, for information and specimens of the colouring matter, stated—that during the early hours of the day no extraordinary appearance was observable in the lake; but that a little later, long parallel lines of reddish matter were seen to extend along the surface of the water, at some short distance from the banks. This being blown by the wind towards the more sheltered parts of the shore, collected itself about the reeds and rushes, covering the surface of the lake with a light foam; forming, as it were, different strata of various colours, from greenish black, gray, yellow, and brown, to the most delicious red. He adds, that this matter exhaled a pestiferous odour during the day, but disappeared at the approach of night. It was further observed, that during tempestuous weather it vanished altogether. Many small fishes were seen to become intoxicated while swimming amongst it, and after a few convulsive leaps, to lie motionless on the surface. The naturalists of Geneva decided, from the specimens sent, that it was an animal substance, which if not the *oscillatoria subfusca*, was nearly allied to it. Soon after the beginning of May it disappeared entirely. It is not known that this phenomenon has appeared before on the lake of Morat within the memory

of man. Tradition states the same to have happened the year preceding the great battle."

On a visit to Lauterbrunnen, the author relates:—

"While commencing my ascent of the first stage of the opposite mountain, which is sprinkled with cottages, I remarked that the approach of a stranger had put their inmates in motion, each pouring from the door-way the younger members of the family. These beset the devious foot-way leading up the hill-side, in a long scattered line to a considerable height, just like a train of gunpowder, which only awaited my approach to explode. And so it was: for, as I advanced, one after the other set up her, or his, pipes in succession; offering me little bouquets of roses, or the *orchis nigra*, and begging a *batz* in return. Had it been a fine warm day, I might have looked upon this preparation for my entertainment with a good-natured desire to be entertained; but it was terribly raw and cold, I had had a ducking, which still made my teeth chatter in my head, and I own I looked upon this preconcerted plan of attack upon my ears and my pocket with a very jaundiced eye. Besides, a dear-bought night's lodging and refreshment had tended to induce a passing economical, if not parsimonious, humour. So there was but a poor look-out for these songsters. Accordingly, the first two applicants I passed without noticing. The third screamed most vociferously, holding her petticoat ready for the *batz*. She sung so loud, that I could not avoid looking her full in the face, and by way of stopping her song, gave her a chuck under the chin, which she received with a low courtesy. Somehow or other this softened my heart considerably. The next, a bright-faced little girl, was the gainer by it, as she held the flowers so near my fingers, that I was absolutely obliged to take them, and of course to give her the *batz*. Seeing the success of the last, and that importunity had gained the day, the following insisted upon my taking her rose. I stopped and asked: 'Which of us was the poorer?' She answered, without hesitation: 'That she was;' and there was something in the ready simplicity of her answer, and the glance she threw down to her naked feet, which made me ashamed of the sophistry, or whatever it was, which had dictated the question, and of course I satisfied the demand. The last and highest cottage turned out a party of five, a great boy, three little girls, and a sharp black-eyed urchin. These all made music. After giving once, it becomes very difficult to refuse. This I felt as I approached the rear-guard. The boy I put to flight by saying I thought he was old and strong enough to earn his bread in a different manner, and, turning to the rest, added, that begging was not originally a Swiss trade, and that that they were abusing the beautiful flowers of their mountains, and the old and simple customs of their forefathers, when they made them the excuse for an idle life and desire after the *batzen* of the stranger. Per-

haps they did not understand me; but the mother did, and came forward from the cottage door, with her youngest still at the breast. She pleaded poverty, and a large family, and the bad weather, which obliged the elder children to remain idle at home. She said she was a Swiss born, and did not like to see her children beg; but the bad custom had crept in, no one knew how."

Further on, we meet with the following:—

"The *vacher* had been absent from the *châlet* about two hours, his cows being in a shed upon another part of the alp, and had just returned, it being then about seven o'clock P. M. In the course of the evening, he had directed my attention to a small flock of sheep, on one of the above-mentioned green patches of pasture, situated on the ledge overhanging the precipices, about half-way up the lower part of the mountain. To an observation of wonder at their exposure, in a situation apparently so dangerous, he had replied, that they were the property of a private person at Lauterbrunnen, who ran the risk, for the sake of the extraordinary luxuriance and richness of the grass on that slope; and added, that, moreover, being situated under a high rock, with a deep ravine on either side, the danger was not so great, when once fairly lodged there. Half an hour after his return, just as the shades of approaching evening began to render the dull light from the *châlet* door barely sufficient for me to guide my pen upon my paper, I was roused from my seat by a distant rumble, and hastened to the door-way. The sound continued to increase, but for some short time nothing was to be seen in motion. At length we saw the avalanche emerge, like a rolling cloud of dense smoke, from the fogs resting upon the mountain. It rushed forward like a whirlwind down the last stage of the glaciers, and approached the edge of the precipices. My breathless attention was naturally directed towards the advancing mass; when it was diverted, by hearing the *vacher* cry out, from the little elevation to which he had run—"O God! the sheep, the poor sheep!" My eye instantly glanced at the little green slope, and had hardly time to take cognisance of its situation, before, dashing high over the precipice above, the snow, ice, and rock, poured down upon it, swept like lightning over its surface, and then hurried down out of sight into the depths of the Trümletenthal, leaving the spot of green a patch of dingy brown. There could be no doubt but the sheep, whether few or many, were instantaneously overwhelmed. No living animal could be seen any where on the precipices; down which, by the regular channels, the snow and ice, disturbed and set in motion by the great avalanche, continued to thunder for several minutes after."

The traveller having started for the Grimsel narrates:

"I took advantage of a fair sunset to stroll into a by-path leading down the valley close under the woody hills to the right of the church. This led me through some delightfully varied scenery, till it joined the main road, leading

towards the village, from the lower bridge over the Aar. I had hardly set my foot upon it before I heard the tinkling of the goat-bells behind me, and wishing to see this animal under the multitude of varieties which a large herd presents, I stopped short till they should overtake me. They soon appeared in sight, having left their mountain pasture at sunset to return to be milked in the village, where they always pass the night. Most of the larger Swiss villages have an individual, employed by the inhabitants conjointly, to take care of their goats during the day. This goatherd, who is often an idiot, makes his appearance in the main street at day-break; he sounds his horn, and each peasant turns his goat or goats out of the stall. The animals then herd instinctively together, and are led on to the mountains, where they feed during the day, and are brought back, as just mentioned, at night-fall. They came forward, trotting across the bridge over the Aar, pushing and skirmishing with one another, with every sign of saucy impatience. The goatherd, who walked after them with his coat hanging over a stick upon his shoulder, and a great pair of dun heels peeping out of his clogs at every step he took in the mire, was a true modern specimen of this class; perfectly unpoetical and unphilosophical in appearance, in spite of the poetry of his profession. Instead of 'tuneful quill,' his lips were busy with a short black tobacco-pipe. In the herd of above one hundred goats, which seemed to be conducting him to his home, there was a great variety of colour, from milk-white, through all the shades of yellow and brown, to black. There was equal difference in the quantity and quality of their coats, some being covered with a long and shaggy hair, and others with a short and smooth fur. Most of them had beards, though all female; and some of them, in addition, two little tufts at each side of the throat, which looked, for all the world, like cap or bonnet strings. When we approached the village they became much more clamorous and quarrelsome, and I could see and hear that there was strong skirmishing in the van. Immediately on entering it, we were met by a crowd of children, many not above three or four years old. They came forward to meet us, and mingling with the herd, began to seek and pick out their several pets. When found, they grasped their horns, or put their little arms round their necks, and directed them home. Many of the goats stopped short at the door of their owner's cottage, and, bleating, demanded admittance; while others, of their own accord, set off at a canter up the by-lanes leading to their homes, and were out of sight in an instant. The first welcome of a master or mistress for their goat, as well as the cow, is a handful of salt; and it is amusing to see with what eagerness they follow and lick the hand that allures them with it."

Having been present at the performance of the service in the church of Unterwalden, the writer remarks:

"It appeared to me to have been a high day for the Virgin; for her effigy, in the form of a great doll dressed à la mode, had been brought forth, placed upon a movable stand, and evidently carried about in procession. However, it soon appeared that her day was at an end, for, while I was standing beside the high altar, in comes the sacristan, or some other officer attached to the church. He advanced unceremoniously up to the figure, unstrapped her from the pedestal, and then inserting his hands between her shoes (one of which I had seen a woman kiss a few minutes before), unscrewed a peg which kept her upright, let her fall upon

his shoulder, and carried her pick-a-pack out of the church into the vestry: so that the figure which one moment was deified, and prayed, and hymned to, and not approached even by the consecrated priest without reverence, was the next taken on the back of the unsanctified valet and shut up in a dark box. On returning to the village inn to reclaim my travelling equipage, I found the entrance, passage, tap, and bed-room all crowded with peasants in their shirt sleeves, just as they had come out of church. Instead of *bete für uns!* (Pray for us!)—*beer!* was now the universal cry, and all without exception seemed to agree, by the eagerness with which they seized their mugs, that the mass had been dry work."

[To be continued.]

The New-Year's Gift, and Juvenile Souvenir.
Edited by Mrs. A. Watts. 18mo. pp. 240.
London, Longman and Co.

THE earliest of the Annuals for the ensuing year which has reached us is, appropriately enough, one of those addressed to readers of early age; anticipating the new year in October, as they may forestall something for after life in childhood. It is a pretty little volume of prose and verse, consisting of about thirty-five various pieces, and embellished with eleven pleasing engravings, of amusing or interesting subjects, well suited to the tastes and feelings of youth.

The preface asserts the superiority of the useful over the fanciful, in the task of writing for children, and quotes Miss Edgeworth against Dr. Johnson on this point. It is a subject into the discussion of which we may be inclined to enter fully when brought before us by the appearance of Mrs. Watts's contemporaries; but at present we shall merely say, that the extreme of either rule appears to us to be faulty; and that those who wish the young to be (as the young should be) natural and intelligent, ought to aim at the happy medium of instruction and excitement, nor endeavour to make infant utilitarians and baby philosophers, any more than they would fill the mind with giant wonders and fairy superstitions. There is, says a great and ancient authority, a time for all things; and we are not sure that precocious wisdom is not as destructive to the future happiness of a human being, as a foolish belief in ghosts and hobgoblins. Having, however, thrown out these hints generally, it is only justice to our fair Editress to state, that though she has rejected all stories of dragons and elfs, and such-like imaginary creations, as being calculated to inflame and mislead the "small deer" to whom she addresses her volume, she has not by any means offered them a grave and dry code of lessons; on the contrary, most of the narratives, whether invented or founded on fact, are miscellaneous and entertaining, according to their capacities, and many of the little poems are playful, while others are moral and affecting. With this praise we shall conclude these brief remarks, and select a specimen or two of the contents which have pleased us most; reserving criticism, as we have intimated, to another opportunity.

Our first extract does honour to the fine talent of a young lady, whose name and abilities are also further illustrated in this sheet, as they have been in preceding *Literary Gazettes*: we allude to Miss Mary Anne Browne, who has produced the following charming lines on an engraving of a girl leading her brother, a blind and wandering minstrel.

"Oh, pity for this helpless boy!
Dear child, withhold it not;
Sad is his fate, and youth's bright joy
Hath never been his lot!
He cannot in the meadows run,
And crop the daisy flowers;
He cannot see the pleasant sun,
And the stars at evening hour!
For him in vain the mountain path
Is by the sunlight kissed;
For him in vain the purple heath
Shines like an amethyst.
In vain the glittering butterfly
Across his path may flit—
He ne'er beheld it, or the sky
By the gentle moonlight lit.
I lead him at the morning hour
Down the green woodland glade;
But he cannot see the woodbine flower,
Nor the quivering light and shade.
But he can hear the falling stream
Within the distant dell,
And scent where the purple violets gleam,
And the simple heather-bell!
Yet weep not—let thy pity be
Still mixed with joy for him;
For though the world he cannot see,
And his eyes are seared and dim,
Still he can hear the wind's low sigh
In the holy twilight time—
Still drink the wild-bird's melody,
In the summer's glowing prime!
And though he never yet hath gazed
On Nature's lovely face;
Though vainly have the bright stars blazed,
And the moon adorned heaven's space,—
The hand that those dear eyes could seal,
And o'er their beamings fall,
Hath opened his spirit's eyes to feel
That God hath ordered all!"

"May Maxwell," by Mary Howitt, except the sad rhyme in the first stanza, and the poor conclusion in the last, is just such a ballad as should adorn a juvenile new-year's gift.

"O'er the broad hills of Lammernuir,
In the gray peep of the dawn,
Lord Maxwell and his children fair
Rode out with bound and horn.
Lord Maxwell and his little May,
With her young brethren three,
And away they rode o'er the heathy hills,
A merry company!
With hawk and hound good sport had they,
Those heathy wilds among;
And home they rode at eventide,
When the woodlark's song
The next eve, when the woodlark's song
Was poured from the leafy spray,
All deathly pale, on her stately bed,
The little maiden lay,
With her white cheek pillowed mournfully,
And a death-look in her eye,
And her mother sitting at her head,
And her father standing by!
And those loving boys, her brothers three,
With their faces dim with sorrow;
For they knew their little sister May
Would die before the morrow!
'Now bring to me,' she meekly said,
And raised her heavy eye,
'My hawk and hound, that I once more
May see them ere I die.'
They brought her hawk, and the gentle bird
Perched on her slender wrist,
And drouped his head, and nestled close
To her white lips to be kissed.
'Now fare ye well, my bonny bird,
We two no more shall ride
On the broad green hills of Lammernuir,
By my noble father's side!'—
They brought her hound, that evermore
Was fleetest in the chase;
And the creature raised a piteous moan,
As he looked into her face.
'Now fare ye well, my gentle hound,
I loved ye well, ye know;
But never more at cheer of mine,
To the lone hills shall ye go!
My milk-white steed in his stable stands,
And may stand in his stall;
For I never more in life shall go
From out my father's hall.
My hawk and hound and little stud,
A fair and noble three!
My gentle brothers, shall be yours,
And love them tenderly;
And when ye ride to the Lammernuir,
Have pleasant thoughts of me.
Farewell! to me you have been
A father kind and dear;
I little thought but yesterday
Our parting was so near!

Oh, mother! let me hold thy hand—
 We two have gone together
 Through the leafy woods, and up the glens,
 In the pleasant summer weather.
 And more than this—on winter nights
 I have sat beside thy knee,
 And heard thee read in holy books,
 With low solemnity.
 I heard the words that were not meant,
 Dear mother, for my ear;
 And I pondered on them night and day,
 And God has made them clear.
 So farewell all, and do not grieve
 For me, when I am gone;
 There is a home for me in heaven,
 And kind friends many a one!
 And so she died: and six fair girls
 Bore her, on her burial day,
 To the chapel vault, where, side by side,
 The old Lord Maxwells lay.
 And for many a day, in that old hall,
 Great mourning was there made;
 And her brothers three did sigh for her
 In the greenwood when they played.
 And never again to the broad green hills
 Did her noble father ride,
 But he sighing wished his little May
 Were riding by his side!
 And ne'er did her lady-mother sit
 In her chamber, reading low,
 But the tears fell fast on the open page,
 And her soul was dark with woe!
 Now ye who go to the Maxwells' hall,
 Go into the chapel gray,
 And ye'll see the tombs of the grim old lords,
 And the tomb of little May.
 And think upon this tale of mine,
 And drop a tear of sorrow;
 And so may life, as it passeth on,
 Bring ever a bright good morrow!"

The "African Ant-Eater," by T. Pringle, is another excellent performance; but as we cannot make this our Number almost all verse, we must be content with commending it to our young friends as a nice picture of natural history. Of the prose contributions, the "Deserter" is a striking and pathetic story; and the "Widow's Friend," and other pieces, by the author of "Recollections of the Peninsula," are of deep interest. Miss Jewsbury has a smart and clever allegory, called the "Birds and the Beggar of Bagdat." The "Restless Boy," by Mrs. Opie, and the "Passionate little Girl," by Mrs. Holland, are good studies, and excellent morals. "Amy and her Dog," (poetry) very neat and natural; "Little Goody Two Shoes," (also verse, and applied to another of the engravings), a sweet composition, by J. F. Hollings. The conclusion is so poetically beautiful, that it might well grace any of the more pretending volumes of this class.

"A wealth is hers,
 Better than the world confers;
 Hope untied, and always new—
 Innocence of spotless hue—
 And those treasures of the mind
 Which the lowliest heart shall find
 If its search be rightly bent—
 Golden mirth, and light content!"

And here we close, heartily wishing success to Mrs. Watts's appropriate and valuable present for the rising generation.

The Works of George Peele: collected and edited, with some Account of his Life and Writings, by the Rev. Alex. Dyce, B.A. 2 vols. small 8vo. London, 1829. W. Pickering. (Second Edition, with Additions.)

We are rejoiced to see this publication in a second edition, because it is a proof that there is some encouragement given to the production of desirable works, and especially when they are, as in the present instance, much indebted to the literary judgment of the editor, and to the taste of those who are concerned in the superintendence of their mechanical parts. We have now on our table many volumes of Mr. Pickering's issuing, the peculiar character of

neatness in which is extremely pleasing to the eye; while the subjects treated by most of them have strong claims to the attention of the antiquary, the scholar, and the general reader. These we shall duly notice as our limits permit; and have merely to excuse our not doing so as promptly as is our use with the majority of other works, because they are rarely of only temporary interest, and, like all sterling books, can better bear the delay than the ephemera of the hour.

Every notice relating to the dramatic poets who preceded Shakespeare is deeply attractive; and among these Peele and his friends and associates, Greene, Marlowe, and Nash, figure in the foreground. But it would be superfluous to enter upon any particulars about persons of whom so much has been written, and we shall content ourselves with one or two extracts from the memoir which are most novel and curious. Of these, the following letter (now printed for the first time) from Peele to Lord Burleigh, with his "Tale of Troy," and preserved among the Burleigh papers in the Lansdowne collection,* is an interesting specimen.

"Salve Parens Patriæ, tibj plebs, tibj Curia nomen hoc dedit, hoc dedimus nos tibj nomen Eques."

"In these termes (r. honorable) am I bolde to salute yo^r Lordship, whose highe desertes in o^r Englandes greates designes haue earned Large praises euen from Enui's mouthes. Pardon, greates Patrone of Learninge & Vertue, this rude encounter, in that I presume, A Scholler of so meane merit, to present yo^r wisdom wth this small manuell, by this simple Messenger my eldest Daughter & necessities seruât. Longe sicknes hauinge so enfeebled me maketh bashfullnes almost become impudency. Sed quid Psitaco suâ *χρησι* expediuit, Magister artis ingenij; Largitor Venter?† The subject wherewth I presume to greete yo^r honor, is the history of Troy in 500 Verses sett downe & memorabile accidents thereof. Receiue it (noble Senator of Englandes Councell-house) as A schollers duties significacon & liue longer in Honor & prosperitie as happie as Queene Elizabeths gracious countenance can make yo^r

Ecco tibj nihilum magno pro munere mitto,

Easè potest aliquid (te capiente) nihil

Yo^r honors most
 bounden

GEORGE PEELE."

It is directed—

"To the r. honorable
 & worthie Patrone
 of Learninge the L.
 Burleigh. L. highe
 Treasurer of England
 and one of hir Mies
 most honorable
 Priuie Counsell."

The endorsement—

"17 Jan 1595
 Georg. Peele m^r of Arts
 Presents yo^r tale of Troy
 in 500 Verses by his
 eldest daughter, necessities
 seruante."

It is worthy of remark, that this application to Lord Burleigh is endorsed 17th Jan. 1595; six years after the publication of the poem; so that, in fact, it appears to have been simply a mode of soliciting the aid of the Lord Treasurer

* Mr. Dyce says in a note: "This relic was most obligingly pointed out to me by N. H. Nicholas, esq. It is worthy of notice, that the volume in which it is bound consists almost exclusively of letters from insane persons, or on subjects of an unusual nature, such as challenges, abusive or threatening communications, &c."

† "From the Prologue to the Satires of Persius;

"Quis expedit psitaco suum *χρησι*,
 Picasque docuit verba nostra conari?
 Magister artis, ingenique largitor
 Venter, negatæ artificis æquil vocem."

to the author in distress. Indeed, from their manner of life, the literary adventurers of those times were almost always steeped in poverty, and, with occasional glimpses of prosperity, which were speedily overcast by riot and dissipation, liable to the most deplorable vicissitudes of wretchedness. Of this condition there is a heart-rending description in an epistle of Robert Greene's, who died in 1692, cut off, it is said, by a surfeit of pickled herring and rhenish wine; and soon after his death his 'Groats-worth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance' was given to the public by Henry Chettle. It contains the address we have mentioned to his brother poets: 'To those gentlemen, his quondam acquaintance, that spend their wits in making plays, R. G. wisheth a better exercise and wisdom to prevent his extremities.' He first addresses Marlowe, next Lodge, and then proceeds as follows: 'and thou [Peele] no less deserving than the other two; in some things rarer, in nothing inferior; driven (as my selfe) to extreme shifts, a little have I to say to thee: and were it not an idolatrous oath, I would swear by sweet St. George, thou art unworthy better hap, sith thou dependest on so meane a stay. Base-minded men, all three of you, if by my misery yee bee not warned: for unto none of you (like me) sought those burs to cleave; those puppets (I mean) that speak from our mouths; those anticks garnisht in our colours. Is it not strange that I, to whom they all have been beholding; is it not like that you, to whom they all have been beholding, shall (were yee in that case that I am now) be both of them at once forsaken? Yes, trust them not: for there is an upstart Crow beautified with our feathers, that with his Tygers heart, wrapt in a Players hyde, supposes he is as wel able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you: and being an absolute Johannes fac totum, is in his owne conceit the onely Shake-scene in a country.'—Sig. E 3. ed. 1629. The expressions 'upstart crow beautified with our feathers,' and 'the onely Shake-scene in a country,' seem plainly to point at Shakespeare: by 'our feathers' are meant certain plays written by Greene, Peele, Marlowe, or Lodge, which he had new modelled, most probably 'The First Part of the Contention of the two famous houses of York and Lancaster,' and 'The tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke,' out of which old dramas the great poet formed 'The Second and Third Parts of Henry the Sixth.' 'His Tygers heart wrapt in a Players hyde,' is a parody on the following line,

'O tiger's heart, wrapped in a woman's hide!

found both in 'The tragedie of Richard duke of Yorke,' Sig. K 3. ed. n. d. and in 'The Third Part of Henry VI.' act i. sc. iv. Greene concludes his address thus: 'Let me heartily intreat you to be warned by my harmes. Delight not (as I have done) in irreligious oaths, for from the blasphemers house a curse shall not depart: Despise drunkennes, which wasteth the wit, and maketh men all equal unto beasts: Flie lust, as the deathman of the soule; and defile not the temple of the Holy Ghost. Abhor these epicures, whose loose life hath made religion loathsome to your eares; and when they sooth you with termes of mastership, remember Robert Greene, whom they have often so flattered, perishes now for want of comfort. Remember, Gentlemen, your lives are like so many light tapers, that are with care delivered to all of you to maintaine: these with wind-puff wrath may be extinguished, with drunkenness put out, with negligence let fall: for mans time of it selfe is not so short but it is

more shortned by sinne. The fire of my light is now at the last anuffe, and the want of wherewith to sustaine it, there is no substance for life to feed on. Trust not then (I beseech yee) left to such weake stayes: for they are as changeable in minde, as in many attires. Well, my hand is tyred, and I am forc't to leave where I would begin: for a whole booke cannot containe the wrongs, which I am forc't to knit up in some few lines of words. Desirous that you should live, though himselfe be dying,

ROBERT GREENE.

This solemn exhortation, spoken, as it were from the grave, unfortunately produced no effect on Marlowe and Peele: Lodge, it is believed, was untainted by the vices of his comrades.

But for all this apparent recklessness of genius, let us remember the valid excuse found by W. Gifford in his excellent *Memoirs of Ben Jonson*: "Domestic entertainments were, at that time (he justly observes), rare: the accommodations of a private house were ill calculated for the purposes of a social meeting, and taverns and ordinaries are therefore almost the only places in which we hear of such assemblies. This undoubtedly gives an appearance of licentiousness to the age, which, in strictness, does not belong to it."

But the gifted have ever been the scoff, and, what is harder still, the prey of the worldling who scoffed at them. In them heedlessness has been crime, though in them what was so severely visited as heedlessness has not, in truth, been even the slight offence which it is in the more systematic and better-regulated order. Whether for better or worse, it matters not—their minds are not constituted like the elephant's instinct, to pick up pins as well as to attempt stupendous acts: they fail in the little things of this world, which they regard not, and too often they also fall in the great but visionary things at which they aim. And then is their destiny certain: the envious observers of every trifle are their superiors, and poor-souled creatures rejoice in an affected pity of the wretch, who is indeed, if the soaring bird brought mortally hurt to the earth be a subject of compassion to the crawling reptile, in the common, many, relations of society, liable to this galling sentiment—ten times more bitter than scorn. "It is and it always hath been (saith Anthony Wood—a drudge, though a useful plodder,—speaking of the uncertainty of the date of Peele's death)—it always hath been that most poets die poor, and consequently obscurely, and a hard matter it is to trace them to their graves!" But we should grow very dull if we went into the reflections suggested by this "vein"; and, while the weather is fine, we hasten to conclude, by warmly recommending this edition of one of our oldest and ablest bards to the favour of the public.

The Life and Remains of Wilmot Warwick.

Edited by his friend Henry Vernon. Vol. II. pp. 314. London, 1829. J. Ridgway.

THERE is considerable variety of amusement, passing from "gay to grave, from lively to severe," in these pages, ushered in by a playful preface, where our "ungentle craft" receives a smart defiance from the young author. Perhaps part of the "Odd Gentleman's Last Will and Testament," both as a clever *jeu d'esprit*, and not too long, will just do for our columns.

"One hundred pounds a-year to the said Phoebe Brightly, 'with the proviso that, while she may remain mistress of her own house, she shall duly and liberally provide suitable and sufficient fare, with all things appertinent, as

by good old custom established, for the several festivals of Twelfth Day, Shrove Tuesday, Michaelmas, and Christmas; in consideration of the expense attendant upon which (viz. such as may be incurred in the provision of cakes, characters, pancakes, geese, musicians, magic-lanterns, snap-dragons, yule-logs, and mistletoe), ten pounds per annum are added.' * * *

To people in general I leave my congratulations in respect to their having lived later than their grandfathers, whereby they are enabled truly to appreciate the progressive improvements of time and experience. Let them, however, therewith, receive my earnest injunctions, that they admit of no modern innovations which have a tendency to destroy simplicity, or impoverish mirth: but, while they oppose the tyrannical aggressions of sophisticated manners, let them rejoice at the present emancipation of their heads from *hairy* castles, fortified with powder and pomatum. To John Bull, individually, I bequeath my discrimination, trusting, that it may aid him not less in the pursuit of his pleasure than in the dispensation of his patronage. If he well exert it, he will discover, that there is something to be seen in his own country, before he talks of nothing but the banks of the Rhine, the palaces of Genoa, and the bay of Naples. It may bring him to acknowledge that we have in England noble buildings, beautiful rivers, and fine bays, as well as bull-dogs, race-horses, and prize-boxers. It may induce him to pay his poor-rates and shoemaker's bill, with as much alacrity as he now exhibits in satisfying the exorbitance of a Parisian dancer, or an Italian opera singer. It may urge him to give the lie to Stephano, who asserts, that an Englishman withholds his charity from 'lame beggars,' that he may satisfy his thirst for beholding 'dead Indians.' Averse to the usual mode of 'worldlings,' who give their 'sum of more to that which hath too much,' I bequeath whatever portion of the under-mentioned virtues, &c. I may possess, in manner following; that is to say:—To philosophers, my common sense; to wits, my feeling; to philanthropists, my ambition; to merry-andrews, my cheerfulness; to rope-dancers, my rheumatism; to poets, my prudence; to authors, my indifference; to critics, my imagination; to readers, my patience; to members of the fine arts, my modesty; to scientific men, my pride; to duellists, my honour; to civil officers, my civility; to lawyers, my brevity; to tavern-keepers, my moderation; to whist-players, my temper; to travellers, my taciturnity; to sectarians, my tolerance; to deists, my humility; to politicians, my liberality; to ministers of justice, my sense of equity; to pick-pockets, my politeness; to scandal-mongers, my asthma; to courtiers, my conscience; to editors, my *ego-tism*; to shoe-makers, my punctuality; to candle-snuffers, my steadiness; to lamp-lighters, my alacrity; to the laureate, my independence; to liars, my memory; to the single my susceptibility; to the married, my forbearance; to prudes, my passions. All former bequests being fully answered, I reckon upon an overplus of between one and two hundred pounds, to be disposed of as follows:—unto such old maids in this village as shall allow that they have, at any time, been agreeable to marriage, the sum of five pounds. Likewise, unto such as have never hesitated to avow their age, the sum of five pounds. Also, unto such old maids in the said village as will frankly avow that they have never received an offer, the sum of ten pounds. Likewise, unto such as shall ac-

knowledge that they have loved without return, the sum of fifteen pounds. And, further, unto such as may have refused an offer, eligible on the score of rank and fortune, the sum of twenty pounds."

We much doubt the appearance of any claimants for the latter legacies. The first story, the Monk of Benevento, is interesting; and perhaps, on the whole, we think the most highly of our author's talent for more serious subjects.

The Venetian Bracelet, &c. By L. E. L.
(Second Notice.)

AGREEABLY to the promise in our last Number, we resume the notice of this delightful volume, in order to pay though but a brief tribute to one of its highest inspirations—the poem entitled a "History of the Lyre." Here the admirable author is upon her own peculiar and impassioned theme; painting in language of deep and touching pathos the feelings and the sufferings of those who are gifted with the dangerous love of song; and here she sweeps, with exquisite spirit and truth, over chords to which the heart of every bard, or young or old, or male or female, that ever longed for fame and immortality, will as surely and sensitively respond as human nature is human nature. Eulalia, a Roman girl,—something of the Improvisatrice of that volume which first established the celebrity of the writer,—is the heroine of this beautiful poem; and the scene in which she is introduced is worthy of her own loveliness and destinies.

"We stood beside a cypress, whose green spire
Rose like a funeral column o'er the dead.
Near was a fallen palace—stain'd and gray
The marble shew'd amid the tender leaves
Of ivy but just shooting; yet there stood
Pillars unbroken, two or three vast halls,
Entire enough to cast a deep black shade:
And a few statues, beautiful but cold—
White shadows, pale and motionless, that seem
To mock the change in which they had no part—
Fit images of the dead. Faintly enough,
Whatever aspect desolation wears;
But this, the wrecking work of yesterday,
Which somewhat still more touching: here we trace
The waste of man too much. When years have past
Over the fallen arch, the ruin'd hall,
It seems but course of time, the one great doom
Whose influence is alike upon us all;
The gray tints soften, and the ivy wreath
And wild flowers breathe life's freshness round: but here
We stand before decay: scarce have the walls
Lost music left by human step and voice:
The lonely hearth, the household desolate,
Some noble race gone to the dust in blood;
Man shames of his own deeds, and there we gaze,
Watching the progress, not of time, but death."

Need we point out the new and original thoughts which abound even in this brief passage? We quote the congenial description of Eulalia:—

"Her eyes were like the moonlight, clear and soft,
That shadowy brightness which is born of tears,
And raised towards the sky, as if they sought
Companionship with their own heaven; her cheek—
Emotion made it colourless, that pure
And delicate white which speaks so much of thought,
Yet flushes in a moment into rose;
And tears like pearls lay on it, those which come
When the heart wants a language."

Then follows the affecting picture of a superior nature thrown away in the mere nothings of common life; unable to expand in its nobler sphere, and filled with regrets at its own want of energy to resist or escape the trifling world. In this also the comparisons are new and powerful.

"Yet still our meetings were mid festival,
Night after night. It was both sad and strange
To see that fine mind waste itself away,
Too like some noble stream, which, unconfin'd,
Makes fertile its rich banks, and glads the face
Of nature round; but not so when its wave
Is lost in artificial waterfalls,
And sparkling eddies; or coo'd up to make
The useless fountain of a palace hall.
One day I spoke of this; her eager soul

Was in its most unearthly element.
We had been speaking of the immortal dead.
The light flash'd in her eyes. "Tis this which makes
This triumph intellect has over death—
Our words yet live on others' lips; our thoughts
Actuate others. Can that man be dead
Whose spiritual influence is upon his kind?
He lives in glory; and such speaking dust
Has more of life than half its breathing moulds.
Welcome a grave with memories such as these,
Making the sunshine of our moral world!"

Eulalia is reproached with the weakness of
suffering less worthy pursuits, or rather occupa-
tions, to engross her faculties; and she an-
swers—

"Speak not of this to me, nor bid me think;
It is such pain to dwell upon myself,
And know how different I am from all
I once dream'd I could be. Fame! stirring fame!
I work no longer miracles for thee.
I am as one who sought at early dawn
To climb with fiery speed some lofty hill:
His feet are strong in eagerness and youth;
His limbs are braced by the fresh morning air,
And all seems possible!—this cannot last.
The way grows steeper, obstacles arise.
And unkind thwartings from companions near.
The height is truer measured, having traced
Part of its heavy length; his sweet hopes droop.
Like prison'd birds that know their cage has bars,
The body wears, and the mind is worn—
That worst of lassitude!—hot noon comes on;
There is no freshness in the sultry air,
There is no rest upon the toilsome road;
There is the summit, which he may not reach,
And round him are a thousand obstacles."

We shall now add a picture of a young poet's
fate (especially in the intercourse of society),
than which we have read nothing more splen-
did and pathetic in English verse.

"All time attests the miracles of man:
The very elements, whose nature seems
To mock dominion, yet have worn his yoke.
His way has been upon the pathless sea;
The earth's dark bosom search'd; bodiless air
Works as his servant; and from his own mind
What rich stores he has won!—the sage, the bard,
The painter, these have made their nature proud:
And yet how life goes on, its great outline
How noble and smother'd!—but within
How mean, how poor, how pitiful, how mix'd
With base alloy: how Disappointment tracks
The steps of Hope; how Envy dogs success;
How every victor's crown is lined with thorns,
And worn mid scoff! Trace the young poet's fate:
Fresh from his solitude, the child of dreams,
His heart upon his lips, he seeks the world,
To find him fame and fortune, as if life
Were like a fairy tale. His song has led
The way before him; flatteries fill his ear,
His presence courted, and his words are caught;
And he seems happy in so many friends.
What marvel if he somewhat overrate
His talents and his state? These scenes soon change.
The vain, who sought to mix their name with his;
The curious, who but live for some new sight;
The idle,—all these have been gratified,
And now neglect stings even more than scorn.
Envy has spoken, felt more bitterly
For that it was not dress'd in of; worldliness
Has crept upon his spirit unawares:
Vanity craves for its accustomed food;
He has turn'd sceptic to the truth which made
His feelings poetry; and discontent
Hangs heavily on the lute, which wakes no more
Its early music:—social life is fill'd
With doubts and vain aspirations; solitude,
When the imagination is dethroned,
Is turn'd to weariness. What can he do
But hang his lute on some lone tree, and die?"

And such, it may be anticipated, is the des-
tiny of Eulalia:—but before we close, we are
tempted to give a part of her lament over dis-
appointed anticipations of what life might be.

"Perhaps I said too much:
Yet let me say, what firmly I believe,
Love can be—ay, and is. I held that Love
Which chooseth from a thousand only one
To be the object of that tenderness
Natural to every heart; which can resign
Its own best happiness for one dear sake;
Can bear with absence; hath no part in Hope,—
For Hope is somewhat selfish, Love is not,—
And doth prefer another to itself.
Unchangeable and generous, what, like Love,
Can melt away the dross of worldliness;
Can elevate, refine, and make the heart
Of that pure gold which is the fitting shrine
For fire, as sacred as e'er came from Heaven?
No more of this: one word may read my heart,
And that one word is utter weariness.
Yet sometimes I look round with vain regret,

And think I will restrain my lute, and nerve
My woman's hand for nobler enterprise;
But the day never comes. Alas! we make
A ladder of our thoughts, where angels step,
But sleep ourselves at the foot: our high resolves
Look down upon our slumbering acts."

As a variety, to contrast with these affecting
images, we select the fanciful and playful lines
called "Fantasies," and addressed to Mr. Crof-
ton Croker, the estimable author of "Fairy
Legends," and other justly popular works.

"I'm weary, I'm weary,—this cold world of ours:
I will go dwell afar with fairies and flowers.
Farewell to the festal, the hall of the dance,
Where each step is a study, a falsehood each glance;
Where the vain are displaying, the rapid are yawning;
Where the beauty of night, the glory of dawning,
Are wasted, as Fashion, that tyrant, at will
Makes war on sweet Nature, and exiles her still.
I'm weary, I'm weary,—I'm off with the wind:
Can I find a worse fate than the one left behind?
—Fair beings of moonlight, gay dwellers in air,
O shew me your kingdom! O let me dwell there!
I see them, I see them,—how sweet it must be
To sleep in you lily!—is there room in't for me?
I have flung my clay fetters; and now I but wear
A shadowy seeming, a likeness of air.
Go harness my chariot, the leaf of an oak:
A butterfly stud, and a tendril my yoke.
Go swing me a hammock, the poles mignonette;
I'll rock with its scent in the roosemar net.
Go fetch me a courser: you need is but slight,
Yet far is the distance 'twill bear me to-night.
I must have a throne,—ay, my mushroom may stay,
It has sprung in a night, 'twill be gather'd next day:
And fit is such throne for my brief fairy reign;
For, alas! I'm but dreaming, and dreams are but vain."

And we would now close our grateful task,
were it not that a composition doing equal
honour to the poetical genius and the liberal
feelings of the fair author claims our suffrage.
It is addressed to a yet younger ornament of
our bright galaxy of female talent, and breathes
a degree of plaintive and boding apprehension,
while it pours out a measure of affectionate
council, which are eminently calculated to exalt
both the author and the object of her poetic
solicitude in the esteem of every reader whose
esteem is worth enjoying.

To M. Anne Browne.

"Thy hands are fill'd with early flowers,
Thy step is on the wind;
The innocent and keen delight
Of youth is on thy mind;—
That glad fresh feeling that bestows
Itself the pleasure which it knows,
The pure, the undefined;
And thou art in that happy hour
Of feeling's uncurb'd, early power.
Yes, thou art very young, and youth,
Like light, should round thee fling
The sunshine thrown round morning's hour,
The gladness given to spring:
And yet upon thy brow is wrought
The darkness of that deeper thought
Which future time should bring.
What can have traced that shadowy line
Upon a brow so young as thine?
'Tis written in thy large dark eyes,
Fill'd with unbidden tears;
The passionate paleness on thy cheek,
Belying thy few years.
A child, yet not the less thou art
One of the gifted hand and heart.
Whose deeper hopes and fears
Are omen-like the poet's dower
Is even as the prophet's power.
Thy image floats before my eyes,
Thy book is on my knee;
I'm musing on what now thou art,
And on what thou wilt be.
Dangerous as a magic spell,
Whose good or evil none may tell,
The gift that is with thee:
For Genius, like all heavenly light,
Can blast as well as bless the sight.
Thou art now in thy dreaming time:
The green leaves on the bough,
The sunshine turning them to gold,
Are pleasures to thee now;
And thou dost love the quiet night,
The stars to thee are a delight;
And not a flower can grow,
But brings before thy haunted glance
The poet days of old romance.
With thine 'own people' dost thou dwell,
And by thine own fireside;
And kind eyes keep o'er thee a watch,
Their darling and their pride.

I cannot choose but envy thee;
The very name of home to me
Has been from youth denied:
But yet it seems like sacred ground,
By all earth's best affections bound.

"Tis well for thee! thou art not made
Struggle like this to share;
Ill might that gentle, loving heart
The world's cold conflict bear:
Where selfish interest, falsehood, strife,
Strain through their gladiatorial life;
Save that the false ones wear
Seeming and softness and a smile,
As if guilt were effaced by guile.
I dare not speak to thee of fame,
That madness of the soul,
Which flings its life upon one cast,
To reach its desperate goal.
Still the wings destined for the sky
Will long their upward flight to try,
And seek to dare the whole,
Till, space, and storm, and sunshine past,
Thou find'st thou art alone at last.
But love will be thy recompense,
The love that haunts thy line;
Ay, dream of love, but do not dream
It ever will be thine.
His shadow, not himself, will come;
Too spiritual to be his home,
Thy heart is but his shrine;
For vainest of all earthly things
The poet's vain imaginings.

Go, still the throbbing of thy brow,
The beating of thy heart;
Unstring thy lute, and close thy page,
And choose a humbler part;
Turn not thy glistening eyes above,
Dwell only in thy household love,
Forgetting what thou art;
And yet life like what this must be
Seems but a weary lot for thee.
Or trust thee to thy soaring wing,
Awake the gifted lay;
Fling life's more quiet happiness
For its wild dreams away.
'Tis a hard choice: on either side
Thy heart must with itself divide,
Be thy doom what it may.
Life's best to win, life's best to lose,—
The lot is with thee, maiden, choose.
Ah no!—the choice is not thine own;—
The spirit will rebel;
The fire within the poet's heart
Is fire unquenchable.
Far may its usual course depart,
And light, but not consume, thy heart!
Sweet minstrel, fare thee well!
And may for once the laurel wreath
Not wither all that grows beneath!"

An example like this, of generous regard for
a rising and emulous aspirant in her own bril-
liant course, and the effort to advance her fame,
in our opinion entitles L. E. L. to the warm-
est praise. In conferring a chaplet upon an-
other, she has enriched the glory of her own
resplendent crown.

*Historical and Miscellaneous Questions, for the
Use of Young People; with a Selection of
British and General Biography, &c. By
Richmal Mangnall. Improved edit. Pp. 460.
London, 1829. Longman and Co.*

In no department of literature has there been,
of late years, so signal an improvement as in
that which is devoted to the instruction and
amusement of the young. In former periods,
the writers who applied themselves to the com-
position of books contemplating these objects
commonly ran into opposite extremes. They
either contented themselves with providing the
elements of instruction in the simplest forms,
of dry and often repulsive exercises for the
memory; or else addressed their writings al-
together to the imagination and the feelings;
being more intent on delighting the fancy, and
gratifying the juvenile taste for the marvellous,
than on communicating to the mind the mate-
rials of real knowledge. Modern writers on
school literature have pursued a more beneficial
course. At the same time that they have pre-
served the captivating interest by which the
fictitious narratives of their predecessors were
wont to chain the youthful attention, they have
combined with that interest something that

was solid and useful. In seeking to amuse, the paramount aim to instruct has been steadily kept in view, and entertainment and knowledge have been judiciously blended together.

Among the writers who have contributed to this important reformation, the enlightened and accomplished author of the publication before us holds a distinguished place. She carried to the work the high qualifications of a mind richly furnished from the various treasures of knowledge—a judgment and discrimination at once clear, solid, and correct—a pure and cultivated taste—and a familiar acquaintance with the capacities and wants of those whose improvement she was solicitous to promote. Thus endowed, she has been able to embody in her book a rich store of useful information, which she has disposed in the most natural and intelligible order, and clothed in the language and style best adapted to instruct, to delight, and impress the youthful understanding. This work, though bearing a modest and unpretending title, is of a very comprehensive character. Under several heads, which have been multiplied for the greater facility of instruction, the author has drawn up an excellent compendium of universal history, together with a more detailed and circumstantial account of the principal nations of ancient and modern times. The portion allotted to ancient history traces, rapidly but clearly, the origin and progress of the eastern states of Asia, whilst it presents a fuller and more finished sketch of the annals of Greece and Rome. This part contains also a compendious summary of sacred history. In the division assigned to modern history, the chief attention has properly been devoted to Europe; and among the states of Europe, France and Great Britain have had allotted to them a large space, proportioned to their greater interest and importance to the English reader. The sketch of English history is composed with great care and accuracy, and is occasionally interspersed with brief notices of remarkable objects of British antiquity. To this portion of the work, and serving for its illustration, has been appended a fair and impartial sketch of the British constitution, by which the English student is made acquainted with the most important civil and political institutions of his country, on which mainly rest its greatness and its fame. Next to the historical chapters, those on biography are the most interesting and valuable. They comprise notices of the most celebrated characters of ancient and modern times, and in every walk of life. Though necessarily brief and general, these sketches exhibit the chief features, and most memorable characteristics of the individuals they delineate. The selection of persons and of facts is made with the author's accustomed judgment and taste; and the representations evince a creditable impartiality, with a scrupulous regard to historical truth. The other contents of this volume are, an abstract of heathen mythology, a translation of some Latin words and phrases frequently found in the best English writers, and a short elementary treatise on astronomy. But the most important part of the appended matter is what the author modestly designates, "Questions on common Subjects." This chapter comprises a great body of valuable information on various topics of natural history, comprehending an account of the natural productions, with their numerous combinations, which are in common use in the arts of life.

From this enumeration it will be seen that this work takes an extensive range through a wide and diversified field of intelligence. The

matter of which it is composed is in general of the most valuable kind; the facts are judiciously selected, and stated with perspicuity and accuracy; and the whole is admirably fitted for its professed object. We know no book of this class which we can so cordially recommend as a safe, pleasant, and efficient guide to the knowledge of those useful matters which it was the author's aim to teach.

We close this article with the painful remembrance that the amiable and accomplished author of the publication which has afforded us so much pleasure in the perusal, is no longer conscious of praise or of censure. She has herself, however, erected to her memory a durable monument. Her writings will transmit her name with honour and applause through many generations, who will owe to them much of the instruction that conduces to their credit and usefulness in the world. We are pleased to find, too, that the publishers have taken the surest method to perpetuate the practical good of this work, by intrusting the revision of it to careful hands, to introduce the alterations rendered necessary by the progress of time and the change of events; and thus to make every successive edition a faithful transcript of the actual knowledge of the existing period.

M. DE BOURRIENNE'S MEMOIRS.

FROM a volume of this very interesting work, which has not yet been published even in Paris, we are enabled to make the following curious extracts; which we may preface by observing, that such Memoirs seem to be more than ever the rage in France, or, as Goldfinch would say, "the thing, the go, the gape, the stare." It rains biography. Every clerk in office who may have occasionally received a hastily traced official note from some great man, or who may have remarked something peculiar in the mode adopted by the said great man of introducing a pinch of snuff into his noble nose—every such clerk can now make out his half-dozen, or so, of snug octavos; ay, and enrich his "shreds and patches" with *fac-similes* from the hand-writing of the illustrious subject of his twaddle—such as, in our days of Cocker and Butterworth, we would not for cogent reasons have dared to exhibit as specimens of penmanship. The Memoirs of M. de Bourrienne, however, we think deserving of a more favourable mention than the generality of their contemporary brethren. The author has deserted the beaten track pursued by the biographers of Napoleon; and notwithstanding the apparent futility of his minute details, we prefer them to the volumes of hyperbole, enthusiasm, or calumny, which, on the subject of the ex-emperor, the ignorance of book-makers has inflicted on the public. The numerous absurdities, *soi-disant* memoirs, anecdotes, &c., that by turns debase or exalt the character of Napoleon, as best suited the momentary views of the respective writers, have most of them already lived out their little day, and seem destined rather to load the booksellers' shelves than to enrich the readers' memory. In the Memoirs now before us there is much original matter; and if useful and novel information, conveyed in a simple, unpretending style, can ensure to a work something more than ephemeral existence, we may predict that the pages of M. de Bourrienne will often be consulted by the general reader, and occasionally by the historian who would

"Nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice."

There is one species of eulogium to which

M. de Bourrienne possesses an undoubted claim. If not an elegant, he is at least a rapid writer—no mean title to celebrity in the art of authorship as at present laid down. Modern genius, like a modern dandy, piques itself on celerity of motion; whereas the wits of former days, like their precise and powdered beaux, moved with becoming deliberation, and were content to climb, with painful and elaborate effort, "the steep where fame's proud temple shines afar." In the present instance, some thousands of pages have been presented to the public in a proportionably short space of time, and probably much yet remains to be told. Indeed we can scarcely require the merit of brevity in the history of a career such as that of Napoleon, crowded with events, and replete with life, activity, and interest.

The fourth series of M. de Bourrienne's Memoirs—whence these selections are made—has not yet (as we have observed) appeared in Paris, but is announced as on the eve of publication. Our first extract gives a more particular account than we have before seen (in Rapp's or Rovigo's Memoirs) of the attempt made at Schoenbrunn upon the life of Napoleon, by a German fanatic named Staps. The author relates the narrative on the authority of General Rapp, who witnessed the occurrences.

"About this time a youth conceived the design of assassinating Napoleon, in order to deliver Germany from the yoke of one whom he considered as the scourge of nations. Rapp and Berthier were both near the person of the emperor when the culprit was arrested; a circumstance that enables me to furnish the following exact and authentic statement of this event. 'We were at Schoenbrunn,' said Rapp, 'where the emperor had just reviewed the troops. I had already remarked a young man at the extremity of one of the columns, when, just as the troops were about to file off, I observed him advancing towards the emperor, who was then between Berthier and myself. The prince de Neufchatel, imagining that he was desirous of presenting a petition, made a slight movement forwards, for the purpose of intimating to him that his request should be preferred through me, I being that day the aide-de-camp on service. The young man declared that he wished to speak to Napoleon himself; and Berthier repeated that his petition must be presented through me. The stranger retreated to a short distance, still evincing a strong anxiety to speak to Napoleon. Again he advanced, and approached rather close to the emperor: I, however, compelled him to retire. Accosting him in the German language, I desired him to wait till after the parade, adding, that should he have any claim to urge, he would then be heard. I continued to observe him attentively, his pertinacity having inspired me with suspicions by no means to his advantage. I remarked that he kept his right hand placed inside his great-coat near the left breast-pocket, from which the corner of a paper was rather studiously displayed, as if to divert attention from his real object. Perceiving an officer of gendarmes, I beckoned to him to advance, and recommended him to seize the person of the young man, but without violence or noise, and to detain him privately at the chateau till the parade should be over. The crowd assembled were so occupied with the movements of the troops, that the scene which I have just described passed wholly unnoticed. Immediately after the review, I was informed that an enormous kitchen-knife had been found upon the stranger, whose name, as it afterwards appeared, was Staps. Sending instantly

for Duroc, I accompanied him to the room where Staps had been confined. We found him seated on a bed: his air was that of sadness, but by no means of terror. In his possession were found the portrait of a female, a pocket-book, and a purse containing two pieces of gold. I questioned him as to his name, with which he refused to acquaint me, saying that he would tell it only to Napoleon. I then asked him to what purpose he had destined the knife found upon his person? Still the same answer—"I can tell it only to Napoleon." "Is it possible," replied I, "that you can have meditated an attempt upon his life?" "Yes." "And why?" "I can tell it only to Napoleon." The singularity of this adventure induced me to inform the emperor of all that had passed. My statement finished, he appeared rather thoughtful; for ideas of assassination were continually floating in his brain. He ordered me to conduct the young man into his cabinet. Conformably to the instructions which I transmitted them, two gendarmes escorted the stranger into the presence of Napoleon. Notwithstanding the atrocity of his intended crime, Staps had something interesting in his countenance—an expression of benignity which it was difficult to resist. The emperor asked him if he could speak French? "Not very well," replied Staps: upon which I was desired to interrogate him in German. I shall now proceed to an accurate detail of the examination which he underwent by order of the emperor, whose anxiety on this occasion was such that he himself dictated the questions, my office being simply that of interpreter. Accordingly, the following dialogue may be considered to have passed between Napoleon himself and Staps. "Whence come you?" "From Nuremberg." "What is your father?" "A Protestant clergyman." "Your age?" "Eighteen." "What use did you intend to make of your knife?" "I intended to kill you with it." "Young man, you are mad: you are one of the *Illuminés*." "I am not mad: I do not even know what an *Illuminé* means." "You must be ill." "I am not ill: I never in my life was better." "Why did you desire to kill me?" "You are the source of my country's misery." "Have I ever injured you?" "Me, in common with my countrymen." "Who can have urged you to this crime? who are your accomplices?" "I have none: the intimate conviction that your death would be a blessing to Europe and my country has alone armed my hand against you." "And yet you now see me for the first time?" "I saw you at Erfurth, on the occasion of your interview with the Emperor of Russia." "Did you at that time intend to assassinate me?" "No: I then imagined you would not make war upon Germany: I was then one of your most ardent admirers." "How long have you been at Vienna?" "Ten days." "Why then have you so long delayed your attempt?" "I came to Schoenbrunn eight days ago, with the intention of killing you; but on my arrival I found that the parade was over: I therefore postponed the execution of my project till to-day." "You are mad, I tell you; or else you are ill." At this stage of the interrogatory the emperor gave orders that Corvisart should be summoned to his presence. Having asked who he was, and being told that he was a physician,—"I have not the least occasion for him," said Staps. Immediately on the entrance of Corvisart, Napoleon ordered him to feel the young man's pulse, which he instantly did; Staps all the time displaying the most inconceivable phlegm, and at length observing to the doctor, with *sang froid*, "They tell me

I am ill; but you see they are mistaken—are they not?" "He is quite well, sire," replied Corvisart, addressing himself to the emperor. "I told you so," said Staps, in a tone of evident triumph and satisfaction. I was thunderstruck with the German's imperturbable phlegm; and the emperor himself seemed wholly confounded at his audacity. After a few moments, Napoleon again accosted Staps. "Your imagination is heated: you will be the ruin of your family. I grant you your life on one condition: instantly ask my pardon for your atrocious intention, which you now must certainly regret." "I want no pardon: my most poignant regret arises from the failure of my design." "It seems then that crime is nothing in your eyes." "To kill you is not a crime: it is a duty." "What portrait is that found in your possession?" "It is that of a young girl to whom I am devotedly attached." "Your attempt will doubtless plunge her into the deepest affliction." "She will be afflicted at its ill-success: her abhorrence for you equals mine." "Would not a pardon inspire you with gratitude?" "Though you should pardon me, I would again attempt your life." Napoleon was stupefied with amazement. The answers and the unalterable resolution of Staps appeared absolutely to overwhelm him. He ordered the prisoner to be led away; and when he was gone, "These are your *Illuminés*," said the emperor:—"fine principles, fine lights, that transform the youth of Germany into hardened assassins!" After a fruitless endeavour, at a subsequent examination, to elicit some confession from Staps, the order was given for his execution, which accordingly took place on the 27th October, at seven o'clock in the morning. The attempt for which he suffered had been made on the 23d, and from that period up to the morning of his execution he refused to taste a morsel of food. "I have still strength enough," said he, "to march to the scaffold." On his arrival at the fatal spot, and the preparations of death being terminated, his last cry was for liberty and Germany: his dying prayer, or rather exclamation, invoked destruction upon her tyrant.

The volumes already published contain many anecdotes of Napoleon. The author has devoted an entire chapter to what may be called the portrait of his hero—to his physical and moral analysis—to a description of his habits, his tastes, and even of his caprices. M. de Bourrienne, with a resolute spirit of impartiality, wages a most inveterate warfare against the popular prejudices that magnify Napoleon into a sort of miraculous being, who, unlike the rest of his species, scarcely ate, drank, or slept. On the contrary, according to our author's account, Buonaparte ate and drank as heartily as any of Sir Walter Scott's heroes—slept habitually seven hours per day—walked and rode like other men—drank coffee in moderation—and, "prodigious!" took snuff from a box, instead of imitating the Great Frederick, who is said to have used his waistcoat-pocket as a dépôt for that commodity. The length of the circumstantial details on the subject of Napoleon's private habits obliges us to confine ourselves to a few brief fragments.

"Buonaparte was not inclined by nature to esteem mankind: the more intimately he knew them, the more heartily he despised them. This unfavourable opinion of the human heart, to which experience often gives birth, was in his case justified by some striking examples. His severity was the result of a maxim which he frequently repeated:—"There are two levers that act most powerfully on mankind—interest and fear." Perhaps one of Buona-

parte's greatest misfortunes was a disbelief in the existence of friendship. How often have I heard him say—"Friendship is but an empty word:—I love nobody;—no, not even my brothers:—Joseph perhaps a little; and yet if I love him, it is merely from habit,—because he is the eldest. Then, Duroc:—yes, I like him too:—but why? His disposition suits mine;—he is cold, harsh, and unbending,—he never weeps. To me the friendship of others is a matter of indifference:—I know that I have no real friends:—as long as I am what I am, I shall have no scarcity of seeming ones. Mark my words, Bourrienne,—leave women to weep and whine;—it is their business. I hate sensibility:—man should be firm;—his heart should be firm:—he that is otherwise, must meddle neither with war nor government."

"Buonaparte cherished the most rooted aversion for the sanguinary leaders of the revolution, and particularly for regicides. I have frequently heard him say to Cambaceres, while he gently pinched his ear, as if to soften the bitterness of the jest by this playful and habitual familiarity,—"My poor Cambaceres! I fear I can do nothing for you;—but if ever the Bourbons come back, your business is settled:—you will certainly be hanged!" A forced smile would on such occasions contract the ghastly features of Cambaceres, imparting to them an expression that it would be no less difficult than disagreeable to portray. This smile was generally the sole reply hazarded by the second consul, who, notwithstanding, once in my presence answered with a movement of pettish anger—"Come, come,—have done with your ill-timed jests."

"Buonaparte was one day walking in the gardens of Malmaison with Madame de Clermont Tonnère (now Madame de Talarie), whose lively and shrewd remarks always afforded him infinite pleasure. Suddenly interrupting her, he bluntly accosted her in the following manner:—"Madame de Clermont Tonnère, what is your opinion of me?" This unexpected address rendered the answer a matter of some delicacy as well as difficulty. "General," replied the lady, after a moment of hesitation—"I may compare you to a skillful architect, who does not allow his construction to be examined till entirely finished. Precisely so with you: you build behind a scaffolding, which you will dash to the ground when your work is done."

"Among other peculiarities, Buonaparte could never endure the sight of a coloured gown,—particularly one of a dark shade. A fat woman was also one of his sovereign antipathies. He rarely invited to his fêtes or dinners females in a state of pregnancy, to whose society he always evinced the most decided repugnance. Politeness to the fair sex was not habitual to his character: he was but little calculated for the utterance of those soft nothings which custom has familiarised to female ears. His compliments were often of the most uncouth description. At one time he would say to a lady—"Good God! how red your arms are!" To another—"What an abominable head-dress!" Or—"Who can have trussed up your hair in that manner?" Or—"How soiled your dress is! Do you never change it? I have seen you in that at least twenty times." Spite of this bluntness, he possessed every requisite for forming what in the language of the world is termed a man of amiable manners,—with the exception of the will.

"Amongst the private instructions given

to me by Buonaparte, the reader will probably be struck with the following rather singular order: 'At night,' said he, 'you will enter my bed-chamber as seldom as possible. Never awaken me when you have good news to announce. With good news there is no necessity to hurry. When, on the contrary, you are the depositary of evil tidings, rouse me instantly; for on such occasions there is not a moment to be lost.' Buonaparte frequently found the beneficial results of this calculation, which, though differing from that generally adopted, was really just."

Of Marshal Lannes there are some anecdotes and characteristic traits: we select the following for the sake of its brevity. "A colonel had one day punished a young officer, just arrived from the college at Fontainebleau, for having manifested fear on a first engagement. Lannes, who so justly appreciated the courage of a soldier, and who in this instance probably knew his man, severely reprimanded the disciplinarian. 'Colonel,' said the gallant marshal, with emphatic energy—"none but a coward dares to boast that he has never known fear!"

The French critics object, and probably with some appearance of reason, that M. de Bourrienne's style is by no means "*academique*;" and that his narrations are very diffuse and unconnected. Be this as it may, we repeat, that the memoirs before us throw more light upon the occurrences of Napoleon's reign than has ever been afforded by the journals or official documents of his time;—records which served merely to gloss over unworthy or oppressive measures,—to gild the pill presented to an enduring people. M. de Bourrienne places in their true point of view many of the actions of Napoleon which have been the objects of unsparing and injudicious commendation; and where slander has been busy with his fame, the simple unadorned fact is the antidote opposed to the envenomed poison. The author is alike a foe to gross misstatement and absurd embellishment. He has represented Napoleon neither as a demon nor a demigod; he has clothed him with the attributes of man, and nothing more.

Dr. Doddridge's Diary and Correspondence.

[Third notice.]

THE amusement to be derived from these memoirs, both as a genuine picture of a celebrated man, and as affording characteristics of an important sect, and studies of human nature, induces us to continue our review.

Previous to addressing the lady whom he ultimately married, our amatory divine was very pressing in his suit to a girl of some fifteen or sixteen, of the name of Jennings,—in the good graces of whose mamma, as appears from the letters, he stood upon familiar terms. The epistles to these parties are among the most remarkable in the publication; and we shall select them as striking proofs of that interference in domestic and family affairs which we had hoped was confined to confessors of the Inquisition. To the daughter Mr. Doddridge writes:—

"Dear Jennings,—You will probably be surprised, that in the midst of the familiarity of daily conversation I have recourse to the formality of a letter; and still more, when you find it is to tell you seriously that there are some things in your behaviour which I am so far from admiring, that I think it worth my while to spend half an hour on a Saturday morning to engage you, if I can, to reform them. To come directly to the point, there

are some particular seasons, which have occurred oftener within this last month than in all the other fourteen I have been at Har-borough, in which you seem to imagine that you have a dispensation to treat me just as you please, without any regard to the considerations not only of friendship, but of common politeness! I have not time to tell stories with pen and ink, and so will not enter into particulars; besides, the instances are individually so trifling as not to deserve mention, though when ten or twenty occur in a day, they amount to something that cannot be seen without observation, nor borne without some resentment; at least, where there is not a perfect indifference, which, by the way, they have a great tendency to produce. I appeal, my dear, to yourself, whether it be decent entirely to disregard many instances of kindness and respect, which though in themselves very little, are such as evince a mind disposed to please you; whether even so very a trifle as a cup of tea, when offered with civility and good humour, ought not either to be received or refused with a smile or a nod. Or if an air of pettishness in the whole behaviour be the most agreeable and equitable way of refusing those innocent freedoms which you know at the worst are but the errors of excessive tenderness. After all, my dear, I own that these are but little faults; yet when they recur frequently, they throw a blemish upon a character that would be otherwise very agreeable. I have been something more surprised at such behaviour to me, as I know that since I came into the family I have loved you most heartily, and treated you not only with constant civility, but with tender friendship. It is with pleasure that I have discovered any opportunity of serving or pleasing you. I have spoken of you with the most affectionate respect in your absence, and almost quarrelled with some of the wisest and best of my friends for charging you with that negligence and affectation of which I have now reminded you; and you yourself know, that when you have been disposed to quarrel and find fault, you could fix on nothing but an excess of fondness. Forgive me this wrong! And yet, on the other hand, I can never believe that you apprehend that I offer myself as a lover, and that it is therefore necessary to treat me with an air of coldness and scorn, that I may not take too much encouragement. I know not whether your late *complaisant* refusals were in jest or earnest; but of this I am sure, that if they were in jest, they had not so much wit or humour as to excuse their repetition thrice; and if they were in earnest, they were very unnecessary! However, to prevent such dreadful apprehensions, I do seriously assure you that I have at present no such thought; and I here give it you under my hand, that if I ever offer any thing of that nature, I will proceed in form. I will acquaint mamma in the first place, and will never plead your indulgence to my friendship as any engagement upon you to accept my love. With this precaution, I think I may safely tell you that I do still esteem you beyond any other person in the world of your age; and do really think that when you are in a good humour, you are, without a compliment, one of the most agreeable creatures I know. I must further do you the justice to acknowledge that you have frequently, perhaps I may say generally, treated me with an air of tender friendship, which to a man of my temper is engaging and endearing in a very uncommon degree; and I need not look back farther than yesterday to recol-

lect some very agreeable instances. But, after all, my dear, I must add, that it is this mixture and uncertainty of temper and behaviour that perplexes me more than any thing else. There is an epigram in the *Spectator*, which, though not made upon your sex, so exactly expresses my sentiments, that I cannot forbear transcribing it, and would by all means advise you to let your memory imbibe it:

In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a wayward, testy, pleasant fellow,
Hast so much wit and mirth and spleen about thee,
There's no existing with—nor e'en without thee.

Therefore, my dear, I have one favour to beg of you, and all that I have already said was only intended as its introduction; and that is, that you would reflect a little upon my character in general, and upon my behaviour to you in particular, and then come to a resolution to treat me in a constant manner. Be always kind and obliging, or always negligent and rude; and though I cannot say it is a matter of indifference which you choose, yet I am persuaded I shall in either case be easier. If you can resolve upon the latter of these expedients, which yet methinks I am unwilling to suppose, my friendship is ended, but my civility will continue. I am not humble enough to make any fresh complaint either to yourself or your mother, nor spiteful enough to attempt to injure or tease you. Nay, I have so much regard to the friendship of your excellent mother, whom I know to be most tenderly concerned for your interest as well as to the obligations of common humanity, that I will do my utmost to promote your improvement in religion and in other accomplishments as far as may be in my power. But as to what you think of me, or the humour you are in with me, I shall be as utterly unaggravated as I am about honest Frank's being in the vapours, or the crying of Nanny Parsons when she is out of my hearing! But if, according to my firm expectation, you take this friendly admonition as kindly as I mean it; if you make it your future care to treat me with civility and good humour, and rather to bear with any tolerable infirmity than to quarrel when I have given you no affront; in one word, if you will treat me just as you did twelve months ago, bating the article of so many kisses, which I will willingly resign, I assure you, my dear, that nothing which may have past shall impair the sincerity of my tenderness and esteem."

To the mother of this girl, the young minister, at the same time, writes in this manner:—

"Dear Madam,—I have been seriously considering what you said to me yesterday upon the road. I am sensible that some things were entirely just; and though perhaps others were mistakes, yet I do believe that the whole was kindly intended, and I am sure that if it be not my own fault, I may be the better even for those reflections, which, so far as I know my own temper, and can recollect my former behaviour, had not in fact any solid foundation. I then hinted that there were some things, even in your behaviour, which might bear amendment; but I did not particularly mention them, because I was not fully master of my temper, and because whatever I said under the first smart of reproof would have looked like recrimination, which is so silly a method of defence that I should even then have been ashamed of it. And as I know that conversation on these delicate subjects is very seldom supported with decency and good humour on both sides, and sometimes on neither, I thought it would be the best way to give you my sentiments upon paper, and the rather because what

is written may be more accurately weighed and more cautiously grounded than it could be if it were spoken. It is with the most awkward air that I go about to point out the defects of a character that I admire, and of a person whom I love—I had almost said beyond any other in the world, I am sure equally with any one; but you yourself would readily tell me that you spoke to me so directly of my faults, not because you did not love me, but because you did, and because you desired to see me as perfect as possible. I further observe that I am not going to complain of your treatment of me; on the contrary, I think nothing can be more kind and obliging than the main course of it has generally been, especially since I have resided with you at Harborough, and hardly know that one friend of yours in the world, to whom I think you have behaved in a more engaging and agreeable manner. Nor would I intimate that these defects, whatever they are, do daily appear in your conversation; on the other hand, I have known whole weeks together in which they have lain dormant. These were weeks of perfection, and I think it so probable that this may be one of them, that I take some time from my sleep to finish this grave despatch, lest, if it be delayed a few hours longer, the admonition should seem out of date, and I, in the transport of fond admiration, should forget that I have ever seen the least mixture of human infirmity. With all these precautions I will venture to add that I have been the time when Mrs. Jennings herself, the philosophical and complaisant Mrs. Jennings, has made some very pettish and morose answers to things which to my certain knowledge have been said without any design of affronting her, and that merely because some other accident has put her out of humour. If you should maintain that you had some reason to be displeased with the person to whom you made such a speech (which, though unknown, was abundantly sufficient to justify the change in your behaviour, which you intimated yesterday morning), the answer is obvious: a reason which is unknown to any one in the company is, to such a person, no reason at all; and ill humour founded on such a reason will appear to him utterly irrational, and consequently is not likely to do him good, unless it be doing good to lessen his esteem for a person whom it is hardly possible to admire within moderate limits. I have further observed some perverse moments, in which you are so exceedingly prone to contradict those with whom you are at all displeased, though on the most trifling occasion, that you will in plain terms rather contradict yourself than fail of paying them that compliment! When you are censuring the faults of those whom you most sincerely love, you are apt to treat them with too great severity, and sometimes with an air of contempt, which leaves a sting behind it for a considerable time. To shew people that you are displeased with them, may be prudent, for it is your happiness to see many very agreeable persons, who have no manner of dependence upon you, hurt, merely by your saying that you are displeased; but to shew them, in any instance, that you despise them, is carrying the matter to an outrageous extremity, and may probably throw them into such despair as may prevent their taking proper measures for their amendment. What you said to dear Kitty about my offers of matrimony was a most grating instance of this, and not to be remembered without something of indignation, even while my heart is overflowing, as it now is, with the tenderest sentiments of friendship towards you.

It was to a surprising degree hasty, and terribly spiteful and unjust, and the very recollection of it makes the veins of my forehead swell so high that I resolve never to trust myself to mention it again; and I should be much happier if I could engage never to think of it. The last thing, madam, which I have to mention is, that you seem so prejudiced in favour of your own notions, that it is one of the most difficult things in the world to fix a conviction upon you, or to procure an acknowledgment that you have been mistaken; nor do you seem to take it very kindly when people interest themselves in your affairs so far as to intimate that they think you have in any instance been to blame. I heartily wish that this letter may not furnish a new proof of the justice of these suggestions! If it should, I beg that you will redress upon your rising displeasure; for in short, madam, I will not enter into a dispute with you. If I were, I do verily believe that the subtilty and acuteness of your wit would puzzle me upon many of these heads, although it would be a poor excuse. Rather, madam, be persuaded to look into your own heart, as one that would impartially examine, and by the amendment of an error triumph over herself; and to make you the more suspicious and impartial in the examination, I would further remark, that these are not merely my own desultory reflections (which, with the opinion you have of my incapacity of judging people's characters, you might perhaps despise), but that several persons whom you acknowledge to have a great deal of good sense, and who most intimately know you, and most sincerely love you, are entirely of my opinion as to every one of these matters, and have themselves pointed out many instances which the excessive fondness of my friendship might otherwise have overlooked. However, I hope, madam, that whatever you may think of the justice of this censure, you will have no inclination to doubt its kindness. It would be an injury to your good sense to question whether you had seen that, in the midst of all other failings and mistakes I have been chargeable with in respect to others, I have always treated Mrs. Jennings with the tenderness of a brother and the respect of a son; or, if in any degree I have failed in what I thought the most exact decorum, that it has been owing to an uncommon degree of esteem which, in conjunction with the natural warmth of my temper, has made every instance of unkindness or slight from her not only grievous but intolerable. My entire affection for you is above being expressed by any of those little compliments which in the sincerity of my heart I address to others. Let it suffice to say, that I acknowledge your society and friendship as one of the greatest comforts of my life, and that every thing that is mine is as entirely at your service as if it were your own; and that every thing that is yours is as dear to me as if it were mine. You are the only person in the world to whom I write 'dearest madam,' and when I have written that—I need write no more."

And to a Mrs. Wingate also at the same period—but this must be reserved for Saturday next.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

The Pleasures of Anarchy, a Dramatic Poem; &c. &c. By the Rev. F. Newnham, Mercet-citizen of London. 8vo. pp. 213. London, 1829. G. Taylor.

THIS volume enjoys the distinction of being the greatest and most unqualified nonsense which we ever read. It is too absurd for

laughter, and seems more like a production to prove a writ de lunatico inquirendo unnecessary, than really a publication which could by any chance find its way before the world.

A Compendious View of the Principal Events in the History of Great Britain and Ireland in relation to the Roman Catholic Question. By J. Bedford. 8vo. pp. 420. London, 1829. Simpkin and Marshall.

A REVIEW of the principal events of this vitally important measure, with a brief sketch of the state of the countries from the period of Elizabeth. The writer is highly favourable to the ministry, and the whole of their proceedings, which in his opinion are eminently calculated to promote the best interests of the United Kingdom.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Netherlands' Summer, 1829.—Prices, Rents, and Taxes.—New Method of Treating Cows.—Notabilia.—The greatest Man of the present Day.

Chemt, 6th Oct.

MR. EDITOR.—I find the whole country, from the borders of the ocean to this neighbourhood, in a state of frightful humidity, if not of inundation. Where I have been accustomed to luxuriate in the contemplation of verdant pastures, smiling meadows, and lands rich in the bounty of nature, and proud of the ingenious skill of human industry, a wide and chilling waste of waters arrests my eye in every direction. But I must not proceed further with this melancholy subject; though I would have you and my countrymen to believe out of that which I could picture from what is before me, that there is no condition under heaven's canopy so miserable but that it might be worse; and with this, that there are climes where the deluge of the summer of 1829 has been more intense and wasteful than that which has blasted the prospects of hundreds of our own husbandmen.

Among the other objects of my inquiries, I have been anxious to arrive at a satisfactory comparison of prices and outgoings between Flanders and our own country; and I send you the following as a partial result of those inquiries:—A Flemish horse, of the first breed, fetches from 16*l.* to 20*l.*; a bullock, in full condition, weighing circa 800*lbs.* about 25*l.*; a sheep, plump and perfect, twenty-five to thirty shillings for 80*lbs.*; fine pork is worth forty to fifty shillings per hundred weight, and veal from forty-five to fifty shillings for seven score pounds. Potatoes, which are the chief food of the lower orders, and in common years sell for three shillings and sixpence to four shillings per two hundred weight, have, under the distressing circumstances of the prevalent humid weather, risen to thirteen and fourteen shillings! In fact, the crops of this staff of indigent life have, at least in this neighbourhood, been utterly destroyed. Fine pasture land is worth forty to fifty guineas an acre, and is rented at fifty to sixty shillings. Wheat fetches twenty shillings per sack. Hay twenty-five shillings per 1000*lbs.* Among the outgoings (a price paid for the superintendence of a really paternal and enlightened government) are a capitation tax of five shillings per head for all the component parts of the human household; a duty of five and forty shillings for all horses kept for sport or recreation, and of twelve shillings for every horse used in posting; a tax on bread of twenty-pence per hundred pounds weight; on dogs, not used on

farms, of eleven shillings and sixpence; and on windows of fivepence each. Besides these, there are duties payable on ground used for building purposes, on every hearth in use, and a variety of other objects, with which I shall not detain you, in order to shew that Flanders is not the cheapest land on earth to dwell upon.

Having given you these scraps of notices on agricultural and fiscal heads, I shall conclude them with a new feature in rural economy,—an improvement in the system of feeding cows. A grazier in this neighbourhood has recently adopted, with much success, a new method of rearing this invaluable animal, and, at the same time, of increasing the productive powers of his land. He has found that by keeping the animal constantly in the stable, and maintaining the temperature at an equal warmth throughout the year, he has obtained twice the quantity of milk. During the last seven years he has treated twelve cows in this manner; and not only has their health and thriving continued uninterrupted good, but he has been enabled to devote to other purposes three-fourths of the soil formerly required for their maintenance. It should be added, however, that as soon as the grass is cut and cleared, he has very sensibly irrigated the soil with the liquid which runs off from his stables (or stalls) and dungheaps. This very summer, after four consecutive cuttings, his meadows were in far better condition than adjoining pastures, which had only been cut once, though naturally of the same quality as his own. He is extremely careful in keeping his land clean of weeds, and removing every description of herb which is not of a wholesome and nourishing nature.

But I must close this "oïla podrida" with a natural and sublimating wonder. The greatest man of the present day is a young man, a native of Pitva, in Sweden. He is in his nineteenth year; his stature, though his growth is not yet completed, is nine feet three inches and three lines! and even at eight years of age, he had attained a height of three feet four inches!

Yours, &c. G.

P.S.—The Musée Canova of Bianchi is exposed here for sale. It consists of beautiful and very correct imitations of Canova's master-pieces, and the finest antique statues in marble-plaster; an invention by which Bianchi has succeeded in closely reproducing the most splendid productions of the chisel. The price of a series of eight Canovas is 15*l.* 13*s.*—of the series of antiques, 17*l.*—but for single statues, it varies from 2*l.* to 4*l.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE KING.

HIS MAJESTY, ever anxious to promote the arts and sciences, has lately presented to the British Museum a most valuable collection of minerals. Some of the articles in this collection were obtained from the Hartz Mountains, with great care and expense, and are most rare and curious; particularly those which compose the series of silver ores, which is quite complete. What adds much to the interest of these specimens is, that the Museum collection was before deficient in this branch.

EXPEDITIONS.

THE Møller and Siniavin corvettes have, according to late accounts, arrived at Cronstadt, after their three years' voyage round the world. We have frequently noticed them on their way, at Alashka, Kamchatka, Behring's Straits, the Caroline Islands, &c. &c., and

shall now look for the regular details of their services to geography and discoveries in science.

Accounts from Orkney state that Captain Ross in the Victory, steamer, had touched at Icelandburgh on his northward course; and that, with "all well," he had found the season unusually open.—(*Newspapers.*)

THE PLAGUE.

M. DE LASTEYRIE has received the following letter from M. d'Arœt, jun.:

Tripoli in Syria, June 14th, 1839.

The concern which you take in every thing which is interesting to humanity, induces me to communicate to you the result of some experiments which we have just made here with the chlorurets of oxides, in order to determine their action upon the virus of the plague.

We had hardly returned to Cairo from our voyage in Upper and Middle Egypt, when we learned that the plague was raging at Tripoli, in Syria. Though it was our duty to remain in Egypt, we could not resist the desire of going to Tripoli, in order to make some trials, the result of which was doubtful until the plague should manifest itself at Cairo or at Alexandria, which is not the case every year; and which, indeed, sometimes only appears at long intervals.

We consequently set off for Damietta, and from thence for Beirut and Tripoli. We have been at this latter place a fortnight; and our experiments relative to the disinfection of clothes are finished.

The most important point was to convince ourselves whether the pestilential virus would resist the action of chlorurets; and in order to leave no doubt upon the matter, it was necessary to make trial of the chlorurets upon clothes covered with perspiration, pus, and blood, left at their death by the persons attacked with the plague.

We requested the vice-consul to procure us six coats, which he bought of the relations of six individuals who had died of the plague the previous evening and the evening before that. With respect to the infection of these clothes there could be no doubt; they were spotted with blood, matter, and perspiration. After the vice-consul had made a *procès verbal* of the state in which they were, I immersed them for sixteen hours in a solution of chloruret of soda at 0.5 of the chlorometer of M. Gay Lussac; and when they were dry, each of us put on a shirt next to the skin, and then the rest of the clothing. The spots still remained; but they were by no means so dark: we went to bed in this clothing, and wore it eighteen hours. The experiment was made eight days ago, and none of us have experienced the least attack from it.

That the mode of disinfection adopted has completely answered the intention, is, I think, proved by these facts in a positive manner. As each of us has a different constitution, this is another proof of the efficacy of the solution.

We are going to make another attempt to-morrow, by administering to persons attacked with the plague the chloruret of soda internally, and also by friction, in lotions, &c. We dare not, however, hope for success from this remedy as a medicament against a disorder so terrible, and which for three years past has unceasingly ravaged the population of Tripoli.

To-morrow we shall also begin to perform dissections, which, however, will present the greatest difficulties, in consequence of the fanaticism of the Turks; though we have some hope that, sooner or later, the use of chlorurets of oxide will be adopted by this people, who be-

gin to abandon fatalism, and to follow the example of Europeans, by performing quarantine.

HEADS.

HAVING in two recent *Gazettes* paid our passing tribute to the subject of phrenology, it will be no inconsistent appendage to quote "a comparative estimate respecting the dimensions of the head of the inhabitants in several counties of England."

The male head in England, at maturity, averages from 6½ to 7½ in diameter; the medium and most general size being 7 inches. The female head is smaller, varying from 6½ to 7, or 7½, the medium male size. Fixing the medium of the English head at 7 inches, there can be no difficulty in distinguishing the portions of society above from those below that measurement.

London.—The majority of the higher classes are above the medium, while amongst the lower it is very rare to find a large head.

Spitalfields Weavers have extremely small heads, 6½, 6½, 6½, being the prevailing measurements.

Coventry.—Almost exclusively peopled by weavers, the same facts are peculiarly observed.

Hertfordshire, Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk, contain a larger proportion of small heads than any part of the empire; Essex and Hertfordshire, particularly. 7 inches in diameter is here, as in Spitalfields and Coventry, quite unusual. 6½ and 6½ are more general; and 6½, the usual size for a boy of six years of age, is frequently to be met with here in the full maturity of manhood.

Kent, Surrey, and Sussex.—An increase of size of the usual average is observed; and the inland counties, in general, are nearly upon the same scale.

Devonshire and Cornwall.—The heads of full sizes.

Herefordshire.—Superior to the London average.

Lancashire, Yorkshire, Cumberland, and Northumberland, have more large heads, in proportion, than any part of the country.

Scotland.—The full-sized head is known to be possessed by the inhabitants; their measurement ranging between 7½ and 7½ even to 8 inches; this extreme size, however, is rare.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S WORKS.

[The renovated attention which the works of this celebrated person have excited at the present period, will render the following notices even more interesting than they are in their intrinsic character, and we insert them with much pleasure.—Ed.]

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,—It is somewhere said, that if all the monuments of the human race were annihilated except the works of Shakespeare, beings of another sphere descending upon our globe might from them learn what man had been. With equal justice may the remark be applied to the delineation of Scottish manners, and the Scottish peasantry of a by-gone age, in the works of the Author of Waverley. Yet it is only by persons who retain a recollection of those distant days, that the accurate and deep-toned intensity of such portraiture can be duly and feelingly appreciated.

In his day and generation Andrew Gemmells was not one of the least conspicuous of his tribe; and it may probably gratify many of your readers to learn a few particulars of the prototype of Edie Ochiltree, with which his biographer appears to be unacquainted.

Andrew Gemmells was not a *Blue-jean*: he had served in Queen Anne's wars, fought

at Sheriff-Muir in the subsequent reign, and was not a little proud of his military exploits. On this last occasion he had taken from the dead body of a foreign trooper a watch, which he constantly wore and was delighted to exhibit. It was encased in yellow metal, pinchbeck perhaps, and of larger dimensions than even the clumsy horologe of that period. Though the most familiar haunts of Andrew were amidst the hills and dales of the Scottish Border, his wanderings were not confined to those districts alone. With the Highlands he was intimately acquainted; and often attended Newmarket, where he was well known, and his judgment said to be highly estimated amongst the amateurs of the turf. He was tall, his countenance strongly marked—and his tread firm even in advanced life; but the present writer does not associate the idea of elegance with the attitudes of this itinerant;—his motions might perhaps, however, be more free and agile in youth. Andrew was not only an adept at games of hazard, but reckoned one of the best draught-players in Teviotdale; and few of the Border aristocracy of that day thought it a degradation to engage in a contest of skill with the mendicant at his favourite game, even without the intervention of a *window-sill*. In the farm-steadings, the ingenuity of Gemmells oft supplied the want of a *dam-brode** by drawing checkers with soft *keel* (chalk) on any piece of wood which might be in the way, and employing chucky-stanes (pebbles) and baubees (halfpence) as draught-men. Of the powers of his mind, the writer was then too young and too ignorant to judge; but the late Lord Kaimes used to be delighted with the keenness of his sarcasms, and to observe, that at a *knock-down* argument Gemmells might match the General Assembly itself. The last time the writer saw this wonderful man was at Hassendean Burn, in Teviotdale. Among the visitors was the late Mrs. Scott of Wauchope, the friend and correspondent of Burns. With this clever and somewhat eccentric female, who delighted to see human nature in all its phases, Gemmells was a great favourite; and at her desire he was ushered into the parlour. Though at this period far on his descent in the down-hill path of life, he had recently got a set of new teeth. They were of a pearly whiteness, but small, thin planted, and in every respect resembled the first or milk-teeth of infancy; and when the old man smiled, imparted a ludicrous, or rather a somewhat hideous, expression to his weather-beaten countenance.

The supposition of the Author of *Waverley* regarding his death, though strictly in keeping with his erratic habits, is widely at variance with the manner in which his days actually terminated. He had been in the habit for several years, probably finding his strength somewhat diminished, of spending his winters in the house of a widow at Dunse. His winter stores consisted of a small keg of whisky, a ten-pint barrel of twopenny, and his hoarded *avmous* of oatmeal and cheese. Each week he purchased a quantity of meat, which he cooked at once; and thus in ease and comfort passed the dreary period of frost and snow, amusing the old and delighting the young with a repetition of his adventures;—for Andrew always had a numerous circle round his cheerful ingle in the cold winter nights.

When the snows melted, and the voice of the cuckoo was heard in the fields, the old man recommenced his wanderings; but from his last excursion he returned earlier and more

enfeebled than usual, and shortly afterwards resigned his life at the advanced age of 106.

Andrew Gemmells might be termed a rich man: he was a bachelor, or at least had no child; but he used to talk of a nephew, whom he had put up in a snug little farm, the writer believes somewhere amongst the Lammermuir hills.

In addition to the foregoing reminiscences of Andrew Gemmells, the writer has since been informed by a friend, who recollects him well, that this nondescript in the field of Scottish mendicancy, not only for many years regularly visited Newmarket, but betted high, and for the most part successfully. He was also, it seems, a constant attendant at Millfield and Caverton-Edge races, and familiar with many of the distinguished members of the Caledonian Hunt. He usually travelled with considerable sums about his person, as noticed by the Author of *Waverley*; but so cunningly concealed in some part of his grotesque habiliments, as to elude casual detection. He was once seen seated in a secluded nook in the grounds belonging to Sir James Nasmyth, forming his treasure into a clue, or roll, by ingeniously enveloping it in a covering of worsted yarn. While thus engaged, some idlers passing through a hedge beheld him dispose of guinea after guinea in this way, till they reckoned nearly seventy; when one of them roared out—“Whar gat ye a’ thae guineas, Andrew?” “Guineas! ye rogues!” quoth the beggar; “they’re a’ *baubees*, new *baubees* every ane o’ them!”

For several seasons during the latter period of his life he had relinquished his trusty staff, and performed his perambulations on a white pony. One eye protruded so as to rest on his cheek,* and the vision of the other was greatly impaired; but his spirit of sarcasm was untamed, and he used not only to decant on the badness of the times towards the members of his craft, but to prophesy the downfall of the farmers, from the gaiety and love of finery which about this period began to creep in amongst their wives and daughters. Could Andrew look up now, the Border would seem to him like fairy-land;—but enough, the times change, and we change with them.

London, October 1st, 1839.

A. C. HALL.

Skene's existing Localities of the Waverley Novels.

AMONG the numberless illustrations of the *Waverley* Romances, we think this little series of Sketches has not yet attracted much notice. Mr. Skene, of Rubislaw in Aberdeenshire, is well known in the North as a Scottish antiquary and amateur artist of great distinction: the life-long friendship between him and Sir Walter Scott is immortalised in one of the charming epistles dedicatory of *Marmion*. It will surprise no one who has read those beautiful lines, to hear that it was in the company of Mr. Skene that Sir Walter performed most of the youthful peregrinations which qualified him to be, in the sequel, the national poet and novelist of his country. What he was viewing with the eye of a poet, his friend was not less indefatigable in recording with his pencil; and the present etchings are faithfully executed after these drawings, made long ago, when probably neither of the fellow-wanderers dreamt of any thing but their personal amusement. To our view, no illustrations, so called, the work of artists drawing from their own fancy, can be so well entitled as

these to be bound up with Sir Walter's new edition, to the size of which they are exactly adapted. They are accompanied with a few pages, in which Mr. Skene simply and modestly describes the circumstances under which the originals were traced in the days of other years; and which therefore form, in fact, supplementary notes to the author's prefaces, and may be very advantageously added to the end of each successive volume.

We have no doubt what we have said will be quite sufficient to cause the immediate consumption of these *etchings*; and little more, that Mr. Skene would do well to have them re-outlined on steel. The spirit and elegance of the performances are not less remarkable than their fidelity; and they are given, as the best things now-a-days must be, very cheaply.*

PINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Illustrations to the Iris, from Paintings by ancient Masters. S. Low; and Hurst, Chance, and Co.

THESE illustrations are eleven in number, (including the titular vignette). We briefly adverted to them in the last *Gazette*, and we now proceed to notice a few of the most striking. In the front rank of these is “The Raising of Lazarus,” engraved by A. W. Warren, from a picture by J. Levens. This is the celebrated picture which Mr. Fuseli, in his *Lectures on Painting*, justly points out as a singular example of simplicity and sublimity, both in composition and in expression. It is difficult to retain such high qualities in so small a compass; but Mr. Warren has done all that could possibly be expected; and has been especially successful in preserving the Rembrandt-like grandeur of the general effect. We believe that the picture is at present in the possession of Mr. Knowles, of the Navy Office.—“Madonna and Child,” engraved by R. Graves, from a picture by Murillo. The original of this print is well known as one of the sweetest ornaments of the Dulwich Gallery. Mr. Graves has engraved it with great skill. The playfulness of line, and lightness of effect, in the Madonna's drapery are very charming.—“St. John in the Wilderness,” engraved by W. Ensom, from a picture by Carlo Cignani. We have seldom seen the tone and texture of flesh,—one of the greatest difficulties of the art,—more happily rendered upon either copper or steel.—“The Flight into Egypt,” engraved by W. R. Smith, from a picture by Claude. One of Claude's richest compositions, sweetly engraved by Mr. Smith.—“Head of Christ,” engraved by W. Humphrys, from a picture by Carlo Dolci. Mr. Humphrys has done great justice to the meekness and veneration which characterise this fine work of Carlo Dolci's.—The remaining plates of this pleasing little collection, all of which have more or less merit, but do not call for particular commendation, are, “Christ expounding the Law,” engraved by E. Smith, from a picture by Leonardo da Vinci; “Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane,” engraved by

* Sir Walter Scott's forthcoming History of Scotland, from the earliest historic records down to the union of the crowns, is not, like the series of *Tales of a Grandfather*, avowedly selected and adapted for young persons,—but undertaken with a different view, and for a different class of readers. It is intended to form a part of the History of England, Scotland, and Ireland, in six small octavo volumes, which we have already mentioned in our Literary Notices: Sir James Mackintosh doing England, and T. Moore, Ireland. The History of Scotland is announced for publication in November; and we are informed that the History of England is in the press: both are portions of Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia.

* The vernacular term for a draught-table.

* Probably in consequence of the disease termed by surgeons *ophthalmia*.

T. S. Engleheart, from an antique in the collection of C. Alders, Esq.; "Infant Christ with flowers," engraved by S. Sangster, from a picture by Carlo Dolci; "the Incredulity of St. Thomas," engraved by W. Raddon, from a picture of L. Caracci; "Hagar and Ishmael," engraved by E. Smith, from a picture by F. Baroccio; and "a Magdalen," engraved by S. Sangster, from a picture by Carlo Dolci.

The Juvenile Forget-Me-Not. By Mrs. Hall. Pp. 228.

ANOTHER of the younglings of the Annual flock has just reached us, but too late for farther notice than to say, that it seems, on a hasty glance, to be superior to its predecessor from the same hand—certainly in its pictorial, and apparently in its literary features. It has long been the fashion for us elderly people to wish ourselves young again; and these pretty and pleasing books supply another inducement to the natural desire.

The Illustrations of Friendship's Offering are before us, and consist of much variety and beauty of subject. We shall notice them in our next.

Mock Election, King's Bench; No. 1., High-Sheriff; Study for his Majesty's Picture. Drawn on stone by B. R. Haydon. Dickinson.

THE great advantage of the lithographic process, in enabling an artist to multiply the productions of his genius, without the slightest diminution of their original qualities, were never more strikingly manifested than in this highly characteristic print; in which the chalk is handled with a freedom and a vigour which at once denote that the porte-crayon has been held by a master.*

ANTIQUITIES IN ETRURIA.

THE following is a more detailed account of some of the monuments of antiquity discovered among the tumuli and ruins of the Etruscan cities of Tarquinii and Vulci, a day and a half's journey from Rome, along the sea-coast: to which the finding of extensive fresco paintings of three tombs in the city of Tarquinii gave rise, in the summer of 1827. Two of them had already been opened by a private individual of the city of Corento, when Baron von Stackelberg and Mr. Kestner, Hanoverian chargé d'affaires, were induced to exert themselves for the preservation of these valuable remains. The two uncovered tombs were surrounded by a frieze covered with paintings highly attractive, from their various representations of ancient manners, Etruscan fights, games, repasts, &c.; but still more interesting in consequence of the perfection which they display in a hitherto almost unknown branch of Etruscan paintings. One of the frescoes is in a style which, every where out of Etruria, is denominated the old Greek; the other, though inferior to the former, is excellent, and exhibits a rich contribution of Etruscan inscriptions. The opening of a third tomb, the remarkable drawings of which are not equal in point of art, was a subsequent

prize of Messrs. Kestner and Von Stackelberg, who, though less attracted by the charms of new acquisitions than by the importance of those which lay within grasp and had not yet been turned to account, exerted their utmost endeavours to preserve and make known the three great fresco paintings. Their excellent drawings are, we hope, to be (if not already) published, especially as the account given of these discoveries in the *Journal des Savans* is very imperfect.

The opening of these tombs led to the knowledge of the important collections of painted vases and remarkable bronzes which were in the possession, partly of the town of Corento, and partly of private persons. Among the amateurs at Rome was the Prussian aulic counsellor Dorow, who not only laid the foundation of an extensive collection of antiquities of his own, but, as usually happens on the appearance of foreign collectors in that country, gave occasion for new and very successful researches. These were prosecuted with peculiar activity in the spring of 1828, in the territory of the ancient town of Vulci, near Canino. Clandestine excavations, undertaken by a steward of the Prince of Canino, who has since absconded, brought to light a mass of painted vases, in the style of those of Magna Græcia, which nobody had suspected to exist in the neighbourhood of Rome—and which were purchased by counsellor Dorow. Subsequent excavations have been made, by order of the Prince of Canino and Messrs. Candellori, Campanari, and Feoli, which, on a rough estimate, have brought to light, within the course of a year, about eight hundred of these painted Greek vases. None of these collections, however, contain so many distinguished specimens, even of the finest style of Greek art, as the first mentioned; which, after satisfying Lucien Buonaparte, who complained of the irregular manner in which it was purchased, remains in the possession of M. Dorow.

If we consider that all the Etruscan paintings hitherto known, though their number is indeed considerable, consisted only of bas-reliefs on sarcophagi, most of them belonging to an age when the arts were on their decline, and of a considerable number of bronzes, among which there were very few of much merit—it is evident how important these beautiful paintings, and this extraordinary number of antiquities, obtained in a few months from a classic soil where no trace of any thing of the kind had before been seen, must be to the antiquary and lover of ancient art. It would be hazardous to affirm that Etruscan skill and ingenuity appear to greater advantage in consequence of these discoveries; but we certainly see that an important branch of the art was exercised either by Etruscan or Greek artists in flourishing provinces of ancient Etruria, and frequently employed in ornamenting their sepulchres.

In the great fresco painting in one of the tombs at Corento, numerous inscriptions of beautiful single figures perfectly correspond with the Etruscan characters with which we are already acquainted by sarcophagi and bronzes; and if we never meet with this writing on the numerous vases of Tarquinii and Vulci, but Greek inscriptions very frequently, we may suppose that all these monuments of art in the coast of Etruria originated with Greek artists—and still farther, considering the great number of vases and the genuine Greek style of the first fresco in Corento, that they were probably Greeks who colonised in Etruria.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

PRESENT STATE OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

[The following, from a private friend residing at Constantinople, gives the most particular and picturesque account we have any where met with of the state of that city on the near approach of the enemy. We could hardly have a more interesting sketch of living society; but some of the facts further indicate matters of considerable national importance.]

Constantinople, Sept. 4, 1829.

AGAINST the opinion of most people here, from the events of the last month, the Russian army has stopped short of this place; and the emperor appears to be inclined to moderation. The fulfilment of the treaty of Ackermann is, I believe, what he demands. The question of Greece is of course to be settled, and the *frais de la guerre* to be paid: this last will press heavily on the Sultan,—not so much, I should imagine, on his purse, as on his avarice; for he must have treasures—since, for ages, the wealth of the empire has merged in the seraglio. If the Pashas, by oppression, extort riches, the Sultan, who argues that all their profits are derived from his favour, retakes his own; if the Armenian bankers become wealthy, the Greek princes opulent—by virtue of the bow-string, or exile, he is their heir; in short, Turkey is his appanage, and its inhabitants his property; and, excepting the great Asiatic families of Oglou, no man can call the purse in his pocket his own, nor depend upon the land he has cultivated descending to his children. General Diebitsch is encamped round Adrianople (of which place he is the master), with about 40,000 troops; his advance occupies Demotio, a town on the Marizzo (ancient Hebrus), six hours to the southward of the former: and in other garrisons, this side of the Balkan, he may have 16,000 more men: reinforcements are crossing the mountains. His army, *on dit*, is superb, and its discipline exemplary; every thing is paid for, and the Cossacks are not permitted to proceed on the advanced guards, for fear of their marauding propensities. The various towns are perfectly tranquil, the pashas or mousseleims are allowed to act as civil governors; and were it not for the circumstance of being disarmed, the Moslems would hardly know the presence of an enemy. They welcomed them as friends, and, without a murmur, gave in their arms,—those sure pledges of a warlike nation. For the last week Constantinople exhibits a reign of terror: what the sword of the enemy, plague, and famine spare, the executioner removes. Nightly, hundreds are strangled, and thrown into the sea of Marmora; and every day numbers of the better class are beheaded in the streets, and left where they fall, for a public example. At every turn one sees an execution, or beholds a headless corpse. This is characteristic: the sufferer, unbound and unbanded, kneels to receive the fatal blow—the body is then stretched on its back—the head placed under its right arm, and on the breast the sentence is laid. The causes of this well-timed and necessary severity are as follow:—On the rapid approach of the Russians, the janizaries every where shewed their untameable spirit; they rose in various parts of the kingdom, and in this city formed a plot to fire it from end to end, assassinate the guards of the Sultan, depose him, and elevate his youngest son on the ruins. Their mutinous feelings were too openly declared not to be observed. The news of the capture of Adrianople, and the complete evidence of the conspiracy, were known on the same day; the Sultan immediately took his measures,—sent plenipotentiaries (the *teftadar* and an *ulema*) to the Rus-

* We have been sorry to see our advertising columns occupied for a week or two with a dispute on the subject of lithography; and we trust that as Mr. Hullmandel (the able lithographer of this spirited print) has replied to the statement which Mr. Colinet thought himself called upon to make in defence of his absent partner, there will be no more last words between them. It is pity to see artists at the head of their profession engaged in controversy; and this art is gathering ground so fast, that we are sure no jealousies need be excited among them, especially such as are so extensively employed as Engelmann's house and Mr. Hullmandel's.

slan camp, and unsheathed the sword of justice. His officers, in disguise, frequent the places of public resort, and wo. to the wretch on whom suspicion attaches,—his head rolls! Inconceivable is the panic impressed on Constantinople, and fearful the anticipation of the slaughter of the janizaries which must take place. They shew that no terms can be kept with them, and they must receive another severe lesson: 30,000 heads fell the last time—another such weeding may quell their turbulence.

BONAPARTE'S LOVE-LETTERS.

THE following is the translation of a letter, dated "Albenga, 16th Germinal (6th of April), 1796, written by Buonaparte to a favourite fair in Paris. He had left Paris on the 4th of March, thirty-three days before the battle of Montenotte took place on the 12th of April, and that of Millesimo on the 14th.

"It is an hour after midnight, a letter has just been brought to me, the contents are afflicting, my soul is affected by them,—they announce the death of Chauvet. He was chief commissary-general of the army; you have seen him with Barras. Sometimes, my dear friend, I feel the necessity of consoling myself by writing to you, the thoughts of whom have so powerful an influence on the moral state of my ideas, to whom I can pour out my troubles. What is the future? What is the past? What are we? What magical fluid surrounds us, and hides from us the things which it behoves us to know? We are born, we live, we die, amidst wonders. Is it astonishing, that priests, astrologers, and quacks, have profited by this singular circumstance, to take the direction of our opinions, and to direct them in conformity to their own passions?—Chauvet is dead. He was attached to me; he had rendered essential services to the country. His last words were, that he was setting off to join me. Yes; I see his shade, it wanders about me, it sighs in the air. His soul is in the clouds; it will be propitious to my destiny. But, fool that I am! I weep over friendship; and who can tell me that I may not have already to shed inconsolable tears? Soul of my existence, write to me by every courier; I cannot otherwise live. I am very much occupied here. Beaulieu is moving his army; we are in each other's presence. I am a little fatigued; for I am every night on horseback. Adieu! adieu! adieu! I am going to devote myself to thee in sleep. Sleep consoles me; it places me by your side; I lock you in my arms. But, on awaking, alas! I find myself three hundred leagues from you! Say every thing for me to Barras, Tallien, and his wife."

DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN.

ON Monday this theatre opened, and Miss Fanny Kemble, as we announced, made her *début* in *Juliet*. It was, we rejoice to say, one of those great and auspicious hits which form an epoch in the Drama; an event at a critical period which is very likely to do much towards restoring the circumstances of this theatre. The young lady possesses every qualification for the stage,—a countenance capable of varied expression, a graceful person, a fine voice, elegance of action, and, above all, intelligence of mind and enthusiasm of character. So gifted, it is not surprising that her performance of Juliet should create the strong sensation it has created with the public, and that every tongue should proclaim her the

rising Siddons of the day. Indeed she is not only a creature of the highest promise, but already fills that void which has for years been lamented on the stage. Covent Garden is crowded to witness this gratifying sight, and every thing seems to contribute to render the extraordinary success of Miss Kemble a matter of general delight. As the play offers no subject for critical remark, we shall only add, that in Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kemble, Abbott, Warde, Duruset, Meadows, Keeley, and Davenport, the parts of *Mercutio*, *Lady Capulet*, *Romeo*, *Friar Lawrence*, *Paris*, the *Apothecary*, *Peter*, and the *Nurse*, lost none of their wonted attractions.

On Tuesday the *Provoked Husband*, extremely well cast, brought another overflow to this no longer to be called *un-fortunate* house; the novelties being Miss Ellen Tree as *Lady Townly*, Miss Lawrence (from Manchester) as *Lady Grace*, and Miss Nelson (of *Country Girl* celebrity) as *Miss Jenny*. The play was altogether so well performed as to remind us of the better times of the better comedies. In the after-piece of *Therese*, Miss Kelly, who has kindly volunteered ten nights gratuitously in aid of the Covent Garden fund, personated the heroine most affectingly. On Wednesday *Romeo and Juliet* was repeated with prodigious *éclat*; and on Thursday the *Clandestine Marriage* introduced Mr. Jones, from Edinburgh, as *Lord Ogleby*. The character is too artificial to allow us to estimate an actor's abilities from it: as far as we can judge, Mr. Jones is a clever, but not first-rate, comedian. M. Drouet, who has contributed his services to the fund,* played the "Huntsman's Chorus," on the flute, with wonderful execution. To-night a musical comedy in two acts is to be performed.

DEURYLANE.

IN this theatre, as in the other, great activity has prevailed, and novelties are the order of the hour. On Monday Miss Fancit made her second appearance in *Ophelia*; and gave additional proofs of high talent and capacity. She is a charming actress; and will occupy a distinguished place in the profession she has chosen. On Wednesday she acted *Jessy Oatlands* in the most pleasing manner. Mr. Incedon, the son of our old favourite, has left the farm for the stage, and come out very appropriately in Young Meadows. His voice is sweet and flexible, and his reception has been of a flattering description. Mr. Ducrow has also been astonishing the audiences here by assuming the shapes of ancient statues: it is a curious and interesting study. We are happy to observe Mr. Sinclair announced for last night (*Trumore*, in the *Lord of the Manor*): and to-night a new tragedy, called *Epicharis*, from the pen of Mr. Lister, the successful author of several good novels, is announced.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

THE first monthly concert for the season took place at the rooms of this Institution on the morning of our last publication. The progressive improvement of many of the young musicians appeared to have given much satisfaction to the committee of management. In Miss Childe it was peculiarly striking, and especially in her execution of the recitative which precedes the first finale to *La Clemenza di Tito*. Seguin also keeps up to his promise of being a first-rate singer: Crevelli has, in-

* The performances at the King's Theatre, on Friday, in which Miss Paton and Malibran sang, produced above 500*l.* to this subscription.

deed, reason to be proud of his pupils. We think this establishment does not meet with that encouragement which it merits.

VARIETIES.

Opium.—The white poppy is cultivated with great success in the neighbourhood of Seville: a Spanish gentleman, named Olivera, last year produced from his garden two pounds of very fine opium.

The Liver.—Various experiments made by M. Piorry, the inventor of the *plessimètre*, have led him to attribute to the liver the office of being a reservoir for the blood.

Improved Candle-wicks.—The invention of the hollow candle-wick, which in our last *Gazette* we ascribed to M. Hebuba, a candle-manufacturer at Paris, ought, we believe, to be attributed to the Rev. Hans Sloane, of Cork. Nothing can be more simple than this invention, which is merely to produce a current of air through the candle;—of course a candlestick so constructed as to admit the air is required. Mr. Soane has made some experiments as to the relative quantity of light produced by candles of various descriptions made with the hollow and with the ordinary wick; and the result has been in all cases in favour of the latter in an extraordinary degree. Another advantage is in some cases the economy of this invention, as candles manufactured with the hollow wick from the worst kind of kitchen-stuff will burn without guttering.

Exotics.—Most of the exotics which were selected by M. Boursault at Kew, in 1827, are now in a healthy state at Paris. Other plants have also been propagated from the seeds and cuttings.

Antiquities.—The *Bulletin des Sciences Historiques* contains an account of the discovery of some antiquities at Vienne, in France. Amongst other things, were two figures in bronze representing Atlas and Mercury: they have been deposited in the Museum. Not far from the spot there were found a glass urn and some phials, which have also been sent to the Museum. A gold ring was near the latter; but it was taken away by the workmen. A few years ago, M. Vernay found in his garden a square piece of marble of nine or ten inches, on which was cut the following inscription:—

L. VALERIUS VITALIS VIVOS SIBI ET SVIS FECIT.

Paris.—The Provisional Chamber of Deputies in Paris is to be ready by the 20th of December. It is to be built for 114,000 francs, which is 36,000 francs less than the government architects estimated. The contract for the building was by tender. The estimate for the new chamber is two millions of francs.

Royal Travelling.—A French paper (*La Tribune des Départemens*) gives the following calculation of the posting expenses of the visit of the King of Naples and family to France. At each relay (the relays are three hundred and five in number) there are to be 100 horses and fifty postilions, which will cost, in going and returning, 3,750 francs per relay; making a total of 1,143,750*fr.*—a pretty large sum for a king with an almost exhausted treasury.

Rewards.—The University of Paris has lately distributed a great number of silver and bronze medals, by way of encouragement to the candidates of different heads of public and private schools.

New Melon.—The small sweet melon of

Cyprus, which was introduced into France thirty-five years ago, but which has been until lately cultivated in very few gardens, is now grown by many persons in the environs of Paris, and accounted by them very superior to any other sort of melon.

Major Laing.—M. Rousseau, the ex-French consul at Tripoli, has arrived at Marseilles, where he was performing quarantine: it is to be hoped that he will be commanded publicly to clear away the heavy imputations under which he labours with respect to the murder of Major Laing, and the possession of his papers.

Ship Property and Life Preserver.—It must now be a mistake, to say there is nothing new under the sun. An artist of the name of Gent declares that he has invented, manufactures, and sells an "instrument," the use of which, to use his own (not very grammatical) language, is "such, that should a ship or vessel at sea spring a leak, and cannot be got at, on account of the cargo not being able to be moved in time to save the ship from sinking, which is so frequent the case, any one on board can be with safety let down, and examine the whole of the ship's bottom, from head to stern, then with ease is able to stop the fracture in a short time, and more effectually than it could be stopped from within, and the ship, lives, and cargo saved; for this purpose I have a swinging-stage, so contrived, that a man can sit and work with safety; and further, should the accident happen at night, I have invented a lantern, with a light in it, that will burn for many hours, and give a very strong light, for the man to take down with him, by which means he is able to work at any time; and still further, should a ship founder, and go down in any common depth of water, then, by the use of this instrument, one or more of the men will be able to recover the whole of the cargo, which without it must be for ever lost."—And also that "if a person, or any thing of value, fall over-board in dock or river, they can be recovered in the course of a few minutes at furthest; and is so portable, that a child may carry it, and a small box or bag will hold it." Now that we may walk on the top or at the bottom of the water, and travel by steam over land or sea—we repeat it, it must be a mistake to say there is nothing new under the sun.

Roman Crookedness.—Many of the women in Rome, of the middling and lower classes, have one shoulder higher than another. This is attributed to a custom among the Roman mothers of thumping the backs of their young female children, in order to make them grow.

Assassinations.—It is said that in the papal states, under the reign of Pius VI., from 1775 to 1800, there were no fewer than eighteen thousand persons assassinated; being, upon the average, about two a-day!

Italian Noblesse.—At Naples, Florence, and Rome, the noblesse, being indisposed by laziness to look into their own affairs, have been ruined by their men of business. At Venice they are in a state of beggary. Long before 1797, the Venetian nobles were able to maintain themselves only by an abuse of their power. For example, they paid no taxes.

The Blind.—A paper on a system of nocturnal writing, for the use of persons deprived of sight, by M. Barbier, has been submitted by the French Academy to the consideration of a committee. The same system is applicable to persons whose sight is weakened by age.

To Preserve Grapes.—Take a well-bound cask, from which the head is to be removed, and place at the bottom a good layer of bran.

On this place a layer of grapes, then bran and grapes alternately until the cask is full, taking care that there is sufficient bran between each layer of grapes to prevent their touching each other. Put on the head, which is to be cemented, and the grapes will keep well for a year. When used, in order to restore their freshness, cut the stalk of each bunch, and place it in wine, as flowers are placed in water. —*Journal des Connaissances Usuelles.*

Calculating Child.—A child, seven years old, named Vincent Zuccaro, has lately been exciting public astonishment at Palermo. Born of poor parents, and uninstructed, he possesses an extraordinary facility in calculation. He comprehends, and works quickly, and as if by instinct, all the combinations of numbers which depend on arithmetic. What was related of him appeared so little credible, that it was deemed necessary to make a public experiment, with a view to establish the truth of the alleged facts. This experiment took place in the palace of the Accademia del Buon Gusto, at Palermo, in the presence of above four hundred of the most respectable and intelligent inhabitants of the city. Two professors of mathematics were placed close to the child, to prevent any imposition, and to take notes of the questions put to him, and his answers. A great number of problems were proposed, all of which Vincent Zuccaro resolved with the most admirable ease. Several might be quoted, the solution of which shewed singular clearness of conception in a child. We will confine ourselves to two of the most simple—for the others would require a multiplicity of details.

Question: "A vessel set off from Naples for Palermo at noon, and sailed at the rate of ten miles an hour. Another vessel, which sailed at the rate of seven miles an hour, set off at the same moment from Palermo for Naples. Supposing the distance between the two places to be 180 miles, at what hour would the two vessels meet, and how many miles would each have advanced?" Vincent Zuccaro promptly replied: "The first vessel will have advanced 108½ miles; the second 71½." It was observed to him that he had resolved only a part of the problem, and that it remained to tell at what hour the meeting would take place. "That is evident; at 10½ hours after their setting off," was his reply. This, in fact, was in some sort comprehended in his first answer; and the child, who was aware of the connexion of the two circumstances, thought that it had been equally obvious to his interrogators, and therefore that it was useless to mention it.

The second question was: "In three successive attacks, there perished, first the fourth, then the fifth, then the sixth of the assailants, who were thereby reduced to the number of 138. How many were there originally?" Answer: "360." Question: "How did you find that?" Answer: "If there had originally been sixty, there would have remained twenty-three after the attacks; but twenty-three are the sixth of 138; therefore the assailants were originally six times sixty; that is to say, 360." Question: "But why did you suppose the number sixty, in preference to fifty or seventy?" Answer: "Because neither fifty nor seventy is divisible by either four or six."—It is evident that he did not avail himself of any of the mechanical processes (if they may be so called) employed by all arithmeticians. The Marquis Schiso, who was the first to discover the singular faculty of this child, has joined several of the principal inhabitants of Palermo in soliciting from the government the means necessary for his educa-

tion, on which subject they will consult scientific and professional men; every body being of opinion that such a phenomenon ought not to be subjected to the ordinary course.—*Revue Encyclopédique.*

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The Editor of the Circle of the Seasons announces that he is preparing an enlarged edition of that work, to appear about the same time as the Annuals.

The Athenaid, or Modern Grecians, a Poem; with Notes characteristic of the Manners and Customs of the Greeks and Turks, by Henry J. Bradsfield.—is promised. Life on Board a Man-of-War, a narrative of the adventures of a British Sailor, and embracing an account of the battle of Navarino, &c.—is announced by Messrs. Blackie and Co. of Glasgow.

The Second Series of the Romance of History will shortly appear.

The Life of Lord Byron, by T. Moore, is nearly completed; and Mr. Moore's next work will be (in 1830) a History of Ireland from the earliest authentic records to the emancipation of the Catholics.—See our note, p. 667.

In the Press.—Travels in Mexico, in 1826, 7, and 8, by Lieutenant R. W. H. Hardy, R.N.—Dr. Calamy's Historical Account of his own Life, with Reflections on the Times in which he lived (from 1671 to 1731).—Stories of Waterloo.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Illustrations of the Literary Souvenir, 1830, India proofs, imperial 4to. 1l. 10s.: before letters, 2s. 3s.—Death-Bed Scenes, Vols. V. and VI. 12mo. 6s. bds.—Hood's Epping Hunt, with Cruikshank's designs, fcp. 2s. 6d. sewed; India proofs, 2s. 6d. sewed.—Wickstead's Bills of Costs, 8vo. 6s. bds.—Cooper's Surgical Lectures, royal 18mo. 8s. bds.—Bell's Gothic Architecture of Ireland, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Knight's Heraldic Illustrations, 4to. 1l. 1s. bds.—Grainger's Elements of Anatomy, 8vo. 14s. bds.—Waller's Elements of Midwifery, 18mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—The Pulpit, Vols. XI. and XII. each, 8s. cambric.—Cobbins's Spelling, 12mo. 1s. 6d. sheep.—Williams's United Family, 18mo. 2s. 6d. hf.-bd.—March's House-keeper, 1830, 2s. sewed.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1829.

October.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 1	From 33. to 61.	30.16 Stationary
Friday... 2	— 35. — 59.	29.94 to 29.94
Saturday... 3	— 45. — 61.	29.80 — 29.78
Sunday... 4	— 49. — 58.	29.86 — 29.75
Monday... 5	— 48. — 57.	29.56 Stationary
Tuesday... 6	— 57. — 57.	29.61 to 29.59
Wednesday 7	— 32. — 41.	29.54 — 29.39

Wind variable, prevailing N.E. and S.W.

Except the 1st, 4th, and 6th, generally raining.

Rain fallen, 1 inch and 4/5 of an inch.

* On the afternoon of the 7th, from one to two, an incessant and rapid fall of snow, in remarkably large flakes, which covered the trees and fields till near four o'clock—the thermometer having fallen in the first half hour from 39° to 35°.

The amount of the fall of rain during the months of June, July, August, and September, for twenty years past, will be given with our next Meteorological Report.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37' 32" N.

Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

Extracts from a Meteorological Register kept at High Wycombe, Bucks, by a Member of the London Meteorological Society. September 1829.

Thermometer—Highest.....	63° 50'
Lowest.....	34
Mean.....	49.7841
Barometer—Highest.....	30.40
Lowest.....	29.65
Mean.....	29.6985

Number of days of rain, 19.

Quantity of rain in inches and decimals, 4.4855.

Winds.—0 East—7 West—2 North—4 South—2 North-east—3 South-east—4 South-west—8 North-west.

General Observations.—On nineteen days rain fell, and the whole quantity was greater than in the three last years. The mean temperature below any one in September since 1820, and the maximum lower than ever noticed by the Journalist in the same month: a corresponding depression of the barometer was observed, the mean being lower than for thirteen years. Thunder heard on the 12th and 15th. The evaporation 0.3125 of an inch.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Can any of our readers, especially any one intimate with the contents of Circulating Libraries, put us in the way to see or obtain a novel published some twenty years ago, and called *The Witch of the Woodlands*?

We do not know any thing of the plaster model of Corcoran, at Sandhurst.

The correction suggested by Mr. Humphreys in our Review of Dr. Doddridge is so slight as hardly to require notice. He informs us that he considers the liberal portion of the Church of England, as well as the Nonconformists, to be the best supporters of the Christian faith.

We are sorry that circumstances force us to decline C. H.—C. S. P.—Cantabrigiense—Albus—S. G.—M. T. 10—J. D., and other obliging poetical correspondents.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

DR. ASHBY SMITH will begin his next COURSE OF LECTURES ON DISEASES OF THE SKIN, at his House, 12, Bloomsbury Square, on Tuesday, Oct. 27th. These Lectures, illustrated by Drawings, and founded on the Arrangement of the late Dr. Willan, form a Practical Course of Instruction in Eruptive Complaints, and comprise a full detail of the Nature, Symptom, and Treatment of these Diseases. For Particulars, apply at his Residence.

EDINBURGH REVIEW. Advertisements, Notices, &c. to be inserted in the general Advertising Sheet of the forthcoming Number of the Edinburgh Review, are requested to be sent to Longman and Co. Paternoster Row, by the 17th of October; and Prospectuses, Catalogues, Bills, &c. to be attached in the Number, not later than the 24th. Advertisers will perceive the great advantage of sending their Advertisements and Bills early, as they are placed in the exact order they are received by the Publishers.

This day is published, **ELVEN'S HERALDRY OF CRESTS**, improved, price 10s. bound, or 12s. on paper prepared for colouring, containing upwards of 2000 different Crests, illustrative of the bearings of most of the private Families of Great Britain, and of all the Peers and Barons, neatly engraved on 104 Plates, with copious Indexes, and Remarks Historical and Explanatory.

Also, the eleventh edition of **Clark's Introduction to Heraldry**, much enlarged and improved, royal 16mo. price 21s. coloured, 9s. 6d. plain, and 12s. 6d. on paper prepared for colouring. A few are printed similar to the presentation copy, price 11s. 6d. in half Morocco.

Printed for Washbourn, Salisbury Square; and sold by all Booksellers.

MUSIC.

New Musical Annual, for 1830. On Monday the 8th of October, 1829, was published, price 2s. **FIRE-SIDE LYRICS; a New Musical Annual**, consisting of Vocal Music, Quadrilles, and Waltzes, composed by F. J. Mose; embellished with highly finished Lithographic Engravings, from Original Designs. The Poetry by the late Lord Byron, Mr. Knight, &c. &c. Handsomely bound in elegant Swiss bindings. Published by S. Chappell, 185, New Bond Street; and M. Trevellick, 205, Piccadilly.

This day, price 2s. **THE HARMONICON, a Popular Journal** of Music. Contents of this Month's Number. Part I. Music.—I. A Lament, (Impromptu). Composed and presented to the Harmonicon by Henry B. Bishop.—II. Romance, "Le Trompette amoureuse." Blumel.—III. Duet, "Gather your Roserose," and IV. Rondeau; both by James Naras, Mus. Doc. &c.—V. Ranzane; Haydn.—VI. Song, "The Three Roses" I. Spahr; the Words imported from the German.—Part II. Musical Literature.—I. Memoir of James Naras, Mus. Doc.—II. On the Power of Amusement in Works of Art; by M. Quatremer de Quincy.—III. Dr. Franklin's Opinions of Music.—IV. State of Music in London; by M. Fetis. Letters V. and VI. with Notes.—V. Review of New Music.—VI. Extracts from the Diary of a Dilettante.—VII. Ware and Chester Musical Festivals.—VIII. On Triptlet and the sextuple.—IX. Foreign Musical Report.—X. The Drama.—English Opera House, &c. &c. London: Published by Samuel Leigh, 18, Strand; and sold by all Booksellers, Music-sellers, and Teachers, in Town and Country.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

Second edition, post 8vo. 2s. 6d. **NARRATIVE of a JOURNEY from CALCUTTA to EUROPE, by way of EGYPT, in the Years 1827 and 1828.**

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Printed for Trevellick and Watts, London, J. and R. Bishop, 20, Bebe Square, London.

THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE;

AND

Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

This Journal is supplied Weekly, or Monthly, by the principal Booksellers and Newsmen, throughout the Kingdom; but to those who may desire its immediate transmission, by post, we recommend the LITERARY GAZETTE, printed on stamped paper, price One Shilling.

No. 665.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1829.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Traditions of Lancashire. By J. Roby, M.R.S.L. 2 vols. in royal 8vo. (proofs and etchings), royal 8vo. (India proofs), and demy 8vo. London, 1829. Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green.

THAT this work should be given to the public with several forms of embellishment, is a matter of gratulation to the lovers of the fine arts; for, as we intimated in our slight notice of the impressions of the plates, (*Literary Gazette*, No. 661), the engravings by E. Finden, from drawings by G. Pickering, are of a character to attract no common share of popular favour. And to these, if we add the spirit and beauty of some head-pieces designed by Frank Howard, and admirably cut in wood by S. Williams and Branstons, we tell a tale of such ornaments as few volumes with which we are acquainted can boast.

In other, and, to the literary world, more important respects, we are very much pleased with this performance, which we trust is only the beginning of a long series of traditions of a similar kind; being convinced public encouragement will always reward (as it has even already done in the present instance) such spirited undertakings to illustrate the olden legends of our forefathers, the interesting events that do not find their way into common history, and the local circumstances that, though they constitute the wonders of particular places and circles, are not the less deserving of being generally known and appreciated. There is indeed a delightful novelty in Mr. Roby's plan. Imbued with a taste for the picturesque scenery, the antique buildings, and the ancient lore, with which his native county abounds, he has set himself to rescue their remains from the oblivion into which, it is strange enough, the fast advance of information is only the more rapidly plunging them. With a little light we see the objects of previous darkness; but pour in a full flood, and they are utterly dissipated. And we are of those who would preserve the recollections of such objects; and we cordially thank the author for what he has here done in this respect. But he so well explains his purpose in his preface, that we take leave to quote it, instead of pressing our own argument.

"In the northern counties," he says, "and more particularly in Lancashire, the great arena of the Stanleys during the civil wars,—where the progress and successful issue of his cause was but too confidently anticipated by Charles Stuart, and the scene especially of those strange and unholy proceedings in which the 'Lancashire Witches' rendered themselves so famous,—it may readily be imagined that a number of interesting legends, anecdotes, and scraps of family history, are floating about, hitherto preserved chiefly in the shape of oral tradition. The antiquary, in most instances, rejects the information that does not present itself in the form of an authentic and well-attested fact; and legendary lore, in particular, he throws aside, as worthless and unprofitable.

The author of the 'Traditions of Lancashire,' in leaving the dry and heraldic pedigrees which unfortunately constitute the great bulk of those works that bear the name of county histories, enters on the more entertaining, though sometimes apocryphal narratives, which exemplify and embellish the records of our forefathers. A native of Lancashire, and residing there during the greater part of his life, he has been enabled to collect a mass of local traditions, now fast dying from the memories of the inhabitants. It is his object to perpetuate these interesting relics of the past, and to present them in a form that may be generally acceptable, divested of the dust and dross in which the originals are but too often disfigured, so as to appear worthless and uninviting.

"A work of this nature, embodying the material of our own island traditions, has not yet been attempted; and the writer confidently hopes that these tales may be found fully capable of awakening and sustaining the peculiar and high-wrought interest inherent in the legends of our continental neighbours. Should they fail of producing this effect, he requests that it may be attributed rather to his want of power to conjure up the spirits of past ages, than to any want of capabilities in the subjects he has chosen to introduce. To the local and to the general reader, to the antiquary and the uninitiated, to the admirers of the fine arts and embellishments of our literature, he hopes his labours will prove acceptable; and should the plan succeed, not Lancashire alone, but the other counties may, in their turn, become the subject of similar illustrations. The tales are arranged chronologically, forming a somewhat irregular series from the earliest records to those of a comparatively modern date. They may in point of style appear at the commencement stiff and stalworth, like the chiselled warriors, whose deeds are generally enveloped in a rude narrative, hard and ponderous as their gaunt and grisly effigies. The events, however, as the author has found them, gradually assimilate with the familiar aspects and everyday affections of our nature,—subsiding from the stern and repulsive character of a barbarous age, into the usual forms and modes of feeling incident to humanity,—as some cold and barren region, where one stunted blade of affection can scarce find shelter, gradually opens out into the quiet glades and lowly habitudes of ordinary existence."

Pursuing this design, Mr. Roby has, upon legend, historical fact, and early record, founded twenty tales, of a very varied nature, but all coming under the well-understood denomination of polite literature. Slight antiquarian sketches precede them, and then rises the author's superstructure, embodying and expanding the romantic superstitions or simple data which he has chosen to build into modern narrative. As he has stated, he begins in chronological order; for his first story is of one Sir Tarquin, a gigantic and cruel knight, whose castle stood near Manchester, and who was

conquered by Sir Lancelot of the Lake—of whom we are told: "The name of Lancelot is derived from history, and is an appellation truly British, signifying royalty; *Lanc* being the Celtic term for a spear, and *lod* or *lot* implying a people: hence the name of Lancelot's shire, or Lancashire."

The next tale, of the "Goblin Builders," furnishes an amusing tradition of the erection of Rochdale church on a hill-top, to ascend to which there are a hundred and twenty-four steps; and connected with which a belief exists to this day, that "strangers prosper in the town of Rochdale, but the natives are generally unfortunate in their undertakings."

"Mab's Cross," "the Prior of Burscough," and other stories of early times, succeed—the origin of the "Eagle and Child," the crest of the Earls of Derby, being one of the most interesting, and interspersed by some good ballad poesy;—and we gradually descend to periods more flexible than those of stately dames and iron-clad beaux. The last tale in the first volume is a very entertaining picture of Dr. Dee, the celebrated astrologer of the age of Elizabeth. Of him the author well remarks:

"The character of Dee, our English Faust, as he is not inaptly called, has both been misrepresented and misunderstood. An enthusiast he undoubtedly was, but not the drivelling dotard that some of his biographers imagine. A man of profound learning, distinguished for attainments far beyond the general range of his contemporaries, he, like Faustus, and the wisest of human kind, had found out how little he knew—had perceived that the great ocean of truth yet lay unexplored before him. Pursuing his inquiries to the bound and limit, as he thought, of human knowledge, and finding it altogether 'vanity,' he had recourse to forbidden practices, to experiments through which the occult and hidden qualities of nature and spirit should be unveiled and subdued to his own will. Evidently prompted to unhalloved intercourse by pride and ambition, he deluded himself with the vain and wicked hope, that the God who spurned his impious requests would vouchsafe to him a new and peculiar revelation. He would not bow to the plain and humbling tenets already revealed, but sought another 'sign,'—a miraculous testimony to himself alone. Fancying that he was intrusted with a divine mission, he was given up to strong delusions that he should believe a lie. He aimed at universal knowledge and exhaustless riches; but he died imbecile and a beggar! That he was deceived by Kelly, there is no doubt; and that he was sincere, at least in seeking his own promotion and aggrandisement, is equally certain: but we would rescue his character from the ridicule with which it has been invested. His grasp was greater than his power; and he fell, like heroes and conquerors in all ages, unable to execute, and overwhelmed with the vastness of his own conceptions."

His whole life is a satire upon the superstitions of the age in which he flourished; and Mr. Roby's memoir of him is written in a more

philosophical spirit than marks his harsher observations on the follies of the succeeding reigns. For even as a dramatist we think him somewhat illiberal towards the unfortunate House of Stuart;—but as this is not history, we will only enter our protest on behalf of the fallen.

The second volume commences with a story of Kelly "the Seer," to Dee—the scene of which is laid in Manchester; but it does not otherwise fall very fairly into Lancashire Traditions; and the same criticism applies in some measure to "the Phantom Voice,"—and the "Bar-gaist;" (which last, by the way, owns a Yorkshire locale in a *Literary Gazette* several years ago,) though it is probable that the same wild and fantastic legends may equally belong to many different places. Yet wherever it is located, the Phantom Voice is a powerfully told and affecting relation of divine justice, by apparently supernatural means, yet, perhaps, rationally explicable, overtaking the commission of crime. But the most attractive pieces, which we have not yet named, are entitled "the Earl of Tyrone;" and "Hoghton Tower;"—the former a pathetic romance, and the latter a striking picture of the court of James I. in one of his progresses, the finale of which is peculiarly well imagined and forcibly told. Having said so much, we are, as is often the case, completely at a loss how to afford our readers the means of judging of these for themselves. Of all the tasks of a reviewer, one of the most difficult is to elucidate a closely connected narrative, which is too long to be exhibited entire. In truth, we can only touch the threshold.

"The dark and romantic history of the Earl of Tyrone would, of itself, occupy a larger space than these volumes afford. The following episode, connected with his concealment in the neighbourhood of Rochdale, the author does not presume to bring forward as a fact. Yet there are good reasons for supposing that it formed an important era in his life, and was followed very soon after by the queen's pardon."

The place of his (supposed) retreat is called Tyrone's Bed; it is near Rochdale, and forms one of the fine engravings of this work. Of Houghton Tower, also, we must be content with a mere snatch.

Sir John Finett, one of the king's favourites, and a master of revels, is commanded to sing, when in misery at the mysterious loss of his mistress: this is his song—

"They bade me sing, they bade me smile,
They bade my heart be gay;
They call'd my spirit forth, to while
The laughing hours away.

I've sung, I've smiled: where'er my path
Mirth's dazzling meteors shine;
All hearts have own'd its magic power,
And all are glad but mine.

I've soothed the darkest surge of wo,
And many a bosom blest;
Forbade the sufferer's tear to flow,
And brought the weary rest:

I've pour'd upon the bleeding heart
The balm of Hope,—the shrine
Where holier, happier thoughts shall dwell;
But who shall gladden mine?

Forgive; 'tis but one short complaint,
One pang I would reveal:
The wretch upon the torturing rack
Is not forbid to feel!

Then laugh,—let merry hearts to-night
Their brightest wreaths entwine:
The flowers that bloom on every breast
Will, withering, fade on mine!"

Upon which Mr. Roby says: "The music to these words is *traditional*, if we may be allowed the expression. It is one of the many wild and characteristic melodies floating about, perhaps unappropriated, on the popular breath,

varied indefinitely according to the humour of the performer. The author has listened to several of these ditties: some of them, he thinks, peculiar to this and the neighbouring counties. They are generally sung by the labouring classes, and would, in many cases, defy any attempt to commit them to writing, being apparently founded upon a ratio of tones and semitones at variance with our diatonic scale. From this we might almost be led to imagine some truth in the theory that the ancients had different scales peculiar to their different moods; a theory, which, however impossible it may be considered, is not without its advocates, who will perhaps not be displeased to find here some slight confirmation of their opinions. Yet in these songs the prevailing character of the minor key may generally be detected, which, from its being imperfect, and probably vitiated by the mistakes of these rustic melodists, may give a colour to the notion of a change in the scale."

The music itself is singular and touching; but we leave it to conclude with the end of Houghton Tower, when Grace Gerard, having escaped the snares and dangers of the licentious courtiers, thus parts from Finett, the man for whom she had begun to feel the affections of her innocent heart excited.

"After a sleepless night Sir John arose, feverish and unrefreshed. He threw open the window of his chamber, which looked into the court-yard. Near a side postern stood a gray palfrey, caparisoned for a lady's use, and impatiently awaiting its burden. The hour was too early for morning rambles, but the beast was evidently equipped for a journey. Two other steeds were now led forth, as if for the attendants. He caught a glimpse of Grace Gerard's maid, who seemed, by her dress, to be of the party whose movements he was so anxious to ascertain. He suspected this sudden departure was for the purpose of escaping without his observance. He hurried towards the stairs: just entering the corridor, he met Grace Gerard. She was evidently confused at his appearance. It was but for a moment: her spirit grappled with the occasion; and she replied firmly, and with becoming dignity, to his questions. 'Whither away, our beauteous queen?' said he, bowing almost to the ground.

'Are you bound for some isle of the Western Ind, getting the start of Phœbus in his nightly race to those gem-bearing climes? Methinks the sun is departing from us, though but just risen.' 'Tis my purpose to depart, Sir John. This clime is too bright, and its beams too fervid, for a lady's eye.' 'One word in sober speech:—Wherefore?' 'I know your question, Sir John. Time hastens, and I reply. Your knight of the silver mantle I proclaim a recreant, as treacherous as he is base. Sir John, for my—no, for your own sake—' 'Another stole into his place,' said he, interrupting her with great eagerness. 'A base-born changeling!—some villain, who, under this disguise, abused our honourable intent. But say, peerless princess, to whose prowess we owe your rescue?' 'Tis my first venture into the unhallowed limits of your licentious court; and through the grace that hath preserved me harmless, I here resolve it shall be my last. By your instructions, Sir John, I relied implicitly on the protection of your friend. He would fain have abused his trust, but I escaped from the offered insult. Struggling to free my hand from his grasp, by yonder hill-side, I lost my footing. I fell down the steep unhurt. Fear lent me unwonted strength, and I escaped unseen, round the narrow pathway. My

discourteous knight thought, doubtless, I had tumbled into the roaring abyss; for the night-mist hung below, and I heard a huge fragment of rock, loosened in my descent, plunge into the dimly-rolling waters. Now, hear me: my resolve is taken, and no earthly influence or persuasion shall stay me. I was bewildered, yet flattered by your follies: foolish and thoughtless enough to frolic and flutter on the very brink of a precipice. I was dazzled by the glittering but dangerous excitement. Conscience spoke; but I durst not listen. My course of life hitherto has been through scenes of gentleness and peace, and I could not look on your bustle and dissipation without alarm. Yet was I persuaded to mingle in your sports yesterday—that day hallowed by the last fiat of its Creator, wherein the soul, freed awhile from the cares of earth, may prostrate itself in homage before Him who said, 'It is mine!' Justly punished for trifling with my better thoughts, my escape shall not be without its acknowledgment." Sir John was silent. She stood before him like some purer, brighter thing than could be deemed akin to this polluted earth. "Those siren waves were bearing me on to the gulf, where——" She paused a moment, shuddering at the dark retrospect of the past. "Where all your pomp and pageantry will be overwhelmed, and yourselves, for ever, in the same irretrievable ruin!" Sir John looked uneasy, and his eye wandered, as if in search of some object wherewith to throw off these gloomy anticipations. The maiden again spoke:—"It seemed as though a veil, invisible heretofore, were suddenly withdrawn. The glory and the baseness, the splendour and the pollution, were at once revealed. The hand unseen had drawn it aside. I would now shun—I hope for ever—these paths of folly; and I bid farewell to your pleasures without a murmur or a regret." Sir John, courtier though he was, ardently and willingly rendering homage at the shrine of pleasure and dissipation, was awe-struck. Conscience echoed a fearful response; and he shrunk before the reproof he could not shun. "Without regret!" said he, faltering and abashed. "I had hoped—perhaps wished,—but it was too presumptuous. My purest thoughts would have sullied so pure a shrine." "Stay, Sir John; though the confession be humbling to a maiden's pride, yet my heart tells me 'tis the last time we meet; and it is the only acknowledgment,—I render it to your honesty and good faith." Her voice grew hesitating and tremulous. "There was a tendril twining about my heart; but it is wrung off, and I am again—alone!" Her heart was full, and her whole frame convulsed by some overpowering emotion. An adieu died upon her lips; but she resolutely refused any further communication. Hastening to the court-yard, she mounted her little white palfrey, and quitted for ever those fascinating and dangerous allurements, which, having once felt, few have had the power to withstand. We need scarcely add, that, amid the gaieties and splendours by which the lover was enthralled, the recollection of Grace Gerard sometimes mingled in the reveries of this votary of pleasure. It often came as a warning and a rebuke. By degrees the impression grew less powerful. Each succeeding wave from the ever-coasting ocean left the traces less distinct, until they were overwhelmed in the dull tide of oblivion."

And here we close our very inadequate notice of a work which must be seen to be estimated as it ought. In Lancashire it must be a particular favourite; but it is well calcu-

lated to adorn the libraries of every corner of the kingdom. As success will do it for us, we need not repeat to the author, "Go on, and prosper!"

The Amulet; a Christian and Literary Remembrancer for 1830. Edited by S. C. Hall. London. Westley and Davis.

THIS, the fifth volume of one of the most successful of our Annuals, has reached us too late for a detailed review. Of its embellishments we have spoken elsewhere; and of its literature need only say that it presents a very pleasing prose miscellany, and one poem of a striking character, among others of considerable beauty. The poem to which we allude is by Mary Howitt. We quote it entire; and though in parts it bears a rather too close resemblance to Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, all the sentiments that relate to the child, as well as many other passages, are so eminently pathetic and beautiful, that we have no hesitation in classifying this composition with the *Eugene Aram* of Mr. Hood, last year, as one of those productions which will survive long after the *mediocrities* which fill the larger proportion of the Annuals' pages are forgotten. Where the thoughts are so truly fine and poetical, it is almost invidious to regret a certain want of polish; yet the alteration of a few words and phrases would have greatly improved the effect of this spirited tale of the sea, whether well read or well declaimed. In other respects, Mary Howitt shines conspicuously in these miscellanies for the present year, and has highly raised herself in our admiration.

"An Old Man's Story.

There was an old and quiet man,
And by the fire sat he,
'And now,' he said, 'to you I'll tell
A dismal thing, which once befell
In a ship upon the sea.

'Tis five-and-fifty years gone by,
Since, from the River Plate,
A young man, in a home-bound ship,
I sailed as second mate.

She was a trim, stout-timbered ship,
And built for stormy seas,
A lovely thing on the wave was she,
With her canvass set so gallantly
Before a steady breeze.

For forty days like a winged thing
She went before the gale,
Nor all that time we slackened speed,
Turned helm or altered sail.

She was a laden argosy
Of wealth from the Spanish main,
And the treasure-hoards of a Portuguese
Returning home again.

An old and silent man was he,
And his face was yellow and lean;
In the golden lands of Mexico
A miner he had been.

His body was wasted, bent, and bowed,
And amid his gold he lay—
Amid iron chests that were bound with brass,
And he watched them night and day.

No word he spoke to any on board,
And his step was heavy and slow,
And all men deemed that an evil life
He had led in Mexico.

But list ye me:—on the lone high seas,
As the ship went smoothly on,
It chanced, in the silent second watch,
I sat on the deck alone;
And I heard, from among those iron chests,
A sound like a dying groan.

I started to my feet—and lo!
The captain stood by me,
And he bore a body in his arms,
And dropped it in the sea.

I heard it drop into the sea,
With a heavy splashing sound,
And I saw the captain's bloody hands
As he quickly turned him round;
And he drew in his breath when me he saw
Like one convulsed, whom the withering awe
Of a spectre doth astound.

But I saw his white and pained lips,
And the stare of his ghastly eye,

When he turned in hurried haste away.

Yet he had no power to fly;
He was chained to the deck with his heavy guilt,
And the blood that was not dry.

'Twas a cursed thing,' said I, 'to kill
That old man in his sleep!
And the plagues of the sea will come from him,
Ten thousand fathoms deep!

And the plagues of the storm will follow us,
For Heaven his groans hath heard!
Still the captain's eye was fixed on me,
But he answered never a word.

And he slowly lifted his bloody hand
His aching eyes to shade—
But the blood that was wet did freeze his soul,
And he shrank like one afraid.

And even then, that very hour,
The wind dropped, and a spell
Was on the ship, was on the sea,
And we lay for weeks, how wearily,
Where the old man's body fell.

I told no one within the ship
That horrid deed of sin;
For I saw the hand of God at work,
And punishment begin.

And when they spoke of the murdered man,
And the *El Dorado* hoard,
They all surmised he had walked in dreams,
And had fallen overboard.

But I alone, and the murderer—
That dreadful thing did know,
How he lay in his sin, a murdered man,
A thousand fathom low.

And many days, and many more,
Came on, and lagging sped,
And the heavy waves of that sleeping sea
Were dark, like molten lead.

And not a breeze came, east or west,
And burning was the sky,
And stifling was each breath we drew
Of the air so hot and dry.

Oh me! there was a smell of death
Hung round us night and day;
And I dared not look in the sea below
Where the old man's body lay.

In his cabin, alone, the captain kept,
And he bolted fast the door,
And up and down the sailors walked,
And wished that the calm was o'er.

The captain's son was on board with us,
A fair child, seven years old,
With a merry look that all men loved,
And a spirit kind and bold.

I loved the child, and I took his hand
And made him kneel and pray
That the crime for which the calm was sent
Might be purged clean away.

For I thought that God would hear his prayer,
And set the vessel free;—
For a dreadful thing it was to lie
Upon that charnel sea.

Yet I told him not wherefore he prayed,
Nor why the calm was sent;
I would not give that knowledge dark
To a soul so innocent.

At length I saw a little cloud
Arise in that sky of flame,
A little cloud—but it grew and grew,
And blackened as it came.

And we saw the sea beneath its track
Grow dark as the frowning sky,
And water-spouts, with a rushing sound
Like giants, passed us by.

And all around, 'twixt sky and sea,
A hollow wind did blow;
And the waves were heaved from the ocean depths,
And the ship rocked to and fro.

I knew it was that fierce death-calm
Its horrid hold undoing,
And I saw the plagues of wind and storm
Their missioned work pursuing.

There was a yell in the gathering winds,
A groan in the heaving sea,
And the captain rushed from the hold below,
But he durst not look on me:

He seized each rope with a madman's haste,
And he set the helm to go,
And every sail he crowded on
As the furious winds did blow.

And away they went, like autumn leaves
Before the tempest's rout,
And the naked masts with a crash came down,
And the wild ship tossed about.

The men to spars and splintered boards
Clung till their strength was gone,
And I saw them from their feeble hold
Washed over, one by one.

And 'mid the creaking timber's din,
And the roaring of the sea,
I heard the dismal, drowning cry
Of their last agony.

There was a curse in the wind that blew,
A curse in the boiling wave;
And the captain knew that vengeance came
From the old man's ocean grave.

And I heard him say, as he sat apart,
In a hollow voice and low,
'Tis a cry of blood doth follow us,
And still doth plague us so!

And then those heavy iron chests
With desperate strength took he,
And ten of the strongest mariners
Did cast them into the sea.

And out from the bottom of the sea
There came a hollow groan;—
The captain by the gunwale stood,
And he looked like icy stone—
And he drew in his breath with a gasping sob,
And a spasm of death came on.

And a furious boiling wave rose up,
With a rushing, thundering roar,—
I saw the captain fall to the deck,
But I never saw him more.

Two days before, when the storm began,
We were forty men and five,
But ere the middle of that night
There were but two alive.

The child and I, we were but two,
And he clung to me in fear;
Oh! it was pitiful to see
That meek child in his misery,
And his little prayers to hear!

At length, as if his prayers were heard,
'Twas calmer, and anon
The clear sun shone, and warm and low
A steady wind from the west did blow,
And drove us gently on.

And on we drove, and on we drove,
That fair young child and I,
But his heart was as a man's in strength,
And he uttered not a cry.

There was no bread within the wreck,
And water we had none,
Yet he murmured not, and cheered me
When my last hopes were gone;
But I saw him waste and waste away,
And his rosy cheek grow wan.

Still on we drove, I knew not where,
For many nights and days,
We were too weak to raise a sail,
Had there been one to raise.

Still on we went, as the west wind drove,
On, on, o'er the pathless tide;
And I lay in a sleep, 'twixt life and death,
And the child was at my side.

And it chanced as we were drifting on,
Amid the great South Sea,
An English vessel passed us by
That was sailing cheerily;
Unheard by me, that vessel hailed,
And asked what we might be.

The young child at the cheer rose up,
And gave an answering word,
And they drew him from the drifting wreck
As light as is a bird.

They took him gently in their arms,
And put again to sea:—
'Not yet! not yet!' he feebly cried,
'There was a man with me.'

Again unto the wreck they came,
Where, like one dead, I lay,
And a ship-boy small had strength enough
To carry me away.

Oh, joy it was when sense returned
That fair, warm ship to see,
And to hear the child within his bed
Speak pleasant words to me!

I thought at first that we had died,
And all our pains were o'er,
And in a blessed ship of heaven
Were sailing to its shore.

But they were human forms that knelt
Beside our bed to pray,
And men, with hearts most merciful,
Did watch us night and day.

'Twas a dismal tale I had to tell
Of wreck and wild distress,
But, even then, I told to none
The captain's wickedness.

For I loved the boy, and I could not cloud
His soul with a sense of shame;—
'Twere an evil thing, thought I, to blast
A sinless orphan's name!

So he grew to be a man of wealth,
And of honourable fame.

And in after years, when he had ships,
I sailed with him the sea,
And in all the sorrow of my life
He was a son to me;
And God hath blessed him every where
With a great prosperity."

A beautiful contribution by L. E. L., and a shorter but touching little piece by Crofton

Crocker, are among the other best poetical ornaments of the *Amulet*; which, without having room to exemplify its prose, we again recommend to the public as well entitled to favour.

Travels in Chaldaea, including a Journey from Bussorah to Bagdad, Hilah, and Babylon; performed on foot in 1827: with Observations on the Sites and Remains of Babel, Seleucia, and Ctesiphon. By Captain Robert Mignan, H.E.I.C. Service, &c. 8vo. pp. 333. London, 1829. Colburn and Bentley.

NOTWITHSTANDING all that has been written on the subjects of which this volume treats, they are so interesting in themselves, that, ever, the latest particulars concerning them are sure to be well received by the public. There is something powerfully gratifying to the human mind, in developing the mysteries, and enlightening the obscurity, which pervade our earliest world; in tracing the first arts that were resorted to by mankind on emerging from their post-diluvian cradle, and in discovering the dawns of science which began to streak that distant period of our race's history. It is these common feelings of our nature which make the growing pursuit of Egyptian lore so generally popular at this time; and which will always render Chaldean travels, and inquiries into the antiquities of such places as Babylon, Nineveh, and the like, deeply attractive. Captain Mignan has skirred the country, and, without expending much of labour, examined the most important objects which it presents, in so lively a manner, that we have perused his lucubrations with great pleasure,—whether in reference to his own remarks, or to his numerous illustrative quotations from preceding writers. He embarked in a boat on the Tigris at Bussorah (Oct. 22, 1827), escorted by six well-armed Arabs, and ascended that river on his way to Bagdad; the boat carrying the small quantity of luggage necessary in a warm climate, and the party usually threading the banks of the stream. Our first extract may afford an idea of the native inhabitants a little above Bussorah.

“Having bought a couple of sheep for my people, I was witness to some curious culinary operations. The entrails were ripped open, pieces of which, with the hoofs, dipped once or twice into the water, were eaten by them raw; the rest of the animal, unflayed and unshorn, was put into a vessel and half boiled, when they drank the soup, and voraciously devoured the scarcely-warmed carcass. They are a very filthy set of people, particularly in their food: had their prophet enjoined impurity, instead of cleanliness, his commandment could not have been more vigilantly regarded to the letter, for their nature is brutal and obscene; their morals are in a more vitiated and depraved state than Europeans can possibly imagine.”

At “daybreak we came up with a small encampment of huts, constructed with mats made of the date-leaf. Women covered with rags, men in old tattered cloaks, and children in a state of nudity, flying at my approach, were the objects that attracted my attention. One poor woman, bolder than her companions, ventured forward, and exclaimed to my guards, ‘Why, why! have you brought a wild man amongst us?’ As far as the appearance of a

beard not lately trimmed justified her inference, the woman's question was, perhaps, not ill-founded; I was wild as wandering palmer. On taking leave of these poor people, we threw dates among them, which, although it created a temporary confusion, gave them, ultimately, the usual delight of a successful scramble.”

Higher up it is stated: “At sunset I passed through an extensive camp of Arabs: they were as civil and as respectful as those I had hitherto met with, and appeared to be living in the most primitive state, chiefly employed in making a cloth from the wool of their sheep. They first spin it into yarn, winding the threads round small stones; these they hang on a stick fixed in a horizontal position, between some shrubs or trees, to form a woof; then passing other threads alternately between these, they thus weave the cloth with which they clothe themselves. None of these encampments afforded a drop of milk, or a single egg. Towards night, parties of both sexes were crossing the stream in a state of nudity, upon a stratum of rush, which is evidently of the same kind as the ‘vessels of bulrushes upon the waters,’ alluded to by Isaiah, in chap. xviii. ver. 2.”

On ascending still nearer to Bagdad, the Arabs are represented as being more fierce, and determined plunderers of all whom they dare attack, and can master. Speaking of Ctesiphon and Seleucia, Captain M. says:—

“I dug into the sides and bases of many of these mounds. Their foundations were invariably composed of the fire-burnt brick, while the sun-burnt formed the exterior or higher mass of each heap. I had the satisfaction of discovering a silver coin of one of the Parthian kings, a brass coin of Seleucus Nicator, and three talismanic perforated cylinders, which differ in no respect from the Babylonian. All are in an equally perfect state. There is no doubt that the natives often pick up coins of gold, silver, and copper; for which they always find a ready sale in Bagdad. Indeed, some of the wealthy Turks and Armenians, who are collecting for several French and German consuls, hire people to go in search of coins, medals, and antique gems: and I am assured they never return to their employers empty-handed. The riches contained within the venerable pile I have just described appear to have been immense. The sack of the palace by the Saracens, as related by Gibbon, took place in the A.D. 637. ‘The capital was taken by assault, and the tumultuous resistance of the people gave a keener edge to the sabres of the Moslems, who shouted with religious transport, ‘This is the white palace of Chosroes! this is the promise of the apostle of God!’ The poor robbers of the Desert were suddenly enriched beyond the measure of their hope or knowledge. Each chamber revealed a new treasure, secreted with art, or ostentatiously displayed. The gold and silver, the various wardrobes and costly furniture, surpassed (says Albulveda,) the estimate of fancy or numbers. One of the apartments of the palace was decorated with a carpet of silk, sixty cubits in length, and as many in breadth; a paradise, or garden, was depicted on the ground; the flowers, fruits, and shrubs, were imitated by the figures of the gold embroidery, and the colours of the precious stones; and the ample square was encircled by a variegated and verdant border.”

“Having examined the remains of Ctesiphon, I crossed over to the site of the once magnificent and populous Greek city, and at every step had new occasion to muse upon the

scene of desolation which presented itself as far as the eye could reach. Time, violence, and repeated inundations, have levelled every thing. I looked in vain for monuments, pillars, aqueducts, and buildings. Bricks of every kind, mixed up with layers of straw; varnished tiles, and pottery of every colour (the predominant one being blue); stones calcareous, sandy, and granite; flint-glass, shells, and a variety of vitreous and nitrous substances; these, and these alone, compose what remains of the once magnificent Seleucia. There is not a single entire building; nothing but a small remnant of a wall and a few portions of decayed brick-work is left to mark the foot of the spoiler, and bid us mourn in silence and solitude over fallen and departed grandeur. The traveller ought to visit Seleucia previous to passing over to Ctesiphon; by so doing he will not expect to meet with any thing half so grand as the arch which rivets him to the spot, which in this part of the world, in point of architectural beauty, is perfectly unique.

“Although former travellers who have visited this spot do not speak of any remains on the river, I have no hesitation in pointing to the fragments of a bridge which appears once to have connected the two cities, from the vast quantity of ruined materials lying in heaps on either bank, composed of fire-burnt bricks made of argillaceous earth, and a great quantity of detached brick-work beneath the water. The shallowness of the river afforded me an opportunity of observing this very particularly, and induced me to procure the aid of divers, who invariably brought up bricks broken and unbroken, remarkable for their hardness and solidity. Hence I would infer that these fragments now rearing on the river's bed could only have been appropriated to the purpose already mentioned. The reader will be better able to judge of the extent of the irregular mounds and hillocks that overspread the sites of these renowned cities, when I tell him that it would occupy some months to take the bearings and dimensions of each with accuracy. In this undertaking great interruption and much molestation would be offered by the Arabs who tend their cattle, sheep, and camels on the spot,—and who are so very suspicious, that no excavation can be made without their supposing some hidden treasure has been discovered. Consequently, these people would do all in their power to prevent the antiquary from continuing his researches, or even remaining here for any length of time. At this period it would be impossible to make the attempt, both from the disturbed and unsettled state of the country, which, I lament to add, is scarcely ever in a state of tranquillity, and from the spirit of rebellion and tyranny innate in the heart of all Moslemites, from Constantinople to the Erythrean Sea.”

On the river, a considerable distance below these ruins, at a place called by the natives Hoomania, we are told, that in March 1812, “the crew of a boat who were cutting wood for sale at Bagdad, discovered pieces of silver edging out of the margin of the bank, which was thus exposed from its having been washed down by the action of the current. On dividing their newly-acquired treasure they quarrelled among themselves; when one of the party hastened to Bagdad and informed the Pasha's officers of the circumstance, who instantly despatched people to the spot; and on examination found, and brought away, between six and seven hundred ingots of silver, each measuring from one to one and a-half

* “The fine, honourable, hospitable character generally attributed to the Desert Arabs is at present a fiction; it once may have been their just right; but alas! is now ‘hyperion to a satyr.’ For this change many reasons might be given; one will suffice—the great intercourse they are at present constantly enjoying with towns and cities.”

feet in length, and an earthen jar containing upwards of two thousand Athenian coins, all of silver. Many were purchased at the time by the late Mr. Rich, formerly the East India Company's resident at Bagdad, and are now in his valuable collection, since bought by government, and deposited in the British Museum. No coins were found of gold or copper; and the whole were lodged in the treasury of Abdalla Pasha."

And still a little farther down, the following extract is characteristic:—"The smell of wild animals was extremely offensive at this place; and as a heavy shower of rain had fallen during the night, rendering the soil moist, we traced the footsteps of a lion to an extensive patch of brushwood, where, very probably, he was concealed. Not one of my guards would approach or attempt to disturb the bushes, pretending not to see the thicket which was before them; nevertheless, they are very near-sighted. I have seldom met with a man that can distinguish with accuracy an object at the distance of half a mile; and many of them cannot fix their eyes on any given spot without causing much annoyance to their organs of vision."

This short-sightedness, like some that may be witnessed nearer home, seems to have its conveniences; for the Arabs are very quick to see any danger that threatens them, or any plunder that is offered, however far off; but very slow in vision where there is nothing to be feared or gotten. But it is time for us to ascend to Bagdad, which the author reached November 8th, and over which ancient city of the caliphs he throws a brief but entertaining survey. In conclusion he observes—

"The pleasure I derived from making these short excursions in and around the city, was greatly diminished at beholding the numbers of vagrants who were seen lying about the streets, victims of poverty, sickness, and famine. The women and children were truly piteous objects, and in a state of nudity. I never saw such miserable examples of human wretchedness. These poor creatures, I was informed, had migrated from Mosul in hopes of finding employment, and escaping that fatal scourge the cholera morbus, which raged to such a degree this summer, that there were not people to gather in the harvest. Those who found purchasers, sold their children to the highest bidder: while the remaining inhabitants who were less fortunate, were said to have been seen sacrificing their offspring to their own uncontrollable hunger. For the sake of human nature, I sincerely trust this is an exaggeration; I received it from scarcely dubitable authority, as a true and faithful picture of the suffering people of Mosul. Those children who were old enough fled from their parents, and one poor boy is now with me (an only son), who left his aged and forlorn mother, from the horrible apprehension of sharing a similar fate. In fact, two months ago, young and beautiful girls were publicly sold in this city for a sum equivalent to ten pounds sterling! and many of these hapless creatures were Christians!! Let us hasten from the contemplation of this mournful picture!"

From Bagdad to Babylon is but a short journey of about fifty miles, and easily performed in two days. Here the wonderful extent of ruins almost overwhelmed the imagination of the traveller; but he proceeded to examine the principal remains with steady perseverance. In the results we find little not previously stated by Mr. Rich and other authors; and therefore our extracts may be limited to a few of the

most novel statements or conjectures. Of the rivers Capt. M. says:—

"I was much struck with the force and rapidity of the Euphrates at Hillah, from having always heard it asserted that the Tigris flowed more swiftly. At this point the attribute is inapplicable; for, at the time I am writing, the stream is pursuing its course at the rate of three knots and a half an hour, while the Tigris flows at scarcely three.* From the house in which I lodged (about two furlongs from the bridge), I could at night distinctly hear the rushing of the water beneath the bridge; whereas it is never audible at Bagdad, not even to those who live on the brink, and opposite the floating bridge. Hence, I conceive that the epithet 'sluggish,' when applied to the majestic Euphrates, is improper."

At one spot where the ruins promised to reward his toil, our countryman tells us—

"I employed thirty men to clear away the rubbish, and we dug down along its western face to a depth of twenty feet, when we arrived at the bricks, where bitumen alone was found to be the binding material. Here I had no trouble of extracting them with an iron instrument something like a pick-axe. The arrow-headed or cuneiform writing was stamped on all, but differed as to the number of lines. They varied from three to ten lines; the first number was the commonest, or most abundant, and the latter the most rare. The writing was more deeply engraven on these bricks than on any others I had met with. I found one with the Babylonian writing both on its face and edge, but unfortunately it was broken. I regard it as a unique specimen, never having seen or heard of another like it. I discovered also an ornamental flat fragment of calcareous sand-stone, glazed with brown enamel on the superior surface, and bearing a raised figure in good relief (of which an engraving is given) and which proves that the Babylonians had perfectly acquired the art of enamelling."

Many other antiquities are represented, especially a remarkable gem and some cylinders, which the want of wood-cuts prevents us from noticing. We therefore leave this sad picture of ruin and desolation to conclude with two examples from a various and pleasing Appendix.

"*The Camel's Thorn.*—This lowly plant affords a beautiful exemplification of the merciful care of Providence. It abounds in the deserts of Arabia, India, Africa, Tartary, and Persia. In most of these wilds it is the only food of the camel, that valuable inhabitant of such unfriendly wastes. Its lasting verdure refreshes the eye of the traveller; and, from the property possessed by its deep-searching tough roots, of collecting the scanty moisture of these arid plains, well known to the Arab, it is converted to the essential purposes of aiding in the production of a grateful and healthy nourishment for man. The stem of the plant is in spring divided near the root; a single seed of the water-melon is then inserted in the fissure, and the earth replaced about the stem of the thorn. The seed becomes a parasite, and the nutritive matter which the brittle succulent roots of the melon are ill adapted to collect, is abundantly supplied by the deeper-searching and tougher fibres of the root of the camel's thorn. An abundance of good water-melons is thus periodically forced by the Arab from a soil incapable of other culture. This valuable native of the desert is the *hedysarum*

* "In May 1828 I again crossed these rivers, and ascertained their respective velocity. The Euphrates flowed past Hillah at seven knots an hour, and the Tigris at five knots and a half."

alhagi. It bears its small oval leaves but a few days early in spring. The beautiful crimson flowers appear later in the same season, and are succeeded by the short moniliform pod peculiar to this genus."

Arab Songs.

"The youth of the hero, though quenched in war,
Than old of the craven is dearer far.

Chorus.

A fair maid for the brave;
A deep brand for the slave,
Who can shun the death-strife,
For contemptible life."

"Why pause ye, friends! Our daughters urge
On, though their song our dying dirge.

Chorus.

Our charge the spring torrent,
The wild rushing current;
Our blade the red lightning,
Our havoc o'er-bright'ning.

"Nor spare thy noble blood,
Thou chieftain Arab free!
Thy boy but marks the flood,
That he may bleed like thee.

Chorus.

If war be thy feast,
If sloth be thy fast,
Then not thou the least,
Nor honoured the last."

"Welcome the cry of the foeman to war!
My brand shall gleam o'er him his fatal star.

Chorus.

Whose the desert couch
Ne'er to foe may crouch,
Thick though as the sands
Charge the rival bands."

"Strive nobly, martyr, and be free;
Heaven opens, and Houris strive for thee.

Chorus.

None shall wed the flying slave;
E'en dogs shall bay the dastard knave."

Capt. M. does not think the Birs Nemroud either the Tower of Babel or Temple of Belus; but his reasoning is not conclusive! Altogether, his book has a fresh and considerable interest.

Stories of Waterloo; and other Tales. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1829. H. Colburn and R. Bentley.

THESE are three very amusing, *olla podrida* sort of volumes, made up of all kinds of military adventures, hair-breadth 'scapes, love affairs, deaths, marriages, &c. &c. &c. Some of the tales are very well told; others, as might be expected, are not quite so good; but all are agreeable or interesting. The frame-work is the worst part of the performance; for the public have been surfeited with military details; and we doubt whether the Gazette-like statements of battles, &c. will be so popular, but rather interfere with the amusement derived from those portions which are of pure invention. We shall only premise, that the officers who figure in the following extract, on passing through a town in Ireland have been requested to join the assembly by a Mr. Christopher Clinch.

"The attention evinced in his visit to the inn by Mr. Christopher Clinch, was not confined to a formal invitation; for he assured us on our arrival, that two ladies had been expressly kept disengaged for us. Captain Rattigan declined dancing, alleging that exercise hurried him, and he could not abide a red face,—it looked so very like dissipation. I, whose countenance was fortunately not so inflammable as my kinsman's, was marshalled by Mr. Clinch to the head of the room. 'He was going,' he said, 'to introduce me to Miss Jemima O'Brien—lady of first connexions—large fortune when some persons at present in possession dropped off—fine woman—much followed—sprightly—off-handed—fond of military men. Miss O'Brien, Captain Kennedy.' I bowed—she ducked—seized my offered hand, and in a few minutes we were going down the middle,

like two-year-olds starting for 'the Kirwans.' Nor had Captain Rattigan been neglected by the master of ceremonies: he was snugly seated in a quiet corner at cribbage, a game the commander delighted in, with an elderly gentleman, whom my partner informed me was her aunt. Miss O'Brien was what Rattigan called a *spanker*. She was dressed in a blue silk lute-string gown, with a plume of ostrich feathers, flesh-coloured stockings, and red satin shoes. She had the usual assortment of beads and curls, with an ivory fan, and a well-scented handkerchief. She was evidently a fine-tempered girl; for, observing my eye rest on an immense stain upon her blue lute-string, she remarked, with a smile, 'that her aunt's footman had spilled some coffee on her dress, and to save him from a scolding, she had assured the dear old lady that the injury was but trifling, and that it would be quite unnecessary to detain her while she should change her gown: it was quite clear she never could wear it again; but her maid and the milliner would be the gainers.' Amiable creature!—the accident did not annoy her for a second. The first dance had concluded, when the long gentleman whispered softly over my shoulder, how I liked 'the heiress?' *The heiress!*—I felt a faint colour rising in my breast, which made my cheek hoop like a peony. Rattigan's remorse for neglected opportunities rushed to my mind. Had my lucky hour come? and had I actually an heiress by the hand for nine-and-twenty couples? We were again at the head of the room, and away we went—she cutting and I capering, until we danced to the very bottom, 'The wind that shakes the barley!' I had placed Miss O'Brien, with great formality, on a bench, when Rattigan took me aside:—'Frank, you're a fortunate fellow, or its your own fault—found out all from the old one—lovely creature—great catch—who knows?—strike while the iron is hot,' &c. &c. &c. Fortune, indeed, appeared to smile upon me. By some propitious accident, all the men had been provided with partners, and I had the heiress to myself. 'She was, she confessed, romantic—she had quite a literary turn; spoke of Lady Morgan's Wild Irish Girl;—she, Jemima, loved it—doated upon it;—and why should she not? for Lieutenant-Colonel Cassidy had repeatedly sworn that Glorvina was written for herself;—' and she raised her fan

'The conscious blush to hide.'

Walter Scott succeeded. I had read in the Galway Advertiser a quotation from that poet, which the newspaper had put in the mouth of a travelling priest, and alleged to have been spoken by him in a charity sermon, which I fortunately now recollected and repeated. Miss O'Brien responded with that inflammatory passage—

'In peace love tunes the shepherd's reed.'

'And could she love?' I whispered with a look of tender inquietude. 'She could; she had a heart, she feared, too warm for her happiness; she was a creature of imagination—all soul—all sympathy. She could wander, with the man of her heart, from

'Egypt's fires to Zembla's frosts.'

There was no standing this. I mustered all my resolution—poured out an unintelligible rhapsody—eternal love—life gratefully devoted—permission to fall at her feet—hand—heart—fortune! She sighed deeply—kept her fan to her face for some moments—and, in a voice soft as the harp of Eolus, murmured something about 'short acquaintance,' and a gentle supplication to be allowed time, for ten minutes,

to consult her heart. Rat again rushed to my mind; procrastination had ruined him; and I was obdurate—pressed—raved—ranted. She sighed, and in a timid whisper told me she was mine for ever! Heavens!—was I awake?—did my ears deceive me? The room turned topsy-turvy; the candles danced a reel; my brain grew giddy. It was true—absolutely true; Jemima O'Brien had consented to become Mrs. Kennedy! Up came Captain Rattigan, as my partner left me for an instant to speak to her aunt. Rat was thunderstruck—cursed his fate, and complimented mine. 'But, zounds! Frank, you must stick to her. Would she run away with you? These damned lawyers will be tying up the property, so that you cannot touch a guinea but the half-year's rent—may be inquiring about settlements, and ripping up the cursed mortgages of Killnacoppal. At her, man—they are all on the move. I'll manage the old one:—mighty lucky, by-the-by, at cribbage. Try and get the heiress to be off—to-morrow, if possible—early hour. Oh! murder—how I lost my time!' All was done as the commander directed. Rat kept the aunt in play; I pressed the heiress hard; and so desperately did I portray my misery, that, to save my life, she humanely consented to elope with me at twelve o'clock next day. Rattigan was enraptured. What a chance for a poor lieutenant! He shrewdly observed, from the very unpretending appearance of Mrs. Cogan's mansion, that 'my aunt's' purse must be a long one. We settled ourselves joyfully at the inn fire—ordered two bottles of mulled port—arranged all for the elopement—clubbed purses—sum total not burdensome—and went to bed drunk and happy. Next morning—the morning of that day which was to bless me with fortune and a wife—Captain Ratty and I were sitting at an early breakfast, when, who should unexpectedly arrive but Cornet Bircham, who was in command of a small party of dragoons in Ballybunnion, and was an old acquaintance of my kinsman. 'How lucky!' whispered Rat; 'he has been quartered here for three months, and we shall hear the particulars of the O'Briens from him.' While he spoke the trooper entered. 'Ah! Ratty, old boy, how wags the world? Just heard you had been sent here to exterminate carders—cursed scoundrels!—obliged me to leave a delightful party at Lord Tara's; but, Rat, we'll make them smoke for it.' Mr. Bircham, my cousin Kennedy. Come, cornet, off with the cimeter, and attack the congo. Any news stirring?' 'Nothing but a flying report that you had determined on sobriety, and forsworn a drop beyond the third bottle;—but, damme, that shake in your claw gives a lie direct to the tale. And you were dancing, Rat, last night. How did the carnival or coterie go off? Any wigs lost, or gowns tattered? Any catastrophe?' 'Why, no—pleasant thing enough—some fine women there.' 'Were there, faith? Why, Rat, you're a discoverer; for such a crew as figured at the last, mortal eye never looked upon.' 'I only particularly noticed one—by Jove, a fine woman!—a Miss O'Brien.' 'Miss Jemmy O'Brien, as the men call her. Why, Rat, what inquiry of yours has delivered you into the hands of the most detestable harpy that ever infested country quarters?' 'Detestable harpy!' Rat and I looked cursedly foolish. 'Bircham—hem!—are you sure you know the lady?' 'Know the lady! to be sure I do. Why, she did me out of an ivory fan one unlucky wet day that the devil tempted me to enter Mrs. Cogan's den. Phoo! I'll give you what the beadle calls 'marks and

tokens.' Let me see. Yes, I have it. Blue dress cursedly splashed with beer—she says coffee; soiled feathers, and tricked out like a travelling actress.' I groaned audibly—it was Jemima to a T:—Captain Rattigan looked queer. 'My dear Bircham—hem!—you know among military men—hem!—honourable confidence may be reposed—hem! My young friend here danced with her. Represented as an heiress to him.' 'By a cursed hag who cheats at cribbage, and carries off negus by the quart.' 'True bill, by God!' ejaculated the captain. 'Complained eternally of thirst and the heat of the room, and did me regularly out of thirty shillings.' 'Ha! ha! ha!—Rat, Rat, and wert thou so soft, my old one?' 'But, Bircham,' said the captain, 'the devil of it is, my young friend—little too much wine—thought himself in honourable hands, and promised her.' 'A new silk gown. Ah, my young friend, little didst thou know the Jezebel. But it was a promise obtained under false pretences. She told you a cock-and-bull story about Lady Morgan—spoiled Watty Scott—dealt out Tom Moore by the yard—all false pretences. See her d—d before I would buy her a yard of riband. What a pirate the woman is!' Rat jumped off his chair, drew his breath in, and gulped out—'A gown! Zounds, man, he promised to marry her!' Up jumped Bircham. 'To marry her! Are you mad, or are you hoaxing?' 'Serious, by St. Patrick,' said Rat. 'Why, then, its no longer a joke. You are in a nice scrape. I beg to tell you that Jemmy O'Brien is as notorious as Captain Rock. She has laid several fools under contribution, and has just returned from Dublin, after taking an action against a little, drunken, one-eyed Welsh major, whom her aunt got, when intoxicated, to sign some paper or promise of marriage. The major, like a true gentleman, retrieved his error by suspending himself in his lodgings the day before the trial; and it is likely that *Jem* and her aunt will be *jugged* for the law expenses.' Rat and I were overwhelmed. We looked for some minutes in silence at each other. At last I told Bircham the whole affair. The dragoon was convulsed with laughter. 'So,' said he, 'at twelve o'clock the gentle Jemmy is to be spirited away. But come, there's no time to lose. Sit down, Rat, get a pen in thy fist, and I'll dictate and thou inscribe.'

'Madam,—Having unfortunately, at the request of his afflicted family, undertaken the case of Lieutenant Kennedy of the — Mayo regiment, I beg to apprise you that the unhappy gentleman is subject to occasional fits of insanity. Fearing, from his mental malady, that he may have misconducted himself to your amiable niece last night at the coterie, I beg, on the part of my poor friend, who is tolerably collected this morning, to say that he is heartily sorry for what has occurred, and requests the lady will consider any thing he might have said only as the wanderings of a confirmed lunatic.—I am, &c.

'TERENCE RATTIGAN, Capt. — M-Militia.'

For the sake of our readers' curiosity, we beg leave to state that the affair ends in an Irish duel—and Mr. Christopher Clinch, the lady's cousinly champion, loses his trigger-finger.

Though too long for extract, we prefer the serious pages in these volumes. "Mac Carthy" is really a finely-told story; and "Stephen Purcell" is also one of considerable feeling. The author is one of promise: if he will but learn to condense and curtail a very little, we will predict him a successful career.

The Juvenile Forget-Me-Not: a Christmas and New-Year's Gift, or Birthday Present, for the Year 1830. Edited by Mrs. S. C. Hall. London, N. Hailes, &c.

WE congratulate our young friends, and do lament over our own too speedy arrival in this weary world: we had no such elegant volumes destined for our especial illumination; we were obliged to be contented with sixpenny Goody Two Shoes, or the utmost extent of some grandfather's liberality reached half-a-crown for Rolando's Voyage round the World. But *nous avons changé tout cela*; and all we hope is, that we shall not live too long—for truly our children will be terribly clever. But we like the little book before us; it is what a child's book should be—simple, but interesting; amusing, but instructive: and we are free to confess that many of its tales have given us great pleasure. The "Shipwrecked Boy" is exceedingly pretty; but we prefer the following Irish anecdote, so well told by the fair editor. Two brothers, one not over wise, are at an Irish fair: during the temporary absence of the one, the other enlists—but let the author speak for herself:—

"When he had disposed of his merchandise, he walked to where he had left him: all was silence—the recruiting party had departed, and no one remained in the square; at last he espied an old woman, and asked her where the sergeant and his party were gone, thinking that his brother was still following the music that had so fascinated him. 'They are all down at Hoolaghawn's public,' she replied; 'and take an old woman's advice, my boy, and don't go near 'em—for they have caught older birds than you with chaff, which you'll find to y'er cost.' Away, nevertheless, went Larry, to look for his brother. A crowd was collected around the door of the dirty place where that inflammatory drug called whisky was dealt forth, in wooden noggin, to the soldiers, by a slipshod landlady and a half-tipsy landlord. Larry pushed his way in—and there, to his astonishment and dismay, he saw one of the soldiers pinning a cockade on his brother's hat, who stood, or rather leant, against a miserable sort of dresser, with a bewildered look that spoke too plainly of intoxication. 'Barney, Barney!' said the poor lad, while his voice trembled, 'Barney, come home, come home—this is no place for you—your mother—and sisters—and your wife, Barney.' As soon as Larry pronounced the word wife, Barney staggered forward, fell with his face in his brother's bosom, and burst into a flood of tears. 'Hullo! what's the matter there?' said the sergeant, coming forward; 'what's all this about? Come, stand back, my lad; your brother's a soldier now; fairly listed. Is it not so?' continued he, turning to his men. 'Yes, yes,' they replied, 'to be sure—a noble king's man.' 'It is false,' said Larry, as he stood erect, and passed his arm round his brother's neck; 'he never would list to leave his country—his mother—all. Speak out, Barney; say that bad man has declared falsely.' Poor Barney could not deny that he had been persuaded by the sergeant, who saw he was a simple, gentle creature, first to drink, and finally to enlist; for when men are intoxicated, they fling back, as it were, to the Almighty, the noble gift of reason, and become more senseless than the wild animals who hunt the mountains for their prey. Larry was petrified, and for a time unable to articulate: at last—'Sergeant,' said he, 'are you a man—a son—a husband—a father—and would you, who know right from wrong (for ye'r

bringing up must have been better than ours), would you take advantage of the drop you poured down his throat ye'rself, to force him, and he a half-natural, from his mother—his wife—and his child?' This affectionate appeal was answered by a rude, loud laugh; and when the unfeeling man had exhausted his mirth, he observed to one of the soldiers, 'I wish we had the young instead of the old one; he is a much cleverer fellow.' 'Say ye so?' exclaimed Larry, springing forward; 'say ye so?—then here—though I hate ye for ye'r wicked ways; yet take me in his stead; for, although I've a mother, I've neither wife nor child, and can be more readily spared.' The sergeant consented to the exchange; and just as the cockade was removed from his brother's into Larry's hat, the old woman, whose warning he had received, entered the house. 'So ye'r caught,' said she, looking mournfully at him; 'and the core of the mother's heart will be maybe food for the ravens and the hawks of a strange country. Larry, why didn't ye heed my bidding?' 'Tis to save me, he sold himself; fool that I am,' exclaimed Barney! 'Oh! if ever I taste a drop of that whisky again!' 'Easy—stop,' interrupted the old crone, 'easy, Barney; don't make so many promises all at once, but keep from the whisky; and indeed it's 'most the handsomest thing I ever heard tell of, for one boy to do for another! But God's blessing and my own be about ye, Larry, day and night, in the battle and out of the battle; and I'll pray for ye for nothing, to every one of the saints; and sure I am that you'll be well in the world, for the Almighty blesses the dutiful child and the affectionate brother, and will never desert the innocent.'"

Larry gets on very well, and at length leaves the army and enters the service of a merchant:—

"One morning, his master called him into his counting-house, and shewing him a large parcel that rested on the counter, informed him it contained not only money but jewels, and other valuables, to a large amount. 'I must request you to convey it yourself to its destination, as I know no one else to intrust it to,' added the gentleman; and Larry, with his usual cheerfulness, placed it on his shoulder, and proceeded to execute his master's wishes. When he arrived at Blackfriars Bridge he felt much fatigued, and rested his parcel (which was carefully wrapped in canvass and oil-skin) on the battlements; he has often declared that he knew not how it happened, but so it was, the parcel rolled off the bridge into the river. Larry, in a state of distraction, rushed into the first boat, procured drags, did all in his power to recover it, but in vain; in deep sorrow of heart, the poor fellow returned, and communicated his misfortune to Mr. Lambert, who never doubted the truth of his statement: not so, however, with the gentleman to whom the valuables belonged,—he declared the thing to be impossible; that it could not have occurred without somebody seeing it, and ended by delivering Larry to a constable, on a charge of robbery. The high and honest spirit of our brave soldier could ill brook such an accusation; 'I should have been heart-broken,' said he, 'when I entered the damp, dull prison-house as a felon, had it not been that I felt assured God would never desert the innocent.' It was in vain that Mr. Lambert expatiated on the excellence of Larry's former character; what is called *presumptive evidence* was strong against him; and the magistrate gave it as his opinion, that it was very unlikely any man in his senses would suffer so rich a parcel to rest

so carelessly on the balustrades of a public bridge; and thought it not unlikely, that his knowledge of the value of what he had been intrusted with, had tempted him to great dishonesty. When he was asked what he had to say in his defence, he replied, raising his eyes steadily to heaven, 'Nothing—except that I am innocent!' The solemnity with which he uttered this sentence caused an immediate silence in the office; this, however, was speedily broken, by a bustle at the door; and almost at the same moment, a weather-beaten sailor entered, and addressed the magistrate: 'I ask your worship's pardon,' said he, 'but, passing by chance, I heard that a poor fellow was accused of stealing a bundle that had fallen over a bridge; now, sir, it so happened that, yesterday morning, very near Greenwich, I picked up this (he unrolled a large package which he carried under his arm), so I thought it might be the one lost—' And so it was, Jemima, to the delight of every one in the magistrate's office. But this is not all: the first word the sailor uttered made our honest soldier start, as if a musket-ball had whistled at his ear; he fixed his gaze intently on him, and the instant the bundle was recognised, the two men were locked in a firm and long embrace; and words of recognition and exclamations of affection were heard from both. 'Larry! 'Barney! my dear brother!' And then Larry looked around, and said, with feelings that did honour to him as a man and as a Christian, 'I knew God would never desert the innocent!'"

The other component parts of this juvenile Annual, in prose and verse, are extremely appropriate, and well adapted to inform and amuse the youthful mind.

Dr. Doddridge's Diary and Correspondence. [Fourth Notice.]

THE following is the third lady letter, of which we spoke in our last, and were obliged, for want of room, to defer. Like the others, it bespeaks a strange mode of ecclesiastical interference with family and personal affairs.

"Dear Madam,—You were so kind yesterday morning as to tell me of some things which you thought amiss in my behaviour, many of which I own were very just, as upon a little reflection I plainly perceived, and am willing to believe the same of some others where I am more in the dark, and can as yet recollect nothing in my behaviour that could lay a just foundation for such charges. In most of the expressions of friendship it is my misfortune to rank inferior to yourself, but in this I am resolved to keep pace with you; and though I may not be able to find out so many defects in your character as you have found in mine, I am determined to do my best, and to tell you all that I know; to proceed any further would be calumny, and not friendship. In order to take off that air of rudeness which might otherwise appear in presuming to find fault with you, I must do myself the justice to own that I steadily esteem your character to be far superior to mine in many important instances; and that, as to the infirmities of temper which I am going to enumerate, I find them almost every one in myself, among many others from which you are entirely free. With this precaution I will go on to the enumeration of your faults, which I hope will neither be defective nor extravagant in any considerable instance, for I have endeavoured to recollect what I found out when I have been angry, and therefore more quick-sighted; but I have judged of them, and do now mention them to you in the most sedate composure and harmony

of mind, and with a heart full of the tenderest sentiments of friendship. The most considerable fault of my good friend, and that to which most of the rest are reducible, is vanity. Few people in the world have so many fair excuses for it as yourself; and yet, what is upon that very account the more surprising, few discover more in every circumstance of life. It even constantly appears when we are drinking chocolate, and has spoiled the pleasure of many a dish, at least to me, if not to the rest of the company; though, after all, whether my uneasiness arose from good sense, or a severity towards pride, is what I am to this moment very uncertain about. I own I rather suspect it was owing to the latter feeling; and here I would observe, that as pride is the most conspicuous fault of two persons with whom you most intimately converse, so you must expect but little quarter from us, though in justice it ought to be otherwise; yet it is a fact that Pride hates that pride in another which virtue and humility would only disapprove. This vanity, madam, makes you one of the most remarkable egotists that I have ever known; whatever is defective in the character of others is generally reprov'd by telling the company how careful you have been to guard against it! And whatever is commendable, you inform us, and often without any mystery, that you are a bright example of! Though you frequently mention former mistakes, it is only as a decent kind of preface, by which you may introduce a declaration of your being grown wiser than you formerly were! Indeed, nothing is easier than to accuse or even to insult former Self, if present Self may but receive an accession of honour. The inconveniences of this figure of speech are obvious enough; but there is one happy effect attending it, which people are not sufficiently sensible of—I mean that, by this means, vanity often talks itself into a consumption; for it effectually stops the mouths of others who would be ready to praise us, if we would leave the work to their care; or it produces such direct compliments as are tantamount to the keenest stabs of satire, and so are poisons to our vanity, rather than its food. An excess of jealousy is another imperfection which I have often observed in you as well as in myself; by which I mean only a disposition to be very much displeased with trifles which are not worth regarding at all. This, in a lady of so much good sense, is peculiarly remarkable, and an ill-natured world will be ready to gather arguments from every brighter part of your character to strengthen and aggravate this defect. The natural consequence of this morbid sensibility is a readiness to express the displeasure which arises upon mere trifles by fretful and impatient speeches. With due submission, madam, I think you are peculiarly obliged to be upon your guard against this, because I hardly know any body whose temper inclines them more keenly to resent any thing that looks like peevishness in others. Now it is obvious that if we cannot bear such kind of speeches, the best way to avoid hearing them is to take care never to indulge in them ourselves. Upon this occasion, madam, I must observe, that you have often displayed your wisdom in an instance wherein mine constantly fails me. When you have said a hasty thing, and another answers with some smartness, you have known how, if not entirely to keep your own temper, which is by no means in your own power, yet at least to smother that resentment which would naturally arise upon such a provocation. But, even while you are attempting this, your prudence does sometimes remarkably

fail you, for you cannot forbear triumphing over your antagonist by saying that he is hot and fierce, and that you will not talk any more because he cannot bear it! This, madam, may be very true, but yet you know it is more provoking than any thing that you could say; because it is glorying in your own superior wisdom, at the same time that you are exposing the imperfection of his temper in an important instance. However, you will have this consolation, that the rest of the company will perceive you are a sharer in the imperfection, though you do not know it; for they will naturally conclude that if you were not very angry, you would not have taken so unseasonable a time for reproving him. Another particular is, that though you seem to take a reproof with more patience and thankfulness than any person of your temper that I ever met with in the whole course of my acquaintance, yet you sometimes attempt to defend, or at least to excuse yourself, by charging the same failure upon the person who blames you. Methinks, madam, you should not stoop so low, unless it were to serve a particular friend; nay, even to such a one, I would not repeat such a condescension, for it is natural to imagine that reproofs which are given at such a time proceed from spleen and pride, rather than from wisdom and love; and then it is odds but your friend entirely despises your remarks,—at least it is certain he will not think himself at all obliged to you for them. Once more, madam, when you have contracted an aversion to any person, you are admirably ingenious in giving the most unlucky turn in the world to every thing that he says or does, and you are apt to allow yourself the liberty of censuring his character with the utmost severity. If such remarks come to the ear of a person who has the misfortune to fall under your displeasure, it certainly provokes him, and makes him your determined enemy. In the mean time, is not a negligent egotism the least agreeable way of entertaining a company which a lady of so much religion and good sense could possibly invent? Besides, when people imagine that your temper inclines you to aggravate faults to an excess, they will have the less regard for your judgment in those censures which are really equitable and rational. These, madam, are, so far as I can recollect, the only faults I have ever observed in your behaviour; and I am ready to conclude there is a rational foundation for each of these reflections, because I perceive that the wisest and best of your friends, and those who most intimately know you, all agree in these sentiments. I thought it a more candid and generous part to mention them to you, than to dwell upon them in the company of others, and am fully assured that you will take it kindly. Their enumeration has been both a difficult and unpleasant task, but I find a sweetness in any trouble which may be serviceable to you; and I hope that what I have been doing will not be entirely useless to myself, since what I have said upon each of these heads will lay me under an additional obligation to avoid the faults which I undertake to censure. There is one immediate satisfaction attending the review of what I have written, which I will presume to mention, though perhaps modesty would rather require me to conceal it. It is, that I am encouraged to hope that I shall never want matter upon any other subject, since I could write so large a letter upon a theme so barren in itself as the defects of Mrs. Wingate. I am, with the utmost sincerity and respect, &c."

Now, really, when it is remembered that these three letters are written in the space

of three weeks to three different women (two of them mother and daughter) by a young clergyman of twenty-five years of age,* they must give us a strange idea either of the character of the man or of the usages of the sect to which he belonged.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Historical Miscellany; or, Illustrations of the most important Periods in Ancient and Modern History: with a particular Account of the British Constitution and Commerce; forming a Supplement to Pinnock's Grecian, Roman, and English Histories. By W. C. Taylor, A.M., Trinity College, Dublin. 12mo. pp. 352. London, 1829. Whittaker, Treacher, and Co.

THIS long title explains the character of a well-concocted miscellany, with a useful map, in which the leading divisions of ancient and modern geography are clearly defined. Some of the subjects seem to be rather introduced heterogeneously; or at least are such as we did not expect to meet in the present volume; for example, Grecian poetry and British biography. Still, however, they are well calculated to attract the attention of those classes for which such compilations are made, and to convey much general instruction to them.

A Manual of Heraldry for Amateurs. By Harriet Dallaway. 12mo. pp. 169. London, 1829. W. Pickering.

THIS, as far as it goes, may be considered a useful book of instruction, on a subject at once curious, and far more important than is generally thought; and we can recommend it to the tyros in heraldry. We protest, however, against one of the writer's positions—that it is inexpedient to copy heraldic forms from the rude and early state of the arts. By attempting to refine, we are convinced that much

* And who further writes thus also of another woman. Mrs. Ann White, at the same period:—"Some friends who were on a journey called upon me at Harborough. In their company was a young lady, who, as far as I could judge, was about twenty years of age, and, in every sense, one of the most agreeable creatures I ever beheld. Indeed, I thought her as beautiful as a full moon. To give you in mere prose an Arabian proverb which I very much admire. Yet a beauty which fired my heart at the first glance is the least ornament she can boast—for she is perfectly well bred; and the vivacity of her wit, and the easy, modest freedom of her behaviour, charmed me beyond expression. I have since heard that she is as remarkable for piety as for any other excellence in her character; and I am told that her fortune will be five hundred pounds, and may probably increase to a great deal more. I could have liked her for a wife, with five hundred pounds, beyond any other woman under the sun,—and Kitty's dismissal would have justified me in marrying whom I pleased; but I thought her so vastly superior to me in situation, that it never entered into my head to offer my services; though I own a few minutes of her conversation impressed me so deeply, that a forced application to study for hours could hardly erase her ideas. Now only last Monday night I heard that this dear creature is going to be married to a dissenting minister of no estate, and of a narrow income. Moreover, it is the opinion of some judicious friends who know me both very well, that there is a remarkable similarity in our tempers; and that had I offered my services before, they would probably have met with a very kind reception. Now is it not the most provoking chance in nature to know this when it is just too late,—and when the dear girl is on the point of surrendering those charms which are but just beyond one's reach? I do confidently believe that this was the very crisis of my fate! Had I embraced this opportunity, I had made my fortune and been the happiest man under the sun! and in possession of the most lovely flower upon which it shines. I have lost her beyond all hope of recovery! It is true, indeed, that Mrs. Jennings (wise as she is) tells me that there are many other Mrs. Ann Whites in the world, and that in a few years I may take my choice out of two or three of them! I allow there are other agreeable women—but she was a phoenix; and I am persuaded that it will be at least a century before her equal appears. Now it is very probable I may not live quite so long; and if I do, that I may not be quite so capable of relishing the charms of a fair lady then as I am at present in the twenty-sixth year of my age; so that the distant prospect gives but little relief to, dear madam, your afflicted brother and humble servant, P. Doddardson."

information will be lost, and many things mistaken. Indeed, we agree with Mr. Nicolas, "that heraldic taste has within the last century become so vitiated and corrupt, that the arms devised by heralds within that period are generally so complicated as to be inexplicable; and are like nothing in heaven or on earth, though all the elements are taxed to contribute to the concoctions. Turtle-doves, bears, lions' paws, heads, or tails; wolves, castles, gates, and Lord Mayor's caps; keys, bulrushes, the sun and moon, tridents, flag-staffs, and laurel-wreaths; crescents, badgers, and charts of the North Pole; sheep, medals, and inscriptions; landscapes, and portraits both of men and beasts; ships in action and out of action, swords and banners; and every thing in nature, animate and inanimate, radiant in all the colours of the rainbow, and mixed up with that vilest of all modern heraldry 'erminals,' are huddled together in one shield, in a manner which defies the rules of blazon, outrages all taste, and prevents the possibility of being described in an ordinary; and resembles only the fantastic combinations of the kaleidoscope."

Although the references might have been, advantageously, made more distinct and particular, yet we think this Manual the best modern work of its class on the subject with which we have met.

The Winter's Wreath for 1830. A Collection of original Contributions in Prose and Verse. Whittaker, Treacher, and Co., London; G. Smith, Liverpool.

There is much elegant taste, and marks of cultivated mind, in this little volume, which we may therefore pronounce to be very pretty. The average of the tales are not above commonplace; and the day of essay-writing is completely over;—we care little for truisms about pride, genius, &c., put into neatly rounded paragraphs,—and we the less forgive their present perpetrator for these school-boy themes, as his productions are generally great favourites with us. Moreover, despite its fine name, "the Myriologue," we do not much admire that article, and think, in a work like this, all the contributions ought to be English,—consequently could dispense with German, Spanish, &c., as unintelligible to so many readers. We must, at least for this week, abstain from quotation; and only mention, with much praise, a very pretty Letrilla from the Spanish by Mr. Chorley; and also the "Three Christmas Eves of Count Carl von Nordheim," as, to our taste, the most interesting prose tale in the book.

Tooke's Diversions of Purley. A new edition, revised and corrected by R. Taylor, F.S.A. F.L.S.; with numerous Additions from the copy revised by the Author for republication, &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1829. T. Tegg; Cumming, Dublin; Griffin and Co. Glasgow. A REPUBLICATION of this curious work has been so long a desideratum, that we cannot suffer even its advent to pass without a congratulation; though we have not had leisure to examine its novelties, so as to speak of their importance. From a hasty glance, however, the new matter, which is enclosed in brackets, seems to us greatly to enhance the value of this remarkable book; in which, though there is much of hypothesis and conjecture, there is also much to fix the attention of every scholar and inquirer in Europe. Particularly at pre-

sent, when the investigation of ancient languages is so closely carried on, these volumes must be considered as very acceptable.

The Privy Purse Expenses of Henry VIII. from November MDXXIX. to December MDXXXII. By N. H. Nicolas, Esq. London. Pickering.

THIS work, so curious in itself, and so admirable as throwing light upon an interesting period of history and manners, has been published more than two years; and though often a source of pleasant reference to us, we have somehow or other always postponed the recommendation of it to our readers. We now do so very heartily, together with Mr. Nicolas's able introductory Essay and illustrative Notes.

Burke's Peerage and Baronetage of the British Empire. Third edition, considerably augmented. London, 1829. H. Colburn and Co. We notice this new edition of Burke's Peerage with much satisfaction, on account of the great and real improvements which have been made in the work, and the useful additions that have suggested themselves to the diligent compiler. Of such a publication it is the best praise to say, that we have not looked for any information such as it professes to furnish—and we have looked often—without finding, readily and accurately, what we sought.

The London University Magazine. No. 1. for October 1829. Hurst and Co.

A NEW magazine has just emanated from a party of the young gentlemen who are studying at the London University, and its first No. is before us. It is well known that we dislike offering opinions upon the productions of our fellows in the field of periodical literature; we will therefore content ourselves with announcing this publication, and observing that it displays talent and intelligence. There are, perhaps, some things which greater experience would have avoided; such, for example, as the Dedication; but, taken altogether, the undertaking promises to hold a fair rank among its contemporaries as a literary and scientific miscellany.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, Oct. 10th.

THIS great city is just trying to grin away *ennui* by sight-seeing, gambling, praying, and gormandising. One of the resources against yawning is the exhibition of the laureate works in painting, sculpture, and architecture, of this year, as also the productions in these arts sent from Rome by the *élèves pensionnaires*. With few exceptions, the specimens of rising genius are far from being of bright promise; at least the beau idéal of modern artists degenerates into a very ugly reality when traced on canvas. There is a figure of David holding Goliath's head, which, notwithstanding the approval of the infallible *Messieurs de l'Académie*, would disgrace a sign-board. The juvenile warrior resembles a half-starved rat-catcher, rather than a beautiful stripling; and instead of the expression of triumph on his youthful brow, he looks terrified at the sight of the bleeding head. The public, however, are indemnified for this very pitiable, though patronised, performance, by a statue of Mercury: the god is represented at the moment when, having formed a lyre with the horns of a heifer and a tortoise-shell, he first draws a sound from the instrument of his invention. The listening expression of his countenance, and the sensation of charm which animates his features, are admirably depicted;

indeed, in the whole of the composition there is a vivacity, grace, and life, seldom seen in the works of modern sculpture. M. Devet is the name of the artist, who has not yet counted his twenty-fifth year. From the style of the company which thronged the *salles* of the *beaux arts*, I presume that genius and talent are no longer *à la mode*: the amateurs were almost entirely composed of the lower orders.

Mademoiselle Saint Romain has pirouetted our young nobles into love, to the horror of mammas, wives, sisters, and matrimonial canvassers. Her grace, beauty, and movements, seem also to have decided in the affirmative the question which a dying dancing-master asked his confessor—"If angels danced in heaven?" Lord Seymour's *Lionel* has as yet been triumphant at our races.

Russian literature is becoming the mode, and no one is esteemed a fashionable book-worm who has not read "*Wygigine*," or *le Gil Blas Russe*, by Thadée de Bulgazine. A new work is also shortly to appear, written by a German, entitled *Moi-même et mes autres Moi-mêmes*. I cannot recollect the German title; but the author, whom I sometimes meet in society, pretends that he is now performing his *seventh* existence in *this world*. He is rather the worse for the wear, at least the uglier, for his face is scarcely human; therefore, for the sake of society, it is to be hoped the next may be his final exit.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES.

LETTERS have been received at Marseilles from M. Champollion, up to July 4th. At that date the researches in the tombs of the kings at Thebes were completed, and the results of five months' labour were of great interest. Among them is "a Table of the Rising of the Constellations of every Hour of the Months of the Year," with the influence of each constellation. This monument is both astrological and astronomical, and of the most remote Egyptian antiquity.

BARON VON HUMBOLDT.

IN a letter from Baron von Humboldt, read in the French Academy of Sciences, he gives an account of his visit to the rich mines in the Ural Mountains. He observes that it is always on the Asiatic declivity of those mountains that the auriferous sands lie, which contain pieces of gold, platina, and chromate of iron united with platina. He also discovered a piece of platina of a pretty large size, and presenting a crystallisation of platina towards the centre. These metals are often found a foot below the surface. The annual produce of these newly-discovered mines is 6000 kilos of gold. M. Humboldt found in these mines an analogy of position with the auriferous sands of the Cordilleras. He also observed in these mountains mines of osmium and iridium, each having separate beds. Thence he crossed the Kirghise steppe, along the frontiers of Chinese Tartary, and visited the ruins of the ancient city of Bulgardie, or Bolgari, formerly the capital of the Tartar empire, and the residence of the family of Tamerlane.

August 20th.—M. Humboldt has crossed Chinese Tartary, and visited rich mines of beryls and topazes, and also a silver mine, which produces annually above 40,000 pounds of auriferous silver. Lastly, he entered a Chinese town: the governor received the learned traveller in his tent, a point which he insisted

* Preface to a Roll of Arms of Peers and Knights in the Reign of Edward the Second.

upon, saying, that he would do the same if he were travelling in another country. He gave him a very polite reception, and sold to him an historical Chinese work, in five volumes, for some yards of velvet and red cloth. This town has a wretched appearance, and contains nothing remarkable but a temple and two mean towers, inhabited by Chinese soldiers.—The Russian government has behaved in the most handsome manner to Baron Humboldt. He is accompanied by a general and some superior officers, and also three carriages and thirty novices, with every thing requisite for his journey. He hopes to be in France next summer, laden with rich discoveries in geology, mineralogy, and botany.

OCCULTATION OF ALDEBARAN.

THE atmosphere last Thursday continued very dense in the direction of the expected phenomenon till 9hrs., the moon and the star being indistinctly perceived; 9hrs. 1min. the sky became more clear; 9hrs. 6min. the misty vapour had so far withdrawn, that the difference of colour between Aldebaran and the moon became apparent: just before immersion, at 9hrs. 12min., the star was evidently arrested.—It lingered, appeared reluctant to join in contact, and, from two to three seconds before it vanished, was visible in the edge of the moon's limb, though not satisfactorily seen within the disc,—the undulation of the bright edge of the moon rendered this uncertain; yet the impression is, that such was the case. The immersion from the dark limb at 9hrs. 49min. 30sec. was instantaneous, without any defectiveness of light in the star.

Depford.

J. T. B.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Hall's New General Atlas. Part XVI.
Longman and Co.

WE are always inclined to redouble our praises when we see a work published in Numbers or Parts, not only redeem, but excel its earlier promise; and on this account we must bestow an *extra* eulogy on this new Part of Hall's Atlas, which contains an extra and a very beautifully engraved map. Instead of three, the number given heretofore, there are four plates: 1. "The World;" really delightful to the eye as a picture, as well as excellent for reference;—2. "British Isles;"—3. "South America;" the scene of passing events of great interest;—and 4. "Western Africa," with the latest discoveries of the unfortunate explorers of that fatal continent. The next Part completes this admirable publication.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ANDREW GEMMELS.

OUR notice of this original of the fine creation of Edie Ochiltree has brought us several communications; and though very minute particulars of his real life are not important, yet, as we entered upon it, we shall devote a few further lines to that subject. The *Morning Chronicle* states, on the authority of a Scots newspaper (we believe the *Kelso Mail*), that Andrew died in the vicinity of Newcastle upon Tyne—neither the writer of that assertion, ourselves, nor Sir Walter Scott, being aware of the circumstantial account of his death and burial which appeared in *Constable's Edinburgh Magazine* for September 1817. We are inclined, from allusions in this interesting article, to attribute it to the pen of Mr. Thomas Pringle; and it derives an additional interest from being one of the early flights of an individual who

has since shone with so amiable a lustre in the field of literature. From this it appears that Gemmels was a regular visitor at the farm of the writer's grandfather; and that he died in the year 1793 at Roxburgh-Newton, near Kelso, at the age (as he stated) of 105 years. We reprint the rest of the story, as simply and characteristically related by a lady who witnessed the latter days of poor Andrew:—

"He came to Newton at that time in a very weakly condition; being, according to his own account, 105 years of age. The conduct of some of the country folks towards poor Andrew in his declining state was not what it should have been: probably most of his old patrons had died out, and their more genteel descendants disliked to be fashed and burdened with a dying beggar; so every one handed him over to his next neighbour; and he was hurried from Selkirk to Newton in three days, a distance of sixteen miles. He was brought in a cart and laid down at Mr. R.—'s byre-door, but we never knew by whom. He was taken in, and laid as usual on his truss of straw. When we spoke of making up a bed for him, he got into a rage, and swore (as well as he was able to speak), 'that many clever fellow had died in the field with his hair frozen to the ground—and would he submit to die in any of our beds?' He did not refuse a little whisky, however, now and then: for it was but cold, in the spring, lying in an out-house among straw. A friend who was along with me, urged him to tell what cash he had about him, 'as you know,' said she, 'it has always been reported that you have money.' Andrew replied with a look of derision, 'bow, wow, woman! women folk are aye fashing theirsels about what they hae nae business wi'.' He at length told us he had changed a note at Selkirk, and paid six shillings for a pair of shoes which he had on him; but not a silver coin was found in all his duddy doublets—and many kind of odd like pouch he had;—in one of them was sixpence worth of halfpence, and two combs for his silver locks, which were beautiful. His set of teeth, which he had got in his 101st year, were very white. What was remarkable, notwithstanding all the rags he had flapping about him, he was particularly clean in his old healsome-looking person. He at last allowed the servants to strip off his rags and lay him in a bed, which was made up for him in a cart in the byre. After he was laid comfortably he often prayed, and to good purpose: but if the servants did not feed him right, (for he could not lift a spoon to his mouth for several days before his death,) he would give them a passing ban. He lived nine days with us, and continued quite sensible till the hour of his decease. Mr. R.— got him decently buried. Old Tammy Jack, with the mickle nose, got his shoes for digging his grave in Roxburgh kirk-yard. Andrew was well known through all this country and great part of Northumberland. I suppose he was originally from the west country, but cannot speak with certainty as to that; it was, however, commonly reported that he had a nephew or some other relation in the west, who possessed a farm which Andrew had stocked for him from the profits of his begging."

Apologies: as we are speaking of Sir Walter Scott's Novels, we should like to know for what reason, or on what grounds, the royal name of *Stuart* has been altered into *Steward*, in the new and corrected edition of *Waverley*?

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Illustrations to the Keepsake for 1830.

THESE illustrations have reached us at rather a late period of the week; but they are so exquisite that we are unwilling to delay noticing them until our next publication.—Besides a very tasteful graphic niche for the reception of the names of the donor and the receiver of the volume, designed by T. Stothard, R.A., and engraved by S. Mitten, there are seventeen plates, embracing a pleasing variety of subjects. And first for "The Rt. Hon. Lady Georgiana Agar Ellis," engraved by C. Heath, from a drawing by Sir T. Lawrence, P.R.A. This, we conceive, is intended for the frontispiece of the volume, and a fairer one could no where be found. It has evidently been engraved from one of the President's most graceful and elegant drawings; and the well-known lightness, taste, and facility, with which Sir Thomas handles the porte-crayon, has been most successfully imitated by Mr. Heath. Although the delicacy of its tone prevents us from considering it as a specimen of the *black art*, it is not, in our opinion, the less magical on that account.—"Dorathia" (Dorothea?), engraved by F. Engleheart, from a picture by F. P. Stephanoff. Powerful and contrasted expression,—the passions of jealousy, anger, and grief—finely depicted.—"George of Aspen and Isabella," engraved by J. Mitchell, from a picture by F. P. Stephanoff. Another admirable specimen of Mr. Stephanoff's talents; the male figure, especially, is full of youthful energy. Both this and the last-mentioned plate are highly creditable to the artists by whom they are engraved.—"Isabella and Gertrude," engraved by F. Bacon, from a drawing by A. E. Chalon, R.A. "Look, where it comes again!" Such, if the terror-stricken beings here represented were capable of uttering a sound, would be their probable exclamation. The eye of the spectator follows the direction of theirs, with something like sympathetic alarm.—"Virginia Water," engraved by R. Wallis, from a drawing by J. M. W. Turner, R.A. Of this decorated and favourite retreat of royalty there are two views, both by the same artists. They are brilliant gems. Mr. Wallis has most happily preserved the splendour and fascination of Mr. Turner's pencil.—"Costandi," engraved by J. Goodyear, from a picture by F. P. Stephanoff. A simple, elegant, and affecting composition.—"Josephine," engraved by C. Rolfs, from a drawing by De Veria, Paris. It is a sense, not of the courtesy due to a stranger, but of the justice due to taste and talent, which elicits our praise of this playful little production. The chiaroscuro is very powerful; and it is engraved in a most masterly style.—"Princess Doria and the Pilgrims," engraved by C. Heath, from a picture by D. Wilkie, R.A. Most of our readers will recollect having seen the original in the last exhibition of the Royal Academy. Great justice has been done to it by Mr. Heath.—"Zella," engraved by C. Heath, from a drawing by H. Corbould. Another proof of the skill and spirit of Mr. Heath's burin.—"The Bride," engraved by C. Heath, from a picture by C. R. Leslie, R.A. A charming creature! We wonder she has remained so long unmarried. The broad but delicate half-tone which is thrown over the greater portion of the face and figure, reminds us of the celebrated *Chapeau de Paille*.—"Vernice," engraved by Freebairn, from a drawing by S. Prout. A fine view of the Ducal Palace and the adjacent buildings, exhibiting all the

usual clearness and precision of Mr. Prout's powerful and practised pencil.—"The faithful Servant," engraved by J. Goodyear, from a picture by A. Cooper, R.A. An exhibition of courage and self-devotion. Fierceness and terror are finely contrasted in the animals.—"Francis the First and his Sister." In whatever way considered, whether with reference to composition, to character, or to effect, this is a fascinating performance; but elegance and expression are its most prominent qualities. We could gaze at it for an hour.—"The Portrait," engraved by E. Porthury, from a picture by R. Smirke, R.A. We believe that a print was some years ago produced from this humorous composition; we are sure that we have seen a beautiful study from it, in miniature, by Mrs. Green. Mr. Porthury has engraved it admirably.—"The Castle Hall," engraved by J. Mitchell, from a picture by C. R. Leslie, R.A. A merry urchin playing the soldier; a plate of great richness and power.—"The Prophet of St. Paul's," engraved by C. Heath, from a picture by A. E. Chalon, R.A. Palmistry would be a most agreeable profession, if the usual subjects of it were such angelic creatures as the one here represented; to whose grace and loveliness the foils of her young and awestruck attendant, and the spectacled sage whose skill she is putting to the test, are quite unnecessary.—We have thus run rapidly through the whole of these beautiful productions, and have pointed out a few of their merits. To dwell upon them to the extent they deserve would require much more space than we are able to spare.

Illustrations to the Amulet for 1830.

WE very cordially congratulate the proprietors of the Amulet on the beauty of the plates which adorn their volume. They are eleven in number; and are all so admirable, that we feel a difficulty to which to give precedence in our notice. The pleasure which we experience, however, in once more seeing so excellent an artist make his appearance before the public, after too long a secession, induces us to begin with "The Pedagogue," engraved by J. Goodyear, from a picture by R. Smirke, R.A.; in which the skill and taste of the composition, both of form and of effect, is exceeded only by the admirable expression of the various personages of the scene. The tender interest of the mother, the awkwardness and awe of the boy, the alarm of the nurse, and the grinning complacency of the pedagogue, who appears to be anticipating the delight of tickling his young pupil's catastrophe, are all perfect. Mr. Goodyear has exerted himself with singular success in this charming little print. He has retained the character of every countenance in a surprising manner, and the even tone of his middle tints, the clearness of his lights, and the power and richness of his depths, leave nothing to be wished for.—"The Anxious Wife," engraved by F. Engleheart, from a picture by W. Mulready, R.A. The picture was in the exhibition of the Royal Academy, we believe, last year; and we remember being then of opinion that the colouring of the setting sun was rather too crude. That defect, however, if defect it were, is of course not visible in the print. The subject is exceedingly interesting. To a young wife and mother, who has just lulled her infant asleep in its cradle, her elder child is saying an evening prayer. She herself, seated at the window of the cottage, seems attentively listening for the approach of her husband, whose dry shoes and hot supper are waiting for him on the hearth. The print is sweetly engraved

by Mr. Engleheart.—"The Minstrel of Chamouni," engraved by J. H. Robinson, from a picture by H. W. Pickersgill, R.A. The graceful and elegant picture from which this print has been most ably engraved by Mr. Robinson, is also well known to the visitors of the exhibitions at Somerset House. The same remark is applicable to "The First Interview between the Spaniards and Peruvians," engraved by W. Greatbach, from a picture by H. P. Briggs, A.R.A.; and in which we do not know whether the talents of the painter or of the engraver are the more conspicuous.—"The Darty Bairn," engraved by J. Mitchell, from a picture by D. Wilkie, R.A. Our English readers may not know that "darty" is Scotch for "pettish." This sweet and mellow little plate reminds us of some of the finest prints from some of the finest works of Terburg or Metzu.—"The Gleaner," engraved by E. Finden, from a picture by J. Holmes. Mr. Holmes is remarkably happy in subjects of this description, imparting to them elegance, without destroying their rusticity. He has in this instance been most ably seconded by Mr. Finden.—"The Sisters of Bethany," engraved by M. J. Danforth, from a picture by C. R. Leslie, R.A. With the exception, perhaps, of a little stiffness and formality in the folds of the drapery, this is a very pleasing production.—"The Crucifixion," engraved by H. Le Keux, from a drawing by J. Martin. Who but Mr. Martin could have furnished the means of comprehending such a mass of objects in so small a compass? Our Saviour, the thieves, Mary Magdalen, the apostles, the centurion and soldiers, hundreds of spectators, the town and towers of Jerusalem, an extensive distance, the elemental shock which marked the event, and an air of sublimity pervading the whole,—all within the space of half a dozen square inches! Mr. Le Keux's eyes must have ached before the completion of his arduous undertaking.—"The Mandoline," engraved by F. Bacon, from a picture by T. Uwins. We noticed, with the praise to which it was entitled, the picture, when it appeared in the British Gallery. Mr. Bacon has done it great justice.—"Preparing for the Festa," engraved by H. Rolls, from a drawing by P. Williams. This characteristic and clever drawing was, we believe, in the last exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water-colours. Mr. Rolls has engraved it with his usual skill.—Although the last mentioned, by no means the least pleasing of this attractive little set of embellishments, is "The Fisherman's Children," engraved by C. Rolls, from a picture by W. Collins, R.A. It is highly creditable to both artists.

The Holy Family. Engraved by J. G. Walker, from a Picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

THIS is, we believe, the third engraving in line from Sir Joshua's celebrated picture. Of the first, which was engraved by Sharp, a memoir of that admirable engraver, inserted in the ninth volume of "The Annual Biography and Obituary," says: "The plate, when it came from Sharp's hand, was, in respect to light, shadow, brilliance, and the highest attributes of the art, inimitable. After a hundred proofs, and a few impressions, had been taken from it, however, Bartolozzi undertook, at the instance of Macklin, to improve it, by nearly obliterating the lines, and converting it into a dotted engraving. Not content with that, he had the presumption to alter the character of the head by Sir Joshua; substituting the feeble expression, and insipid gusto, of his own, for the originality and energy of that great painter's conception." A small copy was also engraved by

Sharp, as a frontispiece to Macklin's *New Testament*. The print, the title of which stands at the head of this notice, is of a size smaller still. We will not make any invidious comparisons; but it is only justice to Mr. Walker to say that his plate is very creditable to his talents. He has been particularly successful in that which must have been among his greatest difficulties; we mean in preserving the expression. The countenances of the Virgin and the Infant Christ are very faithfully rendered from the original picture.

National Portrait Gallery of Illustrious and Eminent Personages of the XIXth Century. No. VI. Fisher, Son, and Co.

THIS Number contains portraits and memoirs of Lord Grantham, Bishop Heber, and the Duke of Beaufort;—the former being engraved in a good style, and the latter sufficiently ample to illustrate the history of the personages whose likenesses are thus presented to us. We take a great pleasure in contemplating the lineaments of distinguished individuals preserved from former times; and surely it is not less gratifying to view the features of our great contemporaries, whether warriors, statesmen, orators, poets, scholars, artists, painters, or otherwise eminent, and to listen to those unambitious biographies which simply point out who they were, and by what they were raised to the height where they excite the interest of their fellow-men.

A Sketch of Mr. Gurney's New Steam-Carriage.

J. Doyle del. et lithog. Dickinson.

WE have no doubt that this is a correct representation; but the worst of it is, that the qualities of the carriage which we are most anxious to witness, namely, its motion and speed, are precisely the qualities which a print is necessarily incompetent to shew. When will the real carriages make their public appearance?

Goldsworthy Gurney, Esq. Drawn on stone by W. Sharp, from a Drawing by S. C. Smith. Dickinson.

A CHARACTERISTIC countenance.

The Princess Victoria. Drawn from Life, at Kensington Palace, by R. J. Lane, A.R.A. Printed by C. Hullmandel.

A CHARMING little head. The drawing is firm and tasteful; and it is impossible to surpass the delicacy and finish of Mr. Lane's lithographic execution. We are concerned to learn that this accomplished artist has been recently suffering a severe domestic calamity, in the loss of a most beautiful and interesting child.

PRUSSIAN MEDAL.

WE, the other day, noticed the presentation of a medal, by the King of Prussia, to M. Jullien, of Paris; since which time we have had the pleasure of seeing one of these handsome symbols of royal favour. It was sent by his Majesty to Mr. Vendramini, the engraver of the magnificent picture of Sebastian del Piombo in our National Gallery,—as a mark of his approbation of that noble effort of the burin. The medal itself is of gold, above the size of, and much thicker than, a crown-piece; and its execution does great credit to the fine arts of Prussia. On one side is the King's head—a classical and striking likeness, with the legend "Friedrich Wilhelm III. Koenig von Preussen"—on the other is a superb winged female figure, seated, and crowned with a mural crown. In one hand she holds a cornucopia, and in the other a sceptre re-

versed, leaning on the Prussian eagle. The work is, as we have said, admirably executed: the artist's name *Iachmann*. We believe this medal is worn abroad as a decoration; and it certainly should be displayed, as reflecting an honour to the liberal and royal donor, as well as conferring one on the meritorious receiver.

Anecdotes of Canova.—When Canova first went to Paris, which was in 1803, he had the good fortune to find, at Villers, his group of Cupid and Psyche, now in the Louvre. "The drapery," he observed to a friend, "was horribly executed, and entirely shapeless. This was occasioned by my having for a time entertained the erroneous notion that negligent drapery set off the flesh. I borrowed a mallet and chisels, and every morning for a week a hired cabriolet took me to Villers, where I corrected, as much as possible, this miserable drapery."

The repetition of Canova's statue of the Magdalen was made with the marble cut from between the legs of the statue of Napoleon which is now in the Duke of Wellington's antechamber. A bust of Pius VII. was made from the marble cut from under the arm. When this statue of Napoleon was embarked on the Tiber, for the purpose of being sent by water to France, it was placed in the vessel on a false movable platform, in order that it might in three minutes be plunged into the sea, should the English cruisers approach too nearly.—*Stendhal's Promenades dans Rome.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

[The following lines were suggested by the death of a young female, precisely under the circumstances which are here represented. She uttered the pathetic thought ascribed to her, almost word for word as it is written.]

SHE sat at the casement in autumn's dark eve,
A tear dimm'd her eye, but her soul did not
grieve; [streak,
Consumption had flash'd her pale brow with its
Yet her spirit was strong, while the body was
weak; [her eyes,
And there, with the light beaming forth from
She looked like a saint ready winged for the
skies.

She gazed on that tree which so long she had
loved; [moved
Its leaves were all sear'd, and the wind as it
O'er the withering branches with ominous
sound, [ground,

Swept them ruthlessly away, and they fell to the
She watched—that fair child whom Death could
not appal—

Their first touch of decay to their pitiless fall;
And she felt how, all faded and powerless its
stem, [them,

Her own flower of life had been blighted like
"I have seen," she exclaimed (and a hallowing
smile a while)—

O'er her cheek faintly spread its soft gleam for
"I have seen those dear leaves the last time—
they have fled,

As I soon shall flee, to the land of the dead."

She turned from the casement—no tear dimm'd
her eye; [on high—

Sweet child! she had communed with visions
Her parents to kiss, and her God to adore;
She turned—but she sat at that casement no
more. E. R.

Brighton.

STANZAS.

"Ye mock the mourner's heart when ye tell
Of aught save the home where it pines to dwell."
Picken.

NAY, let me stay in my native home,
The home where I was born;

Bid from its channel the streamlet roam,

Ere I from my rest am torn.
Tell me not of the glittering sea,
And the wild romantic view;
They would have no charms for me—
My heart could not take their hue.

I wish not to gaze on forests vast,
And on the beetling rocks—
A freshness, a glory is over them cast,
That my wither'd bosom mocks.
Deceitful the thought! that new scenes will
restore

Light to my sunken eye;
The visions of memory cloud it o'er—
It wants but vacancy.

It is not in the power of sun or air
Health to my cheek to impart;
My life is darkened by clouds of care,
The root of decay is my heart:
And let me stay and perish on
In mine own dear native bower;
Pluck not from the stem where first it shone
The broken, withering flower.

No, no—it is not change of scene
That will work a change on me—
Give me back the hours that once have been
In more than memory.
Give me the sunshine of each sweet smile
That lighted my spirit then;
And perhaps my cheek ye may beguile
To blossom and blush again.

Worton Lodge, Isleworth.

M. A. BROWNE.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

GEMS OF TURKISH HISTORY & CRITICISM.

The Ottoman Name.—It is well known that the Ottoman is only one branch of the aboriginal Turkish race, the founder of which gave his name to his tribe, and is by most supposed to be the same as the *Targitæ* mentioned by Herodotus, and the *Togharma* of the tenth chapter of Genesis. The Ottoman branch, on the other hand, derived their national appellation from *Othman*, or *Osman*; and as the Koran says that "names are of heavenly birth," we will follow Edris, and other Turkish historians, in tracing the celestial cognomen of their fellow-countrymen to its root and source. *Osman*, according to its Arabic meaning, implies the "Bone-breaker." Now the royal vulture is to the nations of the East what the double and single-necked royal eagle is to those of the West, and has been held even in higher veneration among the former, from the days of Ramees to those of the present sultan. This bird is also specially denominated the "bone-breaker," because he contemns living prey, and makes his repast of the remains of the slaughtered. And the three sons of Oghus Chan, from the eldest of whom *Osman*'s descent is deduced, were also called "the Breakers," because they broke into three pieces a bow their father had presented to them. As they broke the bow, so, say the Turkish genealogists, did their descendants break in twain the walls of castles and fortresses; and, in like manner, the prowess and triumphant career of the royal vulture *Humai*, the bone-breaker amongst the winged tribe, has been reflected in the *Humajun Osmanli*, "vultural" (or, in strict European phraseology, *imperial*) house of *Osman*.

The Divan.—Four is the favourite and sacred number of Orientalists. The four viziers are the four props of the imperial administration in Turkey; the Koran gives four angels as bearers of the throne; there are four cardinal virtues among the Asiatics as well as the

Greeks; and the prophet formed, after the model of the four evangelists, his four immediate apostles, the first caliphs of Islamism. This deep-rooted prejudice was Mahomet the Second's motive for appointing four pillars or props to support his dominion in the persons of viziers, kadiaskeres, defterdars, and nishandshis, whom he equally appointed to form the four pillars of the imperial Divan, or more properly *Diwan*. The latter word is the plural of *diw*, a devil: and the appellation is said, by a Persian lexicographer, to have been first bestowed by a Persian sovereign, who, upon observing his crafty counsellors assembled in high conclave, exclaimed, "*Yuan diwan end*,"—those men are devils!—"*Mutato nomine, de te fabula narratur*," may be pertinently applied, in this instance, to the councils of more sovereigns than those of Isphahan.

Origin of Fleas and their Confraternity.—Ewlia, in his book of travels, has recorded a singular tradition of the origin of vermin, as preserved among a sect of Kurds, who dwelt in his time at the foot of Mount Sindhar. "When Noah's ark," says the legend, "sprung a leak by striking against a rock in the vicinity of Mount Sindhar, and Noah despaired altogether of safety, the serpent promised to help him out of his mishap, if he would engage to feed him upon human flesh after the deluge had subsided. Noah pledged himself to do so; and the serpent, coiling himself up, drove his body into the fracture and stopped the leak. When the pluvius element was appeased, and all were making their way out of the ark, the serpent insisted upon the fulfilment of the pledge he had received; but Noah, by Gabriel's advice, committed the pledge to the flames, and scattering its ashes in the air, there arose out of them flies, fleas, lice, bugs, and all such sorts of vermin as prey upon human blood. And after this fashion was Noah's pledge redeemed."

The Pasha.—However familiar this title may be to European ears, its real meaning and derivation are scarcely familiar even to the "erudite few." The word itself is compounded of the Persian "*pai shah*," or the shah's foot; and is a standing memorial of the designations, which, according to Xenophon, Cyrus bestowed on his officers of state; calling them his feet, hands, eyes, and ears. Those intrusted with domestic affairs were styled "*the eyes*;" the secret emissary was termed "*the ear*;" the tax-gatherer "*the hands*;" the warrior "*the foot*;" and the judge, as mouth-piece of the law, the "*tongue of equity*." Of so remote an institution as this is the name of the present Turkish pashas, who, in their several capacities of governor, general, and vizier or minister, are appositely styled the "feet of their master."

The Chatti-Sherif.—This word implies the sign-manual of the sultan. In the early days of Turkish story, when the Ottoman sovereign was unacquainted with the use of the pen, he had no other sign-manual, or chatti-sherif, but the rough impression of his hand, which had been previously besmeared with ink. In more recent times, the sultan, feeling a sovereign antipathy to the toil either of ruling or writing, his genuine autograph is of very rare occurrence; and the chatti-sherif, or "noble line," is limited to a line of two or three short words, which he scrawls with his own hand at the corner of treaties, cabinet orders, diplomas, &c. It has ever been more to their taste to wield a sword than a pen.

MUSIC.

THE MUSICAL PRISM.

THE present has been emphatically called a mechanical age. The intellect, in its endeavours to advance, is at every stage of its progress surrounded and aided by appropriate machinery; and, whatever may be the ultimate results of thus facilitating the acquisition of knowledge, either with regard to the faculties of the human mind, or to the state of knowledge itself, it is impossible to deny that, to a certain extent, far more may be learned, and within a far shorter period, by means of the various existing inventions for abridging intellectual labour, than was possible in the days of our Titan forefathers, who had no lever but their own vigorous arms where-with to lift the mountains. Among those inventions for lessening and at the same time imparting a new interest to exertion, may be placed an article which has just appeared, entitled the Musical Prism. In this elegant and ingenious little publication, a figure, somewhat resembling a flower with variously coloured petals, is so constructed as to exhibit the combinations of sound which form the basis of harmony, and displays them with so much simplicity and precision, that the young musical student (for whose use it is designed) will find it almost equally difficult to err or to forget. The adaptation of the long-noticed analogy between colours and musical sounds to the development of the relations subsisting between the latter, is interesting and ingenious. Teachers of music will, we think, find in this little performance a useful auxiliary.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

ON Tuesday *Guy Mannering* brought Sinclair's delightful voice again upon the public ear; when, like the almost forgotten melody of "Rest thee, babe, rest thee," on the sense of the character he sustained, it awakened the most pleasurable emotions. Such a native minstrel ought never to be absent a season from the metropolitan boards.

Mr. Lister's tragedy, *Epicharis*, was produced on Wednesday last, and met with the most favourable reception. The celebrated conspiracy of Caius Piso has already furnished the subject of a tragedy for the French stage; but the *Epicharis et Néron* of Legouvé is far inferior to the nervous and interesting drama now before us. The deaths of Piso and Epicharis by poison are necessary violations of history for the sake of dramatic effect: the other incidents are well selected, and arranged with considerable skill. With the exception of the fourth act, the interest is sustained throughout; and the novelty of the termination (we speak of the stage arrangements) was duly appreciated by the audience. The catastrophe presented difficulties to the dramatist which have been ably overcome; and if not quite so stirring a tragedy as *Rienzi*, *Epicharis* may fairly rank next to it in the list of modern dramas. With respect to the language, Mr. Lister has made his characters speak plainly and to the purpose. He has not suffered his imagination to run away with his judgment; and though here and there a fine burst declares his pretensions as a poet, there is more feeling than figure in his dialogue. His men and women (woman we should say) speak the language of passion, not of composition. Mr. Young made a vigorous portrait of the bold and manly Tribune; and Mr. Cooper has added much to our opinion of him by his personation of *Nero*.

The part of *Piso* afforded but little opportunity to Mr. Wallack, but that little was not lost. Mr. Vining's *Proculeus* evinced his usual talent—but his appearance almost bordered on the ludicrous; and the scene between him and Epicharis would bear considerable curtailment. While noticing defects, we would suggest the propriety of omitting the march of the conspirators to execution, in the last scene but one of the play. It is "stale, flat, and unprofitable," exciting ridicule instead of sympathy; and on Wednesday evening provoked a comparison of the tragedy with *Venice Preserved*, which it might otherwise have escaped, despite the similarity of *Flavius's* situation in the scene with the conspirators, and that of *Pierre*—

"You've singled me, sir, out for this hard question," &c. We have reserved our notice of Miss Phillips till now, in order that we might conclude our article with unqualified praise,—a circumstance always agreeable to us, but more particularly so where a lady is concerned. Her *Epicharis* is a most beautiful and affecting performance: there is nothing theatrical about it—nothing overstrained. Her first interview with the tyrant is, in our opinion, perfect, and was rewarded by the hearty and unanimous applause of the house. The dresses, particularly those of Nero and his court, were classical and splendid; and Mr. Wallack announced the tragedy for repetition with great approbation.

COVENT GARDEN.

THE first dramatic novelty this season has made its appearance in the shape of a two-act comedy, entitled *The First of May, or a Royal Love-Match*. It is attributed to the pen of Miss J. Hill, sister of Mr. Benson Hill, the comedian, and authoress of some poetical volumes.* "The Wooing at Grafton," in poor Neale's *Romance of History*, has perhaps furnished Miss Hill with the idea of her drama, which turns upon the loves and marriage of Edward IV. and the beautiful widow Elizabeth Grey. It contains some pleasant lines, and is altogether creditable to the fair authoress, who was fortunate enough to get her drama most admirably cast. The well-known reply of the old lady to Edward, "For thy handsome face thou shalt have forty pounds," is happily introduced. The principal defects in the piece are the pruriencies of his majesty's libertinism and the want of *véraisemblance* in the character of *Jonas, the horse-boy*, whose familiarity with his royal master exceeds the farthest limits of even stage probability. Some music by Mr. Lee was spiritedly sung by Miss Forde; and the curtain fell amidst considerable applause.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

THIS theatre closed on Thursday, with a suitable address, mentioning the success of every drama that had been produced or revived, and returning thanks for the public patronage. On the preceding evening we were much entertained with Farren's *Lord Ogleby*, and charmed with the performances of Miss F. H. Kelly in several characters. Mrs. Glover and Mrs. W. Clifford also displayed great

* The Poet's Child, a tragedy; Constance, a tale; Zaphne, &c. &c. The last volume, entitled *Holyday Dreams* (published by Cadell, London; and Blackwood, Edinburgh), is not only oddly characteristic, but displays marks of talent of an uncommon kind. We did not review it, as most of the pieces had appeared in various periodicals, and its poetry was not of the foremost order; but we take this opportunity to mention it, especially with its preface, as a literary curiosity from the pen of a lady.

talents, which (with other examples) are now, we presume, released to the larger theatres.

ADELPHI.

THIS delightful little place of great amusement continues to hold out its attractions for those who like to laugh till their sides ache; and we advise all the lovers of such pleasing pains to see Mathews, again and again, as *Caleb Pipkin* in the *May Queen*; for they will scarcely look upon its like now or hereafter. Nothing can exceed his humour, whim, and drollery; and in Mrs. Fitzwilliams he has a most inspiring *Mrs. Pipkin*. On Monday we had a spell, and found him more than usually irresistible,—for actors' spirits are not always in the same top key, and this happened to be a happy night. There was also a new piece produced, called the *Floating Beacon*, in which Yates plays the sanguinary Captain in a masterly style; and Mrs. Edwin deserves the highest eulogy for her admirable personation of his half-distracted victim. Her pathos was powerfully affecting. Gallot is an honest English Tar, (and though we wished for Cooke, and regretted much that any difference between him and his friends should have divorced him from the scene of his naval glories and laurels at the Adelphi,) it is but justice to this useful, versatile, and meritorious actor to say, that he acquitted himself in a very satisfactory manner. The last piece, *Obi*, introduced Mr. O. Smith to this theatre, and he was greeted with loud applause, which he caused to be often repeated during his performance. Never was a better cast of the fierce Indian outlaw; and yet what a contrast to the lovely Rose, in the same drama, which was sweetly played by Mrs. Yates. Only we cannot but feel sorry when this fine and lady-like creature is thrown into any male disguise, however modestly her feminine spirit teaches her to assume it.

VARIETIES.

Skeletons.—The *Narrateur de la Meuse*, of the 16th of August, contains an account of the discovery, in the valley of Daspich, near Thionville, in France, at a small distance from the surface, of twelve skeletons of ordinary stature, which are supposed to have belonged to the Roman era, and to be the remains of warriors who were hastily interred. Near them were a waist-buckle and an agraffe in good preservation, of undoubted Roman manufacture.

New Paper.—The Mexican Congress has passed an act enjoining the different departments of the Mexican government to use no other paper than that which is made from a vegetable grown in Mexico, called *maguay*. Manufactories of paper from this plant have been established at Queretara and St. Angel; and the paper is said to be equal for all purposes to that made from the finest linen rag.

Preparation of Flax and Hemp.—M. Rosier, the author of the *Dictionnaire d'Agriculture*, announces that hemp and flax, after maceration in the earth, (the part being watered occasionally,) and careful washing in pure water, are equally fit for manufacture as when prepared in the usual way. The great advantages of the new process are, the absence of all infection, great simplicity and economy, and the deprivation of all the mucilage of the plants. A long account of the mode of preparation is given in the last number of the *Journal des Connaissances Usuelles*.

Silk-Worms.—At a recent sitting of the *Société d'Economie Domestique et Industrielle*, in Paris, a long paper was read on the

rearing of silk-worms; from which it appeared that silk-worms had been lately introduced, with great success, in the northern parts of France, and that the silk obtained from them was equal in quantity, and superior in quality, to that which is obtained in warmer latitudes. It has been strongly recommended to breed silk-worms extensively in those parts of France which are within the 46th and the 48th degrees.

New Spirit.—It is stated that the berries of the service-tree (*sorbus aucuparia*) are now used in the north of France for distillation, and the result is said to be equal to the purest distillation from grapes for brandy. The process is thus conducted:—Take the berries, when perfectly ripe, and after having exposed them for some time to the action of cold in the open air, put them into a wooden vessel; pound them, and pour over them boiling water, stirring it frequently until the heat has sunk to twenty-two degrees of Réaumur; then add a proper quantity of yeast, and cover up the vessel until the fermentation is complete, which may be known by the scum upon the surface, and by holding a candle to an opening which is to be left for the fixed air. If the candle does not go out, the fermentation is complete. The liquor is to be then put into the still, and distilled in the usual way. The first running is weak, and has a disagreeable flavour, but by redistilling over very fresh charcoal in powder, in the proportion of eight or nine pounds to forty gallons, a very fine spirit is obtained. Previous, however, to the second distillation, the charcoal should remain in the spirit two or three days, and be frequently stirred. This spirit has none of the fiery and unwholesome properties of spirit distilled from grain; and as the berries could be extensively cultivated in England, it might be made a profitable branch of industry.

The Fire King.—Competitors are invading the dominion of M. Chabert. Several young gentlemen, totally unprepared with non-conducting clothing, or bricks to stand upon, have entered his oven and remained a minute or so. One of them informed us that he breathed as freely as if he stood before a large kitchen fire—that the thermometer, being hung against the heated wall, rose infinitely higher than the general temperature, and that there were several fire-places, with embers, on which the beef-steaks were (of course) cooked. This report, we must say, rather abates our wonder; and leaves only the swallowing of poison (if phosphorus be, however, taken, and in all cases poison) to be explained as a remarkable phenomenon.

Steam Carriages.—About Manchester sundry steam waggons have been running races on the rail-roads for 500*l.*; but what with pistons going wrong, boilers bursting, and other accidents, we confess we have not been able to ascertain which won. Nearer town, Sir James Anderson and others have been trying the fairer experiments of running a steam carriage on the common road; and a printed account of these asserts, (if we calculate rightly,) that this carriage would go 120 miles an hour on a rail-road!!!

Raphael's Cartoons.—These master-pieces are, it is said, about to be sent from Hampton Court to the King's Chapel in the Picnic Palace.—*Newspapers.*

The Giraffe.—We regret to say that our interesting acquaintance the Giraffe died at the Sandpit Gate, Windsor Park, on Sunday last.

A New Orchestra.—It is stated in the American papers, that a Mr. Moelsel, (brother of

the mechanician of Vienna, who invented the celebrated automaton chess-player), has constructed, at Boston, a full band of forty-two musical performers, which, or who, execute many pieces of different music to perfection. The fiddlers are said to be particularly dexterous; and this is the first orchestra that ever existed without jealousies and quarrels.

Lithography.—A Brussels correspondent of the *Journal des Connaissances Usuelles* states, that in Brussels, where there were a few years ago only one or two lithographic establishments, there are now twenty-six in full activity.

Nat. Hist.: Animal Deception.—We extract the following from the notes of a recent traveller in the Libyan desert: "October 12th.—Being on watch this night, I caught for the first time the *scarabæus ateleuchus sacer*, or chafer, with which the imaginations of the ancient Egyptians so frequently busied themselves. My attention was attracted by a noise close to my side, and athwart the darkness I discovered a large rolling ball. Conceiving it to be a crab or land-tortoise, I took it into my hand—but found it to be nothing but a lump of horse-dung; and immediately afterwards I perceived a similar ball come rolling towards me. Upon holding my lantern down and minutely examining this strange machine, I found that it concealed a large black chafer, who drove it forwards by means of his long hind-legs; and as it proceeded, it gradually increased in size by the continual accumulation of sand: this, indeed, became so considerable at last, that the insect itself was scarcely perceptible. It is more than probable that the Egyptian priests took advantage of this deception to mystify their followers, and that their veneration for the chafer, or scarabæus, arose from that circumstance. Upon a further examination, with the aid of my lantern, I discovered several animated balls of a like description, more than three inches in diameter: my Arabian companions, however, did not appear to take the slightest notice of them."

Remarkable Apple-Tree.—At one of the recent sittings of the Royal Society of Emulation at Abbeville in France, an account was read by M. Tillette, a botanist, of an apple-tree forty years old, at St. Valery, which, owing to the imperfect organisation of its blossom, had never borne fruit until last year; when the idea of impregnating the bloom with the pollen of the blossoms of other trees, was entertained, and put in practice. All the blooms so treated produced fine fruit; whilst those which were not brought in contact with the blossoms from other trees remained, as formerly, entirely barren.

Jelly from Grapes.—Take the ripest grapes and spread them on clean straw; at the end of a fortnight pluck them from the stalks, and boil them for five or six minutes, in order to be able to extract the juice with ease: after passing the juice through a sieve, add a quarter of a pound of white sugar to each pound of juice, and boil for half an hour. Then set to cool; and in twenty-four hours there will be a fine jelly, the properties of which are excellent for invalids.—*Journal des Connaissances Usuelles.*

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Australia.—The Scots Times, a well-conducted Glasgow journal, has, we observe, seriously repeated a piousness of ours in the Review of the Picture of Australia, where we considered Allan Cunningham the botanist in New South Wales, as Allan Cunningham the poet residing at Picnic. As we happen to be again mentioning this volume, it may be as well to add, that though far too hastily compiled, and therefore in many instances careless and ill-written, it yet gives a mass of useful and valuable information respecting the Newcort World.

Parallel Miracles, or the Jews and the Gipsies, is announced by Samuel Roberts: it is to prove the latter people to be the descendants of the ancient Egyptians, denounced by the prophets Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel, &c. &c.

Mrs. S. C. Hall, the Editor of "the Juvenile Forget-Me-Not," &c. announces for early publication a volume for the young, under the title of *Chronicles of a School-Room, or Characters in Youth and Age.*

Bourrienne's Memoirs.—We cannot occupy more of our pages with foreign literature, however interesting; and with regard to Bourrienne's Memoirs, we would refer readers to an able article upon them in our contemporary, the *Foreign Review* for September, which has drawn a striking and original character of Buonaparte from this source.

The Memoirs of the Court of Louis XVIII., by a Lady who asserts she was in the confidence of His Majesty, is announced with the usual piques to curiosity.

Stories of a Bride, by the authoress of "the Mummy," are also announced for speedy publication.

In the Press.—*Tales in Verse*, illustrative of the several Petitions of the Lord's Prayer, by the Rev. W. F. Lyte.—*Flowers of the Desert*, by W. D. Walke;—also the *Child of Thought*, and other Poems, by the same author.—*Tales of Four Nations.*—The Life of Major-General Sir Thomas Munro, Bart. and K.C.B. late Governor of Madras, extracted chiefly from his public and Private Correspondence.—The Correspondence and Diary of Ralph Thoresby, by the author of "the History of Leeds."—*Tales of My Time*, by the authoress of "Blue-Stocking Hall."

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

New Year's Gift, 1830, 8s. hf.-bd.—Venetian Bracket, by L. E. L. fcp. 10s. 6d. bds.—Humboldt's Travels, Vol. VII. 8vo. 14s. bds.—Hodan's Beatrice, 3 vols. 12mo. 1*l.* 1s. bds.—Parrot's Son and Ward, 12mo. 4s. 6d. bds.—Juvenile Forget-Me-Not, 1830, 8s. hf.-bd.—Dedridge's Correspondence and Diary, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 10s. bds.—Mignan's Travels in Chaldæa, 8vo. 14s. bds.—Stories of Waterloo, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 8s. 6d. bds.—Taylor's Historical Miscellany, 12mo. 4s. 6d. sheep.—Buchanan's Tables of Weights, &c. 18mo. 8s. 6d. sheep.—Rhymes on Matrimony, post 8vo. 3s. bds.—Elliott's Medical Pocket-Book, fcp. 8s. bds.—Stevenson on Colds and Coughs, royal 18mo. 3s. bds.; on Nervous Affections, royal 18mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—Wyld's Atlas, 4to. 2*l.* 12s. 6d. hf.-bd.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1829.

October.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 8	From 39. to 46.	29.71 to 29.86
Friday... 9	— 39. — 46.	30.11 — 30.36
Saturday... 10	— 35. — 58.	30.36 — 30.30
Sunday... 11	— 47. — 59.	30.22 — 29.99
Monday... 12	— 49. — 58.	29.99 Stationary
Tuesday... 13	— 44. — 54.	29.98 to 29.61
Wednesday 14	— 58. — 43.	29.36 — 29.90

Wind variable, prevailing N.W.
Except the 8th and 9th, generally cloudy.
Rain fallen, .475 of an inch.

A Tabular View of the Amount of Rain in Inches and Decimal Parts of an Inch, fallen during the Months of June, July, August, and September, from the Year 1809 to the present Year, both inclusive.

Year.	June.	July.	August.	Sept.	Total.
1809	.95	5.95	4.125	2.505	13.53
1810	.725	3.4	2.6	.575	7.2
1811	3.8	3.4	1.9	1.3	9
1812	2.625	3.3	2.225	1.2	9.35
1813	2	2.45	.85	1.2	6.5
1814	2.475	1	2.085	1.475	6.975
1815	1.975	1.25	1.835	1.1	6.16
1816	2.475	4.275	1.902	1.85	10.102
1817	1.625	1.925	2.5	1.25	6.075
1818	.4	.65	.1	1.375	2.525
1819	2.67125	1.9375	.425	2.7	7.53375
1820	1.5625	2.475	1.125	2.625	7.5675
1821	1.425	2.2625	1.575	2.9625	7.5175
1822	1.3	2.4	1.75	.875	6.325
1823	1.725	3.325	1.925	.775	6.75
1824	4.35	1.975	1.275	3.675	11.275
1825	1.85	1.625	2.925	2.475	6.9125
1826	.6	2.45	1.575	2.225	7.75
1827	1	1.3525	1.5	3.225	7.9775
1828	1.85	4.25	3.05	2	11.15
1829	1.648	4.45	5	4.2	14.698

By inspecting the above table it will be seen that the quantity of rain which has fallen during the last past four months of the present year exceeds twice the average amount of the twenty preceding years by .08 of an inch—the mean fall of rain during the twenty years being seven inches and .909 of an inch.

Edinburgh. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Latitude..... 51° 37' 33" N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are much obliged to Thomas G., but have not room for the French version of a portion of Thomson's Spring.

To confess a truth to J. D. about Quintus Curtius, we are somewhat sick of poetry upon classical subjects.

ADVERTISEMENT

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

DR. ASHBY SMITH will begin his next **COURSE OF LECTURES ON DISEASES OF THE SKIN**, at his House, 15, Bloomsbury Square, on Tuesday, Oct 27th.

These Lectures, illustrated by Drawings, and based on the arrangement of the late Dr. Willan, form a Practical Course of Instruction in Eruptive Complaints, and comprise a full detail of the Nature, Symptoms, and Treatment of these Diseases. For Particulars, apply at his Residence.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON. The

Council hereby give notice, that the Medical Classes commenced on the 1st instant, and that the Professors of other Branches of Education taught at the University will commence their several Courses on Monday, the 2d of November, as follows:

LATIN, T. M. Key, Esq.—Junior Class, three-quarters past 10 to quarter-past 12; Senior Class, half-past 12 to 2. Fee to each, 7s. 10s.

GREEK, George Long, Esq.—Junior Class, half-past 12 to 2; Senior Class, three-quarters past 10 to 12. Fee to each, 7s. 10s.

ENGLISH, the Rev. Thomas Dale—Junior Class, half-past 12 to 2; Senior Class, half-past 2 to 4. Fee to each, 5s.

FRENCH, F. M. Smith, Esq.—Junior Class, 8 to 9 a.m.; another, half-past 2 to 4; Senior Class, three-quarters past 2 to 3; three-quarters past 4; another, 8 to 9 a.m.; each three times a week. Fee to each, 5s.

GERMAN, M. Von Mühlenfels—Junior Class, half-past 2 to 4; Senior Class, half-past 2 to 4; another, 8 to 9 a.m.; another, three-quarters past 2 to 3; three-quarters past 4; each three times a week. Fee to each, 5s.

ITALIAN, Signor Panzani—Junior Class, 11 to 12; Senior Class, 11 to 12; three times a week. Fee to each, 5s.

SPANISH, Don G. Galland—Junior Class, 11 to 12; Senior Class, 11 to 12; three times a week. Fee to each, 5s.

HEBREW, H. Hurwitz, Esq.—Junior Class, half-past 9 to 10; Senior Class, 11 to 12; three times a week. Fee to each, 5s.

PERSIAN, ARABIC, SANSKRIT, and HINDOOSTANEE, Prof. Ross, Phil. Doct.—At such hours as may be found to suit the convenience of Students.

MATHEMATICS, A. De Morgan, Esq.—Junior Class, quarter-past 9 to half-past 10. Fee 7s. Senior Class, quarter-past 2 to quarter-past 4.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY, Dr. Lardner—Junior Class, half-past 2 to 4; Senior Class, quarter-past 2 to quarter-past 4; Junior Class, 7s. or Mechanics, 4s.; Hydrostatics and Pneumatics, 2s. 10s.; Senior Class, 7s. or Light, 2s. Heat, 2s. Electricity and Magnetism, 2s. Astronomy, 2s. Sunday, 1s.

CHEMISTRY, Dr. Turner—10 to 11. Fee for the Session, 7s. A short Preliminary Course for the advantage of the Medical Students, began on the 8th instant; but the detailed extensive course of the Session commences on the 2d of November.

ENGLISH LAW, A. Ames, Esq.—Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, half-past 2 to half-past 3 p.m. Fee 5s.

JURISPRUDENCE, J. Austin, Esq.—Tuesday and Thursday, from half-past 9 to half-past 7.

The Lectures on Political Economy and Zoology will commence in February. The Lectures on Botany in April.

A detailed Statement of the different Courses, with the Fees and other Regulations, is to be had of the following Booksellers: Taylor, 80, Upper Gower Street, Bookseller to the University; Richardson, Cornhill; Longman and Co., and Baldwin and Co. Paternoster Row; Underwood, Fleet Street; Murray, Albemarle Street; Ridgway, Piccadilly; Black and White, Greek Street; Cornet Garden; Lloyd, Harley Street; Priestley, Holborn; and James, Finsbury Square.

LEONARD HORNER, Warden.

SCHOOL OF PHYSIC IN IRELAND. On

Monday, the 2d of November, the Lectures of the Professors will commence as follows:—At 10 o'clock, a.m., Dr. Crampton on Medical Jurisprudence and Forensic Medicine; and at 2 o'clock, p.m., Dr. Crampton on Clinical Medicine in St. Patrick's Hospital will be visited, and Clinical Lectures will be delivered twice in the week, by the Clinical Professors, Drs. Crampton and Barker; at 1, Dr. Macartney on Anatomy, at 2, Dr. Barker on Chemistry; at 3, Dr. Leahy on the Practice of Medicine; at 4, Dr. Graves on the Institutes of Medicine.

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THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE;

Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

AND

This Journal is supplied Weekly, or Monthly, by the principal Booksellers and Newsmen, throughout the Kingdom; but to those who may desire its immediate transmission, by post, we recommend the LITERARY GAZETTE, printed on stamped paper, price One Shilling.

No. 666.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1829.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Constantinople in 1828. By C. Mac Farlane, Esq. Second edition. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1829. Saunders and Otley.

UPON the appearance of the quarto edition of this work, we expressed so very favourable an opinion of it, as might naturally lead to the expectation of this speedy and improved version. Unfettered by political bias, and content with giving a simple and faithful transcript of the impressions made upon him by the singular people among whom he sojourned, Mr. Mac Farlane has produced a work far more to our taste than the laboured and spun-out accounts with which we are too often invaded by would-be learned and profound travellers, who largely engraft as much as they can from libraries at home on the slight materials they have picked up abroad. But having already spoken of his performance generally, our business now is with the additions, which occupy nearly two hundred pages of these octavos; and with this we shall be as concise as possible. But before we treat of Turks and Russians, or allude to the great events which have occurred in the East, it may be curious to copy a short sentence from the *General Gazetteer* (published so long ago as 1823)*, and which, if it had been looked to, might have afforded our quidnuncs information much needed by them, and prepared our politicians for some of those results that seem to have burst so unexpectedly upon them. Speaking of Turkey in Europe, our worthy friend of the *Gazetteer* says—

“More than three-fourths of their subjects in that part of their empire are affected, and wait only the support of an efficient military force. This support is yet denied them by the conflicting politics of Europe.”

Is it not surprising that the common sense of a common *Gazetteer*, published six years ago, and confirmed by every volume of travels since, should never have infused itself into the minds of our political lights? but that, till the Balkan was passed, Adrianople occupied without resistance, peace dictated, and the Turkish empire prostrated, they should have gone on speculating and misleading us with every kind of absurdity about the certain defeat of the Russians, and the triumphs of the Porte—no longer Sublime! Mr. Mac Farlane among other things tells us, that even at the end of their invasion the Turks had no *Etat-Major*.

“The Turks have no staff-officers!—the mind of an army does not exist; and among the fatal consequences arising from that deficiency, the generals of corps on different positions are uninformed of the nature and extent of each other's plans and movements, and are constantly liable to have their own direct orders misunderstood, and their objects defeated by ignorance. When the enemy multiplied his points of attack, the misunderstandings, the want of concert, and the confusion that ensued, may be easily conceived, and must be fatal.”

It has been so; but the following are charac-

teristic traits, which we select as better adapted than purely warlike details, to the spirit of our *Gazette*.

“The defects and vices of the Russian commissariat were such as to excite surprise; but those of the Turks were still worse, in despite of the partial improvements induced by the Sultan; and though attempts have been made to conceal the fact, it is certain that not only the army, but Constantinople, Adrianople, and the towns of Thrace, have suffered from the cutting off the supplies of corn from the ports of the Black Sea.* The honesty that attends the generality of the Turks in their transactions with European merchants, or with one another, as humble and private individuals,—a valuable quality which certainly exists among them, and to which ample justice has been done by those who have known them,—does not accompany their operations with government; fraud and robbery then lose their dishonour in their eyes; they coalesce with the people in office, who are notoriously and universally corrupt; and I should doubt whether there be a government in Europe so cheated as the Turkish. The murmurs of the soldiery reached the ears of the Porte, and commissaries, or *fournisseurs*, were detected, who had charged for corn the troops had never received, or had dealt out grain adulterated beyond endurance. A peccant head or two were lopped off, but the disease was not cured, nor had the sultan sufficient corn to send it pure and wholesome to the army. The quiet, inoffensive behaviour of the undisciplined hordes on their marches last year excited my admiration; but when dispersed over an extent of country, and withdrawn from the observation of those few superiors who had the sultan's commands, and the welfare of the agricultural and pastoral classes, whether Osmanlis or Christians, at heart, and when they were pressed by want of provisions, and by privations of every kind, their virtue was not proof to the temptation of a peasant's cottage, or a shepherd's hut,—they recurred to the reprobated practices of former wars, and plundered and ill-treated the peaceful inhabitants, as if they had been in an enemy's country. It was on the acclivities of the Balkan and the fertile plains at its feet, and on a gentle, a Christian people, the Bulgarians, that this scourge chiefly descended;

* “A Sardinian brig, on board of which I and my friends H. and D. left Constantinople in the month of October, when scarcity was felt, and the bread much adulterated, had at least one half of its cargo in its hold; and the captain disclosed to us all his secret negotiation with the Turkish men in office, and the amount of his bribe to each. What follows will scarcely be credited, and yet I saw part of the transaction with my own eyes, and was intimately acquainted with the merchant who did it. The sultan permitted several neutral vessels to pass the Bosphorus with cargoes of merchandise for Russian ports on the Black Sea. A European merchant availed himself of this. The Russian troops on the Danube were known to be in want of almost every thing; he chartered a light sailing vessel, loaded it with wine, rum, coffee, sugar, &c., bribed the proper officers, and sent it from Constantinople up the Danube, to the Russians, who were besieging the Turkish fortresses! I could increase examples of this sort *ad infinitum*. When I speak of the universal cor-uptibility of the Turks in office, it is on good grounds.”

and when we recall the interesting picture of this peaceful, amiable, and industrious peasantry, as ably sketched by Dr. Walsh in his passage through their districts, we must feel for the manifold sufferings to which they have now been exposed for many months, with increased poignancy. The effect of this oppression on the pacific Bulgarians has been, to add hatred and impatience of the Turks and Turkish misrule in general, to the sympathy they must naturally have harboured for the Russians, as co-religionists: we see them every where joining the standard of the advancing eagle; and though they have for ages 'entirely laid aside the military character that once distinguished their ancestors,' circumstances may now revive and cherish their hardy and gallant spirit, and having arms put into their hands by those whom they will consider as their allies, they may act on the Turks scattered among them, or hang on the flanks or rear of a retreating Osmanli army, with terrible effect. Vast numbers of them, as shepherds who have fed their flocks from childhood on the Balkan mountain, are better acquainted with its recesses and passes than any other people; merely as sure and friendly guides, their services would be invaluable to the Russians; but their sense of long suffering and barbarous usage may inspire them to imitate the deeds of the Tyrolese Highlanders in the last war; and the advancing or retiring Turks may be cut to pieces in the gorges or buried in the chasms of the Hæmus, as were the French in those of the Alps. If we turn to other provinces of the empire, we see similar vicious causes producing the same pernicious effects; and that even in Asia, their own continent—the home of Islamism—the power of the Turks is shaking to its very foundation. The line of operations of General Paskevitch has brought him into contact with the Armenian rayahs of the Ottoman empire; and as he has advanced, those people, oppressed by a yoke too heavy to be borne, have every where evinced their sympathy for his successes; and now, emboldened by the rapidly succeeding reverses of their former tyrants, are joining his standard, and taking an active part in the warfare. The Armenians, who abound in the Pashalik of Erzerum and the upper Turkish provinces of Asia Minor, like those subjected to Persia, and in or near to the regions which once formed their own powerful kingdom, differ from the meek, submissive, cowardly Armenians, whom I have correctly described at Constantinople and at Smyrna. They are characterised as prudent and persevering; by no means devoid of fire and courage; and all the Armenians are physically (as far as bone and muscle go) a fine race, exceedingly robust, and capable of bearing immense fatigue. In the Armenian districts, which Russia has rescinded from Persia, troops have been raised equal to any that march under the banner of the northern eagle, and the materials now reverting to the conquerors will be similar in quality. The co-operation of the Armenians has led to, or has hastened, the

* 3 vols. Simpkin and Marshall.

capture of Van; and the value of that acquisition to the Russians is not more enhanced by the great strength and military importance of the place, than by the holy reverence attached to it by the Armenians. The city of Van may be styled one of the capitals of the Eutychean, or real Armenian church; it is the residence of a patriarch, and of a numerous and organized hierarchy. The expulsion of the infidel crescent from such a revered place cannot but be agreeable, and tend to raise the spirits of the Armenians—religious enthusiasm may prove an important ally to the Christian invaders, and that enthusiasm has now a rallying point and a place of strength. In the regions on the Asiatic side of the Black Sea, through which the Russians are advancing, they will also find a very considerable Greek population, the scattered remnants of the ancient colonies, and of the lingering last Greek kingdom of Trebizond; and of their dereliction from the Turks no doubt can be entertained. In tracing the weaknesses of the empire of Mahmood, I may go farther still, and even enumerate among them the disaffection of the Osmanli population itself. I have faithfully described the symptoms of oppression, and misery, and disgust, that fell under my observation; but these are nothing to what have been remarked by those who have taken a wider range in Asia Minor."

Who, indeed, can contemplate this important picture without feeling that a mighty change has been effected in the world, and the seeds sown of events as stupendous as have ever yet filled the page of history? It is not Russia, or Turkey, or Greece, or Persia, or India,—it is not even Europe, the modern abode of civilisation and power, nor Asia, the ancient cradle of the human race,—it is the moral, political, and religious condition of mankind that is more at stake at this crisis than even at the period when Napoleon bestrode the narrow world like a Colossus. With regard to Christianity and Mahometanism, the present is certainly the most extraordinary aspect since the first date of the Hegira, and ought to excite the attention of every people.

Of the Greeks in general, the author draws a far more favourable character than many preceding writers have done. He attributes their faults to various causes, not difficult to be removed: but perhaps the most valuable portion of his Appendix is the development of a plan for restoring Greece to civilisation, by means of disseminating European education over the country. This design he earnestly and enthusiastically recommends to the English public, and, in detail, proposes to form a society for the purpose. Indeed, we are assured that considerable progress has been made in organising this institution, to which we heartily wish success, and for the particulars of which we refer our readers to Mr. Mac Farlane's work.

The last paper gives a very pleasing account of our countryman's visit to Prinkipo, the largest of the Princes' Islands,—the great resort of the Fanariotes from Constantinople,—of which we shall give some particulars next week, but must for the present conclude, wishing all the Greeks as much happiness as they seem to enjoy in the Princes' Islands—only freed from the oppressions and cruelties of their ruthless conquerors. And while we do this, and have occasion to speak of the projected resuscitation of Greece through the civilising means of literature, our readers will not, we trust, be averse to an addendum intimately connected with literary pursuits,—the Ardebil Library, relating

to which we have the following interesting statement to make:—The war of invasion and conquest, by which Russia preceded her aggression upon Turkey is, in this respect, calculated to form an era in the annals of oriental literature. Its trophies are not merely captured standards and subjugated towns and provinces, but a conquest achieved in the field of science and learning,—the acquisition of the library of Eastern MSS. hitherto attached to the mosque of Sheik-Sefy at Ardebil. This collection has been removed to the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg, where it has been carefully examined, and arranged according to its contents. Mention of it occurs both in Morier's and Olearius's travels; but neither of these writers has described any one of the works it contains, excepting the Koran, which latter, together with a few unimportant Arabic and Turkish and all the Persian manuscripts, have been left behind by General von Sütchelen. The collection, therefore, in its present state at St. Petersburg, consists of 166 volumes, which form ninety-six distinct works, after deducting several duplicates. Amongst these ninety-six are eighteen historical MSS., one of which (and an inestimable gem it is) is Tabery's celebrated Chronicle, of which no other perfect copy in the original Arabic version is known to exist. There are also two duplicate translations of this work into the Persian by Abu Aly Muhammed-ben-Muhammed al-Belamy, the vizier of the Samanide Emir, Mansur I., who flourished in the latter half of the tenth century. The next historical work of note is the Firdaus-et-tewarich of Chosrau ben Adid Aberkuhy, commonly called "Ibn Muin;" it contains very copious chronological, historical, and literary tables, is an extremely interesting work, and executed with much industry and considerable erudition; besides which, as far as we are aware, the present is the only copy which has yet been discovered. Among the sixty-six poetical works are Daulethah's celebrated Teskeret-esh-shuera, or history of Persian Poetry, with a selection of specimens from the works of the poets, on whom it descants, and four highly interesting collections of Murakkaat, or models of writing, which afford examples of nearly every species of Arabic and Persian characters, such as were in use among the illustrious calligraphers of the ninth and tenth centuries of the Hegira. One of them is embellished with drawings, executed with a degree of skill infinitely superior to any eastern specimens hitherto known.* The greater part of the manuscripts are as much distinguished for beauty of penmanship as for external splendour, both as regards the borderings, vignettes, and drawings, and the paper and binding. The whole, with few exceptions, are pious bequests from the great Shah Abbas, dated in the year 1608; of which the following is the text, from the first leaf of one of them: "Abbas the Sefide, the dog who keeps watch at the threshold of the tomb of Aly, the son of Abu-Talib (on whose head be peace for ever!) has bequeathed this book to the glorious tomb of Shah-Sefy; and every one that likes may read its pages, upon condition that he do not take it away from the tomb. But if any shall remove it, on him be the blood of Hussein, the Imam, over whom dwells the peace of God!"

The Literary Souvenir for 1830. Edited by Alaric A. Watts. pp. 363. Longman and Co. WE do think Mr. Watts has well merited

* A Catalogue Raisonné of this important collection is preparing for publication.

that this year's *Souvenir* should retain the full popularity of its predecessors. Take it all in all, one year with another, the merit of many of its poems and tales, the beauty of the plates, &c., this work has pretty generally been in every respect, if not the very foremost, at least not behind the very foremost of its class. It has on the present occasion opposed the principle of trusting too exclusively to the influence of great names, and looking for fame to a list of contributors whose characters tell prodigiously in an advertisement, though sometimes their performances have not been equal to the expectation raised. Some blanks there certainly are; and we do think, not even that variety so desirable in a work of this class (consisting of seventy-five pieces in prose and verse) is sufficient recommendation for such comparative failures as "Miss Myrtle;" "the Last Man in Town;" a poor imitation of a rather clever sketch called "the Younger Brother," in some periodical,—and two or three other productions of the same genus. It is true that things of this sort may amuse some readers; but our prejudice is so strong against the coxcombries committed in attempts to sketch what is called fashionable life and manners in a gay and flippant tone, that we had hoped the best of the *Annals* would have steered clear of the contagious nothingness of simpers and flirtations, worthless even to the silly persons who practise them, and altogether offensive to common sense and public taste. It is well enough to laugh once or twice at these impertinencies; but when persisted in, they become perfectly nauseous. In the *Souvenir*, however, they are but specks. Of the rest we may observe, that Mr. Hoyle has wasted much poetical talent and feeling in taking that most uncongenial form in our English language—the sonnet. But we are not going into minute and severe criticism—we have enough to praise. Some of the prose tales are peculiarly good: "the Love-Draught," by the author of *Highways and Byways*—"the Last of the Storm," by the authors of *Tales of the O'Hara Family*—"the Forest of Sant' Eufemia," by the author of *Constantinople in 1838*—"a Village Romance," by Miss Mitford—"an Incident at Sea," by the author of the *Kuzzil-bash*, deserve very high praise indeed: but at least an equal favourite, and better adapted to our limits, "the Smugglers' Isle," by the author of *Tales and Confessions*, is what we select.

"The sea-port town of Mowbray, every body knows, rose, flourished, and fell with the last war. A faithful chronicle of its fortunes would, no doubt, be interesting to the curious reader; but the unthinking many would, I fear, prefer the stories of Tyre and Carthage. There is one incident, however, in the annals of its zenith which I cannot help imagining deserves a place in history; and it is therefore herein-under set forth with the brevity and simplicity which should characterise the historic style. No sooner had Mowbray begun to emerge from the insignificance of a fishing village, and to assume a place among the number of maritime towns, than it split, according to what seems to be a law 'made and provided' in such cases, into a variety of petty factions. Every man's hand was against his neighbour, and every woman's tongue against her. The jarring atoms of society at length separated, as they usually do, into two vast masses; and the moral and political government of the town was vested in the two chiefs, whose purse or principles possessed this chemical power of attraction. The Montague and Capulet of Mow-

bray were two elderly men, whose waxing fortunes increased inversely with their waning vigour. They could remember when their native place was little better than a rendezvous for fishing craft; and when the condescension of a Mediterranean bark in accepting the protection of its bay from a gale of wind was matter of triumph for a month. The fortunes of the place were now mightily changed. The fishing village had become a busy, bustling port, with rich argosies, not only from the continental towns, but from the West Indies, lying secure within her two quays, which clasped them like a pair of greedy arms. To the free trade, however, as it is called in contradistinction to the fair trade, Mowbray was beholden for a considerable portion of its wealth and importance—the coast being singularly well adapted for the *running* business, while as yet no port-blockade had been established. To the lawless habits introduced, and rendered familiar in such cases, it was owing that a certain wildness was exhibited in the character of the people; and that even in their most common transactions there was manifested a portion of the reckless and adventurous spirit which, on a great scale, furnishes materials for history, and on a small scale suggests hints for romance. The Montague of this place was a Mr. Mortimer, and its Capulet Mr. Grove; the resemblance between the real and fictitious personages being further kept up by the circumstance of Mr. Mortimer having a son, and Mr. Grove a daughter. A bitter hostility had existed between the two families from time immemorial, which—in the chronology of a mushroom-town like Mowbray—means somewhere about twenty years, and had continued unabated up to the moment when the son and daughter of the rival houses had attained that period of life when boys and girls begin to think of love, and their fathers and mothers of matrimony. When old Mortimer cast his eyes around among his neighbours in search of a fitting match for his son, his view was always intercepted by a great glaring white house, towering aloft among its brethren of the town with an air of wealth and an assertion of supremacy which made him sigh, as he reflected that it was the abode of Mr. Grove. When old Grove, for a similar purpose, threw a keen and discriminating glance among the smoky mass of bricks and mortar around him, his wandering looks returned unconsciously to fix themselves upon a huge red house, looking grim and lowering upon its neighbours, and by its very absence of neatness exhibiting the careless superiority of acknowledged opulence. The old man groaned at the sight—for it was the dwelling of Mr. Mortimer. When Frank Mortimer, posting himself near the church-door after the service, as was the custom of the young men of Mowbray, surveyed with a critical eye the blooming lasses of the town as they tripped demurely over the stones, a quick bounding of his heart and a flushing of his cheek proclaimed, almost before her appearance, the approach of Miss Grove; and Frank sighed as he reflected that so beautiful a creature was the daughter of his father's enemy. When Ellen Grove, on such occasions, turned the angle of the church-door, her proud step and swan-like motion were broken, and her tottering walk, rising colour, and conscious look, proclaimed that she was about to pass under the eyes of the boldest and handsomest youth in the county side,—and Ellen sighed at the thought that he was the son of the hated Mortimer. The consequence of all this sighing

may be conceived. The two fathers, far from being inconsistent in their conduct, only yielded, as usual, to the attraction of interest. Under this powerful spell their enmity was forgotten;—they shook hands, exchanged visits, and finally signed and sealed an agreement, by which Grove engaged on that day two years to give his daughter in marriage to Mortimer's son, with a portion of five thousand pounds; and Mortimer consented to add another thousand to the stock of the love-firm, in token of his good-will and further intentions. As for the young people, unlike the heroes and heroines of romance, they entered at once, with the most filial devotion, into the plans of their parents; and this with so much zeal and spirit, that, on the very day of the introduction, Mr. Grove, on entering hastily the room to break the ice of a first *tête-à-tête*, was at once surprised and rejoiced to find Frank Mortimer at his daughter's feet. Two years, all but one month, elapsed. Twenty-three of those true honeymoons which light up the paradise of love, rolled away. Frank Mortimer passed his nights in dreaming of bliss, and his days in enjoying it. The marriage-day was fixed; the promised-land of his heart was distinctly visible in the distance, its heights glittering in the morning sun, and its bowers and breathing groves sparkling with eternal green. One morning, at this epoch, a report arose in the town, no one knew whence or how. It was whispered by one to another, with pale lips and faltering speech; it made the round of the counting-houses like some watchword of terror and dismay, awakening an echo of alarm wherever it fell. A pause then succeeded—still heavy—terrible; and in the evening of the same day this was followed by the expected crash—'all that the heart believed not—yet foretold!'

With heaviest sound a giant statue fell—the firm of Mortimer and Co. stopped payment! The ruin of the house, occasioned by the misconduct of their agents abroad, was sudden and complete; old Mortimer, who was in declining health at the time, died almost immediately of the shock; and Frank became, in the same moment, an orphan and a beggar. When his stunned and bewildered mind had somewhat recovered from the blow, he hastened to the counting-house to open the letters of the firm, among which he found the following, addressed to himself:—

"Dear Sir—Beg to condole with you on the melancholy occasion,—but death is a debt that must be paid by us all. Refer you to enclosed copy of agreement between the late Mr. Francis Mortimer, sen. and self, by which you will observe, that your marriage with my daughter depends upon the clause being fulfilled, which provides for one thousand pounds being paid into the joint stock by you or the said Mr. F. M., senior. Have no objection to sign your certificate; but, as there appears to be some doubt of the said one thousand pounds being forthcoming on the twenty-third, previous the marriage-day, as per agreement, would rather decline till then, and till such time after as I may take to come to terms with a suitable partner for my daughter, the favour of your further visits. I am, dear sir, &c.

'JOHN GROVE.'

Young Mortimer's "last hopes of a residue being left after payment of the debts, were finally overturned; the agreement, which he had been accustomed to think of as if it had been the marriage contract, was about to expire; and worse than all, a new suitor—unexceptionable

in age, person, fortune, and character—made his appearance, ready to pounce upon the prize as soon as the strict mercantile honour of old Grove should permit him to give the signal. The very constancy of Ellen, who relinquished both her walking and sailing excursions after the overtures of the rival, deprived him of every opportunity of catching a single beam of hope from her beautiful eyes; concealing from his view those worshipped stars of love, the only lights which of late had been visible above the misty horizon of his fate. One day, however, feeling probably the impolicy of her seclusion, the young lady consented to accompany her future lover on a short sail in the bay; and escorted by him, she repaired to the pier at an early hour in the morning, and glanced around with a flushing cheek and restless eye. No answering look met hers. A sailor, in her father's employment, was the only boatman, Mr. Wingate (the aspirant) being himself skillful in such matters; and the only spectator was an old foreign-looking seaman, one of those fellows who, with short bowed legs, drooping shoulders, contracted eye-lids, and hands dug in their pockets, may be seen at all hours of the day and night, *hulking* about the quays of a shipping town. This man eyed their preparations with that contemptuous curiosity which is often vouchsafed by such personages to the small affair of getting a pleasure-boat under way; but sometimes with a greater appearance of interest, he turned his face to the weather quarter, which presented, as might have been conjectured from his manner, indications not strikingly auspicious."

Some wants take Wingate and the boatman out of the way—when the disguised foreigner turns out to be Mortimer, who leaps into the little vessel and pushes off to sea with his beloved Ellen. We must pass over the well-drawn scene which ensues, and only notice, that a storm arises and forces the fond pair to seek for shelter on the fearful Smugglers' Isle.

"That night the Smugglers' Isle presented a scene resembling a country inn, in which travellers of every opposite character and pursuit are shuffled into temporary contact or collision. The crew of a smuggling sloop, which had sought refuge among the rocks, were thrown into consternation by a luminous appearance in the ruined lighthouse, from which the lamp had been banished for many years; and the captain and his four satellites crept silently and cautiously to the spot. Climbing to the broken window, the leader could not restrain an exclamation of surprise as he beheld a young lady, of extraordinary beauty, standing beside the fire-place, which blazed with wood apparently just torn from the walls. The female darted into an inner chamber at the noise of his approach, and as the outlaw jumped upon the floor, his men made their appearance by the more legitimate avenue of the door; and the party stood confronting, for an instant, a young man in a sailor's dress, who seemed ostensibly the sole inhabitant of the mysterious domain. The next moment the stranger was in the clutches of the ruffians, and Captain Brock making his way eagerly to the inner apartment; when, by a sudden effort, the prisoner burst from his jailors, and darting upon their captain seized him by the collar, and said in a low, stern whisper,—'Brock, are you mad?—you are about to ruin both your own fortune and mine; look at me—I am Frank Mortimer.' The smuggler stared at the announcement, but was speedily able to identify the stranger with the only remaining representative of the once great firm of Mortimer and Co. He motioned

his men to withdraw; and leading Frank to the fire by the button, with the familiarity produced by an anticipated fellowship in crime, inquired, 'But what do you want with me, Master Frank,—and what do you mean to do with the girl?' 'Can you ask,' answered Mortimer, 'what is the intention of a ruined and desperate man in seeking the friendship of a bold smuggler? As for the girl, that was a chance affair; but one that will enable me to begin my new career in brilliant style. She is the daughter of old Grove. On a sailing excursion this morning, with Mr. Wingate, her intended husband, we were driven by the storm to take shelter here: the boat struck upon the rocks, and went down,—every soul perishing but Miss Grove and myself. My proposal is this. Let us carry her off to Holland, where I know you are bound, and then go share and share in the ransom.' The smuggler's eyes sparkled at the bright suggestion, and his satisfaction evinced itself in a volley of oaths. 'Hush!' whispered Mortimer; 'we are now upon honour with each other. The affair, you understand, is to be managed by you alone—I have nothing to do with it. As soon as day breaks, I will throw the things I have saved from the wreck into that old trunk, and carry it on board of you. I expect to find you by that time at the mouth of the creek, and ready for sea. Having thus made a prisoner of me,—prisoner you understand,—I cannot prevent you, if you have a mind, from coming over to the lighthouse and carrying off the lady too.' 'It will do!—I see it!—I take it!' ejaculated the smuggler, as Mortimer pushed him towards the door. 'Good night.' 'Good night,' said the latter;—'Captain! honour?' 'Oh, honour! honour!' The next morning the wind had fallen considerably when the faint light of the dawn first streamed upon the black bosom of the sea. The waves, although still rising in wreaths of foam upon the rocks of the Smugglers' Isle, rolled elsewhere along in almost unbroken masses, seeming to owe their remaining agitation more to unquiet recollections of the preceding day, than to the actual agency of the morning breeze. The ocean was no longer a desert; for some far and filmy masts might already be descried in the offing; and along the crowded coast, among the still lingering shadows of night, the symptoms were discernible of renewed activity. The smuggling sloop was already at the mouth of the creek, moored to both sides by strong tackle; the decks were cleared, and every thing in proper order for getting under way at a moment's notice. The crew were anxiously looking out for Mortimer's appearance; and as the increasing light disclosed every minute more and more of the distant coast, a darker shade was observed to lower upon the brow of Captain Brock. The expected passenger was at length seen toiling along the ridges of the rocks, with a trunk upon his shoulders, the size and apparent weight of which very easily accounted for his delay. On his arrival, the captain and he shook hands in silence, and a significant glance from Mortimer directed the eyes and thoughts of his new friend to the lighthouse. 'Shall we stow your chest away in the hold?' asked the captain. 'There is no need,' said Mortimer, 'we shall have plenty of time by and by; and the object now'—pointing to the far coast, where the craft by this time were seen stirring like bees—'is to get clear out to sea without the loss of a moment.' 'Captain Brock and two of his satellites hereupon sprang upon the rocks, and armed with nothing more than a piece of canvass, contrived to serve the purpose of a palanquin in case of

need, took their way to the ruined lighthouse. While they were still in sight, Mortimer stood gazing upon the party with an uneasy look; but when they had disappeared among the rocks, he turned with a sudden and decided motion to the remaining man. His air expressed perhaps more of hostility than he intended to exhibit; for, as an idea of treachery seemed to enter the smuggler's mind, a shout of warning or for help, which perhaps no personal danger could have extorted, run over the deep. The next moment a heavy plunge in the water told what were his thanks for his gratuitous communication, and on the ridge of a broken wave he was conveyed to the land, and discharged most emphatically upon a ledge of the cliff. The shout, however, had sufficed to alarm the smuggling captain and his two men, and they were now seen rushing furiously back to the vessel. The catastrophe had been brought on prematurely, and Mortimer perceived no means at hand of severing the cables more efficacious or expeditious than the clasp-knife he had in his pocket. To work, therefore, he went with this frail instrument, and cut, and sewed, and hacked for very life. Every moment the holloa of the smugglers came louder upon his ear; and the indistinct glance he was enabled to take of his enemies, without raising his eyes from the rope, told him that they had already surmounted the highest ridge of the cliff. This singular property of vision which the eyes possess, of seeing without looking, appeared at the time to be more a quality of the mind exercising its mysterious functions without the agency of the bodily organs: he felt their approach without seeing it; their feet trode upon his heart, when as yet the sound of their steps was unheard. To have been able to fling upon the work in which he was engaged his utmost strength—to tear with hands and teeth—to struggle till his sinews cracked and his heart was ready to burst—would have been comparative enjoyment. But the weak blade required the nicest and gentlest management, and while his whole frame trembled with terror and impatience, his hand was obliged to move like that of a lady, when armed with a pair of scissors for the destruction of silk or gauze. The shout of the smugglers became louder as they approached, and their steps now grated harshly upon the rocks. A cold sweat broke over Mortimer's forehead, as all the horrors of Ellen's situation rushed upon his mind. Well he knew the desperado into whose power she must shortly fall; well he knew, that even the suggestions of avarice would have been unattended to, had not a plan been formed at the moment in his lawless mind, for the gratification of a fiercer passion. He could hear the boards of her prison cracking with her struggles for freedom—he could even hear the convulsive catching of her breath; and amply did he appreciate the loftiness of spirit which repressed every cry of womanish terror; which refrained from interrupting by the very sound of her voice, the labours of him who she knew was labouring for her deliverance. The smugglers were now at hand—they gained the edge of the cliff—they threw themselves into their boat, and with cries of mingled rage, blasphemy, and exultation, pushed furiously towards the vessel. At this moment, by a heavy roll of the sea, a sudden strain was given to the nearly severed rope, which broke with a loud report, and the sloop drifted a few yards, and swung by the remaining cable. Mortimer's eyes were lighted up with a momentary gleam of hope; but when he saw that the weight and pitching of the vessel had no effect upon the single rope by which she

was now held, and when he knew that a few strokes of their oars were sufficient to bring the smugglers alongside, it gave way to absolute despair. The lurch, however, had had the effect of splitting the cheat in which Ellen was confined, against a bulk. The next instant she stood before Mortimer; and as the boat of the assailants rattled against the ship's side, and a wild hurra burst from the crew, she snatched the knife from his hand and replaced it with a handspike. Mortimer was now in his element. Brock first appeared upon the gunwale, and was received with a tremendous blow, which laid him sprawling in the bottom of the boat. His comrades met successively with the same salutation; and as Ellen worked at the rope with more skill and ingenuity than her lover, it might have seemed that the fate of the action was at least doubtful. The smugglers, however, used to hard knocks, were no sooner down than up again; Mortimer's arm grew weaker at every blow; and at length, quite spent with fatigue, he lost his balance, and nearly fell overboard. A hoarse roar of exultation rose from the boat's crew as they extended their hands to drag him into the boat; and although their triumph was deferred by a lofty wave rising between, when it subsided the two vessels came together with a crash, which threatened to prove fatal to the weaker. A shrill scream from Ellen startled the combatants on both sides. It was a scream of joy; for, at that moment, the rope burst with a noise like the report of a musket, and the sloop drifted to leeward. The smugglers' boat had received so much injury in the collision, that instead of being able to pursue, they had much difficulty in gaining the rocks before she filled and went down. It is a matter of dispute among historians, whether old Grove would, in any case, have refused to sanction the union of the lovers, after the foregoing adventure. His magnanimity, however, was not put to the trial; for Mortimer obtained an advance on the same evening (the 23d) of one thousand pounds, on his share of the revenue prize. The bond was thus implemented in all its parts; and Mortimer and Ellen entered forthwith into partnership as husband and wife, and became one of the first houses in Mowbray in the great business of matrimony."

Our extract has been so long, that we must perforce omit several poems we had marked for quotation; but if we cannot find, we must make, room for one or two exquisite verses from the "Anniversary," by the editor himself.

"And, half infected by our gloom,
Yon little mourner sits and sighs;
His playthings, scattered round the room,
No more attract his listless eyes:
Mute his infant task he plies,
Or moves with soft and stealthy tread;
And, called, in tones subdued replies,
As if he feared to wake the dead!

Where is the blithe companion gone,
Whose sports he loved to guide and share?
Where is the merry eye that won
All hearts to fondness?—Where, oh! where?
The empty crib, the vacant chair,
The favourite toy, alone remain,
To whisper to our hearts' despair
Of hopes we cannot feel again!

Ay, joyless is our 'ingle nook,'
Its genial warmth we own no more!
Our fireside wears an altered look—
A gloom it never knew before!
The converse sweet—the cherished lore—
That once could cheer our stormiest day,—
Those revels of the soul are o'er!
Those ample pleasures past away!"

It were absolute injustice not to mention "Memory," a graceful poem by Mr. Fraed, and "Chivalry at a Discount," a playful and pleasing composition; the "Dying Mother,"

by Miss Bowles, as simple as it is touching; and "My Birthday," a little poetical gem by Mr. Willis,* a young American poet, we believe; and, though last, not least in our esteem, Mrs. Hemans has several very sweet productions. Altogether, the *Souvenir* well merits its public reputation.

Family Library, Vol. VII.; being Vol. I. of the *Natural History of Insects* (in two volumes). London, 1829. Murray.

THE editors of the *Family Library* after having, apparently, like most other people, except ourselves, relaxed their industry somewhat during the months of touring and sporting, seem now to have taken the field for the winter campaign in excellent style. The first volume of their *Natural History* has just been laid on our table, and we have no doubt will be considered as well worthy of a place in the series which has already been distinguished with such extraordinary success. This department has, we understand, been undertaken by an association of various scientific gentlemen,—one of the very highest eminence being at their head; and their labours promise to place a very popular system of this most interesting science in the hands of the public, at the small expense at which this class of periodicals is, from its extensive circulation, published; for without such new process it would cost some 50*l.* to procure a work, or rather collection of works, containing the same information, and meriting confidence. It is easy to trace, in their brief and clear Introduction, a thorough knowledge of the science, strictly so called, of entomology; but in the arrangement as well as general execution of the treatise, the points chiefly attended to have been the suppression of dry details, the grouping and describing things so as to seize the memory through the fancy;—in short, the enveloping of the *utile* in the *dulce*.

We can have no doubt that this able and lively compend of what is most entertaining, as well as instructive, in the able works of Reaumur, Huber, Latreille, Kirby, and the other great lights of entomology, will be welcomed by parents, guardians, and schoolmasters, as one of the most valuable helps that

* This has some resemblance to Hood's "I remember, I remember," but is still so different, that we will add it in justice to our trans-Atlantic compeer.

"I'm twenty-two—I'm twenty-two,—they gaily give me joy.

As if I should be glad to hear that I was less a boy;
They do not know how carelessly their words have given pain

To one whose heart would leap to be a happy boy again!
A change has o'er my spirit passed, my mirthful hours are few.

The light is all departed now my early feelings knew;
I used to love the morning gray, the twilight's quiet deep,
But now, like shadows on the sea, upon my thoughts they creep.

And love was a holy star when this brief year was young,
And my whole worship of the sky on one sweet ray was hung;
But thought things have come between and shut it from
And though that star shines purely yet, I mourn its hidden light!

And fame—I bent it to my knee, and bowed it to my brow.

And it is like a coal upon my living spirit now;
But when I prayed for fire from heaven to touch the soul,
I bowed.

I little thought the lightning-flash would come in such a
Ye give me joy! Is it because another year has fled?
That I am farther from my youth, and nearer to the dead?
Is it that manhood's cares are come—my happy boyhood o'er?

Because the visions I have loved will visit me no more!
Oh wherefore give me joy, when I can smile no welcome back?

I've found no flower, and seen no light, on manhood's track:
My love is deep—ambition deep—and heart and mind will
on,

But love is fainting by the way, and fame consumes me

could be offered to the business of education; and we are quite sure the young people will devour such pages as these with avidity. Indeed, the more we consider the rapidity with which such excellent manuals are issued from the press, and the extensive sale which they command, we are puzzled;—and calculate their probable influence in raising, before another generation passes away, the general character of the nation.

We shall merely open the volume and quote whatever turns up. Take the following from the Chapter on Ants.

"Connected with the subject of the warfare of ants, is the history of a species of this insect, not existing in these islands, called by Huber the amazon, or legionary ant, the *formica rufescens* of Latreille. It is both warlike and powerful, and, unlike the rest of the tribe, its habits are far from being industrious. Enough has been said to shew that the proceedings of some insects so nearly resemble human actions, as to excite our greatest wonder: but the habits of the *legionary ant* are still more surprising than the proceedings of the chiefs which we have just described;—it is actually found to be a slave-dealer, attacking the nests of other species, stealing their young, rearing them, and thus, by shifting all the domestic duties of their republic on strangers, escaping from labour themselves. This curious fact, first discovered by Huber, has been confirmed by Latreille, and is admitted by all naturalists. The slave is distinguished from its master by being of a dark ash-colour, so as to be entitled to the name of *negro*,—an epithet now appropriated to the *Formica fusca*, or ash-coloured ants. Their masters are light in colour. The *negro* is an industrious, peaceable, stingless insect; the *legionary*, a courageous, armed, and lazy one. The relation between them is not, however, that which subsists between a task-master and his bondsman, but a strong attachment is mutually felt—another instance of the modification of instinct, education obliterating in the ash-coloured ant all its natural antipathy to another species.

"In their attacks the legionaries never take the old negroes prisoners, knowing, perhaps, that at an adult age the love of home, with all its associations, would be sad obstacles to transplantation; nor is their contest attended with loss of blood—they seek the young; and these being obtained, they speedily decamp with their booty. . . . On the negroes reared among them they depend not only for house and home, but even for food; and these faithful and affectionate servants begrudge neither labour nor pains in providing for their masters.

Huber enclosed thirty amazons with several pupæ and larvæ of their own species, and twenty negro pupæ, in a glass box, the bottom of which was covered with a thick layer of earth; honey was given to them, so that, although cut off from their auxiliaries, the amazons had both shelter and food: at first they appeared to pay some little attention to the young; this soon ceased, and they neither traced out a dwelling nor took any food; in two days one-half died of hunger, and the other remained weak and languid; commiserating their condition, he gave them one of their black companions: this little creature, unassisted, formed a chamber in the earth, gathered together the larvæ, put every thing into complete order, and preserved the lives of those which were about to perish."

But the instincts and acts of these wonderful creatures, and also of bees, have been so largely quoted in the preceding Numbers of our jour-

nal, when reviewing Huber's works, and also the still more interesting volumes of Kirby and Spence, that we shall vary the subject by extracting a few loose passages relative to other insects. After describing the gnat, the author says:—

"Another of our tormentors is the bug, which, as it would appear, has not been long known in this island. Had the insect been common, as Kirby justly observes, the two noble ladies mentioned by Mouffet would scarcely have mistaken their bites for plague spots. They were first known by the name of wall-louse. It was not until the middle of the last century that they began to be styled bugs, or goblins; the word being of Celtic origin, and used in old versions of the Bible in the sense of spirit: thus, in Matthew's Bible, Ps. xci. 5, the passage translated in our modern version, 'Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night,' is rendered, 'Thou shalt not need to be afraid of any bugs by night.' Horrible as these disgusting creatures are, it would appear that at Surat there was, or perhaps there still is, a Banian hospital, containing not only horses, pigs, mules, oxen, sheep, goats, monkeys, pigeons, and poultry, but also an extraordinary ward appropriated to rats, mice, and bugs; and Forbes, upon the authority of whose Oriental Memoirs this is stated, adds, that beggars are hired, who, for a stipulated sum, agree to pass a night at this institution, in order to afford 'the fleas, lice, and bugs,' an unmolested feast! A species of bug, described by Geoffroy under the name of fly-bug (*reduvius personatus*), is an inhabitant of our dwellings. It prowls about in disguise, at night; and, among other insects, shews itself the uncompromising enemy of the loathsome bed-bug. Kirby thinks it ought on this account to be encouraged; but its own bite, as painful as the sting of the bee, and its supposed power of communicating an electric shock on the slightest contact, would render the remedy somewhat worse than the evil. In its three states of grub, nymph, and winged insect, it is ever on the look-out for food. Being slow of motion, though capable, like a crab, of walking backwards, sideways, or forwards, it is obliged to entrap its prey by masking itself: hence its cognomen, 'personatus.' Knowing that the insects for which it is on the hunt are accustomed to the sight of dirt, cobwebs, flue, and such other materials as are usually found in the habitations of man, the *reduvius* piles upon itself bits of hair, flour, down of feathers, sawdust, or plaster, so as to enlarge its own dimensions to twice or thrice the natural size; and thus accoutred, it is scarcely to be recognised by its prey, or by its own enemies, as any thing but a ball of flue. When it sees a bug, or spider, or any soft-bodied insect, it approaches its destined victim with the most guarded caution. Sometimes the little lump of gathered dust seems to be blown about the room in a zig-zag direction: sometimes it is puffed into the air, and falls as if a chance gust had acted on it. These motions, however, are any thing but unintentional. After stealthily sideling, or making little leaps, followed by intervals of motionless repose, the better to deceive its prey, the creature at last contrives to secure, paralyse, and suck its victim's juices, to the very last drop. When it has acquired the wings of its perfect state, it doffs its cassock, and boldly flies about without disguise.

"Among the insect tribes, few seem to be more generally regarded with horror and disgust than the whole family of spiders, and such wingless insects as resemble them. Notwithstanding this, there are savages who eat them:

Sparman says, that the Bashie men consider them as dainties; and Labillardiere asserts, that the inhabitants of New Caledonia seek for and devour large quantities of a spider nearly an inch long, which they roast over a fire. Reaumur relates, on the authority of M. de la Hire, that a young French lady could never resist the temptation of eating a spider, whenever she met with one in her walks. They are said to taste like nuts, at least this was the opinion of the celebrated Maria Schurman, who not only ate them, but justified her taste by saying that she was born under Scorpio. Latreille informs us, that the astronomer Lalande was equally fond of this offensive morsel. Man is truly an omnivorous animal; for there is nothing which is disgusting to one nation, that is not the choice food of another. Flesh, fish, fowl, insects, even the gigantic centipedes of Brazil, many of them a foot and a half long and half an inch broad, were seen by Humboldt to be dragged out of their holes, and crunched alive by the children. Serpents of all sorts have been consumed as food; and the host of the celebrated inn at Terracina frequently accosts his guests, by politely requesting to know whether they prefer the 'eel of the hedge or the eel of the ditch.' To evince their attachment to their favourite pursuit, most naturalists seem to consider it indispensable to taste and recommend some insect or other. Darwin assures us, that the caterpillar of the hawk-moth is delicious; Kirby and Spence think the ant good eating, and push their entomological zeal so far as to distinguish between the flavour of the abdomen and the thorax; and Reaumur recommends the caterpillar of the *Plusia gamma* as a delicate dish.

"The spider has many enemies; and hence its web is always in danger of being deranged and damaged: to meet this inconvenience, nature has furnished the insect with a magazine of materials for occasional repairs, and which, although frequently exhausted, still continues to be replenished: this reservoir, however, is drained in time. When spiders grow old, their supply of gum is dried up; but even when this calamity happens, the cunning creature is not altogether destitute of resources which avail it for some time longer. A crafty old spider, having no longer the means of securing a subsistence, seeks out a young one, to which it communicates its wants and necessities; on which the other, either out of respect for old age, or from a dread of old pinners, resigns its place, and spins a new web in another situation. But if the old spider can find none of its species which will, either from love or fear, resign its net, it must then perish for want of subsistence.

"The water-spider spins no web to catch its prey; but, nevertheless, offers one of the most singular objects of contemplation. If we possessed no other evidence that the world had been planned and created by an Intelligent Being, the habits, proceedings, and instincts of this little creature would be alone sufficient to prove the fact. As soon as it has caught its prey on the shore, it dives to the bottom of the waters, and there devours its booty. It is, therefore, an amphibious animal; although it appears more fitted to live in contact with the atmosphere than with the water. The diving-bell is a modern invention; and few facts excite our wonder more than the possibility of a man's being enabled to live and move at the bottom of the ocean. This triumph of reason over the unfriendly element, however, was anticipated by an insect—the spider in question. This creature spins some loose threads, which it at-

taches to the leaves of aquatic plants; it then varnishes them with a glutinous secretion, which resembles liquid glass, and is so elastic as to admit of considerable distension and contraction; it next lays a coating of this same substance over its own body, and underneath this coating introduces a bubble of air. Naturalists conjecture that it has the power of drawing this air in at the anus from the atmosphere at the surface of the pool; but the precise mode in which it is separated from the body of the atmosphere, and introduced under the pellicle covering the insect's body, has not been clearly ascertained. Thus clothed, and shining like a ball of quicksilver, it darts through the waters to the spot in which it had fixed its habitation, and disengaging the bubble from under the pellicle, it dexterously introduces it into a web formed at the bottom. After repeatedly moving from the top to the bottom of the water, and at each journey filling its habitation with a fresh bubble of air, at length the lighter completely expels the heavier fluid, and the insect takes possession of an aerial habitation, commodious and dry, finished in the very midst of the waters. It is about the size and shape of half a pigeon's egg. From this curious chamber the spider hunts, searching sometimes the waters and sometimes the land for its prey, which, when obtained, is transported to this sub-aquatic mansion, and devoured at leisure. The male as well as the female exhibits the same instincts. Early in the spring, the former seeks the mansion of the latter, and having enlarged it by the introduction of a little more air, takes up its abode with its mate. About the middle of April the eggs are laid, and, packed up in a silken cocoon in a corner of their house, are watched with incessant care by the female."

As the water-spider employs a diving-bell, so does the gossamer a balloon; and

"There is a tribe of hunting spiders that leap like tigers on their prey; and, what is more extraordinary, have the faculty of doing so sideways. One of these jumped two feet on a humble-bee. They approach the object of their intended attack with the noiseless and imperceptible motion of the shadow of a sundial. If the fly move, the spider moves also; backwards, forwards, or sideways, and that with so much precision as to time and distance, that the two insects appear as if bound together by some invisible chain, or actuated by the same spirit. If the fly take wing and pitch behind the spider, the head of the latter is turned round to meet it so quickly, that the human eye is deceived, and the spider appears to be motionless. When all these manœuvres bring the fly within its spring, the leap is made with fearful rapidity, and the prey struck down like lightning. The redeeming trait in the history of these cruel creatures is, their affection for their young."

We might greatly multiply these entertaining quotations, but the want of the pretty little wood-cuts which illustrate them prevents us; and we hope we have done enough to shew how pleasing a volume this is.

Forget Me Not: a Christmas and Birth-day Present for 1830. Edited by F. Shoberl. London, 1829. Ackermann and Co.

AMONG the crowd of Annuals that, like the new buildings, are springing up on every side, till it is difficult to know one from another, the *Forget Me Not* has peculiar claims to attention. The first and founder of the race, it has been the very reverse of many heads of eminent families—fallen into decay,—for it has gone on

improving; and the present beautiful little volume is a worthy companion to its predecessors. There are many amusing tales, from among which we select the "Red Man," by a Modern Pythagorean.

"It was at the hour of nine, in an August evening, that a solitary horseman arrived at the Black Swan, a country inn about nine miles from the town of Leicester. He was mounted on a large fiery charger, as black as jet, and had behind him a portmanteau attached to the croup of his saddle. A black travelling cloak, which not only covered his own person, but the greater part of his steed, was thrown around him. On his head he wore a broad-brimmed hat, with an uncommonly low crown. His legs were cased in top-boots, to which were attached spurs of an extraordinary length; and in his hands he carried a whip, with a thong three yards long, and a handle which might have levelled Goliath himself. On arriving at the inn, he calmly dismounted, and called upon the ostler by name. 'Frank!' said he, 'take my horse to the stable; rub him down thoroughly; and, when he is well cooled, step in and let me know.' And, taking hold of his portmanteau, he entered the kitchen, followed by the obsequious landlord, who had come out a minute before, on hearing of his arrival. There were several persons present, engaged in nearly the same occupation. At one side of the fire sat the village schoolmaster—a thin, pale, peak-nosed little man, with a powdered periwig, terminating behind in a long queue, and an expression of self-conceit strongly depicted upon his countenance. He was amusing himself with a pipe, from which he threw forth volumes of smoke with an air of great satisfaction. Opposite to him sat the parson of the parish—a fat, bald-headed personage, dressed in a rusty suit of black, and having his shoes adorned with immense silver buckles. Between these two characters sat the exciseman, with a pipe in one hand, and a tankard in the other. To complete the group, nothing was wanted but to mention the landlady, a plump, rosy dame of thirty-five, who was seated by the schoolmaster's side, apparently listening to some sage remarks which that little gentleman was throwing out for her edification. But to return to the stranger. No sooner had he entered the kitchen, followed by the landlord, than the eyes of the company were directed upon him. His hat was so broad in the brim, his spurs were so long, his stature so great, and his face so totally hid by the collar of his immense black cloak, that he instantly attracted the attention of every person present. His voice, when he desired the master of the house to help him off with his mantle, was likewise so harsh, that they all heard it with sudden curiosity. Nor did this abate when the cloak was removed, and his hat laid aside. A tall, athletic, red-haired man, of the middle age, was then made manifest. He had on a red frock coat, a red vest, and a red neckcloth; nay, his gloves were red! What was more extraordinary, when the overalls which covered his thighs were unbuttoned, it was discovered that his small-clothes were red likewise. 'All red!' ejaculated the parson almost involuntarily. 'As you say, the gentleman is all red!' added the schoolmaster, with his characteristic flippancy. He was checked by a look from the landlady. His remark, however, caught the stranger's ear, and he turned round upon him with a penetrating glance. The schoolmaster tried to smoke it off bravely. It would not do: he felt the power of that look,

and was reduced to almost immediate silence. 'Now, bring me your boot-jack,' said the horseman. The boot-jack was brought, and the boots pulled off. To the astonishment of the company, a pair of red stockings were brought into view. The landlord shrugged his shoulders, the exciseman did the same, the landlady shook her head, the parson exclaimed, 'All red!' as before, and the schoolmaster would have repeated it, but he had not yet recovered from his rebuke. 'Faith, this is odd!' observed the host. 'Rather odd,' said the stranger, seating himself between the parson and the exciseman. The landlord was confounded, and did not know what to think of the matter. After sitting for a few moments, the new-comer requested the host to hand him a nightcap, which he would find in his hat. He did so: it was a red worsted one; and he put it upon his head. Here the exciseman broke silence, by ejaculating, 'Red again!' The landlady gave him an admonitory knock on the elbow: it was too late. The stranger heard his remark, and regarded him with one of those piercing glances for which his fiery eye seemed so remarkable. 'All red!' murmured the parson once more. 'Yes, Doctor Poundtext, the gentleman, as you say, is all red,' re-echoed the schoolmaster, who by this time had recovered his self-possession. He would have gone on, but the landlady gave him a fresh admonition, by trampling upon his toes; and her husband winked in token of silence. As in the case of the exciseman, the warnings were too late. 'Now, landlord,' said the stranger, after he had been seated a minute, 'may I trouble you to get me a pipe and a can of your best Burton? But, first of all, open my portmanteau, and give me out my slippers.' The host did as he was desired, and produced a pair of red morocco slippers. Here an involuntary exclamation broke out from the company. It begun with the parson, and was taken up by the schoolmaster, the exciseman, the landlady, and the landlord, in succession. 'More red!' proceeded from every lip, with different degrees of loudness. The landlord's was the least loud, the schoolmaster's the loudest of all. 'I suppose, gentlemen,' said the stranger, 'you were remarking upon my slippers.' 'Eh—yes! we were just saying that they were red,' replied the schoolmaster. 'And pray,' demanded the other, as he raised the pipe to his mouth, 'did you never before see a pair of red slippers?' This question staggered the respondent; he said nothing, but looked to the parson for assistance. 'But you are all red,' observed the latter, taking a full draught from a foaming tankard which he held in his hand. 'And you are all black,' said the other, as he withdrew the pipe from his mouth, and emitted a copious puff of tobacco smoke. 'The hat that covers your numakull is black, your beard is black, your coat is black, your vest is black, your smallclothes, your stockings, your shoes, all are black.' In a word, Doctor Poundtext, you are—' 'What am I, sir?' said the parson, bursting with rage. 'Ay, what is he, sir?' rejoined the schoolmaster. 'He is a black-coat,' said the stranger, with a contemptuous sneer, 'and you are a pedagogue.' This sentence was followed by a profound calm."

The stranger goes to the stable; and the scene of his absence and return is very characteristic.

"The appearance of the Red Man again acted like a spell on the voices of the company. The parson was silent, and by a natural consequence his echo, the schoolmaster, was silent also: none of the others felt disposed to say

anything. The meeting was like an assemblage of quakers. "Who can this man be?" "What does he want here?" "Where is he from, and whither is he bound?" Such were the inquiries which occupied every mind. Had the object of their curiosity been a brown man, a black man, or even a green man, there would have been nothing extraordinary; and he might have entered the inn and departed from it as unquestioned as before he came. But to be a Red Man! There was in this something so startling that the lookers-on were beside themselves with amazement. The first to break this strange silence was the parson. 'Sir,' said he, 'we have been thinking that you are—' 'That I am a conjurer, a French spy, a travelling packman, or something of the sort,' observed the stranger. Doctor Poundtext started back on his chair, and well he might; for these words, which the Man in Red had spoken, were the very ones he himself was about to utter. 'Who are you, sir?' resumed he, in manifest perturbation; 'what is your name?' 'My name,' replied the other, 'is Reid.' 'And where, in heaven's name, were you born?' demanded the astonished parson. 'I was born on the borders of the Red Sea.' Doctor Poundtext had not another word to say. The schoolmaster was equally astounded, and withdrew the pipe from his mouth: that of the exciseman dropped to the ground: the landlord groaned aloud, and his spouse held up her hands in mingled astonishment and awe. After giving them this last piece of information, the strange man arose from his seat, broke his pipe in pieces, and pitched the fragments into the fire; then, throwing his long cloak carelessly over his shoulders, putting his hat upon his head, and loading himself with his boots, his whip, and his portmanteau, he desired the landlord to shew him to his bed, and left the kitchen, after smiling sarcastically to its inmates, and giving them a familiar and uncereemonious nod. His disappearance was the signal for fresh alarm in the minds of those left behind. Not a word was said till the return of the innkeeper, who in a short time descended from the bed-room overhead, to which he had conducted his guest. On re-entering the kitchen, he was encountered by a volley of interrogations. The parson, the schoolmaster, the exciseman, and his own wife, questioned him over and over again. 'Who was the Man in Red?—he must have seen him before—he must have heard of him—in a word, he must know something about him.' The host protested that he never beheld the stranger till that hour: it was the first time he had made his appearance at the Black Swan, and so help him God, it should be the last! 'Why don't you turn him out?' exclaimed the exciseman. 'If you think you are able to do it, you are heartily welcome,' replied the landlord; 'for my part, I have no notion of coming to close quarters with the shank of his whip, or his great red, alledge-hammer fist.' This was an irresistible argument, and the proposer of forcible ejectment said no more upon the subject. At this time the party could hear the noise of heavy footsteps above them. They were those of the Red Man, and sounded with slow and measured tread. They listened for a quarter of an hour longer, in expectation that they would cease. There was no pause: the steps continued, and seemed to indicate that the person was amusing himself by walking up and down the room. It would be impossible to describe the multiplicity of feelings which agitated the

minds of the company. Fear, surprise, anger, and curiosity, ruled them by turns, and kept them incessantly upon the rack. There was something mysterious in the visitor who had just left them—something which they could not fathom—something unaccountable. 'Who could he be?' This was the question that each put to the other, but no one could give any thing like a rational answer. Meanwhile the evening wore on apace, and though the bell of the parish church hard by sounded the tenth hour, no one seemed inclined to take the hint to depart. Even the parson heard it without regard, to such a pitch was his curiosity excited. About this time also the sky, which had hitherto been tolerably clear, began to be overclouded. Distant peals of thunder were heard; and thick sultry drops of rain pattered at intervals against the casement of the inn: every thing seemed to indicate a tempestuous evening. But the storm which threatened to rage without was unnoticed. Though the drops fell heavily; though gleams of lightning flashed by, followed by the report of distant thunder, and the winds began to hiss and whistle among the trees of the neighbouring cemetery, yet all these external signs of elementary tumult were as nothing to the deep, solemn footsteps of the Red Man. There seemed to be no end to his walking. An hour had he paced up and down the chamber without the least interval of repose, and he was still engaged in this occupation as at first. In this there was something incredibly mysterious; and the party below, notwithstanding their numbers, felt a vague and indescribable dread beginning to creep over them. The more they reflected upon the character of the stranger, the more unnatural did it appear. The redness of his hair and complexion, and, still more, the fiery hue of his garment, struck them with astonishment. But this was little to the freezing and benumbing glance of his eye, the strange tones of his voice, and his miraculous birth on the borders of the Red Sea. There was now no longer any smoking in the kitchen. The subjects which occupied their minds were of too engrossing a nature to be treated with levity; and they drew their chairs closer, with a sort of irresistible and instinctive attraction. While these things were going on, the bandy-legged ostler entered, in manifest alarm. He came to inform his master that the stranger's horse had gone mad, and was kicking and tearing at every thing around, as if he would break his manger in pieces. Here a loud neighing and rushing were heard in the stable. 'Ay, there he goes,' continued he. 'I believe the devil is in the beast, if he is not the old enemy himself. Ods, master, if you saw his eyes: they are like —' 'What are they like?' demanded the landlord. 'Ay, what are they like?' exclaimed the rest with equal impatience. 'Ods, if they a'n't like burning coals?' ejaculated the ostler, trembling from head to foot, and squeezing himself in among the others, on a chair which stood hard by. His information threw fresh alarm over the company, and they were more agitated and confused than ever. During the whole of this time the sound of walking over-head never ceased for one moment. The heavy tread was unabated: there was not the least interval of repose, nor could a pendulum have been more regular in its motions. Had there been any relaxation, any pause, any increase or any diminution of rapidity in the footsteps, they would have been endurable; but there was no such thing. The same deadening, monotonous,

stupifying sound continued, like clockwork, to operate incessantly above their heads. Nor was there any abatement of the storm without; the wind blowing among the trees of the cemetery in a sepulchral moan; the rain beating against the panes of glass with the impetuous loudness of hail; and lightning and thunder flashing and pealing at brief intervals through the murky firmament. The noise of the elements was indeed frightful, and it was heightened by the voice of the sable steed, like that of a spirit of darkness; but the whole, as we have just hinted, was as nothing to the deep, solemn, mysterious treading of the Red Man."

The party argue themselves into the belief that he is indeed the enemy of mankind.

" 'If more proof is wanting,' resumed the parson, after a pause, 'only look to his dress. What Christian would think of travelling about the country in red? It is a type of the hell-fire from which he is sprung.' 'Did you observe his hair hanging down his back like a bunch of carrots?' asked the exciseman. 'Such a diabolical glance in his eye!' said the schoolmaster. 'Such a voice!' added the landlord: 'it is like the sound of a cracked clarinet.' 'His feet are not cloven,' observed the landlady. 'No matter,' exclaimed the landlord; 'the devil, when he chooses, can have as good legs as his neighbours.' 'Better than some of them,' quoth the lady, looking peevishly at the lower limbs of her husband. Meanwhile the incessant treading continued unabated, although two long hours had passed since its commencement. There was not the slightest cessation to the sound, while out of doors the storm raged with violence, and in the midst of it the hideous neighing and stamping of the black horse were heard with pre-eminence loudness. At this time the fire of the kitchen began to burn low. The sparkling blaze was gone, and in its stead nothing but a dead red lustre emanated from the grate. One candle had just expired, having burned down to the socket. Of the one which remained, the un-snuffed wick was nearly three inches in length, black and crooked at the point, and standing like a ruined tower amid an envelopement of sickly yellow flame; while around the fire's equally decaying lustre sat the frightened *coterie*, narrowing their circle as its brilliancy faded away, and eyeing each other like apparitions amidst the increasing gloom. At this time the clock of the steeple struck the hour of midnight, and the tread of the stranger suddenly ceased. There was a pause for some minutes—afterwards a rustling—then a noise as of something drawn along the floor of his room. In a moment thereafter his door opened; then it shut with violence, and heavy footsteps were heard trampling down the stair. The inmates of the kitchen shook with alarm as the tread came nearer. They expected every moment to behold the Red Man enter, and stand before them in his native character. The landlady fainted outright: the exciseman followed her example: the landlord gasped in an agony of terror: and the schoolmaster uttered a pious ejaculation for the behoof of his soul. Dr. Poundtext was the only one who preserved any degree of composure. He managed, in a trembling voice, to call out 'Avaunt, Satan! I exorcise thee from hence to the bottom of the Red Sea!' 'I am going, as fast as I can,' said the stranger, as he passed the kitchen-door on his way to the open air. His voice aroused the whole conclave from their stupor. They started up, and by a simultaneous effort rushed to the window. There they beheld the tall figure of a man,

enveloped in a black cloak, walking across the yard on his way to the stable. He had on a broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat, top-boots, with enormous spurs, and carried a gigantic whip in one hand, and a portmanteau in the other. He entered the stable, remained there about three minutes, and came out leading forth his fiery steed thoroughly accoutred. In the twinkling of an eye he got upon his back, waved his hand to the company, who were surveying him through the window, and, clapping spurs to his charger, galloped off furiously, with a hideous and unnatural laugh, through the midst of the storm. On going up stairs to the room which the devil had honoured with his presence, the landlord found that his infernal majesty had helped himself to every thing he could lay his hands upon, having broken into his desk and carried off twenty-five guineas of king's money, a ten pound Bank of England note, and sundry articles, such as seals, snuff-boxes, &c. Since that time he has not been seen in these quarters, and if he should, he will do well to beware of Dr. Poundtext, who is a civil magistrate as well as a minister, and who, instead of exorcising him to the bottom of the Red Sea, may perhaps exorcise him to the interior of Leicester gaol, to await his trial before the judges of the midland circuit."

There is also considerable variety in the poetry; and we like the following song, by Miss Emma Roberts, enough to extract it.

"Upon the Ganges' regal stream
The sun's bright splendours rest,
And gorgeously the noon-tide beam
Reposes on its breast;
But in a small secluded nook,
Beyond the western sea,
There rippling glides a narrow brook
That's dearer far to me.
The lory perches on my hand,
Caresing to be free,
And spreads its plumes at my command,
And stoops its purple head;
But where the robin, humble guest,
Comes flying from the tree,
Which bears its unpretending nest,
Alas! I'd rather be.
The fire-fly flashes through the sky,
A meteor swift and bright,
And the wide space around, on high,
Gleams with its emerald light:
Though glory traces that shooting star,
And bright its splendours shine,
The glow-worm's lamp is dearer far
To this sad heart of mine.
Throughout the summer year, the flowers
In all the flush of bloom,
Clustering around the forest bowers,
Exhale their rich perfume.
The daisy and the primrose pale,
Though scentless they may be,
That gem a far, far distant vale,
Are much more prized by me.
The lotus opes its chalice,
Upon the tank's broad lake,
Where India's stately palaces
Their ample mirrors make:
But reckless of each tower and dome,
The splendid and the grand,
I languish for a cottage home,
Within my native land."

Altogether, the *Forget Me Not*, like the *Souvenir*, well deserves to retain its accustomed place in public favour. Further claims to this distinction will be found in Lord Byron's first (though not very remarkable) attempt at poetry, in some clever contributions by W. H. Harrison, and in the general merit of the miscellany.

The Gem; a Literary Annual. London, W. Marshall; Philadelphia, T. Wardle. We have not room to say much of this volume, the fourth or fifth we have perused within the last few days; and we feel that this glut disables us from playing the part of fair critics. What seems tiresome to us, on repletion, might be very acceptable to us when hungry; and so

fastidious do we become, when we have lots of dainties pressed upon us, that we are sometimes apt to fancy the unsophisticated public might not agree with us so cordially as it generally does. But of the *Gem*. There is an injudicious trading preface, from the leading principles of which we utterly dissent; and all we can say of this introduction is, that however well meant and inoffensive it may be, it is not conceived in judgment and good taste. The *Annals*, however, are not held by us to be amenable, *seriatim*, to severe criticism; and though we shall possibly, when the hurly burly's done, offer some remarks on the system, as it touches literature and the arts, we shall, till then, abide by the rule we have prescribed for the *Literary Gazette*, and fairly report upon the merits of the volumes individually as they are placed before us.

With the usual mixture of common-places which of necessity adheres to all works of this miscellaneous class, the *Gem* has several clever and entertaining varieties. The "Man and the Lioness," by Lord Nugent, is a well-told and original story; and the "Tichborne Dole," a characteristic pleasantry, in the style of the ancient ballad, by the same noble writer. The "Unrecorded," by J. T. Hollings, is a touching little poem; and the "Three Pilgrims," by W. Howitt, a happy idea, ably wrought into verse. We shall quote it, and the "Standard-Bearer" of Allan Cunningham, as the most convenient specimens which our Annual-crowded pages of this week allow us to exhibit.

"The Pilgrims of the World."

I see a city of the East,
A city great and wide;
The evening sunlight richly falls
On its pinnacles of pride.
Its marble fountains and porticoes,
Its towers and temples vast,
And its pillars of memorial tall,
Shadows of beauty cast.
The murmur of its multitudes
Is like the ocean's voice;
Yet mayst thou hear the children's cries,
That in streets and squares rejoice.
How glorious looks that antique town!
How pleasant is its din!
But the evening falls—the gates are closed,
And have shut three strangers in.
Their steps are faint, their garbs are quaint,
Their travel has been sore:
With what a wild and hungry glance
They stalk by every door!
On goes the first—What cries are those?
I seem at once to hear
Rebellious shouts, despairing rage,
Wo, agony, and fear.
The second, with a mutter'd curse,
Down tower and house has hurried;
And the third has left a silence there,
That shall outlast the world.
Mine eye is on a broad, rich realm,
On pleasant fields and downs—
On beaten roads that run, like veins,
Unto a thousand towns.
What green and cattle-traversed hills!
What old majestic woods!
How lightly glide those merchant-ships
Along the gleaming floods!
But that pilgrim three!—that fearful three!
Again I see them, there!
And banners rise, and dying cries,
And darkness, and despair.
What cursed vision have I seen?
Is this the land they paced?
This,—where the ruins lie in heaps
Along the wormwood waste?
This,—where the wild ass snuffs the wind,
The silent ostrich stands;
And the column, like a ruin'd king,
Frowns proudly on the sands?
A home! there is a happy home!
An old, ancestral tower;
And blessed is the family
That peoples it this hour.
Honours their vallant fathers won,
Fair are their lands and wide;
But the love that is in their kindred souls,
That is their wealth and pride.

Now vengeance on these wandering fiends!
Hither, too, are they come!
I see them lowering at the gate,
And a shadow wraps that home.

Oh! there are tears—wild, burning tears,
Terror, and scorn, and hate;
Mad words, dark looks, and breaking hearts,
And partings desperate.

Can no one stop those wizards curst?
Can no one break their power?
The green boughs shrivel as they pass,
Their footsteps scorch the flower.

Stand back! stand back! thou desperate man!
Wouldst thou their progress thwart?
Those feet have stood in Adam's bower;
Those hands laid waste his heart.

Those gaunt forms round the world have gone,
Through centuries of guilt,
Pulling down what the wise have framed,
And what the mighty built.

Children of hoary Eld, they hold
This groaning earth in fee,
While Time shall stretch his weary wing
Towards the timeless sea.

Stand back! for who may cross the path
Of creatures void of breath?
Stand back! for who may dare the power
Of Sin, Decay, and Death?"

"The Standard-bearer.

All saddled and bridled,
And booted and ready,
He stopped but to listen
One word from his lady:
'All saddled and bridled—
She said it in pride,—

'To the war, like a victor,
Lord Edward, ye ride.
I wrought this fair standard
I give to thy trust:
Return it unsoiled,
Or lie with it in dust.'

He stroked his white war-horse,
He touch'd his sword-hilt:
'These hoofs shall be moisten'd,
This blade shall be gilt
In blood, ere I lose it.

Of other words none
He spoke:—like a sunbeam
He gleam'd, and was gone.
Around his bright banner
Swords sprang from the sheath;
And the words of their war-cry
Were, Victory or death!

He rode to the combat
With princes and peers,
To the rending of corselets
And splintering of spears:
He rode to the combat
Of peasants with lords,
To the flashing of muskets
And thrusting of swords.
With his sharp sword he pointed
To lines long and large,—
Cried, 'Down with the churls!
And spur'd to the charge.

All plumed, like young eagles,
And bright as the beams
Of the sun when he wakens,
In June, on the streams:
All fierce as young eagles,
When, stooping, half way
Down from heaven they come,
With a scream, on their prey:—
So rush'd knights and nobles
On peasants and grooms,
With the sounding of trumpets
And tooting of plumes.

The death-veil of battle
Asunder is torn:
Like the tempest that sports
In the valley of corn,
Death scatter'd their riders:—
In vain have they striven;
O'er the earth, like the down
Of the thistle, they're driven:
And he who rode proud
'Mid the knelling of cannon,
Lies low on the field.

With his war-steed and pennon.
Behold! he hath been
Where the striving was hot;
And, pierced with the lances,
And torn with the shot,
His war-horse has sunk—
Never more will he hear
The trumpet, or rush
On the sabre and spear:
And to him who bestrode him,
What minstrel will yield
More meed than he merits
Who flies from the field?"

There is a poem of the late J. Keats', which appeared a few weeks since in the *Literary*

Gazette: it is but justice to state, that the proprietors had previously printed their version from another copy.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Ackermann's Juvenile Forget Me Not: a Christmas, New-Year's, and Birthday Present for Youth of both Sexes, for 1830. Edited by Frederic Shoberl. London, R. Ackermann and Co.

THIS is a very pretty little volume—some of the tales very good; but we are so over-crowded with Annuals this week that we have not room for extract; but we must mention, with most especial commendation, "The Half-Boarder," by Miss Isabel Hill: it is a very touching story, and indeed one of the best of its kind we have met with in any publication for the young. "The Son of Arminius" is another favourite; and "One of the Vanities of Human Wishes" is a very sweet poem. We again congratulate our youthful friends on the variety of amusement contrived for them this year.

The Iris: a Literary and Religious Offering. Edited by the Rev T. Dale. London, 1830. Sampson Low.

ANOTHER Annual, and of a religious tendency,—for which the heathen name of *Iris* would not prepare us. "The Daughter of Jairus," by the editor, is alone worthy of the volume's price; but it is accompanied by many very pleasing pieces, which will recommend the work still more to the public.

Scènes Comiques. 12mo. pp. 374. London, Simpkin and Marshall.

No course of reading can improve the student so much in French as the perusal of the best comic authors; and these scenes—selected from Molière, Le Sage, Destouche, Picard, &c. &c.—are exercises of the most agreeable kind.

Watson's Apology for the Bible, translated into French. By L. T. Ventouillac. 12mo. pp. 199.

WE would almost retract our preceding opinion—but it is more just to say, that, in another style, this little volume is equally worthy of the French reader.

The Polar Star. Vol. I. 8vo. pp. 420. London, 1829. H. Flower.

THIS volume is a continuation of the *Extractor*, up to Michaelmas, and a selection of such articles as appear in new publications and periodical works which the editor thinks fit to arrange in his miscellany. Without complementing his judgment, we will say that it affords a proof of the great improvement and increased usefulness of the press within the last ten or twelve years.

Temporis Calendarium.

THIS is the first of the Almanacs for 1830 which has reached us; and it is a mixture of sanctified twaddle and predictions about the weather, with some, we believe, useful tables, and other almanac intelligence.

Nature Reviewed; or, a History of the principal Domestic Productions of the Earth, &c. 12mo. pp. 152. Guy, Chelmsford.

WHAT the "domestic productions of the earth" are, we do not know; but we perceive that this compilation, though it contains many good things, is not executed with that degree of intelligence and judgment to elevate it above the endless number of books made in like manner.

The Anabasis of Xenophon, &c. By F. C. Balfour, M.A., &c., late Professor of Arabic in the Greek University of Corfu. 12mo. pp. 287. Longman and Co.; Baldwin and Co.; Whittaker and Co.

A VERY good school edition of a work which needs neither comment nor commendation. The Greek text is fairly printed, and the explanatory notes, examination questions, and indexes, of the most useful description.

Bayle and Holland's Manual of General Anatomy. Translated from the French, by H. Storer. 18mo. pp. 318. London, 1829. J. Wilson.

A GOOD translation of this valuable Manual has been much wanted, and we are glad to see it ably performed in the present instance. Anatomical students are infinitely indebted to Mr. Storer for it: with plates it would be perfect as an epitome of this branch of medical science.

Johnson and Walker's Dictionary of the English Language, with the Pronunciation greatly simplified. By R. S. Jameson, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn. 8vo. pp. 831. London, 1829. W. Pickering.

WE have only to notice this second edition of a very well-edited dictionary, in which the re-trenchments and the additions appear to be adopted with equal judgment. The marks to direct the pronunciation are singularly good; and in a typographical point of view, the volume does infinite credit to its publisher.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, Oct. 1828.

I CAN imagine that a regular-bred British jockey would look with contempt at the *coup-d'œil* of our races, which the Champs de Mars presented a few days ago. The French are not as yet quite *horse-mad*, consequently spectators are few in comparison to the number which crowd the course of Epsom: on Sunday, however, as his majesty and the royal family honoured the ground with their presence, fashionable and unfashionable flocked thither, notwithstanding a fog which might compare with a Scotch mist;—above all, there was a rare exhibition of exquisite accoutred in English costume, and looking as though they deemed the king and all present had assembled on purpose to admire them. There were not above ten or twelve tents for public accommodation; so that those who did not arrive early, or who had not tickets for the *enceinte*, were obliged to "bring their courage to the sticking place," ankle-deep in mud. This was no joke; particularly as, added to the difficulty of keeping one's ground, it generally happened that some kind neighbour grasped the shoulder nearest to him to preserve his own equilibrium, leaving such indelible marks on the unfortunate prop as would lead to a supposition that fingers were pinchers; but even the loss of a limb is of slight consideration when compared to the pleasure of pursuing pleasure. No sooner were the steeds led into the arena, than my ears were dinned by exclamations of admiration: one lady, in the effervescence of enthusiasm, asserted that the courser Vesta was *un ange* in grace and form; another elevated her to *un dieu*;—and, in fact, no hero of glory or woman of beauty could have excited greater energy of expression or rhapsody of praise. As well as I remember, there were five horses *concurrents* for the prize: Vesta outstripped all the others at least fifty yards each round, and, in return for several unmer-

ciful *coups d'épée*, won for her master five thousand francs from the hand of the king, as well as several bets to a high amount from private individuals.

Amongst the news of the day is a mistake which took place in fashionable life. A few weeks ago, an Irish gentleman, of sporting reputation, ran off at twelve o'clock at night with a lady of rank, supposing her to be a very different personage: neither did he discover his error until, arriving at the first post, an *ouster* with an impertinent lantern revealed to him an old aunt instead of a young niece. The surprise, no doubt, was not altogether of the most agreeable kind: the Hibernian, however, took his part *en brave*; and perhaps finding that the *écus* of Madame la Tante outweighed the charms of her youthful relative, compromised matters, and consented to become the uncle instead of the husband of mademoiselle. On Sunday week the nuptials are to be celebrated.

The stage, or diligence, constructed so as to contain sixty live souls, has commenced its performance. The builder, I understand, has taken the precaution of separating heads by partitions of canvass; so that travellers may fancy themselves either in a kind of ambulatory pillory or in a strait jacket.

Devereux, by Mr. Bulwer, has just appeared, translated into French by a Mr. Cohen; the *French Reviews* speak highly of this work; but as Mr. Bulwer has given such fine specimens of poetic talent, his admirers here regret his present abandonment of the Muse who formerly awoke his lyre.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ANCIENT AND MODERN EGYPT.

Thirteenth Letter of M. Champollion.

Thebes, May 26, 1829.

THE geographical details given by Strabo do not permit us to look any where but in the valley of Biban-el-Molouk for the site of the tombs of the ancient kings. Even the name of this valley, which some would derive entirely from the Arabic, by translating it, "by the gates of the kings," but which is at once a corruption and a translation of the ancient Egyptian name Bib-an-Ouroou (the hypogæums of the kings), as M. Silvestre de Sacy has very justly said, would remove all doubt upon the subject. It was the royal necropolis; and a spot had been chosen perfectly adapted to this melancholy purpose—an arid valley, enclosed by very lofty perpendicular rocks, or by mountains in a complete state of decomposition; in almost all of which there are large crevices, occasioned either by the extreme heat, or by internal sinking of the earth, and the ridges of which are marked with black bands, as if they had been partly burnt. No living creature frequents this valley of death—for I do not reckon the flies, the foxes, the wolves, and the hyænas, as it was our abode in the tombs, and the smell of our kitchen, that attracted these four hungry species of animals.

On entering the most retired part of this valley by a narrow opening, evidently produced by art, and shewing still some slight remains of Egyptian sculpture, we soon saw, at the foot of the mountains or on the declivities, square doors, most of them choked up, and to which you must go close in order to see the decorations. These doors, which are all alike, are the entrances to the tombs of the kings. Every tomb has its own; for formerly no one had any connexion with another; they were all isolated: it was the seekers for treasures, both

ancient and modern, who made some communications between them.

I was eager on my arrival at Biban-el-Molouk to ascertain that these tombs, to the number of sixteen (I speak here only of tombs that retain sculptures, and the names of the kings for whom they were made), were really, as I had inferred beforehand from several considerations, those of kings, all belonging to Theban dynasties, that is to say, to princes whose families were of Theban origin. The hasty view which I took of these excavations before we went to the second cataract, and the abode of several months which I have made there on my return, have fully convinced me that these hypogæums contained the bodies of the kings of the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth dynasties, which are, in fact, all three Diospolitan or Theban dynasties. Thus I found first the tombs of six of the kings of the eighteenth, and that of the oldest of all, Amenophis Memnon, who was buried apart in the insulated valley of the west. Then come the tombs of Rhamses Meiamoun and those of six other Pharaohs, successors of Meiamoun, and belonging to the nineteenth and twentieth dynasties.

No order either of succession or of dynasty has been observed in the choice of the site of these several royal tombs; every monarch has had his own excavated where he expected to find a vein of stone suitable for his sepulchre and the vastness of the projected excavation. It is difficult to refrain from feeling a degree of surprise when, after having passed through a rather plain door, we enter into large galleries or corridors, covered with sculptures perfectly well executed, still retaining, in a great degree, the splendour of the brightest colours, and leading successively to halls supported by pillars, still more richly decorated, till we reach at length the principal apartment, that which the Egyptians call the Golden Hall, more vast than all the others, and in the middle of which was the mummy of the king, in an enormous sarcophagus of granite. The plans of these tombs, published by the Commission of Egypt, give an exact idea of the extent of the excavations, and of the immense labour which they cost to execute them with the mattock and chisel. The valleys are almost all choked up by hills formed of the little chips of stone proceeding from the astounding works in the interior of the mountain.

I cannot here give a circumstantial description of the tombs; several months have scarce sufficed for me to draw up a pretty detailed notice of the innumerable bas-reliefs which they contain, and to copy the most interesting inscriptions. I will, however, give a general idea of these monuments, by a rapid and very succinct account of one of them—that of the Pharaoh Rhamses, the son and successor of Meiamoun. The decoration of the royal tombs was arranged according to a certain system; and what is found in one, appears, with some exceptions, in almost all the others.

The architrave of the entrance-door is adorned with a bas-relief, (the same on all the first doors of the royal tombs,) which is no other than the preface, or rather the summary, of all the decorations of the Pharaonic tombs. It is a yellow disk, in the middle of which is the Sun, with a ram's head, that is to say, the setting sun entering into the lower hemisphere, and adored by the king on his knees. On the right of the disk, namely, on the east, is the goddess Nephthys, and to the left (west) the goddess Isis, occupying the two extremities of the career of the god in the upper hemisphere. At the side of the Sun,

and in the disk, is sculptured a great scarabeus, which here, as elsewhere, is the symbol of regeneration, or of successive revivifications. The king is kneeling upon the heavenly mountain, on which the feet of the two goddesses also rest. The general meaning of this composition refers to the deceased king: during his life, like the sun in his career from east to west, the king should be the vivifier and enlightener of Egypt, and the source of all the natural and moral blessings necessary to its inhabitants. The deceased Pharaoh was therefore naturally compared to the sun, setting and descending towards the dark lower hemisphere, which he must traverse to rise again in the east, and restore light and life to the upper world, which we inhabit; in the same manner as the deceased king was to revive, either to continue his transigrations, or to inhabit the celestial world, and be absorbed in the bosom of Ammon, the universal father.

This explanation is no invention of my own; the time of conjectures respecting ancient Egypt is past. All this results from the whole of the legends which cover the royal tombs. Thus this comparison or assimilation of the king with the sun in its two states, during the two parts of the day, is the key, or rather the source and the subject, of which all the other bas-reliefs, as we shall see, are only the gradual development.

In the picture described, there is always a legend, of which the following is a literal translation: "Hear what Osiris says, the lord of the Amenti, (the western region, inhabited by the dead.) I have granted thee a dwelling in the sacred mountain of the west, as to the other great gods (the king's predecessors); to thee, Osirian king, lord of the world, Rhamses, &c. still living."

This last expression would prove, if it were necessary, that the tombs of the Pharaohs, which were immense works, and required much time to execute, were commenced during their lives; and that one of the first cares of every Egyptian king was, conformably to the well-known spirit of that singular nation, to think immediately of the execution of the sepulchral monument which was to be their last asylum.

This is still better demonstrated by the first bas-relief which is met with on the left on entering all these tombs. The object of this representation evidently was, to make the king easy respecting the ill omen which seemed to result from the excavation of his tomb at a time when he was full of life and health: in fact it shews the Pharaoh, in his royal costume, presenting himself to the god Phré, with the head of a sparrow-hawk, that is to say, to the sun in its splendour at the hour of noon, who addresses to his representative on earth these consolatory words: "Hear what Phré says, the great god, lord of heaven: We grant thee a long series of days to reign over the world, and to exercise the royal attributes of Horus upon earth."

On the ceiling of this first gallery of the tomb we likewise read magnificent promises made to the king for his terrestrial life, and the detail of the privileges preserved for him in the celestial regions. These legends appear to have been placed here as if to smooth the too rapid descent which leads to the hall of the sarcophagus.

Immediately after this representation, which is a kind of delicate oratorical precaution, the question is more frankly approached by a symbolical representation,—the disk of the Sun Cricephalus, which has left the east, and is advancing towards the frontier of the west:

one knows better than Mr. Prout where to prick for them; and, as in this instance, how to avail himself of them.

Illustrations of the Bijou, for 1830.

ALTHOUGH the number of the embellishments of the *Bijou* is not quite so large as that of some of the other *Annuaire*s, yet several of the plates deserve to rank with the best in any contemporary publication. The introduction to them is a royal one:—"The King;" painted by Sir T. Lawrence, P.R.A., from a picture in the collection of Sir W. Knighton, G.C.H., now first engraved by Mr. Ensom. Of the many portraits which we have lately seen of his Majesty, we think this one of the most pleasing. It is from a picture of a kit-cat size, and represents the King in his daily and familiar costume.—"Ada, a Portrait of a young Lady;" from a picture by Sir T. Lawrence, P.R.A., engraved by Mr. Dean. Sprightly, tasteful, and highly finished.—"The African Daughter;" painted by Bonington, engraved by Mr. Sangster. Bonington seems to have delighted in sharp and sparkling effects: this is a fine little specimen of him.—"Portrait of Mrs. Arbuthnot;" painted by Sir T. Lawrence, P.R.A.; engraved by Mr. Ensom. Of the exquisitely graceful and elegant picture, the visitors to Somerset House must have a strong and pleasing recollection; great justice has been done to it by Mr. Ensom.—"The Beggar;" painted by D. Wilkie, R.A.; engraved by Mr. Fox. A very characteristic head; admirably engraved by Mr. Fox, who is rapidly rising in his profession.—"Portrait of Lady Jane Grey;" painted by De Heere; engraved by Mr. Dean. A curious and interesting representation of this amiable victim to the ambition of others.—"Milton composing *Paradise Lost*;" from a drawing by T. Stothard, R.A.; engraved by Mr. Ensom. The figures of the daughters are feminine and beautiful; we cannot eulogise that of the great bard.—"The Blue Bell—a portrait of a child;" painted by Mr. Hastings; engraved by Mr. Fox. Exceedingly pretty. Perhaps a little more repose in the effect would have been advantageous.—"Rosalind and Celia;" painted by T. Stothard, R.A.; engraved by Mr. Phelps. Very slight; but romantic and graceful.

Illustrations to the Gem, for 1830.

THE first glance at the graphic embellishments of the forthcoming volume of the *Gem* shows us that they maintain a high rank among their contemporaries and rivals. Let us consider them a little in detail.

"The Coquette;" engraved by Humphrys, from a drawing by Chalon. Not less amusing than beautiful. One lover, on his knees, is ardently pouring forth his vows to his mistress, while she, the jade! affecting to listen to him, and to pat him playfully with her fan, stretches forth her hand over a screen to another and concealed avain, who devours the "white wonder" with kisses. The subject is precisely one of those in which Mr. Chalon is pre-eminent; and the light and not over-wrought style in which it is engraved by Mr. Humphrys sets off the elegance of the design to the best advantage.—"Tyre;" engraved by N. Lacey, from a picture by T. Creswick. A splendid and fascinating little work, equally creditable to both the artists engaged in its production.—"The Stolen Interview;" engraved by H. C. Shenton, from a picture by F. P. Stephanoff. The picture, or one nearly resembling it, has appeared in the Exhibition. It possesses all Mr. Stephanoff's usual excel-

lence in composition and expression.—"Love-letter;" engraved by A. W. Warren, from a picture by R. Smirke, R.A. A most unfair proceeding. A fine buxom girl, who has received a billet-doux from her lover, overcome either by the warmth of his protestations, or which is more likely, by the warmth of the weather, has fallen fast asleep, retaining the tender epistle in her grasp. Two youthful female friends have stolen silently upon her; one of whom is endeavouring to read the letter, and thus "to pluck out the heart of her mystery." The subject is very sweetly treated.—"The Gipsy Belle;" engraved by A. Duncan, from a picture by C. R. Leslie, R.A. There is in every thing that Mr. Leslie produces a raciness and an originality which are exceedingly striking. Of those qualities this piquant head affords a pleasing specimen.—"Saturday Night;" engraved by T. Mitchell, from a picture by D. Wilkie, R.A. This is probably from one of Mr. Wilkie's earlier works; but it is very clever. It represents a domestic interior. While an old codger is sitting comfortably by the fire, puffing his pipe, a stout girl in the back-ground is performing on a squalling urchin the ablutions which are necessary to fit him for making his appearance at church next morning. The accessories are all well imagined and arranged.—"Mamelukes;" engraved by H. Warren, from a picture by A. Cooper, R.A. Sparkling and picturesque.—"Halt on the March;" engraved by W. Greatbach, from a picture by R. Edmonstone. The repose of a soldier and his family; full of interest.—"Ruins of Trionto;" engraved by W. H. Smith, from a picture by J. Martin. Another extraordinary specimen of the "multum in parvo," with which Mr. Martin is fond of surprising us.—"Verona;" engraved by W. J. Cooke, from a drawing by R. P. Bonington. They who are unacquainted with the lucidity of an Italian atmosphere can form but an inadequate notion of the fidelity of this spirited representation of the objects which it irradiates.—"Rose Malcolm;" engraved by C. Rolls, from a picture by A. Cooper, R.A. Rather a critical situation for a lady. We sincerely trust that her brave champion will triumph.—"The Infant Bacchus brought by Mercury to the Nymphs;" engraved by C. Edwards, from a picture by H. Howard, R.A. Whoever saw the original in the Exhibition at Somerset House, cannot have forgotten the poetical and classic taste which pervades it. The print is sweetly engraved.

Illustrations to Ackermann's Juvenile Forget Me Not, for 1830.

FOR the gratification and entertainment of his more youthful friends, Mr. Ackermann has provided nine embellishments to his *Juvenile Forget Me Not*, all of which are possessed of much merit. Our favourites are:—"Cottager's Family," engraved by A. Fox, from a picture by R. Hills;—"Lace Maker," engraved by H. Rolls, from a drawing by Christall;—"The Contented Family," engraved by H. Rolls, from a drawing by G. Jones, R.A.; and—"Playing with Time," engraved by J. Romney, from a drawing by Miss Sharpe.

Illustrations to the Keepsake, for 1830.

IN the notice of these Illustrations which appeared in our last Number, we inadvertently omitted to mention that the exquisite plate of "Francis the First and his Sister," was engraved by C. Heath, from a picture by R. P. Bonington.

DRAMA.

BERRY LANE.

A YOUNG lady of provincial celebrity made her appearance here last Friday week as the *Wife of Cherry* in Cherry's wretched comedy the *St. Didier's Daughter*. It would be unfair to judge of the capacity of any actress from her performance of a part which requires no capacity at all; we shall therefore postpone our opinion of Miss Mordaunt till we have an opportunity of hearing her speak something in the shape of common sense. We flatter ourselves with the hope, however, that the said opinion will be favourable. Her figure and face are pleasing, though petite; her voice sweet, though rather thin; her manner lady-like;—and there was a touch of archness now and then in her expression which promised fairly. Her reception was most gracious. We owe Farren a grudge for making us laugh so heartily at such egregious nonsense and common-place clap-traps as compose the language of *Georgina Heartall*. Mrs. Fancit and Cooper were two of the best-dressed, jolliest, half-starved puppets we ever had the pleasure of beholding. The only indication the latter favoured us with of his not having another suit to his back, was his sporting full dress at ten o'clock in the morning. Jones, as *Frank Heartall*, needs no eulogy.

A melo-drama, entitled the *Great Family*, and reported to be the joint production of Mr. Barrymore and Mr. Raymond, was acted for the first time on Thursday, at this house; and in it Mr. Grimaldi, jun. made his first bow on that side Brydges Street. His reception was very flattering—not so that of the melo-drama.

COVENT GARDEN.

A VERY clever adaptation of the Irish tale of "Suil Dhuv, or the Coopers," was produced on Thursday at this theatre, under the title of *The Robber's Wife*. It is from the pen of Mr. Pocock, who has changed the scene from Ireland to Cumberland, but adhered pretty faithfully to the principal incidents. Fawcett, Keeley, Blanchard, Power, and Abbott, all exerted themselves most laudably. Blanchard's *Lawyer* was indeed a study from nature. We have not seen this excellent actor to more advantage for some time. The *Robber's Wife* found a powerful representative in Miss E. Tree: her truly natural and pathetic delineation of the repentant daughter was acknowledged by loud and frequent bursts of applause. The terrific character of *Red Rory* loses much of its prominence in the drama, but, as far as it goes, was creditably sustained by Mr. Evans, whose careful performance of the smallest parts intrusted to him deserves the highest commendation. The scenery is admirable, as is almost invariably is at this house. Nothing can be more real than the *Cobblers' Cave*, or the exterior and interior of the inn. The drama was announced for repetition by Mr. Fawcett, amidst universal plaudits.

A Mr. Balls from Dublin made a rather successful debut on Tuesday in *Triumph Pickle*.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

IN our notice of the close of this theatre last week, we omitted the following list of pieces produced during the season.

The Female Sheriff, a Ballet by Burnet.
Lodgings for Single Gentlemen, a Comedy in one act by Poole.
Menemore, a Comedy by Dance and Pritchard.
Happiest Day of My Life, a Farce in two acts by Shakespeare.
Nothing Surprised, a Comic Piece in one act by Thompson.

ADKLPML.

VARIATION

Initiation (*gyros* M^{ns}. — Name of the leading restaurateurs in Paris sell, at the rate of two to three francs per glass, a wine which they call *l'in de l'hyver*; and many John Bulls believe that they are really drinking Cyprian

Iron Shipping.—An iron vessel was last week launched at Liverpool, and not only looked handsome, but floated buoyantly on the water. It is intended for the Irish inland navigation.

in the Press.—An Inquiry into the Natural Grandeur of the Yosemite Valley, by William H. Holmes, Second Edition, in Natural History, by William H. Holmes, Oliver Wendell, a Poem, and a Glance at London, Brussels, and Paris, by the same author.—Tales of a Breton's Boy, by Dr. Calver's Historical Account of his own Life and Times, illustrated by Notes, Historical and Biographical.—Travels in South Africa, by Cooper Ross, Revised Edition.—Reminiscences of Travels in the East, by John Carne, Esq.—The Life of a Middleman.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1999.

W and R. and R. W., except on the 14th, when it was

that it was determined that the source of vision, arising from the eye, was not the same as the source of the light, than from any other cause. And the eye was visible on the edge of the s and d rather more than it was visible on the s and d together more than it was visible on the s and d together, as a fact which was distinctly observed. If the s and d together speak with any degree of certainty, being uniformly directed only to the s and d of the s and d which was distant from the source of vision, the eye was observed.

the point at which the star appears." (CHARLES H. ADAMS.
In this case we have further to state, that Mr South
went on to - - - - - to Paris to - - - - - and did obtain, a very
satisfactory - - - - - of a considerable appearance;
where, at a - - - - - he met with Mr. South
and was engaged at Kensington.

The Literary Gazette.

We are obliged by the lines on a Minor, but have been obliged to return them.

Of Mr. Humphreys we know nothing, except that he is the editor of his grandfather's (*Dr. Doddridge's Life and Diary*),—of which work, we intend to take further notice.

* The above observations were made with a refracting telescope with a power of about 150, and agree in respect to time with those of a scientific friend, upon whose accurate eye we may depend:—his observations were made with a reflector having nearly the same power.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

PHILONOMIC SOCIETY. This Society will commence its Seventh Annual Session for the Discussion of Legal and General Questions, on Tuesday, the 27th instant.

MICHAEL SARSON, Hon. Secretary.

Parliament's Inn Hall, 15th Oct. 1880.

SPLENDID ENGRAVINGS.

Mr. SOUTHGATE respectfully announces he has received instructions from Mr. J. H. Sergeant to Sell by Auction, in November, his capital Collection of Engravings, comprising the most valuable Productions of the Dutch, Flemish, French, and English Schools, including the Works of Woollett, Strange, Wilke, Bartolozzi, Houbraeken, Vesscher, Edelinck, Drevet, Rembrandt, &c. &c. most of them Engravers' Proofs, in the choicest state. Amongst others equally valuable, will be found a Set of the Cartoons by Holloway, India Proofs; Cooke's Southern Coast, Engravers' Proofs; the whole of the Engravings after Wilkie, Engravers' Proofs, in the finest and rarest states. The whole forming one of the most interesting as well as intrinsically valuable Collections ever submitted to the Public.

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the Property of the British Institution, for which 2000 Guinea was given. In a few days will be published, *Literary Engraving* from the above Picture to be had of the Printers of London, and of the Engraver, J. G. Walker, Bond Street, (near the New Church), Chelsea. Proofs, on India paper, before the letters, 15s. each; Proofs, on India paper, with the letters, 10s. each; Prints, 7s. each.

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Some Cupids kill with arrows, some with traps."

The history of the family thus founded is told with much skill, and displays talent that may well distinguish it from its many competitors.

An Encyclopædia of Plants; comprising the Description, Specific Character, Culture, History, Application in the Arts, and every other desirable particular respecting all the Plants indigenous, cultivated in, or introduced to, Britain: combining all the advantages of a Linnean and Jussieuan Species Plantarum, an Historia Plantarum, a Grammar of Botany, and a Dictionary of Botany and Vegetable Culture. The whole in English; with the Synonyms of the commoner Plants in the different European and other Languages; the Scientific Names accentuated, their Etymologies explained, the Classes, Orders, and Botanical Terms, illustrated by Engravings; and with Figures of nearly Ten Thousand Species, exemplifying several Individuals belonging to every Genus included in the Work. Edited by J. C. Loudon, F.L.S., H.S., &c. The Specific Characters, &c. by John Lindley, F.R.S., &c. The Drawings by J. D. C. Sowerby, F.L.S. 8vo. pp. 1159. London, 1829. Longman and Co.

THE long title-page of this work expresses so fully and clearly what it is intended to be, that the duty of a reviewer is limited to that of examining how far the intention is fulfilled. We have delayed doing this hitherto, not only because we wished to ascertain the opinion of a botanical friend, but because we also wished to examine the work at leisure ourselves. We now give the result of our own examination and of our scientific inquiry. Our general impression of the work is, that, taking it altogether, it is the most extraordinary that has yet appeared on any branch of science. Extraordinary for the immense mass of information condensed in so small a space; extraordinary for the number and beauty of the engravings and for the extent of letter-press; and extraordinary for the moderate price at which it is sold. We have the essence of what in the last edition of Miller's Dictionary occupies four folio volumes; in Sowerby's Botany, plates to the value of 50*l.*; and in the Botanical Magazine and Botanical Register, plates which sell for upwards of 200*l.*; besides a quantity of original matter to which we shall presently refer, and upwards of 200 engravings of plants which have never before been figured in this or in any other publication. These engravings are made from dried specimens in the herbariums of Mr. Lambert and of Mr. Lindley, and from living plants in the collection of Messrs. Lodiges; and are not only an important addition to botanical literature, but of themselves render the work a desideratum to the scientific botanical collector.

The utility of a work of this kind is not in general to be estimated by its originality; but it is a prominent and valuable feature in this, that it contains the first and only introduction to the natural or Jussieuan system of botany

which has yet appeared in the English language. It is composed by Mr. Lindley, and is a perfect model for order, perspicuity, and comprehensiveness. The French, though they are the fathers, and the greatest cultivators of the natural system, have nothing to equal it; and we were really astonished in reading this part of the work, at the interest created by bringing together in groups all the plants similar in appearance, and of similar natures. This is, in fact, what every man in looking at plants or any thing else does in his own mind, as far as he can; so that the natural system is nothing more than a return to nature, with an increased power of detecting differences and resemblances. This manner of studying botany, which is now taught both in the Cambridge and London Universities, by Professor Henslow and Professor Lindley, will, we have little doubt, soon be generally adopted; and to Mr. Lindley will be due the honour of having resolutely persisted, contrary to the opinion of nine-tenths of the botanical world, in making an innovation which will rank botany so much higher in the scale of science.

A second original feature in Mr. Loudon's work is the introduction of forty pictorial signs as a substitute for the ten arbitrary signs formerly in use in abridged botanical description. That our readers may understand the value of this improvement, we may state, that hitherto, in botanical catalogues, all plants of the ligneous or tree kind, whether shrubs, evergreens, timber-trees, &c. were designated by the same mark, understood among botanists and gardeners, but totally unintelligible to general readers. In this Encyclopædia all the different kinds of ligneous plants are designated by small pictures; for instance, the picture of an evergreen round-headed tree, of a deciduous round-headed tree, of an evergreen spiry-topped tree like the spruce fir, of a deciduous spiry-topped tree like the larch, of an evergreen shrub like the arbutus, of a deciduous shrub like the dog-wood, of a twining evergreen shrub, of a deciduous evergreen shrub, &c. &c. In this way an immense deal of verbal description is saved, while the reader's mind is not in the slightest degree burdened by the labour of recollecting the meaning of arbitrary signs. This improvement, we are informed in the preface, is the invention of the editor, and was first exhibited by him in the Encyclopædia of Gardening, (that other immense and curious volume which he published in 1824.) Were it not for the great expense of casting a set of types for these signs,* the improvement we are sure would be adopted in all botanical works; and we hope, for the sake of botanical readers, that this difficulty may soon be generally overcome.

Another feature worthy of remark, as being of great utility, is, that the names of the commoner plants of Europe are given in the different languages of Europe. This is done in a table at the end, arranged in such a form that any person travelling in any part of the continent, and wishing to know the English or scientific name of a plant, has only to ascertain its local name and refer to the table; or knowing its local name, by referring to the table he will find its English and scientific name. In this table are also included the names of different countries in South America, and of India, Japan, and China. To Englishmen resident abroad it must be of incalculable value; and the more

* We have examined them at Messrs. Spottiswoode's, whose presses in this respect are quite a sight in typography.—Ed.

so as these names have been obtained from Nennich's Universal Lexicon—a work published at five guineas a copy, and now out of print.

As a proof of the editor's talent for arrangement and condensation, we may refer to the Introduction to the Linnean System, which, by means of twenty-seven engravings, is got into two closely printed pages! It is, nevertheless, so complete, that, as far as this mode of arrangement is concerned, it leaves nothing to be wished for.

The Glossary is another model of completeness and comprehensiveness. We have taken the trouble of ascertaining that it contains above 100 terms more than are to be found described in Milne's Botanical Dictionary, and they are illustrated by 282 figures. The last feature of the work which we shall notice is the extraordinary accuracy of the spelling of the names and of their accentuation. We will venture to assert, that there is no work extant equal to it in this respect; and for the truth of our position, we would desire any botanist to refer to the last German editions of the works of Linnæus, to Decandolle's volumes, or to Stendel's nomenclature. On the whole, Loudon's Encyclopædia of Plants is a most invaluable addition to our literature: it will be more useful to beginners, and more instructive to general readers, than any botanical work in any language; and it will be as indispensable in a well-selected general library as an English or Latin dictionary.

Insect Architecture. The Library of Entertaining Knowledge. Vol. III. Part I. London, 1829. C. Knight.

WE do not wonder that the interesting subjects of natural history should speedily attract the care of the editors of the periodical series which now occupy so marked a rank in our current literature. We have, within a few Numbers, had to review White of Selborne in Constable's Miscellany, and a work similar to the present in Murray's Family Library, besides several volumes in which the same topics were largely introduced, though they did not compose the entire substance of the publications; and now we have before us the First Part of Mr. Knight's very delightful exposition of the habits of insects as displayed in the construction of their dwellings, and other remarkable instincts for the safe deposit of their eggs, the provision for their young, and, in general, the preservation and continuance of their species.

"When an insect first issues from the egg it is called by naturalists *larva*, and, popularly, a caterpillar, a grub, or a maggot. The distinction, in popular language, seems to be, that caterpillars are produced from the eggs of moths or butterflies; *grubs*, from the eggs of beetles, bees, wasps, &c.; and *maggots* (which are without feet) from blow-flies, house-flies, cheese-flies, &c., though this is not very rigidly adhered to in common parlance. Maggots are also sometimes called *worms*, as in the instance of the meal-worm; but the common earth-worm is not a larva, nor is it by modern naturalists ranked among insects. Larvæ are remarkably small at first, but grow rapidly. The full-grown caterpillar of the goat-moth (*Cossus ligniperda*) is thus seventy-two thousand times heavier than when it issues from the egg; and the maggot of the blow-fly is, in twenty-four hours, one hundred and fifty-five times heavier than at its birth. Some larvæ have feet, others are without: none have wings. They cannot propagate. They feed voraciously on coarse

substances; and as they increase in size, which they do very rapidly, they cast their skins three or four times. In defending themselves from injury, and in preparing for their change by the construction of secure abodes, they manifest great ingenuity and mechanical skill."

"When larvæ are full grown, they cast their skins for the last time, undergo a complete change of form, and, with a few exceptions, cease to eat, and remain nearly motionless. When an insect, after this change, does not lose its legs, or continues to eat and move, it is popularly called a *nymph*; and when the inner skin of the larva is converted into a membranous or leathery covering, which wraps the insect closely up like a mummy, it is termed *pupa*, from its resemblance to an infant in swaddling bands. From the pupæ of many of the butterflies appearing gilt as if with gold, the Greeks called them *chrysalides*, and the Romans *aurælia*; and hence naturalists frequently call a pupa *chrysalis*, even when it is not gilt. We shall see, as we proceed, the curious contrivances resorted to for protecting insects in this helpless state. After a certain time, the insect which has remained in its pupa-case, like a mass of jelly without shape, is gradually preparing for its final change, when it takes the form of a perfect insect. This state was called by Linneus *imago*, because the insect, having thrown off its mask, becomes a perfect *image* of its species. Of some, this last portion of their existence is very short; others live through a year, and some exist for longer periods. They feed lightly, and never increase in size. The chief object of all is to perpetuate their species, after which the greater number quickly die. It is in this state that they exercise those remarkable instincts for the preservation of their race, which are exhibited in their preparations for the shelter of their eggs, and the nourishment of their larvæ."

Our editor follows various insects through all these contrivances and mutations; and their mere names will help to indicate the curious nature of his investigations: for we have mason-wasps, mason-bees, mining-bees, carpenters, upholsterers, carders, social wasps, tree-hoppers, saw-flies, embroiderers, leaf-rollers, tent-makers, moss-builders, earth-masons, and many an other kind, whose extraordinary habits procure for them such appropriate appellations. And it is deserving of notice, that this is not, as is too usual, the transcript of statements from preceding and popular writers on entomology. On the contrary, Mr. J. Rennie is quoted as an authority for some very original inquiries; and he seems to us to have thrown considerable light on a number of interesting particulars connected with the study of natural history. But we need not again go over the ground we have of late traversed so frequently; and simply repeating that this little volume is well worthy of high esteem among its compeers, we shall give two or three extracts to illustrate its style and manner. Speaking of the upholsterer-bees, Mr. Rennie observes:—

"The material used for tapestry by the insect upholsterer is supplied by the petals of the scarlet field-poppy, from which she successively cuts off small pieces of an oval shape, seizes them between her legs, and conveys them to the nest. She begins her work at the bottom, which she overlays with three or four leaves in thickness, and the sides have never less than two. When she finds that the piece she has brought is too large to fit the place intended, she cuts off what is superfluous, and carries

away the shreds. By cutting the fresh petal of a poppy with a pair of scissors, we may perceive the difficulty of keeping the piece free from wrinkles and shrivelling; but the bee knows how to spread the pieces which she uses as smooth as glass. When she has in this manner hung the little chamber all round with this splendid scarlet tapestry, of which she is not sparing, but extends it even beyond the entrance, she then fills it with the pollen of flowers mixed with honey, to the height of about half an inch. In this magazine of provisions for her future progeny she lays an egg, and over it folds down the tapestry of poppy petals from above. The upper part is then filled in with earth; but Latreille says, he has observed more than one cell constructed in a single excavation. This may account for Réaumur's describing them as sometimes seven inches deep; a circumstance which Latreille, however, thinks very surprising. It will, perhaps, be impossible ever to ascertain beyond a doubt, whether the tapestry-bee is led to select the brilliant petals of the poppy from their colour, or from any other quality they may possess—of softness or of warmth, for instance. Réaumur thinks that the largeness, united with the flexibility of the poppy-leaves, determines her choice. Yet it is not improbable that her eye may be gratified by the appearance of her nest;—that she may possess a feeling of the beautiful in colour, and may look with complacency upon the delicate hangings of the apartment which she destines for her offspring. Why should not an insect be supposed to have a glimmering of the value of ornament? How can we pronounce, from our limited notion of the mode in which the inferior animals think and act, that their gratifications are wholly bounded by the positive utility of the objects which surround them? Why does a dog howl at the sound of a bugle, but because it offends his organs of hearing?—and why, therefore, may not a bee feel gladness in the brilliant hues of her scarlet drapery, because they are grateful to her organs of sight? All these little creatures work, probably, with more neatness and finish than is absolutely essential for comfort; and this circumstance alone would imply that they have something of taste to exhibit, which produces to them a pleasurable emotion. The tapestry-bee is, however, content with ornamenting the interior only of the nest which she forms for her progeny. She does not misplace her embellishments with the error of some human artists. She desires security as well as elegance; and, therefore, she leaves no external traces of her operations. Her's is not a mansion rich with columns and friezes without, but cold and unfurnished within, like the desolate palaces of Venice. She covers her tapestry quite round with the common earth; and leaves her eggs enclosed in their poppy-case with a certainty that the outward show of her labours will attract no plunderer.

"The monkish legends tell us that St. Francis Xavier, walking one day in a garden, and seeing an insect, of the *mantis* genus, moving along in its solemn way, holding up its two fore legs as in the act of devotion, desired it to sing the praises of God. The legend adds that the saint immediately heard the insect carol a fine canticle with a loud emphasis. We want no miraculous voice to record the wonders of the Almighty hand, when we regard the insect world. The little rose-leaf cutter, pursuing her work with the nicest mathematical art—using no artificial instruments to form her ovals and her circles—knowing that the elastic

property of the leaves will retain them in their position—making her nest of equal strength throughout, by the most rational adjustment of each distinct part—demands from us something more than mere wonder; for such an exercise of instinctive ingenuity at once directs our admiration to the great Contriver, who has so admirably proportioned her knowledge to her necessities."

Of the carders, we are told:—"The carder-bees select for their nest a shallow excavation about half a foot in diameter; but when they cannot find one to suit their purpose, they undertake the Herculean task of digging one themselves. They cover this hollow with a dome of moss—sometimes, as we have ascertained, of withered grass. They make use, indeed, of whatever materials may be within their reach; for they do not attempt to bring any thing from a distance, not even when they are deprived of the greater portion by an experimental naturalist. Their only method of transporting materials to the building is by pushing them along the ground—the bee, for that purpose, working backwards, with its head turned from the nest. If there is only one bee engaged in this labour, as usually happens in the early spring, when a nest is founded by a solitary female who has outlived the winter, she transports her little bundles of moss or grass by successive backward pushes, till she gets them home. In the latter part of the season, when the hive is populous and can afford more hands, there is an ingenious division of this labour. A file of bees, to the number sometimes of half a dozen, is established, from the nest to the moss or grass which they intend to use, the heads of all the file of bees being turned from the nest and towards the material. The last bee of the file lays hold of some of the moss with her mandibles, disentangles it from the rest, and having *carded* it with her fore-legs into a sort of felt or small bundle, she pushes it under her body to the next bee, who passes it in the same manner to the next, and so on till it is brought to the border of the nest—in the same way as we sometimes see sugar-loaves conveyed from a cart to a warehouse, by a file of porters throwing them from one to another. The elevation of the dome, which is all built from the interior, is from four to six inches above the level of the field. Beside the moss or grass, they frequently employ coarse wax to form the ceiling of the vault, for the purpose of keeping out rain, and preventing high winds from destroying it. Before this finishing is given to the nest, we have remarked, that on a fine sunshiny day the upper portion of the dome was opened to the extent of more than an inch, in order, we suppose, to forward the hatching of the eggs in the interior; but on the approach of night this was carefully covered in again. It was remarkable that the opening which we have just mentioned was never used by the bees for either their entrance or their exit from the nest, though they were all at work there, and, of course, would have found it the readiest and easiest passage. But they invariably made their exit and their entrance through the covert-way or gallery which opens at the bottom of the nest, and, in some nests, is about a foot long and half an inch wide. This is, no doubt, intended for concealment, from field-mice, polecats, wasps, and other depredators."

Here we conclude, fully convinced that the work needs no farther commendation from us to give it deserved popularity.

Beatrice: a Tale founded on Facts. By Mrs. Hofland. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1829. Longman and Co.

AMID the many writers who have, in the present day, devoted talents worthy of the branch of literature they pursue—one of its most important and influential, viz. that which has in view youthful amusement and improvement—few take a deservedly higher rank than Mrs. Hofland. We know no books, for example, that we would sooner place in the hands of young people than her *Ellen the Teacher*, and the *Son of a Genius*. In this age of over-education, when, if there be no royal road to science, there are at least many macadamised ones—when zoology, conchology, &c. &c. are familiar in the mouth as “household words,”—we hold that author to be no small moral benefactor who remembers that there are such things as principles to be strengthened, affections to be cultivated, and, above all, that sense is preferable to knowledge. Indeed, good, plain, excellent sense, is the great characteristic excellence of Mrs. Hofland’s works: her maxims are such as all may apply, her examples such as all may imitate. *Beatrice* is, we think, one of her most successful productions: the story, though romantic enough to be extremely interesting, is quite rational enough to be also very instructive; for few mental lessons are more instructive than difficulties supported and overcome by principle and exertion. We shall not attempt to detail the plot, but content ourselves with an extract to mark some individual excellence. The ensuing scene is one of much power; it is that of a gamester returning home to the wife whom his harshness has already reduced almost to the grave.

“He descended with heavy steps, and turned into the little breakfast-parlour. Mrs. De Lester had been during the whole evening in that dreadful state, which may be conceived as affecting one whose health was so delicate, whose heart was so worn, whose *all* was set on one awful cast. The sultry state of the atmosphere, the distant roll of thunder, the fear that something might prevent Alice and Beatrice from arriving, and the remembrance that, in all probability, her last hope, her last chance, was over, contributed so to agitate her, that many times in the course of the evening it might be said her poor frame shook ‘almost to dissolution;’ and often did she wish the struggle was over, even by the surrender of an existence so long rendered miserable. At length, in the dead of night, when her very soul might be said to centre in her sense of hearing, she heard a light yet distinct step: it ascended the stairs to Alice’s room; ‘doubtless it was she, who was in the first place seeking a cloak or other necessities.’ In a few minutes this doubt vanished—it was De Lester’s tread: ‘unquestionably he had discovered their design; he had sought Alice as the first victim of his wrath, and not found her; he was coming alone, in this hour of darkness, to wreak it upon her.’ Gasping for breath, conscious of increasing faintness, Elinor tore the handkerchief from her throat, and tried to rise from the sofa on which she was sitting, that she might approach the window for air; but every step which brought her husband more near, doubled the beating of her heart, the indistinctness of her perceptions; and, at the moment when his hand was laid on the handle of the door, she sunk utterly lifeless on the pillow of the sofa, her head so thrown as to render her position dangerous. There was a chamber-lamp in the room, which, together with the candle in his

hand, shewed De Lester the form and situation of his wife. For a moment he started horror-struck, as thinking she was dead; but, on looking at her closely, he was convinced she had only fainted, for he had seen her several times in a precisely similar situation. ‘Doubtless she had heard him, and, knowing the house was unguarded, had been terrified by the fear of thieves. What! if she never should recover?—would it not be well if she never did? Her will might be now established—Maria might be his: the world was before him in all its splendour of promise.’ ‘A busy, meddling fiend’ was at the gamester’s heart: the most tempting stake he had ever thrown for was before him; the prize, the splendid prize, by which he might win a world of wealth, could be obtained, and, as it appeared, without risk for the future: ‘the future of time he meant—the future of eternity he thought not of.’ Whilst he gazed on her pale countenance, and her long small neck now exposed by her position, he perceived a slight motion of the eyelid indicative of returning life; he sprang forward, and his heart whispered, ‘that motion must be the last.’ Instantly clasping her neck with his hands, which yet trembled as they murdered, he pressed her closely: a deep gurgling sound rose from the stomach, and seemed struggling in the throat, whilst the body, as by a convulsive effort, rolled from the sofa upon the floor. Starting, as if the dead had risen from the grave to reproach him, De Lester suddenly let go his hold and fled from the room—the house.”

We agree too well with the following passage not to quote it.

“Of all the acts of folly and cruelty of which parental blindness can be guilty, there is none more to be lamented than that which, from the pride of display, or even the more generous desire for improvement, induces any one to press on infancy the tasks fitted for youth, or demand from youth the wisdom of manhood. It is rending and scattering the blossoms in order to reach the fruit, which, if obtained, is immature, unnatural, and therefore unpleasant; it is the conduct of an Egyptian taskmaster, demanding a work without the materials which form it; an arraigning of the wisdom and providence of God, who, in rendering man the most perfect of his creatures, has yet evidently made his progress the slowest towards the attainment of his powers. That indolence must be conquered, industry excited in children; that Dr. Johnson truly said, ‘idleness was the fault of human nature;’ and it is a fault every wise and kind parent will seek to eradicate,—there is no denying; but we speak in pity to that class of children who are stimulated because they are willing—goaded whilst running. Can the recitation of Greek verses at ten years old, the power of playing difficult music at sight by fingers not half grown, or any of the wonders we see and hear so much of, repay a blooming girl for the roses that are banished, the breath that is shortened, the appetite that is fled, the spine that is curvating, the sense of joyful existence which once danced in her eyes, vibrated through her nerves, was heard in every thrilling accent?—Oh, no, no!”

In laying down Mrs. Hofland’s works, we feel it is an equal pleasure and justice to say we cordially approve and warmly recommend them.

Epicharis: an Historical Tragedy. By the Author of “Granby.” 8vo. pp. 115. London, 1829. Colburn and Bentley.

WE doubt whether this tragedy be so well

calculated for quiet and unexcited persons;—indeed, criticism on an acted drama comes somewhat late: if favourable, it is but the echo of already expressed opinion; and if the reverse, the author’s ear has previously confessed his doom. We shall therefore content ourselves with quotation: our first is Flavius’s spirited address to Piso.

“All is not lost if thou art still the same
I thought thee once—let us play a daring part:
No other suits the time. Come to the camp
And rouse our soldiers—or be that my office—
Mount thou the rostrum—let thy eloquence
Flow as it hath ere now: we’ll not lack help—
Trust me there’s many a yet unsounded bosom
Will kindle at thy words. Our confidence
Will shew like strength—surprise and dread will quell
The spirit of Nero—dangers unforeseen
Scare e’en the brave—and, what! shall you poor tyrant
With Tigellinus and his sensual crew
For sole defence—shall he resist our onset,
As sudden as ‘tis fierce? We’ll prove his power.
We know not yet the vastness of our own.
Plans to the dastard seem impossible,
While the prophetic eye of bravery
Pregures their completion. Oh! if safety,
If ought but fameless safety were our aim,
‘T were wiser to be bold. The pestilence
Of treachery spreadeth far: its deadly breath
Hath been on thee; and in a few short hours
It may consign thee to inglorious death.
If thou must fall, oh, let it be with honour—
Fall with the last proud wrecks of Roman virtue—
Fall for the commonwealth—fall if thou must,
But so that not success can be more glorious.
Thou hast a soul awake to high ambition—
And shall it slumber? See, there lies success—
There failure—but what failure? I will tell thee.
If e’en thou faltest nobly, thy best name
Shall find a dwelling-place in every heart
Where honour lives. Their memories shall embalm
thee—
Their children shall be taught to lip thy praise,
And hold thee more than mortal; and who e’er
Utters henceforth the awful name of Rome,
Shall think on Piso.”

One pretty speech of the heroine’s, and we have done.

“Epicharis. But, my Flavius,
Methinks I must reproach thy agency.
What! bear this spirit-stirring tale so long
Pent in thy bosom?
Flavius. Nay, forgive me, dearest:
I would not cast one cloud on that fair brow
That I could not remove. I would not wound
Thy soft and tender nature.
Epicharis. Ay, ‘tis soft,
A very woman’s; yet believe not, Flavius,
That I would shrink to hear of noble perils,
Or dim the glory of the man I honoured
With ill-timed tremblings for his safety. Danger
Is a dread precipice, on the brink of which
Men earn the love of woman. I have not
Perchance that rigid stubbornness of nerve
That Roman matrons boast. I cannot view
With stern delight the dreadful game of death
In the blood-stained arena. I have shuddered
At the bare mention of its festivals,
Where one slight motion of a careless hand
Is made the signal for deliberate slaughter,
And wanton idlers bid defiance to mercy
Butchered for their sport. Yes, if to shudder
At deeds like these be wit, then such am I.
But yet, repent not to have told me all.
I can applaud your dangers, and can share them.
I may have yet to prove what fortune
Lurks in the silken folds of female weakness.”

Reisen in Egypten, &c. Travels in Egypt, Libya, Nubia, and Dongola, between the Years 1820—1825. By Dr. W. F. Hemprich and Dr. C. G. Ehrenberg. Vol. I. Part I. 4to. Berlin, 1828.

THOUGH the work, of which this first part is the forerunner, cannot fail to prove a valuable accession to the cabinet of the geologist and botanist, yet so much has been written and published of late on the subject of the countries to which its scientific pages are devoted, that our readers will rather thank than blame us for waving any diffusive comment upon it. Besides, separate narratives of this expedition have already been given by General Minnott, Dr. Scholz, and M. Grun. It may be necessary, however, to remind the reader, that it was undertaken under the patronage of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Berlin, was

nearly wrecked by reason of the scanty supplies with which that learned body was enabled to furnish it, and was ultimately indebted for its refitting and completion to the munificence and public spirit of the present King of Prussia; a monarch who has, silently and unostentatiously, effected more for the real happiness and intellectual advancement of thirteen millions of his fellow-creatures than any other of the loudly be-praised princely liberals of his age.

To the subsequent extracts from this publication we shall merely premise, that the travellers quitted the shores of Europe in June 1820, and returned in 1826, from a six years' sojourn in Africa, during which Dr. Hemprich, Professor Liman, and seven other Europeans, sunk under the privations and difficulties to which they were exposed.

The Bocca di Cattaro.—"The inhabitants of this district are an athletic race; nor can I ever forget the five living Rolandos whom I saw standing in the cafeteria of Castel Nuovo, dressed out in their Sunday attire, and glittering with their silver arms; their noble figures singularly contrasting with a meagre, black-apparelled mummy of an attorney. The perusal of the regulations induced them with right military precision to remove their hats from their brows. In a moment my fancy had conjured up the forms of Tell and his companions in arms: my companion's thoughts were busied with like recollections; and it required all the persuasion which his prudence could suggest, to induce me not to make a sketch of this interesting scene, in which the parties were occupied with the execution of a contract. The people of the country have borne their national character in its fullest vigour through every repeated change of masters. The countryman will not resign the arms at his girdle, and his long Albanian musket, glistening with its silver glories, though murder and deeds of sanguinary vengeance have long since made the government desirous of disarming him. The military garrisons of the forts never associate with these people: mutual pride and mistrust have raised a partition wall between them; and the soldiery are compelled to keep constantly upon their guard. Allusions were dropped by the Hungarians, who compose the bulk of the garrison, to an Austrian Siberia; but the perspiration which distilled from our every pore afforded pretty substantial proof that the comparison did not hold good, so far as climate was concerned. When any of the natives die, their female neighbours issue forth with dishevelled locks, the flesh torn off their faces and bosoms, and howling in regular cadence. Many of them cut off their hair, bind it with the deceased person's, and set up the branch upon the grave. All monks and clerical persons stand in bad odour; and we found it a prevalent axiom among the common people, that those who consider religion as their bread, cannot be religious themselves. An atrocious murder, consequent upon violation, which had been committed by an ecclesiastic not many days before, close to Castel Nuovo, seemed to be the chief cause of the odium generated against his caste; and it must be confessed, that if there were any truth in the tales of atrocities told of the ecclesiastics in this quarter, they deserved all the detestation in which they were held. The Bocchese are in part Catholics and in part schismatic Greeks; and the juxtaposition of two such determined rivals, of whom the latter are the prevailing party, is probably the occasion of all kinds of broils.

Their fashions are long and rigid;—a point in which the Catholics approximate closely to the Greeks. Even cheese, eggs, and fish, are prohibited. For our own security's sake, we were advised, whenever we had occasion to visit any distant spot, to take none but a native for our guide. The predominant language is Illyrian; but there are individuals in every quarter who either speak Italian or can make themselves understood in that tongue. The dress of the Bocchese consists of broad, easy shoes, coloured stockings, short breeches not much slashed, and a vest fastened with large buttons, and sometimes decorated with broad gilt plates, to which it is customary to add a large glass button set in silver. Round the middle of the body runs a girdle of red woollen stuff, into which a long knife with a silver sheath is stuck, the knife being secured by a silver chain. Its usual accompaniments are a smaller knife and a richly ornamented pistol. A woollen jerkin hangs across the left shoulder. Their sleek locks are covered by a round hat, with a somewhat capacious brim; and in their hand they bear an Albanian musket, handsomely ornamented. A tobacco-bag hanging from the girdle, and a long pipe with a Turkish head and amber mouth-piece, complete the personal paraphernalia of the Dalmatian. There is much less of display in the female's attire. An upper-garment without sleeves, and of no very becoming trim, sets every conjecture as to corporeal endowments at defiance. The hair is loosely bound together, or enveloped in a cloth. Castel Nuovo lies on the side of a hill; the fortress standing on the summit, about four hundred feet above the town. One part of the place is protected by high walls, and the other hangs over steep precipices; it consists of small houses of a mean appearance, most of them being set against the rocks: a few of them form steep lanes, and some fifteen are brought together so as to form a kind of market-place, where stands a well, bearing an Arabic inscription. Cattaro is not much larger nor handsomer. The environs of Castel Nuovo offer a rich banquet to the historical inquirer, in its ruins, walls, and inscriptions. Its population is about 1000; and that of Cattaro cannot be much larger."

Coloured Shadows.—"When in the neighbourhood of Candia, on the first of September, about sunset, there was a large halo encircling the sun, and to this succeeded a deep glow of evening crimson. The heavens were cloudless, and the sky was serene and clear. Under such circumstances as these, it was singular that every shadow in the ship was tinted;—an occurrence which generally accompanies double refraction. The shadows which fell upon the white scuttles were of azure blue; and those which fell upon the rigging and sails, to which the sun had imparted a slight reddish tint, varied from blue to green. Some were of a clear bright green. The sea was agitated, and did not reflect the sun. On those portions of the sails which the sun had tinted with the deepest red, the green predominated over the blue. A similar, and no less brilliant appearance, was observed on the 3d of September; and in both instances there was not only no double shadow, but the sun was surrounded by a halo. The tint thus imparted to the shadows must have arisen from the yellowish gray stratum of mist which lay between the ship and the sun."

A Beduin Family.—"We must yet render some account of the family of Beduins, in whose neighbourhood we had encamped for the night, during our excursion to the Libyan

desert. The *paterfamilias* was a robust old man, with silvery locks, and led an isolated life in this district with three old women, who formed part of his chattels: he inhabited a hut constructed with branches of the date-tree and durra-straw; it was enclosed on three sides only, and was too low to admit of a person's standing upright. He was perfectly naked, save and except a piece of ragged cloth drawn across his loins, and wore on his head a tattered woollen cap, which evinced, by its hue, that his wives were not addicted to the craft of washing. The latter were clad with a piece of exceedingly dirty linen, which they had thrown over their heads and round their bodies; and tended his flocks, with the assistance of long staves made of the date-tree. Naked as the old man was, he was nevertheless the owner of several camels, oxen, asses, seven hundred sheep, and some hundreds of goats. By means of a cross pole, furnished with a counterpoise at one end and a basket at the other, he drew up water for the irrigation of his little garden; in which he cultivated durra, tobacco, and melons. Immediately against the well he had raised a dam, running in an inclined direction into his garden, and formed a canal on the top of it, through apertures in which, that he could open with his hand or close with earth, he led the water to whatever spot he wished. We perceived no arms or utensils under his roof, besides a gun and half the rind of a gourd: some remnants of woollen cloth apparently formed their nightly coverings. His wives, whose chins were painted blue, always kept themselves at a distance, and when they wished to speak to him, winked to him to come to them: their faces were not concealed; but whenever our excursions brought us near to them, they drew a corner of the linen that covered their heads across their mouths, but without moving away from the spot. Their food consisted of fresh bread baked upon heated stones, and a little milk; though dry as the season of the year was to our apprehension, we could not obtain any without making a present to the owner. In spite of the miserable scantiness of comforts which characterised this nomadic existence, the harmless expression of the old man's features inspired us with a tinge of veneration for its simplicity. The deprivations, which apparently accompanied it, were in fact engendered by the paucity of its exigencies; and every circumstance which surrounded us called up vivid recollections of the patriarchal times."

At our next convenience we shall extract from this work some interesting particulars relative to Mehmet Ali, Pasha of Egypt.*

Friendship's Offering: a Literary Album, and Christmas and New Year's Present, for 1830. London. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THERE is a very agreeable variety in this volume; Mr. Kennedy's productions being, on the whole, the most striking and original. His "Outline of a Life" deserves peculiar notice; and we cannot do better than quote his poem of "Lyra."

"Meet emblem of the fairest dreams
Of Poesy art thou,
Sweet Lyra! with thy locks of youth
Around a thoughtful brow.
The sacred instrument of song
That woos thy high command,
May well give forth its holiest tones
Beneath so pure a hand.

* Apropos of this pasha, we observe that he is about to increase his army, and place it entirely on the European footing. The *Spectateur Militaire* states that he has secured the services of five French *chefs d'escadron*, who are to receive each 25,000*fr.* per annum; and sixteen cavalry captains, who are to have each 10,000*fr.*

O were the minstrel's soul still warmed
By visions like to thee,
How blest in this world's wilderness
His quiet walk would be!

Quick-rushing tears of love would flow
From ardent eyes and proud,
Drawn by his voice, as grateful showers
Fall from a thunder-cloud.

And, touched by him, dark Passion's dross
Would turn to Virtue's gold,
And scenes to Fancy only known
As yet, all might behold.

All might—all would—could Fantasy
Effect each airy plan,
Or could a fond wish separate
The minstrel from the man.

But bards of the least earthly mould
Have much of mortal leaven;
They match the eagle in his flight,
And soar—though not to heaven.

O were this breast a temple fit,
Dear Lyra, for thy stay,
By the best blossom of my hopes,
Farewell I could not say!

But there, from highways of the world,
Intrude a vagrant crew
Of thoughts unmeet to mate with thee;
So, Beautiful! adieu.

The rarest wind that blows will bear
Thee gladly along,
If, like the lark, thou'lt only cheer
Thy journey with a song.

Then on the pinions of the breeze
O'er mead and mountain sail—
Smooth the stern warrior's stormy front,
Consoled the lover pale.

And at those hours when most I feel
Heart-purified and free,
I shall invoke thee, that thou may'st
My guiding spirit be."

The "Bechuana Boy," by the editor himself (Mr. T. Pringle), is a very pretty poem; and the "White Bristol"—a curious title for a slight story—very dramatically put together. The binding, embossed plum-coloured leather, is both elegant and better adapted for use as well as ornament than the cases of its silken rivals.

The Bijou: an Annual of Literature and the Arts. London, 1830. W. Pickering.

In our last we passed in review that division of this Annual which pertains to the arts: of its literary division we are not called upon to say much; for, with some pleasing reading, there is nothing so much out of the common way as to tempt us to extract. Indeed, the *Bijou* must rest more on its arts than its literature this year—a remark, be it said, which will apply very generally to its fellows in the field. There is not one of these publications which is not "as cheap as dirt,"* if merely estimated by its embellishments; yet, in truth, the majority are very defective in literary novelty and striking talent: but we promised to withhold our reflections till the entire produce of the season was fairly before us,—and we shall then take a comprehensive view of their effects upon contemporary literature and arts.

The Juvenile Keepsake. 1830. Edited by T. Roscoe. London. Hurst and Co.

ANOTHER very delightful little volume, and one we can cordially praise; but, from an overpress of these annual *débutantes*, we can only extract the following little poem by L. E. L.

"The Mariner's Child to his Mother.
Oh, weep no more, sweet mother,
Oh, weep no more to-night;
And only watch the sea, mother,
Beneath the morning light.

* The Printer's Devil having queried our marks of quotation, we are bound to give up our author; viz. Cornelius O'Gorman, from whose sign we copied it some time since, and somewhere down the river. C. O'G. appeared, from circumstances, to have set up, over the way, a rival shop to John Timson's, who having inscribed his board—"John Timson, Haberdasher, &c.—all sorts of haberdashery goods as cheap as Flint's," Mr. O'Gorman immediately added to his name and pretensions "all sorts of haberdashery goods as cheap as dirt!"

Then the bright blue sky is joyful,
And the bright blue sky is clear,
And I can see, sweet mother,
To kiss away your tear.

But now the wind goes wailing
O'er the dark and trackless deep,
And I know your grief, sweet mother,
Though I only hear you weep.

My father's ship will come, mother,
In safety o'er the main;
When the grapes are dyed with purple,
He will be back again.

The vines were but in blossom
When he bade me watch them grow;
And now the large leaves, mother,
Conceal their crimson glow.

He'll bring us shells and sea-weed,
And birds of shining wing;
But what are these, dear mother?
It is himself he'll bring.

Our beautiful Madonna
Will mark how you have wept,
The prayers of early morning,
The vigils you have kept.

She will guide his stately vessel,
Though the sea be dark and drear;
Another week of sunshine,
My father will be here.

I'll watch with thee, sweet mother,
But the stars fade from my sight;
Come, come and sleep, dear mother—
Oh, weep no more to-night."

There is a pretty tale, translated from *Madame de Genlis*; and we like much the "Mask," and a "Tale of the Christmas Holydays."

Mac Farlane's Constantinople in 1828.

(Second Notice.)

HAVING left a few matters in this publication which seem to us to demand our notice, we beg to append the following short sketch to what we said in our preceding Number.

"Gaming (says the author) is a vice in which all barbarians are found to delight; and the strict prohibition of the Koran has not been sufficient to repel the passion from the breasts of the Turks. On the quay of Smyrna, and immediately under the windows of my friend Langdon's house, I used to observe daily a tribe of uncouth mountaineers playing at a game with three thimbles and a pea (the identical ambulatory mode of gambling resorted to on our race-courses). The table was kept by a Smyrniote Greek; but the solemn Turk, Hadji-Bey, the chief of the police, was a partner in the concern; and thus not only free license to the infringement of the laws of the prophet was accorded, but the *cat's-paw*, the Greek, was protected in the exercise of his calling against the violence of the losers. I have frequently been amused by observing a group of naked-legged *devidjis*, or camel-drivers, gathered round the attractive table: their wild, coal-black eyes would almost start out of their head, as they followed the motions of the adroit Greek; their hard, fixed features would brighten into an expression of triumph as they threw down their broad hand on the thimble,—sure the pea was there; and perspiration would stand in globules on their forehead after their repeated failures and losses. All their Turkish and oriental apathy was not proof to the excitement of play; and their animation and expression was the more striking, from their general phlegmatic demeanour and the immobility of their countenances. I once saw a fellow of this class, who had just received several hundred piastres for some figs he had brought to market, play at the thimbles and pea until he had lost his last asper; and he would then have staked his camels, if the Greek had not been afraid. Another evening I saw a swarthy *devidji*, who had been repeatedly foiled by the dexterous ghiaour, and who had lost his last stake, wax furious and rush on the Greek with his drawn yataghan,

swearing he was Satan himself, or he could not so deceive his eyes. Two stout Turks, covered with arms, the allies or the agents of friend Hadji-Bey, always hovered by to protect the conjurer and the money,—they were there then, and seized and disarmed the madman before he could do any mischief. This game of the pea is the only species of gambling in public I ever saw amongst the Turks.

"I have" (continues Mr. Mac Farlane, speaking of another Turkish relaxation) "described the military music of the Turks as I was accustomed to hear it at Smyrna: it was not without its charms; but the Turkish music at the College of Dervishes was, as might be supposed, far superior. Indeed, after being somewhat used to its wildness and eccentricity, I began even to relish it, and was frequently deeply moved with its thrilling flight and its simplicity, particularly when the minstrels sounded 'the loftier theme,' responsive to the Arabic adjurations of devotion and enthusiasm, and the dervishes were dancing violently round, as in a whirlwind. The favourite instrument, and which is indeed their best, is a sort of pipe or flute, held almost perpendicularly, and blown at the end like a flageolet or clarinet: it is above three feet in length, more slender than our common flutes, with its stops much wider apart; it seems made of a simple reed or cane, and has no keys. In short, it is as primitive a musical instrument as I ever saw, and probably has descended without improvement or change from the most remote ages and the earliest people of the East. Yet from this rude reed notes are produced that are ravishingly soft and sweet—some of them dissimilar, but very superior to the finest tones I ever heard from our flute, even when in the hands of a Drouet. There is a species of flute with an elbow, called by the Italians '*la voce umana*,' whose notes approach near to those of the Turkish pipe,—but they do not equal them."

Among the other curiosities in these volumes is a copy of the Prayer, in Romic, which the Sultan Mahmoud, their sworn and cruel adversary, caused the Greek patriarch to frame, and the Greek population of Constantinople to put up to heaven in their churches, for the success of his arms. We would fain print this remarkable document, but we want room.

At Prinkipo Mr. Mac Farlane took up his lodgings with three respectable Greek widows, of whom the following melancholy tale is told: "The eldest of them had been the wife of a Greek musician of high repute; the two younger the wives of the old lady's sons: the father and the two sons, who lived together, had been instructors in the accomplishments of music and dancing to the female children purchased for the sultan, and destined to grace his harem. These situations were lucrative, and even honourable in the estimation of the country. The quiet retreat of Prinkipo was well chosen: the fair Turkish children were lodged in the house of the Greek, and several who had since become the ornaments of the seraglio, or the favourites of the sultan, had dwelt and played in the rooms of which I was about to take possession. The employment of the Greeks was one of great confidence, and, as I have said, even of honour, and frequently brought both father and sons in contact with the great Turks about the seraglio,—at times even with the sultan himself, and they might indeed be considered as sorts of favourites, and among the small number of rayahs of their class who deemed themselves bound to pray for the prosperity of Mahmood. At the breaking

out of the Greek revolution they were residing at Prinkipo, whence perhaps they had never been much farther distant than to Constantinople in their lives. Of the movements of their brethren, whether in the Principalities, the Morea, or the Islands, they knew nothing; yet one morning, the father and his two sons were summoned to the Porte, and beheaded without a word of accusation or of reason on the part of the Turks. They had repaired at the call unsuspectingly, and even confident in the favour they enjoyed; and the hapless females, who were never to see them more, saw them depart early in the morning, nothing doubting but they would return in the evening. The wife of the head of the family, who suffered doubly in the loss of husband and sons, at that distance of time had not wholly recovered from the shock which had nearly deprived her of reason. Her widowed daughters-in-law were two genteel women, apparently under thirty years of age; at the time one of them had been suffering for many months from the attacks of a slow fever, which had reduced her to such a state of weakness that she very rarely left her bed. I never saw a human being so pale, and thin, and woe-begone. She would take no medicine—she dared not shorten her life, but she would do nothing to prolong it; and it was sometimes with difficulty that her affectionate relatives could induce her to swallow that infinitely small portion of food on which she existed. As her fever was intermittent I thought that the chinine I was taking might be beneficial to her; she, however, constantly refused to take it, and would not listen to the advice of the Swedish physician who several times visited me. The Greeks always wear their mourning, particularly when the person lost has stood in such a close relation as that of husband or son, for a very long time, I believe scrupulously, never less than three years; but seven years had elapsed since these unfortunate women were widowed, and they still wore their weeds, which would certainly never be quitted by two of them,—the aged and the sick; and most probably never by the third. Such a sad household might be imagined not at all befitting one in my state, but their grief had long ceased to be noisy or obtrusive; their calm melancholy would frequently be enlivened by the gaiety of others, and whenever they had any thing to do for me they did it with alacrity and pleasure. That natural grace and gentility which I have so often remarked even in Greeks of very inferior condition, were strikingly conspicuous in these widows of Prinkipo."

We have only once more to recommend these very agreeable volumes to the attention of our readers.

THE YELLOW FEVER.

Untersuchungen über das Gelbe Fieber, &c. Inquiries concerning the Yellow Fever, &c. By C. C. Matthæi, &c. Hanover, 1827.

LATE as may be our notice of this work, and abundantly as the general reader may feel astonished that we have not suffered it to retain its station on the shelf of oblivion, we have, amongst others, three very powerful reasons for taking it in hand. In the first place, it is the work of a writer who has, long and deeply, studied his subject; in the second, it is a prize essay; and in the third, (compared with which indeed the preceding motives possess scarcely the weight of a feather,) the interests of science and of society at large enjoin us, on such occasions, to abandon the path of amusement for that of utility. We also feel that we shall

best promote the purpose of this notice by omitting to lead the reader over the field of controversy; we shall not inquire whether the virulence of the disease be greatest, or its treatment best understood, in Gibraltar or Kingston—nor whether it is contagious at Philadelphia and non-contagious at Marseilles; but proceed at once, and with all the brevity of which we are masters, to give an *aperçu* of opinions which have not only conferred a rich meed of distinction on their propounder, but have received the sanction of the medical faculty of Berlin.

In 1822 the government of Oldenburg proposed a series of questions respecting the yellow fever; and assigned a reward of two hundred ducats to the individual by whom the faculty of medicine of the University of Frederic-William should deem those questions had been most satisfactorily resolved. Of the eighteen essays consequently presented to them, they adjudged the premium to that which bore the motto, "*Opinionum commenta delet dies, natura judicium confirmat.*" The author of the successful essay proved to be Counsellor Matthæi of Verden, a writer of previous celebrity, who had made a complete collection of every work published on either side of the Atlantic on the subject of that dreadful scourge. And we consider our time cannot be more usefully employed than in stating the principal questions he discusses, and giving his solution of them.

1. What are the causes which engender the yellow fever in tropical regions?—"An atmospheric heat of not less than 72 degrees of Fahrenheit (or 19 degrees of Réaumur) is considered necessary for the generation of this disease; and, when once germinated, its dissemination will be most fatally promoted by an inferior degree of heat, provided that degree be above the point of congelation. It does not appear requisite, either for its generation or propagation, that the atmosphere should be charged with aqueous vapours, or exhalations from putrid substances, whether animal or vegetable; and it is as yet uncertain what degree of influence is produced upon it by atmospherical electricity, or any convulsions of the elements, such as earthquakes, &c. It is most probable, on the other hand, that the reciprocal agency of persons of various climes herding together, promoted as it is by a tropical climate,—not merely individual predisposition especially deriving from a want of acclimatisation, from sudden change in the system of living, or from depressing affections of the mind,—is the chief source of the yellow fever. This inference is corroborated by the well-known fact, that the disease was originally a stranger to the American shores, until it was generated by the circumstances attendant upon the intrusion of the Spaniards."

2. When the malady has reached its height, can any inherently morbid or contagious principle exhibit itself and be propagated by means of the direct or indirect contact of two bodies?—"The yellow fever is contagious; and though, on certain occasions, it may not wear that appearance, these are the result either of accidental circumstances, which elude the virulence of the contagion, or of the absence of any susceptibility of its agency on the part of those who are exposed to it. A similar occurrence is observable with other contagious diseases, and particularly the small-pox. It should be remarked, that several fevers, peculiar to tropical climates, are accompanied by vomiting and jaundice of the skin, though they are not homogeneous with the yellow fever, nor of a contagious character."

3. Does the yellow fever of the United State, of America and the south of Europe entirely resemble the yellow fever of tropical countries, and do both spring from like causes?—"The testimony of medical men, who have witnessed epidemical crises of yellow fever at various times and in various regions, bespeaks its identity. This is equally corroborated by a comparison of the observations made on the spot, both as regards the symptoms of the disease, as well as its prognostics, and the phenomena discoverable by aid of the microscope."

4. Is the yellow fever a specific disease and *sui generis*, or simply a more intense degree of the intermittent and remittent bilious fevers peculiar to warm climates?—"It is a disease *sui generis*, which, among other characteristics, stands distinct from the intermittent and remittent bilious fevers peculiar to warm climates, by its contagious quality."

5. Has it hitherto prevailed along the sea-coast only, without affecting elevated regions?—"There has occurred but one solitary instance in which the yellow fever has shewn itself on a spot which was six thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea; but this forms no ground for assuming that it is absolutely impossible it should not affect more elevated regions."

6. Does the yellow fever appear at times sporadically, or does it shew itself only under an epidemic form in the hot season?—"The sporadic yellow fever cannot be said to be of more rare occurrence than the sporadic small-pox."

The writer does not advance a single proposition without supporting it by the testimony of facts, or by the documents given in the second volume, which contains four appendices, and in which he briefly narrates every instance of yellow fever hitherto observed, enumerates the places and dates where and when that disease occurred, gives an alphabetical catalogue of 566 books and pamphlets on the subject, and quotes the original passages in support of the facts he adduces.

In opposition to M. Chervin, who has asserted that the yellow fever is not contagious, the whole medical faculty of Berlin stamp with their approving "imprimatur" the following dictum of Counsellor Matthæi:—"Happy will it be for the human race, if every individual will but open his mind to a firm conviction that the yellow fever generates a principle, which, when transferred either directly or indirectly to healthy persons, imparts the same disease to them, under conditions propitious to the agency of that principle. With such a conviction, no expense, no privations, no exertions, would be spared, which would conduce to avert the dangers attendant upon the birth and propagation of that disease from countries which have hitherto escaped its contamination. With such a conviction, neither sovereigns nor nations would lend a favourable ear to those writers who found their assertions on hypotheses unsupported by demonstration; and, with no other object in view but the supposed interests of commerce, strive to represent every sanitary precaution against the yellow fever as useless, superfluous, and therefore ridiculous."

We hope, cursory as is our notice, that it will justify the premises with which we introduced this important publication to the reader's attention; but we cannot shut it without adding, that the work is closed by a geographical chart, in which a yellow tint is given to every spot where the fever has prevailed, from its first appearance until the present hour.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

The Young Lady's Book: a Manual of Elegant Recreations, Exercises, and Pursuits. 12mo. pp. 504. London, 1829. Vizetelly, Branston, and Co.

WE shall find it difficult to speak of this volume in terms sufficiently expressive of the admiration, and indeed wonder, with which an examination of it has filled us. It is not only a curiosity, but a beautiful curiosity; and no less excellent in its useful qualities, than it is elegant in its decorative parts. A few years ago all the talents in England could not have produced such a work: now it is a fine example of the perfection to which wood engraving is carried,—and the multitude of prints of every kind does infinite credit to the taste and skill of Messrs. Vizetelly and Branston. Besides forty or fifty principal embellishments, there are hundreds of small cuts to illustrate the various subjects, which well merit to be perennially esteemed "*the Young Lady's Book*"—botany, mineralogy, conchology, entomology, dancing, riding, archery, music, and other accomplishments becoming in the youthful fair. But the book must be seen to be valued as it deserves; and all that we shall add is our most unreserved praise both of its ornaments of every kind, and of the very pleasing, able, and winning way in which its literary, scientific, and amusing pages are put together. A better or more captivating performance to present to a young lady has not been offered to the choice of parents or friends. By its perusal, and by an attention to its contents, every fair and blooming reader may become—what we consider the perfection of the sex—an accomplished English gentlewoman.

The Golden Lyre. Edited by John Macray. London, 1830. J. D. Haas.

THIS is one of the curiosities of modern literature, being a little volume beautifully printed in gold, and containing selections from poets of England, France, Germany, Italy, and Spain: in all, amounting to thirty short pieces, tastefully selected from popular authors. *The Golden Lyre* is dedicated to Princess Mary Esterhazy; and is appropriate to a young lady at whose grandfather's diamond coat we have wondered and admired so much.

The Fitzwalters, Barons of Chesterton; or Ancient Times in England. By the author of "a Winter's Tale." &c. &c. London, 1829. Newman and Co.

ONE of the steady old school of novel-writing, which we should find it impossible to exemplify by quotation, even if we wished to do so, instead of consigning the old Barons of Chesterton to the modern circulating libraries.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ANCIENT AND MODERN EGYPT.

M. Champollion's Thirteenth Letter—continued. [We resume the interesting description of the tomb of Pharaoh Rhameses, the son of Memnon.]

NEAR the first door, that of the rising, the twenty-four hours of the astronomical day are represented under a human form, with a star upon their heads, and marching towards the further part of the tomb, as if to indicate the direction of the god's course, and to point out that which must be followed in studying the pictures, which excite a more lively interest, because in each of the twelve hours of the day is drawn the detailed image of the bark of the god, navigating in the celestial river on the primordial fluid or ether, the principle of all

natural things, according to the Egyptian philosophers, with the figures of the gods who successively assist him, and besides the representation of the celestial abodes through which he passes, and the mythological scenes proper to each of the hours of the day.

Thus at the first hour his bari or bark begins to move, and receives the adoration of the spirit of the east. Among the pictures of the second hour we find the great serpent Apophis, the brother and enemy of the sun, watched by the god Atmou. At the third hour, the god Sun arrives in the celestial zone, where the fate of souls is decided, with respect to the bodies which they are to inhabit in their new transmigrations: the god Atmou is seen seated upon his tribunal, weighing in his balance the human souls which successively come forward. One of them has just been condemned; it is seen carried back to the earth in a bari, which advances towards the gate, guarded by Anubis, and driven with rods by Cynocephali, the emblems of divine justice: the culprit is in the figure of an enormous sow, above which is engraved in large characters, *gluttony*—doubtless the capital sin of the delinquent, some gourmand of those times.

At the fifth hour the god visits the Elysian fields of the Egyptian mythology, inhabited by the souls of the blessed, reposing after the fatigues of their transmigrations upon earth. On their heads they wear an ostrich feather, the emblem of their just and virtuous conduct. They are seen presenting offerings to the gods, or, under the inspection of the lord of the joy of the heart, they gather the fruits of the celestial trees of this paradise. Further on are others with sickles in their hands; these are the souls that cultivate the fields of truth; their legend is as follows:—"They make libations of water, and offerings of the grains of the fields of glory; they hold a sickle to reap the fields, which are their portion; the god Sun says to them, 'Take the sickles, reap the grain, carry it to your abode, enjoy it, and present it as a pure offering to the gods.'" Elsewhere they are seen bathing, leaping, swimming, and playing, in a great basin filled with the celestial and primordial water, all under the inspection of the god heavenly Nile. In the following hours the gods prepare to combat the great enemy of the Sun, the serpent of Apophis. They provide themselves with stakes and nets, because the monster inhabits the waters of the river on which the vessel of the Sun navigates. They stretch ropes—Apophis is taken, and bound with cords. This immense reptile is dragged out of the river by means of a cable, which the goddess Selk fastens round his neck, and which is drawn by twelve gods, assisted by a very complex machine, worked by the god Sev (Saturn), assisted by the genii of the four cardinal points. But all these preparations would be vain against the efforts of Apophis, did not an enormous hand (that of Ammon) issue from below, which seizes the rope, and checks the fury of the dragon. Lastly, at the eleventh hour of the day, the captive serpent is strangled; and soon afterwards the god Sun reaches the extreme point of the horizon, where he is going to disappear. It is the goddess Netphé (Rhea) who, performing the office of the Thetis of the Greeks, rises to the surface of the celestial waters, and mounted on the head of her son Osiris, whose body ends in a volute like that of a syren, the goddess receives the vessel of the Sun, which is soon taken into the immense arms of the celestial Nile, the old ocean of the Egyptian mythology.

The course of the sun in the lower hemi-

sphere, or that of darkness, during the twelve hours of night, that is to say, the counterpart of the preceding scenes, is sculptured on the walls of the royal tombs, opposite to those of which I have just given a very succinct description. There the god, pretty generally painted black from head to foot, traverses the seventy-five circles or zones, over which preside so many divine personages of various forms, armed with swords. These circles are inhabited by the souls of the guilty, which undergo various torments. This is truly the primordial type of the Inferno of Dante—for the variety of the torments is surprising; and I am not astonished that some travellers, shocked at these scenes of carnage, considered them as affording proofs of the use of human sacrifices in Egypt; but the inscriptions remove all uncertainty on this head. These are affairs of the other world, and form no ground for judging of the usages and customs of this world.

The guilty souls are punished in different ways in most of the infernal zones which the god Sun visits; these impure spirits persevering in guilt, are almost always represented under a human form,—as that of the sparrowhawk with a human head, entirely painted black, to indicate at once their perverse nature, and their abode in the abyss of darkness. Some are strongly bound to stakes, and the guardians of the zone, flourishing their swords, reproach them with the crimes which they have committed upon earth; others are suspended with their heads downwards; others, with their hands tied upon their breast, and their heads cut off, march in long files; some, with their hands tied behind, drag upon the earth their hearts, which come from their breasts; living souls are boiled in large cauldrons, either under a human form or that of a bird, or only their heads and hearts. I have also observed souls thrown into the cauldron with the emblem of happiness and celestial repose (the Fan), to which they have forfeited all their claims. I have faithful copies of this immense series of pictures, and of the long inscriptions which accompany them. In every zone, and by the side of the tortured souls, we always read their sentence, and the punishment they undergo. "These hostile souls, it is said, do not see our god when he emits the rays of his disc; they no longer inhabit the terrestrial world, and do not hear the voice of the great God when he traverses their zones."

On the other hand, by the side of the representation of the happy souls, upon the opposite wall, we read: "These have found favour in the eyes of the great God; they inhabit the abodes of glory, those where they lead a celestial life: the bodies which they have abandoned shall repose for ever in their tombs, till they shall enjoy the presence of the supreme God."

This double series of pictures gives us therefore the psychological system of the Egyptians in its two most important and moral points—rewards and punishments. Thus is completely demonstrated all that the ancients have said of the Egyptian doctrine of the immortality of the soul, and the positive object of human life. It is certainly a great and happy idea to symbolise the twofold destiny of souls by the most striking of the celestial phenomena—the course of the sun in the two hemispheres, and to connect the picture of it with that of this striking and magnificent spectacle. This psychological gallery occupies the walls of the two great corridors of the two first halls of the tomb of Rhameses V., which I have taken as the model of my description of the royal tombs, because

it is the most complete of them all. The same subject, but composed in a directly astronomical spirit, and on a more regular plan, because it was a scientific representation, is repeated upon the ceilings, and occupies the whole length of those of the second gallery, and of the first two halls which succeed it.

Heaven, under the form of a woman whose body is bespangled with stars, envelopes on three sides this immense composition. The torso extends the whole length of the picture, the upper part of which it covers: the head is to the west; the arms and the feet limit the length of the picture, which is divided into two equal stripes: the upper represents the superior hemisphere, and the course of the Sun in the twelve hours of the day; the lower, the inferior hemisphere, and the course of the Sun in the twelve hours of the night. To the east is represented the birth of the Sun from its divine mother Neith, under the form of an infant putting his finger to his mouth, and enclosed in a red disk. The god Meui (the Egyptian Hercules—the divine reason), standing in the bark intended for the voyages of the young god, raises his arms to place him there himself. After the infant Sun has been attended to by the two goddesses his nurses, the bark departs, and navigates the celestial ocean, or the ether, which flows like a river from the east to the west, where it forms a vast basin, into which one branch of the river falls, traversing the inferior hemisphere from west to east. Every hour of the day is marked on the body of heaven by a red disk, and in the picture by twelve barks, in which appears the god of the Sun, navigating the celestial ocean, with a suite which changes every hour, and accompanies him on the two banks. At the first hour, the moment when the vessel begins to move, the spirits of the east present their homage to the god, who is standing in his naos, which is raised in the middle of this barf. The crew consists of the goddess Sori, who impels the prow; of the god Sev, with the head of a hare, holding a long pole to sound the river, which he does not use till after the eighth hour, that is to say, when he is approaching the west: the reis, or commander, is Horus, who has under his command the god Haké-Oeris, the Phaëton and faithful companion of the Sun; the pilot who guides the helm is a hieroccephalus named Hoon; then the goddess Neb-wa (the lady of the bark), of whose special functions I am ignorant; lastly, the god the superior guardian of the tropics. On the banks of the river are represented the gods or spirits which preside over each of the hours of the day: they adore the Sun on his passage, or recite all the mystical names by which he was distinguished. At the second hour appear the souls of the kings, having at their head the deceased Rhameses V. going to meet the bark of the god, to adore his light. At the fourth, fifth, and sixth hours, the same Pharaoh participates in the labours of the gods who make war upon the great serpent Apophis, concealed in the waters of the ocean. In the seventh and eighth hours the celestial vessel proceeds along the coasts of the abodes of the blessed—gardens, shaded by trees of different species, under which the gods and pure souls are walking. At length the god approaches the west: Sev continually sounds the river, and the gods stationed on the banks direct the bark with precaution. It goes round the great basin at the west, and reappears in the upper half of the picture—that is to say in the inferior hemisphere—upon the river, which it ascends from west to east. But in all this navigation of the twelve hours of night, as is still

the case with the barks which ascend the Nile, the bari of the Sun is always towed by a great many subaltern genii, whose number varies every hour. The numerous suite of the god and the crew have disappeared. There remains only the pilot, standing inert at the entrance of the naos containing the god, to whom the goddess Thmei (Truth and Justice), who presides over hell, or the inferior region, seems to be addressing words of consolation.

Hieroglyphic inscriptions placed over each person, and at the commencement of all the scenes, indicate the names and the subjects, declaring the hour of the day or night to which these symbolic scenes refer. I have myself taken copies both of the pictures and of all the inscriptions. But on these same ceilings, and out of the composition which I have just described in general, there are hieroglyphic texts, perhaps still more interesting, though connected with the same subject. These are tables for the rising of the constellations for all the hours of every month of the year: they are expressed as follows:—

Month of Tobi, the last half. Orion rules and influences the left ear. 1st hour—the constellation of Orion influences the left arm. 2d hour—the constellation of Sirius influences the heart. 3d hour—the commencement of the constellation of the two stars (Gemini?) influences the heart. 4th hour—the constellations of the two stars influence the left ear. 5th hour—the stars of the river influence the heart. 6th hour—the head (or the beginning) of the lion influences the heart. 7th hour—the arrow influences the right eye. 8th hour—the long stars, the heart. 9th hour—the servants of the anterior part of the quadruped menté (the sea-lion?) influences the left arm. 10th hour—the quadruped menté the left eye. 11th hour—the servants of menté the left arm. 12th hour—the foot of the sow influences the left arm.

Here then we have a table of risings, like that which was engraved on the famous gilded circle of the monument of Osymandyas, and which gave, as Diodorus Siculus says, the hours of the rising of the constellations, with the influences of each of them. This will unanswerably prove to our learned friend M. Létourne that astrology in Egypt goes back to the most remote ages—a question in which he was much interested, and which is in fact finally decided.

The translation which I have just given of one of the twenty-four tables which compose the times of rising, is certain in those passages where I have introduced the actual names of the constellations in our planisphere. Not having had time to carry the comparison any further, I have been obliged every where else to give the literal translation of the hieroglyphic text.

It was my duty to collect—and I have done so with scrupulous care—these precious remains of ancient astronomy and science which were naturally connected with astrology, in a country where religion was the immutable basis of all social organisation. In such a political system all the sciences had, almost of course, two distinct parts,—that of facts observed, which alone constitutes our actual sciences; and the speculative part, which connected science with religious faith—a bond necessary, and even indispensable, in Egypt, where religion, in order to be strong, and to be so always, had attempted to include the whole universe, and the study of it, in its boundless domain, which, like all human conceptions, has its advantages and its disadvantages.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR NOVEMBER.

22d day, 53 min.—the Sun enters Sagittarius according to the fixed zodiac; his true place in the heavens on this day is close to β Scorpi.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
☾ First Quarter in Capricornus	3	21	6
☾ Full Moon in Aries	10	15	48
☾ Last Quarter in Leo	19	20	51
☾ New Moon in Scorpio	26	0	32

The Moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Saturn in Leo	17	5	40
Mars in Virgo	23	2	0
Mercury in Libra	24	15	15
Jupiter in Ophiuchus	27	9	30
Venus in Ophiuchus	27	7	2

14th day—Mercury at his greatest elongation, and visible as a morning star.

Venus, as the evening star, is the most conspicuous object in the heavens, surpassing in brightness the planet Jupiter, near which it may be observed during the month. Venus will be in conjunction with the following stars, at the respective times specified:—

	D.	H.
B Ophiuchi	1	4
λ Sagittarii	12	23
ϵ —	18	4
\downarrow —	22	5

5th day, 8 hrs.—Mars in conjunction with 9 Virginia.

Jupiter is nearly lost in the solar beams. 18th day, 23 hrs.—in conjunction with B Ophiuchi.

10th day, 30 min.—Saturn in quadrature, nine degrees west of Regulus in Leo. This planet will transit the meridian at the following times respectively:—

D.	H.	M.	D.	H.	M.	D.	H.	M.
1	18	52	13	18	6	25	17	17

Uranus passes the meridian at the following times respectively:—

D.	H.	M.	D.	H.	M.	D.	H.	M.
1	5	54	11	5	15	21	4	35

Depford.

J. T. B.

EXPEDITION: SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE.

A LETTER from an officer of H. M. S. Chanticleer says, "We left the river Plate on the 5th of October, and proceeded to our southern voyage, our little bark being heavily laden with ten months' provisions. On the 21st we put into Staten Island, and remained in a snug little cove for two months, making numerous philosophical experiments, and swinging the pendulum. We have sent home every thing of value or importance,—plants, shells, sea-weeds, and a great collection of geological specimens illustrative of the places we visited, and some stuffed birds and insects. The cold of southern regions is a complete fable, and at variance with truth and nature. At Cape Horn, in latitude 56 deg. south, vegetation was in full vigour in May, or the November of their year, and snow rarely lies upon the low grounds. In fact, we have sufficient matter to elucidate the climate of the south, and to establish its comparative mildness with the north, especially if America be taken as the example. The summers of the south are by no means warm or hot, nor winters cold; but to compensate for this, it is the region of wind, storms, and rain, perpetual gales and eternal rains: never twenty-four hours without rain. It is the court of Eolus surely. The barometric pressure low and mean, being 29.32 inches; magnetic intensity low; the winds almost always westerly; electric phenomena extremely rare. I have forwarded some seeds from these regions, which will stand the English climate well, and prove advantageous:—1. The Fuegian rush, of which most ad-

mirable baskets are made, table-mats, chair-bottoms, and probably hats and bonnets: it is remarkably strong, and the produce rather elegant, somewhat like cane-work or India mats. The stem is rather sweet, and when dried eats like coarse hay, for which in cases of necessity it may be a substitute. This rush has the habit and aspect of our common rush, which, however, it may justly supplant by reason of its very superior qualities. It will grow on moist boggy soils, where nothing else will thrive. Its flower is large, and not inelegant; it is the *juncus grandiflorus*. 2. The seeds of a barberry (*barberris microphylla*), intermediate in quality between a grape and a gooseberry, of a good size and fine appearance; the bush is not inelegant—is a free and copious bearer: the fruit fit for the table, or domestic use. 3. Seeds of a large and luxuriant celery, of very hardy habit. 4. A most charming and elegant arbutus, an evergreen of great beauty, competing even with the myrtle, and bearing a profusion of red berries in the winter. 5. A *Frechia* of great merit; being, in fact, a shrub of good size, bearing clusters of pendent flowers of the greatest beauty. It is a very superb plant, and so hardy as to leave no doubt of its being an ornament to the choicest gardens. An embotrium, an auricula of great promise, and a chelone of most vivid hue, are among the handsome and ornamental plants. The berries of the hamadryas, for a colour between turmeric and annotta, with a curious specimen of wood, green as verdigris, which forms an admirable paint. These are some of the results of my botanical researches, excepting some remarks upon the magnificent and gigantic seaweeds of these regions. The Horticultural Society will have all the seeds, as they furnished me with paper, &c. for their preservation, and as I am in some measure employed by them.

"In comparative anatomy, I have made some researches which are curious. In the dissection of the seal of South Shetland, I found a vein of enormous magnitude, seventeen inches in diameter; a most prodigious one indeed, and unparalleled.—Well, we will proceed from Staten Island to South Shetland, and to the southern land (query continent?), as many of us were disposed to rank it, from its extent and appearance. Lofty mountains running a considerable distance inland, seventy miles, and a great extent of coast, which we could not determine. We came to a point, which we called Cape Possession, and deposited a cylinder, containing an inscription of our taking possession in the name of George IV.; the latitude of the spot being 63° 45' south, and longitude 60° west, being the most southern land yet known.* I have a piece of the rock, which is handsome agelite. Here we were surrounded with numerous icebergs of immense size, from 300 to 400 feet in height, and upwards of 1,000 feet in length. We put into the harbour of Deception Island—as horrid, dreary, and wretched a place as the imagination can conceive—the very portal of Pandemonium,—an island of black ashes and cinders, covered with mountains of ice and snow,—not a vestige of vegetation—horror of horrors!† Here we tarried two months, to our

* It will be recollected that Capt. Weddell sailed more than 10° farther south than this; and in the chart prefixed to the volume of this able and enterprising seaman, we observe "Trinity Land," as a part of South Shetland, laid down as stretching to the south as high as 64° and even 65°. The writer is therefore in error.

† It was off this that Weddell lay. Had the Chanticleer gone some degrees more to the south, and then steered eastward, she would have encountered ice of still larger dimensions, both in berg and field.

great discomfort and annoyance. There are myriads of millions of penguins, which, in the absence of other food, we were obliged to eat. The ground in some parts is covered to the extent of two or three miles with these birds. The flesh is black, and, at best, it is little superior to dog's meat."—*Newspapers*.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, Oct. 24.—On Thursday the following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—W. Cripps, Trinity College; Rev. T. Harding, Rev. J. Harding, Worcester College; Rev. T. Clarke, Pembroke College; Rev. C. W. Page, Student, W. J. Blake, Christ Church; Rev. T. W. Barlow, Wadham College; Rev. T. A. Powys, Fellow, Rev. T. L. Ramsden, St. John's College; T. Walpole, Balliol College. *Bachelors of Arts*.—W. F. Radcliffe, J. Richardson, Scholar, Queen's College; G. Pigott, Trinity College; M. Mitchell, W. Rawlings, Magdalen Hall; C. Childers, Christ Church; G. A. Jacob, Scholar, Worcester College.

SOCIETY FOR THE PROMOTION OF ELEMENTARY INSTRUCTION IN FRANCE.

THIS Society has just published a report of its receipts and proceedings, from the date of its institution in 1814 down to the end of the year last past. M. Rénouard, one of its secretaries, by whom the report is drawn up, after advertising to the origin of the Society, and to the causes, political and other, which have at various periods tended to advance or retard its efforts, submits separate tables of the number of its members, and the amount of their subscriptions, from the commencement of the Society to the close of the year 1828. By these it appears, that although a great fluctuation has taken place occasionally in the numerical strength of its supporters, yet that the funds of the Society have by no means varied in a proportionate ratio; and that although the former have vacillated from 317 to 641 (their highest number till last year, when they rose at once to 1406), the increased liberality of the members who remained had nevertheless so amply supplied the deficiencies occasioned by secession, that the defalcation in the receipts had been at all times comparatively trifling; while at the closing of the account, the last year's subscription had reached 43,974 francs, that of the first year of the institution of the Society having been no more than 9,940. The report, on various grounds, anticipates considerable assistance in the preparing of a correct statistical account of the progress of instruction in France. The Society appears to be now in communication with 260 schools in the provinces, to several of which it has furnished masters, &c.

University of Berlin, &c.—The late summer term of this University has stood pre-eminent above every preceding one, the number of students having increased to 1706; of whom 1,219 were natives, and the remainder from foreign parts. The theological courses were attended by 566, the jurisprudential by 638, the medical by 299, and the philosophical by 203. It is a singular circumstance in many of the universities I have visited, that the poorest class of students study medicine, and the richer attend (rather than study) the courses in jurisprudence. About two years back the university of Helsingfors took the place of that of Abo, and in the spring of the present year was frequented by 471 students. Being upon the subject of these northern climes, I take the opportunity to add, that the population of Prussia at the end of 1828, as appears by the census made up to that date, was 12,726,823, giving an increase of 2,377,792 souls during the last twelve years. Berlin contains 236,830 inhabitants, giving an increase of 27,791 since

the census of 1822; Breslau, 90,000; Königsberg, 67,941; Cologne (and Deuts), 64,499; Danzig and suburbs, 61,902; Elberfeld, 54,345; Magdeburg (within the walls), 44,049; Aix-la-Chapelle, 36,809; and Stettin, 31,191. The average location of the Prussian population was 2,525 to every square mile. H.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Illustrations to Friendship's Offering, for 1830.

AND a very acceptable offering we are sure it will in all cases prove. The illustrations are in number a round dozen; and we should richly deserve "a round dozen" were we not to say that the great majority of them are exceedingly beautiful. But we must be more particular in our comments.—"Reading the News;" engraved by H. Robinson, from a picture by D. Wilkie, R.A. It is several years since we saw the picture, but Mr. Robinson's masterly engraving brings it back as strongly to our minds as if we had beheld it only yesterday. The concentration of interest in the group, and the sunny tone of the demi-tints, are admirable.—"Catharine of Arragon;" engraved by W. Humphreys, from a picture by C. R. Leslie, R.A. A fine and simple composition. The dignified resignation of the dying queen, while listening to "that sad note she named her knell," and "meditating on that celestial harmony she goes to," is expressed with Mr. Leslie's usual felicity.—"Vesuvius;" engraved by T. Jeavons, from a picture by J. M. W. Turner, R.A. What a magnificent eruption! If one could but bespeak such a one, it would be well worth while to undertake a voyage to Naples on purpose to witness it.—"The Spies;" engraved by J. A. Wright, from a picture by T. Stothard, R.A. Curious female secrets are here confidentially unfolding, which a good-for-nothing young fellow, concealed behind some pales, is most ungenerously and ungallantly overhearing. We long to give him a sound horse-whipping.—"Mine own;" engraved by J. C. Edwards, from a picture by J. Wood. A graceful and elegant portrait: if a faithful resemblance, many a one would gladly call the original by its title.—"Echo;" engraved by E. Goodall, from a picture by G. Arnald, A.R.A. There is a pure and classical taste in all Mr. Arnald's works; of which this is an exquisite little specimen.—"Lyra;" engraved by T. A. Dean, from a picture by J. Wood. Pretty, and playful.—"Early sorrow;" engraved by W. Finden, from a picture by R. Westall, R.A. One of those infantile griefs which are perhaps salutary; as they prepare poor human beings to endure more serious suffering.—"Spoleto;" engraved by T. Jeavons, from a drawing by W. Purser, after a sketch by Captain Melville Girdley. It is seldom that even an imaginary composition comprehends so many picturesque qualities as belong to the reality in the view of this ancient city, and its rich, broken, and varied vicinity.—"Mary Queen of Scots presenting her Son to the Church Commissioners;" engraved by R. Baker, from a picture by J. Stephanoff. The intensity of maternal affection forcibly expressed.—"The Masquerade;" engraved by C. Armstrong, from a picture by W. Kidd. This is not our favourite plate of the set: it is sadly too black and white.—"The Honey-moon;" engraved by T. A. Dean, from a picture by J. Wood. As all honey-moons ought to be, and as some are,—full of sweetness and harmony.

The Countess of Belfast—engraved by Thomson, from a miniature by Mrs. Mee—is the fifty-ninth ornament of the Female Nobility in *La Belle Assemblée*. The lady's large and expressive eyes make an interesting countenance still more attractive.

PREMIUM MEDALLION FOR SAINT
THOMAS'S HOSPITAL.

WE have been much gratified by the examination of this splendid medallion, which is unquestionably one of the finest specimens of medallion engraving, this, or indeed any other, country has ever produced. The obverse bears the head of the celebrated Cheselden; and it is really difficult to give an idea by words of the placid dignity of the whole head, or the calm expression of nature which pervades the countenance—the delicate markings of the features and the perfect softness of the flesh are the triumph of the medallion art. Cheselden is represented, according to the custom of his day, in a velvet cap; and though we are aware that Mr. Wyon has the high authority of the Hammerini and Hedlinger, we cannot help thinking his own fine taste should have objected to this costume, which, however it may improve the general effect, deprives us of the outline of the head, and we lose thereby the play of the locks, the execution of which no die engraver has turned to more advantage in his works than Mr. Wyon. But it is impossible for us to criticise what deserves only an expression of our unqualified praise.—On the reverse is represented a human body placed on a dissecting-table, in a reclining posture, immediately after death, while all the muscles and the effects of their action may be discerned. This (in common hands) unpleasant subject, the extraordinary skill and judgment of Mr. Wyon has converted into one which produces no painful impression; but which, on the contrary, rivets the attention, from its beauty; and all forbidding associations are lost in admiration of the knowledge displayed in every line of the figure. Such, at least, was the effect produced upon ourselves. In the back-ground, the motto "*MORS VIVIS SALUS*" is introduced, with some parts of a skeleton, and glasses covering medical preparations. These advantageously balance the composition, without interfering with the principal object.

We have compared this medallion with the finest productions of the many eminent foreign engravers of the present day, and we have risen from the comparison confirmed in the opinion which we have expressed of the ability of the chief engraver of the British Mint.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE ATHENÆUM.

[THERE has been some commotion in this celebrated Club; and a correspondent has favoured us with the following scrap, found, as he informs us, in the house-keeper's trunk, which happened to be officially examined, upon suspicion of containing very different things.]

Scene—Annual Meeting, ATHENÆUM.

The Right Hon. J. W. Croker, Conductor.
Greeting Chorus, led by Dr. Henderson, W. Ayrton, and Thomas Young, Esqrs. The Staccato Passages by Dr. H.

Recitation—Right Hon. J. W. C.

I, John Wilson Croker, will do as I please:
You asked for an ice-house, I give you a friend;
And graciously grant, of my free will alone,
Instead of a Bath, a fine piece of Bath stone.

A MOONLIGHT VIEW OF BARNARD CASTLE,
On the River Tees.

THE moon rides through the clouded sky,
Now hid entirely from the eye,

Now bursting, brilliant, on the sight
In all her pomp of silver light.
The planet now her radiance showers
On Barnard Castle's lofty towers;
But when her beams the tempest drowns,
The sullen pile in darkness frowns:
Here Tees its smooth tide gently pours,
And there a foaming torrent roars.
Thus, like the moon, the tower, the stream,
Doth man's frail fortune changeeful seem.
Though prosperous sunshine gild our way,
Dark clouds may soon obscure its ray:
Though smooth the stream of life may glide,
Soon rocks unseen may chafe its tide;
Nor, though misfortune's tempest lower,
Need we despair a happier hour.

Oakham, Oct. 9th, 1839.

J. D.

THE PARTING HOUR.

It is the parting hour,
That hour of bitterest woe,
When the full heart has scarcely power
One blessing to bestow;
Yet all they can my lips shall tell
The anguish of this last farewell!

Have we, for long, long years,
But cherished hopes of bliss
To see them all dissolved in tears—
Tears of an hour like this?
That fall like dew-drops mute and fast,
Freshening the memory of the past!

I thought not when we roved
Beneath yon blessed moon,
And all so late and fondly loved,
That we should part so soon;
I thought not then the sudden gloom
Of gathering clouds presaged our doom.

Yet, ere we part, recall
The happiness we've known,
Ere falsehood's dregs of bitterest gall
Into our cup were thrown,—
Ere seeming friends to traitors turned,
And love and truth alike were scorned.

Think upon every vow
Of pure and fadeless love,
Though disregarded here below,
Yet registered above:
Soul bound to soul, and heart-to heart,
That mortal power may never part!

H. W. H.

TO THE SWALLOW.

Go, wing thy way to climes unknown—to skies
Haply without a cloud. I love the birds
That share the fickle English year with me,—
Linnet, and thrush, and lark, and all that dwell,
Though songless, in our northern groves. But
chief

I hail the robin. He from leafless woods
Comes forth to bless the wintry hour—"a friend
Born for adversity," who pours the lay,
When all are mute beside, of peace and hope.
But thou art like a summer friend, that smiles
When skies are fair, and softly sigh the gales
Of fragrance breathing from a thousand bowers;
Yet frowns and leaves us when the churlish blast
Of life blows rude. But still, without thee,
Spring

Would lose one charm, for thou hast ever been
Her blithe attendant. On my summer path
I joy to meet thee; and when evening comes,
Shedding her sober calm, 'tis sweet to mark
Thy wantonings above the brook that flows
In silver through the emerald meads. Then
plume

Thy swift dark wing for flight; and I will wish
For thee propitious heavens and breezes kind,
And shores, at last, of beauty: and till Spring

Returning shall, with voice mysterious, call
Thee to our British fields again—farewell!
ANON.

TO

WHEN that feeling comes o'er me,
Remembrance of thee,
And thy form floats before me
As a mist o'er the sea,—
Like the cloud on the ocean
It droops on my breast,
And each former emotion
Seems folded in rest.
But as cold the blast stealing
Sweeps o'er its chill breath,
And the dread sea revealing
Shews its heaving beneath;
So thy vision thus waning
Departs from my brain,
And the sad thoughts remaining
Heave wildly again.

W. G. H.

Ocell Street, Strand.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

FRANCIS I., EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

THIS sovereign, says a foreign correspondent of ours, rises regularly at six o'clock, breakfasts at seven, and devotes the remainder of the forenoon to public business and audiences. At one o'clock he generally takes a walk, in which he is accompanied by the empress at times, but oftener by his great chamberlain, or one of his aides. At four he sits down to dinner, which seldom consists of more than four dishes and a dessert, and at which he drinks nothing but water, unless it be a glass of Tokay as a finale. At six he takes his coffee in the pavilion of the new imperial garden, after refreshing himself with a stroll in the Paradise gardens, where a vast number of pigeons are reared. The empress herself, whose attire is of the most unpretending kind, does the honour of the coffee board; and few English dames can surpass her in exemplary devotion to her domestic duties. The emperor spends the remainder of the evening until supper-time in playing trios on the violin or flute, in both of which instruments he is an adept,—calling in one of his aides and some nobleman about his person to take the secondo and terzo parts. All the members of the imperial family have been taught some trade or other: the crown or hereditary prince is an excellent weaver, and his brothers excel as carpenters or joiners. They have been brought up with a rigid regard for the purity of their moral conduct. As to the business of the state, it rests entirely with Metternich, whose absolutism dates from the year 1810. It is added that the emperor is an excellent Latin scholar, and speaks Latin correctly as well as fluently. He is perfectly acquainted with botany and natural history, and an enthusiastic wooer of both studies.

A Mameluke's Spirit.—During Selim's campaign in Egypt (1517), Kurtbai, the bravest of the beys, had escaped the general massacre of the mamelukes, by concealing himself in a house at Cairo. This having reached the sultan's knowledge, he sent one of his friends to him with a book and a piece of cloth; the latter as a pledge of peace, and the former as a pledge of safety, in the shape of a Koran, by which he had sworn to save him from harm. Kurtbai, in full reliance on these tokens, appeared before the sultan, who received him seated upon his throne. "Thou art," said Selim at his entrance, "the chosen knight of the horsemen; whither hath thy valour taken wing?" "It endures," was Kurtbai's laconic

reply. "Knowest thou what evil thou hast done my followers?" "Ay! I know it well." But when Selim asked him how he came to adventure the desperate attempt he had made in the field of battle on the sultan's person, Kurtbai, who was as remarkable for eloquence as bravery, poured out his soul in a splendid eulogy on the bravery of the Mamelukes, and vented his contemptuous abhorrence of artillery; an engine which dispensed murder, without requiring the presence of courage. He then related how a Mauritanian had brought the first cannon-balls into Egypt, in Sultan Eshrif Cannsu's time, and how the sultan and beys had set their faces against them, as unworthy of gallant warriors, and contrary to the usage of the prophet, who had restricted the Arabians to the use of the bow and sword; adding, that the Mauritanian had thereupon replied:—"He who lives long enough will live to see dominion pass away by means of these balls!" "The event," added Kurtbai, "has proven the augury. But power belongs to Omnipotence alone!" "If thou holdest in this wise," said Selim, "to the Koran and the Sunna, how has it come to pass that we have smitten and driven ye out? that thou standest a prisoner before me?" "It is God's work!" answered Kurtbai; "it is not by your valour or horsemanship we have been undone; fate hath decreed it; for every thing hath a beginning and an ending, and the duration of empires is measured: tell me where are the caliphs, the soldiers of the faith? where the mightiest sovereignties which the world ever beheld? And thy time will come, too; and thine empire will return unto the dust!" The sultan, burning with fury, cast his eye at the executioner; and as the sword of immortality impended over him, the brave, the undaunted, and unfortunate bey exclaimed, "Take my bleeding head, and lay it, traitor, in thy helpmate's lap; Heaven give, her perfidy may balance thine!"

MUSIC.

CHURCH MUSIC.

A Collection of Psalms and Hymns from the most approved Versions. By Montagu Burgoyne, Esq. *The Music selected from the Works of ancient and modern Composers, and harmonised and arranged for One, Two, or Three Voices, with an Accompaniment for the Organ or Piano-forte.* By J. M. Harris.

A Collection of Movements selected from the sacred vocal Works of Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Hummel, Cherubini, Romberg, Spohr, Winter, Rink, Graun, Pergolesi, Marcelllo, Hasse, &c. arranged as Voluntaries for the Organ. By W. H. Callcott.

THE soundest and most pious divines of the Church of England have uniformly attached considerable importance to congregational psalmody. A late Bishop of London, Dr. Porteus, made it a prominent subject of exhortation in a charge given to the clergy of his diocese, in the year 1790; and it is well known that the great success of some classes of dissenters in making converts from the established church is mainly to be attributed to the attraction of sacred music, which, in many meeting-houses has been rendered more impressive and affecting than in our parish churches, where this elevating part of public worship has been consigned either to ill-taught charity children, or else to one or two hired and careless singers concealed in the organ-gallery—"half a dozen merry men in a high place," as Serle says in his *Christian Remembrancer*, "who loudly

chant it away, to the praise and glory of themselves." This defect in our public worship might be easily remedied, if families were (especially on Sunday evenings) to make the cultivation of plain psalmody a part of that musical recreation which, in the present day, is resorted to in all houses of the middle and upper classes. English psalm-tunes are very numerous, and comprise in their affecting simplicity some of the noblest melodies ever conceived by the mind of man.

In the work before us, the whole, or nearly the whole, of these fine tunes, with appropriate words from the old and new versions, are contained; so that any individual who should make himself master of the contents of this volume, would be qualified to join efficiently in the musical part of public worship, which, to be fitly performed, should arise from the united voices of the congregation; for this is not only the common-sense of the matter, but is precisely what has been enjoined by the prophets and the apostles. In bringing this work forward, Mr. Burgoyne, the editor, has accomplished a service of no mean importance to the cause of devotion, and has employed his talents and his influence in society to the furthering, by means of the profits arising from this work, the interests of one or two charitable institutions. Of the musical arrangement, under the care of Mr. M. Harris, we are enabled to speak with equal praise. The harmonies are at once perspicuous, simple, and effective, and the text of the melodies is every where pure. This latter circumstance is a great advantage; for, without considerable research, few persons are aware of the injury which ancient airs have received from modern frippery. The musical taste of our forefathers was rude, but strong; and the refinements of the present day sit ill upon them, and pervert their meaning. Of this truth we were especially convinced in examining Dr. Croft's majestic old tune set to the eighteenth psalm, which Mr. Harris has restored to its original state, as composed upwards of one hundred years ago; and by way of demonstrating the mischief which must infallibly result from any interference with the work of a great master, the modern effeminacies are indicated by small notes, which, it will be seen, rob the air of all its vigour and character. To the general collection Mr. Harris has added several of his own compositions, which are worthy of the company by which they are surrounded. We may particularly allude to a prayer from the Italian of Michael Angelo.

Among the original contributions to this collection of psalm-tunes and hymns, we were also particularly struck with several of those by a musician who conceals his name, and who is only indicated by asterisks. Why so excellent a composer should determine to be anonymous, it is not easy to conjecture. Perhaps he is an amateur; but even if so, a man of such talent in musical composition should not hesitate to publish his name. There are many precedents; the father of the Duke of Wellington, for example, who was one of the best of our glee composers.

The other work which we have cited at the head of these remarks, is altogether of a different character from the above-mentioned English psalms and hymns. Its contents are derived from the religious compositions of the great foreign masters, and the strains are scientific and elaborate. As the Roman church is more pompous in its ceremonial observances than ours, so is the devotional music more intricate, ornate, and ambitious, than any thing in English psalmody. But in their

way, nothing can be more exquisite than the Roman Catholic masses, as set to music by the great masters of the Italian and German schools. Many of the movements in these are admirably adapted for voluntaries in our church; and with this view Mr. Callcott has made the present arrangement, in which the numerous parts in the original scores are most effectively condensed. No public organist should be without this useful and portable work, which contains twenty movements from the religious compositions of the foreign musical classes. Mr. Callcott's volume will also be very acceptable to private piano-forte performers, especially in families who do not allow the introduction of secular music on the Sabbath.

The Edinburgh Musical Album. Edited by George Linley, Esq.

THIS is a very pleasant musical miscellany, consisting of several old traditional Scotch airs, and sundry original compositions in the shape of overtures, polaccas, waltzes, new songs, and concerted vocal pieces. These latter portions, though not always theoretically correct, evince no inconsiderable portion of fancy and invention on the part of the composer or composers: but the chief value of the volume consists in the native Scotch melodies, which are there given to the lovers of music in their first, unadulterated state. To do this is to perform a great service to music in general, and particularly to national music, which latter should never undergo sophistication. We recommend this northern work as a source of gratification to our readers, whether English, Scotch, or Irish.

The Musical Bijou. Edited by F. H. Burney. 4to. pp. 136. Goulding and d'Almaine.

THIS volume is described as an Album of Music, Poetry, and Prose, for 1830: a happy conjunction, and one not unadorned by art—for we have also a beautiful design of a presentation-plate by Bonington, and four lithographic prints by Gauci, Childs, and Haghe, from drawings, &c. by C. Tomkins and J. Pocock: the "Exiled Knight" of the former displaying a powerful imagination. Of the music and the poetical contributions it may be sufficient to notice that Rawlings, Barnett, Parry, Solis, Burrows, Holder, Jolly, H. Herz, C. Smith, Bishop, Kiallmark, Rossini, Kalkbrenner, Valentine, and Rodwell, supply the first; and that Haynes Bayly, the Ettrick Shepherd, Planché, Sir W. Scott, Hemans, Vandyk, Pocock, &c. &c., are the chief of the poetical doers. "The Confessions of a Suspicious Gentleman," by Lord Nugent, is one of the very best and most piquant prose articles we have any where met with among the Annual collections.

CITY OF LONDON LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION.

ON Thursday evening last we were present at a concert given by the music class of the above excellent Society, and were highly pleased with the manner in which the amateur corps executed their various performances. Altogether, the amusements of the evening were gone through in a style highly creditable to the tyros engaged in them, and to the Institution under whose care their knowledge has been acquired.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

SOME good comedies have been acted here; and on Thursday, an operetta, in one act,

called *No*, was brought out. We are not aware whether it is from the French *Non*; but something of the same kind has been performed at the Surrey, we believe. The singing of Sinclair, aided by the talents of Miss Graddon, Mrs. Orger, Mrs. C. Jones, Browne, and others, carried the piece pleasantly through here.

COVENT GARDEN.

The Early Days of Shakespeare!—Mr. Somerset (if such be indeed the name of the writer) is a bold man—his drama proves him to be an ingenious one; and boldness and ingenuity combined rarely fail to attain the prize for which they struggle. His subject presented more than common difficulties; and he has grappled with these manfully. On the other hand, the interest of his audience was enlisted on his side by the very title; and he was clever enough to avail himself to the fullest extent of the prejudice in its favour. To put language into the mouth of Shakespeare were a worse than Phaëton experiment, and must inevitably consign the presumptuous mortal to a fate as awful as that of the adventurous charioteer; Mr. Somerset therefore made him speak his own poetry wherever he had an opportunity. Nobody could object to this; and to say that “the leather and prunella” which made up the account was tolerated by the side of it, is to say that it received at least as high a compliment as the author’s modesty* could possibly have expected. The incidents are ably arranged, and follow each other in the following order:—Shakespeare, after a dream on the banks of the Avon, in which the principal creations of his fancy, at the command of *Oberon* and *Titania*, “come like shadows, so depart,” is taken before Sir Thomas Lucy, charged with having shot a buck, the property of that mirror of magistrates. “The Warwickshire Thief” poses the original *Justice Shallow* with a lecture on the game laws, is finally condemned to pay a penalty of fifty crowns, according to the statute, and after writing down the worshipful knight “an ass” in the well-known squib, “a parliament man and a justice of peace,” &c. makes his escape to London. There he has the good fortune to stop the runaway horse of my Lord Southampton, who, on the introduction and recommendation of *Richard Burbage* the actor, takes the young poet under his patronage, and encourages him to stand candidate for the prize-essay proposed by Queen Elizabeth, which, we need not inform our readers, he produces to the satisfaction of her Majesty, and of course of the court; the audience taking it for granted, as they were not indulged with a word of it. The queen, who has just heard of the destruction of the Armada, gives loose to her joy by adding a sort of codicil to her former royal will, “signed, sealed, and delivered,” in the command of a poetical impromptu from each of the persons around her, which of course adds to the triumph of Shakespeare, who bears off not only the bell, but the portrait of his *belle reine*, set in diamonds. The scenery is appropriate and beautiful. The piece is strongly cast and admirably acted. A pretty

medley overture by Bishop, and some tastefully arranged music from Weber’s *Oberon*, &c. added to its general effect; and we have little doubt, from its reception on Thursday evening, that it will have a considerable run.

ADELPHI.

On Monday *The Rose of Ettrick* was produced at this house, and has been enacted since every night; though it is not exactly of that character for which this entertaining theatre has taught us to look, by its excellent sea-pieces, varied with the most comic little dramas. This, on the contrary, belongs to the romantic class.

THEATRE FRANCAIS.

A TRAGEDY called *le More de Venise*, which the French papers say is a literal translation of Shakespeare’s *Othello*, was produced a few days ago at the Théâtre Français in Paris. It is from the pen of M. Alfred de Vigny, and is well spoken of by most of the Parisian critics. Some of the young men, however, who fancy that they cannot be just to Shakespeare without offence to the name of Voltaire, raised a clamour, which the good sense of the audience overpowered; and the piece met with decided success. M. Perrier, the actor who was called upon, according to the French custom, to name the author, stated that this translation from “the great Shakespeare” was by M. de Vigny. The tribute to our immortal bard conveyed in the word “grand” was hailed with grand approbation.

VARIETIES.

Roses and Onions!—A German gardener declares that he has found by experience, that an onion of the largest kind, planted near a rose-bush, gives a more agreeable and exquisite perfume to the roses.

Travelling by Steam in America.—The fare by the steam-boats from New York to Albany is only half a dollar—less than one farthing per mile.

War.—The following is an account of the number of battles, sieges, and treaties, which have taken place since the origin of the French monarchy up to 1815:—battles, by land, 1305—by sea, 77; sieges, by land, 1780—by sea, 23; treaties of peace, 66.—*French Paper.*

Fine Arts.—The King of Bavaria has had painted by eminent artists, under the arcades of the large building in the royal park at Munich, subjects taken from the history of Bavaria. These paintings, which are in fresco, and twelve in number, were thrown open for public inspection on the 1st instant. They are highly spoken of.

Suspension Bridge.—An iron chain suspension bridge has lately been constructed at Avignon, which is considered a master-piece of art, and has attracted great attention from the beauty of its proportions. The total length from one buttress to the other is 500 feet; there are two stretches of 240 feet each, capable of supporting a weight of 500,000 kilogrammes. The breadth, which is the same the whole distance, is thirty feet, divided into three ways or roads; the centre one for carriages, and the two others for foot passengers. The height above low-water mark is thirty feet. A triumphal arch surmounts the centre pillar, as well as the two at the buttments of the bridge, resting on the angles. It is supported by six iron cables, by means of vertical cords, the cables being fastened

to the pillars after having passed over the triumphal arch.

Linen Manufacture.—M. Ternaux, the eminent manufacturer, and one of the French deputies, has recently purchased the château of Colmoulin, near Montvilliers, Lower Seine, for the purpose of converting it into a linen manufactory. About 700 acres of land, of which the estate is composed, are to be cultivated with flax.

Speaking-Pipe.—A tin pipe, similar to that which has for years been found so convenient for verbal communications in large establishments and manufactories, has been applied to shipping, at the suggestion of Mr. Parsons, of Portsmouth Dock-yard. The Briton has thus been fitted with a pipe up the mainmast, to convey orders from the deck to the top in boisterous weather.

Fine Arts.—The Scotch Academy of Arts at Edinburgh have elected Mr. Martin an honorary member: this admirable and extraordinary artist has no academical honours whatever in London. The city of Edinburgh has also presented its Freedom to the great pictorial boast of Scotland, D. Wilkie: this was done by the Lord Provost in the most public and honourable manner.

Proof against Fire.—On Tuesday week an experiment was made in presence of a committee of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, by M. Aldini, for the purpose of shewing that he can secure the body against the action of flames, so as to enable firemen to carry on their operations with safety. His experiment is stated to have given satisfaction. The pompiers were clothed in asbestos, over which was a net-work of iron. Some of them, it is stated, wore double gloves of amianthus, held a red-hot bar during four minutes.

Cure for Gout, &c.—The *Notisia del Giorno*, of Rome, gives circumstantial details of several experiments most successfully made on persons of every age, and of both sexes, in that capital, for the radical cure of the gout, rheumatism, and sciatica, — diseases which have hitherto been thought incurable. The recipe consists in administering to the patient forty-eight doses of very warm water, each dose to weigh eight ounces, and to be taken every quarter of an hour during the paroxysm of the disorder. The result of this potion, of which the effect is diuretic, and excites perspiration, is obtained at the tenth or eleventh, and sometimes at the first dose. The physicians say, that although this quantity of drink may occasion nausea and vomiting, the doses should not, however, be diminished; and the remedy, which is cooling and antiphlogistic, is recommended by Drs. Rasori and Tomassini.

At a late sitting of the Paris Royal Academy of Sciences, Dr. Legrand read a memoir relative to the cure of scrofula by preparations of gold. M. Foureaud de Beauregard reminded the Academy of a memoir formerly presented by him with a view to shew that the yellow fever is to be considered as an acute scorbutic affection, and that the most efficacious remedy for it is the rhatany root.—At the same sitting, M. Lasfranc read a memoir relative to cancer, in which he endeavours to shew that in many cases it is not necessary to extirpate entirely the organ affected, but merely to cut off the diseased parts. He stated, that in several experiments the results had proved the correctness of his opinion.

Lithotritie.—Baron Heurteloup, of whose method of performing the operation called lithotritie we gave an account a few weeks ago, is proceeding most successfully with his practice.

* Apropos of modesty:—the author of *Shakespeare’s Early Days* has thrown down the gauntlet to his brother dramatists with perhaps a little more of the tone of insult than is quite becoming a novice in the art. We have never joined in the ally and unfair outcry against the writers of the present day, which, after all, is but the echo of a charge as old as dramatic writing itself in this country; and we confess we should not have thought less highly of Mr. Somerset’s original efforts, had he left such commonplace and threadbare tirades as he has put into the mouth of Burbage, to the ignorant, the envious, and the disappointed.

St. Bartholomew's Hospital and the Hunterian Society have, we are informed, witnessed several cases of cure for this most painful of diseases by the Baron's mode of excavating and crushing the stone. We consider these experiments to promise a great blessing to suffering humanity.

Ventriloquism.—Among the most successful of the vagabonds who nightly exhibit in the Boulevards of Paris at present is a ventriloquist, who has contrived a puppet on springs, with which he holds a conversation. The curious are obliged to approach close to the ventriloquist to hear the responses; and he immediately desires his wooden friend to tell the age of the individuals present:—two sous pieces are forthwith produced, and possess the power of effacing some ten years from the number of every munificent inquirer.

Paris Academy of Sciences.—The communications and business generally at the sitting of the 26th instant were not of much interest. It was whispered that the differences between the government and the Academy on the subject of public education were likely to be satisfactorily adjusted, and that an intention was entertained of increasing to a considerable extent the expedition which the king has resolved to send to Africa. Some of the members read privately to their friends, *en cercle*, letters from members of the expedition in Egypt; but they did not add much to the valuable information already supplied by M. Champollion.

Natural History.—At the sitting of the Paris Academy of Sciences on the 19th inst., M. Robineau Desvoidy, in the course of some observations on natural history, stated, that on opening a female viper of the species called the red viper, he found three thousand young, of different degrees of size. M. Desvoidy supposes that this extraordinary fecundity is peculiar to the red viper.—At the same sitting M. Geoffroy Saint Hilaire resumed his observations on monstrosities, and particularly remarked on the two Siamese brothers who arrived lately at Boston. The union of these brothers, he said, is limited to a point extending from the base of the breast to the navel. It is superficial, and is shewn solely in a small portion of the skin, a few vessels, and some muscles. Each of them is a complete man with respect to the important organs of life. They have attained their 18th year. Their stature is short. They have never been ill. The inconvenience of their position, face to face, has caused them to use great efforts to modify it, and they have succeeded in acquiring a power of motion so far as to regard each other obliquely, so as to make a right angle between them. Their minds are well cultivated, and they agree well together. On their voyage to Boston, the only difference between them arose from the wish of one to bathe in the sea, whilst the other thought the water too cold for the diversion.—It is a curious coincidence, that at the meeting of the 26th inst. it was also announced by the same learned physiologist, that the twin girls Rita and Christina, who are joined together, had arrived in Paris, and were to be examined by some eminent anatomists on that day at the Museum in the Jardin du Roi.

New School in Paris.—The *Société des Méthodes d'Enseignement* in Paris have, with the authority of the Minister of Public Instruction, just established a new school at Paris, under the title of *Ecole Orthomatique*, viz. school in which persons are taught on the most approved methods. Besides the ordinary

routine of instruction, the pupils are to be taught the living languages, natural history, natural philosophy, chemistry, mathematics, commercial sciences, &c. The chief promoters of this scheme are—M.M. Lafayette, Casimir Perrier, André Delessert, Lafitte, the Duke of Broglie, the Count de Noailles, and J. Smith, Esq. M.P.

Scientific.—At the sitting of the Paris Academy of Sciences, on Monday week, some interesting observations on monstrosities were made by M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire; and a new mathematical instrument, called *règle-échelle*, for facilitating the drawing of plans, was exhibited.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Dublin is about to adventure a Literary Gazette: the prospectus holds out, particularly, the consideration of theological subjects, and biographical sketches of eminent living characters.

The author of "Caleb Williams" has another novel in preparation.

The Poetical Works of the Rev. George Croly are nearly ready for publication.

Mr. Britton's History and Antiquities of Bristol Cathedral, with eleven engravings by Le Keux, is, we learn, nearly ready. On this occasion, for the first time, the author prints a list of subscribers, to shew the extent and character of local patronage. Mr. Britton is also preparing to publish his Illustrations and History of Hereford Cathedral in the course of the season.

A new work is promised by the author of "The O'Hara Tales."

Mr. Gally Knight announces a Letter to the Earl of Aberdeen on the Foreign Policy of England.

Mr. W. Long Wellesley has in the press a History of the Court of Chancery—its Abuses and Reforms. The work may be expected very soon.

The British Naturalist, or an Account of the Appearance and Habits of the more remarkable Living Productions of Britain and the British Seas, &c. &c., is announced.

Sir Edmund Temple will shortly publish an Account of his Travels in South America.

We have to thank the publisher for the fourth edition of *Rienzi*; and, without depreciating the great talent of its author, we may observe, that its success both on the stage and in the closet ought to encourage writers of ability to cultivate the higher branches of dramatic literature.

The Adventures of an Irish Gentleman may be very shortly expected.

Dr. Forster has nearly ready Letters of Locke to Mr. Furl, Mr. Clarke of Chelney, and Sir Hans Sloane; and also some Original Letters of Algernon Sydney, of Lord Shaftesbury, &c. &c.

The Memoirs of Bolivar, including the Secret History of the Revolution, is announced for speedy publication.

Random Records from the pen of George Colman the Younger are in a forward state.

In the Press—Stories of Travels in Turkey, and of the Manners and Customs of the Inhabitants of Constantinople; with a Sketch of the History and Geography of the Empire: to be embellished with plates.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Crittwell's Housekeeper, 1830, 4to. 2s. sewed.—Jackson's Designs for Villas, 4to. 12. 11s. 6d. bds.—Jenkins and Hosking's Architectural Ornament, folio. 12. 14s. bds.—Fincham's Practice of Ship-Building, 8vo. folio plates, 2s. 2s. bds.; on Masts, Ships, and Mast-Making, royal 8vo. 15s. bds.—Gribble on Fencing Horseman'ship, 8vo. 7s. bds.—Watson's Apology, French, 12mo. 4s. bds.—Henry and Antonio, from the German, 12mo. 6s. 6d. bds.—Ellison's Protestant Errors, 12mo. 6s. bds.—Clarke's Complete Cellarman, 12mo. 7s. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1829.

October.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday . . . 22	From 44. to 55.	29.60 to 29.80
Friday . . . 23	33. to 51.	29.88 to 29.91
Saturday . . . 24	27. to 54.	29.91 to 29.94
Sunday . . . 25	29. to 54.	30.03 to 30.19
Monday . . . 26	38. to 52.	30.25 to 30.26
Tuesday . . . 27	29. to 51.	30.30 to 30.25
Wednesday 28	34. to 51.	30.15 to 29.25

Prevailing wind, N.E.
The 22d and 26th for the most part overcast: the remaining five days almost cloudless, except the early part of the morning of the 28th, when, 2 of an inch of rain fell.
Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Latitude . . . 51° 37' 32" N.
Longitude . . . 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ERRATUM.—In the account of the Occupation of Aldebaran in our last, line 17, for "Of the immersion I cannot speak," read "Of the emersion I cannot." &c.
If J. H. refers to the Meteorological Journal in our No. for Oct. 10th, he will find the information he seeks.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

EDINBURGH REVIEW. ADVERTISEMENTS, NOTICES, &c. to be inserted in the General Advertising Sheet of the forthcoming Number of the Edinburgh Review, are requested to be sent to Longman's and Co. Paternoster Row, by Monday, 8th of November; and to be placed in the 12th. Advertisers will perceive the great advantage of sending their Advertisements and Bills early, as they are placed in the exact order they are received by the Publishers.

LANGUAGES. Mr. J. H. SMITH, Professor of the Greek, Latin, German, and French Languages, attends Schools and Private Pupils on Terms very moderate. Mr. S. had considerable experience as Classical Tutor, previous to a Residence of several Years in Germany and France, where he had an opportunity of learning the respective Tongues correctly. English taught to Foreigners.
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No. 668.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1829.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Four Years in Southern Africa. By Cowper Rose, Royal Engineers. 8vo. pp. 308. London, 1829. Colburn and Bentley.

A VOLUME of that lively and sketchy character that so well satisfies the appetite of our time, which will not endure the tediousness of severe research, and is charmed by the lighter forms of literature. Mr. Rose is, indeed, an extremely pleasant writer: his delineations of the scenery of Southern Africa are very picturesque, and he appears to have deeply felt the beauties of nature, while he also paints the habits and manners of the people with whom he mixed like a man of sense and discrimination. Thus his book is an agreeable mixture of vivid landscape and spirited portraiture. His principal excursion, as described by himself, will serve as a key to the whole work.

"It was (he says, on his return to the settlement) ten months since I had left the bay that lay before me; and in that time I had seen much that, in after life, I shall often recall. I had shared the hard life of the elephant-shooter, and slept in the bee-hive hut of the Kaffer, and traversed his beautiful country. I had visited the house of the phlegmatic boor, and the station of the subdued-toned missionary. I had seen most of the savage animals of the country, the elephant, the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus. I had sought for the lion in the country where they were once common, but the tract had been partially settled on; and the wild beasts retire at the appearance of man, with an instinctive feeling that a being more savage and relentless than themselves has invaded their haunts, and that their ferocity is no match for his. I had seen the many-coloured birds in their native woods, and on their native rivers. I had wandered through the gloomy arches of the boundless forests, where the tall trees cast a massive shade that seems never to have been broken by one ray of light. I had seen those trees with their many-coloured blossoms, standing in beauty and in pride, while the rich creepers, that hung like light drapery from their wide-spreading branches, moved with every breeze, affording a striking and mournful contrast. I had seen them stretched at their length, mouldering, fallen untouched by man, in the heart of their own dark forests. I had feasted on the loveliness of flowers, in the country where flowers are the most lovely, and where their beauty gladdens the lone wilderness; for the pride of your greenhouse is, in Africa, but a wild flower. I had seen society under new forms, and Nature as at her birth; and now the bay lay with its wide sweep stretched before me, dotted with English ships; and I end as I began, once again in Cape Town."

From the author's descriptions of the sights thus summed up, a few selections will be the best review that can be offered. At the kraal of old Enno, a Kaffer chief on the Beka river, the following is related:—

"There was one young and finely formed

girl in the group, with her wild expressive eyes and beautiful teeth, on whom I flatter myself with having made an impression: her mode of shewing it was singular: she picked some vermin from the hairy side of her carosse, and offered them to me; and on my exhibiting some symptoms of disgust, laughed most heartily at my fastidiousness, and put one in her mouth to shew that it was good. It was the first mark of attachment which I had received since I left Cape Town, and I was affected accordingly; and had but the refinement of sentiment been added to so touching a proof of love—had she but sung,

'I give thee all, I can no more,
Though poor the offering be:'

I know not what the consequences might have been."

Of old Enno himself we are told, when food was given to him, he always distributed a portion to his followers.

"On receiving a potato, and his being told that he might have them in his own country with very little trouble, he slowly and calmly answered, 'I am very old—too old to learn new things; but I will take every thing that you will give me.' We laughed, and told him that it was a very clever answer. 'Yes, I have lived a long time in the world, and have learned cunning,' was his reply. The manner in which he tried to procure a present was amusing. 'It was not for the sake of the present, but that it would be asked of him by others whether the landdrost had passed through his country; and on his answering, 'Yes,' they would inquire what present he had received; and when he should say none, they would naturally reply, Then you must have behaved ill to him—for he is very generous.' He was a strange being, and possessed more talent than any Kaffer I ever saw; his words coming from him very slowly and innocently, while there was a slight twinkle in his small sunken eye that belied his lips. I saw a white Kaffer among Enno's tribe,—a hideous being daubed with red clay; and, on inquiry, found that it was the son of the chief; and heard that on Enno's being teased about his colour, and hints thrown out of unfair play on the part of his wife, he laughed it off, and asked if they had never known a black cow have a white calf. One more anecdote, and I have done with him. He was at the landdrost's house, and in order to see its effect upon him, a lady was seated at the piano playing a simple air, (and seldom has it been my chance to hear any one who played so sweetly,) when the old man, who was listening intently, suddenly stopped her, saying, 'That is enough; it reminds me of the loss of my child, and it tells me I should go home and cry.' The child to whom he alluded, and to whose death Enno often recurs, was shot on some occasion by the Cape corps.

"I was told too (continues Mr. Rose) of a chief who had been taken prisoner in some attack on Kafferland, and sent down to Cape Town, being recognised by an officer who had

seen him on the frontier, and who recollected that he was famed among his tribe for his courage in the chase, and for his skill in throwing the assegai: one was given to him, and he was told to throw it; but it fell from his hand, as he replied—'that he could not—for his heart was broken!' It did not strike me that the savage tribes are improved by the intercourse with us that has been opened by the fair that is held at Fort Wiltshire, the frontier post. I attended one of them, and was amused with the strange scene of barter—buttons and beads for hides and ivory. Gaika, the neighbouring chief, dressed in an old regimental jacket, was in the Fort with his retinue of twenty-five wives; and it was not without interest that I looked on one of whom Barrow had prognosticated so highly. He was then nineteen, he is now fifty; and melancholy has been the change that has taken place in the interval: the English have given him their protection, and with it their vices; and he is a sunk and degraded being, ready to exclaim with Caliban—

'I'll swear upon that bottle to be thy true subject,
For the liquor is not earthly;—'

a wretched savage, despised and suspected by his tribe, continually intoxicated, and ever ready to sell his wives for brandy. Such are the fruits of our protection! such have ever been the effects on the savage of the kindness of the civilised! If we find them simple and trusting, we leave them treacherous; if we find them temperate, we leave them drunkards; and, in after-years, a plea for their destruction is founded on the very vices they have learned from us."

Of the Bushmen we have also some very characteristic anecdotes. *Ex. gr.*

"Many of the colonists have likewise assured me, that their Boeshemen of either sex used in stormy weather to abuse the thunder with the words *!guxeri—!gaunati*, sorcerer, imp, and other reproachful expressions; and at the same time, in a furious manner, with their shoes, or any thing else that was at hand, menace and bid defiance to the flashes of lightning and peals of thunder that exploded and rolled over their heads. Whether this is true, I have not had the means of ascertaining, having never been in their country; but there is so much of wild poetry in the conception, that I cannot think it a colonial invention. Imagine the pigmy wretches, of unearthly ugliness, standing at the mouth of their cavern, watching the gathering tempest, as the lurid clouds darkened above them, while the earth shared the gloom of the heavens; and then, when after the breathless hush, the lightning's flash burst with its dread glaring light, and the thunder echoed through all the hills,—imagine these savages, their umber faces lighted up to a more fiend-like expression in the blaze, threatening the storm with their furious gestures, and, with impotent menaces, breathing their wild curses against the thunder. Some years since, I had one of these imps staying in my house for several months; his age might be

about twelve years; his height three feet; his hands and feet were wonderfully small and beautifully formed, while the ugliness of his face was startling. The creature possessed considerable quickness, and had great talents for mischief and mimicry. His first introduction was characteristic:—“Can you speak English?” I asked. “No.” “Can you speak Dutch?” “No.” “What do you speak?” “Ba-boon;”—and before he had been in the house six hours, I caught him mimicking my walk and manner. Donald (for that was the name given him) had no taste for cleanliness, and I was obliged to insist on his going into the sea every morning at the time I bathed: this he by no means admired, and, one grey, cloudy day, shewed extreme reluctance; and, while standing on the sand, asked me if the water was cold. “No,” I replied; and he then dipped his tiny foot in the wave, shook it, and said—“It’s a d—d lie, now—for it is cold.”

“The belief in witchcraft is general throughout the country, and the punishments are dreadful. The rain-maker, after his ceremonies, fixes on some obnoxious individual, possessed of a large quantity of cattle: no proof is necessary, no protestations of innocence avail: the wretch is fixed to the earth by a thong, carried round the ankles and wrists, which are fastened to stakes driven into the ground; burning stones are then placed on his body, and nests of the large black venomous ants broken on the scorched and wounded parts. In his agony he confesses to all that is demanded of him, and is then ordered to give up the power by which he worked evil. He gives up something—any thing,—a string of beads, or an ornament, and is then tortured to death, or driven from the tribe a wanderer and a beggar.

“Kafferland suffers much from want of rain, and the tribes, that depend on their crops of Kaffer and Indian corn, die in a year of scarcity by hundreds. When this is threatened, the prophet, rain-maker, or doctor,—for he unites the three,—becomes of importance, and is bribed by a present of oxen to procure rain. He promises it; the thunder-clouds are to burst within a certain time, and the rain is to pour down: if it comes not, he says that the cattle they sent him were poor, and the rain-spirit is displeased; larger cattle are sent, and again the prophet names a period before which their wishes will be gratified: should that time pass, he says that nothing will avail, but a favourite ox of the chief’s. There is a long hesitation in yielding this, while so much time is gained; but it is given, and another term is mentioned. The doctor is now at the end of his subterfuges; and should the rain not come, names the man or woman who has frustrated the effect of his incantations, and the wretch is killed to save the credit of the rain-maker. I had from a missionary the following account of some of the Kaffer superstitions, several of which almost approach religion, which they are said to be without:—A Kaffer selects, as his guardian, the spirit of some former chief or friend, invokes him on all occasions of difficulty, thanks him on all escapes from danger, sacrifices to him part of the ox that he kills, part of the game that he takes; and in harvest-time scatters a portion

* Elsewhere we are informed, that “when a Kaffer returned to his own country from Cape Town, to which he had been taken by an English officer, and, full of the strange things he had seen, told his tale to the dark group around him, describing the wonders of a ship, which he called ‘a waggon that moved upon the waters, and that never utters a’ (unyoked), and many other marvels; he was greeted at the close of each story, when he expected applause, by the unanimous comment, ‘That’s a lie!’—a very common fate with travellers.”

of the grain as an offering. In crossing a flooded ford he calls upon him; and when the string that fastens the ornaments of his carrosse is loose, and he discovers it in time to save them, he ascribes to his kind spirit that the thought of looking had occurred to him. When the kraal is struck by lightning, the site is either deserted, or an ox burnt on the spot, or buried beneath it, as an offering to the incensed spirit of the kraal, or to *Uhlanga*, the spirit of thunder. The apparition of the dead, *Shulanga*, is supposed at times to haunt a kraal, when his dying wishes have not been complied with, and an ox is sacrificed to appease it; and a man rushes from the habitations, in wild pursuit of the dark shadowy form.”

The ceremonies of barbarous people often present remarkable coincidences: we here learn, that on killing the elephant the natives approach his dead carcass with superstitious care, and endeavour to “exculpate themselves of any blame in his death, by declaring to him gravely, that the thing was entirely the effect of accident, not design; while, to atone for the offence, or to deprive him of all fancied power, they cut off the trunk and solemnly inter it, pronouncing repeatedly, during the operation, ‘The elephant is a great lord, and the trunk is his hand.’” In like manner the wild Arab burns the head of the hyena, lest it should be converted into a charm of evil influence; and the American savage addresses the bear he has slain in language of the most cajoling kind. But we proceed with a few more of our characteristic extracts. The author is speaking of Conguar, the son of a chief, who accompanied the party.

“One night that our bivouac was surrounded by a distant hord of Kaffers, over whom he had no control, he was asked whether our things were safe, and replied—‘They have told me they will take nothing; but I cannot see their hearts.’ On my inquiring from him which were the most powerful chiefs in Kafferland, he replied, ‘Hinza,’—a long pause,—‘then Gaika—then St’lamby;’ he stopped. ‘And your own family comes next, I suppose.’ ‘We are but as dogs to Hinza, as the dust is to my foot.’ One of our party was attempting to explain to him, that the moon shining above us was a world like the one on which we stood; and he listened attentively, and calmly observed when the speaker had ceased;—‘I will not say, that what you have told me is not so, but has any one been up to see it?’ In reply to some observation of his, I said, ‘Conguar, I wonder at this from you, who live so near Mr. S—the missionary; I am sure he never does so.’ ‘Oh, Mr. S—knows God, and I don’t know him yet.’”

There are some entertaining details of elephant hunting, but, we regret, too long for our notice. D—the hunter who presided on these occasions, Mr. Rose relates, “told us of his having seen an elephant raise his fallen companion, and still assist him even when wounded himself. I saw the beast killed, rather than desert the one that could not follow; and they fell dead together. On my observing that, judging from the paths that intersected the country in all directions, they must be very numerous; he said, ‘they were, and indeed are so still. I have, I dare say, myself seen as many as three thousand in a troop, on the banks of the Fish River; but I should think, in the last three years, full that number have been destroyed.’ He mentioned one thing that struck me as very extraordinary,—that those who traversed the country never found the

body of an elephant that had died a natural death, though they frequently found those that had fallen by the hunters’ shot. I was surprised to hear D— say, that it was his wish to leave his present life, and to settle quietly in his farm. ‘Indeed!’ I said; ‘I should have thought that this wild pursuit, and your former dangerous trade, would render a quiet life somewhat sleepy.’ ‘I have a wife now, and shall have children; and have been driven to this by debt and necessity. I have nearly got over my difficulties; for in twenty months, I and my Hottentots have killed eight hundred elephants; four hundred have fallen by this good gun; and when I am free, I quit it. Scores of times have the elephants charged around me, even within a yard of the bush under which I had crept; and I feel that it was a chance I was not crushed. Once I had fired on a large troop in a deep ravine, one side of which was formed by a steep cliff, which echoed back the sound of the firing, and a hundred elephants, with upraised ears, and loud screams, and tossing trunks, rushed down the narrow pass, and charged the echo, being the opposite side to that in which we had fired, and the one to which we had moved; myself and Hottentots lying in the bush, while they rushed by us. The boldest hunter is killed at last. I have, when pursued by a rhinoceros, sprung down a high bank, not knowing its depth, or whether I might not fall on a rock or stump. No, sir, it is a life of no common hardship and danger. I have been obliged to eat the veldtschoon (untanned leather shoes) from my feet.’ I asked Skipper how many wild beasts he had shot in his life: his list I cannot accurately remember; but there were, I think, two rhinoceri, one lion—when all his companions fled—I know not how many elephants, tigers, wolves, &c.; but it finished with two Kaffers; for Skipper was not a man of nice distinctions. The night passed, and in the morning we packed up our baggage, consisting of a pair of saddle-bags; and I bade D— good bye, wishing him sport, and a high price for his ivory. ‘Well, Skipper, good bye; I think you would smoke if you were between the tusks of the elephant.’ ‘No, sir,’ he replied, without the slightest change of countenance, apparently taking my speech as literal, ‘for he would smell me.’ We separated—the hunter and boy took their guns and started homeward. Skipper and his companion went with the horses to bring away the tusks of the dead elephants, while my companion and myself returned from whence we came.”

And here we must conclude, though there is an additional chapter, giving the particulars of the author’s visit to St. Helena and the house of Buonaparte, on his homeward way;—a marvellous story of the Flying Dutchman, on the vouching of a British naval officer, which shews that superstition is not confined to Hottentots and Kaffers;—and sundry other matters, which just make out the volume to a right number of pages. Altogether, we recommend it as a piece of agreeable reading, which does credit to the taste and talents of our Engineer Officer.

Stories of a Bride. By the Author of the “Mummy.” 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1829. Colburn and Bentley.

We like these volumes exceedingly: the narratives are, to use a young-lady-like but most expressive phrase, very interesting; the style as graceful as it is *spirituel*; and the framework both novel and picturesque. Still none of these merits, high as the praise is that we

have allotted them, is the one that constitutes the peculiar excellence of these pages. The distinguishing characteristic of our author is a vein of philosophic thought—a true though feminine system of metaphysics, made up of that imagination which often bodies forth the truth so accurately (a little beau-idealised, perhaps)—that observation of feeling, so keen and so delicate, because its own feeling is the test—and that tact which, like the touch of a blind man, rather feels than sees its way,—this character of mind, displaying itself in a thousand slight touches, as well as in more elaborate composition, is at once the mark and the merit of the book before us. We have not for some time met with passages, either of reflection or observation, that have impressed us with higher ideas of a writer's lively perception, or of that discriminating faculty which analyses while it embodies those various feelings, motives, &c. which are the thousand and one wheels of social machinery. The introductory sketch is written with great vivacity: the young heiress is excellently drawn, and her falling in love is well managed. Rousseau says, *c'est notre premier soupir qui fait le destin de notre vie*; but in this case it was the *premier* yawn. There is something very original, yet English, in the rich peer and wealthy countess, equally fatigued and fortunate, being first attracted by a sympathetic yawning fit. The first tale is more likely to attract attention from its narrative than from sympathy with its hero. The "Mystic" has nothing in common with our young cavaliers: we live in an age of cambric and Cologne; and the perils of an over-excited imagination are, in our times, dangers as little to be deprecated as those of tilt or tournament: a youthful dame has now no rival so potent in her lover's affections as his tailor. The "Treasure-seekers" is a most romantic tale, and one we think, for its variety of incident and its foreign scenery, well calculated for popularity. There is much to praise and much to choose from; but our extracts must be, like pocket-books, ruled by columns: the following quotations from the life of the heiress will give a fair notion of the piquancy and animation of this sketch from real life.

"My father was a man of large fortune, and I was his only child: my mother died giving me birth; and my father, in a transport of despair, vowed to devote his future life entirely to the care of my education. 'Dear relic of my departed Emily!' exclaimed he, apostrophising me as I lay in my nurse's arms, when I had the honour of making my first appearance in his presence,—'no after cares shall ever divert my mind from the pleasing task of imparting the rudiments of instruction unto *thine*. From this moment I forswear the world; I will retire to the country; and there, secluded from society, my whole time shall be devoted to the delightful employment of training thy infant steps to virtue. No hiring governess shall interfere in this sacred duty, and on me alone shall devolve the great, the important charge.' My father was an enthusiast in every thing, and rapid in all he said or did. His favourite axiom was, that only the shortest possible time should elapse between the conception of a great design and its execution; and, unlike axiomatics in general, he practised what he taught: accordingly, the moment that he had determined to retire from society, in order to devote himself to me, he gave orders for the breaking up of his town establishment, and would have commenced my education *tout de suite*, had not my nurse respectfully hinted, that I was only a few days

old, and that it was not customary to teach babies any science till they could speak. The funeral of my mother, and the necessity of erecting an elegant monument to her memory, luckily seconded this wise suggestion; and my father's mind was soon too fully occupied in discussing the comparative merits of Gothic and Grecian architecture, to allow him to waste a single thought on me. Whilst he was meditating on temples and urns, and perplexing himself with every possible order of columns, all was well; but, unfortunately, buildings cannot be in progress for ever, and the mausoleum was finished before my reasoning faculties were sufficiently developed to enable me to receive instruction. Consequently, when my father, with a constancy of purpose very unusual to him, sent for me into his library to commence my education, about twelve months after my mother's death, he found me so stupid that he gave up the task in despair. 'It is very strange,' said he, as he rang for my nurse, and I made my exit in a violent fit of crying, 'that the passions begin to develop themselves so much sooner than the understanding. Incipient vanity sparkled in the eyes of that little creature when I shewed her my watch, and anger now swells in her youthful bosom; yet her mind is a perfect blank.' My father paused, and fell into a fit of musing, from which he only roused himself to take down and examine the different authors who have written upon the development of the human mind: unfortunately their theories did not correspond with his experience; and, after a fruitless study of some hours, he threw them aside, and employed himself in sketching out a plan for my education."

Luckily, an aunt saves her from the risk of, amid these systems, not being educated at all.

"At sixteen I was presented, and of course was instantly surrounded by crowds of adorers, who were lavish in praise of my beauty, my talents, my wit,—in short, every thing but my fortune; which, being a thing of no consideration in the eyes of necessitous young men of fashion, no doubt entirely escaped their notice. As I was an heiress, and consequently did not want to marry for an establishment,—and as romance did not happen to be in fashion,—I had no temptation to fall in love; the ordinary provocation of acting against the will of cross relations was also wanting; for my father and aunt, who were both a thousand times more romantic than myself, seemed to expect, as I was rich, that, as a matter of course, I must fix my affections upon some one who was poor. My aunt actually seemed almost disappointed when she found that I overlooked all the handsome youths of slender expectations who presented themselves before me, and that I liked myself too well to think much of any one else. My father, indeed, had no leisure to bestow many thoughts upon me; for his ardent mind was now entirely engrossed by a new subject. He had made a speech soon after taking his seat in the House of Lords which had been warmly applauded, and he now thought of nothing but politics. No persuasions could induce him to relinquish a debate; he spoke on every question, and voted in every division. No one exceeded him in patriotism, though I really forget whether he was a Whig or a Tory; and in the days I speak of, there was some difference between them. I only know that his speeches were generally two hours long, and that upon important occasions he used to send for me into the library, that I might hear him rehearse. Hours of penance! how I used to

rejoice when ye were over;—yet I loved my father; but, unfortunately, I had no genius for politics, and did not like long speeches. I had a large fortune from my mother; and as every one knew that if my father did not marry again, a circumstance that seemed by no means probable, I should in due time become Countess of Montessor in my own right, with all the funds, lands, and tenements, thereunto belonging, I had innumerable offers,—more, I verily believe, than the once celebrated Harriet Byron, though I certainly could not boast that I possessed half the charms of that paragon of perfection. No Sir Charles Grandison, however, 'bowed upon my hand;' and no one certainly ever ran away with me. Lovers take things more quietly now than they did fifty years ago. I am sure I do not know why, though, I dare say, ingenious hands might trace the cause to the National Debt, the Court of Chancery, or the Catholic Question; for I remember, during my political studies, that they seemed the roots of all evil. None of my lovers, luckily, being desperate, I enjoyed in their fullest extent those halcyon days of woman's life when all appears *en couleur de rose*;—when beauty is in its brightest bloom, and admiration gives animation to society,—till suddenly my happiness received a severe shock from the death of my father. He caught cold while waiting in the lobby for his carriage, after speaking with tremendous energy in the senate. 'Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori,' said a brother peer a few nights after his death, having contrived, with statesman-like skill, to introduce a funeral oration on his friend into a debate on Catholic emancipation. 'He died on the field of glory,' observed another. Many shook their heads, some sighed, more admired the eloquence of the orators who lamented his loss,—and after that my father was forgotten."

We have before stated that our heiress marries; and we shall finish with a chance observation or two.

"French women certainly think a good deal of effect. I believe if a house full of them were to be on fire, they would all throw themselves into elegant attitudes before they called for assistance; and I have been told, that a disconsolate widow, whose grief over the tomb of her husband in the Père la Chaise used to be the admiration of all Paris, was accustomed to practise daily her exclamations of despair before a large looking-glass!

"As I am generally happy myself, I like to see other people so; for, let philosophers say what they will, I am convinced nothing makes us so much disposed to view our fellow-creatures in a favourable light, as being in perfect good humour with ourselves; whereas, when we are in trouble and distress we get cross and ill-tempered, we are disposed to find fault with every thing, and cannot bear to see other people pleased, because we feel miserable."

We regret we have not room for some graphic pictures of Hungary; and shall only say that this is a very original as well as amusing work, and one which we think will be universally liked. We congratulate the author.

Travels in the Interior of Mexico, in 1825-6-7-8.

By Lieut. R. W. H. Hardy, R.N. 8vo. pp. 540. London, 1829. Colburn and Bentley.

We are not Hottentots, but civilised critics; and will not, therefore, receive the accounts of the gallant author of these travels in the rude manner recorded in the note at the bottom of our page 722; though, like Mr. Waterton, in

his "Wanderings," we confess he has somewhat staggered us with the strange facts he relates. Being a commissioner for the Company formed to fish for pearls and coral in the Gulf of California, the worthy lieutenant certainly proceeded on an errand that was likely to produce unexpected and extraordinary results; but we were not prepared for the very unexpected and extraordinary results stated in this volume. As an example, we will begin with a sub-marine tale, founded on descents to drag the pearly treasure from the deep.

"The oyster secures itself so firmly to the rocks by its beard, that it requires no little force to tear it away; and as its external surface is full of sharp points, the hands are soon severely cut by them. The effect of the buoyancy of the water is also curious. At the depth of seven or eight fathoms, it requires exertion to keep down; and if you then attempt to lay hold on a rock with the hands, you find yourself as it were *suspended*, so that if you let go your hold you will immediately *tumble upwards*! I remember, the first oyster I ever met with was at the depth of four fathoms only; my head was almost touching it; and forgetting, in my pleasure, to strike out with my legs, as I stretched forward my hand to catch hold of the prize, to my astonishment, the oyster slipped from my grasp, and I found myself nearly at the surface of the water the next instant; so that I had all my labour for nothing. So firmly does the oyster fix himself to the rock, that, in order to tear him away, it is necessary to get "a purchase" upon him, by placing the feet on the bottom. The excessive difficulty of doing this is incredible: it requires the muscular strength of the whole body to overcome the resistance of the water's buoyancy. I have no doubt that, by means of its long beard, the oyster has the power of locomotion, and that it changes its situation according to its pleasure or convenience. One principal object of inquiry, however, was obtained; namely, the true situation of the shells under water. I found that I had been in a complete error in supposing them formed in beds; that is, in heaps, as the word bed would seem to indicate. With this impression I left England, and continued in it till I had now convinced myself, by actual investigation, of the error into which I had been led by every body with whom I had conversed on the subject. Indeed, a moment's reflection would have pointed out the impossibility of the oysters being piled in heaps together in this gulf. This fish always seeks for tranquillity, which it could never find in situations exposed to currents, and motion occasioned by the undulations of the water. I always found them in sheltered bays, the bottoms of which were covered with large rocks. This brings me to consider the reason why a diving-bell, at least in the Gulf of California, can never be profitably employed. After reaching the bottom, if the greater surface be considered bottom, there are frequently found chasms in the rock below, which extend from one to two, or even three, fathoms lower. It is down these apertures that the diver may most generally expect to meet with oysters, which even here conceal themselves in the cavities of the rock; and as the power of vision fails in so dense a medium, particularly if the depth be considerable, and the surface rough, the diver is obliged to insert not his hand only, but even his head, into every hole and corner, like a person groping about in the dark; holding on, the while, by the points of the rock, to prevent his rising to the top, in consequence of the water's buoy-

ancy, at the depth, for example, of seven or eight fathoms, beyond which I cannot speak from experience. The perception of objects under water at this depth is very indistinct, and their magnitude is augmented, so that a very small shell appears of large dimensions, and the diver is frequently mortified by the discovery of the mistake when he rises. It is strange that the deception should not be detected by the *touch*; but it would appear, that in the same way as the *eyes* measure the capacity of the *stomach*, so also do they convey to the *hands* a sort of conviction that the *apparent* is the *true* size; so that these organs take pleasure in mutually deluding each other! The fissures in the rocks, in these submarine situations, do not frequently exceed ten inches or a foot; so that in descending, the back, chest, knees, and heels, are sometimes dreadfully lacerated. If, then, not even a shark could follow a diver in these situations, how is it possible that a diving-bell, which is considerably broader, should be able to do so? The idea that it could, is only to be entertained by a person as grossly ignorant of the circumstance as I was before I convinced myself of the truth. In fact, it might be said that the men in a diving-bell would remain suspended half way between hopes and realization, and would feel, as I sometimes did when I was crawling about the bottom, "like a fish out of water;"—an odd expression, by the by, for a fellow eight fathoms deep! I am convinced that there is no stimulant so great as hope. Under its influence, the diver is insensible to danger, although he see himself surrounded by sharks of prodigious magnitude. Armed with his short stick,* he considers the invasion of so formidable an enemy's domains as unworthy of a moment's hesitation. Anxious to grasp the prize, he pays little regard to the price of its attainment, which he no sooner possesses than he is ready to fight the stoutest of the finny race. I have myself descended when the horizon was filled with the projecting fins of sharks rising above the surface of the water; and although armed only in the way I have described, I thought myself perfectly secure from molestation; notwithstanding they were swimming round me in all directions, at not a greater distance than a few fathoms, I continued my pursuits with the greatest *sang froid*. I should no more be capable, in my cool moments of reflection, of braving this inconceivably horrible danger, where I might have been mangled and torn to pieces by one of these implacable monsters, than of entering the tiger's den before his breakfast, at Exeter Change. But when the passions are concentrated into one point, though that point be on the verge of eternity, hope still attends us. On these occasions how sensibly have I felt, and how often repeated, the beautiful lines of the enraptured poet!—

—'Methinks it were an easy leap
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced deep.'

Don Pablo Ochou, who was for many years a superintendent of the fishery, and himself a most expert diver, gave me the following account of one of his watery adventures:—The Placer de la Piedra negada, which is near Loretto, was supposed to have quantities of

* "This stick is about nine inches long, and is pointed at both ends. The diver grasps it in the middle, and when attacked by a shark, he thrusts it into the monster's expanded jaws, in such a position, that, in attempting to seize his victim, the jaws close upon the two sharp points; thus secured, he can do no mischief, but swims away with his martyrdom; the diver rises, and seeks a new weapon of defence."

† Where did Lieut. Hardy find this quotation? we do not remember a more barbarous mutilation of Shakespeare.

very large pearl-oysters round it—a supposition which was at once confirmed by the great difficulty of finding this sunken rock. Don Pablo, however, succeeded in sounding it, and, in search of specimens of the largest and oldest shells, dived down in eleven fathoms water. The rock is not above one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards in circumference, and our adventurer swam round and examined it in all directions, but without meeting any inducement to prolong his stay. Accordingly, being satisfied that there were no oysters, he thought of ascending to the surface of the water; but first he cast a look upwards, as all divers are obliged to do who hope to avoid the hungry jaws of a monster. If the *coast* is clear, they may then rise without apprehension. Don Pablo, however, when he cast a hasty glance upwards, found that a tinteréro had taken a station about three or four yards immediately above him, and, most probably, had been watching during the whole time that he had been down. A double-pointed stick is a useless weapon against a tinteréro, as its mouth is of such enormous dimensions that both man and stick would be swallowed together. He therefore felt himself rather *nervous*, as his retreat was now completely intercepted. But, under water, time is too great an object to be spent in reflection; and therefore he swam round to another part of the rock, hoping by this means to avoid the vigilance of his persecutor. What was his dismay when he again looked up, to find the pertinacious tinteréro still hovering over him, as a hawk would follow a bird. He described him as having large, round, and inflamed eyes, apparently just ready to dart from their sockets with eagerness, and a mouth (at the recollection of which he still shuddered) that was continually opening and shutting, as if the monster was already, in imagination, devouring his victim, or, at least, that the contemplation of his prey imparted a foretaste of the *goût*! † Two alternatives now presented themselves to the mind of Don Pablo: one to suffer himself to be drowned—the other to be eaten. He had already been under water so considerable a time, that he found it impossible any longer to retain his breath, and was on the point of giving himself up for lost, with as much philosophy as he possessed. But what is dearer than life? The invention of man is seldom at a loss to find expedients for its preservation in cases of great extremity. On a sudden he recollected, that on one side of the rock he had observed a sandy spot, and to this he swam with all imaginable speed; his *attentive* friend still watching his movements, and keeping a measured pace with him. As soon as he reached the spot, he commenced stirring it with his pointed stick, in such a way that the fine particles rose, and rendered the water perfectly turbid, so that he could not see the monster, nor the monster him. Availing himself of the *cloud*, by which himself and the tinteréro were enveloped, he swam very far out in a transversal direction, and reached the surface in safety, although completely exhausted. Fortunately, he rose close to one of the boats; and those who were within, seeing him in such a state, and knowing that an enemy must have been persecuting him, and that, by some artifice he had saved his life, jumped overboard, as is their common practice in such cases, to frighten the creature away by splashing in the

* We have ourselves seen something like this, — it was in a pantomime, where Grimaldi was thrown overboard from a vessel, and got to the bottom of the sea. He, too, seemed to be terribly frightened by the big fish.

water; and Don Pablo was taken into the boat more dead than alive."

As one such story is as good as a hundred to illustrate a work, we shall for the present content ourselves with this single extract. The author's fault seems to be a strong desire to be facetious, which leads to satirically exaggerated pictures of what he saw, and is about the last quality we would covet in a description of countries little known to European travellers. Still there is much to amuse us in this publication, and we shall probably return to it again; though we really wish the writer had been a less clever and more common-place matter-of-fact man. His accounts of his own exploits certainly prove him to be *nomine felix*!

The Romance of History. Spain. By Don T. de Trueba. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1830. Bull.

WE really do cordially advise our readers to get these volumes as soon as possible. This is the dullest of November weather: the Water Company, with their usual attention to the public taste, have cleared out the Basin in the Green Park in the most pleasant and preparatory manner, for the indulgence of our national propensity; Term began on the sixth; and suicide and suing now menace a thousand dangers. At such a season, books like these are an absolute act of patriotism, merging the dreary and dismal present in the dimly seen and thence beautiful past. Gentle reader, draw the crimson curtain—stir the fire with that proper mixture of prudence and force which is the happy medium between leaving the fire to darkness and decay, and raking all the coals out of the grate—light your lamp—place yourself gracefully on your sofa or in your arm-chair,—we say gracefully, because grace is ease—open these pages;—and forthwith, if a gentleman, begin fancying yourself as brave, as handsome, as victorious, as the gallant knights of old; or if a lady, dream yourself as beautiful and as beloved as the heroines;—and we promise you, without fail, a very pleasant evening. Our limits will not permit any thing like analysis of the vast store of romantic deed and wild adventure contained in this work: the "Romance of History" is a fitting title for the chronicles of Spain. We scarcely know which legend to select; but choose the following, for its length, as well as for the lighter tone which contrasts it with its graver companions. It is a tale of the minority of Henry III., whose guardians treated their young monarch somewhat cavalierly.

"One day, the king, returning from shooting quails, his favourite pastime, came into his palace later than he was expected. He waited patiently for some time in expectation of his dinner; but perceiving no sort of preparation, he ordered his page to inquire of his purveyor the cause of this unpardonable neglect. After a short time the page returned, but appeared for some time unwilling to speak. 'Well, Fadrique,' said the king, 'what accident has happened in the palace that causes this delay? Has my purveyor or cook died suddenly?' 'No, please my liege,' answered the page; 'but there is no dinner ready.' 'By Santiago, this is scarcely excusable!' quoth Henry; 'surely there is no need of much preparation, for my frugality is well known: tell them to prepare any thing; but bid them make haste—for the chase has more than usually sharpened my appetite.' The page went back with these commands, and soon after returned, accompanied, not by a troop of servants laden with the dinner, but

simply by the major-domo, or steward, exhibiting a most dismal and lengthened visage. 'Our Lady defend us!' cried the king, 'what ails thee, Martos, that can bring thee into our presence with those woful looks? Speak boldly, man; why is my dinner not ready?' 'I crave your *altessa's* forgiveness,' replied Martos; 'but the dinner —' 'Well, the dinner—what's become of the dinner?' returned Don Henry, with a smile: 'has it all been devoured by the cats, or has it been spoiled by the cook?' The major-domo gave an expressive shake of his head, which served as a prologue to his unwelcome intelligence. 'I am sorry to bring such bad information to my king; but there is nothing now in the palace to serve up for dinner.' 'Never mind,' resumed the king, good humouredly; 'any thing will do; you know that, in this respect, I am not difficult to please; now go and observe my orders.' But Martos, instead of going, most pertinaciously kept his ground, throwing at the same time additional solemnity into his already but too ominous looks. 'Señor,' he resumed, 'there is not wherewithal in the palace to prepare a meal for a boor, much less for the sovereign of Castile! We are totally unprovided, and —' 'Well, by my troth,' cried the king, with a mixture of vexation and laughter, 'such want of provision is inexcusable! My dinners have all along been so very moderate and plain, that I could not expect they stood in need of much preparation. I do not think that any respectable citizen fares more homely than his sovereign; and yet this poor meal cannot be had when it is called for. It is singular, certainly; but, as I must have something to eat, go and send me a slice of cold meat, with some vegetables.' 'I am deeply concerned, my liege,' replied the evil-boding major-domo; 'but we have neither cold meat nor vegetables of any sort to lay on the table.' 'This is really curious!' observed the king; 'why, I suppose that if I were to ask for a crust of bread, I should run a chance of not obtaining it?' The silence of Martos very plainly told his master that he was just in his surmises. 'At all events, bid the cook prepare the game which I have brought from the chase; I suppose I can have that,—unless, indeed, there is some magical process here that conspires against my dining.' The king, whilst his meal was preparing, began to reflect deeply on the utter destitution exhibited in his larder. Aware that many more secrets would come to light, he resolved to investigate the matter thoroughly, and learn what could be the real motive that produced such poverty in his household."

He hears that the Archbishop of Toledo gives a splendid fête that day, to which he obtains admittance in the disguise of a musician. "The king was struck, no less at the high tone of the guests, than at the magnificence of the banquet. The most costly delicacies were heaped upon the convivial board, and a crowd of attendants waited on the arrogant grandees. Don Henry took his station by a corner, from which he could minutely observe what was going forward, and hear the various remarks that fell from the lips of the company. 'Thy looks proclaim thee young,' quoth the archbishop, 'and you have made good progress in the musical craft. Who art thou?' 'Alack!' answered the king, 'most learned and reverend señor, I am a poor, houseless orphan, reduced to the greatest want; indeed, good sirs, to-day I have not been blessed with a dinner.' 'Poor youth!' muttered the archbishop; 'give him something to eat. Have

you always been in this dependent state?' 'Oh no, great sir; humble and insignificant as I now appear, I am of noble birth and parentage; but, unfortunately, my father died when I was a child, and my tutors, instead of fulfilling conscientiously the duties of their charge, despoiled me of my inheritance, and reduced me to such destitution that, as you see, good señores, I am actually compelled to wander about in search of a meal: this is the truth, so help me God!' 'A very interesting youth,' observed Don Pedro de Mendoza, one of the greatest depredators of the king's treasures; 'and it is shocking indeed to hear such an instance of injustice towards an orphan.' 'Heaven bless you, my honoured master,' returned the king, 'for your benevolence and kindness; but how much more will your generous feelings be kindled, when I tell you, that at the very time that I am depending upon the noble archbishop's bounty and charity for a meal, my cruel and sinful guardians are most prodigally feasting at my expense!' 'Holy Santiago keep me in his grace!' cried the conscientious prelate with warmth; such unprincipled conduct ought to be visited by the indignation of God and man. What think you of it, my noble *Caballeros*?' 'If the youth speaks truth in all,' said the Marquess of Villena, 'a complaint ought to be presented to government, that the sufferer may be righted, and his wrongers punished.' 'Oh! certainly,' observed Mendoza, 'they ought to be compelled to make full and ample restitution.' 'In sooth, Don Pedro,' returned the prelate, 'it strikes me that would scarcely be punishment enough for the offenders. I do not think justice would be hard upon them, if their guilt were visited by confinement, or even death.' 'Most reverend señor,' said the king, 'with all due respect to your learning and conscience, perchance what you propose savours of severity.' 'Not in the least,' returned the archbishop; 'such is the sentence I would give, if I were to be the judge upon the occasion.' 'May all the saints bless you, señor!' cried Henry; 'ere long I shall appeal to you, that ample right may be done me.'

On his return to the palace, Henry began to reflect upon some scheme which might deeply humiliate the delinquent nobles, and procure him ample reparation for his wrongs. From that moment he was confirmed in his previous resolution, of taking the reins of government into his own hands. A few days after the preceding event, he would complete his sixteenth year, and he chose that moment to carry his plans into effect. With this determination he retired to rest. On the morrow he sent a formal invitation to his grandees, spiritual and temporal, desiring them to assist in a grand entertainment, with which it was his intention to treat his noble and distinguished friends on his birth-day. After this he took no further notice of the affair, but received the archbishop, the Marquess of Villena, Mendoza, and the rest of the party, in the usual manner; not the remotest suspicion existing among them that their unjustifiable conduct was fully known to the king. Henry's birth-day at length arrived, and the grandees most joyfully attended the royal invitation; indeed, they were very eager to see what entertainment could be prepared by the king, considering the indifferent state of his coffers. Perhaps a treasure had been discovered, or perhaps their lord had borrowed from the King of Arragon, or some other prince in Spain. But yet it puzzled Don Pedro de Mendoza amazingly, how, if there was a treasure, it had escaped

from his clutches; or, if a loan had been made, how his vigilance could have been eluded, to prevent his deriving any profit from the transaction. Henry had given circulation to various rumours concerning the splendour of the feast; and the grantees, leaving their surmises to be satisfied by the event, repaired to the palace on the wings of expectation. As they gradually arrived, they were shewn into one of the chambers, where they were to wait until they were all assembled, and the doors of the banquetting hall thrown open for their reception. The wished-for moment at length arrived. With much ceremony they were conducted to the saloon destined for the feast. But what was their amazement at the sight which offered itself to their eyes? Instead of a decorated saloon, they found one which was almost tenantless from want, not only of ornament, but even of the most indispensable furniture. A long, unpolished deal table, with benches of the same humble materials, were the only things in the room. The king himself, clad in complete armour, sat at the head of the homely board, which contained no food whatever, except a piece of hard, coarse bread, and a jug of water, for each of the guests. Henry, with much affability, desired the guests to take their seats, and to do justice to the fare he had prepared for them. 'It is perchance not dainty enough,' he said; 'but I know full well the extent of your attachment and fidelity to my person not to receive with content any favour, however humble, which comes from my hands.' The grantees put on the best smiles they could command in so difficult a situation, and, sitting round the table, used their endeavours to push down their rebellious throats the hard and unsavoury food placed before them. They were puzzled to make out the meaning of this singular scene; but they had shrewdness enough to suspect that there was some mystery at the bottom. Again the good humour and affability of the king tempted them to imagine that the whole affair was a whim. Perhaps it was an exhibition emblematical of the self-denials and hard fare to which the ancient warriors had often been subjected; and indeed the armour in which Henry was equipped made the supposition probable. The king meantime devoured his portion of the food, in which he was rather well imitated by his guests, considering the very difficult nature of the task. 'I am afraid,' he then said, 'you have not found your repast to your satisfaction, but I hope you may relish the second course much better.' The announcement of a second course made the guests open their ears, and their eyes glistened with anticipation. They were confirmed in their surmises that the whole affair was a joke to give zest to the feast which was in store for them. Under this impression they rose up and followed the king, who now conducted them to another apartment where the second course of the dinner was said to be laid out. They entered the place, when, lo! their countenances fell for the second time. Upon a view of the room it appeared that the joke was prolonged; and indeed if the thing were a joke at all, it must be confessed to have been one of a most unpleasant and serious description. The place was hung with black, the light of day shut out, and the gloomy glimmer of two or three lamps substituted in its stead. Awful emblems of death were also visible on every side; there was a long board covered with a black pall, supporting a coffin; a large crucifix stood in front of it, and a skull, a friar's habit, a book of prayer, and all the paraphernalia of death, were dismally ex-

bited to the astonished and chilled sight of the grantees. The king now ordered the doors to be shut upon his guests, and in a firm and commanding voice proceeded to address them. 'Behold the second course of your dinner! but before I suffer your indulging in it, as well as in the dessert which is to crown the feast, I must put a few preliminary questions. You, Sir Archbishop, in due consideration of your exalted capacity and distinguished rank, are perhaps the most proper person to give the desired answers.' After a short pause, he continued, in a more austere tone—'Tell me now, truly, how many kings have you known in Castile?' 'Why, please your highness,' answered the bewildered prelate, 'I have known three: the great Don Henrique, of Trastamara, your grandsire, your father Don Juan, and your gracious self.' The king then put the same question to several others of the grantees, and they answered, two or three, according to their age. Henry, assuming an indignant frown, exclaimed—'For shame, *Caballeros!* you prevaricate and deceive your sovereign: the eldest of you asserts that he has known three kings of Castile only; and how can this be, when I, who am so very much your inferior in years, have seen at least half a dozen?'

'Another point remains to be settled,' resumed Henry. 'You have seen the sort of entertainment I have prepared for you. It certainly cannot be compared in splendour to the one lately given by the Lord Archbishop of Toledo. In that, to me, ever memorable banquet you may remember a certain orphan minstrel was present, whose wrongs you all volunteered to redress. I have taken the task upon myself, and, by the holy Santiago, and by my honour, I swear that the orphan shall have most ample reparation!' The archbishop and his companions were thunderstruck at these words; they prudently abstained from opening their lips in vindication, but preserved a deep silence, in anxious suspense for the catastrophe of this drama. This indeed took place even sooner than they expected. The king made a sign, and a secret door was opened, from which a civil officer, a priest, and an executioner, came forward: the ominous sight chilled the delinquent nobles with dismay. The black pall was partially removed, and the block and the axe were discovered to the view. Don Henry proceeded—'Sirs, you are in the case of the orphan; it is by your own sentence that you are condemned. First, then, you must sign a confession of your guilt, and a deed by which you give back to the rightful owner what your rapacity has usurped.' These documents were quickly signed by the tutors. 'It now only remains,' resumed the king, in a stern tone of voice, 'to carry into effect the second part of the sentence pronounced by the Archbishop of Toledo. My lords, commend your souls to God, and prepare for death.' At these awful words the prelate and his horror-stricken companions immediately prostrated themselves at the feet of their offended sovereign, and, pleading guilty, endeavoured by their prayers to soften his heart and obtain pardon. The king, who, as we have already stated, had no particle of cruelty in his disposition, and who perhaps had only meant to give a serious lesson to his nobles, after a short time relaxed from his imposing attitude, and released the culprits from their painful suspense. 'You are forgiven,' he said; 'for I would not darken my birth-day with deeds of blood. But you shall remain in strict confinement until a full and satisfactory restitution is made to the crown of

all your shameful spellations. Those of my guests whom I have summoned here merely to be spectators of this scene and profit by the lesson, may depart in peace; but those who formed the regency, and who have answered so shamefully to the trust reposed in them, must be accompanied to prison by my faithful officers. There they shall remain until my just demands are satisfied.'

So much for the work; and now for a few words in commendation of the author, who has executed his task with equal spirit, industry, and ability, and set forth an immense mass of historical information in its most attractive form. We cannot conclude without remarking on the general accuracy of his style. Don T. de Trueba is an extraordinary instance of a foreigner mastering so many of the beauties and niceties of composition in a tongue so difficult and so peculiar as is our English language.

A Letter to Lord Robert Seymour; with a Report of the Number of Lunatics and Idiots in England and Wales. By Sir Andrew Halliday, K.H. and M.D. 8vo. pp. 96. London, 1829. Underwoods.

If there be any one species of disease—if there be any one condition of human suffering—better entitled or more forcibly recommending itself to our kindly sympathies than another, who will say that it is not that of the "bereft in mind?" Is there one amongst us who can contemplate the moment when he may be stricken of his reasoning faculties—when all the vigour and energy, the meditations and hopes, the blissful hours and elevating enjoyments, all the thousand delights, which spring from the rational exercise of his mental powers—all that lends to human existence its sunshine and its value—may be wrested from his grasp?—is there one amongst us who can contemplate such a moment of utter destitution as this, and refuse to follow us, with a willing and opened heart, whither the hand of human commiseration beckons, and the voice of self-love and Christian benevolence calls us? For ourselves, we confess that the active exertions of the author in this great though neglected field, during a period of more than twenty years, give him a claim upon our notice, which renders us the more anxious that the present fruits of his researches should be universally diffused and appreciated amongst our reflecting fellow-countrymen. And even, though destitute of so powerful a recommendation as this, a subject which comes home to the feelings of the most abject of our race, would not fail to justify towards every reader a much more extended consideration of it than what can be expected from the slender limits of a weekly journal.

What this active philanthropist has effected for the ameliorated treatment of the wretched objects of mental bereavement, throughout Scotland and Ireland, is gratefully recorded, not merely by the public voice, but the improved state and discipline, and the extended institution of lunatic asylums, in both those kingdoms. He has, happily for us, turned his experienced attention to their wretched condition in our own land; and we bid him take fresh courage and boldness under the difficulties which have been disgracefully opposed to him; because we feel that the hand and heart of England will be with him. We say that the state of the lunatic and idiot in this country has "happily" excited his attention, because recent and authentic returns have shewn, not only that insanity, in all its forms, prevails so

a most alarming extent in England, but that the numbers of the afflicted have become *more than tripled* during the last twenty years: where, in 1810, one in three thousand of our population were thus mentally chastened, one in every thousand individuals is now bereft of all that makes life dear to man!

And how vast is not our debt to those who devote their labours to the staying of so widely increasing an evil, when we find the author speaking of it as a sort of monster, from which even the kindly-minded recoil! "I have known men of enlarged minds, and of the greatest humanity—men whose understandings I have considered as the most enlightened—whose ideas I know to be the most liberal—fly from every investigation of this subject as from a pest-house!" Had he not spoken of men of enlarged minds and of humanity, we should have considered his allusion to apply to those heartless legislators whose short-sighted financial wisdom has imparted such fatal vigour to the consumption of narcotic liquors and ardent spirits!—the monopoly of public breweries, and the circulation of excise licenses! But Sir Andrew has not attempted, much less shall we attempt, to trace the lamentable increase of lunacy to any such fiscal scourges as these, prolific as they are in spreading that moral contagion which must ultimately destroy both body and soul. It is "sufficient unto the day" that we should mark the melancholy results of our own analysis of his inquiries; and we give them with the more satisfaction, because they corroborate his own, though presenting the subject, we conceive, under a somewhat more distinct point of view.

Taking the whole population, comparatively with the number of lunatics and idiots, in 38 counties of England, there appear to be 1 insane person in every 1062 souls; and in 12 counties in Wales, 1 in every 800!

Of the 38 English counties, 16 fall under the head of "agricultural," and give 1 insane person in every 850; 8 under that of "agricultural and manufacturing," giving 1 in 1026; 11 under that of "manufacturing," giving 1 in 1380; and 3 under that of "mining," giving 1 in 900: so that it would appear mental disease commits the greatest devastation in those very districts where we should have presumed the existence of a superior state of physical vigour and general health.

We add, that the author finds in 6 maritime counties, 1 insane person in 1000; and in 6 inland counties, 1 in every 1165; and that out of the 13,710 insane persons found in England and Wales, 6,100 only are in confinement; the remainder being at large, or taken care of by relatives or friends.

In this early stage of his inquiries, he is wisely cautious of drawing inferences; but the following observations could not have escaped a far less diligent investigator, and we recommend them to the reader's attention. "Throughout the whole of England, wherever the majority of the people are engaged in agricultural pursuits, the proportion of insane persons, especially idiots, is more than the general average in the manufacturing districts. The manufacturers of cotton are not so subject to mental diseases as those engaged in the several branches of our woollen manufactures. The average proportion in the county of Northampton (where three-fifths of the population are employed in agriculture) is greater than in any other county of the same extent in England, being 1 to every 650 of the population." And lastly, "in Norfolk, where the excitement of manufacturing uncertainty and occasional dis-

treas has prevailed to a great degree in and about Norwich, and very frequently in other parts of the county, it is to be noticed, that the increase of insanity has not been so great as among the more settled and regular agricultural population of Suffolk."

We are willing, with the author, to believe, that our inattention to this most interesting of subjects has arisen more from ignorance of the extent of the evil and of its rapid increase, than either from inhumanity or indifference to the sufferings of our fellow-creatures: and we feel that we have discharged one of the duties of our public calling by bespeaking the attention and sympathies of the reader in favour of that wretched class, with whom "life's fondest scenes are darkened down to naked wastes!"

Reisen in Egypten, &c. By Dr. Hemprich and Dr. Ehrenberg.

(Second notice: conclusion.)

Mehemed Ali, Pasha of Egypt.—Though the features of Mehemed Ali Pasha may carry weight and effect with them among the natives of the East, they will make as little impression upon a European as the "outward signs" of his corporeal presence. His body is well proportioned, and of the middling size; whilst the diminutive form of his face clearly betrays his Albanian extraction; for the genuine Ottoman is usually distinguished by a large head and oval countenance. His features derive the liveliness of their expression from the effect of a small sparkling eye. The phlegm, which is peculiar to the bearing of the Turk, is a stranger to Mehemed's character; and though his oriental costume and manners may give him an appearance of unwieldiness in the eyes of a European, still he possesses, in a very remarkable degree, personal animation. I did not see him in any other posture than when he was sitting or riding.

If it be required of an extraordinary being that he should be characterised by something out of the common way in external circumstance, this characteristic would readily be found in the simplicity which surrounds him. In the ante-chamber of his open hall of audience were both *Cretshi* and *Plethi*, and at times such a clatter and noise would assail our ears, as to make us forgetful of our proximity to the pasha's presence. In more recent times he has encircled himself by a regular body-guard, but at the time when we saw him there was neither the form nor the perceptible existence of any such array. The soldiers were hanging about in a careless sort of manner, though armed in the fashion of the country. His mamelukes appeared to be the only individuals who personally protected him; and even they, properly speaking, were enacting the part of servants. The entrances, both to the palace as well as the divan, were entirely destitute of soldiery. All sorts of men, even of the very lowest classes, were rambling about upon the steps and within the ante-chamber. When Boghos Jussuf (his prime-minister) introduced us, the pasha saluted us; and the minister, as filling the post of chief interpreter, invited us to sit down upon a divan opposite to the pasha. The latter was seated, in his caftan, upon his divan, which stood near a window facing the harbour; he was smoking from a long Turkish pipe, and an English telescope was lying at his side. We were habited in the mameluke costume with a red *djibé*, or upper garment of light Cachemire wool, turbans, and long beards; and it was natural that the pasha, to whom mention

had been often made of us, should open the conversation by asking us how we were pleased with our new dress, and why we had not retained our European costume? Dr. Hemprich explained to him that we had adopted it in order that we might be less annoyed by the inquisitiveness and taunts of the Arabs. On thanking him for the letters of protection he had given us, he asked us whether we had been well received on every occasion? and then, whether we had found any of the precious metals in the country? In reply, I drew his attention to a rich and useful stratum of iron, which we had found in Dongola; and added, that no part of Egypt, Dongola, or the environs of the Nile, which we had explored, afforded any trace whatever of other metals. He then desired Boghos Jussuf to tell us, that he was much pleased with our being in Alexandria, as he was aware that we always gave medical advice to the sick. Coffee was presented to us during the conversation. Boghos stood near the pasha: and on the same divan with Mehemed sat Nedjib Effendi, the Constantinopolitan envoy, who had the pasha's youngest daughter, a child two years of age, on his lap. Ismael Gibraltar, the admiral of the fleet, was also present, joined at times in the conversation, and sat himself down beside us without any sort of ceremony.

As regards the etiquette observed on such occasions, we learned that the individuals in his service stand in his presence, and that he invites none to take their seats on the divan placed opposite to his own, excepting individuals of rank, heads of religions, wealthy persons who are not in his service, and Europeans. The presentation of coffee is a still greater mark of distinction; but he does not order a pipe to be offered to any but such parties of high rank as are either in his confidence or are immediately connected with him: such are consuls, &c. The greatest honour he can confer is to invite a person to sit down on the same divan as himself. In the latter case, he rises a little when he makes his salutation.

Mehemed Ali Pasha was born at Cavala, a town of ancient Macedonia, not far from the shores of the Grecian Archipelago, and is now (1827) in the sixtieth year of his age; he was consequently born in the year 1767. Ibrahim Aga, his father, was at the head of the police in that place. The son was fond of a military life, though, by way of speculation, he embarked in the more lucrative trade of tobacco. At the time of the French expedition, he crossed over to Egypt with the contingent ordered from his district, and became an officer in the Turkish army, which, under the auspices of the English, defeated the plans of their adversaries. He made himself beloved on every occasion, and his activity and dauntless bravery placed him at the head of every enterprise which was undertaken. He commanded the Albanese, his own countrymen; a body of men which was distinguished beyond any other by its daring and recklessness, and powerfully seconded his plans, whilst he himself suffered no qualms of conscience to deter him, where he could, from administering to their necessities. In the first instance, his plans appear to have had no object beyond the upholding of his sway in this corps; and nothing but the ease with which he saw it was possible to advance his fortunes, amidst the confusion of the moment, prompted him to turn it to his individual account. Force and fraud were alike the stepping stones to the attainment of his ends. He knew no sincerity in the compacts he entered into with his oppo-

nents, and took advantage of any weak or imprudent points in their terms to precipitate their downfall. Wherever peaceably disposed persons or public bodies possessed privileges which obstructed his designs, he contrived to get rid of them, or to render them subservient to his purposes, accordingly as he found it best or easiest. He has never treated individuals of inferior consideration with harshness, injustice, or cruelty. By these means he has not only brought the whole of Egypt, Nubia, and Dongola, under his dominion, but the greater part of them are become his personal property and possession, as he has gradually taken the land itself in payment from such proprietors as could not discharge their taxes; and, by narrowing their means of subsistence, has forced them to fertilise lands which lay waste, though susceptible of cultivation; taking care that they should hold the new soil under leases from himself.

Mehemed Ali has afforded numerous proofs of pecuniary disinterestedness. He is not of a cast to brood over accumulated treasures. His voluntary remittances to Constantinople are more than twice as much as Egypt ever sent before, and his special largesses exceed even these. His indefatigable mind is constantly intent upon strengthening his dominion by enlarging its sphere; and growing discontent, or the mere appearance of it, is instantly stifled in its birth. As lord of Egypt, he is the self-created successor of Kurschid Pasha, from the year 1804; but he was not confirmed by the feeble government of Constantinople, which always leans to the side of the stronger, until the aid of his Albanese had placed Cairo in his grasp. Since he has been sovereign and pasha of Egypt, he has studiously avoided even the appearance of being opposed to the Turkish government; though he has artfully contrived to render the military service he owed to it subservient to the execution of his own designs. His calculating commercial spirit is the peculiar quality in his character, which has given him political eminence, has brought the resources of Egypt into play, and can never quit him whilst its fruits invite him to fresh efforts. It is of indispensable necessity towards the power and prosperity of Egypt, at a time when the interior of Africa is so scantily cultivated, that it should have a quick and regular demand for its rich produce in the west of Europe. An interruption to its commerce might give a very different aspect to the state of Egypt, as well as to Mehemed's views and conduct. But before it comes to the worst, he takes pleasure in basking beneath the rays of his new-born exaltation.

Mehemed Ali has notoriously avoided every act that could imply a disposition to befriend the Christian religion. During our stay, English missionaries, seconded by the interest of the consulate, besought him to favour their plans for converting the Jews to Christianity; but they were turned back with a tolerant hint, that he did not compel the Jews to embrace Islamism, and was the less disposed to interfere in any such matter as theirs. In the year 1823 he supplied every Egyptian village, which was destitute of a place of public worship, with mosques erected at his own expense. Mehemed has no distaste for Rhenish, though he has not entirely abandoned the usages of the Mahomedan faith. • • • It is

• On one occasion I observed to a Fellah Arab, (a countryman),—"Surely you have reason to be pleased with the pasha; for your country is like a garden, and all your villages have steeples!" The Arab replied, "God is great! Our master (*Keffendine*) gives with one hand, and takes with two."

not in his character that he should ever turn Christian, but it is very possible he may cease to be a Mahomedan. Hitherto his mind has not wholly shaken off the fetters of prejudice, for a species of religious feeling has proved both a guide and a hindrance to him.

Mehemed has enjoyed no advantages from education; he speaks no western languages besides Turkish, Albanian, and Arabic: he learned to read and write late in life, but seldom makes use of those acquirements. Endued with a keen sense of what is best and most expedient, he has at all times lent a ready ear to extensive designs; and being withheld by no scruples of conscience, he has been enabled to bring them to a successful termination. His love for science is displayed by the patronage he confers on its disciples, and proceeds from his sense of its usefulness; though it is frequently the effect of his admiration for what is out of the common course. His attachment to Europeans is measured by the extent of their intellects and attainments; the utility of which he has learned to appreciate more sensibly of late than in earlier years. • • •

What he begins, he wishes to see completed; and the greater the difficulties he has to contend with, the bolder and more efficient are the means he adopts, so long as there exists the slightest glimmering of a hopeful result. • •

The Egyptians sigh, but their country flourishes, and a happy future gleams through the mist of their misfortunes and ignorance. The reform begun at Constantinople was reared upon the shoulders of Mehemed's system, and Nedshib Effendi was its bearer. With Mehemed Ali a new epocha has dawned upon the East; toleration and science promise to travel once more hand in hand with Islamism; and though the means may merit reprobation, yet has a result ensued, which has raised an enduring monument to the memory of its instrument.

Mehemed Ali had three sons, Ibrahim, Tusun, and Ismael, and three daughters, two of whom are married. Tusun Pasha died of the plague in Egypt at the close of 1816, after long conducting the campaign against the Wechabites. Ismael Pasha was assassinated during a revolution in Sennaar in 1822, when I was on its frontier, and my own safety was endangered. Ibrahim Pasha has subsequently commanded in the Morea.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

The Constitution of the Scotch Episcopal Church, concisely stated, in a Charge delivered, in August 1829, to the Clergy of the Episcopal Communion of Brechin. By the Right Rev. George Gleig, LL.D., F.R.S.E. Rivingtons.

THOUGH the review of theological works scarcely falls within our legitimate province, we cannot abstain from recommending this very able Charge to the notice of all our readers, lay as well as clerical. We express ourselves thus, not merely because of the high character of its author, but because the pamphlet contains by far the best outline which we have any where seen of no uninteresting portion of ecclesiastical history. The Scottish episcopal church, though at present neither wealthy nor powerful, has undergone too many vicissitudes of fortune not to be an object of interest to all inquiring minds; and we can safely assure such, that they will find in these pages more information, contained within narrower limits, than they are likely to find elsewhere. The style of the pamphlet, we need scarcely say, is at once vigorous and lucid. There is, moreover, no party bias, no spirit of polemicism,

about it; and hence it will be read by men of all persuasions with equal satisfaction. It is, therefore, as we said before, a very able, and we may now add, a very seasonable, performance.

Select Portions of Sacred History, conveyed in Sense for Latin Verses; intended chiefly for the use of Schools. By the Rev. Francis Hodgson, M.A. London, 1829. Taylor.

THIS is a useful book for beginners, and intended as a companion to the Hints for Versification, by the late Rev. Robert Bland. The difference between the two publications is principally this: that Mr. Bland's book consists of classical or moral, and Mr. Hodgson's of sacred poetry. Both are written by men of elegant and cultivated minds, well versed in the mysteries of Latin composition, by education at first-rate public schools. Masters who wish to give their boys a Sunday exercise in sacred poetry, and those parents or teachers who prefer such subjects on all occasions to profane ones, will do well to adopt this useful and elegant collection.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

Nov. 4th. Mr. Hoblyn in the chair.—This evening the first meeting of the season took place. The Marquess of Northampton was elected a member; thanks were voted to Mr. Peel for obtaining certain bills, votes, and papers, of the House of Commons, chiefly connected with commerce, manufactures, and the arts, for the use of the Society. A great variety of communications from competitors for the Society's premiums were read; amongst them was one for a glass clock. These were generally referred to the respective committees. Baron Ferrussac, director of the Bulletin Universel, made an application, requesting the Society to take some shares in the literary scheme he is at present attempting to establish in Paris. We understood the Society to decline the baron's request. This meeting being of the old series, no original paper was read by Mr. Aikin.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

Nov. 2d.—The first meeting of the present session took place this evening; A. B. Lambert, Esq. one of the Vice-Presidents, in the chair. There was a very full attendance of fellows.

A long paper was read on the parasitical connexion of *Lathraea squamaria*, and the peculiar structure of its subterranean leaves, by J. E. Bowman, Esq. F.L.S. Several beautiful illustrative drawings accompanied the communication. The author seems to consider that the absence of green colour, so common in parasitical plants, (for instance, *Orobancha*, *Momotraba*, and some others familiar to our botanical readers,) is to be attributed to the want of proper leaves.—Six gentlemen were admitted fellows; and seven others proposed. On the table lay a considerable number of valuable presents; amongst them, an extensive collection of plants presented by the East India Company. These had formed part of the collection brought to England lately by Dr. Wallich, superintendent of the Company's garden at Calcutta; there were also presented by J. W. Bennett, Esq., two cases, containing specimens of fish from Ceylon; together with various foreign works of literature and art.

ANCIENT AND MODERN EGYPT.

M. Champollion's Thirtieth Letter—concluded. In the tomb of Rhameses V. the halls or corridors which follow those I have just described are

adorned with symbolical representations, relative to the different states of the Sun, considered either physically, or more especially with reference to mythology; but these representations do not form a connected whole, and for this reason they are either totally omitted, or do not occupy the same place, in the other royal tombs. The hall preceding that of the sarcophagus, generally consecrated to the four genii of the Amenti, contains, in the most complete tombs, the appearance of the king before the tribunal of the forty-two divine judges who are to decide the fate of his soul—a tribunal only represented upon earth by that which granted or refused to the kings the honours of sepulture. An entire wall of this hall in the tomb of Rhameses V. presents the images of these forty-two assessors of Osiris, mingled with the justifications which the king is supposed to present, or to cause to be presented in his name, to these austere judges, who appear to be commissioned each to inquire respecting some particular crime or sin, and to punish it in the soul subjected to their jurisdiction. This great text, divided consequently into forty-two verses or columns; is, properly speaking, only a negative confession, as may be judged by the following examples:—O God (—), the king, Sun, moderator of justice, approved by Ammon, has not committed any wickedness. The son of the Sun, Rhameses, has not blasphemed. The king, Sun, moderator, &c. has not been intoxicated. The son of the Sun, Rhameses, has not been idle. The king, Sun, moderator, &c. has not carried away the effects devoted to the gods. The son of the Sun, Rhameses, has not told falsehoods. The king, Sun, &c. has not been a libertine. The king, Sun, &c. has not shaken his head when hearing the word of truth. The son of the Sun, Rhameses, has not uselessly lengthened his words. The king, Sun, &c. has not had occasion to devour his heart (that is to say, to repent of some bad action). Lastly, by the side of this curious text, in the tomb of Rhameses Meiamoun, there were figures still more curious—those of the capital sins. There remain only three that are pretty visible: these are *Leasciviousness*, *Idleness*, and *Voracity*, represented under the human form, with the symbolic heads of a goat, a tortoise, and a crocodile.

The grand and last hall in the tomb of Rhameses V., that which contained the sarcophagus, surpasses all the others in size and magnificence. The ceiling, which is vaulted, has retained all the painting: the freshness of it is so great, that one must be accustomed to the miracles of preservation in the monuments of Egypt to persuade himself that these frail colours have withstood the effects of thirty centuries. The progress of the Sun in the two hemispheres during the astronomical day, a composition which decorates the ceilings of the first halls of the tomb, and is the general basis of all the decorations of the royal sepulchres, is here repeated on a large scale, and with more detail in certain parts. The walls of this first hall, from the basement to the ceiling, are covered with representations, sculptured and painted as in the rest of the tomb, with thousands of hieroglyphics, forming explanatory legends. The Sun is still the subject of these bas-reliefs, a great number of which likewise contain, under emblematical forms, the whole system of cosmogony, and the general principles of natural philosophy among the Egyptians. Long study alone can make out the whole meaning of these compositions, all of which I have myself copied, transcribing at the same time all the texts which accompany them.

It is the most refined mysticism; but under these emblematical appearances there are certainly ancient truths which we think very modern.

In this brief description of one of the royal tombs, I have forgotten to speak of the bas-reliefs that cover the pillars which support the several halls. They are adorations to the divinities of Egypt, and especially to those which preside over the destinies of souls, Phtha, Socharis, Atmou, the goddess Meresochar, Osiris, and Anubis. All the other tombs of the kings of Thebes, situated in the valleys of Biban-el-Molouk and the West, are adorned either with the whole, or only with a part of the representations which I have just described, according as the tombs are more or less extensive, and especially more or less finished.

The royal tombs which are really finished and complete are very few in number, namely, that of Amenophis III. (Memnon), the decorations of which are almost entirely destroyed; that of Rhameses Meiamoun; that of Rhameses V.; probably also that of Rhameses the Great; lastly, that of Queen Thaoer: all the others are incomplete. Some terminate at the first hall, which is converted into a great sepulchral hall; others go to a second hall of the complete tombs; some even end abruptly with a small chamber, hastily excavated and rudely painted, in which was deposited the unfinished sarcophagus. This incontestably proves what I said at the beginning, that the kings gave orders for their tombs when they ascended the throne, and if death surprised them before it was finished, the work was stopped, and the tomb remained incomplete. We may, then, judge with certainty of the length of the reign of each of the kings interred at Biban-el-Molouk, by the completion, or by the more or less advanced state, of the excavation intended for their sepulture. On this subject it is to be observed, that the reigns of Amenophis III., of Rhameses the Great, and of Rhameses V., were, in fact, according to Manetho, each of more than thirty years, and their tombs are also the most extensive.

I have still to speak of certain peculiarities which occur in some of these royal tombs.

Some remaining walls of the tomb of Amenophis III. are covered with plain painting, but executed with much care and delicacy. The great hall contains also a portion of the course of the Sun in the two hemispheres; but this composition is painted on the walls, under the form of an immense papyrus unrolled, the figures being simply traced as in the manuscripts and the legends in lineal hieroglyphics, approaching very nearly the hieratic forms. The Royal Museum possesses rituals in this intermediate species of writing.

The tomb of this illustrious Pharaoh was discovered by one of the members of the commission of Egypt, in the valley to the west. It is probable that all the kings of the first part of the eighteenth dynasty were interred in the same valley, and that there we must look for the sepulchres of Amenophis I. and II., and of the four Thouthmosis. They cannot be discovered except by clearing away immense accumulations of earth, &c. at the foot of the great perpendicular rocks in which these tombs were excavated. This same valley conceals perhaps the last asylum of the Theban kings of the ancient periods: at least, I think myself authorised to make this inference from the existence of a second royal tomb, in a very ancient style, which has been discovered in a most retired part of the same valley, that of a Theban Pharaoh named Skhai,

who certainly does not belong to the last four Theban dynasties, namely, the seventeenth, eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth.

In the valley properly called Biban-el-Molouk, we admired, as well as all travellers who have preceded us, the astonishing freshness of the paintings, and the delicacy of the sculpture of the tomb of Ousirei I. who in the legends takes the different surnames of Noubei, Athothi, and Amonei, and on his tomb that of Ousirei: but this fine catacomb decays more and more every day; the pillars split and give way, the ceilings fall in scales, and the painting peels off. I have had drawings made and coloured upon the spot of the richest pictures of this hypogeum, to give in Europe an exact idea of so much magnificence. I have also had drawings made of the series of nations represented on one of the bas-reliefs of the first hall of columns. I thought at first, from the copies of these bas-reliefs published in England, that these four nations, of very different races, conducted by the god Horus bearing a crook, were nations subject to the sceptre of the Pharaoh Ousirei: the study of the legends has proved to me that this picture has a more general meaning. It belongs to the third hour of the day, that in which the heat of the sun's rays begins to be felt, and warms all the inhabited countries of our hemisphere. It is meant to represent, according to the legend itself, the inhabitants of Egypt, and those of foreign countries. We have, therefore, before us the image of the several races of men known by the Egyptians; and we learn, at the same time, the great geographical or ethnographical divisions received at that remote epoch.

The men, led by Horus, the pastor of the nations, are represented to the number of twelve, but belonging to four very distinct families. The first three, those nearest the god, are of a dark-red colour, well-proportioned figures, mild countenances, a nose slightly aquiline, long braided hair, and white garments; and their legend designates them under the name of *ROT-EN-NE-ROME*, the race of men, or men properly so called, that is to say, the Egyptians.

The following three have a very different appearance; their skin is flesh-colour, inclining to yellow or tawny, the nose much curved, black thick beards ending in a point, and short garments of various colours: these bear the name of *NAMOU* (Asiatics).

There can be no doubt respecting the race of the next three; they are negroes, designated by the general name of *NAHASI*.

In fine, the last three have skins of what we call flesh-colour, of the most delicate whiteness, the nose straight or slightly arched, blue eyes, fair or red beards, tall and very slender figures; they are clothed in ox-hides with the hair on, and are real savages, tattooed in various parts of the body. They are called *TAMHOU* (Europeans).

I hastened to look for the corresponding picture in the other royal tombs; and having, in fact, found it in several of them, the variations which I observed fully convinced me that it was intended to represent here the inhabitants of the four parts of the world, according to the ancient Egyptian system; namely, first, the inhabitants of Egypt, which of itself formed one part of the world, according to the very modest custom of ancient nations; secondly, the Asiatics; thirdly, the inhabitants of Africa, the negroes; fourthly (and I am ashamed to say so, since our race is the last and most savage of the series), the Europeans, who in those remote ages did not, it must be con-

fessed, make too splendid a figure in the world. We must understand here all the people of the fair races and with light hair, inhabiting, not only Europe, but also Asia, where they had their origin.

This manner of considering these pictures is the more correct, as the same generic names recur in the other tombs, and constantly in the same order. There, too, we find the Egyptians and Africans represented in the same manner, which could not be otherwise; but the Namou (the Asiatics), and the Tamhou (the European races), offer important and curious varieties.

Instead of the Arab or the Jew, so simply clad in the tomb of Ousirei, Asia is represented in the other tombs (those of Rhameses Meiamoun, &c.) by three individuals, always with tawny complexions, aquiline noses, black eyes, and bushy beards, but habited with extraordinary magnificence. In one they are evidently Assyrians; their costume, even in the minutest particulars, is perfectly similar to that of the figures engraved on the Assyrian cylinders: in the other they are Medes, or the primitive inhabitants of some part of Persia; their physiognomy and costume being in fact found in every feature on the Persepolitan monuments. Asia, therefore, was represented by one of the nations that inhabited it, indifferently. It is the same with our good old ancestors the Tamhou; their costume is sometimes different; their heads are more or less covered with hair, and decorated with different ornaments; but their fair complexions, their eyes and beards, retain all the characteristics of a separate race. I have had this curious ethnographical series copied and coloured with care. I certainly did not expect, when I arrived at Biban-el-Molouk, to find there sculptures which may serve as vignettes for the history of the primitive inhabitants of Europe, if any one should ever have the courage to undertake it. However, there is something flattering and consolatory in the sight of them, since it renders us very sensible of the progress which we have since made.

The tomb of Rhameses I., the father and predecessor of Ousirei, was buried under rubbish and *débris* fallen from the mountain: we have had it cleared. It consists of two long corridors, without sculptures, ending in a painted hall, in an astonishing state of preservation, and containing the sarcophagus of the king, of granite, only covered with paintings. This simplicity contrasts with the magnificence of the son, whose sumptuous catacomb is a few paces distant.

I was extremely desirous to find at Biban-el-Molouk the tomb of the most celebrated of the Rhameses, that of Sesostris. It, in fact, exists there,—it is the third to the right in the principal valley; but the sepulchre of this great man appears to have been exposed, either to devastation by barbarous hands, or to the ravages of accidental torrents, which have filled it up, almost as high as the ceilings. It was by digging a kind of adit through the fragments of stones which fill this interesting catacomb, that we reached, crawling, and in spite of the extreme heat, the first hall. This hypogeum, from what we can see of it, was executed upon a vast plan, and adorned with sculptures in the best style, to judge of them by the small portions which still exist. Excavations undertaken on a large scale would, doubtless, lead to the discovery of the sarcophagus of that illustrious conqueror; but we cannot hope to find there the royal mummy, for this tomb has doubtless been violated and despoiled, at a very

remote epoch, either by the Persians or by the seekers of treasures.

At the farther end of a branch of the valley, and in the vicinity of this tomb, reposed the son of Sesostris. This is a very handsome sepulchre, but not finished. I have found there a small chapel, consecrated to the manes of his father, Rhameses the Great, constructed in the thickness of the wall of an insulated apartment. The last tomb at the end of the principal valley is remarkable on account of its unfinished state. The first bas-reliefs are executed and finished with admirable delicacy and care; the decorations of the rest of the catacomb, composed of three long corridors and two halls, are merely sketched in red; and lastly we found the fragments of the granite sarcophagus of the Pharaoh, in a very small cabinet, the rough walls of which are covered with some bad figures of divinities, sketched and daubed in a hurry. His successor, whose monumental name is Rhamerri, probably did not take much pains about his sepulture. Instead of having a tomb excavated for himself, like his ancestors, he found it more convenient to take possession of the catacomb next to that of his father; and the study which I have had to make of this palimpsest tomb has led me to a result of much importance for completing the series of the reigns forming the eighteenth dynasty.

Time having caused the fall of the stucco spread by the usurper Rhamerri over the primitive sculptures of some parts of the tomb which he appropriated to himself, I distinguished over the principal door the legends of a queen, named Thaozer; and time having thus destroyed the covering under which the first bas-reliefs of the interior were hid, has exposed to view representations of that queen making the same offerings to the gods, and receiving from the divinities the same promises and the same assurances as the Pharaohs themselves, in those bas-reliefs of their tombs which occupy the same place as these. It was therefore evident that I was in a catacomb excavated to receive the body of a queen, and, I must add, a queen who herself exercised the sovereign power; since her husband, though bearing the title of king, always appears after her in this series of bas-reliefs; the queen alone being seen in the first and most important. Menephthah-Siphtha was the name of this subordinate sovereign. As I had already found at Ghebel-Selseleh bas-reliefs of this prince, who had, after King Horus, continued the decorations of the great specos of the quarry, I could not but recognise at that time in Queen Thaozer the daughter of King Horus, who, succeeding her father, of whom she was the only heiress of an age to reign, exercised for a long time the sovereign power, and is found in Manetho's list of kings, by the name of Queen Achenchères. I made a mistake at Turin, in taking the wife of Horus, Queen Tmauhmot, for the daughter of that prince, mentioned in the text of the inscription of a group. This mistake in a name, which is indifferent as regards the series of the reigns, would not have been committed if the legend of the queen-consort of Horus had preserved its initial titles, which have been broken off: Siphtha therefore bears the title of king only as husband to the reigning queen, as had formerly been the case with the two husbands of Queen Amensé, mother of Thouthmosis III.

This fact diminishes a little the odium of the usurpation of the tomb of Queen Thaozer and her husband Siphtha, by their fifth or sixth successor, who, indeed, was not bound to have for them the respect due to his ancestors, because he descended directly from Rhameses I.,

and, according to the list, was, at most, the brother of the Queen Thaozer Achenchères, and continued the male line from King Horus. But that cannot justify the new occupier; first, for having every where substituted his own image for that of the queen, by means of additions or suppressions, disguising her in a helmet, or by garments and insignia suitable only to kings, and not to queens; secondly, by having covered with stucco all the cartouches containing the names of the queen and of Siphtha, in order to have his own legend painted on them. This operation must, however, have been executed in great haste; since, after having metamorphosed Queen Thaozer into King Rhamerri, they forgot to correct in the bas-reliefs the text of the speeches which the gods are supposed to make, and which are always addressed to the queen; and, both from their form and contents, could not be properly directed to the king.

The largest and most magnificent of all the tombs in the valley that still exist, was indisputably that of Rhamerri's successor—Rhameses Meiamoun; but now, time or smoke has tarnished the splendour of the colours which cover the greater part of the sculptures. It is, besides, interesting on account of eight small apartments, formed laterally in the thickness of the walls of the first and second corridors. These cabinets are adorned with extremely interesting sculptures, of which we have taken copies with great care. One of these little boudoirs contains, among other things, a representation of the operations of the kitchen; another that of the most rich and sumptuous furniture; a third is a complete arsenal, in which we see arms of every description, and the military ensigns of the Egyptian legions. Here are sculptured the royal barks and *ouages*, with all their decorations. One of them also shews us the symbolic picture of the Egyptian year, figured by six images of the Nile and six images of Egypt personified, alternately, one for each month, and bearing the productions peculiar to the divisions of the year which these figures represent. I have thought it proper to have copied, from one of these pretty apartments, the two celebrated harp-players, with all their colours, because they have not been accurately published by any body.*

This may suffice for Biban-el-Moleuk. I am desirous of returning to Thebes, whither you will not be sorry to follow me. I must, however, add, that several of these royal tombs bear upon their walls the written proof that they were abandoned many ages ago, and only visited, as in our times, by numerous curious idlers, who, also like those of our days, thought to immortalise themselves by scribbling their names on the paintings and bas-reliefs, which they have thus disfigured. Fools of all ages have numerous representatives here:—first, we find Egyptians, of every epoch, who have written their names—the most ancient in hieratic, the more modern in demotic characters—many Greeks, of very ancient date, to judge by the shape of the letters—old Romans of the time of the republic, who proudly give them-

* These harp-players are, we have little doubt, the same of which Bruce first gave representations in his Travels; and which (if our memory serves us correctly after such a lapse of years) some sage connoisseurs of that day pronounced to be either the pure inventions of his own brain, or at least very much beautified by him: one of these wisecracks, we recollect, objected to the number of strings given to the harpe. As M. Champollion has also taken copies of these figures, we hope to be able to compare his with Bruce's; and thus have it in our power to add another instance to the many in which the authenticity and correctness of that enterprising traveller's statements have already been demonstrated.—*Ed. L. G.*

selves the title of *Romanes*—names of Greeks and Romans of the times of the first emperors—a crowd of unknown persons of the Lower Empire, buried in the midst of the superlatives which precede or follow them—likewise names of Copts, accompanied with very humble prayers—lastly, the names of European travellers, whom love of science, war, commerce, chance, or idleness, have led to these solitary tombs. I have collected such of these inscriptions as are most remarkable for their contents, or most interesting to paleography. All these are materials: and every thing finds a place in my Egyptian portfolios, which will certainly be of some value when conveyed to Paris. I often think of it. Adieu.*

EXPEDITION IN GREECE.

FARTHER accounts from the French *savans* employed in this expedition state that they have nearly completed the examination of the islands, and have been much interested by a Grotto of Jupiter in Naxos, which has not hitherto been accurately described. Delos is represented as containing only a heap of ruins; and M. Bory de St. Vincent is of opinion that volcanic fires are about to rekindle in the Soufriere at Milo, and the island of Santarino.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, Oct. 31.—On Thursday last the following degrees were conferred:—

Doctor in Divinity.—Rev. G. Proctor, Worcester College, Principal of Elizabeth College, Guernsey.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. E. B. Everard, W. P. T. Wickham, Rev. E. H. Bateman, Balliol College; Rev. F. Guille, Pembroke College; E. G. White, Lincoln College; Rev. W. J. E. Bennett, Christ Church; Rev. A. Roberts, Hon. L. J. Barrington, Oriel College.

Bachelors of Arts.—P. A. Browne, Corpus Christi College; W. Coleman, Queen's College; W. P. Austin, Exeter College; T. M'Calmont, Worcester College, incorporated from Trinity College, Dublin.

CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 31.—At a congregation, yesterday, the following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—J. C. Russell, St. Peter's College; J. A. Maynard, J. Houghton, Pembroke College, Compositum; Rev. W. P. Larken, Jesus College.

Bachelors of Arts.—C. I. Falconer, J. Langton, Trinity College; E. Hayes, St. John's College. W. Turner, M.A. of Christ Church, Oxford, was admitted *ad eundem*.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

THE business of this Society, after the recess, was resumed on Wednesday, the 4th instant, with the reading Dr. Nolan's communication "On the Chronological Use of the Ancient Cycles," in which the author's observations on the Assyrian chronology are brought to a close. For the security of the principle applied in his previous communications, the author proceeded to shew, that the historical grounds on which Usher and Des Vignolles have undertaken to found the schemes which they have opposed to the system of Scaliger, when properly understood, really tend to the establishment of the views of the last-named chronologist. The authority of Herodotus, Diodorus of Halicarnassus, Justin, and Appian, were not only reconciled by Dr. N. to that of Ctesias, Diodorus, and Syncellus, but the demonstration which Des Vignolles professes to found on the celebrated eclipse predicted by Thales, was shewn, on the authority of Pliny, Solinus, and Cicero, and the calculations of Kepler, Newton, and Scaliger, to bring direct support to that scheme of Assyrian chronology

* This letter is so extremely interesting, that, though much cramped for space, we are not sorry to say we have the *fourteenth* already in our possession. It contains a description of the Rhameion (the quondam Memnonium), of the tomb of Ozymandias, military pictures, and others of religious acts, besides various interesting matters: we shall, of course, continue our translations, so that the readers of the *Gazette* may have these important letters complete. We are of opinion that these accounts will occupy the *litterati* of Europe for centuries to come.—Ed.

which the tests proposed by him for identifying the genuine dates among the spurious, prove to be exclusively true. Dr. Nolan announced his intention, on some future occasion, to inquire into the nature and antiquity of the sabbatical, genethliacal, and other cycles; as preparatory to the further development and adaptation of a principle which applies to every branch of ancient chronology.

LONDON PHRENOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THIS Society resumed its meetings for the season on Monday last, when the President, Dr. Moore, delivered an oration on the present state of the science of phrenology, briefly reviewing the objections made by its opponents. He congratulated the members on the increasing prosperity of the Society, both with regard to the accession to their numbers, and the great additions which had been made to their collection of casts, during the recess: he concluded by presenting them with two skulls (a male and female) of the Guanches, the original inhabitants of the island of Teneriffe, and one of an Ashantee. The two former, we believe, are the only specimens (with one exception, in the Hunterian Museum) in the kingdom.

Mr. Robertson, surgeon, of Chatham, presented casts of the heads of two individuals remarkable for their sensuality; one of these, a black man, born at New York, of gigantic stature, will perhaps be remembered, since he was frequently engaged as a model at the Royal Academy; and the painting of a negro wrestling with a buffalo, exhibited a few years since, was a portrait of him. The development, it was stated, completely coincided with the character. A remarkable "case of sudden propensity to murder and suicide," communicated by Dr. Otto, of Copenhagen, was read. It appeared that the desire of this individual to kill both himself and his son arose from a morbid excitement, and congestion of blood in part of the brain, originating from a fall: his intentions were, however, frustrated; and he was afterwards placed in an hospital, where, under the care of Dr. Wendt, he perfectly recovered.

Thirty casts of national varieties of heads were placed upon the table, presented by the Phrenological Society of Edinburgh; viz. Icelandic; Long Celtic; Swiss, from Zurich; Ancient Greek, from the tombs of Samos; Circassian girl; Armenian; Chinese; Hindoo; Burmese; Ceylonese; native of the interior of Java; Sandwich islander; Papuan islander; New Holland chief; New South Wales female native; New Zealander; Moor; mummy, from Thebes; Negro; Ashantee; Mozambique; female Caffre; Icy Cape, near Behring's Strait; Esquimaux; North American Indian; Charib; Peruvian; Brazil Indian; Chilese; Araucanian warrior.

Dr. Elliotson informed the Society that there was sitting at his side Dr. Vimont, whose astonishing labours in phrenology were well known, and who, though induced to despise the doctrine of Gall, through what he had heard of it from his teachers in Paris, had determined to investigate its pretensions himself; and in the course of nine years collected three thousand five hundred heads of animals, and modelled three hundred brains in wax; and became gradually convinced, from this extensive observation, that it was founded in fact. He added, that Dr. Vimont presented to the Society a bust of General Foy, cast two hours after death; and pointed out the exact accordance of the development of the head with the talents and character of that celebrated man. The dimensions of the head were

singularly fine; the intellectual and moral positions being both pre-eminently developed.

POMPEII.

A NEW house has been discovered, adjoining to that known by the name of Castor and Pollux. It has the usual Tuscan atrium, surrounded with several little chambers, in which the following articles were found:—fourteen large and small silver spoons; of bronze, the bust of a man, and another rather handsome one of a young Tiberius, which served as an ornament to a box of the same metal; vases of various forms; shells; a beautiful tripod; a large and uncommon steelyard, with the weight in the figure of a Mercury; elegant candelabra; two little boxes containing pills and surgical or chemical preparations; a ring with the word "Ave" engraved upon it. Of marble, a singular statue, which seems to represent Hercules, with a dog reposing in his arms; vials of glass, and vases of terra-cotta. Then follows the gynæceum; a peristyle surrounds it in the inside. The exedra, or drawing-room, lies opposite the entrance—two niches must have contained the images of the ancestors of the family; above, Bacchanalian dances of extraordinary beauty are painted, and two pictures of very great merit adorn the sides of the apartment. The one represents Dejanira looking affectionately at Alcides, to whom she presents a pretty child: the hero, resting on his club, looks proudly at the centaur Eurytion, who is kneeling, and seems to implore mercy and forgiveness—(Hyginus, fable 31). The other represents Meleager with the boar, which lies dead at his feet, and Atalanta by his side: Althæa and Leucippus, at some distance, cannot conceal their envy. At the back of the exedra is a little garden, in the middle of which is an elegant marble table and a little statue of Apollo, from whose plectrum a fountain flowed. The apartment for the triclinium and the dancers is open towards the garden; a mosaic, the most considerable that has hitherto been found in Pompeii, adorns the floor; Cupids hold a lion, bound with garlands of flowers, in the midst of Bacchantes; there is also a temple, and an image pouring the juice out of a vase. All this may allude to a scene in the great Bacchanalian drama, in which wine and love triumphed over rudeness and strength.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Fisher's Illustrations of England.

Nos. 14, 15, and 16.

WE were especially struck with the views of some of the cotton-twist manufactories of Manchester, contained in these Nos. of Mr. Fisher's work. They are skillfully treated, and convey a complete notion of those huge masses of brick and mortar. It is possible that the political greatness of England is dependent on her commercial greatness, and that her commercial greatness is in a considerable degree to be attributed to such structures as are here so faithfully represented. To us they are, nevertheless, subjects of painful contemplation. There may be, and we believe there are, exceptions; but, generally speaking, no person of the least observation or reflection can stand by and see the squalid, and hideous, and savage population of one of these buildings pour tumultuously forth at the hour of dinner, or of the termination of the day's or the night's labour, without being convinced that a cotton-factory is one of the rankest hot-beds of human vice and misery.

Recollections of Italy; in fifteen select Views, drawn from Nature by William Jeffs, Esq., in the Years 1826 and 1827. Ackermann.

A PUBLICATION pleasing in itself, and which must be peculiarly interesting to those who have witnessed the beautiful scenery, the "re-collection" of which it is so well calculated to renew in their minds. Of the various views, our favourites are—"Venice;" "the Falls of Terni;" and "the Crater of Mount Vesuvius." The first gives us quite a new idea of the celebrated "City of Palaces;" the second is the only print which we remember to have seen in which the three falls of Terni (undoubtedly the most beautiful cascades in Europe) have been comprehended in one view; the third is a striking and picturesque representation of one of the most awful objects in nature. The plates are neatly lithographed by the Gaucis.

Great Britain Illustrated; from Drawings by W. Westall, A.R.A.; engraved by E. Finden. No. XVI. Tilt.

As pleasing as its predecessors.

ARTISTS' AND AMATEURS' CONVERSAZIONE.

IN our *Gazette* of February we gave an account of the dinner given by this Society at Serle's Coffee-house. On Wednesday last we attended the resumed meetings at the Freemasons' Tavern, and, what between art and artists, spent a delightful evening. The contributions were numerous, and of the very first description; and it was with feelings of no ordinary satisfaction we perceived the table strewn with works from the portfolios of our best painters. To the labours of Mr. Henry Graves (of the spirited firm of Moon, Boys, and Graves), Scipio Clint (the founder), and Henry Behnes, we understand the Society is indebted for its present flourishing and eminent rank. These gentlemen have been indefatigable in their endeavours to bring together works and men of acknowledged talent; and the success with which they have laboured was abundantly shown in the display with which we were so much pleased. Some drawings by Ward, and a head by Inskipp, particularly attracted our regard. Several members of the R.A. were among the company.

THE COLOSSEUM.

OF this striking building and internally extraordinary exhibition we have now an admirable representation before us. It is from an etching by Parris, the distinguished painter of the View of London, and equally at home in almost every branch of art, and well engraved by T. Higham.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

PHRENOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

WHAT a fashionable place
Buckingham Street* soon will grow!
Thither the bump-discovering race
To survey their organs go:
There are plaster heads of men
In wonderful variety,
All collected by the Phren-
Ological Society.

Of casts a most distinguished lot
Are all arranged in neatest order—
Shakespeare, Milton, Southey, Scott,
Burke, Thurtell, Hare, and William Corder
—And many more illustrious men
Whose heads have notoriety,
Moulded in plaster by the Phren-
Ological Society.

* Where the Phrenological Society meet.

When you walk out you exercise
Your organ of *Locality*;
And when a friend you recognise,
'Tis *Individuality*.
Between these truths there's now and then
No little contrariety;
But that does not disturb the Phren-
O-Logical Society.
Earl Pomfret's bust had clever bumps,
Which Scott had not at all;
And as for Burke the murderer,
His murderous bumps were small:
And now I think that of my pen
You must have had satiety,
And so, I dare say, thinks the Phren-
Ological Society. W. L. C.

BIOGRAPHY.

JOSEPH MAWE, ESQ.

ON Monday, the 26th ult., at his residence in the Strand, after an illness of severe and protracted suffering, died Mr. John Mawe, author of *Travels in the Interior of Brazil, &c.*, and Member of the Mineralogical Society of Jena. Mr. Mawe was in the 65th year of his age; and, through a long life of honourable and successful exertion, few individuals have been more actively or usefully engaged in literary and scientific pursuits. To his enterprise and talent this country was indebted for the most faithful and interesting description of the Brazilian States, which he traversed in the year 1810, under the sanction and auspices of the Prince Regent of Portugal (afterwards King John VI.), for the purpose of inspecting the extensive gold and diamond districts of that empire; being the first Englishman to whom such a permission was granted. His *Travels in the Interior of Brazil*, which first appeared in 1812, took immediate rank amongst the most valuable standard works of that class; and have not only gone through numerous editions in England and the United States of America, but have also been translated into almost all the continental languages, and published in France, Sweden, Germany, Russia, Portugal, and Brazil.* As a mineralogist, Mr. Mawe was deservedly held in the highest estimation, for the variety and importance of his information, and the facility with which he developed the principles of his favourite science—upon which he has published several popular treatises. In the domestic relations of life, as a husband and as a father, he was warmly affectionate, and fondly solicitous for the happiness of his family: as a friend, he was kind, sincere, and steadfast; and in his intercourse with mankind, the cheerfulness of his disposition, the unblemished integrity of his character, the instructiveness of his conversation, and the suavity of his manners, won for him the respect, the esteem, and the regard of all who knew him.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

Snakes in the Grass, a comic piece by Buckstone, in two acts, was produced here on Tuesday, November 3d. Picard's four-act comedy, *Les Tracaseries, ou Monsieur et Madame Tabillon*, has furnished Mr. Buckstone with the plot of his piece; which, if a moral lesson, pleasingly conveyed and admirably acted, deserves the support of the town, ought to fill the benches of old Drury for many nights to

* Mr. Mawe also contributed essentially to Lamarck's *Conchology*; published *Lessons on Mineralogy and Geology*, which volume has gone through many editions; a *Treatise on Diamonds*; the *Linnean System of Conchology*; and other useful and successful works.

come. But, alas for the stage! neither pleasant writing nor good acting can now-a-days ensure a profitable success. There is a species of fashion necessary to attach itself voluntarily to a drama, before the springs of the town are put into play, and the floods pour through Fleet Street and Piccadilly, to overflow a theatre-royal. "Have you seen so and so?" "No! then you must go." Till those talismanic words are heard in Bond Street or on the Exchange—and there is nobody in the former place to speak them before February—the best play may slide unnoticed from the stage, the best acting may be wasted on the desert air; and what the certain something is that shall extort those golden sounds, is as much a mystery to the most deeply initiated as to him who never snuffed the lamp. The critics!—phoo! Even those who do know what is good—and the number is lamentably small—are foiled upon that scent. Prophets of the past—Physician Moore is more to be depended upon for the future. They may confess the effect of that done, which, had they been consulted on the doing of, they would, most probably, have condemned as unworthy or impracticable; but they are as far off as ever from the knowledge of the popularity it is likely to obtain—the profit which may accrue from it to the manager. *Charles II.* and *Clari* were frequently performed, during their first seasons, to empty benches: the first, perhaps, one of the best of modern dramas—the second, certainly one of the worst. The same pieces, acted by precisely the same persons—no obvious cause existing for the change—have since drawn thousands of pounds into the Covent Garden treasury. It is a hard case, though, for authors,—who are paid, in general, according to the money brought, and not in proportion to the merits or success (as far as mere approval goes) of the piece, and perhaps one of the principal causes of the neglect of the stage by our greatest writers. It is too much of a lottery—the longest experience availeth nothing:

"Thinking is but an idle waste of thought,
And nought is every thing, and every thing is nought."

Snakes in the Grass, we have said, is pleasantly written and admirably acted; and if there is any attraction in a strong cast, surely a mere farce with all the comic strength of the house in it, except Farren, ought to draw. Listen the inimitable, Mrs. Glover the invaluable (whose re-appearance in her proper sphere we hail with unmixed delight), the gentlemanlike and lively Jones, the volatile Harley, and our pretty and clever new acquaintance Miss Mordaunt, who is creeping fast up our critical sleeve:—what, on earth, would the people have?

Venice Preserved was excellently enacted on Thursday: Miss Phillips *Belvidera*, Young *Pierre*, and Wallack *Jaffier*.

ADELPHI.

ON Thursday *The Bold Dragoons*, a light and most amusing little comic piece, was produced at this theatre; and is just such a thing as we love to see, when in pursuit of amusement. Gaiety and laughter are the sure concomitants; and instead of leaving the place fatigued with the entertainments, you depart with a lively recollection of pleasure. Mr. and Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, and J. Reeve, are the chief support of this novelty, which must prove very attractive to the Adelphi, where, however, we observe another new burlesque (called *Billy Taylor*) announced. At this rate the managers will not need the Elephant; of which, by the way, see our next page.

THEATRE ROAR-ALL ADELPHI.*

Pro-boeca Publico!

First Night of the Elephant!

THE proprietors respectfully announce, that in consequence of the heavy expense they have incurred by the immense exertions made to procure their patrons the pleasure of witnessing the powerful acting of this great performer, and the certainty of her being nearly able to fill the house by herself, they have yielded to the pressure of circumstances, and, aware of the impossibility of raising the prices to a proportionate height—which, according to an Irish calculation, would amount to about sixty thousand pounds† per person—they have come to the determination to issue this strong appeal to the free-quenters of the theatre, trusting they will see the necessity of giving their little stage all the support possible under such extraordinary encumbrances, and therefore not press for admittance (the public Press excepted),—as, should there be twenty hundred wait at the doors, there will be treble that weight within them.

The doors will be open at dusk. Places to be taken of Mr. Mass-in-ham, at the trunk-book office of the theatre—at the Elephant and Castle, Kent Road; the One Ton, Jermyn Street; and at Mr. A-dr-s's, the great book-seller of Bond Street; where private trunks and ivory tickets for the pit may also be obtained, upon early application.

VARIETIES.

Betshini, the best engraver in Rome, we observe from the Roman journals, died recently in that city.

Horned Cattle.—A great nuisance had arisen in a small town in the department of the Calvados: the olfactory department and common decency had been outraged by the placing of cattle under the public gateway; and the municipal capita, with a view, we presume, to quiet the storm raised by their better-halves, concocted and posted this pertinent notice:—"No person is allowed to place any *horned cattle* under this gateway except—the mayor and prefect!"

Animal Society.—Our readers may recollect the account we gave of John Austin, whose collection of animals of opposite natures living in tranquillity together, attracted so many curious spectators to his little menagerie across Waterloo Bridge. This ingenious person has, with great propriety, been taken up by the Zoological Society, and has now some of his extraordinary exhibitions in the Gardens. We have not yet had an opportunity of examining his new establishment, but learn that one of its strangest features consists of a pair of doves with two eggs, occasionally assisted (as our French friends would say) by a remarkably fine black rat! And, apropos of rats, it is worth mentioning, that the original black rat, which is often spoken of as exterminated by the brown or Russian rat, and extinct in this country, is in reality still abundant in many parts. For example, we are assured that the species is numerous about Meux's brewhouse, and that it also keeps possession of the old Post Office, in spite of its fierce northern invaders.—It might seem whimsical under the head of "Animal Society" to notice that the Secretary of the

Zoological Society has commenced giving evening parties monthly; at the first of which we met a very distinguished assemblage of men of high talents and scientific attainments.

Night-Telegraph.—Captain Kervéguen, of the French navy, has invented a new species of night-telegraph, which, by the motion and position of the illuminated radii of several circles, is capable of representing no fewer than 29,245 signs. By a single illuminated radius he can produce 8,649 telegraphic signs. The invention is under the consideration of the French minister of marine.

Bibliophiles.—In the year 1820, the recent establishment of the Roxburgh Club in England, led to the formation of a similar body in Paris, under the title of *Société des Bibliophiles Français*; the principal object of which was to publish works yet in manuscript, or to reprint works of great rarity. The Society consists of twenty-four members, besides five foreign associates. The collection, which is published at the expense, and under the superintendence of the Society, bears the general name of *Mélanges*. Every piece which enters into the composition of a volume is printed separately, on paper expressly fabricated for the purpose, and with Didot's best types; and has a distinct paging and a separate title. Every volume of the collection is marked with the year in which it was printed, and contains a general title, a table of contents, and a list of the Society. Every copy bears the number and the name of the member of the Society to whom it belongs. Twenty-four copies are struck off for the members of the Society; a twenty-fifth is deposited in the *Bibliothèque du Roi*, and one copy is allotted to each foreign associate. Every such copy which may be exposed to public sale, is to be immediately subjected to a bidding, in the name of the Society, of a hundred francs.

Extraordinary Fossil.—It is said that some fossil remains of a most extraordinary animal have been discovered in the state of New York. They consist of a jaw-bone, twenty feet long, and weighing twelve hundred pounds; several vertebrae, six inches in diameter, along which there is an oval passage for the spinal marrow, nine inches by six; and some ribs nine feet long! If the animal of which these are fragments was of the elephant species, it must have as much surpassed the ancient mammoth in size as the modern elephant surpasses a mouse.

French Royal Colleges.—By an ordinance of the King of France, dated October 10th, the number of pensions allowed by government to each royal college is fixed at thirty, independent of the pensions reserved for the preparatory schools instituted by the ordinance of the 9th of March, 1826.

To preserve Butter.—A correspondent of a French periodical work recommends that, to preserve butter, instead of using common salt, we should take a mixture composed of one part of sugar very finely powdered, one of purified nitre, and one of purified sea salt. An ounce of this mixture is to be put to each pound of butter, and well worked in: when this is done, the butter should be put into crocks, and carefully covered over with parchment. He says that butter thus prepared is much more agreeable to the taste, has a finer colour, and keeps much longer.

Education.—It has been stated in the French papers, that thirty-four Arabians have arrived in France from Egypt, for the purpose of being educated, at the expense of the Pasha. We understand that the Pasha has given

orders for them to receive instruction in all the useful arts; and that such of them only as shall evince peculiar aptitude are to be instructed in the classics. Some are to receive a medical education.

Adulterated Milk.—Some experiments were made lately, by order of the French minister of the interior, on the milk sold in Paris; from which it appears, that to conceal the reduction of strength by the addition of water, the milk-sellers adopt various modes of adulteration. Having removed the buttery part, which, from its specific gravity, rises to the top, and which is separately sold as *crème* (an article very different from cream as we use it in England), the milk-sellers add sugar to give flavour, and a thickened portion of flour, gently boiled, so as to mix well with the milk, and not precipitate. To whiten the milk, which, thus reduced and adulterated, acquires a slight violet, or, as it is called here, sky-blue colour, they use a little emulsion of almonds, prepared with brown sugar. To keep the milk from turning in hot weather, they add a small quantity of subcarbonate of soda. The chemical means of detecting these adulterations have been made public in France by order of the minister; but they are too tedious and scientific to be generally useful. It appears that the consumption of milk in Paris is now double what it was twenty years ago, without reference to the increase of population, owing to the more general use of *café au lait* among the working classes. The addition to the number of cows, however, is by no means in proportion.

Beet-Root Sugar.—A new French paper called *Le Temps* (the Times) contains an account of the production of sugar from beet-root in France; and it is stated that the quantity obtained last year in the 100 sugar-houses distributed through twenty-three departments was five millions of kilogrammes; being about one-fourteenth part of the entire consumption of sugar in the kingdom. The production of last year was double that of the two preceding years; and it is, according to these details, expected that the number of manufactories of beet-root sugar will in the course of the next year increase to 200—the speculation having been found a profitable one. According to this statement,* in order to supply the entire consumption of France, it would only be necessary to plant with beet-root one-28th part of the land now lying fallow. It appears, that an hectare of good land will produce 25,000 kilogrammes of roots, and that 100,000 kilogrammes of roots will produce 5,000 kilogrammes of raw sugar. The expense of constructing a manufactory varies from 25,000 to 30,000*fr.* To prepare 100,000 kilogrammes of roots requires 16,000 kilogrammes of coal, labour equal to that of 265 men and forty-six oxen for one day, and about 635*fr.* of miscellaneous expenditure.

The Caucasus.—M. Kupfer, a professor of Casan, has succeeded, after a very laborious struggle, in climbing to the summit of one of the loftiest peaks of the Caucasus; which is computed to be about a thousand feet higher than Mont Blanc. The most interesting observations made by the professor during his ascent, relate to the decrease, in proportion to the elevation, of magnetic intensity. The conclusion which he draws from this fact is, that it is impossible to attribute the magnetic power of the globe to the existence of a central magnetic nucleus.

Gelatine.—M. d'Arcet, a member of the French Academy, has for some years devoted much of his attention to the best mode of ex-

* We have received this *jeu d'esprit* from a correspondent; and as he seems to anticipate most of the wit to be expected from the public press on the occasion, and all that Mathews and Yates could wish to say on the subject, we adopt his bill, and recommend it for acceptance to the managers.

† See p.—Printer's Devil.

tracting from bones all the gelatine which they contain, without touching the calcareous matter. In this he has at length completely succeeded; and his apparatus is now in active and highly beneficial operation at the Hôpital de la Charité, at the Monnaie des Médailles, and at other public institutions in Paris. The most nutritive and palatable soups of every kind are made with the gelatine, at a very moderate expense. Interesting treatises on the subject have recently been published by M. d'Arceet, and by M. A. de Puymaurin, the director of the Mint.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The Lives of the Italian Poets, by the Rev. Henry Stebbing, M.A.—are preparing for publication. The Editor of the first sixteen volumes of *Time's Telescope* has requested us to state that he is in no way connected with the forthcoming volume for 1830.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Literary Souvenir, 1830, 12s. silk; large paper, India proofs, 1l. 4s.—Murray's North America, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 7s. bds.—Rutter's Somersetshire, 8vo. 15s.: royal 8vo. 1l. 14s. bds.—Edinburgh Medical Transactions, Vol. III. Part 3, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Bow on Fever, 8vo. 3s. 6d. bds.—Statutes at Large, 4to. Vol. II. Part 3, with Index, 1l. 2s. bds.—Romance of History, Second Series, Spain, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.—Thomson's Classical and Historical Atlas, imperial folio, 8s. hf.-bd.—Stories of a Bride, by the author of the Mummy, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 8s. 6d. bds.—Rose's Four Years in South Africa, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Life of a Midshipman, post 8vo. 9s. 6d. bds.—Higgins on Light and Optical Instruments, 8vo. 7s. bds.—Encyclopædia Metropolitana, 4th division, Miscellaneous and Lexicographical, Vol. I. 4to. 2l. 2s. bds.—Bills of Costs in Common Pleas, 8vo. 7s. bds.—Jefferson's Memoirs, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 4s. bds.—Prophectic Messengers, 1830, 2s. 9d. sewed.—Weir's Greenock, with engravings, 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Tales of Four Nations, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 7s. 6d. bds.—Shepherd's Emmanuel, 1830, 7s. 6d. silk.—Mann's Memorials of Christian Friendship, post 8vo. 6s. bds.—Examination of Mr. Morgan's Statements respecting the Equitable Society, 2s.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1829.

October.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday ... 29	From 30. to 47.	30.26 to 30.19
Friday ... 30	— 38. — 55.	30.06 — 29.96
Saturday ... 31	— 40. — 45.	29.82 — 29.96
November.		
Sunday ... 1	— 26. — 43.	30.03 — 30.07
Monday ... 2	— 26. — 42.	30.09 — 30.11
Tuesday ... 3	— 23. — 49.	30.16 — 30.04
Wednesday 4	— 37. — 51.	29.80 — 29.56

Prevailing wind, N.W. and S.W.
Except the 30th ult., and the 3d and 4th inst., generally clear.
Rain fallen, .15 of an inch, which fell during the afternoon of Friday.
Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Latitude..... 51° 37' 33" N.
Longitude..... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It is not in our disposition to act with incivility, nor can we feel otherwise than grateful for the many kind contributions that are offered to us; but we would appeal to our friends against the demand of specific answers, either in print or by letter, to every communication made to us. It is literally a fact, that more than one-third of the Editor's time is occupied in an endeavour to discharge these obligations; and much more than the whole of it would be requisite, were he to comply with every request for insertion, or his reasons for not inserting, or the careful return of papers. He must therefore beg his silence in most instances to be received as negation, or postponement, should circumstances allow him to act otherwise; and, farther, that he cannot hold himself amenable to the call of restoring MSS., unless they are of a more important nature than poetical essays, brief sketches, and suggestions on any subject.

The lines on the memory of H. K. White, and the Negro, cannot exclude more pressing temporary matter. * * * The influx of novelties has been so great within the last week, that we are obliged to apologise for the delay of the following Reviews.—The Keepsake, with its aristocratic list of contributors and exquisite engravings, which far surpass its literary department.—The Emmanuel, a strictly religious Annual, at a lower price than its contemporaries, and containing several excellent papers, besides an able defence of its title.—The Iris, large paper, and proportionately improved in beauty.—The Life of Dr. Calamy.—Mr. Hunt's charming Exemplars of Tudor Architecture, alike interesting in art and literary illustration.—The Life of Daniel De Foe.—Colonel Evans's important Essay on the Practicability of Invading India.—Second Notice of Roby's Traditions of Lancashire.—Senior's Lectures on Political Economy;—all of which shall have our earliest possible attention.

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This Almanac was originally published in 1687, and the necessity for such a Publication has been confirmed by its very extensive sale,—by the partial improvement that it has produced since the first, and by the establishment of one upon a plan similar to its own. In understanding the British Almanac for 1839, it may be proper to state not only what it is, but what it is not. It is not a vehicle for the worn-out absurdities of astrological predictions, attempting to perpetuate delusions amongst the uninformed, which have long since been rejected by the more instructed part of the people of this age, and therefore dangerous. It is not an attempt to persuade those who are ignorant of the first principles of Meteorology that it is possible to prophesy the state of the Weather on any particular Day or Week, or for all places. It is not a collection of the tales of hieroglyphical pretensions to divination which abound with popular understanding two centuries ago, and which could have been perpetuated to this day by a contempt for the progress of real knowledge. Refusing thus to pamper a depraved taste by notions which, if they deceive nobody, at least leave the common sense of the people of the British Almanac, has no intention to offer to the remaining admires of superstition and rhapsody. It considers such matters quite out of place, and the more extensively injurious, when found side by side with the really valuable information which even the worst Almanac contains. It is not only to be useful; and it endeavours to establish this character by collecting a greater store of information than has hitherto been compressed into so small a compass, and sold at so low a price.—Information in which every class of Persons may find something important for daily reference.

London: Published by Charles Knight, Pall Mall East; and sold by all Booksellers.

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the Members of the British College of Health, comprising the entire published Works of Mr. Morison, the Hygienic, forming a complete Manual for Individuals and Families in every thing that regards their Health; with an Appendix of Reports, Cases of Cure, Criticism, and other interesting Matter.
Published by Sherwood and Co. Paternoster Row; and sold by all Booksellers.

On the 14th of November will be published,

THE KEEPSAKE for 1839.

This splendid Annual will contain a Five-Act Dramatic Drama, with Songs, by Sir Walter Scott; besides Letters from Lord Byron to several Friends.
London: Published for the Proprietor, by Hurst, Chance, and Co. St. Paul's Churchyard; and R. Jennings, Chesham.

On the 19th of November will be published,

THE BRITISH NATURALIST; or, AN

Account of the Appearance and Habits of the more remarkable Living Productions of Britain and the British Seas, with the Scenes when they are found: combining popular Language and Scientific Principles, with a becoming allusion to the Wisdom of the Creator as displayed in his wondrous Works.
Printed for Whitaker, Treacher, and Co. Ave Maria Lane.

LONDON: Published every Saturday, by W. & G. CHURCH, of the LITERARY GAZETTE OFFICE, 7, Wellington Street, Waterloo Bridge, Strand, and 7, South Molton Street, Oxford Street; by J. Chapman, 10, Regent Street; by R. Marlborough, 40, Maria Lane, Leam; by J. B. Smith, Edinburgh; Smith and Son, and Robertson and Atkinson, Glasgow; and J. Cunningham, Dublin.

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THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE;

AND

Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

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No. 669.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1829.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Exemplars of Tudor Architecture, adapted to Modern Habitations: with illustrative Details, selected from Ancient Edifices; and Observations on the Furniture of the Tudor Period. By T. F. Hunt, Architect; Author of "Half-a-dozen Hints on Picturesque Domestic Architecture," "Designs for Parsonage-Houses and Alms-Houses," "Architettura Campestre," &c. &c. 4to. pp. 200. London, 1830. Longman and Co.

The preceding efforts of Mr. Hunt have been cordially seconded by the *Literary Gazette*; for if our preconceived opinions were not precisely the same with those of the author, the slight shadows of difference which existed were speedily removed by the taste which he displayed, and the ability with which he treated his subjects. We have therefore viewed his former works, as we especially do the present volume, in the light of most praiseworthy endeavours to revive the good old English style of architecture in England,—that is to say, the congenial, the comfortable, and the picturesque style which adorned the country in the days of our forefathers, and which has since been deteriorated by so many senseless innovations.

"Plates II., XII., and XXIII., (says Mr. Hunt), are offered as specimens of the variations in English architecture, applied to manor-houses, in the reigns of Henry VII., Henry VIII., and Elizabeth; the commencement, middle, and termination of the period which this work is designed to illustrate. With all their external beauty and internal magnificence, Tudor houses were deplorably deficient in many of the comforts with which modern habitations abound; yet in this respect a decided amendment is visible in the buildings of the Elizabethan age upon those of Henry VIII.; and again particularly in the mansions of James I. and Charles I. Correspondent, indeed, with the increase of convenience was the decrease of taste; and as the plans of houses progressively improved, their architectural character declined. Nor would the most ardent admirer of the pure old English style venture to compare the dwellings of earlier days, in point of comfortable and cheerful economy, with those of the eighteenth century, when the noble art of architecture was at a very low ebb. But let it not be imagined that this superiority in the disposition of apartments was effected by the introduction of classical models, or that our own peculiar style is not susceptible of equally advantageous arrangement. On the contrary, 'the severe Greek,' designed for a widely different climate, is, to use a new-fashioned phrase, much less 'manageable;' the indispensable apertures required by our atmosphere destroy entirely its characteristic massiveness and solemnity;* whilst in the pointed

manner, the spacious windows subdivided by mullions and transoms give an airy lightness combined with an essential breadth of effect. No better evidence of these facts could be adduced than the recent adaptation of Windsor Castle to all the purposes of state and private accommodation, under the munificent auspices of our most gracious sovereign: allowed, as it justly is on all hands, that the only palace in this country worthy of its king is that which is wrought in the architecture of Old England."

This extract affords so plain and convincing an exposition of the subject, concealing no objections to the old Tudor style, but shewing how readily it could be reconciled with modern manners and house-keeping, that we need hardly add any remarks of our own. But we may observe, of the strange anomalies which have superseded it, that the eye and the understanding are generally alike revolted by their appearance and their incompatibility with our climate. In a recent pretty extensive tour, we were struck with the burlesque forms of Italian villas and cassinos, looking like miserable, half-starved things in the midst of scenery utterly unfit for them; and still more were we astonished at Greek temples, &c., like exotic plants or animals brought from sunny regions to dwindle and perish where all about them was unseemly and incongenial. It might perhaps be the foggy weather and wet summer that aggravated our usual feeling; but the truth is, that we did bestow an extra share of compassion on these pitiable examples of incorrigible bad taste. In this mood, too, we are disposed to consider our author with a more than common degree of favour: he has already done much to reintroduce sounder principles; and we trust that he will persevere till he has entirely proselytised the nobility and gentry of England.

One of his great points has been to dissociate the church from the domestic character in building; the union of which has been for at least a century and a half a prodigious source of error to the pseudo-revivers of our older architecture, both in the erection of houses, and in the fashion of furnishing them. These persons seem to have forgotten that what suited an altar was unfit for a dining parlour—that what became a pew was incongruous in a bed-chamber—and that what looked solemn in an aisle was absurd in a ball-room.

"In a former work (says our author) the misapplication of buttresses and pinnacles is noticed. It may not be out of place here to mention another very prevalent error of the present time, namely, that of putting niches with florid canopies in the fronts of private houses, where neither patron-saints nor benefactors are to be perpetuated by statues. Instances of the practice alluded to may be found of earlier periods; but since the reformation of our religion, such embellishments are inappropriate. In churches and colleges niches may be required."

And again, resuming the subject:—"No. thing can be more inconvenient—and therefore out of place—than pointed windows (ecclesiastical features) in ordinary sitting-rooms. In the first place, there can be no shutters, consequently no security, above the springing of the arch; and in the next place, the curtain draperies must of necessity be so deep as to obscure all the glass above that level, and deprive the apartment of its due share of light, unless indeed the windows be out of all proportion in size or number. Palpable as this error surely is to the meanest observer, modern builders most unaccountably persist in it; and that, too, after admonition."

These and similar matters are so palpable, that we cannot help wondering at their long practice, contrary to every rule of taste and judgment: earnestly do we advise to "reform them altogether," and to listen to the sound practical counsels of Mr. Hunt; of which the following are specimens.

"On the subject of details, it may be observed, that too little attention is paid by modern artists to the ancient manner of construction; and many characteristic features, not only essential to the general effect, but important to the security of the buildings themselves, are often overlooked. Take, for example, the mullioned windows, and the doors in brick, or unwrought stone walls; and it will be seen that the jambs in old buildings are invariably bonded into the piers, and the bond-stones left visible; but, by the builders of the present day, this necessary precaution is too frequently disregarded, and the moulded jambs left with a spruce, plain-edged margin, as if they had no connexion with the work by which they are surrounded. Another defect is the want of discharging arches over apertures crowned with free-stone, to equalise the pressure caused by superincumbent weights; for however the weaker parts may be relieved by internal lintels, the external appearance of want of strength is very objectionable, and destroys at once the identity of the edifice with the ancient style of architecture. The frets and other fanciful forms which are seen in the fronts of buildings formed of vitrified bricks, were made for the purpose of employing, in a manner the least unsightly, such as were discoloured by burning. In a clamp or kiln of bricks, a certain number must, from their situation, be more strongly acted upon by the fire than the general mass, and, consequently, become darkly tinged. With the tact so peculiar to the old artisans, this, like other seeming disadvantages, was turned to account; and, what in other hands would have been blemishes, were converted by them into embellishments. Instead of allowing the workmen to use such bricks indiscriminately, and thereby disfigure

* "Architects of the second or third order return out of Italy with their heads full of ancient temples, forgetting that these models of symmetry and grace were never intended for the assembling of multitudes, and that when once their forms and proportions are violated, decorations

are as preposterous as a birth-day suit upon the back of a clown."—*Dr. Whistler.*

* The pertinacity with which this practice is adhered to, even by men who are reputed to know better, reminds one of a tale told of an obstinate priest, who, although admonished of his mistake, would always read in the Latin service of the mass, *Memento pro Sumpsumo*; and refused to alter it, having, as he observed, "no liking to new fashions."

the walls with spots, they were selected, as being more valuable than the others, and wrought into devices, relieving the plainness of those piers or surfaces which had neither apertures nor stone dressings. * * Barge-boards, pendants, pinnacles, and brackets, being the chief decorations of houses in this style of architecture, should always be made of strong oak, and left to acquire, by age, a gray hue; and not of slight deal painted, as is now the too frequent practice—dictated sometimes by miserable economy, and at others arising from the ignorance of builders: time, instead of improving, impairs such affectations. The use of barge-boards is to conceal the barge-couples, and the under side of the laths and tiles projecting beyond the face of the wall. In many places where these purified arrises to gables have been lately introduced, they are made of sizes so monstrously disproportionate, and of such open and heterogeneous forms, as to defeat their purpose, and expose what they were intended to mask."

Among other details, Mr. Hunt also strongly recommends heraldic ornaments, (in which we heartily coincide), and their use is pointed out not only in carvings, &c. but in stained glass windows, on which subject there is an excellent essay, we believe from the pen of Mr. Williment, one of the most skillful artists in this line that our age can boast. It is highly deserving of perusal. But to return to Mr. Hunt,—to his preface, as a fair illustration of the volume. He begins thus generally and truly,—and it is curious to see that the same observations apply equally to all times and to many countries:

"'To boke some new thing' is now a task of no mean difficulty, and one as much above my ambition as it is above my powers to accomplish; nor have I aimed at more here than embodying characteristic examples of the beautiful though long-neglected architecture of my own country with the observations of such intelligent writers as have treated of the subject, and shewing that English architecture is still the most applicable for English habitations. I must repeat what has been frequently urged in my former publications, namely, that the object in view is not to exhibit specimens of hovels and cheap structures, but to combine in one edifice as many architectural features as can with propriety be blended: thus affording hints of what may be separated and used as occasion shall require. It may also be necessary to observe, that when I have recommended this particular style of architecture as an economical style, I have only wished to be understood that it is so as compared with the buildings of ancient Greece or Rome, and not with the monotonous and unadorned dwellings of our London streets, in which, unhappily, too few traces of art are visible. Would that the legislature could control the practices of modern builders, since Taste has lost her 'empire!'—but that must always be a vain hope in a commercial and free country like this, seeing, as a modern traveller has shewn, that, even in Turkey, where grievances are more summarily corrected, such attempts are fruitless: 'The regulations to be observed in building houses at Constantinople are accurately fixed, and an officer called Mimâr Aga, intendant of buildings (a district surveyor), is appointed to enforce them. The height fixed by the law is twelve pica (a pic is twenty-seven inches) for a mussulman's house, and ten for a rayah's. The motives for this limitation are, says d'Osson, to diminish the danger of fires, and to facilitate the extinction of them;

to leave a free passage for the circulation of air in the streets, and to give greater effect to the height of the public buildings. These laws are constantly eluded: and the office of Mimâr Aga is very lucrative, from the sums which he daily receives to induce him to wink at the violation of them.' We have here, also, laws to regulate our metropolitan buildings, but their provisions embrace only one object of the Turkish code, viz. security against fire. Giving effect to the principal structures by diminishing the altitude of those of less importance, seems never to have been contemplated by us; on the contrary, the restrictions imposed by the statute against projections beyond a straight line, preclude all possibility of producing a picturesque appearance in our public ways. And it is to be doubted whether, under the present division of London, the act can be very efficacious, even as a security against fire; for, without impugning the integrity of the English Mimâr Agas, it may be observed, so unequal are the allotments, that while some districts are too extensive for the superintendence of one person, others are so small and insignificant as not to afford sufficient remuneration to induce diligence; and thus are the objects of the law defeated."

Pursuing his course through antiquarian tomes, through old Poets and Dramatists, and through scientific works of ancient and modern dates, Mr. Hunt has blended his various stores of information in so agreeable a manner, that we know not whether the general reader will not be quite as much amused as every reader must be instructed by his "*boke*." At page 9 they will find that *Bricks* were introduced as building materials in the reign of Henry VII.,* though some writers mention them at more remote periods:—elsewhere, that *Tiles* were at least as early as "Richard I., when the houses in London were ordered in Fitzalwyn's mayoralty to be covered with slate or *brent tile*, instead of straw:"—"wainscoting on walls or '*seeling*,' as it was called, did not come much into fashion till Elizabeth's time:"—and that "glass was introduced very early. Holingshed says an Englishman named Benedict Biscop, who had taken upon him the habit of a monk in Italy, came here with the Abp. of Rome in the year 670, and 'brought painters, glaziers, and other such curious craftsmen, into England for the first time.' It does not, however, appear that glass was used in domestic structures until many centuries afterwards. The poets speak of berril and crystal in windows:

'And al the wyndowes and ech fenestral
Wrought were with beryll and of clere cristall.'
Lodgate's Tray.

These, it is presumed, could have been nothing more than green and white glass; but Harrison asserts, that there were windows filled with berril at Sudley Castle within his remembrance. He was so close and correct an observer, that one knows not how to doubt him; while, on the other hand, the application of a precious substance—even if it were sufficiently transparent—to such purposes is barely reconcilable with credibility, seeing that *painted glass* was general in churches and monasteries at an earlier period. But all the writers who have touched upon the subject agree that this material was exceedingly scarce down even to the reign of Elizabeth."

Such incidental notices as these scattered over a book would alone give it much interest and

* The Roman, p. 9. Previously, wood and stone were the materials of which English residences were constructed.

value; but they are here merely thrown out as elucidations of particular points, and not brought forward or dwelt upon as substantial facts of antiquarian import. The brief notice of devices, posies, &c. painted in old castles and manor-houses, is a curious piece; and so is a chapter on contract prices with workmen in those days. We find that "the average price of labour was sixpence a day. A best joiner had eightpence, and a labourer fourpence, with sixteen pence a-week per head for board. Carvers, masons, and sawyers, seem to have been of equal value. Of materials, iron was decidedly the most expensive. The custom of contracting for works, of which our artisans now so grievously complain, was then a common, and perhaps wholesome, practice: 'For which of you intending to build a tower sitteth not down first and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to finish it?' Discreet men, who want not the taste for architectural embellishment, too often restrict their buildings to the bare requisites of life, solely from having no security against inconvenient, perhaps ruinous, expense, if they attempt a higher style. If workmen be properly instructed, and attention paid to the choice of materials,—or, in other words, if the architect be qualified, and the 'ruler of the works' honest, there can be no reasonable objection raised against contracts formed on equitable and remunerating terms. 'Bargaines' have indeed become still more advisable since the establishment of a class, the professors of which are called 'measuring surveyors,' and whose chief purpose is ingeniously to multiply the ways of measuring and valuing builders' works. This latter system, and the incorporating of artificers, with their 'bye laws' and 'custom of trade,' have operated more than any other cause to the repression of art. Tardiness and self-estimation, whether justly or not, seem to have been long alleged against our workmen. 'If ever,' says Harrison, 'curious building did flourish in England, it is in these our yearess, wherein our workmen excell, and are in a manner comparable in skill with old Vitruvius, Leo Baptista, and Serlo. Neuerthelesse, their estimation more than their greedie and sordide countenances, joined with a lingering humour, causeth them often to be reiected, and strangers preferred to greater bargaines, who are more reasonable in their takings, and lesse wasters of time by a great deale than our owne.' But it was not all virtue on the other side; for a little before this, we learn that some 'noble builders' were not over scrupulous as to the sources whence they obtained the means of carrying on their works. 'The demolition of St. Mary's church, and a fine chapel connected with St. Paul's,' says Andrews, 'with the materials of the episcopal palaces belonging to Worcester, Lichfield, and Llandaff, formed the sacrilegious mass called Somerset House.' And Bishop Latimer had frequent occasion to urge them, from the pulpit, to pay their workmen:—'For the love of God,' said that prelate, 'let poor workmen be paid. They make great moan that they can get no money; the poor labourers, smiths, carpenters, and other crafts, cry for their wages. They be unpaid some of them three or four months, some of them half a-year.' The circumspection which was exercised in selecting artists and artisans may be one cause of the ancient buildings being superior to the modern: men were then sought who could 'grave, groupe, or carve, were sotyll in their fantasie, good devysoys, marveyulous of castinge, who could raise a wal with batyling and creete marciall, imageours in es-

tayle, and portreyours who could paynt the works with fresh hewes :—but now,

'A cunning workman fine in cloister close may sit,
And carve and paint a thousand things, and use both art
and wit;
Yet, wanting world's renowne, may 'scape unsought or
seen;
It is but Fame that outruns all, and gets the goale, I
wonne.'

It was common to depute the superintendence of buildings to churchmen, from an idea of their superior prudence and probity."

In this way does our author bring old saws and modern instances so admirably together, that while we wonder at the coincidences, we wonder more that the same evils should have remained uncared for, or at least unredressed. Except that the following letter is from Lord Shrewsbury, of the time of Edward VI., and relates to a palace at York, we could fancy that every syllable of it was more than applicable to the parliamentary debates last session about the palace of Pimlico!

"After right hartie comendacions. Where in yo^r l^{tes} of the xvith of this instant, w^{ch} I received the xxvth of the same, ye write that ye have had advertisement from the King's Ma^{ty} Privie Counsaile, that they are informed by me the King's Ma^{ty} palace at Yorke is likely to be defaced, as well thrughe taking down the lead there as otherwise; whereat ye do not a litil marvaile, that them to whome ye made a warrante only for taking downe the south isle of the church, the dorter frater, and the two old garners (being, as ye were informed, of long time not saufe, and ruynous, and the lead thereof daily pilfered away), wolde take upon them to meddell with any parte of the King's Ma^{ty} palace. I assure you there hath been such spoyle and defacings made in div^{rs} parts of his Highnes' said palace, that it wolde greve any man to see it, except his Highnes' pleash^r were that all shulde be pulled downe; and yet his Ma^{ty}, in respecte of that w^{ch} thereof might have been made, is like to have but small comoditie, as farre as I can perceive. And where I am informed that ordre was given unto you from my Lords of the Counsaile for the stay thereof, before the xliith of this instant; upon the xxiiith of the same, the chief wyndow of the King's Ma^{ty} owne chamber was defaced, w^{ch}, as it is declared unto me, was done by Humphrey Collwiche, one of yo^r surveyors. Furthermore, when, according to yo^r request in yo^r said l^{tes}, I comoned with yo^r surveyors, and demanded of them why they had so done, Laykin answered, that when he declared unto you that the taking downe of the south isle shulde be an ymparement to the King's Ma^{ty} palace, ye said unto him, that as well the King's palace as al the rest shulde be takin downe. And now, as speciall frende, I have sent you worde what is done here, w^{ch} you may use as shal appertyne; and thus I bydde you right hartely farewell. From Yorke, — of Aprill, 1551."

We cannot look about us in London at this day without fancying that the souls of some of these scheming and devastating architects and surveyors, &c. must have descended in a right line for nearly three hundred years to our day.

But we must now conclude this review. The numerous plates are extremely characteristic, and enough in themselves to recommend the style advocated by the author. Both on the building and furnishing* of his plans he shews that they may be executed, for the middle classes as well as the most opulent and high, at reasonable cost:

* The section on ancient furniture is very amusing as well as curious and valuable reading.

and, on the whole, independently of our love for the style which he has so conclusively set forth, we must confess a deep debt of pleasure and gratitude to him for the very interesting local, literary, scientific, and general information with which he has adorned that which in ordinary hands would have been a dry discussion. We wish we could build any thing, were it only for the sake of perpetuating, otherwise than on paper, our respect for his talents.

The Keepsake for 1830. Edited by F. Mansel Reynolds. London, Hurst and Co., and Jennings.

It would be vain to disguise the fact, that this Annual, like all the others, more or less, must rely for its extensive popularity on its exquisite engravings, rather than on its literary performances; though the latter are resplendent with great and celebrated names. A dry and meagre prose translation from a German play, occupying a fifth of the volume, is no attraction, though it boast the authorship of Sir Walter Scott; and the rest, sooth to say, with a very few, and no very important exceptions, is not of that description which would confer fame on the various contributors. The station and celebrity of most of them, however, will excite a curiosity to see what they have written, and this will answer the purpose of publishing almost, if not quite, as well as if they were Shakespeare's and Milton's. Yet this system must not be continued, or the Annuals had better refer themselves into portfolios of prints. In that respect they are deserving, and the *Keepsake* particularly so, of the greatest favour; and we only regret to see the literary talent and genius of our time brought into a sort of juxtaposition so injurious to them, by having their slightest, and sometimes worst, specimens associated with the finest efforts of art. So much so, indeed, that it is little to assert that two or three plates of the *Keepsake* are of far more value than the price of the whole work; and that foreign countries take an immense number of these publications for their engravings only. But it is this very circumstance which causes us to regret the inferiority of the literary portion of such works: how would it reflect honour on England, if none but productions of high merit were admitted either into the prose or the poetry of such selections! But we perhaps expected too much from the announcement of the *Keepsake*, and are therefore more disappointed than we ought to be with its performance. Among the best pieces are—an anecdote well told by Mr. Agar Ellis (of which a mutilated version found its way some months since into a contemporary journal); an Irish story, by Lord Nugent, which does not end so well as it begins; the Prophet of St. Paul's, by Lord Normanby, in which the romantic loves of Mary and Charles Brandon are told in a picturesque manner; the Nuptials of the Doge of Venice with the Adriatic, a spirited poem, by Lord Morpeth; and some agreeable verses by the Hon. C. Phipps. But we shall make our illustration from some letters of Lord Byron's, which, if not very communicative, are at any rate interesting: we copy merely paragraphs, as, names being omitted, the context is generally of little value.

Pisa, February 1822: *we guess*, addressed to Mr. Douglas Kinnaird.—"By the last post I transmitted to you a letter upon some Rochdale toll business, from which there are moneys in prospect. My agent says *two* thousand pounds, but supposing it to be only *one*, or even *one hundred*, still they be moneys; and I have lived long enough to have an exceeding respect for

the smallest current coin of any realm, or the least sum, which, although I may not want it myself, may do something for others who may need it more than I. They say that 'Knowledge is power';—I used to think so; but I now know that they meant 'money'; and when Socrates declared, 'that all he knew was, that he knew nothing,' he merely intended to declare, that he had not a drachm in the Athenian world. The *circulars* are arrived, and circulating like the vortices (or vortexes) of Descartes. Still I have a due care of the needful, and keep a look-out ahead, as my notions upon the score of moneys coincide with yours, and with all men's who have lived to see that every guinea is a philosopher's-stone, or at least his *touch-stone*. You will doubt me the less, when I pronounce my firm belief that *cash* is *virtue*. I cannot reproach myself with much expenditure: my only extra expense (and it is more than I have spent upon myself) being a loan of two hundred and fifty pounds to — [qy. Leigh Hunt?], and fifty pounds worth of furniture, which I have bought for him; and a boat which I am building for myself at Genoa, which will cost about a hundred pounds more. But to return. I am determined to have all the moneys I can, whether by my own funds, or succession, or lawsuit, or MSS., or any lawful means whatever. I will pay (though with the sincerest reluctance) my remaining creditors, and every man of law, by instalments from the award of the arbitrators. I recommend to you the notice in Mr. Hanson's letter, on the demand of moneys for the Rochdale tolls. Above all, I recommend my interests to your honourable worship. Recollect, too, that I expect some moneys for the various MSS. (no matter what); and, in short, 'Rem, *quocunque modo*, rem!'—the noble feeling of cupidity grows upon us with our years."

This is the same idea as the "good old gentlemanly vice" of "avarice" in the poem.

Same place and date.—"With regard to what I sent you a few days ago ('The Mystery'), and what I shall send you in a few days (the drama of 'Werner'), I shall publish them with another publisher, and *anonymously*, if you like. I am much surprised that you say nothing about the 'Vision,' as you seemed delighted with it, and eager to get it published. Published it *shall be*, though even upon my own account. As I said before, the profit is a secondary object—pleasant if it come, but to be borne without, if it do not. If you cannot settle with any English publisher, forward them to Galignani at Paris, and make any agreement you please. You can get my MSS. out of Murray's hands, as I shall most probably collect all those I have, and publish them at once. My object is not *immediate* popularity in my present productions, which are written on a different system from the rage of the day. But *mark what I say*; that the time will come when these will be preferred to any I have before written:—it is not from the cry or hubbub of a month that these things are to be decided upon. In the meantime I intend to be as a Calderon or Lope de Vega. As to my parting at this present moment with a thousand guineas, I can tell you, that I shall consent to nothing of the kind. I wonder if you take me for an atheist, to make me so unchristian a proposition?"

Genoa, November 1822.—"I have finished the twelfth canto of Don Juan, which I will forward when copied. With the sixth, seventh, and eighth in one volume, and the ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth in another, the whole may form two volumes, of about the same size

as the two former. There are some good things in them, as perhaps may be allowed. Perhaps one volume had better be published with one publisher, and the other with another; it would be a new experiment: or one in one month, and another in the next; or both at once. What thinkest thou? Murray, long after the 'piracies,' offered me a thousand pounds (guineas) a canto for as many as I might choose to write. He has since departed from this proposal, for it was too much, and I would not take advantage of it. . . . I have been invited by the Americans on board of their squadron here, and received with the greatest kindness, and rather too much ceremony. They have asked me to sit for my picture to an American artist now in Florence. As I was preparing to depart, an American lady took a rose which I wore from me, and said that she wished to send something which I had about me to America. They shewed me, too, American editions of my poems, and all kinds of attention and good-will. I also hear that, as an author, I am in high request in Germany. All this is some compensation for the desertion of the English."

"I have been pondering over the vicissitudes of Don Juan. As for booksellers' intrigues, and booksellers' demons, they are not worth a thought:—I tell you that the two most successful things ever written by me, viz. the English Bards and Childe Harold, were refused by one half 'the trade,' and reluctantly received by the other. There are two or three ways to proceed. Firstly, To look about and see if any proposition is made by those tanners of authors, the calf-skin, morocco, and Muscovite publishers. Secondly, If none be made, we have always the option of stamping (an Italic phrase) upon the 'touch and go' account score; which is only objectionable inasmuch as it never yet succeeded—but it may; as steam has, and as balloons will. Thirdly, If so concluded, we must have securities that said publisher's account shall have its arithmetic summed up, and checked by the skilful in such affairs. Fourthly, Are the Don Juans subject to any laws?—that is, your laws, which are somewhat of the queerest; and is any compact respecting them binding to the contracting parties? Fifthly, If Mr. John Hunt publish them eventually, his son (if of age) ought to be comprised in the stipulation to render a fair account of *meum et tuum* quarterly, to persons appointed by the author. Sixthly, Some other ought to be bound—not for the assets, but merely, in case of non-fulfilment, to guarantee that the account (be it good, bad, or indifferent) is a fair and true one; for it is a difficult piece of antiquarianism to decipher the hieroglyphic of a publisher's balance, *pro*, *con*, or otherwise, or anywise. I venture to throw out these hints for your honour's convalescence; but how far they may merit attention in your sickness or your health is left to your consideration. 'And your petitioner shall ever,' &c. &c. I am not very well—I suspect worse than you are—at least I hope so. Ever since the summer, when I was fool enough to swim some four miles under a broiling sun, at Via Reggio, I have been more or less ailing. First, my skin peeled off—then it came again—then I had a fever and violent inflammation, which confined me to my bed, in a bad inn, on a worse road. I thought I was well quit for the winter at least; but, lo! within this last month I have had eruptions, and the deuce knows what besides; so that I have been compelled to call in an English physician, who has decocted and

concocted me, *secundum artem*, until I am turned inside out. I am as temperate as an anchorite; but I suspect that temperance is a more effective medicine at twenty than at thirty—and almost five.

Oh parish register! oh peerage! why Record those years that I would fain deny?

I shall not trouble you farther,—and I merely do it now as a sleeping draught for your collarbone.—Yours ever, and truly, N. B.

"P.S. I tell you that English Bards and the first and second cantos of Childe Harold were refused by half the craft, and even crafts, in London, although no demand was made. Decide for yourself from such premises—they know nothing."

Missaloughi, Feb. 1824.—"It is not true that I ever *did*, *will*, *would*, *could*, or *should* write a satire against Gifford, or a hair of his head. I always considered him as my literary father, and myself as his 'prodigal son;' and if I have allowed his 'fatted calf' to grow to an ox before he kills it on my return, it is only because I prefer beef to veal."

In his letters from this place Lord Byron shews that he had resolved to risk fortune and life in the Greek cause.

Memoirs, Correspondence, and State Papers of Thomas Jefferson, late President of the United States. Now first published from the Original MSS. Edited by Thomas Jefferson Randolph. 8vo. Vols. I. and II. London, 1829. Colburn and Bentley.

To what length this publication will probably extend, is not stated; but even in these two volumes we find much more than any review can adequately notice. Not only do they contain a multitude of new as well as forgotten details respecting the separation of America from England; but almost every letter offeils miscellaneous subjects for particularization and remark. We would therefore say, that the work is more fit for the library than for analysis; and that though it must always be looked to for information on the important topics of which it treats, it is not so likely to be read, as an American might term it, "slick right away." All we can do is to run slightly over the contents.

A portrait displays rather common-place features, with full and expressive eyes. The tradition of the Jefferson family is, that it was derived from Wales, somewhere near Snowdon, the grandfather having settled in Virginia about the beginning of the eighteenth century; and Peter, the father of Thomas, having married Jane Randolph in 1739, the said Thomas, born about 1745, was one of a family of two sons and six daughters, left with their mother (a widow) in 1757. It is not necessary to dwell upon the education of the future President, in which he seems to have been greatly indebted to Dr. William Small, a Scots professor of mathematics, and George Wythe, under whom he studied law. He went to the bar in 1767, and practised till the revolution shut up the courts of justice. In 1769 he was chosen a member of the legislature for his native county Virginia, and also continued in this station till closed by the same memorable event. In 1772 he married Mrs. Skelton, a widow of twenty-three years of age, whose considerable fortune contributed much to place him in affluent circumstances.

After these leading points of personal life, we come to the early stages of the revolutionary contest, respecting which there are a number of historical, local, and anecdotal facts, previous to the famous signature of the Declaration of

Independence in 1776, of which there is the original draught in the hand-writing of Mr. Jefferson. This and his notes on the debates in Congress upon it are highly curious and interesting. Among the arguments for delaying this great measure, the following struck us forcibly:—

"That foreign powers would either refuse to join themselves to our fortunes, or, having us so much in their power as that desperate declaration would place us, they would insist on terms proportionably more hard and prejudicial: that we had little reason to expect an alliance with those to whom alone, as yet, we had cast our eyes: that France and Spain had reason to be jealous of that rising power which would one day certainly strip them of all their American possessions!"

To this it was replied:—

"That a declaration of independence alone could render it consistent with European delicacy for European powers to treat with us, or even to receive an ambassador from us: that till this, they would not receive our vessels into their ports, nor acknowledge the adjudications of our courts of admiralty to be legitimate, in cases of capture of British vessels: that though France and Spain may be jealous of our rising power, they must think it will be much more formidable with the addition of Great Britain; and will therefore see it their interest to prevent a coalition; but should they refuse, we shall be but where we are; whereas, without trying, we shall never know whether they will aid us or not."

The future proceedings will be read with more interest in the United States than in England. We, however, make an extract or two where the matter recommends itself by its general application. On public debates and speaking, the annexed is excellent:—

"Our body (the Congress at Annapolis in 1783-4) was little numerous, but very contentious. Day after day was wasted on the most unimportant questions. A member, one of those afflicted with the morbid rage of debate, of an ardent mind, prompt imagination, and copious flow of words, who heard with impatience any logic which was not his own, sitting near me on some occasion of a trifling but wordy debate, asked me how I could sit in silence, hearing so much false reasoning, which a word would refute? I observed to him, that to refute indeed was easy, but to silence impossible; that in measures brought forward by myself, I took the labouring oar, as was incumbent on me; but that, in general, I was willing to listen; that if every sound argument or objection was used by some one or other of the numerous debaters, it was enough; if not, I thought it sufficient to suggest the omission, without going into a repetition of what had been already said by others: that this was a waste and abuse of the time and patience of the house, which could not be justified. And I believe, that if the members of deliberate bodies were to observe this course generally, they would do in a day what takes them a week; and it is really more questionable than may at first be thought, whether Buonaparte's dumb legislature, which said nothing, and did much, may not be preferable to one which talks much, and does nothing. I served with General Washington in the legislature of Virginia before the revolution, and during it with Dr. Franklin in Congress. I never heard either of them speak ten minutes at a time, nor to any but the main point which was to decide the question. They laid their shoulders to the great points, knowing that the little ones would follow of themselves.

If the present Congress errs in too much talking, how can it be otherwise in a body to which the people send one hundred and fifty lawyers, whose trade it is to question every thing, yield nothing, and talk by the hour? That one hundred and fifty lawyers should do business together, ought not to be expected."

In 1786, Jefferson being then the American minister in Paris, joined Mr. Adams the plenipotentiary in London; and we find the following account of their reception at the court of George III. :—

"On my presentation, as usual, to the king and queen, at their levees, it was impossible for any thing to be more ungracious than their notice of Mr. Adams and myself. I saw, at once, that the ulcerations of mind in that quarter left nothing to be expected on the subject of my attendance; and, on the first conference with the Marquess of Caermarthen, the minister for foreign affairs, the distance and disinclination which he betrayed in his conversation, the vagueness and evasions of his answers to us, confirmed me in the belief of their aversion to have any thing to do with us. We delivered him, however, our projet, Mr. Adams not despairing as much as I did of its effect. We afterwards, by one or more notes, requested his appointment of an interview and conference, which, without directly declining, he evaded, by pretences of other pressing occupations for the moment. After staying there seven weeks, till within a few days of the expiration of our commission, I informed the minister, by note, that my duties at Paris required my return to that place, and that I should, with pleasure, be the bearer of any commands to his ambassador there. He answered, that he had none; and wishing me a pleasant journey, I left London."

The subjoined remarks on France at this period seem also deserving of quotation :—

"The pecuniary distresses of France produced this year a measure of which there had been no example for near two centuries, and the consequences of which, good and evil, are not yet calculable. For its remote causes, we must go a little back. Celebrated writers of France and England had already sketched good principles on the subject of government; yet the American revolution seems first to have awakened the thinking part of the French nation in general from the sleep of despotism in which they were sunk. The officers, too, who had been to America, were mostly young men, less shackled by habit and prejudice, and more ready to assent to the suggestions of common sense, and feeling of common rights, than others. They came back with new ideas and impressions. The press, notwithstanding its shackles, began to disseminate them; conversation assumed new freedoms; politics became the theme of all societies, male and female; and a very extensive and zealous party was formed, which acquired the appellation of the patriotic party, who, sensible of the abusive government under which they lived, sighed for occasions of reforming it. This party comprehended all the honesty of the kingdom, sufficiently at leisure to think; the men of letters, the easy bourgeois, the young nobility, partly from reflection, partly from mode; for these sentiments became matter of mode, and, as such, united most of the young women to the party. Happily for the nation, it happened, at the same moment, that the dissipations of the queen and court, the abuses of the pension-list, and dilapidations in the administration of every branch of the finances, had exhausted the treasures and credit of the nation, inasmuch that its most necessary functions were paralysed. To re-

form these abuses would have overset the minister; to impose new taxes, by the authority of the king, was known to be impossible, from the determined opposition of the parliament to their enregistry. No resource remained, then, but to appeal to the nation."

The meeting of the Notables and the French revolution were the results; and of the first few years of these proceedings Mr. Jefferson's account possesses very considerable interest. In 1789, after the demolition of the Bastille, and Louis XVI. was forced to wear the tricoloured cockade by M. Bailly, Mr. Jefferson says :—

"The king was now become a passive machine in the hands of the National Assembly; and had he been left to himself, he would have willingly acquiesced in whatever they should devise as best for the nation. A wise constitution would have been formed, hereditary in his line, himself placed at its head, with powers so large as to enable him to do all the good of his station, and so limited as to restrain him from its abuse. This he would have faithfully administered, and more than this I do not believe he ever wished. But he had a queen of absolute sway over his weak mind and timid virtue, and of a character the reverse of his in all points. This angel, as gaudily painted in the rhapsodies of Burke, with some smartness of fancy, but no sound sense, was proud, disdainful of restraint, indignant at all obstacles to her will, eager in the pursuit of pleasure, and firm enough to hold to her desires, or perish in their wreck. Her inordinate gambling and dissipations, with those of the Count d'Artois, and others of her *clique*, had been a sensible item in the exhaustion of the treasury, which called into action the reforming hand of the nation; and her opposition to it, her inflexible perverseness, and dauntless spirit, led herself to the guillotine, drew the king on with her, and plunged the world into crimes and calamities which will for ever stain the pages of modern history. I have ever believed, that had there been no queen, there would have been no revolution. No force would have been provoked nor exercised. The king would have gone hand in hand with the wisdom of his sounder counsellors, who, guided by the increased lights of the age, wished only, with the same pace, to advance the principles of their social constitution. The deed which closed the mortal course of these sovereigns I shall neither approve nor condemn. I am not prepared to say that the first magistrate of a nation cannot commit treason against his country, or is unamenable to its punishment; nor yet that, where there is no written law, no regulated tribunal, there is not a law in our hearts, and a power in our hands, given for righteous employment in maintaining right and redressing wrong. Of those who judged the king, many thought him wilfully criminal; many that his existence would keep the nation in perpetual conflict with the horde of kings, who would war against a regeneration which might come home to themselves; and that it were better that one should die than all. I should not have voted with this portion of the legislature. I should have shut up the queen in a convent, putting harm out of her power, and placed the king in his station, investing him with limited powers, which, I verily believe, he would have honestly exercised, according to the measure of his understanding. In this way no void would have been created, courting the usurpation of a military adventurer, nor occasion given for those enormities which demoralised the nations of the world, and destroyed, and is yet to destroy, millions and millions of its inhabitants. There are

three epochs in history, signalled by the total extinction of national morality. The first was of the successors of Alexander, not omitting himself. The next, the successors of the first Caesar. The third, our own age. This was begun by the partition of Poland, followed by that of the treaty of Pilnitz; next, the conflagration of Copenhagen; then the enormities of Buonaparte, partitioning the earth at his will, and devastating it with fire and sword; now the conspiracy of kings, the successors of Buonaparte, blasphemously calling themselves the Holy Alliance, and treading in the footsteps of their incarcerated leader; not yet, indeed, usurping the government of other nations, avowedly and in detail, but controlling by their armies the forms in which they will permit them to be governed; and reserving, *in petto*, the order and extent of the usurpations further meditated."

Such are the views of Mr. Jefferson; and with them we must conclude our notice of the memoirs, reserving the correspondence and appendices for future consideration, only adding one extract more, on the return of the writer to America, in March 1790.

"At Philadelphia I called on the venerable and beloved Franklin. He was then on the bed of sickness, from which he never rose. My recent return from a country in which he had left so many friends, and the perilous convulsions to which they had been exposed, revived all his anxieties to know what part they had taken, what had been their course, and what their fate. He went over all in succession, with a rapidity and animation almost too much for his strength. When all his inquiries were satisfied, and a pause took place, I told him I had learned, with much pleasure, that, since his return to America, he had been occupied in preparing for the world the history of his own life. 'I cannot say much of that,' said he; 'but I will give you a sample of what I shall leave;' and he directed his little grandson, (William Bache), who was standing by the bedside, to hand him a paper from the table, to which he pointed. He did so, and the doctor putting it into my hands, desired me to take it and read it at my leisure. It was about a quire of folio paper, written in a large and running hand, very like his own. I looked into it slightly, then shut it, and said I would accept his permission to read it, and would carefully return it. He said, 'No, keep it.' Not certain of his meaning, I again looked into it, folded it for my pocket, and said again, I would certainly return it. 'No,' said he, 'keep it.' I put it into my pocket, and shortly after took leave of him. He died on the 17th of the ensuing month of April; and as I understood that he had bequeathed all his papers to his grandson, William Temple Franklin, I immediately wrote to Mr. Franklin, to inform him I possessed this paper, which I should consider as his property, and would deliver to his order. He came on immediately to New York, called on me for it, and I delivered it to him. As he put it into his pocket he said, carelessly, he had either the original, or another copy of it, I do not recollect which. This last expression struck my attention forcibly, and for the first time suggested to me the thought, that Dr. Franklin had meant it as a confidential deposit in my hands, and that I had done wrong in parting from it. I have not yet seen the collection he published of Dr. Franklin's works, and therefore know not if this is among them. I have been told it is not. It contained a narrative of the negotiations between Dr. Franklin and the British ministry, when he was

endeavouring to prevent the contest of arms which followed. The negotiation was brought about by the intervention of Lord Howe and his sister, who, I believe, was called Lady Howe, but I may misremember her title. Lord Howe seems to have been friendly to America, and exceedingly anxious to prevent a rupture. His intimacy with Dr. Franklin, and his position with the ministry, induced him to undertake a mediation between them; in which his sister seemed to have been associated. They carried from one to the other, backwards and forwards, the several propositions and answers which passed, and seconded with their own intercessions the importance of mutual sacrifices, to preserve the peace and connexion of the two countries. I remember that Lord North's answers were dry, unyielding, in the spirit of unconditional submission, and betrayed an absolute indifference to the occurrence of a rupture; and he said to the mediators distinctly, at last, that 'a rebellion was not to be deprecated on the part of Great Britain; that the confiscations it would produce would provide for many of their friends.' This expression was reported by the mediators to Dr. Franklin, and indicated so cool and calculated a purpose in the ministry, as to render compromise hopeless, and the negotiation was discontinued. If this is not among the papers published, we ask, what has become of it? I delivered it, with my own hands, into those of Temple Franklin. It certainly established views so atrocious in the British government, that its suppression would, to them, be worth a great price. But could the grandson of Dr. Franklin be, in such degree, an accomplice in the parricide of the memory of his immortal grandfather? The suspension, for more than twenty years, of the general publication, bequeathed and confided to him, produced for a while hard suspicions against him: and if, at last, all are not published, a part of these suspicions may remain with some."

Emmanuel: a Christian Tribute of Affection and Duty; for the Year of our Lord 1830.
Edited by the Rev. W. Shepherd. London, S. Maunders.

Less embellished, and consequently at a less price, than its compeers, this new Annual takes the field under some advantages as far as general circulation is concerned. It is entirely of a religious description: and the preface fully explains its objects, and defends its name against some apparently very captious objections.

"The work here presented (says the reverend editor) to the public is a humble tribute of Christian principles, intended to display true religion and its several attributes in the engaging aspect which belongs to this best gift of heaven. There is nothing in it repulsive to any denomination of Christian believers. It attempts not the eagle's flight, but would rather emulate the lowly and more domestic habits of the swallow and the sparrow, which haunt, in security and peace, the altars of their Maker. Its nature and design preclude all notion of rivalry in regard to the extent of its embellishments, however intrinsically good they may be deemed; whilst the literary compositions, limited as they necessarily are to one object, may not enter the lists with those who aim at an 'entire Olympiad.' The reputation and success of the established Annuals cannot therefore be affected by this appeal to the religious community. Their very titles and designs—their sacrifices to the lighter arts—their mixed and comprehensive subjects of composition, have left that class of readers unprovided

with a Christian present 'of a decidedly religious character.' Now, the very title of this Annual betokens godliness; and it is confidently expected that the subjects, both in design and spirit, however imperfectly executed, will be found in strict unison with it. Were it not so, the editor and publisher feel they would have been justly open to the animadversions which have been made on it by some pious individuals; and, though they might well rest on the high encomiums of others equally devout and influential, who hail it as one of peculiar fitness for a publication so truly Christian in design and principle, they wish in all sincerity and truth to offer some remarks in defence of their use of the word. In the first place, the work is devoted entirely to religion, and subjects connected with religion, all tending to edification, and expressly designed to shew forth His praise and glory, 'in whom we live, and move, and have our being.' In employing, therefore, a word by which the Almighty Creator has revealed to us the real nature, and character, and intimacy with us, of our Lord and Master Jesus Christ, whose name his disciples are permitted to bear, the editor is not conscious of having transgressed any law of Him who calls us brethren, and makes our bodies temples of the living God; for the Christian dispensation is one of grace, and mercy, and loveliness: and though no eye can penetrate the Holy of Holies, the Almighty Father is revealed to us in the most engaging description which can invite confidence and excite affection.

As, therefore, the design of this book is founded on principles in humble accordance with the tenor of his gospel, the editor most strongly deprecates all idea of profaneness and frivolity in his use of the word Emmanuel. He considers that he is no more open to attack for making it the title of his work, devoted as it is entirely to religion and virtue, than was Pope, or Handel, or Klopstock, for affixing to their several works of human composition the name of 'The Messiah.' If, indeed, it is impious to use the word Emmanuel to designate a religious publication, how can we absolve from the charge of profaneness, divines and legislators, and the whole body of Christian believers, who for the last eighteen centuries have used, in conversation and acts of Parliament, to record the dates of even the most common transactions, the general, but no less sacred expression, 'In the year of Our Lord?' Besides, the word Emmanuel has been employed to describe persons and things dedicated to his service. Hence, it is used not only as the Christian name of individuals, but it designates a college in Cambridge, founded by a privy counsellor and chancellor of the exchequer to Queen Elizabeth, in an age memorable for piety, and dear to the recollection of the Reformed Churches of our native land. In affixing, therefore, this name to his work, the editor humbly conceives he has not touched or handled that which is forbidden; more especially as the contents of the volume will be found in unison with the sanctity of the title."

Having been little inclined this year to occupy our pages with long selections from the Annuals, which, in truth, would have robbed them of their plums, we shall not be tempted to transgress with the present, however meritorious, volume. Suffice it to say, that the reverend editor has, as was to be anticipated, distinguished himself both in verse and prose,—that there are two or three pieces deserving of the name affixed to them, R. Montgomery—that Mr. Pennie, Miss Strickland, the Author

of *Tales of a Bride* (reviewed in our last), Miss M. A. Browne, Mr. Leeds, Mrs. Godwin, Mr. Britton, and L. E. L., are among its foremost contributors; and to extract a short poem by the last-mentioned of these writers, which refers to a picture of a pilgrim, and beautifully *exposes* the vanity of that old weak act of superstitious devotion.

"The Pilgrim.

Vain folly of another age,—
This wand'ring over earth,
To find the peace by some dark shroud
Banish'd our household hearth.
On Lebanon the dark green pines
Wave over sacred ground,
And Carmel's consecrated rose
Springs from a hallow'd mound.
Glorious the truth they testify,
And blessed is their name;
But even in such sacred spot
Are sin and wo the same.
Oh pilgrim! vain each toilsome step,
Vain ev'ry weary day;
There is no charm in soil or shrine
To wash thy guilt away.
Return, with prayer and tear return
To those who weep at home;
To dry their eyes will more avail,
Than o'er a world to roam.
There's hope for one who leaves with shame
The guilt that lured before:
Remember, He who said 'repent,'
Said also, 'sin no more.'
Return, and in thy daily round
Of duty and of love
Thou best wilt find that patient faith
Which lifts the soul above.
In every innocent prayer each child
Lips at his father's knee—
If thine has been to teach that prayer,
There will be hope for thee.
There is a small white church that stands
Beside thy father's grave,
There kneel and pour those earnest prayers
That sanctify and save.
Around thee draw thine own home ties,
And, with a chaste'n'd mind,
In meek well-doing seek that peace
No wandering will find.
In charity and penitence
Thy sin will be forgiven:—
Pilgrim, the heart is the true shrine
Whence prayers ascend to Heaven."

Two Lectures on Population, delivered before the University of Oxford, in Easter Term, 1828. By Nassau William Senior, late Fellow of Magdalen College, A.M., Professor of Political Economy. To which is added, a Correspondence between the Author and the Rev. T. R. Malthus. London, 1828. Saunders and Otley.

If there be one principle of political economy more firmly established or more important than another, it is that which has been called the *principle of population*. Scarcely a year passes in which the operation of that principle is not manifested in the sufferings of some one or more of the classes into which our labourers are divided; sufferings which have their immediate cause, indeed, in some casual revulsion of trade, but which are aggravated and prolonged by the habitual poverty existing among all the labouring classes, and which, it has been proved to satiety, is the consequence of the disproportion between the numbers to be employed and the means of employing them. The law which regulates the proportion between the numbers of labourers and the means by which they may be employed—in other words, which regulates the permanent rate of wages—is called the principle of population. How important must be the consideration of the principle which regulates the rate of wages, both to those who pay and those who receive them, is sufficiently plain. It has accordingly attracted a greater share of public attention than many other important doctrines of the science of which it forms a part, and will continue to obtrude itself

upon the consideration of all those who turn their minds to political reasoning, so long as persons shall be subject to periodical starvation in Norfolk and Suffolk, or weavers in Spitalfields.

The question being simply one of proportion, the proportion between the numbers of the people and the means of employing them, it is necessary to ascertain, in the first place, the relative rates, according to which the numbers of the people and the means of employment would increase, if no check were imposed upon the increase of either. This rate has hitherto been called the *tendency to increase*—a phrase very clear and definite, and which, we think, Mr. Senior has applied in a novel and unaccustomed manner, without duly weighing the importance of adhering to an established phraseology; or, at all events, without adducing a sufficient reason for dissenting from it in the present instance.

The means of employing labourers are, food and the implements and materials of their trade; but food is the main object of consideration. It has been shewn, Mr. Senior tells us, in a preceding lecture, and it is obvious, without present proof, "that additional labour employed in the cultivation of the land within a given district, produces generally a less proportionate return." The more labour bestowed upon the same soil, the greater is the total return, but the less is the return to every successive quantity of labour bestowed. The tendency of food to increase is therefore a constantly decreasing tendency.

Then what is the tendency to increase in the human race? This tendency, Mr. Senior describes as having been "determined by observation. It has been ascertained, that for considerable periods, and in extensive districts under temperate climates, population has doubled every twenty-five years. The power of reproduction in the human race must, under similar climates, be always and every where the same."

Here, then, we have the means of determining the question at once. The tendency of population to increase is constantly the same; that of food is constantly diminishing. It is certain, therefore, when we consider the simplicity and shortness of the premises, unusually certain, that, as the wages of labour depend upon the proportion between food and numbers, and as numbers can increase faster than food, that unless the number of labourers can be limited, the people must always be poor; and as surely as they are poor will they be miserable, vicious, and discontented. To enlighten the people upon this great law, which regulates their condition, and which so materially concerns the safety of their superiors in wealth and station, is obviously the most benevolent work of private charity, and a chief duty of public governors. This principle has been fully and clearly explained by Mr. Senior in the first of the two lectures lately published, to which the reader is referred for more complete and satisfactory information.

But whilst we must do justice to the manner in which this doctrine has been expounded in these lectures, we cannot but think that Mr. Senior has over-laboured an objection which he founds upon a supposed variance between fact and theory. It is important to consider this objection, for two reasons; first, because we deem the objection to be little more than a verbal dispute; and next, because we think it is calculated to mislead attention and confound the large class of readers who, though respectable (from their numbers), come under

the denomination of careless and unwary. According to the language in use among political economists, there is said to be a *tendency* in population to increase faster than food. Perhaps it can be shewn, that in some civilised countries population has not, in fact, increased faster than food, although no checks were applied to its progress beyond those of misery and want; perhaps it may be further shewn, that it has not even increased so fast. Mr. Senior is too acute a reasoner to be imposed upon by this statement, so far as to maintain that it disproves the principle of population. He has, in truth, given a satisfactory account of the fact in the earlier part of the second lecture, in which he has made several observations upon the tendency of wealth and civilisation to check the increase of numbers, by elevating the moral feelings of the people, and inducing them to submit to voluntary restraint rather than undergo the privations which spring from improvident marriages; a part of these lectures which is both ingenious and new. He thinks, however, that this observation should qualify the language in which Mr. Malthus and others are wont to couch the proposition respecting the tendency of numbers to increase. "How," he inquires, "can such a tendency be said to exist, when, in fact, they are seldom found to increase in a greater proportion than the means of supply, or even so fast as the means of supply?"

"What (he asks) is the picture presented by the earliest records of those nations which are now civilised? or, which is the same, what is now the state of savage nations? A state of habitual poverty and occasional famine. A scanty population, but still scantier means of subsistence. Admitting, and it must be admitted, that in almost all countries the condition of the great body of the people is poor and miserable; yet as poverty and misery were their original inheritance, what inference can we draw from the continuance of their misery as to the tendency of their numbers to increase more rapidly than their wealth? But if a single country can be found in which there is now less poverty than is universal in a savage state, it must be true, that under the circumstances in which that country has been placed, the means of subsistence have a greater tendency to increase than the population. Now this is the case in every civilised country. Even Ireland, the country most likely to afford an instance of what Mr. Mill supposes to be the natural course of things, poor and populous as she is, suffers less from want, with her eight millions of people, than when her only inhabitants were a few sept of hunters and fishers. In our early history, famines, and pestilences the consequences of famine, constantly recur. At present, though our numbers are trebled or quadrupled, they are unheard of. The United States of America afford the best ascertained instance of great and continued increase of numbers. They have afforded a field in which the powers of population have been allowed to exhaust their energy; but though exerted to their utmost, they have not equalled the progress of subsistence. Whole colonies of the first settlers perished from absolute want; their successors struggled long against hardship and privation; but every increase of their numbers seems to have been accompanied or preceded by increased means of support. If it be conceded, that there exists in the human race a natural tendency to rise from barbarism to civilisation, and that the means of subsistence are proportionally more abundant in a civilised than in a savage state,—and neither of these propositions can be denied,—it must fol-

low, that there is a natural tendency in subsistence to increase in a greater ratio than population."

Now we cannot but think that this admits of a very simple answer. When it is said, that there is a tendency in population to increase faster than the means of subsistence, that form of stating the proposition is adopted as the shortest and most convenient method of saying that, in the absence of all checks to increase, men will be multiplied faster than food. It was never meant that they could be multiplied *without* food; that food must not be first produced, in order that they may be multiplied at all; nor even that as societies advance in civilisation, food would not be increased in a greater ratio to the increase of population than in the savage state. What was meant to be conveyed by the proposition was, that the greater capability of increase was on the side of population; that a check must be imposed there, and an impulse, if possible, applied to the production of food. And that this is the *useful* mode of stating the theory, Mr. Senior himself admits; for he tells us afterwards, that "whether, in the absence of disturbing causes, it be the tendency of subsistence, or of population, to advance with greater rapidity, is a question of slight importance, if it be acknowledged that human happiness or misery depend principally on their relative advance; and that there are causes, and causes within human control, by which that advance can be regulated."

If it ever happen in any country, that population, although having a tendency (abstractedly) to increase faster than food, be found in fact to advance at a slower rate, *it may be said*, with verbal accuracy, that food in that country has a tendency to increase faster than population. So may it also be said, with verbal accuracy, that there is a tendency in matter, when set in motion, to come to a state of rest; because it does, in fact, ultimately come to a state of rest when set in motion; or that there is a tendency in it to move in curved and not in straight lines, because the planets revolve round the sun. And yet we think, that if any man should propose to adopt this phraseology, and to reject the old Newtonian proposition, that matter, when set in motion, will move on in a straight line for ever, he would be said rather to dispute about words than facts.

We have further objected to the author's changing the terms of the proposition, that it would unsettle, confuse, and mislead the minds of the careless and unwary. Upon this we shall not dilate; but we must say, in justice, that Mr. Senior offers at least a plausible reason on the other side, when he tells us, that many well-meaning persons are deterred from exerting themselves in the improvement of the condition of the people, by the unmeasured language which has been held with respect to the natural tendency of men to grow faster than corn. To remove such errors, we heartily recommend those good, desponding people to read Mr. Senior's lectures; and both them, and all those who are interested in questions of this nature, to read the instructive correspondence between Mr. Senior and Mr. Malthus, which is appended to them. We have spent too much time about the lectures themselves, to say any thing about the letters at the end of the pamphlet; nor could we say any thing which would supersede the necessity of reading them once and again.

The Alpenstock: concluded.

SINCE October 10th we have been prevented from paying our further respects to Mr. La-

trobe's pleasing volume, to which we are glad to return and extract the following remarks on the vintage :

"As I drew towards my journey's end, I found the whole country busy with the vintage. The landscape was every where checkered and enlivened by the active figures and cheerful faces of the peasants and their families; and the different operations connected with their harvest afforded me much amusement. The grapes are here crushed by large mallets or pestles, immediately after being taken from the rows and thrown into the tubs. This is a cleaner and more alluring, though perhaps less ancient and poetical mode of proceeding (and certainly less amusing) than that of *treading the wine-press*, which, to my great astonishment, I saw literally performed in open daylight, last autumn, near Basle. There, the same end was brought about in the manner here mentioned. At about the distance of every hundred yards, as I suppose, opposite each peasant's vineyard, two or three large tubs were placed, each surmounted by a smaller, the bottom of which was perforated like a strainer. Into the latter the baskets of fruit were emptied as they were brought from the rows; good, bad, and indifferent; dust, stalks, and spiders; while on them stood an old woman or little boy, perched on high, with bare legs and feet, stamping, and treading, and mashing the contents, which came oozing out below into the great tub. *N'importe*.—I am told the wine is just as well flavoured and as pure the one way as the other; and it is my interest to think so: for it ill becomes a pedestrian to feel squeamish about any thing."

"But as the day advanced, these sounds were invariably overpowered by the pigs, whose unceasing cries and screams of sorrow and perplexity puzzled me not a little, till I found out the cause. I never happened to buy a pig myself, but I think I have seen many bought and sold, and some few killed, before I quitted the north. I do not recollect, however, that in the English markets any particular kind of 'pomp and circumstance' attends the purchase of a pig. As far as I can recollect, the buyer thumps it a little to see that the animal is solid, and the seller pinches its ear or tail, to shew that it has sound lungs; then a bargain is struck, and the purchaser conveys it straightway to his home, and kills it privily or publicly, just as it suits him. But not so here. I had noticed that, some hours during the middle of the day, the air was burdened with the cries of this animal, with hardly a moment's intermission, and that these sounds proceeded from a certain *maison de péage* not far from my dwelling. To unravel this mystery, I at length directed my steps to this building, and there soon came fully to understand the whole matter. Pigs are here bought by the weight—that is part of the mystery: consequently all that are brought for sale, whether big or little, are tugged off in full vigour to the public scales, tumbled into them, and weighed before purchased. Further, all animals of this species which the pleasure of the possessor may consign to the knife, are put to death in one and the same building, on the border of the lake, by order of the magistrates. Both these operations of killing and weighing are often carried on together; and it will be understood that of the two animals, that which is only weighed screams much longer, if not much louder, than the one whose last hour is come. The din defies all description. Towards evening the boats begin to leave the port, and to stretch for the opposite shore, and little by little the town resumes its tranquillity.

Four times a year, fairs, each of several days' continuance, are held, and, as might be supposed, these bring bustle enough in their train. The centre of the market-place is then occupied by a double line of substantial booths, erected for the purpose, and let out to the different speculators, who flock in from every part of the neighbouring cantons. It appears that there is a class of tradespeople, or rather pedlars on a large scale, who have no fixed place of abode, but make the round of all the fairs, and bring their ventures to each market in turn. Amusing as a scene of this kind must be in any small town, the generality of other Swiss fairs are infinitely more striking and gay, from the prevalence of different and peculiar costumes, which are but sparingly mingled with the throng in Neuchâtel."

"In addition to the terms *curé* and *vicaire*, the former of which corresponds to our vicar, and the latter to our curate, I cannot avoid mentioning that the common people of this neighbourhood have a term to designate a still lower degree of ecclesiastical honour. It happens that the curate may be now and then assisted in his duties by a young candidate for the ministry, or *proposant*, as they are properly termed. To this class the common people have whimsically enough given the name of *l'apôtre*: and though I do not understand that any ridicule is implied by it, I must own I do not think that any increase of respect is attached to the designation; for to a question put to one of the peasants as to the rank of the preacher, it is not unusual to get for answer, *Il n'est qu'apôtre !*"

"The preceding winter (1825-6) had been signalised by the loss of three of the domestics belonging to the convent, and a traveller whom they were conducting to the hospital. As the circumstances attending this accident may illustrate the peculiar danger of the service in which these worthy monks are engaged, I shall relate them at length, as communicated to me. It was after a violent snow-storm of several days' continuance, which had kept all the inhabitants of the convent close within their walls, that a partial brightening in the weather on the 17th December emboldened them to despatch three of their domestics down the Italian side of the mountain, to escort a small party of travellers, who had been detained in the convent, and at the same time to fetch their usual supply of fresh provisions from the first Italian village, St. Remy, about a league down the pass. This party was accompanied by two of the dogs, Jupiter and a younger one. The day closed, night set in, and, to the surprise of the monks, no servants re-appeared. However, they lulled their fears, by persuading themselves that their Maroniers, not daring to re-ascend in the dusk, had staid at St. Remy; and trusted to see them return with the provisions early on the following morning. The morning came—noon arrived—the shade of evening again closed the short-lived day, and still no tidings of their servants. However, during the course of this day, two of the monks worked their way, after a whole hour's struggle in the snow, which was many feet deep, to the lower end of the lake, near which the convent is situated, and reached a point about three minutes' ordinary walk from the hospital, from whence the greater part of the downward route towards St. Remy could be distinguished. They now saw that the whole valley was covered by the wrecks of a series of avalanches—and returned, fearing the worst; but still hoped against hope that the adventurers might have reached St. Remy, and been detained there.

It was not till the third day after their departure that their suspicions were verified beyond all doubt. On that day the *calafette* from St. Remy arrived at the convent, followed by poor Jupiter. He brought word that the Maroniers had arrived safe with their companions at the village, and after some short stay had set off on their return, accompanied by a traveller who wished to pass to the Swiss side of the Alps. Nothing more was to be learnt from him, except, that, about an hour after, Jupiter returned alone, dreadfully fatigued, and made it to be understood, by his howling and anxiety, that some misfortune had befallen his companions. The cause of the disaster was now no longer a matter of doubt, and after some months was rendered certain by the discovery of the bodies. It appears, that, when about half a league on their way back, they were suddenly arrested and overwhelmed by a tremendous avalanche from the slopes of Mont Mort, which in its headlong course carried the party for above a mile down the mountain, and buried them with the younger dog deep under the snow. By some means, Jupiter kept nearer the edge, or the surface, and, when the force of the avalanche was spent, extricated himself. It was judged that he had attempted to make his way up the mountain towards the hospital; but such was the impediment offered to his struggle by the immense mass of soft snow, that he was forced to return in the bed of a torrent to St. Remy. They described him there as whining and 'weeping' the whole night."

After relating some of the *unhappineses* attendant on high mountain ascents, the tourist next tells an anecdote of a bear in the Mit-taghorn.

"I believe bears have been almost entirely driven from their former haunts in this chain. Nevertheless, every now and then, a stranger comes on a reconnoitering journey from the Vallais or Italian Alps, and, as might be expected, seldom or never returns to tell his tale. The moment he is discovered to be in the country the tocsin is sounded, and the poor fellow pays for his restlessness or curiosity with his life. Last winter, as Mr. G. informed me, one was observed to be in the vicinity of Gasteig, by the ravages committed on a flock of sheep; and of course the hue and cry was raised by the villagers. Unfortunately there happened to be no snow, and it was no easy matter to light upon his trail. After long search, however, a party of the peasants thought they had discovered his footstep in a sandy pathway, and traced them into a forest to the east of the village. In this was a deep gully, with a cavity in the rocks at one side. While beating the bushes, one of their number incautiously descended to the bottom of the ravine, to drink at the stream running down it. While he was busy, with his nose in the water, the party above saw the bear make its appearance from the rift just mentioned, and scramble down with furious haste towards the man, who was too busy to notice him. They shouted, but the rush of the water prevented his hearing them; meanwhile no time was lost by the assailant, who was not within shot, till he got too close to the man to allow the carbine to be used with safety to their companion. The peasant, having quenched his thirst, raised himself up, and there stood Bruin ready to administer that squeeze for which his species is celebrated. The poor fellow, dreadfully shocked at the idea, and giving himself up for lost, had nevertheless the good sense to recollect that he had intended to shoot the bear.

So, without further ceremony, he fired his piece, but in too great a hurry to take correct aim, for the bullet whizzed over the bear's head instead of through it. Nevertheless, Bruin seemed not to relish the singeing of his whiskers, and turned tail, when a second shot, from one of the party above, brought him down."

These miscellaneous notices are sufficient to denote the amusing variety of this work, which we again recommend.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

A Manual of Ancient History. By A. H. L. Heeren. Translated from the German. 8vo. pp. 476. Oxford, 1829. Talboys.

THE great and deserved popularity of this work upon the continent, where it has passed through many editions, has, at length, happily recommended it to an English translation, as it had previously been rendered into almost every other European tongue. In this Manual the indefatigable and judicious author has traced the formation of the most ancient states, from the Assyrian, Median, Babylonian, Trojan, Lydian, Phœnician, Egyptian, and Jewish nations, &c. to the end of the fifth century; and not only by his extensive and learned researches, but by his excellent mode of synchronistic tables, thrown the clearest light upon these interesting inquiries. Geography, the oldest colonial systems, chronology, and commerce, are all ably illustrated: but it would require a longer paper than we can spare to mention a tithe part of the merits of this most useful classical and historical production. We consider it to be one of the best volumes that could be put, for information, into the hands of the student, or, for reference, into those of the instructed. No good library should be without it.

The Waverley Novels, Vol. VI.—of the Antiquary, Vol. II. Edinburgh, 1829, Cadell; London, Simpkin and Marshall.

THIS continuation offers us little to notice, except that the embellishments are well executed, and that there are two interesting notes; one relating to a melancholy incident in the household of the last John, Duke of Roxburgh, and the other to the spirited mustering and long night-march of the Scottish volunteers and yeomen, upon an occasion when a mistaken alarm of invasion was fired along the Borders. We can vouch for the accuracy of this, having been bravely under arms on that desperate night.*

An Introduction to Medical Botany. By T. Castles, F.L.S. London, 1829. E. Cox; Simpkin and Marshall; Underwood; and W. Jackson.

A LITTLE 24mo. of 172 pages, which, with coloured figures, forms a very concise but a very convenient and useful introduction to a science of no small consequence. The author is well known as a writer both on botany and surgery, whose productions are well calculated for the purposes to which they are addressed.

The Quarterly Journal of Agriculture, No. VII. Edinburgh. Blackwood.

The British Farmer's Magazine, No. XIII. London. Ridgway.

WHILE Blackwood is enlightening the Northern agriculturists by his very intelligent and able quarterly journal, Mr. Ridgway is adding his monthly light for those of the South, also with

great talent. It is, nevertheless, astonishing to observe how long obvious improvements remain unadopted: let us hope that these periodicals will lead to other results.

The Etymology and Syntax of the English Language explained and illustrated. By the Rev. Alexander Crombie, LL.D. &c. 8vo. pp. 431. London. J. Taylor.

A THIRD edition of this very able and judicious work affords us an opportunity for expressing our hearty approbation of it; and our pleasure at seeing the excellent author of Natural Theology thus prospering in his most useful though not quite so important labours.

The Pomological Magazine; or Figures and Descriptions of the most important Varieties of Fruit cultivated in Great Britain. Vol. II. 8vo. pp. 97. London, 1829. Ridgway.

OF this equally beautiful and scientific publication we need only say that the second is, if any thing, superior to the first volume. The multitude of various fruits which it describes and exhibits are admirably portrayed, and coloured to nature. Messrs. Sabine and Lindley have great credit in its production.

The Law and Commercial Daily Remembrancer for 1830. By Edward Dunn, Law Stationer. London. Dunn and Son.

The Diurnal Remembrancer, or Private Diary, for 1830. The same.

OF these (the former the most ample in its almanac and miscellaneous parts, and the latter, though limited in these species of intelligence, yet very useful in its matter and form) we have specimens before us; and have to express our entire approbation of the manner in which they are prepared for the convenience of men of business and of housekeepers. Such books, even slightly attended to, are not only valuable to guide us as the days of the year roll on, but are often of great service to look back upon and refresh the memory, and sometimes, as the entries may be, productive of pleasing recollections and considerable amusement.

Memoirs of John Shipp. Second edition. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1830. Hurst, Chance, and Co.

OF the extraordinary adventures of this unfortunate soldier we spoke kindly on the appearance of his narrative; and we expressed a hope, that whatever his imprudences and errors might have been, his courage and the strange vicissitudes he had undergone might plead so strong an apology for them, as to lead to his relief on the rough road of life. We regret to see that a pension of fifty pounds a-year from the Hon. East India Company is all he has to depend upon, after his Ophello-like story.

Laconics; or, the Best Words of the Best Authors. Third edition. 3 vols. 18mo. Sustenance and Stretch.

THERE is a world of wit and wisdom in these three little volumes; and a good index helps the indolent to find where they are applicable. We have therefore no hesitation in adding our good word to the far better than double testimony implied in the two words "third edition," in their favour. There are about four thousand apt extracts from esteemed authors.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.
ANCIENT AND MODERN EGYPT.
M. Champollion's Fourteenth Letter.

Thebes, June 18, 1829.

SINCE my return to this eldest of the royal

cities, all my days have been employed in the study of one of its finest edifices, for which I conceived a decided predilection at the first sight. The complete knowledge which I have now acquired of it justifies this predilection beyond all that I could have hoped. I allude here to a monument, the real name of which is not yet determined, and which is the source of very lively controversies: it is that which was first called the Memnonium, and afterwards the tomb of Oymandias. This last denomination was given by the Commission of Egypt. Some travellers persist in using the other, which is very inapplicable and very incorrect. As for me, I shall henceforth employ, to designate this edifice, only its Egyptian name, which is sculptured in a hundred places, and repeated in the legends of the friezes, of the architraves, and bas-reliefs, which adorn this palace. It bore the name of Rhamesseion, because Thebes was indebted for it to the munificence of Rhamesses the Great. The imagination is confounded, and we feel a very natural emotion, on visiting these mutilated galleries and these fine colonnades, when we reflect that they are the work, and were often the residence, of the most celebrated and the best of the princes that ancient Egypt reckons in its long annals; and whenever I pass through them, I pay to the memory of Sesostris that kind of pious respect which was rendered to him by all antiquity.

No part of the Rhamesseion exists in a complete state; but what has escaped the barbarism of the Persians, and the ravages of time, is sufficient to restore the whole edifice, and to give a very correct idea of it. Passing over the architectural part, which is not my province, but to which I must do justice by saying, that the Rhamesseion is, perhaps, the noblest and the purest of the great monuments at Thebes, I shall confine myself to a concise notice of the principal bas-reliefs which adorn it, and the meaning of the inscriptions that accompany them. The sculptures which cover the exterior faces of the first pylon, built of freestone, have entirely disappeared, the greater part of the walls having fallen down. Enormous blocks of white limestone still remain in their places; they are the jambs of the door, and are decorated, as well as the thickness of the two walls in which the door was, with the royal legends of Rhamesses the Great, with pictures representing the Pharaoh making offerings to the great divinities of Thebes—Amon-Ra, Amon-Generator, the goddess Mouth, the young god Chons, Ptaha, and Mandou. In some pictures the king, in his turn, receives the favours of the gods; and I here give the analysis of the principal of them, because it was there I read for the first time the true name of the whole edifice. The god Atmou (one of the forms of Phré) presents to the god Mandou the Pharaoh Rhamesses the Great, wearing a helmet, and clothed in royal robes; the latter divinity takes him by the hand, and says to him: "Come, advance towards the divine abodes, to contemplate thy father, the lord of the gods, who will grant thee a long series of days, to govern the world and to reign upon the throne of Horus." Further on, in fact, is represented the great god Amon-Ra addressing the following words to Pharaoh:—"Hear what Amon-Ra says, the king of the gods, who resides in the Rhamesseion of Thebes: my well-beloved son of my race, lord of the world, Rhamesses! my heart rejoices in contemplating thy good works; thou hast dedicated this edifice to me, I confer on thee the gift of a pure life, to pass upon the throne of Sev" (that is to say, in temporal royalty). Henceforth, then, there can

* A correspondent complains of the advertisements appended to these volumes, and says they are eye-sores to be bound up with so handsome a work.—Ed.

remain not the least doubt respecting the name to be given to this monument.

The military pictures relative to the conquests of the king cover the faces of the two walls of the pylon towards the first quarter of the palace. A considerable part of them is visible, the falling down of the higher parts of the pylon being on the opposite side. These military scenes bear the greatest analogy to those sculptured in the temple of Ypsamboul and on the pylon of Luxor, which form part of the eastern Rhamesseion or Rhamesseion of Thebes. These inscriptions are similar, and all these bas-reliefs evidently relate to the same campaign against Asiatic nations, who, from their physiognomy and their costume, cannot, I repeat it, be looked for otherwise than in that vast country situated between the Tigris and the Euphrates on one side, and the Oxus and the Indus on the other—a country which we rather vaguely call Persia. This nation, or rather the country which it inhabited, was called Chto, Cheto, Scheto, or Scto; for I have at length perceived that the name by which it is usually designated in the historical texts, and which may be pronounced Pechareneschto, Pecharanschetko, or Pecharinschetko, (on account of the absence of the medial vowels), is composed of three distinct parts:—1. of an Egyptian word, the reproachful epithet Pechar, which signifies a plague—2. of the preposition N (of), which I at first took for a radical—3. Chto, Scto, or Scheto, the real name of the country. The Egyptians therefore designated these hostile people by the denomination of the Plague of Scheto, in the same manner as Ethiopia is always called the wicked race of Kousch. This is not the place to detail the reasons which induce me firmly to believe that the people here meant are those of the north-east of Persia—the Bactrians or the Scytho-Bactrians. On the right wall is sculptured the reception of the Scytho-Bactrian ambassadors in the king's camp. They are admitted to the presence of Rhameses, who receives them with reproaches: the soldiers dispersed in the camp are reposing, or preparing their arms, and taking care of the baggage: in the front of the camp two Egyptians are administering the bastinado to two prisoners—in order, says the hieroglyphic legend, to make them say what the plague of Scheto is doing. At the bottom of the picture is the Egyptian army on its march; and at one of the extremities is an engagement between the chariots of the two nations. On the left part of the wall is represented a series of fortresses, from which Egyptians issue, leading captives. The inscriptions sculptured on the walls of each of them give their names, and inform us that Rhameses the Great took them by storm in the eighth year of his reign. Nearly the half of the right wall of the pylon is wanting; what remains are fragments of a vast bas-relief, representing a great battle, likewise against the Scheto. As I shall have occasion to describe a second, which is entirely similar, and much better preserved, I shall pass rapidly over this, merely saying, that in it is represented one of the principal Bactrian chiefs, named Schiropsiro, or Schiropasiro, wounded and lying on the bank of the river, towards which an ally, the chief of the wicked race of the country of Schirbech or Schilbesch, flying before the conqueror, directs his steps. By the side of the battle is the picture of a triumph. Rhameses the Great, standing with a battle-axe on his shoulder, seizes with his left hand the hair of a group of prisoners, over whom is written, "The chiefs of the countries

of the south and of the north led into captivity by his majesty."

The colonnades at the sides of the first court do not now exist. The vast space formerly comprehended between these galleries and the two pylons, is encumbered with the enormous fragments of the largest and most magnificent colossus that the Egyptians perhaps ever set up: it was that of Rhameses the Great. The inscriptions which decorate it do not admit a doubt upon the subject. The royal legends of that illustrious Pharaoh are to be read in large and beautiful hieroglyphics, towards the upper part of the arms, and are repeated several times on the four faces of the pedestal. This colossus, though seated, was not less than fifty-three feet high, not including the base, which is a second block, about thirty-three feet long and six high. We must admire, at the same time, the power of the people who erected this wonderful colossus, and that of the barbarians who destroyed it with so much address and care.

This fine monument was before the left wall of the second pylon, which is destroyed down to the present level of the ground. It was by digging that I convinced myself that this wall was likewise covered with sculptures representing military scenes. I found there the lower part of a picture, representing the king after a great battle receiving from the principal officers the account of the enemy killed in the action, whose hands, cut off, are piled up at his feet. Further on, there was an inscription relative also to the war against the Scheto; the little that remains of the last lines, interrupted by numerous fractures, made me deeply regret the destruction of these historical documents, which abound in proper names and geographical designations: they chiefly concern the honours which the king grants to two Scythian or Bactrian chiefs—Iroschtoasiro, great chief of the country of the Scheto, and Peschorsemausiro, who is also called a great chief: they are very probably the governors appointed by the conqueror after the submission of the country.

The sculptures of the right wall of the second pylon exist in a great part under the gallery of the second court, to the right as you enter. It is the representation of a battle fought on the bank of a river in the vicinity of a town which two branches of the river encircle, and on the walls of which is written, "The strong town of Watsch or Batsch" (the first letter is doubtful). Towards the present extremity of the picture, to the left of the spectator, is seen king Rhameses in his chariot at full gallop in the midst of a field of battle covered with the dead and the dying. He discharges arrows at the mass of the enemy, who are completely routed. Behind the chariot, on the ground which the hero has just quitted, are heaps of the enemy's dead, upon which the horses of one of the enemy's chiefs, named Torokani, fall; he is wounded with an arrow in the shoulder, and is falling in the front of his car, which is broken. Under the feet of the king's horses lie, in various positions, the bodies of Torokato, chief of the soldiers of the country of Nakbesou, and those of several other warriors of distinction. The great Bactrian chief Schiropsiro is retiring towards the bank of the river. The king's arrows have already reached Tiotouro and Simairrosi, who are flying in the plain towards the town. Other chiefs retire towards the river, into which the horses of the wounded chief Kroschatosi plunge, and drag him with them. Several, in fine, as Thotaro and Maferima, brother (ally) of the plague of Scheto (the Bactrians), have

gone to die opposite the town, on the bank of the river, which others, such as the Bactrian Sipaphiro, had been so fortunate as to cross, assisted and welcomed on the opposite bank by an immense crowd of people, who have come together to learn the result of the battle. In the midst of this crowd is a group busily engaged in helping a chief, who has just been taken out of the river, where he has been drowned. They hold him suspended by the feet, with his head downwards, and endeavour to make him eject the water which chokes him, in order to recall him to life. His long hair appears to be dripping wet; and the attention paid to him will not produce any effect, if we may judge by the countenances and motions of the bystanders. Above the group is the following sentence: "The chief of the wicked race of the country of the Schirbech, who has parted from his warriors in flying from the king towards the river."

Lastly, in the midst of the crowd that issues from the city by a bridge thrown over one of the branches of the river, we observe symptoms of an approaching change of opinion. An individual makes a speech to those who surround him; the object of his harangue is to engage his countrymen to submit to the yoke of Rhameses the Great;—in fact, over the arm of the orator we read the commencement of an inscription in the following terms:—"I celebrate the glory of the gracious God, because he has said".....the remainder is destroyed. My intention in entering upon these details was to give an idea of the historical bas-reliefs with which the great monuments of Egypt are adorned:—those immense compositions which I like to call Homeric pictures or heroic sculpture, because they are full of that sublime fire and disorder which transport us in reading the battles of the Iliad. Every group considered separately will certainly be found defective in some particulars of the perspective or proportions, when compared with the neighbouring parts; but these little defects in the details are more than atoned for by the effect of the masses; and I venture to say that the most beautiful Greek vases, on which combats were represented, are faulty (if it be a fault) in the very same particulars as these Egyptian bas-reliefs.

At the upper part of this great wall there is sculptured a long bas-relief, mutilated at the beginning and the end, representing Rhameses the Great celebrating the panegyric of the great god of Thebes, the double Horus, or Amon-generator. As I shall have occasion to describe a similar fête, which exists entire in the palace at Medinet Habou, I shall merely say that it is here that there is a series of little statues of kings, arranged in the order of their reigns. They are—1st, Menes (the first king on earth); 2d, an unknown name, anterior to the seventeenth dynasty; 3d, Amosis; 4th, Amenophis I.; 5th, Thouthmosis I.; 6th, Thouthmosis III.; 7th, Amenophis II.; 8th, Thouthmosis IV.; 9th, Amenophis III.; 10th, Horus; 11th, Rhameses I.; 12th, Ousirei; 13th, Rhameses the Great himself. This series gives only the direct line of the ancestors of the conqueror. Thus Thouthmosis II. is omitted, because Thouthmosis IV. (Meris) was son of a daughter of Thouthmosis I.

Numerous bas-reliefs, representing acts of adoration of King Rhameses to the great divinities of Thebes, cover three faces of the pylons which form the gallery before the pylon. On the fourth face of each of them is sculptured, in full relief, a colossal image of the

king, about thirty feet in height. The following are the best preserved of the four legends which still exist.

"The gracious god has erected these great buildings—he has raised them by his arm—he, the king Sun, guardian of justice, approved by Phré, the son of the Sun, the friend of Ammon, Rhameses, the well-beloved of Amon-Ra.—The gracious god ruling in his country has loaded it with his benefits, he, the god Sun, &c.—The well-beloved of Amon-Ra, the gracious god, chief, full of vigilance, the greatest of conquerors, has subdued all the countries under his dominions—he, the god Sun, &c. &c., the well-beloved of the goddess Month."

Thus these inscriptions record all that antiquity has praised in Sesostris—the great works which he caused to be executed—the good laws which he gave to his country—and the vast extent of his conquests. The pillars adorned with colossal opposite to these, and the columns which form the second court of the palace on the right side, are also remarkable for the richness of the religious pictures which adorn them. The pillars and the colonnades which form the left part of the court are entirely destroyed.

I shall not go into any detail respecting the interesting bas-reliefs which cover the left part of the back wall of the peristyle. I hasten to the hypostyle hall, of which about thirty columns still remain entire, and would charm by their elegant majesty even the eyes of those who are prejudiced against every thing that is not of Greek or Roman architecture. As for the destination of this beautiful hall, the arrangement of the columns, and the form of the capitals which adorn them, I shall quote the dedication itself of the hall, sculptured in the name of the founder on the architraves upon the left in very fine hieroglyphics:—

"The powerful Haroeris, the friend of truth, the lord of the upper region and of the lower region, the defender of Egypt, the chastiser of foreign countries, the resplendent Horus, possessor of the palms, the greatest of conquerors, the king, lord of the world (Sun, guardian of justice, approved by Phré), the son of the Sun, the lord of diadems, the well-beloved of Ammon, Rhameses, has had these buildings erected in honour of his father Ammon-Ra, king of the gods: he has caused to be erected the grand hall of assembly of good white freestone, supported by great pillars, with capitals imitating expanded flowers, flanked by smaller columns with capitals, imitating a lotus-bud; a hall which he has dedicated to the lord of the gods for the celebration of his gracious panegyrie: this is what the king has done during his life."

Thus it appears that the hypostyle halls, which give so peculiar a character to the Egyptian palaces, were really designed, as has been suspected, for the holding of great assemblies, whether political or religious,—that is to say, panegyries or general meetings. I was convinced of this before I discovered this curious dedication, because, observing the form of the hieroglyphic character expressing the idea panegyrie on the obelisks at Rome, where that character is carved of a large size, I perceived that it represented exactly a hypostyle hall, with seats placed at the foot of the columns.

It is at the entrance of the hypostyle hall of the Rhamesseion, on the right hand, that a bas-relief exists, on which is represented the queen, mother of the conqueror. Her name was Taouai: there is also a beautiful statue of this princess in the capital. I had copied the inscriptions upon it; but some fractures might

give room to doubts, which are removed by the bas-reliefs that I have before me. On the same side there is a great historical picture, which has been described or designed by all travellers who have visited Egypt. The only design that can be spoken of as correct is that which M. Calliaud has published in his *Journey to Meroe*. I have had a copy made of it on a larger scale, and have myself transcribed the inscriptions, which are interesting, though incomplete in many points. Here is also a great picture relative to war, which may, however, be divided into two principal parts. In a vast plain King Rhameses has just vanquished the Scheto, whom he has totally routed: two princes are in pursuit of the enemy: these sons of the king are named Mandouhi-Schopesh and Schat-hemkeme; they were the fourth and fifth of the children of Rhameses. Here, too, the vanquished are people of Scheto (Bactrians?). They are proceeding towards a town, placed at the right extremity of the picture, where a new scene opens. Four other sons of the conqueror, the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth of his children, called Meiamoun, Amenhamwa, Noubetel, and Setpanre, are stationed under the walls of the place. The besieged make a vigorous resistance; but the Egyptians have already set up ladders, and are going to scale the walls. A fracture has unfortunately destroyed the first part of the name of the besieged town: there remain now only the syllables Apouro.

[To be continued.]

MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

THE meetings of this Society were resumed on Tuesday evening. In the absence of Earl Stanhope, Dr. Bree was called to the chair. Amongst the donations to the Society were a collection of books to the amount of £200, presented by the King of the two Sicilies; and a splendid copy of Redouté's *Liliacées*, presented lately by his Grace the Duke of Northumberland. The Archduke John of Austria was elected into the Society. After the preliminary business, Mr. Frost read the annual oration: from it we gleaned, that six foreign sovereigns, and fourteen princes, had been entered on the list of members during the last session. Several of the English nobility had also, during the same period, been enrolled. It appeared, further, that Mr. Alton, of Kew, had set apart a portion of ground (in the Royal Garden, we understood) for a medico-botanical garden, in which the plants enumerated in British Pharmacopœias were already placed. After advertising to the spirit of co-operation which manifested itself amongst the scientific men of France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Austria, Russia, Prussia, Sweden, &c. &c., Mr. Frost stated, that Don Miguel had signified his intention of presenting to the Society a complete herbarium of the plants of Portugal; and that the University of Coimbra had just been reopened, with the botanical professor of which a friendly intercourse would be maintained: this observation was also applicable to the Royal Dublin Society, and many similar institutions. In proof of the growing interest in the study of botany, it was also stated that the Society of Apothecaries had opened their Pharmaceutical Garden at Chelsea, for the admission of all students in medical botany in London. Earl Stanhope had also intimated his intention of holding *conversations* at his house in town, to be open to the fellows of the Society, and other scientific characters. The oration con-

braced a variety of other topics; and thanks were voted for it to Mr. Frost: shortly after, the meeting separated.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 6th, 1829.—This Society held their first meeting for the season this evening; the president, the Rev. Adam Sedgwick, M.A., in the chair.—An interesting paper "on the Tertiary Formation of Gosau," by Roderick Impey Murchison, Esq., F.R.S., Secretary, was read.

COAL-MINES OF FRANCE, &c.

THE following observations on the coal-mines of France and other countries appear in a French periodical—*Minéralogie Industrielle*.—The coal-mines in France are not so extensive as in England; but this is because the consumption is not so great; for the natural resources of France in this respect are very considerable. There are in France forty departments in which coal is found; but in many of the places the mines are only partially worked; and of some of the others it can only be said, that the mere fact is known that they contain coal. 236 mines are, however, now worked in France, from which 10,000,000 of metrical quintals of coal are annually extracted; and the value at the mines being 12,000,000 francs, the cost to the consumer is, at least, 40,000,000. The consumption was much less a few years ago. It is, nevertheless, more considerable in England, where it is estimated at 75,000,000 of metrical quintals annually. Of the 10,000,000 furnished by the mines of France, three are obtained from those of St. Etienne and Rive-de-Gier and its environs, by means of eleven steam-engines, six hydraulic machines, seventy machines worked by horses, and 1400 workmen. The greater part of the coal from these mines is of very good quality, and suitable for forges and for the manufacture of gas. Three millions of the quantity are extracted from the mines of the north of France, which employ 4,500 workmen, nine steam-engines, and sixteen machines of different sorts, with seven machines for pumping out the water. This coal is particularly used for furnaces. The other 4,000,000 are drawn from the mines of Ligny, Carmaux, Creuzot, Champagny, and Ronchamps, the product of which is increasing. The coal-mines in the mountains of the centre and the south of France would be much more productive, were it not for the difficulty of transport, and the want of a market for this article: from these causes, a considerable quantity of coal is left untouched in the departments of Aveyron, Gard, Loire, and others; and what is lost may be estimated at a twentieth of the total produce.—Belgium is rich in mines; and those of the environs of Mons, Liège, and Charleroi—to the number of 356—employ 20,000 workmen, and produce annually about 12,000,000 of metrical quintals of coal of good quality. Those in the vicinity of Mons—near Jemmapes particularly—supply a great part of the consumption of France; large quantities of this coal being sent to Paris. Some of it is particularly calculated for gas, and makes excellent coke.—Germany, taken in the mass, does not possess many coal-mines; but in some localities the produce is considerable.—In Sweden there are no mines, except in Scania.—Norway, like Russia, seems to be destitute of fossil coal, though there is said to be some in Siberia. Perhaps, however, the abundant supply of wood prevents any search from being made after it.—In Italy there are a few inconsiderable mines in the Apennines.—In Spain,

too, there are some; but the strata are not thick enough to make them of importance.—Not a single coal-mine has been found in Portugal.—Coal is very abundant in the United States of America; but the fine forests of that country will, for a long time, supersede the necessity for this combustible.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, Nov. 7th.—On Wednesday the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Civil Law.—J. Gregory, Balliol College, Grand Compounder.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. P. M. Smythe, Christ Church; J. Day, Exeter College.

Bachelors of Arts.—T. Kemmis, Brasenose College; G. Taylor, Exeter College.

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

It has been mentioned to us, that the Council of this institution proposes to take into union District Schools (some of which are already in progress of formation), to be conducted upon the same principles as those of the lower department of the College: and when we consider how deeply important it is to combine the cultivation of the mind with the inculcation of religious and moral truths, we cannot refrain from wishing success to a measure which appears to us to be equally well-advised and well-timed. We are sure the public will hail it as a pledge of the intrinsic, though unostentatious, activity by which the conductors of this enterprise are gradually approaching the accomplishment of those high and interesting objects to which it aspires; and we avail ourselves of the opportunity thus afforded us to go shortly over the ground of its *past* progress, in order that those who have charged their brethren with inertness and procrastination, may henceforth render them, both by their opinions and co-operation, the justice to which we think they are deservedly entitled. During the last fourteen months a sum of 128,000*l.* has been raised;—the grant of a site, worthy of the object, and well calculated to promote it, has been obtained;—numerous and intricate interests in houses adjoining that site have been dealt with and purchased, with a view to secure the convenience of a double access from the Strand;—the architect has matured and prepared his plans and internal arrangements;—a satisfactory, and, as it appears, an economical, contract has been entered into, and is rapidly executing, for the purpose of carrying those plans and arrangements into effect;—the general regulations for conducting the education of its pupils, on the principles contemplated by its founders, have been digested, prepared, and circulated;—and a charter of incorporation has endowed the governors, council, and proprietors, with extensive powers for the efficient management of the institution. We would readily add to this brief enumeration of labours achieved, but shall only express our hope, that what has been begun with zeal and judgment will be consummated with wisdom and success.

PRESENT STATE OF ATHENS.

[Extract from a letter dated *Ægina*, Oct. 12.]

AFTER returning from the Cyclades and Cape Sunium, Colonel Bory de Saint Vincent has very carefully surveyed the gulf formed by Argolis and Attica. He has successively visited the ancient volcanoes of Methana and *Ægina*; Epidaurus, Hiero, Corinth and its isthmus, with the ancient canal: Megara, Salamis, and Eleusis, have also attracted his attention; lastly, he has ventured to enter Athens, where the Turkish pasha Jussuf received him very well, and permitted him to visit every part except the citadel, where nobody is admitted,

not even a mussulman, unless he belong to the garrison. The pasha was wholly ignorant that peace was made,—to such a degree does the Turkish government leave its agents without information. There is not a house in Athens; every thing is turned topsy-turvy, and there is not a street that can be recognised. The inhabitants have all fled. The temples of Theseus and of Jupiter Olympius, a portico of Adrian, some immense columns of the Pantheon, the Lantern of Diogenes, and the Tower of the Winds, rise amidst the most confused piles of ruins. The falling of the walls in which several master-pieces were fixed, has disclosed some remains of antiquity hitherto unknown; so that the colonel was able to observe some gigantic caryatides, the legs of which end in serpents, which had never yet been seen by any traveller or antiquary. The president set out on the 8th, in his steam-boat, on a visit to the Cyclades. He is at present at Sapa, and is expected at *Ægina* this week. It is certain that he will pass the winter here, and will quit this only to go to Athens when the Turks give up the city. The Greek palicari, under the command of Vazo, occupy Eleusis: General Trezel has assembled all the tactics at Megara, where they will bivouac, for there is not so much as a shed standing on the whole isthmus.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

A TRANSLATION into French of the letters, nearly two hundred in number, of Marcus Aurelius and Fronto, discovered some years ago by M. Mai, in palimpsest manuscripts, is about to be published in Paris. *Le Globe* has given several specimens of them; from which we select the following fragment of a letter from the virtuous and benevolent emperor to his beautiful wife, whose debaucheries afterwards rendered her so infamous.

Marcus Aurelius to Faustina.

Thou shewest a pious heart, my Faustina, for thy husband and thy children. I reperused at Formianum the letter in which thou exhortest me to revenge myself on the accomplices of Avidius. As for me, I will spare his children, his son-in-law, and his wife. I will not have too rigorous a proscription, or too severe a punishment; for there is nothing which recommends a Roman emperor to the world better than clemency. It made Caesar a god; it sanctified Augustus; above all, it earned the name of Pious for thy father. Had my advice been followed in this war, Cassius would still live. Take courage, then, my Faustina, the gods protect me; my piety is dear to the gods.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Scraps and Sketches. By George Cruikshank. Part the Second.

THE humour of George Cruikshank is as inexhaustible as the follies and novelties of the age; and this very whimsical and clever performance is fully equal to any of his former productions. "London going out of town" is a most laughable conception, in which building materials and tools, all animated, are driving haystacks, cattle, trees, and every rural object before them. Steam furnishes subjects for another very entertaining plate; and "Horses going to the dogs," are capably done. "The four elements," consisting of a damsel blowing the fire with bellows to make the kettle boil, is an extremely happy hit; as is its companion, "Faith, Hope, and Charity," a blind beggar and his dog. The Gin-shop is an appalling caricature, full of incident. Church and state,

a fat gentleman, a fellow in the stocks, a shop for bargains, a scene in Kensington Gardens, elbow room (fashionable sleeves), umbrella-makers landing St. Swithin ("Long to raise over us"), are all full of fun and drollery: but, indeed, these things must be seen to be fully enjoyed—no account can convey an idea of the number of their playful and characteristic touches. This little Number has several hours' amusement in it.

The Lord Mayor's Dinner, at Guildhall. G. Scharf delt. and lith. Engelmann and Co.

WE recommend our readers not to look at this print until after they have dined. It is far too tantalising for any one *impransus*. Gobbling, in all its varieties, is here admirably exhibited; while the friendly hob-and-nob occasionally adds to the ardour of the general deglutition. The tranquil statues which ornament the walls of this noble hall afford a striking contrast to the busy scene below. Neptune, especially, seated at the base of Nelson's monument, lifts up his hand, in seeming astonishment and reprobation, at the luxurious indulgences of which he is the unwilling witness. Mr. Scharf has thrown a very good effect over the whole, and has shewn much skill and humour in the diversity of character and incident which he has introduced into the details.

The Shooter's Companions. Painted by A. Cooper, R.A.; engraved by A. Giller.

A BEAUTIFUL little mezzotinto print; full of depth sweetness, and delicacy.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

VERSES

Suggested by a conversation respecting the astonishing rate at which steam carriages are expected to go, and the consequent march of refinement.

An Exquisite of the year 1929 at breakfast.

TELL John to set the kettle on,
I mean to take a drive;
I only want to go to Rome,
And shall be back by five.

Tell cook to dress those humming-birds
I shot in Mexico;
They've now been killed at least two days,
They'll be *un peu trop haut*.

I'll try that wine, too, *à la rose*,
Just brought from Ispahan:
How could those Goths of other times
Endure that vile Champagne?

The trip I took the other day,
To breakfast in the moon,
Thanks to that awkward Lord Bellaire,
Has spoiled my new balloon.

For, steering through the Milky Way,
He ran against a star,
And turning round again too soon,
Came jolt against my car.

Such fellows ought to keep below,
And never venture there;
If he's so clumsy, he should go
By no way but the Bear.

My steam is surely up by now—
Put the high pressure on;
Give me the "breath-bag" for the way,—
All right—hey—whizz—I'm gone.

M.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

A TURKISH HOTEL.

THE following description of a Turkish hotel, immediately after the expulsion of the janissaries, is taken from a work of M. Fontanier, who lately gave an account of his travels in Persia, Georgia, and Turkey, to the Royal

Academy of Sciences at Paris. From M. Fontanier's statement it would seem that the Turkish innkeepers are even more inquisitive than those of America. "On my arrival at Sapanja, he says, I installed myself in a coffee-house, which is the only kind of hotel in this country. After having arranged my carpet and seated myself à la Turque, holding my pipe in one hand and the coffee in the other, I entered into conversation with the master of the house, who was not tardy in giving me a hearty welcome, and putting to me a series of questions, to which I was so accustomed that my answers were all ready. 'What do you want?—Where do you come from?—Where are you going to? Have you a *teskeri* (passport)?—Have you much money?—Are you a spy?' &c. Four or five Turkish travellers, separated from me by wooden balustrades which divided the room into several compartments, listened to these queries with the greatest indifference, and smoked on with the most imperturbable gravity. For me it was quite an affair of memory, and, above all, of patience; for if there had been twenty questions I must have answered them all. The interrogatories finished, I offered them coffee,—an infallible mean in this country of establishing harmony, and procuring the rites of hospitality. At the same time I asked them what had been going on at Constantinople. Our host put on an air of dignity, and at last, without ceasing to warm the coffee and arrange the fire, replied: 'My soul, the Sultan Mahmoud, our lord, will have no more janissaries. What will become of us if the pashas and the great are allowed to feed upon us at their ease? We must fly, and become Curdes? The taxes will be raised, and perhaps (but God preserve us from it!) they will be levied on the Mussulmans. The Sultan Mahmoud is become an infidel; but it is his dog of a son, Mehemed Ali-Pasha, who has suggested all these enormities. May God deprive him of his eyes!' Every Turk in the room vociferated this imprecation in chorus, and then relapsed into his habitual silence. As the night approached, every one began to think of his own affairs. Some of the travellers got themselves shaved, others brought in their provisions, and some arranged their carpets and their toilet for the night. As for me, I could not help admiring the good sense which was mixed up with the detached and homely phrases I had just heard. Every body regretted the janissaries, and felt that the only check upon absolute power had been overthrown, and that liberty was destroyed without bringing the advantages of civilisation. A detachment of janissaries arrived at the hotel while I was there; but I remarked that the landlord hurried out to speak to them, and assured them that he had not room enough for their accommodation." M. Fontanier, on his route towards Constantinople, met about a hundred of the janissaries, who were disarmed, and some of them had their hands tied behind them with a cord, the extremity of which was held by the *caouas*, or pasha's guard. He learnt that, after the massacre, the government arrested every one whom they could find in the capital, and, without allowing them time to arrange their affairs or to see their families, made them embark for Scutari, with orders to follow the road to Asia. Those who were bound were destined as examples of the vengeance of the grand signior, and to intimidate the rebels: these had been taken by chance from among their companions in misfortune, and were to be beheaded in succession, on reaching certain distances.

DRAMA.

ADELPHI.

ON Monday last, a new burlesque burletta, founded on the celebrated ballad, "Billy Taylor was a gay young fellow," was produced at this theatre. Mr. Buckstone is the criminal who has committed this offence against gravity, and it is any thing but a serious one. The whole of the well-known pathetic story is capitally developed, and its terrible catastrophe ingeniously softened by the re-vivification of the two seductive Mr. William Taylor. The most novel features of this dramatised ballad (which, by the way, is altogether a pleasant fling at the "Black-eyed Susan" of the neighbouring county) are the incantation-scene à la Freyschütz, and the pitched battle between the gallant Thunderbomb and the enemy's fleet, consisting of two sail of the line. In the first instance, the terror of our childhood, "old bogie!" is raised in a legal shape by the most illegal means, and induces his invoker, who, though a dabbler in the black art, is evidently no conjuror, to sign, a cognovit, which, of course, sends his affairs in due time to the devil. The ingredients of the cauldron are worthy of record:—

1. The knee-buckle of a black-leg.
2. One of the balls of a pawnbroker's sign.
3. A bad sixpence taken at the gallery-door.
4. A lady's complexion lost in the heat of a ball-room.
5. The undercrust of a baker's "dead man."
6. The conscience of a Marshalsea attorney.

The last item was too small to discover with the aid even of our very best Dollond; the other articles were highly creditable to the property man. In the naval action a shower of red-hot balls, resembling exceedingly Mr. Clout's celebrated cricket ditto, falls innocuously upon the stage from the enemy's fleet aforesaid, while one lucky shot from the Thunderbomb in return blows the fleet literally out of the water, to the great glory of the gunner, Miss Mary Wagstaff, alias Richard Carr, whose *discovery* is effected in the most delicate manner, yet without the slightest violation of historical truth. The duet between the Captain and the adventurous "lady fair and free," selected from the ballad itself, was admirably sung by Gallot and Mrs. Fitzwilliam. Reeve, of course, was the hero of the piece, and dressed, warbled, and danced the character to perfection. His imitation of T. P. Cooke's naval hornpipe was convulsive. Altogether, we confess we laughed heartily—an inconsiderate act, in which we were joined by the greater part of the audience, and which hath utterly and for ever (thank Heaven!) rendered us unworthy to be classed amongst "the judicious few," some of whom hissed at the end; dear sensible souls! We hope they will be consistent enough to avoid this temple of Momus for the future. Their absence will make room for half a dozen of the as many hundreds unable to obtain admission on Monday evening. Mr. Barnett's amusing farce, *The Bold Dragons*, goes merrily on. A new melodrama, called the *Sisters, or the Brigands of Albano*, is announced for Monday, in lieu of the stupid *Rose of Euterick*, which never had any business on this side the Border.

THE principal performers of Drury Lane have, with great liberality, lent the management 25 per cent of their salaries for ten weeks. This voluntary act does them much credit, and will reinforce the house, till Christmas, with its pantomime, comes in aid of the season.

There has been nothing in the shape of novelty at either of the Theatres-Royals this

week. Boiledieu's opera, *Les Deux Nuits*, translated by Mr. Fitz-Ball, the music arranged, &c. by Bishop, is announced for Tuesday at Covent Garden; and a new drama, of an exceedingly novel and interesting character, by Mr. Planché, is in rehearsal at Drury Lane, comprising tableaux arranged from a celebrated series of engravings,—a practice most successfully followed at Vienna.

The West London Theatre is about to be opened in considerable force by Mr. Alexander Lee and Mr. Melrose. The list of a good company, both of actors and singers, is advertised.

VARIETIES.

Silk-worms.—It is stated in a memoir published by the Royal Agricultural Society of France, that the use of the chloruret of lime, for the purpose of purifying the air in places where silk-worms are kept in large numbers, is found to be very beneficial. The mortality so common to this insect from the miasma of the atmosphere is thus prevented.

Fire Kings and Queens!—When M. Chabert is attracting so much notice, we may recall to mind Signora Josephine Girardelle, who was born at Venice in 1780, and came to London in 1816 to exhibit her astonishing power of repelling heat. Without the least symptom of pain she could pour boiling lead into her mouth, and emit it again indented with the mark of her teeth; after which she used to pass red-hot iron over various parts of her body, wash her hands in aquafortis, &c. She was much visited in London and elsewhere.

Flax.—The Rev. Hans Sloane, of Cork, whose invention of the hollow-wick candle we noticed in our *Gazette* a few weeks ago, has for some years past made several experiments towards the cultivation of *Tritoma uvaria* (a species of flax) in the south of Ireland, with the view of introducing a politically important manufacture into that country. At the close of the year 1823 Mr. Sloane submitted to the Admiralty various specimens of this flax, the fibre of which is stronger than that of the hemp or flax hitherto cultivated in Europe. The report made by the Navy Board who were called on by the Admiralty to examine into his statements was highly favourable to an extensive trial being made of the *Tritoma uvaria*, both for sail-cloth and cordage; and we believe that Mr. Sloane has since employed himself in preparing a sufficient quantity for the proposed trial. This plant, which is a native of the Cape of Good Hope, has been known in our gardens from the commencement of the last century!

Loss of Weight in Cooking Meat.—We recommend to all our economical friends the result of a thrifty housekeeper's experience in this matter, and congratulate the lovers of old English roast beef, that they may gratify their laudable predilection and save many an honest penny at one and the same meal.

	lb. oz.
4lb. of beef lost by boiling	1 0
4 .. do. roasting	1 5
4 .. do. baking	1 3
4 .. mutton boiling	0 14
4 .. do. roasting	1 6
4 .. do. baking	1 4

We will only add, that the devotees to boiled mutton and turnips are evidently first-rate economists!

Culture of the Vine.—The vine was formerly cultivated very successfully in Southern Brabant; and as much of its soil consists of a sandy and stony bottom, it is not adapted to agricultural purposes. The produce of its vineyards constituted at one time the chief

beverage of the middling and lower classes; and in this neighbourhood vineyards were in former days considered the best patrimony a family could inherit. But it was a species of industry which was by no means acceptable to our French neighbours, and was therefore laid upon the shelf during the campaign of 1636; from which time until the year 1815, when Belgium was incorporated with Holland, it was suffered to remain dormant. It is now, however, become an object of renewed attention; and our countryman, Audoor of Wese-mael, has covered a length of nearly half a league, on the road between this place and Aerschot, with a flourishing vineyard, which last year produced him 150 pipes of wine. It is defended against the northerly winds by a rustic wall, built with the stones found upon the spot, five feet in thickness and eight in height, and is provided with twelve doors. His example has induced a number of other land proprietors to establish vineyards—and with equal success. The climate and localities of many parts of the South of England must surely be equally well adapted for the cultivation of the vine.—*Louvain, Oct. 6th.*

Geography, &c.—At one of the recent sittings of the Paris Geographical Society, Mr. Yosi, secretary of the London Medico-Botanical Society, stated, that he intends to embark in December next on his voyage to America. He will first visit the Mississippi and Missouri, will then cross the Rocky Mountains, explore California, and proceed to South America, traversing Mexico. He purposes visiting the capital of Columbia, and thence directing his steps towards Rio Janeiro. He requested from the Society such information and instructions as it might choose to give in connexion with the objects of his journey, which will consist chiefly of geographical and astronomical observations.

Cultivation of Maize.—It is stated in the annual of the Horticultural Society of Paris, that the white maize of China, although it produces a smaller grain than the maize of Pennsylvania, which has been hitherto much cultivated in France, yields more abundantly, and gives a much finer flour. Some Chinese maize sown in the south of France during the present year, is stated to have turned out very well, notwithstanding the badness of the season.

Potatoes.—M. Busching, a Prussian horticulturist, having planted in April the seeds of eight varieties of potatoes, which he kept carefully watered until June, then transplanted five hundred at distances of a foot and a half from each other; in the month of August most of these plants were in fruit and flower, and the varieties extended to one hundred and thirty; they ripened at four different periods, and all produced abundantly. M. Chevallier, in a letter to the *Bulletin Universel*, referring to a proposal in that work for the growth of potatoes in houses, by planting them in tubs, relates several experiments which he had performed, and of which the result was very unsatisfactory.

Corinth Grape.—It is stated, in a letter from Marseilles, that most of the Corinth grape (currant) trees, of which twelve thousand were received in April last, are now in a thriving state in the different departments in which they were distributed; and that no doubt is entertained that the Corinth vine will produce abundantly in the south of France. We understand that it is intended to try this vine in the new colony at Swan River.

Gelatine from Bones.—It has already been stated, that the employment of gelatine made from bones has become general in the French

hospitals. We now find, by an article in the *Bulletin Universel*, that it is also getting into use in the domestic economy of the working classes. It appears that sixty persons, belonging to the Royal Medal Mint, had good soup provided for them from gelatine for one franc eighty cents, being little more than a farthing per head; and that a *ragout* of potatoes, made also with gelatine, for the same number, cost only two francs sixty cents, not quite one half-penny each. It is calculated that a workman may, by the use of gelatine instead of meat, reduce his expenditure nearly one half; and instances are mentioned in which a much larger economy than this has been effected, with an improvement in the bodily strength of the workmen, owing to the greater nutrition of this kind of food.

To preserve Apples and Pears.—Wipe the fruit dry, then take a varnished crock or wide-mouthed jar, at the bottom of which is to be a layer of fine and very dry sand; on this place a layer of fruit, and so alternately fruit and sand until the crock or jar is full. Put a very thick coat of sand on the top, and place it in a dry place. Apples or pears thus treated will keep good all the winter.—*Journal des Connaissances Usuelles.*

Security against Fire.—The Paris Academy of Sciences recommend the adoption of M. Aldini's method, (mentioned in our No. 667), and advise the addition of Davy's apparatus to the precautions recommended by him.

The Climate in Spanish Estremadura.—The following is an extract from a letter, dated Badajoz, Jan. 2: "We have for some time enjoyed here most delightful weather. All around us is luxuriant verdure. The peas and beans are in blossom, and promise an abundant crop; and the young wheats look remarkably well. The olive crop, however, has failed, owing to the worm to which this fruit is subject; and the failure will probably involve many families in great distress. The vintage has not only proved very productive, but the quality of the wine is so fine, that already some of it, which has been put into new casks, is as good-flavoured as some of the better sorts of port. Oranges and lemons are so abundant, that even here they are sold for less than a quarter of a dollar per 100; whilst at Elvas, in Portugal, which is only a few miles distance, they sell for less than 8d. English per 100. Melons are to be had in great abundance on every market-day; and the stalls are loaded with broccoli, cauliflowers, and new potatoes. For a shilling, not only all the best vegetables, but even the finest fruits of the season, may be had for the supply of a family of twelve persons during the day; and we get very good wine for less than 2d. per bottle. The bread here is delicious, and very cheap. The peasants live upon fine white bread, which would be considered a luxury even by the most wealthy persons in London; yet it is surprising, that at Elvas, which is so near, the bread is of such an inferior quality, that Spanish bread forms a principal article of sale in the Elvas market. The fault must be in the manufacture; for better wheat than is grown in some parts of the Alentejo can hardly be seen even at Talavera de la Regna, which is so famous for its bread corn. What the English, of whom there are several in Elvas and Badajoz, miss most is the good fresh butter which they enjoyed in England. Very little is made even here; whilst a few miles farther in Spain, none is to be had except Irish butter, which is sold in skins of different kinds; and there is no cheese except what comes from Holland. Generally speaking, provisions are here at about

one third of the price paid in England; and it is quite possible, with a large family, to enjoy all the comforts and luxuries of life, without society, upon something less than 300l. per annum."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The author of the *Subaltern* has in the press a series of tales under the title of the *Country Curate*.

A new work by the author of the *O'Hara Tales* will soon make its appearance. It is to be entitled, we believe, *Trials Past By*.

A new novel from the pen of Mr. Grattan, called the *Heiress of Bruges*, is also in the press.

Cromwells are in circulation for publishing *Woods and Wild Flowers*, by the late Mr. Alex. Balfour, author of "Campbell, or the Scottish Probationer," &c. &c. It is stated that some literary friends have undertaken the selection and arrangement of this volume, to which a Biographical Memoir will be prefixed; and that the whole free profits of the publication will go to Mr. Balfour's family.

Dr. Seymour has in the press a work on the *Diseases of the Ovary*; including *Encysted Dropsy* and *Malignant Diseases of those Organs*: to which are prefixed, *Physiological Observations on the Structure and Functions of these Parts in the Human Being and in Animals*.

A London Musical Gazette, to be published weekly, is announced to commence to-day.

An Historical and Topographical Atlas of England and Wales, exhibiting its Geographical Features during the Roman, Saxon, Danish, and Norman governments, is preparing by Thomas Allen, author of the *Histories of York, Surrey, Sussex, &c.*

The Panoramas of the Thames, from London to Richmond, exhibiting every object on both Banks of the River, is among the announcements of forthcoming novels.

Time's Telescope, or Guide to the Almanac, and Astronomer's and Naturalist's Diary, will be published at the usual time. The Astronomical portion will, we are informed, be contributed by J. T. B., the gentleman who furnishes the articles on Celestial Phenomena to the *Literary Gazette*.

In the Press.—A second edition of *Lectures on English Poetry, with Historical Tales and Miscellaneous Poems*; being the *Literary Remains of the late Henry Neele*.—A little work entitled *Conversations on Miniature Painting*, by Miss Emma E. Kendrick.

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METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1839.

Month.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 5	From 35. to 48.	29.86 to 29.96
Friday .. 6	— 36. — 51.	29.82 Stationary
Saturday .. 7	— 35. — 48.	29.82 to 29.85
Sunday .. 8	— 28. — 48.	29.82 — 29.85
Monday .. 9	— 31. — 48.	29.86 — 29.93
Tuesday .. 10	— 37. — 55.	29.93 — 29.91
Wednesday 11	— 32. — 54.	29.96 — 29.96

The 5th, 7th, and 8th, clear—the remaining four days generally cloudy; raining heavily in the evening of the 10th and morning of the 11th.

Prevailing wind, S.W.

Rain fallen, .7 of an inch.

Edmonton.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude 51° 37' 32" N.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

✽ We are again compelled to postpone several interesting articles to our next—especially Colonel Evans on the great question of the Practicability of invading India.

We must hear more particularly from Clio before we publish any thing.

W. B. is thanked, but we can do nothing more: the same answer to J. S. A.

To A. B. we have to repeat (what we have often stated in the course of our publication) that the omission he complains of is, as he surmises, always to be found in our Weekly List of New Books; and that were we to do what he requests, it would cost us many hundred pounds a-year in stamp duties.

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THE EDINBURGH JOURNAL of
NATURAL and GEOGRAPHICAL SCIENCE, No. II.
for November 1839.

Published by D. Lizars, Edinburgh; and Whittaker,
Treacher, and Co. London.

THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE;

Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

AND

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No. 670.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1829.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Historical Account of Discoveries in North America; including the United States, Canada, the Shores of the Polar Sea, and the Voyages in Search of a North-West Voyage: with Observations on Emigration. By Hugh Murray, Esq., F.R.S.E., author of "Historical Account of Discoveries and Travels in Africa, Asia," &c. 2 vols. 8vo.

CONSTRUCTED on a similar plan, and embracing an equally varied range of topics, this compendium is likely to sustain and augment the reputation which Mr. Murray has acquired by his two former works on Africa and Asia. The subject possesses an interest of a very high nature, and peculiarly its own;—an interest extending retrospectively to that age of enterprise in which the western hemisphere was discovered, and prospectively to those times, probably not far distant, when the American people shall have stretched from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and prodigiously changed the relations that have so long subsisted between Europe and Asia. For an undertaking like the present a great abundance of materials existed—but they lay scattered in a variety of separate works, many of them costly, some already scarce; and in compressing them into a moderate compass, under a convenient arrangement, Mr. Murray has conferred a substantial favour not only on the literary world, but on the public generally. Either by good fortune, or by felicity of tact, he has moulded his work into that popular form which combines, in due proportions, amusement with instruction: he has interspersed with his historical details various traits of individual adventure, and sketches of national character and manners: so that his book, notwithstanding many marks of negligence in the style, which he must by all means remove in another edition, combines the utility of a scientific treatise with the entertainment afforded by a collection of voyages and travels.

The plan of the work is well adapted for effecting this union of the useful with the amusing. After a preliminary discussion on the supposed early discoveries of America, and on the origin of the inhabitants of that continent, Mr. Murray details the discovery and colonisation of North America, the Spanish and French expeditions to Florida, the discovery and settlement of Virginia, of New England, and of the secondary colonies of Great Britain, together with the settlement of the French in Canada and Louisiana. Then follows a portraiture of the American Indians, which perhaps may startle those who have formed their notions of these aborigines chiefly from the reveries of the French philosophers, or from the ideal picture of an Indian chief in Mr. Campbell's interesting poem of *Gertrude*. In his account of America, before and after the revolution, Mr. Murray evinces equal prudence and good feeling, and avoids the discussion of questions which, without any salutary result, would revive animosities happily extinct. His

succinct history of the settlement of the western territories, and of the discoveries beyond the Mississippi, will be read with interest even by those who still freshly remember the narratives and journals of which it forms an able recapitulation. An abstract of the early voyages for the discovery of a north-west passage, is followed by a relation of the more recent voyages of Captains Ross and Parry, and of the arctic land expeditions. The third book contains a synopsis of works relating to the United States of America—exhibits their political system—depicts their moral and social condition—and presents a general view of their industry and commerce. The concluding chapters are occupied with the present state of Canada and the other countries of British America, and with some statements relative to the important subject of emigration, which cannot fail to be read with very great attention. A list of authorities subjoined, forms a very proper and useful accompaniment to the work.

The historical and descriptive parts, as we have already observed, mutually relieve each other. We are tempted to select, from one of the introductory chapters, part of Mr. Murray's conclusion on that interesting question,—“When and by whom the western hemisphere was peopled?”

“The peopling of America is no longer an object of the slightest mystery or difficulty. The north-west limit of this continent approaches so close to Asia, that the two are almost within view of each other, and small boats can pass between them. Even farther south, at Kamtschatka, where the distance may be six or seven hundred miles, the Fox and Aleutian Islands form so continuous a chain, that the passage might be effected with the greatest facility. The Tschutchi, who inhabit the north-eastern extremity of Asia, are in the regular habit of passing from one continent to the other. These tribes, then, from the earliest ages had discovered that mysterious world which was hidden from the wisest nations of antiquity, and appeared so wonderful to modern Europeans. It was not a discovery in their eyes. They knew not that this was Asia and that was America; they knew not that they were on one of the great boundaries of earth. They knew only that one frozen and dreary shore was opposite to another equally frozen and dreary. However, it is manifest, that by this route any amount of people might have passed over into America. The form of the Americans approaching to that of the nations in the north-east of Asia, the comparatively well-peopled state of its north-western districts, and the constant tradition of the Mexicans, that the Azteks and the Toultecs, who early occupied their territory, came from the north-west;—all agree with the indications afforded by the natural structure of the continent. But it may be said, that although people by this channel undoubtedly passed over from the old world to America, this does not exclude other colonies from finding their way across the Atlantic or the Pacific. Supposing

it too much to have crossed the entire breadth at once, they may have taken their departure from some of the numerous islands with which both oceans, and especially the Pacific, are interspersed: all peopled at their first discovery. If these islands were peopled from the distant continents of Europe and Asia, why not America from them? We are to observe, however, that the South Sea groups, however distant some of them may be from any main-land, range in a continuous line with each other; so that the extremity of one group is seldom very far distant from the extremity of another. It was therefore no very mighty achievement for men possessing, on a small scale, the maritime enterprise natural to an insular territory, to effect a passage successively to each. But America is every where, unless on the north, begirt with an unbroken breadth of at least a thousand miles of ocean, without a single insular point which could form a step in the progress of the navigator. Combining this circumstance with the observations already made on these immense voyages, whether voluntary or compulsory, the probability appears very great that no such passage ever took place. If any detached individuals ever were wafted across the ocean, I am persuaded that they would not possess or retain any of the civilisation of the old world,—and that they did not contribute in any shape to that measure or form of improvement which was attained in Mexico or Peru. It is vain to urge that the Mexicans expressed their ideas, and even their history, by paintings, which bore some resemblance to the paintings and hieroglyphics of Egypt. Man, as soon as he emerges from total barbarism, must feel the desire of expressing his ideas by some mode more durable than words; and this mode, in the first instance, must inevitably be painting. He must begin with a picture of the object which he wishes to record. This picture, generalised and refined, passes gradually into the symbol, the hieroglyphic, the expressive mark, and, finally, into the alphabetic character. In these latter stages, although they depend upon the general principles of human nature, there is much in point of form that is arbitrary, and a coincidence in regard to which might indicate very clearly an ancient connexion. But mere paintings, as they must bear a certain resemblance, so their common use seems to indicate nothing more than the action of the most elementary principles in the human mind. The forms of architecture also, as they are dictated by convenience or the sense of duty, may often exhibit some casual coincidences. I am convinced that all the civilisation which existed in America arose, as it flourished, in the delightful table-lands of Mexico, Quito, Cusco, and Cundinamarca. It is in these happy regions, where men multiply, and the means of subsistence are abundant, that the refined arts first become an object of cultivation. This conclusion is not at all shaken by the fact quoted by Humboldt, that the Toultec conquerors, who came from the now barbarous re-

gions in the north-west, were the framers of the most remarkable of the Mexican monuments. Generally, conquerors adopt the arts and improvements of the vanquished nation; and their active and ambitious character impels them to call these into action on a greater scale than the usually supine dynasty which they have overthrown. The grandest monuments of Hindostan and China were erected by monarchs of Tartar origin; but the art which constructed them was Hindoo or Chinese."

Our space will not admit the entire outline which Mr. Murray has given of the political system of the American republic; but we must insert one of its most important passages.

"The general government consists of three members, the Representative Body, the Senate, and the President. The House of Representatives forms the basis of the legislature, and is an assembly purely democratic. The members are elected by the whole body of the people, with the exclusion of Indians and Negroes. The members sit for two years, when a fresh election takes place. The proportion is nearly as one out of 40,000, which produces at present 118 members. The state-legislatures have no share in the elections, though each sends a member entitled to sit and speak, but not to vote. The elections, as may be supposed, among a people eagerly interested in political concerns, and not endowed with the meekest and most softened temper, are carried on with considerable asperity. Even Mrs. Wright, though disposed to view America in a favourable light, was shocked at the virulence displayed on these occasions. Every species of vituperation is lavished on the hostile candidate; pasquinades are put up, the streets resound with flaming orations, the newspapers are filled with embittered paragraphs, the subject engrosses every company. Mr. Cooper observes, that instances of proceeding to personal combat were not observed by him, and in his opinion are not numerous; but they are not without precedent. When, however, the choice is made, the storm is hushed, and affairs go on in their usual train till another similar period arrives. It is meantime remarked, that the multitude do not usually select representatives similar to themselves, but grave and respectable men of talent and experience. The aspect of this august body, which sways the destinies of so great a portion of the earth, has not inspired much reverence into European spectators. The hall in which they meet, though it possesses, in Mr. Cooper's eyes, a simple grandeur, is viewed by most others as humble and even shabby. The members lounge about, look out at the window, talk to each other, write and fold letters, and bestow, unless in special cases, scarcely any attention on the orators by whom the floor is occupied. It is indeed on all hands admitted, that their harangues are spun out to a length which is perfectly unreasonable and intolerable. It is not at all rare for a speaker to keep possession of the floor for three successive days; and the number who can hold on for two or three hours is lamentably great. These lengthy effusions, as may be expected, by no means adhere closely to the subject, but run out into all sorts of extraneous and irrelevant topics. The necessary consequence of these wordy impediments is a great slowness in the progress of public business; and yet this slowness is deemed by Mr. Cooper to be not, perhaps, an unsafe fault in a government, the greatest evils of which have hitherto proceeded from rashness and precipitation. The senate is constituted in a manner entirely different, and without any

direct agency from the body of the people. The legislatures of the different states elect each two members; and thus Delaware, which has only a population of 70,000, elects as many as New York, with eighteen times that amount. Now that the states are twenty-four, the senate of course is composed of forty-eight members. The senators must have attained the age of thirty, and they sit for six years; a third, however, being changed every two years. They form thus, not indeed a body really aristocratic, but one which has somewhat of aristocratic action, whose gravity and stability tend to check those too rapid and violent movements to which a pure democracy is liable. The executive part of the administration remained still to be formed, and for this purpose an entirely new machinery is brought into play. There is created within each state, by arrangements of its own, sometimes by the legislature, sometimes by the whole people, and sometimes by only a part, a body of electors who name the candidate on whom they wish that the choice should fall. This vote is transmitted in a sealed packet to Congress, by whom all the votes are opened in one eventful day, and the office given to him who commands a majority of states. He must possess indeed more than half the entire number, or eleven out of the twenty, otherwise the choice devolves upon Congress. The functions of this officer are more ample than might be expected from the basis upon which the constitution rests. He has the entire command both of the military and naval force, though it is not understood or expected that he should head either in person. He appoints to all civil and military offices, subject to the approbation, that is, to the veto, of two-thirds of the senate, which is not, however, very often interposed. Upon the laws which have passed the two legislative assemblies he does not possess an absolute negative; but he can suspend and arrest the operation of any particular act till it is presented to him again with a majority of two-thirds in its favour; his opposition must then cease. The president is elected for four years, at the end of which period he may be re-elected, and so on indefinitely; so that there might be room for an eminently popular character to slide insensibly into the possession of this high station, and the constitution to become monarchical. It is a subject of boast, that the emoluments of the president are singularly moderate. To the supreme functionary of a nation of twelve millions, an allowance of 25,000 dollars (about £5,400), with a furnished house, certainly deserves that appellation. Mr. Cooper indeed contends, that he may live well, and save a good proportion of it; but we rather incline to concur with Mr. Warden, that it cannot defray the expense of the open table which he is expected to keep. He is understood to give dinners twice a-week to members of Congress, public functionaries, and any eminent strangers who may happen to be at Washington. Once a fortnight, also, the 'White House,' as it is called, is thrown open to citizens, male and female, of every description, with only the tacit understanding of their being tolerably well-dressed. Mr. Cooper mentions among those present on such an occasion, an innkeeper, a petty shopkeeper, and the daughter of a mechanic of Baltimore. It is not even very uncommon for a carman to leave his waggon at the door, and come in to shake hands with the president, when he is well received—though this action is considered not strictly according to *bien-séance*."

The view of the moral and social condition

of the United States, taken, as it appears to have been, with candour and impartiality, from testimonies carefully compared, certainly forms no inviting picture. A republic without aristocracy, without hierarchy, without those gradations of rank, which, while they present one of the strongest incentives to honourable ambition, tend to maintain that order which is essential to the welfare of large communities—presents a level uniformity of aspect not congenial to the habits and feelings of a European. It exhibits few of those varieties of condition and character which constitute the drama of human existence; it is not the state of society in which a Shakespeare could have drawn "each change of many-coloured life." Liberty and equality are solid compensating advantages, undoubtedly; but they cannot be enjoyed without refinement of manners,—and this bond of civilised society seems not as yet to have much force with the Americans. They are too proud and jealous of their freedom to enjoy it in concert; and the license of democracy has created among them almost as many restraints and as many encroachments as could have been imposed or enjoined by the authority of despotism. Thus, in a land where slaves are bought and sold, the punctilios of citizenship permit no man to call his servant a servant; freedom of speech is carried beyond the bounds of good manners; and even property is *made free with*, to a greater extent than is consistent with ordinary notions of right and wrong. In their commercial transactions the Americans have the reputation of being shrewd, keen, and ready to take advantage,—qualities that do not very well comport with liberal and highly honourable dealing. Doubtless, among the affluent classes a more exalted and gentlemanlike spirit prevails; but it is said to be partly maintained by that direct canon in the code of chivalry—duelling—which implies a law of honour absolute and imperative even over the free spirit of democracy. As a nation, the Americans may become mighty; but it is very much to be doubted that they will ever become truly great.

In taking leave of Mr. Murray, we must express our hope of soon meeting him again, with the results of his researches relative to South America; and we anticipate much pleasure in there contemplating the past, present, and prospective state of those rich and golden regions over which Pizarro and Cortés wielded

"The heroic Spaniard's unrelenting sword."

The Comic Annual. By T. Hood, Esq. 12mo. pp. 174. London. Hurst, Chance, and Co. *The Comic Annual* is at least a novelty, and we are really glad of any thing new in this line; for though it would be too bad in the public to undervalue any of these handsome books (seeing, as how, the public being dispersed, takes only one or two in its separate capacity), yet we, having the fulness of them all, and generally pretty well altogether, have become fastidious about their sameness and want of variety. What Mr. Hood has done to diversify this feeling we will not say, because his *Annual* will not (we believe) be published for some days, and the whole of our present purpose is to amuse our readers with a few stray specimens from it of what has fallen in our way. But first, we must lament to state, that the humour of a multitude of wood-cuts defies our critical powers to paint in language. "A clear stage and no favour" is bespoken in the beginning by a stage-coach overturned, and certainly clear enough and without favour, as all the passengers are disappearing in a deep horse-pond, into which they have been thrown,

—and this is a taste of the rest! Then comes the dedication to an individual who, if the old style were in fashion, would well deserve one of the most panegyric epistles, but who will now laugh at their whimsical successor, which we copy:—

“To Sir Francis Freeling, Bart., the great Patron of Letters, foreign, general, and two-penny; distinguished alike by his fostering care of the Bell Letters, and his antiquarian regard for the Dead Letters;—whose increasing efforts to forward the spread of intelligence, as a corresponding member of all societies, (and no man fills his Post better) have singly, doubly, and trebly, endeared him to every class,—this first volume of the Comic Annual, is, with frank permission, gratefully inscribed, by Thomas Hood.”

The preface, in unison, holds these doctrines:—

“In the Christmas holidays—or rather holly days, according to one of the emblems of the season—we naturally look for mirth. Christmas is strictly a Comic Annual, and its specific gaiety is even implied in the specific gravity of its oxen. There is an English proverb of ‘Laugh and grow fat,’—a saying which our graziers interpret—on the authority of some Prize Oxonian—by growing the fattest of fat for the merriest of months. The proverb, however, has another sense, implying a connexion between cackinnation and corpulence in the human body—and truly, having seen gentlemen of twenty stone in their seats, I am ready to allow that a fat man is always a cheerful. Taking the adage in the latter sense, it is my humble hope and aim to contribute towards the laughter and lustiness of my fellow-creatures, by the production of The Comic Annual,—a work not equivocating between mirth and melancholy, but exclusively devoted to the humorous—in plain French, not an ‘Ambigu,’ but an ‘Opéra Comique.’ Christmas, indeed, seems a tide more adapted for rowing in the gig or the jolly, than tugging in the barge or the galley, and accordingly I have built my craft. The kind friends who may patronise the present launch are assured that it will be acknowledged by renewed exertion, and that I seriously intend to come before them next year, with

“A braver bark, and an increasing sail.”

“The materials (he continues) which were in preparation for a third series of Whims and Oddities, have been thrown into the present volume—that work may, therefore, be still considered as going on, though its particular name is not exhibited; but it is a partner in the comic firm. Each future series will, in the same manner, be associated with the whims and oddities of other authors; and it will be my endeavour to feed every succeeding volume with the choicest morsels that can be procured. In short, the work will be pamper’d—like Captain Head. In the meantime, many little defects, incidental to a first attempt, will be observed and pointed out by the judicious critics, to whom, consciously and respectfully, I bow, like Norval, ‘with bended bow and quiver full of errors;’ merely hoping, timidly, that as second thoughts are allowed to be best, they will deal mildly with my first ones. In my illustrations, as usual, preferring wood to copper or steel, I have taken to *box* as the medium for making hits.”

Such are the introductory “helps,” as the Americans call them, to this amusing tome; and in order to fulfil our promise, we shall now, without choice, extract the first of the company—“Number One.”

“It’s very hard! and so it is,
To live in such a row,
And witness this, that every miss
But me has got a beau.
For Love goes calling up and down,
But here he seems to shun:
I’m sure he has been asked enough
To call at Number One!

I’m sick of all the double knocks
That come to Number Four!
At Number Three I often see
A lover at the door;
And one in blue, at Number Two,
Calls daily like a dun,—
It’s very hard they come so near
And not at Number One!

Miss Bell, I hear, has got a dear
Exactly to her mind,
By sitting at the window pane
Without a bit of blind;
But I go in the balcony,
Which she has never done,
Yet arts that thrive at Number Five
Don’t take at Number One!

‘Tis hard with plenty in the street,
And plenty passing by,—
There’s nice young men at Number Ten,
But only rather shy;
And Mrs. Smith across the way
Has got a grown-up son,
But la! he hardly seems to know
There is a Number One!

There’s Mr. Wick at Number Nine,
But he’s intent on pelf,
And though he’s pious, will not love
His neighbour as himself.
At Number Seven there was a sale—
The goods had quite a run!
And here I’ve got my single lot
On hand at Number One!

My mother often sits at work
And talks of progs and stays,
And what a comfort I shall be
In her declining days!
The very maids about the house
Have set me down a nun,
The sweethearts all belong to them
That call at Number One!

Once only, when the flue took fire,
One Friday afternoon,
Young Mr. Long came kindly in,
And told me not to swoon.
Why can’t he come again without
The Phoenix and the Sun?
We cannot always have a flue
On fire at Number One!

I am not old! I am not plain;
Nor awkward in my gait—
I am not crooked like the bride
That went from Number Eight:
I’m sure white satin made her look
As brown as any bun—
But even beauty has no chance
I think at Number One!

At Number Six they say Miss Rose
Has slain a score of hearts,
And Cupid, for her sake, has been
Quite prodigal of darts.
The imp they shew with bended bow—
I wish he had a gun!
But if he had, he’d never deign
To shoot with Number One.

It’s very hard! and so it is,
To live in such a row!
And here’s a ballad-singer come
To aggravate my woe:
O take away your foolish song
And tones enough to stun—
There is ‘nae luck about the house,’
I know at Number One!”

We also take the first prose tale, as another fair example of this Annual.

Drawn for a Soldier.

“I was once—for a few hours only—in the militia. I suspect I was in part answerable for my own mishap. There is a story in Joe Miller of a man, who, being *pressed* to serve his majesty on another element, pleaded his polite breeding, to the gang, as a good ground of exemption; but was told, that the crew being a set of sad unmannerly dogs, a Chesterfield was the very character they wanted. The militiamen acted, I presume, on the same principle. Their customary schedule was forwarded to me, at Brighton, to fill up; and in a moment of incautious hilarity—induced, perhaps, by the absence of all business or employment, except pleasure—I wrote myself down in the descriptive column as ‘*Quite a gentleman.*’ The

consequence followed immediately. A precept, addressed by the High Constable of Westminster to the Low ditto of the parish of St. M***, and indorsed with my name, informed me that it had turned up in that involuntary lottery, the ballot. At sight of the orderly, who thought proper to deliver the document into no other hands than mine, my mother-in-law cried, and my wife fainted on the spot. They had no notion of any distinctions in military service—a soldier was a soldier—and they imagined that, on the very morrow, I might be ordered abroad to a fresh Waterloo. They were unfortunately ignorant of that benevolent provision, which absolved the militia from going out of the kingdom—‘except in case of an invasion.’ In vain I represented that we were ‘locals;’ they had heard of local diseases, and thought there might be wounds of the same description. In vain I explained that we were not troops of the line;—they could see nothing to choose between being shot in a line, or in any other figure. I told them, next, that I was not obliged to ‘serve myself;’—but they answered, ‘twas so much the harder I should be obliged to serve any one else.’ My being sent abroad, they said, would be the death of them; for they had witnessed, at Ramsgate, the embarkation of the Walcheren expedition, and too well remembered ‘the misery of the soldiers’ wives at seeing their husbands in *transports*!’ I told them that, at the very worst, if I should be sent abroad, there was no reason why I should not return again;—but they both declared, they never did, and never would, believe in those ‘Returns of the killed and wounded.’ The discussion was in this stage when it was interrupted by another loud single knock at the door, a report equal in its effects on us to that of the memorable cannon-shot at Brussels; and before we could recover ourselves, a strapping sergeant entered the parlour with a huge bow, or rather rain-bow, of party-coloured ribands in his cap. He came, he said, to offer a substitute for me; but I was prevented from reply by the indignant females asking him in the same breath, ‘Who and what did he think could be a substitute for a son and a husband?’ The poor sergeant looked foolish enough at this turn; but he was still more abashed when the two anxious ladies began to cross-examine him on the length of his services abroad, and the number of his wounds, the campaigns of the militia-man having been confined doubtless to Hounslow, and his bodily marks militant to the three stripes on his sleeve. Parrying these awkward questions, he endeavoured to prevail upon me to see the proposed proxy, a fine young fellow, he assured me, of unusual stature; but I told him it was quite an indifferent point with me whether he was 6-feet-2 or 2-feet-6,—in short, whether he was as tall as the flag, or ‘under the standard.’ The truth is, I reflected that it was a time of profound peace; that a civil war, or an invasion, was very unlikely; and as for an occasional drill, that I could make shift, like Lavater, to right-about-face. Accordingly I declined seeing the substitute, and dismissed the sergeant with a note to the War-Secretary to this purport:—‘That I considered myself *drawn*; and expected therefore to be well *quartered*. That, under the circumstances of the country, it would probably be unnecessary for militiamen ‘to be mustarded;’ but that if his Majesty did ‘*call me out*,’ I hoped I should ‘*give him satisfaction*.’ The females were far from being pleased with this billet. They talked a great deal of moral suicide, wilful murder, and seeking the bubble reputation in the cannon’s mouth; but I shall

ever think that I took the proper course, for, after the lapse of a few hours, two more of the General's red-coats, or General postmen, brought me a large packet sealed with the War-office Seal, and superscribed 'Henry Hardinge,' by which I was officially absolved from serving on horse, or on foot, or on both together, then and thereafter. And why, I know not—unless his Majesty doubted the handsomeness of discharging me in particular, without letting off the rest;—but so it was, that in a short time afterwards there issued a proclamation, by which the services of all militiamen were for the present dispensed with,—and we were left to pursue our several avocations,—of course, all the lighter in our spirits for being disembodied."

Shall we add, as affording a perfect idea of the singular way in which the author views all sorts of subjects?—

"A Letter from a Market Gardener to the Secretary of the Horticultural Society."

"Sir,—The Satiety having Bean pleased to Complement Me before I beg Leaf to lie before Them agin as follow in particulers witch I hop They will luck upon with a Sowth Aspic. Sir—last year I paid my Atentions to a Tater & the Satiety was pleased to be gratified at the Innlargement of my Kidnis. This ear I have turnd my Eyes to Gozberis.—I am happy to Say I have almost sucksidid in Making them too Big for Bottlin. I beg to Present sum of itch kind—Pleas observe a Green Goose is larger in Siz then a Red Goosebry. Sir as to Cherris my atention has Bean cheafly occupid by the Black Arts. Sum of them are as big as Crickit Balls as will be seen I send a Sample tyed on a Wauking-stick. I send lickwise a Potle of stray berries witch I hop will reach. They air so large as to object to lay more nor too in a Bed. Also a Potle of Hobbies and one of my new Pins, of a remarkably sharp flaviour. I hop they will cum to Hand in time to be at your Feet. Respective Black red & White Currency I have growd equely Large, so as one Bunch is not to be Put into a Galley Pot without jamming. My Pitches has not ben Strong, & their is no Show on My Walls of the Plumb line. Damsins will Be moor Plentiffe & their is no Want of common Bullies about Lunnon. Please inform if propper to classify the Slow with the creepers. Concerning Grapes I have bin recommended by mixing Wines with Warter Mellons, the later is improved in its juce—but have douts of the sack. Of the Patgonian Pickleing Coucumber, I hav maid Trial of, and have hops of Growing one up to Markit by sitting one End agin my front dore. On account of its Proggresiveness I propos calling it Pickleus Perriginatus if Aproved of. Sir, about Improving the common Stocks.—Of Haws I have some hops but am disponding about my Hype. I have quite faled in cultu-vating them into Cramberis. I have also attempted to Mull Blackberis, but am satisfied them & the Mulberis is of different Genius. Pleas observe of Apples I have found a Grafft of the common Crab from its Straglin side. ways of use to Hispalliers. I should lick to be infournd weather Scotch Granite is a variety of the Pom Granite & weather as sum say so pore a frute, and Nothing but Stone. Sir,—My Engine Corn has been all eat up by the Burds namely Rocks and Ravines. In like manner I had a full Shew of Pees but was distroyd by the Sparers. Their as bean grate Mischeif dun beside by Entymollogy—in some parts a complet Patch of Blight. Their has bean a grate Deal too of Robin by boys and

men picking and stealing but their has bean so many axidents by Steel Traps I don't like setting on 'em. Sir I partickly wish the Satiety to be called to consider the Case what follows, as I think mite be maid Transaxionable in the next Reports :—

"My Wif had a Tomb Cat that dyd. Being a torture Shell and a Grate faverit, we had Him berrid in the Guardian, and for the sake of enrichment of the Mould I had the carks deposited under the roots of a Gosberry Bush. The Frute being up till then of smooth kind. But the next Seson's Frute after the Cat was berrid, the Gozberis was all hairy—& moor Remarkable the Catpillers of the same bush was All of the same hairy Discription.

"I am Sir Your humble servant
"THOMAS FROST."

We must give some very feeling lines to a lady, though we cannot give her portrait (composed of fans) as the headpiece, nor the round-robin (a redbreast in the shape of a ball) as the tail.

"To Fanny."

'Gay being, born to flutter!—Sale's Glee.'

Is this your faith, then, Fanny?

What, to chat with every dun!

I'm the one, then, but of many,

Not of many but the one!

Last night you smiled on all, ma'am,

That appear'd in scarlet dress;

And your Regimental Ball, ma'am,

Look'd a little like a mess.

I thought that of the sgers

(As the Scotch say) one might do,

And that I, slight Ensign Rogers,

Was the chosen man and true.

But 'blood! your eye was busy

With that ragamuffin mob;—

Colonel Buddell, Colonel Dixey,

And Lieutenant-colonel Cobb.

General Joblin, General Jodkin,

Colonels Kelly, Kelly, with

Majors Sturgeon, Traffic, Bodkin,

And the Quarter-master Smith.

Major Powderum, Major Dowdrum,

Major Chowdrum, Major Bye,

Captain Tawney, Captain Fawney,

Captain Any-one—but I!

Deuce take it! when the regiment

You so praised, I only thought

That you loved it in alidgment;

But I now am better taught!

I went, as loving man goes,

To admire thee in quadrilles;

But, Fan, you dance fandangoes

With just any fop that will!

I went with notes before us,

On the lay of Love to touch;

But with all the corps in chorus—

It is indeed too much!

You once—ere you contracted

For the army—seem'd my own;

But now you laugh with all the staff,

And I may sigh alone!

I know not how it chances,

When my passion ever dares,

But the warmer my advances,

Then the cooler are your airs.

I am, I don't conceal it,

But I am a little hurt;

You're a Fan, and I must feel it,

Fit for nothing but a flirt!

I dreamt thy smiles of beauty

On myself alone did fall!

But alas! 'Tis 'Cos I tute!

It is thus, Fan, thus with all!

You have taken quite a mob in

Of new military flames;—

They would make a fine Round Robin

If I gave you all their names!"

And conclude with a laughable satire on emigration :—

"Squampash Flatts, 9th November, 1837."

"Dear Brother,—Here we are, thank Providence, safe and well, and in the finest country you ever saw. At this moment I have before me the sublime expanse of Squampash Flatts—the majestic Mudiboo winding through the midst—which the magnificent range of the Squab mountains in the distance. But the

prospect is impossible to describe in a letter! I might as well attempt a panorama in a pill-box! We have fixed our settlement on the left bank of the river. In crossing the rapids we lost most of our heavy baggage and all our iron work; but by great good fortune we saved Mrs. Paisley's grand piano and the children's toys. Our infant city consists of three log-huts and one of clay, which, however, on the second day, fell in to the ground landlords. We have now built it up again—and, all things considered, are as comfortable as we could expect,—and have christened our settlement New London, in compliment to the old metropolis. We have one of the log-houses to ourselves—or at least shall have when we have built a new hog-sty. We burnt down the first one in making a bonfire to keep off the wild beasts, and for the present the pigs are in the parlour. As yet our rooms are rather us-fully than elegantly furnished. We have gutted the Grand Upright, and it makes a convenient cupboard; the chairs were obliged to blaze at our bivouacs,—but thank Heaven we have never leisure to sit down, and so do not miss them. My boys are contented, and will be well when they have got over some awkward accidents in lopping and felling. Mrs. P. grumbles a little, but it is her custom to lament most when she is in the midst of comforts. She complains of solitude, and says she could enjoy the very stiffest of stiff visits. The first time we lighted a fire in our new abode, a large serpent came down the chimney, which I looked upon as a good omen. However, as Mrs. P. is not partial to snakes, and the heat is supposed to attract those reptiles, we have dispensed with fires ever since. As for wild beasts, we hear them howling and roaring round the fence every night from dusk till daylight, but we have only been inconvenienced by one lion. The first time he came, in order to get rid of the brute peaceably, we turned out an old ewe, with which he was well satisfied;—but ever since he comes to us as regular as clock-work for his mutton; and if we do not soon contrive to cut his acquaintance, we shall hardly have a sheep in the flock. It would have been easy to shoot him, being well provided with muskets; but Barnaby mistook our remnant of gunpowder for onion seed, and sowed it all in the kitchen garden. We did try to trap him into a pit-fall; but after twice catching Mrs. P. and every one of the children in turn, it was given up. They are now, however, perfectly at ease about the animal, for they never stir out of doors at all; and, to make them quite comfortable, I have blocked up all the windows and barricaded the door. We have lost only one of our number since we came; namely, Diggory, the market-gardener, from Glasgow, who went out one morning to botanise, and never came back. I am much surprised at his absconding, as he had nothing but a spade to go off with. Chippendale, the carpenter, was sent after him, but did not return; and Gregory, the smith, has been out after them these two days. I have just dispatched Mudge, the herdman, to look for all three, and hope he will soon give a good account of them, as they are the most useful men in the whole settlement, and, in fact, indispensable to its existence. The river Mudiboo is deep and rapid, and said to swarm with alligators, though I have heard but of three being seen at one time, and none of those above eighteen feet long; this, however, is immaterial, as we do not use the river fluid, which is thick and dirty, but draw all our water from natural wells and tanks. Poisonous

springs are rather common, but are easily distinguished by containing no fish or living animal. Those, however, which swarm with frogs, toads, newts, efts, &c. are harmless, and may be safely used for culinary purposes. In short, I know of no drawback but one, which, I am sanguine, may be got over hereafter, and do earnestly hope and advise, if things are no better in England than when I left, you, and as many as you can persuade, will sell off all, and come over to this African Paradise. The drawback I speak of is this: although I have never seen any one of the creatures, it is too certain that the mountains are inhabited by a race of monkeys, whose cunning and mischievous talents exceed even the most incredible stories of their tribe. No human art or vigilance seems of avail; we have planned ambuscades, and watched night after night, but no attempt has been made; yet the moment the guard was relaxed, we were stripped without mercy. I am convinced they must have had spies night and day on our motions, yet so secretly and cautiously, that no glimpse of one has yet been seen by any of our people. Our last crop was cut and carried off with the precision of an English harvesting. Our spirit stores—(you will be amazed to hear that these creatures pick locks with the dexterity of London burglars)—have been broken open and ransacked, though half the establishment were on the watch; and the brutes have been off to their mountains, five miles distant, without even the dogs giving an alarm. I could almost persuade myself at times, such are their supernatural knowledge, swiftness, and invisibility, that we have to contend with evil spirits. I long for your advice, to refer to on this subject;

"And am, dear Philip, your loving brother,
AMBROSE MAWE.

"P.S. Since writing the above, you will be concerned to hear the body of poor Digory has been found, horribly mangled by wild beasts. The fate of Chippendale, Gregory, and Mudge, is no longer doubtful. The old lion has brought the lioness, and, the sheep being all gone, they have made a joint attack upon the bullock-house. The Mudiboo has overflowed, and Squampash Flatts are a swamp. I have just discovered that the monkeys are my own rascals, that I brought out from England. We are coming back as fast as we can."

On the Practicability of an Invasion of British India; and on the Commercial and Financial Prospects and Resources of the Empire. By Lieut.-Col. Evans. 8vo. pp. 147. London, 1829. Richardson.

In our review last year of Colonel Evans's Essay "On the Designs of Russia," (see the *Literary Gazette*, Aug. 23, 1828,) we recorded our opinion of the striking manner in which he had handled a subject calculated to produce the liveliest interest and excitement in the public mind; and he now, in his present publication, follows up and enlarges upon that work, in order to demonstrate the feasibility of the movement of a European force on Hindostan, as well as the probability of such an operation.

In fairness to the author, though again professing that we are not prepared to go all his lengths, we may notice, that one important review of his preceding volume seemed to treat as equally chimerical the author's predictions of the success of the Russian arms against the Turks as well as his opinions relative, not only to the probability, but even as to the possibility, of the Czar's making any movement calculated to shake our power in the East. Recent events in eastern Europe have too evidently shewn

the correctness of Col. Evans's foreboding respecting the first, and how greatly one writer erred in treating it in a manner so jocose. In his exulting remarks respecting what he (the opponent of our author's views) calls the "disastrous finale" of the first campaign, he thus concludes: "It is hoped that this disastrous campaign will have taught the young emperor a lesson of moderation, which will counsel him to seek for peace rather than conquest." In place, however, of "seeking for peace" from within the limits of his own territory, the "young emperor" has had the audacity to send his armies to demand it at the gates of Constantinople; and we doubt not but that many will now be more readily inclined to admit than they were at the commencement of the present year, that any apparent moderation evinced by the Czar in the terms granted to the Sultan is more the result of policy, than an exhibition of any deficiency of the means of commanding his standards to wave on the walls of the Seraglio.

In the work now before us, Col. Evans maintains, that one of the first objects of Russia, in the event of a war with Great Britain, will be an attempt towards the subversion of our power and influence in Hindostan; the plan of which, he infers, has been long since drawn out, and the organisation of it already considerably advanced. The line of march of a Russian invading force contemplated by him, is from the ports of Balkan and Mangoushlak on the Caspian, as a base, to Khiva, &c.; or from the Aral, as a base, on Attock, by the valley of the Oxus to Khiva, Boukhara, Balk, and Cabaul, "the climates of which are spoken of in terms of admiration, as delightful, salubrious, and invigorating, by the Russian and English envoys and officers who have lately visited them."

This is indeed staggering at first sight; but the importance of the subject, and the interest of the following quotations, will, we trust, sufficiently warrant their extent.

"Missions were almost simultaneously despatched (by Russia in 1819-20) to Bokhara, to Pekin, to Khiva, the Toorkomauns,—previously to Khokand."

From the Russian Colonel Mouravief, who was employed on the diplomatic mission to Khiva, the author thus quotes:—

"At present, in spite of every obstacle, the external commerce is very advantageous to the Khivians; but it would be quite of another description if the country was subjected to a wise government. These regions would, in that case, arrive at a high degree of splendour, and all the commerce of the East and of India would direct itself to the north-western shores of the Caspian Sea; finally, the valuable products of Asia would thus pass by the way of Russia towards the west. This thought opens a vast field to the imagination! I will return to it in describing the actual state of Khiva. In the present time, with the knowledge which we have of the localities of the country, one might guarantee the success of such an enterprise (that of taking possession of Khiva). A corps of three thousand Russians, commanded by a determined and disinterested chief, would be sufficient to conquer and preserve this country, which would be so advantageous to Russia, by reason of the importance of its commercial relations with Asia. We are now in a condition to profit by the information we have acquired of this country—of the personages who occupy the first posts in the government of Khiva—of the secret disaffection of the Oosbeks to the Khaun Mohamed-Rahim—and of the favourable disposition of the Toorcomans with

regard to us. The attachment of the latter to Khiva only consists in their drawing their provisions from thence. In furnishing them (the Toorcomans) with grain, which it will be much more advantageous for them to derive from us than from Khiva, we shall easily make them embrace our cause. At Khiva even, we can augment our troops by recruiting the three thousand Russian slaves which are now there, and the thirty thousand Persian slaves, who suffer quite as impatiently as the Russians the miseries they at present have to endure. The only thing which appears to present some difficulty in the execution of this enterprise, is the passage of the steppe which surrounds Khiva: but this may be surmounted with great ease. We are now well enough acquainted with the route from the borders of the Caspian to Khiva; and as for provisions, should it be asked where these are to be procured—I answer, at Khiva itself, where they abound. For the means of transport we can make use of the camels of Toorcomans who inhabit the coast of the Caspian Sea, and who will anxiously press forward, no doubt, to second us; we can also procure horses from them that are habituated to the steppes. For the rest, it is enough to remember that as Mahomed Rahim penetrated in 1813 to the shore of the Caspian with twenty thousand cavalry, so we may feel assured of the possibility of arriving at Khiva with a less numerous corps of infantry, by previously making all the arrangements that might be necessary."

And likewise from Colonel Mouravief—"If we possessed Khiva, of which the conquest would not be difficult, the nomades of Central Asia would dread our power, and a commercial route would be established from the Indus and Oxus (or Amou) even into Russia; then would all the treasures of Asia enrich our country, and we should see realised the brilliant project of Peter the Great. Masters of Khiva, many other states would be brought under our dependence:—in a word, Khiva is at this moment an advanced post, which opposes itself to the commerce of Russia with Bokhara and Northern India; under our dependence Khiva would become a safeguard, which would defend this commerce against the attacks of the dispersed people in the steppes of Central Asia. This oasis, situated in the midst of an ocean of sand, would become the point of re-union for all the commerce of Asia, and would shake to the centre of India the enormous commercial superiority of the dominators of the sea."

And again, from Colonel Mouravief—"The Russian infantry, which spreads fear and terror amidst the ranks of Asiatic troops generally, and which even obtains an easy victory over the forces of a civilised state like Persia, certainly would disperse in a moment the Khivians, who are far from possessing the valour of the Persians. The order, the silence, and the calm approach of our columns, covered by some tirailleurs, would repulse bodies of men ten times more numerous than ours, afraid as they are of coming to within range of musket fire, and animated only by despair, which the easterns decorate with the name of valour. The five principal towns are equally enclosed by walls, and regarded by the Khivians as strong places. These earthen edifices, or fortifications, are not provided with a ditch, and can only defend the inhabitants against a small number of cowardly brigands, who happen not to have got at their disposal a ladder. A fort of this sort could not hold out for above a couple of hours against fifty Russian foot sol-

diers. So soon as we should have reduced a few of them, they would no longer dare to hold out even against a handful of men."

Thus it appears that Colonel Baron Mouraviev, in his diplomatic character, represents to his government the advantage and necessity, both in a commercial and military point of view, of their taking possession of Khiva (the first great position to be occupied, according to our author, whose *military* knowledge we of the *Literary* have no vocation to question, in a hostile movement upon Hindostan);—points out the line of march of an invading force;—the facility of its accomplishment in respect to supplies and transport;—the utter inability of the Khivians to offer resistance to the Russians;—and its leading to "shake to the centre of India the enormous commercial superiority of the dominators of the sea."

The Russian Colonel, Baron Meyendorff, who was employed on the diplomatic mission to Bokhara, also says—"This communication (for the caravans) would be perfectly sure, if the Khanat of Khiva were subjected to Russia. Independently of a great commercial advantage, the acquisition of this Khanat would have that of diminishing enslavement, and the frightful commerce in human beings, especially Russian subjects, which the Toorcomans and Khirghis carry on; it would also augment the salutary influence of Russia in Western Asia. It would be (he adds) in skirting these mountains (between the Aral and the Caspian), at a distance of five, ten, or fifteen versts from the Aral Sea, that Russian troops could approach Khiva most easily."

The writer cites the annexed passage from Colonel M'Donald Kinneir, now our representative at the Persian court; from which he contends that that officer agrees with him in suspecting the plans of Russia, and is himself thoroughly convinced of the practicability of invading India.

"In the year 1791 (he states), when it was expected that a rupture would take place between England and Russia, a plan for the invasion of India was presented by the Prince de Nassau to the Empress Catherine II. This project is said to have been drawn up by the celebrated M. D. St. Genie, who proposes, I understand (for I have not seen the plan), that the army should either march down the plain of the Volga and cross the Caspian Sea, or move through Bokhara and Balk to the Indus. Of the many plans suggested for the invasion of Hindostan, that of crossing the Caspian, and sailing up the Oxus, appears to me to be the most easy of execution. The Oxus is navigable till within three or four days' journey of Balk; but previous to the embarkation of the army, boats must be constructed, and depôts of provisions must be formed. This, indeed, is the only manner in which, in my opinion, India can ever be invaded with a prospect of success."

And in another place—"Although the possession (says Colonel Kinneir) of that country (Hindostan) can be but of trifling advantage to a European power which does not command a maritime communication, it might be the object of Russia to deprive us of what it considers to be one of the chief sources of our strength. It is perhaps unnecessary (he continues) to remark that this dissertation was written before the downfall of Napoleon and the eventful changes in Europe, which, by the aggrandisement of Russia, have endangered the safety of our eastern possessions. It cannot, however, (the same writer states) be denied that the Persians would seize with avidity

any proposal of this nature (an invasion of British India). The love of plunder, the example of Nadir Shah, and the idea which they have formed of the wealth and weakness of our eastern possessions, would alike stimulate them to the undertaking. It was my determination, on quitting England, to visit all the countries through which a European army might attempt the invasion of India; and in prosecution of this plan, to explore the north-eastern parts of Persia, and the vast plains which stretch beyond the Oxus towards the confines of the Russian empire. . . . It were doubtless to be wished that we possessed some personal knowledge of the state and resources of so large and populous a kingdom as Bokhara, which, from its situation, must ever be considered as a most important barrier to the encroachments of Russia towards our oriental possessions."

Considering the high character of Colonel M'Donald Kinneir,—the duties in which he has been employed,—and the important situation he now holds at the Persian court,—his opinions, as expressed in the preceding quotations from his work, cannot but be acknowledged as powerful authority on the points discussed.

"As to the necessity of constructing boats on the Oxus, that (as will be seen by the reports of the Russian officers) may not be necessary, at least to any extent. The natives, it appears, employ large boats upon it, and in considerable numbers, capable of carrying as many as six laden camels, and some even so many as fifty horses. In moving up the river towards Bokhara and Balk with merchandise, they track, with horses, in the same manner used in the internal navigation of this country. Corroborative of the foregoing (opinions relative to an invasion of Hindostan) is the following, from the Survey of Eton, originally consul in Turkey, afterwards, for several years, secretary to the British Embassy at Petersburg; subsequently in the employ of the Russian premier and generalissimo, Potemkin:—"What might have been the event of such a war (1791) it is difficult to foresee; much conjecture may be made: I will only mention one circumstance, the naming of which is alarming, however it may be treated as romantic:—the empress had firmly resolved to attempt to send an army through Bokhara to Cashmere, to place the Mogul on the throne of India, and drive the British out of their possessions; and there were then in Russia Frenchmen, who had been sent into these parts by M. de Vergennes, and who offered to conduct the army. When the British fleet was about to sail for the Baltic, to force the empress to make peace, Prince Nassau, who was then in favour with her imperial majesty, presented a plan for sending an army through Bokhara to Cashmere, and thence to Bengal, to drive the English out of India. Little difficulty was foreseen in passing through Bokhara; it was even hoped, seeing the object was to re-establish on the throne of India a prince of their religion, that they would be friendly to the enterprise: however, were they not, little apprehension was entertained of a people so disunited among themselves, and who tremble at the name of Russia. St. Genie pretended that there were passes through the mountains, and that he had people who had been in the country, sent by M. de Vergennes. He presented with his project a map, and a march-route for the army. They counted on being joined in the north of India by the discontented from all parts."

In alluding to Caubul, Eton thus quotes

from an original paper: "The friendship of the Abdalli of Caubul may be of consequence to the English to cultivate, as the most effectual check on those who pass through Bokhara to invade India."

It will be observed, that Eton says little difficulty was foreseen in the march of an army through Bokhara. Respecting the present military character of that country, Colonel Evans writes as follows:—

"The same description of the state of the military art at Khiva will answer for Bokhara, with this difference, that the force may be three times as numerous: but it is even yet less warlike. They are mounted on beautiful horses, and can skirmish, but that is all. Their present king is a harmless bigot, and a pusillanimous devotee. By the walls of brick dried in the sun, which are described to surround their villages and principal towns, it appears that their notions on fortification are precisely on a par with those of the Khivians. 'Bokharian foot soldiers (says Jakovlew) under arms were drawn up on each side—they made a singular appearance, being men of different ages, old and young, dressed in robes of different colours; some had caps, others turbans, or only drawers; some had boots, others none; all held their matchlocks in both hands. They have but two words of command, 'rise,' and 'sit down;' they never pronounce the word 'fire!' because the matchlocks cannot fire, and because the Bucharians have, in fact, no infantry. Before our arrival, the khan had caused all the matchlocks to be collected; they got together 200, and the khan desired all persons to announce themselves who desired to hold a matchlock when the Russian embassy should come to visit him. Thus was formed this terrible Bucharian infantry, through which our procession passed to wait upon the vizier.' Their artillery consists of ten Persian guns, of which only three or four are mounted on carriages. These carriages have three wheels, and cannot be moved but with the greatest difficulty."

Having extended this article to our farthest possible limit, we can only at present add, that Col. Evans cites the Marquess Wellesley, Lord Minto, and Sir John Malcolm, in support of his opinions; and that his extracts from them are both historically curious and politically important.

Court and Camp of Buonaparte. Family Library, Vol. VIII. London, 1829. Murray.

THIS Number of the Family Library consists of a series of sketches of the lives of the persons most closely connected with the family, the civil government, and the military adventures, of Napoleon; varying in fulness of detail according to the writer's notions of their comparative importance, and, of course, the nature and extent of the materials furnished him by works previously published. By any one engaged in reading any history of Buonaparte this little volume will be found useful, in the way of reference and illustration; and we are only surprised that no attempt to supply so obvious a desideratum should have previously been made in this country. The longest, most interesting, and best-written of these biographies, is that of Murat, which extends to about thirty pages: that of Victor is comprised within six pages. We mention this, that the reader may have some notion of what he is to expect from our compiler, who appears to have exerted himself with much diligence in the collecting of facts, and whose brief reflections uniformly indicate a humane and candid spirit. As for his composition, we should say it is that of no very

practised hand—most probably of one who has seen more of *campes* than of *courts*; but he has had the good sense to translate and quote many very curious passages from works to which the ordinary English reader has no access; and as his own connecting narrative is modest and unambitious, we have no doubt his little volume will meet with a very favourable reception.

The author says, in his preface, that some of his statements, which are at variance with those of the Life of Buonaparte in the first Numbers of this miscellany, are grounded on the authority of M. de Bourrienne, "whose very able, interesting, and trustworthy Memoirs have appeared since the publication of that work." If he had waited a little, and examined the new edition of that Life of Napoleon, he would have found ample use therein made of Bourrienne's book, which certainly throws more light than any other on the early part of the emperor's career, and especially on his personal manners and opinions before he thought of sovereign power, and the extraordinary *mélange* of cunning and audacity by which he eventually ascended the throne.

This unpretending appendix to the Life of Napoleon is adorned with really exquisite engravings, on steel, of Murat, Soult, Talleyrand, and Massena; a head of Fouché, very well cut in wood by Mosses; one of Ney, in wood also, and by no means laudable; and, lastly, what was a good notion, a tabular view of the descendants of Carlo Buonaparte and his spouse Letitia, shewing the growth, decline, and present condition of the ex-imperial tree, at a glance. We select a few anecdotes from these pages.

"Cambaceres was a gourmand, and his table would have been daily crowded with guests, had not his disposition been somewhat penurious. Of this last foible there is an anecdote too characteristic to be omitted. He had directed a furniture-broker to bring him a table capacious enough for sixty covers. Accordingly it was brought, and ordered to be laid out in the dining-room. When this was done, he insisted that it was not of the requisite dimensions. His object was to procure by this means some abatement of the price; but the poor tradesman demurred. To settle the question, Cambaceres despatched one of his valets to bring in sixty masons, who were at that moment demolishing some buildings in the Place du Carrousel. The men were surprised at so unexpected a summons: they naturally supposed, however, that the great man wished some improvement to be immediately made in his palace, hastily cleaned themselves, and flew to the spot. When introduced into the dining-room, they were not a little amazed to find the table laid out with sixty covers. 'No doubt,' thought they, 'his highness has received good news from the army, and in the joy of his heart wishes to give us a treat!' This impression was confirmed when they were ordered to take their seats. But what was their amazement when, instead of the table being covered with dainties, Cambaceres, who was standing near them, called out, 'Act as if you were pouring out to drink! Seize your knives and forks! Seem as if you were cutting something on your plates!' The poor hod-men went through these evolutions with such regularity, as to remind us of the barber's brother in the Arabian Nights; but in one respect the parallel is imperfect—the imaginary feast was not succeeded by a substantial one: no sooner was his highness forced to acknowledge that the table was of the requisite capacity, than the tan-

talised guests were unceremoniously dismissed, without the slightest compensation for the time they had lost.

"In 1811, Maret (now Duke of Bassano) succeeded Champagny as minister for foreign affairs. Soon after, Talleyrand observed: 'In all France I know but one greater ass than Maret; that is the Duke of Bassano.' * * *

"A man who had lost his two sons in the Russian campaign was suspected of not being very heartily attached to the existing government: such, indeed, was the fact, but he was prudent enough to speak his mind only in presence of his most intimate friends; before the rest of the world he was mute, thereby baffling the efforts of the numerous hired spies whom Savary had placed over him. As he was one day seated in the garden of the Luxembourg, accompanied by a tried friend, the conversation began with the battle of Leipzig, which had recently taken place. In the sequel neither spared the despot, whose downfall they hoped was near at hand. In the midst of this confidential intercourse, a lovely little boy, apparently in his sixth year, came weeping towards them, crying that he had lost his nurse. They endeavoured to comfort him, telling him not to sob, for his nurse would not fail to seek him. During the quarter of an hour which he remained with them, they continued to converse on the same subject. Then a woman was seen to approach, with a child in her arms: no sooner did the boy perceive her, than he cried, 'there is my nurse!' and hastened to rejoin her. The very next morning both were arrested, and conducted to the Conciergerie. The childless parent was the first interrogated, and his surprise was not little to hear repeated, word for word, a portion of his conversation with his friend. His natural impression was that that friend had betrayed him, but he soon found his mistake. Both were immediately imprisoned, nor were they enlarged before the fall of Napoleon. Children of both sexes were employed in this execrable system of espionage."

"Among the malicious reports of the time (1808), was one which Napoleon was sure to lay hold of as a means of mortifying the man he disliked: it related to a high degree of intimacy said to be subsisting between Madame Talleyrand and Ferdinand of Spain, who was confined in the Castle of Valencay, belonging to the Prince of Benevento. The next time our prince appeared at court, the emperor eagerly taunted him on the subject. All eyes were turned towards him as he calmly replied: 'Well would it be, both for your majesty's glory and mine, if the Spanish princes were never again to be mentioned!' The impossibility of the prince's countenance, even when most agitated within, was truly remarkable. On this subject Murat had a coarse but expressive manner of speaking. 'Kick Talleyrand on the breech,' said his majesty, 'and then look at his countenance: it will not shew the slightest sense of the indignity.'"

The British Naturalist; or, Sketches of the more interesting Productions of Britain and the surrounding Sea, in the Scenes which they inhabit, &c. &c. 12mo. pp. 380. London, 1829. Whittaker, Treacher, and Co.

THOUGH startled by an expression in the title-page, and staggered by a declaration of war against systematic arrangement, as being hostile to study, in the preface to this volume, we must speak cordially in its praise, as presenting very delightful views of natural subjects as they are grouped and classed by Nature herself. The author, evidently a very intelligent and

observant person, takes in turn the mountain, the lake, the river, the sea, the moor, and the brook; and under these heads treats of their various products and inhabitants; and the effect of this method is certainly very pleasing and impressive. The literary matter is ably put together; and the wood-cut illustrations by W. H. Brooke and by Mr. Bonner, "from drawings by Harry Wilson, Esq.," are all that could be wished in such a work. Having thus briefly and truly characterised the *British Naturalist*, and being unable to exhibit one of its entire features as an example of its merits, we must be content with a few almost random extracts, which we trust will suffice to support our very favourable opinion.

On the migration of animals, the author observes:—"From the nature of their powers of motion, the seasonal migrations of quadrupeds are necessarily limited. If they be inhabitants of islands, they cannot pass over the sea; and upon continents, large rivers, mountains, or deserts, limit their range. In Britain, the stag and the roe, which are found only in the uplands in the warm season, find their way to the warm and sheltered plains in the winter; and on more extensive lands some of the quadrupeds take longer journeys; but they are all comparatively limited, and extensive migrations are performed only by those animals that can make their pathways in the sea or the air. The seal, which during summer is found in such numbers on the dreary shores of Greenland, Jan Mayen, and Spitzbergen, finds its way to Iceland in the winter; but its migration is limited, and numbers still remain in the most northern regions that have been visited. The inhabitants of the water have, indeed, less necessity for seasonal changes of abode than those of the land, as the water undergoes less change of temperature, and as some of those sea animals which, like the seal, require to come frequently to the surface to breathe, do not require to remain long above water, or have much of their bodies exposed to the air. The grand inconvenience which they seek to avoid, appears to be the labour of keeping open those breathing holes, without which they could not live under the ice. Or, if there is any other instinct, it may be the desire of escaping their enemies, as the bears and the northern people watch them at their holes, and make them a sure and easy prey. Those who have not thought rightly upon the subject, are apt to say that they could not know of those dangers, and therefore could not seek to avoid them without experience. But that is part of the general error into which we are so apt to fall when we begin the study of nature. We make ourselves the standard of comparison, and think of the animals not only as if they had to deal with men, but as if they actually were men themselves. Whereas, in their natural state they need no teaching; and the danger, or the means of life, and the instinct by which the one is avoided and the other secured, are coexistent. We are in the habit of attributing superior sagacity to animals in certain stages of their being; as we give the 'old fox' credit for greater cunning. That may be, indeed must be, true, as regards the arts of man, because the means to which he resorts for the capture or destruction of animals are not natural; and thus it would be a violation of the law of nature to suppose that they should be met by a natural instinct. In situations which nature produces, the children of nature are never at a loss; but as the contrivances of man are no part of her plans, it would be contrary to the general law to suppose that they should

be instinctively provided against these. That they do learn a little wisdom from experience, is a proof that they are not mere machines; that they are something more than mechanical; that life in the humblest thing that lives, is different in kind from the action of mere matter; and that there runs through the whole of organised being, a philosophy which man, when he thinks of it, must admire, but which he cannot fathom. The animal, or even the plant, is not like an engine, confined to certain movements which it cannot vary, but has a certain range of volition (if we may give it the name), by means of which it can deviate a little from that which would otherwise be its path, if that path contain aught that is dangerous or inconvenient. Thus, if we would come to the living productions of nature with minds fit for learning those lessons which they are so well calculated for imparting, we must equally avoid two extremes, the one of which would lead us to confound organic being with the mere organic clods of the valley, and the other would lead us to confound their instantaneous impulses with deliberation, and measure instinct by the standard of reason. The migrations of birds are more remarkable, and have been more early and more carefully observed; and that birds should have a greater range, is in perfect accordance with the general law of nature. The apparatus with which the majority of birds are furnished for preparing their food for digestion in the stomach, confines that food within a smaller compass than the food of the quadrupeds. With the exception of the birds of prey, which can rend other animals for their subsistence, and are thus capable of living at all seasons of the year, the birds must subsist upon soft substances, as insects and their larvae, or the seeds and green and succulent leaves of plants; while quadrupeds, being furnished with organs of mastication, which, along with the saliva, reduce their food to a sort of pulp before it be swallowed, can subsist upon dry leaves and bark, and even upon twigs. Thus, in even the coldest countries there is still some food for a portion of those quadrupeds that live upon vegetables; and these again afford subsistence for the carnivorous ones, as well as for the more powerful birds of prey. In very cold places too, the smaller quadrupeds, and even some of the larger ones, are so constituted that they hibernate, or pass the winter in a state of torpidity, in which they have no necessity for food, and consequently none for change of place. But in the severity of the northern winter the food of the feathered tribes fails. The earth and the waters are bound up in ice, so that the worms and larvae are beyond their reach; the air, which in summer is so peopled with insects, is left without a living thing; the buds of the lowly evergreen shrubs, and those seeds which have fallen to the ground, are hid under that cold but fertilising mantle of snow, which, cold as it seems, secures the vegetation of the coming summer; the berries and capsules that rise above the snow are soon exhausted; and the buds of the alpine trees are generally so enveloped in resin and other indigestible matters, that they cannot be eaten. Thus the birds must roam in quest of food: nor is it a hardship,—it is a wise provision. Were they to remain, and had they access to the embryos of life in their then state, one season would go far to make the country a desert; and even the birds would be deprived of their summer subsistence for themselves and their young. They are also provided with means by which they can transport themselves, in average states of the weather,

without much inconvenience; and thus, while in migration they seek their own immediate comfort, they preserve other races of being. In some of the species, too, they preserve a portion of their own race. It has been mentioned that the young of the swan are unable to migrate the first year; and of most migratory birds there are always a few that are unable for the fatigue of migration. If the strong did not go away, the whole of the weak, and, in cases like that of the swan, the whole of the young, would perish. After the moulting takes place, in most birds, perhaps in all of them in a state of nature, the paternal instinct ceases to operate; they feel no more for the brood of that year. It is each for itself individually during the necessity of the winter; and when the genial warmth of the spring again awakens the more kindly feelings, the objects of those feelings are a new brood. In her march nature never looks back; her instinct is fixed on the present, and thus leads to the future, without any reference to that experience which the progress of reason and thought requires. In consequence of this, the strong would take the food from the weak, the active from the feeble, and the full-grown from their offspring, if nature were not true to her purpose, and prompted the powerful to wing their way to regions in which food is more easily to be found, and leave the young and the feeble to pick up the fragments that are left, in those places which they are unable to quit.

"The migration of fishes is even a more curious matter than that of birds, especially in those that alternately visit salt and fresh water. The water is their atmosphere—the element from which they elaborate the air necessary for their life and growth; and any change of air, even nearly as great as the change from salt water to fresh, would be fatal to any land animal with which we are acquainted. Change of temperature in the element which they breathe is that which land animals can endure best; while fishes are adapted to bear a change in the composition. The former are protected against variations of temperature by the heat of their bodies being in general greater than that of the air; for when the air is warm, they suffer and pant, probably because they have no excess of heat to enable them to decompose the air, and mix the oxygen with the blood and the superfluous carbon. Fishes do not bear their change so easily. A salmon, when caught in the open sea, dies if put into fresh water; and if one that has been for some months in fresh water be put into salt, it also dies. It is the same with almost every fish. Hence the breathing apparatus of a fish must undergo a change every time that it passes from the sea to fresh water, or from fresh water to the sea. These changes are not immediate; and therefore the fish linger awhile in the estuaries upon every journey, in order that, by the brackish water, and by that alternate play of fresh and salt water which is occasioned by the tides, they may prepare themselves gradually for their new element. Though, generally speaking, the sea pasture tends more to promote the growth, vigour, and fatness of the fish than the river pasture, yet it also demands the stronger organisation; and thus those fish that enter the rivers for the purpose of spawning, are all of delicate descriptions; and the young often linger so long about particular parts of the estuaries, that they are not unfrequently mistaken for distinct species. Still, all this is in strict accordance with principle, and affords (as, in fact,

every thing upon which we can reflect affords) a proof that, though the works of creation be many, the plan and the purpose are one. There is not one power to adapt the fish to the water, and another to adapt the water to the fish; the adaptation is reciprocal, clearly proving that the power is one. The whole is one complete machine; and no part can be wanted or subsist alone. If the accomplishment of any purpose demands a change of power, or even of structure, there is ample provision for the effecting of that. When young frogs, and naked larvae of insects, continue habitually in the water, they have the fins and the habits of fish; but when they change their abodes, they change also their forms and habits."

[To be continued.]

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

An Epitome of General Knowledge, with Derivations, Illustrations, and Historical Extracts; combining Instruction and Amusement. By Mrs. Hedgeland (late Isabella Kelly) and her Daughter. 2 vols. 12mo. London, Darton and Harvey; Joy: Richmond, Hughes.

THE title-page so entirely explains the nature of this miscellany, that we have nothing to say of it but that it really combines much of the useful and agreeable; and to remind readers that it is (with some filial aid) the production of the authoress of many a tome which had its period in contributing to the light and entertaining reading of the day—such as *Madeline*, *Eva*, *Modern Incident*, *Baron's Daughter*, *Jocelina*, *Avondale Priory*, the *Secret*, *Ruthinglaine*, &c. &c., besides works of a more lasting character. Not only on account of the merits of the present publication, but on behalf of an old public favourite, who has (like most others, we fear) found literature a thorny and barren pursuit, do we earnestly recommend these small volumes to general favour: judgment and benevolence will equally sanction their patronage.

The Life of a Midshipman: a Tale founded on facts. 12mo. pp. 264. London, 1829. Colburn and Bentley.

WHETHER the object of this volume be patriotic in a country of great naval power, namely, "to correct an injudicious predilection in boys for the life of a sailor," it is hardly worth while to inquire: suffice it to say, that the tale is a pretty and interesting one, and the declared purpose of it defeated by its own extraordinary circumstances. If we wished to deter youths from entering the navy, the daily hardships and privations of a seafaring life might be forcibly adduced; but wonderful contingences, unlikely to happen to any individual in the course of life, wrecks, pirates, &c. &c., have little effect upon the mind.

An Inquiry into the Causes of the Decline of Historical Painting, with the Means to be pursued for its Restoration. By Douglas Guest. 8vo. pp. 61. London, 1829. Simpkin and Marshall.

THIS is an essay written in answer to the following question, recently proposed by the Teylerian Society of Haarlem:

"What is the reason that the Dutch school of painting, even in the time of its greatest splendour, and also at this time, has produced so small a number of capital masters in the historic branch of painting, whilst it has constantly excelled in whatever relates to simple nature and the customary scenes of life? And what are the means to be pursued for the for-

mation of good history painters in this country?"

The paucity of great historical painters in the Dutch school, Mr. Guest imputes to the fact that the Dutch masters, however skilful in "the most felicitous combination of colours, and the most perfect imitations of their native scenes," were, and are, in general, "uninformed on matters of taste and literature, and consequently but ill prepared to illustrate subjects for which these acquirements are indispensable; or to contemplate the *beau-ideal* of nature, which can only be the result of refined associations and superior attainments." The remedy which he proposes, and which he justly observes is as applicable to other countries as to Holland, is to give to the young student in art such an education as, while it afforded him the opportunity of thoroughly grounding himself in the mechanical practice of his profession, should impart to him the mental vigour and refinement indispensable to excellence in the nobler efforts of the pencil. To this, Mr. Guest would add such subsequent encouragement and protection by the state, as might enable the artist of genius to pursue his studies undisturbed by any reference to mere worldly considerations.

Annals of the Peninsular Campaigns—from 1808 to 1814. By the Author of "Cyril Thornton." 3 vols. 12mo. Edinburgh, W. Blackwood; London, T. Cadell.

FROM the author of Cyril Thornton, with his Caesar-like accomplishments of sword and pen, much was to be expected on the subject of the war in Spain: and after all that has been written on that subject, it affords us pleasure to say that these popular volumes will be read with a new delight. Having received them at a late period of the week, when our sheet was already *filé*, we shall, at present, say nothing farther, but that they form an extremely interesting publication, and one likely to be highly acceptable to the British people.

Dr. Mc Crie's History of the Progress and Suppression of the Reformation in Spain in the Sixteenth Century. 8vo. Same Publishers. OF this volume, which reached us at the same time as the preceding, we have only room to say that it is a curious, a valuable, and a sterling work.

Memoirs of the Life and Times of Daniel de Foe, containing a Review of his Writings, and his Opinions, &c. &c. By Walter Wilson, Esq. of the Inner Temple. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1830. Hurst, Chance, and Co.

DR Foe, the author of between two and three hundred publications, and, above all, the author of Robinson Crusoe, has a just claim to the revival of his memory at any period of English literature; and we hailed the announcement of this work with great expectations. We are disappointed in it. Mr. Wilson has bestowed great diligence and research, and his volumes are really full of De Foe's writings and history, consequently possess a certain degree of interest; but to us it appears that he has laboured trifles too much, and neglected subjects of far more popularity. Who cares at this day for the party squibs and pamphlets of a century ago?—few even in the gross, or when brought to throw a light on the great events of the times; and certainly none in the mere details of pamphletting and squabbling. Still there is much in these volumes which will be read with interest; and we are only sorry there is not (as there well might have been) more. The writer himself seems imbued deeply with opinions which

hardly allow him to be an authority where we would look for truth.

Tales of Four Nations. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1829. Whittaker, Treacher, and Arnot.

THE circumstances under which this first appeal of a novel writer to the public has been made, have been represented to us in so interesting a light by one of those authors whose talents and right feelings shed a lustre each on each, that if we were inclined to be critically severe upon it we could not. Nor yet will our sense of impartial justice permit us to praise the work for more than an honest effort to please the general reader. The class of novel-writing stands so high, that what was once excellence is now mediocrity, or even below that standard: but we pray encouragement for this attempt for better reasons than its literary merits, though the latter will suffice to entertain the numerous body who indulge in the circulating library.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, Nov. 16.

IT is pretended by some mathematicians that each century must produce a certain portion of evil, and also that there is a leap year of crime, when unfortunate humanity is forced, *bongré et malgré*, to perform every vice contained in Lucifer's calendar, merely to prevent a deficit in the calculation of black deeds, and make evil bear a due proportion to good. We are now, it appears, bringing up the arrears of sinning left incomplete by our idle forefathers; at least, thus it was that, last evening, a little strange-looking man, in a bob wig, accounted for the numerous suicides, thefts, assassinations, &c. which have been committed in the last twelve months. Had the oracle in question been his Holiness or Saint Anthony, he could not have excited greater interest: each knock of his cane, or rather club, electrified his auditors into implicit faith, every blow having an enforcing effect on the intellects of his hearers. "Love," said the speaker, "engenders so many murders, ambition so many, hatred so many." In fact, to every sentiment he gave a numerous progeny of crime. Happily, he consoled his auditors by assuring them, that in a thousand years human passions would be so purified or deadened, that an incitement to evil would no longer be felt; but that we should live in a Platonic state, "bearing and forbearing," I suppose, like so many donkeys. Though the speaker produced several and various arguments to prove the reason of his reasonings, the thickness of my pericranium totally prevented my understanding them; but a pamphlet which he is about to publish on the subject will, no doubt, soon appear, and enlighten that enlightened part of creation who comprehend circles, squares, and triangles,—for it was by means of such that he has been enabled to tell, to a feather's weight, the quantum of sin up to the year nineteen hundred. During the lecture, my attention was attracted by the appearance of a gentleman, who each year surprises his friends at having survived the fall of the leaf. His visage preserved the same ghastly and ghostly appearance, but his person sported an *embonpoint*, which induced all former acquaintance to felicitate him on returning health, and his having *repris* his fat. *Repris* was not the word, for the poor man never possessed an ounce of flesh, and though now a very comely personage, he owes it all to air. I do not pretend to say he is aerial; but by means of a new-invented oil-skin garment, fabricated Heaven knows how, this spindle-shanked skeleton Monsieur is swelled into the fairest por-

tion. It appears that any gentleman with whom nature has dealt scantily, has only to purchase one of these apparatus, into which, when decked with it, his valet de chambre must blow with all his might and main, for five minutes, through a narrow aperture or fictitious vein: Monsieur then may be said to be in full puff, and vie, at pleasure, with an Apollo or a Hercules. Who says that art is on the decline, and that we are retrograding? *La Martine* has become one of the Academy; and the jokers say, it is placing a nightingale with crows. Amongst the honours lately conferred, the decoration of the Légion d'honneur has been given to Dupuytren and Majendie.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ANCIENT AND MODERN EGYPT.

M. Champollion's Fourteenth Letter—concluded.

RELIGIOUS pictures executed with much care are under the shaft of the great and small pillars of the hypostyle hall. We there see successively all the Egyptian divinities of the first order, and principally the one whose worship belonged in a more especial manner to the Diospolitan nome, announce to Rhameses the benefits they intend to confer upon him, in return for the rich offerings which he presents to them. Here, as in the sculpture of the pillars and columns of the second court, we find in the first line the guardian divinities of the palace to whom this beautiful edifice was more particularly consecrated. They always take a title which is exactly translated by, "residing, or who reside, in the Rhamesseion of Thebes." At their head appears Ammon-Ra, in the form of king of the gods, or Ammon-Generator. Then come the gods Phtha, Phré, Atmou, Meui, Sev, and the goddesses Pascht and Hathor. Each of them grants to the Pharaoh a particular favour: the following are some examples of these forms of donation, taken from the galleries and colonnades of the Rhamesseion.

"I grant that thy edifice shall be as durable as heaven" (Ammon-Ra). "I give thee a long series of days to govern Egypt" (Isis). "I grant thee dominion over all countries" (Ammon-Ra). "I inscribe to thy name the royal attributes of the Sun" (Thoth). "I grant thee to conquer like Mandou, and to be vigilant as the son of Netphe" (Ammon-Ra). "I deliver to thee the south and the north, the east and the west" (Ammon-Ra). "I grant thee a long life to govern the world by a joyful reign" (Sev). "I give thee Upper Egypt and Lower Egypt to govern as king" (Netphe, i. e. Rhea). "I deliver to thee the barbarians of the south and those of the north to tread under thy sandals" (Thmet, i. e. justice). "I will open to thee all the good gates which are before thee" (the Guardian of the Celestial Doors). "I will that thy palace shall exist for ever" (Meui). "I grant thee great victories in all parts of the world" (the goddess Pascht). "I grant that thy name shall be impressed in the hearts of the barbarians" (the goddess Pascht).

The portion of the walls of the hypostyle hall which has escaped the destructive hand of man, presents scenes more rich and more developed. On the farther wall, to the right and the left of the central door, are still two vast pictures, remarkable for the large size of the figures and the excellence of the execution. In the first, the goddess Pascht with a lion's head, the wife of Phtha, the lady of the celestial palace, raises her right hand towards the head of Rhameses, which is covered with a helmet,

saying to him,—"I have prepared for thee the diadem of the Sun; let this helmet remain upon thy brow (forehead), where I have placed it." At the same time she presents the king to the supreme god Ammon-Ra, who, seated on his throne, holds towards the king's face the emblems of a pure life.

The second picture represents the royal investiture of the Egyptian hero; the two greatest divinities of Egypt investing him with the royal powers. Ammon-Ra, assisted by Mouth, the great divine mother, delivers to King Rhameses the sithe of battle, the primitive type of the harp of the Greek fables,—a terrible weapon, called *schopach* by the Egyptians, and delivers to him at the same time the emblems of direction and moderation, the whip and the pedom, pronouncing the following words:—"Hear what Ammon-Ra says, who resides in the Rhamesseion,—receive the sithe of battle to awe foreign nations and to cut off the heads of the impure: take the whip and the pedom to direct the land of Keme" (Egypt).

The base of these two pictures affords a different kind of interest. Here are represented, on foot, and in the strict order of primogeniture, the sons of Rhameses the Great. These princes are habited in the costume peculiar to their rank. They bear the badges of their dignity—the pedom, and a fan made of a long ostrich plume, fixed to an elegant handle. They are twenty-three in number—a numerous family, it is true, but at which we shall not be surprised, when we remember that Rhameses had, as we know, two lawful wives, Queen Noré Ari and Isenofre; and it is, besides, very probable that the sons of the conqueror by concubines or mistresses, ranked with the legitimate children,—a custom which is confirmed by the whole ancient history of the East. However, over the head of each of the princes is sculptured, first, the title which is common to them all—namely, the son of the king and of his race; and for some of them (the first three, and consequently the eldest) the designation of the high functions with which they were invested at the time when these bas-reliefs were executed. Thus the first is styled fan-bearer to the left of the king, the young royal secretary, (basilicogrammate) commander-in-chief of the soldiers, the first-born and the preferred of his race, Amenhischopech; the second, named Rhameses, like his father, was fan-bearer to the left of the king and royal secretary, commander-in-chief of the soldiers of the master of the world, (the troops composing the king's guard); and the third fan-bearer to the left of the king, like his brothers, (a title given in general to all the princes upon other monuments), was also royal secretary, commander of the cavalry, namely, of the war-chariots of the Egyptian army. I omit here the names of the twenty other princes; and shall only remark, that the names of some of them certainly allude either to the victories of the king at the time of their birth,—such as Nebenschari (master of the country of the Schari), Nebenthonib (master of the whole world), Sanaschtenamoun (the conqueror through Ammon); or to new titles adopted in the protocol of Rhameses the Great—as, for instance, Pataveamoun (Ammon is my father), and Setperi (approved by the Sun), a title which is met with in the prenomen of the king.

I observed, at the same time, in this series of princes, a very remarkable fact. After the death of Rhameses the Great, the one of the twenty-three sons who ascended the throne after him has been characterised in a particular manner. It was his thirteenth son, named Menephtha, that succeeded him. It is

plain that the costume of this prince was, in consequence, altered afterwards, by adorning his forehead with the uræus, and changing the short sabou into a long royal tunic. Besides this, close to his first legend, containing the name of Menephtha, which he retained on ascending the throne, the first cartouche of his royal legend has been sculptured, (Sun, spirit loved by the gods), which is in fact found on all the monuments of his reign.

On leaving the hypostyle hall by the central door, we enter a hall which has preserved part of its columns, the decoration of which is of a very peculiar character. In that portion of the palace which we have just visited, general acts of homage are addressed to the principal divinities of Egypt, as was proper in courts or peristyles open to all the people, and in the hypostyle hall where the great assemblies were held. But here really begin the private parts of the palace, and the apartments which served for the habitation of the king; the place considered to be the more peculiar abode of the king of the gods, to whom this great structure was dedicated. This is proved by the bas-reliefs sculptured on the walls, to the right and left of the door, which represent four great barks or sacred bari, carrying a little naos, over which a veil is thrown, as if to conceal from all eyes the person it contains. These bari are borne on the shoulders of twenty-four or eighteen priests, according to the dignity of the master of the bari. The insignia which adorn the head and the stern of the first two barks are the symbolic heads of the goddess Mouth, and the god Chons, the wife of the son of Ammon-Ra. The third and fourth bear the heads of the king and queen, adorned with the marks of their dignity. These bas-reliefs, as we are informed by the hieroglyphic legends, represent the two divinities, and the royal pair coming to do homage to the father of the gods, Ammon-Ra, who fixes his abode in the palace of Rhameses the Great. The words pronounced by each of the visitors leave no doubt on this head: "I come," says the goddess Mouth, "to do homage to the king of the gods, Ammon-Ra, the moderator of Egypt, in order that he may grant long years to the king, his son Rhameses, who loves him."—"We come to thee," says the god Chons, "to serve thy majesty, O Ammon-Ra, king of the gods! Grant a stable and pure life to thy son, who loves thee, the lord of the world."—King Rhameses says only, "I come to my father, Ammon-Ra, following the gods whom he admits to his presence for ever."—But the Queen Noré Ari, here surnamed Ahmosis, expresses her wishes more positively—"Hear what is said by the goddess consort, the royal mother, the royal spouse, the powerful lady of the world, Ahmosis Noré Ari; I come to render homage to my father Ammon, king of the gods; my heart rejoices in thy affection: I am in delight when I contemplate thy benefits. O thou who fixest the seat of thy power in the abode of thy son, the lord of the world, Rhameses, grant him a stable and pure life; let his years be counted by periods of panegyrics."

Lastly, the wall at the farther end of this apartment was adorned with several sculptures representing the accomplishment of these wishes, and recording the favours which Ammon-Ra granted to the Egyptian hero: only one now remains, on the right of the door. The king is represented as seated upon a throne at the foot of that of Ammon-Ra Atmou, and in the shade of the spreading foliage of a persea, the celestial tree of life. The great god and the goddess Saf, who presided over writing or

learning, tracing on the cordiform fruits of the tree the cartouche containing the prenomen of Rhameses the Great; while, on the other side, the god Thoth carves the cartouche containing the proper name of the king, to whom Ammon-Ra Atmou addresses the following words: "Come, I sculpture thy name for a long series of days, that it may subsist upon the divine tree."

The door leading from this hall to a second, which was also decorated with columns, of which four still remain, deserves particular attention, as well for the workmanship as for the sculptures which adorn it. The sculptures that cover the architrave and the jambs are in such low relief, that it is evident they have been carefully rubbed down, to diminish their projection. I ascribed this to time and to barbarism, which have certainly acted upon several parts of these surfaces; for, having caused the lower parts of the jambs of this door to be cleared, I read a dedicatory inscription of Rhameses the Great, in the usual form of dedications for doors; but it adds, that this door was covered with pure gold. I then looked at the surface with more care, and, on examining more closely the kind of white and fine stucco which still covered some parts of the sculpture, I perceived that this stucco had been spread upon a cloth applied to the sculptures; that the contours and the projecting parts of the figures had been restored upon the stucco before the gilding was applied to it. As the process appeared to me to be curious, I have thought it proper to mention it here.

But the two pictures which adorn this door afford a much more lively interest. The architrave and the upper part of the jambs are covered with a dozen little bas-reliefs, representing King Rhameses adoring the members of the Theban triad. These divinities all turn their backs to the entrance of the door in question, because they are connected only with the first hall, and not with the second, to which this door is the entrance. But at the bottom of the jambs, and immediately above the dedication, two divinities are sculptured, with their faces turned towards the opening of the door, and looking towards the second hall, which was, consequently, under their jurisdiction. These two divinities are, on the left hand, Thoth with the ibis head, the god of sciences and arts, the inventor of letters; and on the right, the goddess Saf, the companion of Thoth, bearing the remarkable title of Lady of Letters and Presidentess of the Library (literally, the hall of books). Besides, the god is followed by one of his attendants, who, by his legend and a large eye which he bears upon his head, we recognise to be the sense of sight personified; while the attendant of the goddess is the sense of hearing, characterised by a large ear, drawn also over his head, and by the word *sotem* (the hearing) sculptured in his legend: he, besides, holds in his hand all the implements of writing, as if to write down all that he hears.

I ask whether it is possible to indicate better than by such bas-reliefs the entrance of a library? And at this word, the controversy which divides our learned men respecting the celebrated monument of Osymandias, so well known for its library, and on its connexion with the Rhamesseion, naturally occurs to me.

At the very beginning of my visit, when reading in the midst of the ruins of the Rhamesseion the description which Diodorus has preserved, I was struck on finding around me, and in the same order, the analogous parts, and almost the most trifling details, of the great edifice, of which Diodorus has borrowed from

Hecateus so complete a description. In the first place, the old Greek traveller places the monument of Osymandias at the distance of ten stadia from the last tomb of what he calls the *παλλακίδες του Διός*, the concubines of Jupiter (Ammon). We have, in fact, found, at nearly an equal distance from the Rhamesseion, a valley containing the tombs, still adorned with painting and inscriptions, of twelve women, but of Egyptian queens, whose first title in their legend was always that of Consort of Ammon. The monument of Osymandias had in front a great pylon of variegated stone (*λίθου ποικίλου*). The first pylon of the Rhamesseion, the massive walls of which are of reddish freestone, and the door of white limestone, has some analogy with this description. From this pylon was the entrance into a peristyle, the pillars of which were ornamented with colossal figures; then followed a second pylon, much more carefully executed than the former with respect to the sculpture, and at the entrance of which was the greatest colossus in Egypt, of one single block of granite of Syene. All this resembles the Rhamesseion, except some difference in the measures; but we are not certain that the ancient copyists have transcribed these measures correctly. There we still see the immense fragments of the greatest known colossus of Egypt, of Syene granite:—these are remarkable circumstances.

In the peristyle which succeeded the pylon, says Hecateus, was represented the king, who is called Osymandias, making war against the rebels of Bactria, besieging a city surrounded by a river, &c. &c. This is the exact description of the bas-reliefs which still exist under the second peristyle of the Rhamesseion; and if we no longer see the lion fighting with the king against the enemy's troops, nor the four princes commanding divisions of the army, it is because the walls at the farther end of the peristyle are destroyed, and only the eighth part now exists. It is true that we elsewhere see, on the monuments of Egypt, kings besieging cities surrounded by a river: this is really the case at Ypsamboul, at Derri, on the pylons of Luxor, and the Rhamesseion; but these are all monuments of Rhameses the Great, and represent the events of the same campaign.

On the second wall of the peristyle, says the description of the monument of Osymandias, are represented the captives brought back by the king from his expedition; they have no hands: and on the back wall of the peristyle of the Rhamesseion I have discovered, by digging, the remains of a picture in which prisoners are brought to the king, at whose feet is a pile of hands cut off. On a third side of the peristyle of the monument of Osymandias were represented sacrifices, and the triumph of the king on his return from this war. In the Rhamesseion, the upper part of the wall, on which the battle is sculptured, represents the end of a grand religious solemnity, at which the king and the queen were present: and this picture began, without any doubt, on the wall at the back of the right side of the peristyle. After that, says the Greek historian, we enter the hypostyle hall of the monument of Osymandias by three doors, ornamented with two colossal. All this is found in the Rhamesseion, and likewise immediately after the second peristyle. After the hypostyle of Osymandias came an open space, designated in the French translations by the name of *promenoir* (the walk). In the Rhamesseion, a hall, decorated with the symbolical barks of the gods, succeeds the hypostyle hall. Then, says Diodorus, came the library; and it is, in fact, on the door which

leads from the promenoir of the Rhamesseion to the next hall, that I have found bas-reliefs so suitable for the entrance of a library. The hall of the library is at present almost entirely razed. There remain of it only four columns and a portion of the walls to the right and left of the door. On these walls are sculptures representing the king making offerings in succession to the greatest divinities of Egypt—to Ammon-Ra, Mouth, Chons, Phré, Phtha, Pascht, Nofri-Thmon, Atmou, and Mandou; and besides, the greater part of these walls is occupied by two enormous representations, divided into numerous vertical columns, in which are three long series of names of divinities, and their images of a small size: it is a complete pantheon. The king, standing before each of these synoptical representations, makes libations and offerings to all the gods and goddesses, great and small, by name; and this is another resemblance with the monument of Osymandias. In fact, the Greek description says: "In the hall of the library are seen the images of all the gods of Egypt: the king presents to them, in the same manner, offerings suitable to each of them."

This comparison of the ruins of the Rhamesseion with the description of the monument of Osymandias preserved by Diodorus Siculus, has already been made, and much more in detail, by MM. Jollois and Devilliers, in their general description of Thebes,—an important work, on which I am happy to bestow the praise that is its due, because I have seen the place, and have been able to judge by my own eyes of the correctness of their descriptions. But I have thought it necessary to give a slight sketch of this parallel, because I desire to put in their true place some new facts which I have observed, and which render so striking the analogy of the monument described by the Greeks with that of which I have studied the ruins. The two learned travellers whom I have just quoted have shewn this identity: others have contested it: for my part, the following is my profession of faith. Either the monument described by Hecateus, under the name of the monument of Osymandias, is the same as the western Rhamesseion of Thebes; or the Rhamesseion is only a copy, with the exception of the difference in the measures, if we may say so, of the monument of Osymandias.

Here terminate the ruins of the palace of Sesostris. There remain no traces of his later buildings, which must have extended towards the mountain. The Rhamesseion is, of all the monuments of Thebes, that which is in the most dilapidated state; but it is also, without any doubt, that which, by the elegant majesty of its ruins, leaves the most profound and durable impression on the mind of the traveller.*

* By a letter just received from Captain Briggs, we are informed that M. Champollion and his companions, and also the Tuscan portion of the Egyptian expedition, were on the eve of embarking for Europe. They are now, therefore, on their way home, with all the treasures of ancient lore they have collected. In the meantime we may remark, that though less publicity has been given to their discoveries and labours, Englishmen have not been behind the rest of the world—but, on the contrary, the leaders—in these interesting investigations. Mr. Bankes' portfolio has long been known to be rich in hieroglyphic literature; and, more recently, we have seen fac-similes of almost all the important inscriptions and pictures visited by M. Champollion, copied during ten years' stay in Egypt by Mr. Wilkinson; others by Major Orlando Felix; and others by Mr. Burton. It may well be supposed, that collections made with such care, and employing so long a time, are at least fully equal to all that could be acquired during a hurried expedition; and, without detracting from the merits of our foreign rivals in this laudable inquiry, which we highly appreciate, we think we may fairly put in our own national claim for great consideration and great success. By an advertisement in our *Gazette* of this date, it will be farther seen that the Royal Society of Literature is warmly advancing

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE death of a male ostrich, which had been for some time in the collection of the late Marchioness of Londonderry, and subsequently presented, with other valuable animals, to the Zoological Society, has afforded an opportunity, which rarely occurs, of examining the internal structure of that extraordinary bird, in comparison with that of man and other animals. The dissection took place in the Gardens of the Society, under the direction of Mr. Brooke, who introduced a variety of preparations in illustration of the anatomical peculiarities of the ostrich. The examination, which occupied two days, excited much interest, and attracted a scientific and numerous audience. The animal that formed the subject of it had been for some time in ill health, occasioned, in the first instance, by an accident which happened to it before it became the property of the Society. A female ostrich, which was presented at the same time, is still living in the Gardens.

The Society, we are informed, has also received from India the body of a female orang-outang, which has recently been sent over in spirits by George Swinton, Esq. a corresponding member of the Society. An examination of the internal anatomy of this animal, which approaches so nearly to that of man, and admits of much interesting illustration, will, it is presumed, form a subject of considerable curiosity among the scientific visitors of the establishment. It will take place at the Gardens in the course of the present month. The male orang-outang, which has survived its companion, is now, we believe, on its way to this country; and, if it arrives in safety, will be an important addition to a class of animals which has afforded so much amusement to the Zoological public during the summer. Models of these two animals, sent from India by the same gentleman, are now in the Society's museum, in Bruton Street: they are the work of native artists, and display considerable skill and ingenuity.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, Nov. 14th.—Thursday last the following degrees were conferred:—
Bachelor in Civil Law.—Rev. F. Gooch, Fellow, All Souls' College.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. R. W. Bosanquet, Rev. J. F. Alleyne, Balliol College; Rev. E. B. St. John, St. Alban Hall; J. Trotman, Worcester College; Rev. W. Leslie, Rev. M. Getley, Lincoln College; Rev. J. G. Dowling, Wadham College.

Bachelors of Arts.—H. Tuffnell, J. Dixon, Christ Church College, Grand Compounders; G. Richards, All Souls' College; H. T. Worley, Queen's College; G. H. Clifton, Scholar, Worcester College; R. Poole, Exeter College; W. H. Newbolt, R. Price, E. Payne, Fellows, New College.

CAMBRIDGE, Nov. 14th.—The subject of the Norrison prize essay for the ensuing year is—*The Christian Religion the last Revelation to be expected of the Will of God*.

THE STUART PAPERS.

AWARE of the great interest that has been and is attached to the remarkable documents, known by the name of the *Stuart Papers*, which were brought from Rome after the death of Cardinal York, the last of the family, and placed in the hands of commissioners appointed by his Majesty, we are glad to find that they are no longer likely to remain in the obscurity of St. James' Palace, where they were depo-

the knowledge of hieroglyphic literature, to which Dr. Young's facsimile are of the utmost consequence; and we may add, that at the last meeting of this Society (see Report) a Part of Mr. Wilkinson's very interesting specimens, lithographed at Cairo, was presented, and excited great attention. As yet, we have examined no work so evidently throwing a clear light on the legends of the Pharaohs; and we rejoice to have an English copy of these records to compare with M. Champollion's, when the latter shall appear.—Ed. L. G.

sited. The King, we are informed, has now transferred these papers to Sir Walter Scott, for examination and publication; and we have reason to know, that his son-in-law, Mr. Lockhart, is already engaged in this important duty, and actively employed in arranging the mass, which certainly could not be in better hands.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

THURSDAY (Season 1829-30), the President in the chair. The meetings were resumed this evening. Part of a long and able paper, from the pen of Mr. Faraday, on the manufacture of glass for optical purposes, was read. As we shall have the satisfaction of laying it before our readers in a subsequent number, we need not offer any analysis of it at present. A folio edition, in five vols. of the Catalogue of the King's Library, presented by his Majesty, and other literary presents, were made, for which thanks were voted to the donors.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

THE Society's library continues to be enriched by numerous contributions. Among the volumes laid upon the table at the first meeting for the season, were the works of the Baron Silvestre de Sacy, consisting chiefly of publications from, or commentaries upon, Arabic literature, as the "Séances de Hariri," "Chrestomathie Arabe," &c. The same liberality on the part of the members and correspondents of the Society was evinced at the last meeting, in the donations of Mr. Millingen, who presented his splendid publication on Greek Vases, his "Medallic History of Napoleon," &c.; in the "Traditions of Lancashire," by J. Roby, Esq., a member; and in interesting works of other contributors. The Society's Collection of Hieroglyphics was augmented by the addition of the third part of Mr. Burton's "Excerpta Hieroglyphica," printed at Cairo; and by No. 1 of a similar work, likewise executed in Egypt, by Mr. Wilkinson.

The paper read was "On an extraordinary collection of Oriental Alphabets," by Sir Wm. Ouseley. The manuscript containing the collection referred to was procured at Calcutta by Lord Teignmouth, and exhibits several hundred alphabets. In shewing that while some of these are probably nothing else than ciphers, invented for the purpose of secret correspondence between individuals, others are, probably, altogether imaginary, the writer noticed the extravagant opinions entertained by the learned of former times relative to the origin of alphabetic characters; such as their being invented by angels, their communication to Adam by Divine revelation, &c. The Persepolitan character is found in this collection; but the copyist, or collector, appears to have indulged his fancy by combining the simple element of the arrow, or wedge, into more complicated forms than we can suppose to have ever been in actual use. For the purpose of illustrating this part of his subject, two specimens of marble, inscribed with the arrow-headed character, brought by Sir W. from Persia, were produced for the inspection of the meeting. The surface of one of these fragments appears to be partially covered with a yellowish paint, or similar composition, mistaken by travellers for gold; from which circumstance the writer was led to some ingenious remarks, tending to point out the probability that the singular anomaly in taste which prevailed among the Greeks and Romans, in adding painting and gilding to their sculptures, may have been derived from the practice of the Persians.

The fifth Fasciculus of the Society's publica-

tion of Hieroglyphics, hitherto conducted by the late Dr. Young, would, it was stated, shortly appear, under the auspices of some of its members, of acknowledged Egyptian learning, from drawings left by that lamented antiquary.

FINE ARTS.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

ON Wednesday there was a private view, at the British Gallery, of the studies which have been made from the pictures of the old masters, forming part of the late exhibition, but left, according to the liberal usage of the Institution, as a small and temporary, though valuable, school of painting. We deeply regret to say, that the number of students, male and female, has been much larger during the present than during any preceding season. We regret it, for reasons which we have too frequently repeated to render it necessary again to state them; and we shall therefore content ourselves with most earnestly advising nine-tenths of these young persons to devote themselves, ere it becomes too late, to some less ambitious, but more profitable, pursuit.

The pictures which have evidently been the favourite subjects of study are, "the Holy Family," by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and "Landscape, with Market-People," by Gainsborough, belonging to the British Institution; the "Portrait of a Lady," by Rembrandt, belonging to Lord Wharfedale; the "Full-length Portrait of an elderly Gentleman," and "Full-length Portrait of an elderly Lady," by Vandyke, belonging to Mr. Peel; the "Inside of a Kitchen," by Maas, belonging to Mr. Hamlet; the "Woman milking a Cow," by Cuyt, belonging to Mr. Zachary; the "Holy Family, with St. Catharine," by Titian, belonging to Sir J. Roe Reid; the "Portrait of a Venetian Senator," by Titian, belonging to Sir A. Hume, &c.

And first for our distinguished countrymen. If there were as many real "Holy Families" in England as there are at present representations of them on the walls of the British Gallery, we should indeed be a pious people. We have no hesitation in saying that a small copy in water-colours, by Miss Fanny Corbeux, combines more of the various qualities of the original than any other in the room: it exhibits all Sir Joshua's breadth, and yet is highly and beautifully finished in those parts in which it ought to be so. Mr. Middleton and Mr. Boaden have made two of the finest copies, in oil, as large as the original; and, besides some very able studies of various sizes, by Mr. Flak, Mr. Childs, Mrs. Pearson, &c., there are several, out of sight and out of light, which, for aught we know, deserve particular notice.—We have a great respect for Mr. F. W. Watts; but what business had he in the Gallery, except as a spectator, not an imitator? His own style is too excellent and true to nature to require any change. As to his copy of Gainsborough, it is a fac-simile. There are also two very clever studies of the picture by Mr. A. Johnson and Mr. Passmore; and a beautiful little copy in water-colours by Mr. Fussell.—There are numerous studies from Rembrandt's "Portrait of a Lady." Of those which are on a level with the eye, and of which we are therefore enabled to form a judgment, the best strike us to be by Mr. Buss, Mr. Irvine, Mr. P. Simpson, and Mr. Middleton. Time, which has done much for the splendid but mellow original, will likewise do much for these imitations of it.—Of Vandyke's "Elderly Lady and elderly Gentleman" there

is also a grave and goodly assemblage. The smaller studies seem to us to be in general the most happy. Mr. Irvine and Mr. Flak have each one of the male subject in oil; and Mr. Heaphy an exquisite one in water. Mr. R. Bone also has two clever drawings from these subjects. Of that exceedingly brilliant and difficult picture by Maas, "The Inside of a Kitchen," Mr. Fowler has made a highly successful copy; as has also Miss Alabaster, the warmth of whose colouring is certainly not in consonance to her name. Though too highly placed to be critically examined (and several others are in a similar predicament), a study of this picture by Mr. W. Bone appears to possess considerable merit. To Mr. Lee, who has produced an admirable copy of the Cuyt, we say what we said to Mr. Watts:—It may be well for an artist of his original genius to look at fine old pictures; but let him paint from nature, and only from nature. Mr. Earl's study is also a close approximation to the master. There are several other very clever imitations of this glowing work.—Of Titian's "Holy Family" there is a small copy in oil—we regret to say that we cannot remember the name of the artist—which requires only the operation of time to assimilate its tones to those of the original. Mr. Heaphy has also made a delicious copy in water-colours. The same great master's "Venetian Senator" has found a very able imitator in Mr. Flak. Besides the above mentioned, which are among the most prominent, there are some clever studies after the above, as well as Canaletti, De Hooge, Teniers, Berghem, &c. by Mr. Watts, Miss Du Jardin, Mr. Earl, Mr. Novice, Mr. Sargent, Mr. McClise, Mr. Rosenberg, &c.

After experiencing the monotony of feeling which attends the contemplation of so many repetitions of pictures, we were gladdened and refreshed by the sight of an original—a free transfer to canvass, by Mr. J. Scarlett Davis, of the Interior of the British Gallery itself. It contains a combination of the various excellencies which the walls of the Gallery exhibit. The subjects introduced are not detailed, but their general character is happily expressed. The regular architectural forms of the rooms are judiciously broken by busts and a curtain; and the whole is richly and harmoniously coloured. We must also notice another departure from servile imitation, in a beautiful picture in water-colours, by Miss Fanny Corbeux, of two children. The head of the infant Christ, in Sir Joshua's "Holy Family," is the only copied portion of this little work; the rest is original composition, finely adapted to Sir Joshua's general style.

One hint,—we are not sure that we have not given it before,—to the younger students in future years. When they enter the Gallery, they ought to endeavour to forget all the processes of painting to which they have been accustomed, and to endeavour to discover those of the great masters before them: they should act like a judicious traveller, who, for a while, lays aside the habits of his own land, and tries to accommodate himself in every respect to the manners and usages of the countries which he visits.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE SISTER'S VOICE.

"O what a voice is silent!"—Barry Cornwall.

O my sister's voice is gone away!
Around our social hearth
We have lost its tones, that were so gay,
So full of harmless mirth—

We miss the glancing of her eye,
The waving of her hair,
The footsteps lightly gliding by,
The hand so small and fair;
And the wild bright smile that lit her face,
And made our hearts rejoice—
Sadly we mourn each vanished grace,
But most of all her voice.

For oh! it was so soft and sweet
When it breathed forth in words;
Such tones it had as hearts repeat
In echoes on their chords;
And lovely when in measure soft
She sung a mournful song,
And heavenly when it swelled aloft
In triumph chorus strong;
And dearest when its words of love
Would soothe our bosoms' care,
And loveliest when it rose above
In sounds of praise and prayer.

O, in my childhood I have sate,
When that sweet voice hath breathed,
Forgetful of each merry mate—
Of the wild flowers I had wreathed;
And though each other voice I scorned
That called me from my play,
If my sweet sister only warned,
I never could delay.
'Twas she who sang me many a rhyme,
And told me many a tale,
And many a legend of old time
That made my spirit quake.

There are a thousand pleasant sounds
Around our cottage still—
The torrent that before it bounds,
The breeze upon the hill,
The murmuring of the wood-doves' sigh,
The swallow in the eaves,
And the wind that sweeps a melody
In passing from the leaves,
And the pattering of the early rain,
The opening flowers to wet,—
But they want my sister's voice again,
To make them sweeter yet.

We stood around her dying bed,
We saw her blue eyes close;
While from her heart the pulses fled,
And from her cheek the rose.
And still her lips in fondness moved,
And still she strove to speak
To the mournful beings that she loved,
And yet she was too weak;
Till at last from her eye came one bright ray,
That bound us like a spell;
And as her spirit passed away,
We heard her sigh, "farewell!"

And oft since then that voice hath come
Across my heart again;
And it seems to speak as from the tomb,
And bids me not complain:
And I never hear a low soft flute,
Or the sound of a rippling stream,
Or the rich deep music of a lute,
But it renews my dream,
And brings the hidden treasures forth
That lie in memory's store;
And again to thoughts of that voice gives
birth—
That voice I shall hear no more.

No more!—it is not so—my hope
Shall still be strong in Heaven—
Still search around the spacious scope
For peace and comfort given.
We know there is a world above,
Where all the blessed meet,
Where we shall gaze on those we love,
Around the Saviour's feet;

And I shall hear my sister's voice
In holier, purer tone—
With all those spotless souls rejoice,
Before the Eternal Throne.

Worton Lodge, Isleworth.

M. A. BROWNE.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

IF an interesting plot, admirable situations, dialogue alternating between the sportive and the affecting, beautiful scenery, excellent acting, and powerful stage effects, can secure popularity to a drama, *the Brigand*, by Mr. Planché, produced here on Wednesday evening, will have a most successful run, as it had a most auspicious commencement. We seldom like to detail the stories of dramatic pieces, because it diminishes the pleasure with which they are seen; and therefore it shall suffice on this occasion to notice that the author has completely realised the extraordinary class of banditti who have for years infested the Roman states. *Massorini*, the captain whose adventures are represented, though a being of incredible audacity and vicissitude, and though both he and his associates display an unnatural mixture of religious, or rather superstitious, feelings, with the commission of the deepest crimes, yet are they not overdrawn, but true to the life as life itself. In short, this performance strictly embodies the actual brigandage of Italy, as described in the most authentic accounts that have been published (and some in our own possession, with which we shall hereafter entertain our readers), and places before us, in the forms of skilful actors, the pictures of Davis, Brockedon, Eastlake, and other artists, who have studied the subjects on the spot. Throughout its whole progress *the Brigand*, thus finely constructed and ably supported, was received with unmixed applause; and at the fall of the curtain, on its very striking catastrophe, the audience joined in one hearty shout of acclamation. We have never witnessed so marked a triumph for so unassuming a production; but Mr. Planché's knowledge of the stage, and attention to every point which can add verisimilitude to dramatic composition, gives him a great advantage and mastery in these apparently slight but important particulars. Wallack, as the Robber-chief, greatly distinguished himself in every part, whether of reckless gaiety, daring insolence, or natural sentiment: Mr. Farren, in *Prince Bianchi*, was also as efficient as possible. Mrs. W. Barrymore contributed much to the picturesque of the tableaux; and Miss Faucit the heroine, Mr. Vining and H. Wallack as artists. Webster, as an old steward, did every thing that either author or spectators could desire. The music is exceedingly pretty; an opening round very sweet, and a chorus at the end of the first act delightful: among the rest, a song sung by Wallack may be quoted as a theatrical curiosity, which had a charming effect.

"Gentle Zitella,
Whither away?
Love's ritornella
List while I play."

"No, I have linger'd
Too long on my road:
Night is advancing—
The Brigand abroad—
Lonely Zitella
Hath too much to fear:
Love's ritornella
She may not hear."

"Charming Zitella,
Why should'st thou care?
Night is not darker
Than thy raven hair!
And those starry eyes
If the Brigand should see,

Thou art the robber—
The captive is he!
Gentle Zitella,
Banish thy fear—
Love's ritornella
Tarry and hear!"

She enters, and after a pause he sings, with great *éclat*—

"Simple Zitella,
Beware, O beware!
List ye no ditty—
Grant ye no pray'r—
To thy light footsteps
Let terror add wings—
'Tis Massaroni
Himself who now sings—
'Gentle Zitella,
Banish thy fear—
Love's ritornella
Tarry and hear!"

As we observed at the beginning, the scenery (principally by Stanfield) is beautiful.

COVENT GARDEN.

BOILEDIEU's opera, *Les Deux Nuits*, was produced here on Tuesday evening, under the formidable title of *The Night before the Wedding, and the Wedding Night*. The most stupid opera, perhaps, that ever survived a first night in Paris has been rendered a little more lively by the English adapters, and condensed into two acts. Mr. Bishop has added one very sweet air (the first sung by Wood), and two or three other pieces which we could have dispensed with—particularly a ballad about a "Knight with a scarlet plume;" and of the original music, the most effective pieces at Paris failed much in London. On the singing and performances, we do not think it requisite to enter into particulars. Of Mr. Dean, who made his first appearance in the part of *Valentine Acton*, we should have great hopes were it possible for him ever to acquire something like grace or even human nature in his bearing—at present he walks like a cassiowary. There are some fine notes in his voice, and he is evidently a practised musician,—a great rarity on our stage. We, however, despair of his becoming actor enough to be trusted with any part in an English opera. Time, to be sure, works wonders. Of the plot and dialogue, &c. of the piece we can say nothing agreeable, and therefore we will take Denis Brulgrudery's advice, and say nothing at all. The opera was given out for repetition by Mr. Wood amidst considerable uproar, and is not, we should imagine, destined to a very long life.

ADELPHI.

The Sisters, or the Brigands of Albano, by Mr. Buckstone, was produced on Monday. It is founded on the same story in the Keepsake from which the Sister of Charity was taken last summer at the English Opera. Mr. and Mrs. Yates were excellent in their respective parts; and Miss Daly played with great feeling and judgment. O. Smith made a capital brigand; and Buckstone, the ingenious author, was as droll as usual. The melodrama was altogether too long the first night, and went off flatly in consequence; it has since been curtailed, and is becoming a favourite. Yet, we would have nothing but what is *light* at this theatre—except the elephant.

At the Great Room, King's Theatre, there are to be three Italian operas before Christmas. The first representation is to take place on Saturday, 5th December.

VARIETIES.

Natural History.—The Siamese boys, of whom we have heard so much in the papers, are expected in England for exhibition in a

few days. They are eighteen years of age, in perfect health, with great activity of bodies, quickness of intellect, and of cheerful and happy dispositions.

Paris Academy of Sciences.—This Society, at its sitting on Monday last, proceeded to the election of a member to supply the place vacant by the death of M. Pelletan. The candidates were Messrs. Larrey, Roux, Breschet, Lisfranc, and Cloquet: to these, several members added the name of our distinguished countryman, Dr. Edwards. On the first ballot, M. Larrey obtained 19 votes; M. Roux 17; Dr. Edwards 10; M. Breschet 2; M. Cloquet 1; and M. Lisfranc 1. On the second, M. Larrey had 24; M. Roux 21; and Dr. Edwards 6. M. Larrey was consequently elected. The other proceedings were without interest. The election of a member to fill the place vacated by the death of the Count Daru, will take place on Monday next. There are eight candidates.

Natural History.—To give an idea of the number of articles collected by Messrs. Quoy and Gaimart, the naturalists who accompanied the expedition commanded by Captain Durville, it is enough to say, that the Museum of Natural History in Paris can with difficulty contain them; and that, in order to deposit them, it has been necessary to descend into the ground floor of the building, and almost into the cellars; and to divide several of the halls into compartments, to obtain additional room. The result of their investigations of fishes is especially remarkable. Knowing that M. Cuvier was preparing to publish a great work on that subject, they sought for varieties with the utmost care, and discovered a vast number, distinguished by their novelty, and by the splendour of their colours. In contemplating their drawings, it is impossible sufficiently to admire the surprising gorgeousness with which nature has decorated beings destined to live in the depths of the ocean.

We recently noticed Mr. Martin's election as honorary member of the Academy of Arts at Edinburgh; but omitted to state that Mr. W. Kidd was elected at the same time.

Canova.—A complete series of graphic copies from the works of this admirable sculptor is publishing at Venice; it is of a quarto size, appears in parts, each containing four plates, accompanied by textual illustrations, and will be comprised within the space of fifty of such parts. This attempt (and the manner in which it has been hitherto followed up in general merits our commendations) is the first which has been made in Italy to bring Canova's achievements, as a whole, under the public eye. Its value is greatly enhanced by the intrinsic merit of the illustrative matter, the task of providing which has been committed to his bosom friend, Missirini—a writer to whom we are already indebted for an excellent life of the Italian Phidias, and who on the present occasion has judiciously endeavoured to render his illustrations of importance to the artist and amateur, by interspersing them with æsthetic comments. The plates are designed and engraved by various hands, and are highly creditable to their talent; and we doubt not that, if carried on with the same spirit in which they have been begun, the "Opere di Antonio Canova disegnatte ed incise, con illustrazioni di Melchiorre Missirini" will amply repay all the pains and expense that must attend their publication.

Dedications.—It was no uncommon circumstance for authors of the olden times to dedicate their works to the Deity, the Virgin Mary, or our Saviour. Those who were less

piously inclined, or whose physical necessities were more pressing than their spiritual wants, sold the birthright of their independence for a purse of gold. Charles the Fifth appears to have exceeded most modern patrons in liberality, as Petrus Appianus received three thousand gilders (£250) from him as the price of a dedication. Christiansa of Sweden intimated her intention of bestowing a gold chain worth 1000 pistoles on Scudery in approbation of his *Alaric*, provided he struck out his panegyric on Count de la Gardie; but his honesty stood proof against the temptation, and the gold chain never shone across his bosom.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Mr. Robert Montgomery, who, at so early an age, has made so powerful a public impression in the highest range of sacred poetry, has in the press (to be published by Maunder) a Poem in Three Books, entitled "Satan."

The principal Memoirs in the fourteenth volume of the Annual Biography and Obituary (for 1830) will be, of Sir William Hoare—the Countess of Derby—Lieut.-Colonel Denham—Sir Humphry Davy—William Shield, Esq.—Sir Edward West—Earl of Harrington—Thomas Harrison (architect)—Sir Brent Spencer—Lord Colchester—Dr. George Pearson—Mr. Terry—Sir David Baird—William Stevenson, Esq.—James Buchanan—Mr. Thomas Bewick—Sir James Abthor Wood—Archibald Fletcher, Esq.—Dr. Wollaston—John Reeves, Esq.—Lord Harris—Mr. Baron Hulloock—William Thomas Fitzgerald, Esq.—Earl of Huntingdon, &c. &c.

Notices of the Brasils in 1828-9, by the Rev. R. Walsh, LL.D., will shortly appear.

A new edition of the Rev. H. F. Burder's Mental Discipline, with many additions, is in the press.

The following are reported to be the principal contents of the forthcoming No. of the Edinburgh Review—Lord King's Life of Locke—Mrs. Hemans's Poetry—French Commercial Policy—Lady Fanshawe's Memoirs—The Byzantine Historians—Utilitarian Theory, and "the Greatest Happiness Principle"—American Literature—Vegetable Physiology; Dutochet, De Candolle, and Mrs. Marcet—Burckhardt's Arabia—Library of Useful Knowledge—M. Cousin's Course of Philosophy—Auldjo's Ascent of Mont Blanc—Flaxman's Lectures on Sculpture—History and Present State of Chemical Science—New French Ministry, &c. &c.

The successful author of the Opening of the Sixth Seal will, it is said, reappear on the first day of the ensuing year in a poem of a novel nature, entitled 1830.

A work by Sir H. Davy, entitled a Vision, written during his last illness, in the playful style of Salmona, is left to his executors for publication. His Life, written by Dr. Parke, is also expected.

Mr. Warburton, M.P., is at present engaged on a Life of Dr. Wollaston.

One volume of Moore's Life of Byron is printed off. It runs to 500 pages quarto. The other is expected to be finished by the first of January.

The next No. of the Family Library (after the Court and Camp) will be the second volume of the Lives of British Painters, including West, Fuseli, Barry, Blake, Opie, and Morland; after that, the concluding volume of Milman's History of the Jews; and then the first volume of the Life of George III., which in its illustrations is said to be far beyond any thing as yet attempted, except Dr. Dibdin's Bibliographical Tour.

The Author of the Revolt of the Bees has nearly ready for publication a poem entitled the Reproof of Brutus.

In the Press.—Delimitations of the North-Western Division of the County of Somerset; with a Descriptive Account of the Antediluvian Bone Caverns in the Mendip Hills, and a Geological Sketch of the District, by John Rutter.—The Nervous System, by Charles Bell, F.R.S., containing his Papers read before the Royal Society, with engravings, and an Appendix of Cases and Consultations illustrating the doctrines advanced in the text.—Ringingsted Abbey, or the Stranger's Grave, with Other Tales, by an Englishwoman.—The first No. of a New Topographical Dictionary of Great Britain and Ireland, by Mr. J. Gordon, editor of the General Biographical Dictionary, &c.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1829.

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Sir Walter Scott's History of Scotland.

OUR happiness, to be permanent and unalloyed, must spring from a well-directed cultivation of the head and heart. Every effort, therefore, in the diffusion of knowledge to which intelligent curiosity gives birth, should be cheered by the well-wisher of his species; and, as a consequence, he should also hail every improvement in the machinery of intelligence as a new engine for elevating man's moral nature.

Fortunately, these are no longer closet truths. The vastly important fact, that what improves or offends the understanding must at the same time elevate or taint the heart, is now felt and acknowledged, and, what is far better, is acted upon, by all ranks of society. Witness the eagerness with which every cheap and accessible compendium of useful knowledge is welcomed by every class of readers; witness the extensive circulation of our own *Literary Gazette*; and witness also the examples that are offered in the books published by the Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge—in Mr. Murray's Family Library—and in other similar publications: and we will predict the same of the great undertaking of which the first volume now lies before us.

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more advanced age;—who but Sir Walter Scott? and, accordingly, we find the "*Cabinet*" *History of Scotland* by that illustrious writer. Who, we might also ask, could be mentioned in the same breath with Sir James Mackintosh for writing the popular History of England? And from whom could the History of Ireland come so recommended as from the pen of Mr. Moore? The several departments of mathematical science and natural history, on the other hand, furnish an equally splendid list of contributors, or rather an equally luminous illustration of the divisions of intellectual labour. Who, for instance, so competent to treat of the several great branches of mathematical and mechanical science as a Brewster, a Brinkley, a Herschel, a Kater, a Lardner, or a Pond (the astronomer royal), a Sabine, and a whole host of other ornaments of their age and country, whom we find among the contributors to the *Cabinet Cyclopædia*? Again, if we look to the Natural History department we shall see the most distinguished naturalists and zoologists of the day furnishing treatises which cannot fail to create where it does not already exist—and to strengthen where it does—a relish for the study of natural history, which of all others is perhaps the most fascinating, and the best fitted to lead the mind to

"Look from nature up to nature's God."

But to return to the volume before us, the *History of Scotland*, by Sir Walter Scott, which we do not hesitate to declare will be, if possible, more extensively read than the most popular work of fiction of the same prolific author;—and for this obvious reason: it combines with much of the brilliant colouring of the *Ivanhoe* pictures of bygone manners, and all the graceful facility of style and picturesqueness of description of his other charming romances—a minute fidelity to the facts of history, and a searching scrutiny into their authenticity and relative value, which might put to the blush Mr. Hume and other professed historians. It is this rare union of the closest adherence to sober reality, with the panoramic description of the *Waverley Novels*, that will constitute the great attraction of the present volume. Such is the magic charm of Sir Walter Scott's pen, it has only to touch the simplest incident of every-day life, and it starts up invested with all the interest of a scene of romance; and yet such is his fidelity to the text of Nature, that the knights, and serfs, and collared fools, with whom his inventive genius has peopled so many volumes, are regarded by us not as mere creations of fancy, but as real flesh and blood existences, with all the virtues, feelings, and errors of commonplace humanity. This great charm of style, however, is not without its disadvantages. In the present instance we fear it may induce those unable to appreciate the profound research of which every page in the volume reminds the historical student, to regard the graphic sketches of manners and personal character with which it abounds, but as parts of a fantastical pageant of romance, like those so

* Be it remembered, however, that we are not, and never have been, the advocates for all things grave and solid, at the expense of amusing and imaginative literature. We rather adhere to the old saw, that All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.

vividly painted in the pages of *Ivanhoe* and the *Tales of the Crusaders*. It would appear, indeed, that Sir Walter had himself entertained some apprehensions on this score—for he seems to have entered upon the work with a resolution to be as subdued and matter-of-factish (we beg pardon for using the term) as the romantic history of Scotland could permit him—so as to guard against the accusation of having only given birth to another series of the *Canongate Chronicles*. In spite of this wise precaution, however, the magic of his style, like the nationality of his feelings, breathes through the entire volume, more particularly as the interest of his subject thickens upon his imagination, from the struggles of the Bruce to the fatal field of Flodden.

Sir Walter wisely passes over the fables of Hector Boethius—sanctioned though they have been by George Buchanan—concerning the early history of Scotland, without even a notice, and commences with the campaigns of Agricola and Severus. Mr. Pinkerton's anti-Celtic Euxine *peuk* origin of the Picts—the subject of so much angry controversy—meets with the like punishment of utter silence.

The falsification of history for the sake of effect, or for less excusable motives, by poets and novelists, is a charge to which Shakspeare is more obnoxious than Sir Walter Scott himself. It is a charge to which Shakspeare is also liable, from a too ready adoption of the fables and misrepresentations of the old *Chronicles*, as the reader will see in the following remark on the fate of the "gracious Duncan," who fell by the dagger of Macbeth. "On reading these names," observes our author, "every reader must feel as if brought from darkness into the blaze of noonday; so familiar are we with the personages whom we last named, and so clearly and distinctly we recall the events in which they are interested, in comparison with the doubtful and misty views which we can form of the twilight times before and after a fortunate period. But we must not be blinded by our poetical enthusiasm, nor add more than due importance to the legends, because they have been woven into the most striking tale of ambition and remorse that ever struck awe into a human bosom. The genius of Shakspeare having found the tale of Macbeth in the Scottish chronicles of Holinshed, adorned it with a lustre similar to that with which a level beam of the sun often invests some fragment of glass, which, though shining at a distance with the lustre of a diamond, is by a near investigation discovered to be of no worth or estimation. Duncan succeeded to Kenneth II. in 1033: he reigned only six years. Macbeth, his near relation, also a grand-child of Malcolm II., though by the mother's side, was stirred up by ambition to contest the throne with the possessor. The lady of Macbeth also, whose real name was *Graoch*, had deadly injuries to avenge on the reigning prince. She was the grand-daughter of Kenneth IV., killed in 1003, fighting against Malcolm II.; and other causes for revenge animated the mind of her who has been since painted as the sternest of women. The old annalists add some instigations of a supernatural kind to the influence of a vindictive woman over an ambitious husband. Three women, of more than human stature and beauty, appeared to Macbeth in a vision, and hailed him successively by the names of thane of Cromarty, thane of Moray, which the king afterwards bestowed on him, and king of Scots, which inspired him with the seductive hopes so well expressed in the drama. Macbeth broke no law of hospitality in his attempt on Duncan's

life. He attacked and slew the king at a place called Bothgowan, or the Smith's House, near Elgin, in 1039, and not, as has been supposed, in the castle of Inverness. The act was bloody, as was the custom of the times; but, in very truth, the claim of Macbeth to the throne, according to the rule of Scottish succession, was better than that of Duncan. As a king, the tyrant so much exclaimed against was, in reality, firm, just, and equitable. Apprehension of a party which Malcolm, the eldest son of the slaughtered Duncan, had set on foot in Northumberland, and still maintained in Scotland, seems, in process of time, to have soured the temper of Macbeth, and rendered him formidable to his nobility. Against Macduff, in particular, the powerful Maormor of Fife, he had uttered some threats which occasioned him to fly from the court of Scotland. Urged by this new counsellor, Siward, the Danish earl of Northumberland, invaded Scotland in the year 1054, displaying his banner in behalf of the banished Malcolm. Macbeth engaged them in the neighbourhood of his celebrated castle of Dunsinane. He was defeated, but escaped from the battle, and was slain at Lumphanan in 1056. Very slight observation will enable us to recollect how much this simple statement differs from that of the drama, though the plot of the latter is consistent enough with the inaccurate historians from whom Shakspeare drew his materials. It might be added, that early authorities shew us no such persons as Banquo and his son Fleance, nor have we reason to think that the latter ever fled further from Macbeth than across the flat scene, according to the stage direction. Neither were Banquo or his son ancestors of the house of Stuart. All these things are now known; but the mind dwells pertinaciously on the impression made by the impositions of genius. While the works of Shakspeare are read, and the English language subsists, History may say what she will; but the general reader will only recollect Macbeth as a sacrilegious usurper, and Richard as a deformed murderer."⁶

From the ascent of Duncan, A. D. 1034, to the death of David II. in 1371, Sir Walter chiefly follows Lord Hailes's *Annals* as his guide, than whom, as he remarks himself elsewhere, a better and surer will never be supplied. From that period there is no loss for materials, but great need of sagacity in using them. Without further remark, we shall quote a few passages which we think will interest the reader, while they will exhibit the spirit in which the volume is written.

"Robert Bruce had returned to London, and was in attendance on the English court, when a private token from the Earl of Gloucester, his kinsman, made him aware that his safety and liberty were in danger.† He left London instantly, and hastened to Scotland. It is said that near the Solway Sands they met an emissary of Comyn, whom they found bound for the English court. They killed the messenger without hesitation, and from the contents of his packet learned the extent of Comyn's treachery. In five days Bruce reached his castle of Lochmaben. It was in the month of February 1305-6, and the English justiciaries appointed by Edward's late regulations for preservation of the peace of the country of

Scotland were holding their *assizes* at Dumfries for that purpose. Bruce, who was not yet prepared for an open breach with England, was under the necessity of rendering attendance on this high court, and came to the town for that purpose. He here found Comyn, whom the same duty had brought to Dumfries. Bruce invited his rival to a private interview, which was held in the church of the Friars Minorite; a precaution—an unavailing one as it proved—for the safety of both parties, and the peaceful character of the meeting. They met by themselves, the slender retinue of each remaining apart and without the church. Between two such haughty rivals a quarrel was sure to arise, whether out of old feud or recent injury. The Scots historians say that Bruce upbraided Comyn with his treacherous communication to Edward: the English, more improbably, state that he then, for the first time, imparted to Comyn his plan of insurrection against England, which Comyn rejected with scorn, and that this gave occasion to what followed. Without pretending to detail, what no one save the survivor could have truly described, it is certain that a violent altercation took place, in which Comyn gave Bruce the lie, and Bruce in reply stabbed Comyn with his dagger. Confounded at the rashness of his own action, in a place so sacred, Bruce hastened out of the sanctuary. There stood without two of his friends and adherents, Kirkpatrick of Closeburne, and Lindsay, a younger son of Lindsay of Crawford. They saw Bruce's bloody weapon and disordered demeanour, and inquired eagerly the cause. 'I doubt,' said Bruce, 'I have slain the Red Comyn.' 'Do you trust that to doubt?' said Kirkpatrick; 'I make sure:' so saying, he rushed into the church, and despatched the wounded man. Sir Robert Comyn, the uncle of John, interfered to save his kinsman, but was slain along with him. The English justiciaries, hearing this tumult, barricaded themselves in the hall where they administered justice. Bruce, however, compelled them to surrender, by putting fire to their place of retreat, and thereafter dismissed them in safety. This rash act of anger and impatience broke off all chance which might still have remained to Bruce of accommodating matters with Edward."

The whole reign of Bruce will be read with deep interest, abounding as it does in the most romantic struggles for life and independence. The death of this hero is told with affecting simplicity. It would appear, from the following paragraph, that Sir Walter had adopted Mr. Tytler's views concerning Richard II.'s fabulous escape from Pomfret, and subsequent residence in Scotland.

"There is a story told by Bower, or Bowmaker, the continuator of Fordun's *Chronicle*, which has hitherto been treated as fabulous by the more modern historians. This story bears, that Richard II., generally supposed to have been murdered at Pontefract castle, either by the 'fierce hand of Sir Piers of Exton,' or by the slower and more cruel death of famine, did in reality make his escape by subtlety from his place of confinement; that he fled in disguise to the Scottish isles, and was recognised in the dominions of the lord of the isles by a certain fool or jester, who had been familiar in the court of England, as being no other than the dethroned king of that kingdom. Bower proceeds to state, that the person of Richard II., thus discovered, was delivered up by the lord of the isles to the lord Montgomery, and by him presented to Robert III., by whom he was honourably and becomingly maintained during

⁶ Macbeth, we believe, visited Rome, and was held to be one of the wisest and most accomplished princes of his age.—*Ed. L. G.*

[†] It is said the Earl of Gloucester sent Bruce a piece of money and a pair of spurs. Men's wits are sharpened by danger, and slighter intimations have been known to put them on their guard, and induce them to make their escape when peril hovered over them."

all the years of that prince's life. After the death of Robert III., this Richard is stated to have been supported in magnificence, and even in royal state, by the Duke of Albany, to have at length died in the castle of Stirling, and to have been interred in the church of the friars there, at the north angle of the altar. This singular legend is also attested by another contemporary historian, Winton, the prior of Lochleven. He tells the story with some slight differences, particularly that the fugitive and deposed monarch was recognised by an Irish lady, the wife of a brother of the lord of the Isles, that had seen him in Ireland—that being charged with being King Richard, he denied it—that he was placed in custody of the lord of Montgomery, and afterwards of the lord of Cumbernauld—and, finally, that he was long under the care of the regent Duke of Albany. 'But whether he was king or not, few,' said the chronicler of Lochleven, 'knew with certainty. The mysterious personage exhibited little devotion, would seldom incline to hear mass, and bore himself like one half wild or distracted.' Serle also, yeoman of the robes to Richard, was executed because, coming from Scotland to England, he reported that Richard was alive in the latter country. This legend, of so much importance to the history of both North and South Britain, has been hitherto treated as fabulous. But the researches and industry of the latest historian of Scotland have curiously illustrated this point, and shewn, from evidence collected in the original records, that this captive, called Richard II., actually lived many years in Scotland, and was supported at the public expense of that country."

We cannot conclude our observations on this work without noticing the generous emulation which seems to animate its chief supporters. Sir Walter Scott, in his preface, declares, that "there are few literary persons who would not be willing to incur much labour and risk of reputation, for the privilege of publishing in such society" as that of his coadjutors in the *Cabinet Cyclopædia*. Few indeed, if such be the sentiments of the first literary character of the age. Sir James Mackintosh, whose love of literary leisure is well known, has been roused into action by a like notice. "I ought to warn some readers," says this elegant writer, "that I have been partly allured to undertake this small work by a desire of tracing, in more than one form, the only example of the uninterrupted progress of a great people, during six centuries, towards liberty—the memorable peculiarity which renders the history of England interesting to all nations. I must not conceal, that I have also been tempted to the undertaking by the hazardous honour of connecting my name with the names of my fellow-labourers, especially of those whose opinion that I am not unworthy of their fellowship in such an undertaking ought more than to satisfy the remains of my expiring ambition."

The Fortunate Union; a Romance. Translated from the Chinese original, with Notes and Illustrations: to which is added, a Chinese Tragedy. By J. F. Davis, F.R.S. &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1829. Murray; and Parbury and Co.

WE consider it to be *fortunate* for the interests of literature, that since ponderous tomes have ceased to be favourites with the majority of readers, an abundant supply of lighter works on almost every subject has been furnished for their use; for had not this lighter reading been supplied, we fear that knowledge would have retrograded in the same degree that the at-

tachment to works of profound erudition has diminished. This acquaintance with the taste of the public induces us to suspect that many of our subscribers, if they wished to obtain some general ideas of Persian manners, would prefer reading the *Adventures of Hajji Baba*, or the *Sketches of Persia*, to consulting Sir William Ouseley's really erudite and valuable *Travels*; and for the same reason, we imagine that they will prefer acquiring some knowledge of public and private life in China from the *Fortunate Union*, to searching for it in the seven octavo volumes published by Grosier, or the four magnificent folios that were edited by Du Halde.

The *Fortunate Union** (*Hao-kewchuen*) is the second of a collection of ten Chinese novels, styled from their excellence *Tsae-tsze*, or works of genius, and of which the *Yuh-Kesoule*, translated by Professor Rémusat of Paris, is the third. In it we see the most singular people on earth, (self insulated as they are from all the rest of the world) portrayed by a native hand in almost every variety and condition of human life:

"Quicquid agunt homines—votum, timor, ira, voluptas, Gaudia, discursus—nostrum est farrago libelli."

The interest and bustle of the scene, the spirit of the dialogue, the strong delineation and strict keeping of all the characters, joined to the generally excellent moral that is conveyed throughout the romance, will, if we do not greatly err, make Mr. Davis's translation a source of pleasure and information to very many of our readers.

Circumscribed limits unfortunately prevent us from giving an abstract of this very interesting and amusing work; we must, therefore, content ourselves with extracting as a specimen, an account of a stratagem by which the heroine defeated the third attempt made by the hero's rival to compel her to marry him.

"On the morning of the 20th, Shueyplingsin failed not to proceed, with all the requisite preparations, to perform the sepulchral rites at her mother's tomb. On the preceding day, she had invited her uncle to accompany her with his three sons; but he, considering within himself that the seizure of his niece must necessarily be followed by some trouble, and that if he went in person, part of the responsibility might attach to himself, told her that he should be confined to the house by business of consequence. 'Well then,' said she, 'if you cannot go yourself, why not let my three cousins attend me?' 'The two elder,' replied Shueyun, 'have business at home; but the youngest may go and perform the rites with you.' This being settled, he privately informed Kwoketsu of his motives for staying away, adding, that his youngest son might be found useful as a spy on the occasion. The southern farm being about four miles distant from the city, the young lady rose at daylight to prepare herself, having a large state-chair ready, closed on the four sides with dark blinds, together with the yellow umbrella to lead the way. Four waiting maids followed, in as many small sedans; and the young cousin, with some attendants, brought up the rear on horseback. In this order they proceeded leisurely on their way to perform their sepulchral rites.

In the clear mirror the flower-spangled sprig
Reflected blooms—the moon's pale image lurks
In the bright wave, to mock the gazer's grasp!
Each effort vainly spent, his prey remains
Intangible as shadows in the stream.

On the arrival of Shueyplingsin at the farm,

* This is the sixth work that has been printed at the expense of the Oriental Translation Fund, of which we intend giving a short notice in an early Number.

her tenant opened the gate, and conducted her chair straight to the principal room, upon which the door was closed, and the attendants on horseback remained without the enclosure. The farmer's wife brought in tea, and when Shueyplingsin and her cousin had partaken of it, the young lady inquired if all things were prepared at the tomb? The woman replied that all was ready; upon which she rose and proceeded with her cousin to the sepulchre, at the back of the farm, where they made the proper offerings to the departed, and burnt the gilt paper. The rites being ended, Shueyplingsin went to visit a pavilion on the west side of the farm, to view the beds of chrysanthemum in full bloom: to the east and west were two lofty summer-houses, of which the eastern was surrounded with young peach-trees, for the sake of their blossoms in spring; and the western pavilion, being intended for autumnal visits, was provided, in like manner, with large collections of the chrysanthemum. It was now autumn, and the young lady paid her visit to the latter, admiring the abundant richness and beauty of the flowers, which spread round the base of the building like a variegated carpet of gold. 'Their slender shadow fills the enclosure, and a scattered scent pervades the flower-beds, planted in triple rows: the deeper and lighter tints reflect a yellow light, and the leaves shine varied from beneath the drops of dew. Each hungry floweret inhales the passing breeze, as it sheds around its incomparable lustre. The gazer sympathises with the languishing blossoms, bending their heads all faint and delicate; the mournful view awakes in his mind thoughts suitable to autumn. Say not that it is a sight to satiate the eyes of the indifferent beholder; know that such flowers as these once inspired the poet Taouyuenming, as he indulged his genius amidst verses and wine.' When she had admired the chrysanthemums, Shueyplingsin took a view of the country on the four sides of the pavilion, and observed the country people busily occupied with the autumnal harvest. To her surprise, however, she perceived two idle-looking fellows standing by the side of a mat shed, gazing at the people carrying the grain. Struck by this circumstance, she looked round and perceived three more seated on a heap of straw on the west side of the building, who, on finding that they were observed, immediately rose. On the other side of the wall, too, she caught a glimpse of her cousin, deeply engaged in conversation with a young man in a blue dress: she instantly suspected some mischief was in agitation, but said not a word. In a short time the farmer's wife invited her to take some refreshment within; and the young lady, descending from the pavilion, sent a message to her cousin to come and partake of it. When the repast was over, the latter urged their departure, proposing that, as they had nothing more to do, they should return home immediately. 'Do you amuse yourself a little longer,' said Shueyplingsin; 'I must give directions to the different tenants, and obtain from them some arrears of rent.' When he was gone, she first settled with the people, whom having dismissed, she retired with her females to a small back room, and seating herself there, made them turn all the clothes out of a leathern box, which was immediately filled with broken stones and rubbish, collected for her by a trusty domestic, who was called in to assist: the box was then quietly deposited under the seat of the state chair; a large stone was next bundled up in some clothes and placed upon the seat; after which the door of the chair was locked, and the blinds carefully secured on all sides. The faith-

ful domestics being then called in, and properly instructed, Shueypingsin dressed herself like one of the maids, and stepped into a small chair, the girl whose place she occupied being secretly left at the farm-house, with a charge to the tenant to send her home afterwards. Every thing duly arranged, the doors were thrown open and the chair-bearers summoned. These immediately entered from the enclosure, and each set of men going to their proper chair and taking it up, as before, carried it out, while the umbrella-bearer led the way, and the cousin followed on horseback attended by the servants. They had not proceeded above a bowshot from the farm, when between ten and twenty fellows started up in various directions, two from one side, and three from another, some of whom laid hold of the state chair, while others began to belabour the carriers. 'This is our ground,' cried they; 'what right have you to interfere with our livelihood?' The four chairmen being beaten away from their load, an equal number of the assailants took it upon their shoulders and ran away at full speed; upon which the mounted attendants in the rear galloped after them, exclaiming, 'Ruffian slaves, it is the daughter of the President Shueykenyih that you are carrying off in this insolent manner!' The others, however, only ran the faster, and when the pursuers had nearly reached them, Kwoketsu, who was on horseback under some fir-trees by the road side, with a party of mounted followers, threw himself in the way. 'That young lady,' cried he, 'is my bride, what do you mean by detaining her?' They pulled up in haste, and replied, 'We did not know it was you, sir,—but followed, lest our neglect should displease our lady.' 'Go away home,' said he, waving his hand, 'I will be answerable for all consequences.' With this he gave his horse the whip, and rode forward, with his attendants, towards the sedan. The servants of Shueypingsin, being in the secret, were glad to borrow this pretext for joining their young mistress in the small chair, and quietly attending her in safety to her home. As for Kwoketsu, he escorted the state sedan in joy and exultation into the city."

The astonishment and vexation of Kwoketsu on opening the sedan before the chief magistrates of the city, and many of his friends, whom he had invited to witness his triumph, can be so easily imagined, that we do not consider it necessary to lengthen this quotation by transcribing the account of them.

An English translation of the *Haoukew-chuen*, partly, if not entirely, made from a Portuguese version, having been published about seventy years since, under the title of the *Pleasant History*, we have investigated the comparative merits of the two versions; and, after collating several parts of both with the Chinese original, are thoroughly convinced that Mr. Davis's is incomparably more complete and faithful than the one that was edited by the Bishop of Dromore. It also contains all the poetry, which was entirely omitted in the *Pleasant History*, and many very curious notes; which, being principally derived from personal observation, possess peculiar value. The style of the translation also proves, that while Mr. Davis has been most successfully cultivating a knowledge of Chinese, he has not abandoned the *literas humaniores* of Europe.

In addition to the *Fortunate Union*, and a Chinese tragedy that is appended to it, Mr. Davis has translated a Chinese comedy, and a volume of *Tales*, published a collection of *Moral Maxims* in Chinese and English, and contributed several essays and translations to the

Royal Asiatic Society.* This well-bestowed industry encourages us to hope that we may be favoured with more publications from his prolific pen; and if we might recommend a work to him for translation, it would be the *San-kwo-che*, an elegantly written historical romance, relating to the civil wars of China in the third century. It would, at least, come within the compass of his leisure to collate with the original, and render into English, a Latin translation of the above-named work, made by a Catholic missionary, and at present in the library of the Royal Asiatic Society.

The British Naturalist.

[Second notice:—Conclusion.]

PURSUING the subject of emigration, we copy some particulars relative to the herring from this interesting volume.

These fish, we are told, "prefer the deep water, and, generally speaking, avoid the shoal coasts; and when they do get entangled upon one, great numbers are wrecked. The rocky promontory at the east end of the county of Fife, off which there lies an extensive reef or rock, sometimes has that effect; and there have been seas in which, when the difficulties of the place were augmented by a strong wind at south-east, that carried breakers upon the reef and a heavy surf along the shore, the beach for many miles has been covered with a bank of herrings several feet in depth, which, if taken and salted when first left by the tide, would have been worth many thousands of pounds; but which, as there was not a sufficient supply of salt in the neighbourhood, were allowed to remain putrefying upon the beach, until the farmers found leisure to cart them away as manure. The herring is a remarkably delicate fish, and dies almost the instant that it is out of the water, or gets the slightest injury in it; and these circumstances, while they render the stranded shoals a much more frequent, abundant, and easy prey than if they were more tenacious of life, cause them to putrefy much sooner. One of those strandings took place in and around the harbour of the small town of Crail only a few years ago, but before the new regulations were passed with regard to salt. The water appeared at first so full of herrings, that half-a-dozen could be taken by one dip of a basket. Numbers of people thronged to the water's edge and fished with great success; and the public crier was sent through the town, to proclaim that 'callar herrin'—that is, herrings fresh out of the sea—might be had at the rate of forty a-penny. As the water rose the fish accumulated, till numbers were stunned, and the rising tide was bordered with fish, with which baskets could be filled in an instant. The crier was upon this instructed to alter his note, and the people were invited to repair to the shore and get herrings at one shilling a cart load. But every successive wave of the flood added to the mass of fish, and brought it nearer to the land, which caused a fresh invitation to whoever might be inclined to come and take what herrings they chose gratis. The fish still continued to accumulate till the height of the flood; and when the water began to ebb, they remained on the beach. It was rather early in the season, so that warm weather might be expected; and the effluvia of so many putrid fish might occasion disease; therefore the corporation offered a reward of one shilling to

every one who would remove a full cart-load of herrings from that part of the shore which was under their jurisdiction:—the fish being immediately from the deep water, were in the highest condition, and barely dead. All the salt from the town and neighbourhood was instantly put in requisition; but it did not suffice for the thousandth part of the mass,—a great proportion of which, notwithstanding some not very successful attempts to carry off a few sloop loads, in bulk was lost.—In the bays or 'lochs,' on the west coast of Scotland, where the shoals of herrings are very abundant, and apt to be driven ashore and stranded by heavy gales from the north-west, these casualties often occur. But though these occurrences are a great and obvious loss, they do not appear to have any effect upon the supply of herrings, whose numbers do not seem capable of apparent diminution, either by the casualties of nature or the schemes of art. The habits of this most abundant, and, perhaps, all things considered, most valuable fish, are but imperfectly known; and they have been a good deal misrepresented. Their apparently capricious visits to particular parts of the coast, which did not seem to depend upon any known law, naturally enough led the inhabitants of the places which they thus periodically, but irregularly, visited, to impute to them certain superstitious likes and dislikes. The naturalists, too, or those who took upon themselves that character, publishing their opinions from little observation and less reflection, rendered the delusion more extensive and inveterate; till those who had never seen a live herring, were able to trace its migrations in the deep with as much certainty as they could the motion of the hands upon the dial of the village clock.

"The herrings do not come in myriads from the polar sea, beginning their progress in January, because there are no means of producing them there. Spawn has not been found to animate in any place except floating near the surface, or in shallow water, where both the sun and the air act upon it; and while the polar seas and shores are open to such action, the herrings are not there; they are on our shores, the full-grown and the young. But setting aside the impossibility, the supposed emigration would be without an object: they would not come for food, as they are said to leave the north just when food would be found there; and if they are annually produced in the north, they could not come to our shores for the purpose of spawning, even though they are all obviously in preparation for such a purpose. Beside, there is no animal that migrates southward in the spring, and therefore the theory would require one law for the rest of creation, and another for the herring—that the latter should be chilled by the general warmth of the spring, and warmed by the polar frost. Now, so far is the production of fish from being independent of the influence of heat, that, just as we would be led to infer from the slow progress of the solar beams through the element in which they live, they require the whole, or the greater part of our summer, to mature the germs of their countless broods. Nay, it appears that many, if not most of the species, cannot mature their spawn in the depths of the ocean, to which they retire to recruit their strength; but that they come to the shores and shallows, where the heat of the sun can penetrate to the bottom, and be reflected by it, for the purpose of maturing as well as of depositing their spawn. We know not, and we cannot know, the secrets of those mighty depths which no plummet can

* A very elaborate and interesting Essay on the Poetry of the Chinese, by Mr. Davis, is expected to appear in the next fasciculus of the Royal Asiatic Society's Transactions.

fathom; but we have every reason to believe that there is a profundity where animals, constructed as the fishes that we see are, could not by possibility exist. Imagine the pressure of a thousand atmospheres, or between six and seven tons, upon every square inch of surface, and think of the miracle of muscular power which could give motion even to the smallest fish there; imagine, too, a permanence of state where the air never moves, and the sun never warms; and think what a dwelling for that which must breathe by an apparatus so delicate as the gills of a fish! It may be said, that God is capable of making creatures adapted for living there. We do not deny that he is, neither do we deny their existence; but we deny that the laws of nature are ever violated, which they would be, were the fishes which we know able to move under such a pressure, or propagate, so completely excluded from the action of the sun and the air. The herrings come to the shores and estuaries to mature and propagate their spawn, which they do over a greater range of the year than most other fish, continuing the operation to the middle of winter, and retiring into deeper water after that is done. But there is no reason to conclude that they have much migration in latitude, or that they ever move far from those shores which they frequent in the season. The fry too are found on the shores and in the bays and estuaries frequented by their parents; and they do not go to the deep water till late in the season. They even appear to go farther up the rivers than the old fish, for they may be taken in brackish water with a common trout-fly. The habits of the herring are thus a good deal like those of the salmon; and it is probable that there is a great similarity in the whole *oviparous* fishes; that they all frequent the banks and shoals for the purpose of spawning, and go to some short distance in deeper water to recover their strength. Those which are *ovoviviparous*, or bring forth their young hatched, are under no such necessity; though they follow the others to feed upon them and their spawn or fry, and probably require the influence of the air and heat of the shallow water to perfect the internal hatching of their eggs. It has not been ascertained whether any of these fish spawn every year; but there are some facts which would lead to the conclusion that they do not. The white-fishing, on the east coast of Scotland, which is principally carried on for the common cod (*morhua vulgaris*), and the haddock (*morhua agliffinus*), used to be, in a great measure, suspended during the spring, when the fish had spawned; but, in time, the fishermen found out, that when the fish were neither plentiful nor good upon the shallow banks, they had only to be a little more adventurous, and go into the deep water, in order to be successful all the year round. Now the fish found in the deep water cannot be those which have just spawned, for they are fat and firm, and have young milts and roes in them; and hence there is some probability that the cod, and other fish of the same structure, take two years or more to produce their immense progeny; and that thus there is not a fish in the sea but which is in season all the year, if its place of residence and the mode of taking it were known. It is by these general views that the particular facts are made to connect themselves with the system of nature, and lead to useful discoveries in the arts. When the fish are upon the shores and in the estuaries, nay, when they are upon the wide ocean, they have a host of enemies. All fishes seem to be themselves *omnivorous*—consuming every thing that

they can swallow; and the number of sea-birds is perfectly incredible. The numbers that are upon the uninhabited islets in Orkney, Shetland, and the Western isles, as well as at those inaccessible promontories on other parts of the coast, would exceed the belief of any one who has not actually seen them, and yet they are nothing to the numbers found in lonely places, surrounded by more extensive seas."

Of the seal we are told—

"When a seal cannot escape, it will bite in self defence, but it does so only in extremities; and if a blow be aimed at it with a stick, it tries to seize the stick rather than bite the assailant. In this it sometimes succeeds, and then wriggles off to the water, where it swims about with the stick in its mouth, in a playful or triumphant manner. It is more easily tamed than, perhaps, any other animal; is capable of feeling a great deal of affection; and appears fond of the society of man. During the time that rumoured invasions by the French caused all parts of the coast of Britain to be fortified, a small party on one of the little islands in the Firth of Forth, above Edinburgh, amused themselves by taming a seal. It had all the affection and all the playfulness of a dog. It fished for itself, and (we believe) sometimes for its masters. It fawned about them, licked their hands, and, if it did not accompany those who made an excursion in the boat, it was sure to meet them on their return. It always came to their hut to sleep, and conducted itself as if it felt that it was one of the party. Sometimes it would snatch up a stick or a brush, and scamper off to the water, where it swam about with the plunder in its mouth, often approaching the shore till within reach of its observers, and then it would be off to a distance. But though it seemed to take delight in teasing them in that way, it always ultimately came back with whatever it had taken, and laid it at their feet, fawning and fondling all the while. Indeed, if they did not give chase, it seldom remained long in the water, but came back apparently disappointed at being deprived of its sport. When they went to Leith for orders or stores, the seal generally accompanied them, swimming all the way at the side or stern of the boat; and when the boat was made fast at the pier at Leith, it took up its position inside, and kept watch till they returned. Fish was not its only food; it could eat many things, and it was very fond of bread and milk. There was no saying how far its training might have been carried, but it fell out of a bed and was killed while young. The ease with which the seal can be tamed, the playfulness of its manners, and the steady attachment which it has for its home and its human associates, together with the value of its skin and its oil (its flesh used formerly to be eaten, and there is no question that the quality could be greatly improved, if a mixture of other food were given along with the fish); these, and also its disposition to part with a portion, at least, of the produce of its fishing, point out a great probability of advantage that would result from the addition of the seal to the list of domestic animals. Probably it might be found to combine many of the valuable qualities of the ox and the dog, while no rent would have to be paid for its pasture. It so happens, also, that the places where seals are now most abundant, are those at which the keep of land animals is most expensive; and the idea that the herd should come from the sea to be milked, or give their carcases as food, or that a man should go forth a-fishing with a pack of seals around his boat, involves no more of the impossible or the ridiculous, than many

things that are now of every-day occurrence, would have involved if mentioned only fifty years ago. The female seal generally produces two at a birth, and the time of their production is about Midsummer. She is an affectionate mother, and battles keenly for her young, if she be there when any one goes to annoy them. Her nursery is generally in a cave; and in the large caves, such as those upon the north coast of Scotland, there is often a number in the same. The people frequently enter with torches and clubs, for the purpose of despatching them, and they are killed by a comparatively slight blow on the nose; but when there are many old ones in the cave, they often upset the intruders in the scuffle, and thus the scene becomes ludicrous, if not dangerous. Seals are often caught in rather a cruel manner: iron hooks are placed in the front of the rock or bank on which they are basking, or in a beam of timber placed against it; a person then steals near to the place where they lie, fires a musket, or makes any other loud and sudden noise, at which they take alarm, and, forgetting their usual caution in avoiding dangers, plunge headlong toward the water, and are caught and suspended upon the hooks. As seals approach more nearly to the nature and character of land animals than any other inhabitants of the water, which are not very well fitted for locomotion upon land, so they are, like these, subject to epidemical diseases, which often affect them, to a very great extent. There have been instances in which the beaches every where on the north coast of Scotland, and the islands of Orkney and Shetland, have been covered with the bodies of dead seals which were cast ashore by the tide; and when that has occurred, the seals that were seen swimming in the water were weak and sickly. The source of these casualties is not known; and no observation appears to have been taken of the particular state either of the atmosphere or of the sea."

Here, however, we must conclude and set our seal, again recommending the *British Naturalist* as a very agreeable and excellent performance.

AMERICAN ANNUALS.

The Atlantic Souvenir. Philadelphia, 1830, Carey, Lea, and Carey; London, Kennett.

The Token: a Christmas and New Year's Present. Edited by S. G. Goodrich. Boston, 1830. Carter and Hendee.

THESE are two very pretty little volumes, and with many an article in their table of contents worthy of the pages of the best of their European ancestors. With due respect to seniority, we shall begin with the *Atlantic Souvenir*. The poetry is not of an original, consequently not of a high order,—there is much, however, that is very pretty; and the "Lays of the Seasons," by James G. Percival—"the Stolen Ring," by G. P. Willis—"the Crystal Gem," by W. H. Lance—and "the Night Hawk," by J. W. Stebbins, which contains some peculiarly fine lines;—all deserve especial notice. The longest tale is certainly the worst:—"Love's Falconrie" has been told in every possible manner; and we do wish an interdict were laid on the loves of Mary Tudor and Charles Brandon,—for our time at least. But it has some clever companions—"Cacoëthes Scribendi," by the author of Hope Leslie, is very lively and graceful; and "the Ghost," by J. K. Paulding, is told with great humour. The following extract is from "the Fawn's Leap:" we must premise that "the Fawn" is the name given to a young Indian girl, whose lover has been taken prisoner, but whom she

attempts to rescue. She visits him in the disguise of a magician.

"The following day the same mummery was repeated; and the guard, not only unsuspecting, but exhibiting some symptoms of disgust and weariness at the perseverance of the sorceress, lay indolently about the dungeon; thus enabling Xalissa briefly to unfold her plan. 'To-morrow you are doomed to the stake. We must fly to-night. The warrior who guards the door, I have told you, is my brother; his life must be safe—at least till all else fails. We must exchange dresses. I know the passes to the river, which you do not; wounded, you could not escape. I will break the guard! When the Natchez pursue me, take your course to the Humachitto. I will meet you where it joins the Mississippi. Fear not for me—the bowstrings will be charmed! My foot is light. Be silent. Obey, and we are safe!' Then, with a wild and unearthly shriek, she seized a fire-brand, and renewing her sibyl-like denunciations and incoherent maledictions, her voice sank away, as if from the exhaustion of passion, into coarse and direful tones: the notes were taken up by the guard excited to fury, and the song of death rang fearfully among the surrounding echoes. Xalissa returned at night prepared to accomplish her hazardous purpose. She had brought with her a vegetable acid, active and powerful in its effects; and with this, in the progress of her pretended witchcraft, she managed to touch all the bowstrings. The savages were passive and unsuspecting; for they regarded her as being supernaturally inspired, and excited to new raptures by the near prospect of vengeance and blood. So soon as all became silent, and the watch-fire sank down upon the embers, she again seated herself by the side of Alama and cautiously severed the cords which bound him. She took his bright head-piece and clasped it on her own brow. She then put her mask upon him, and threw around him the particoloured tunic she had worn, at the same time enveloping her little person in his hunting-shirt, stiff with blood from numerous and ghastly wounds. She now took the position he occupied; while Alama, assuming hers, personated the character of the tormentress, while she appeared as the wounded and condemned captive. These changes were effected more silently and rapidly than can be explained by words. Fuel had been added to the fire by the Indians. And, by the time they were accomplished, the flame went up, bright and sparkling, in the midst of a savage but picturesque group, worthy the pencil of Salvator Rosa. Now was the moment for action. Xalissa sprang forward, and, by a blow dealt with all her force, threw her brother from his balance, and passed him. He, not doubting that the prisoner had escaped while the old woman slept, raised a whoop which alarmed all his companions. They seized their bows, and before Xalissa had passed beyond the light of the fire, twenty arrows were drawn upon her, either of which must have proved mortal; but the charm she employed proved effectual, and the bowstrings snapped into a thousand pieces! They were, of course, relinquished, and the whole band, with a shout of vengeance, pressed hotly on the flying girl. We now return to Alama. The brief communications which necessarily passed between him and Xalissa, and the engrossing interest of the occasion, did not enable him properly to appreciate the motives of this generous girl. All now flashed upon his mind. After his fetters were removed, he might have passed

the guard as she had done, and with no greater hazard; but she dreaded lest Alama, in the struggle for escape, would endanger the life of her brother; or that, stiff from wounds, he would be overtaken in flight. But if these apprehensions had proved groundless, his ignorance of the passes might involve him in difficulty, or, at best, leave him to contend, at fearful odds, with those who could tread blindfold every bayou and deer-path of these intricate defiles. On the other hand, disguised as she was, she did not deem it possible that the Indians would suspect any stratagem, and, consequently, the pursuit being drawn upon her, Alama, though wounded, might in a few hours be beyond the fear of danger. So far all had succeeded; and the prisoner left the scene of his sufferings unmolested, and with new sentiments of admiration and affection for the devoted maid. Divesting himself of his encumbrances, he was soon buried in the recesses of the forest, and turned his yet feeble steps to the point designated by her. In the mean time the lovely Fawn, impelled less by fear for herself than anxiety and affection for him, fled before her pursuers. Her light and symmetrical form, borne along as if by the breeze, seemed to flit onward like some bird of night on its noiseless wing. The Indians in the outset were in no doubt of overtaking the wounded prisoner, and laughed in scorn at the shallow attempt made to escape, where cunning had not been resorted to, and where physical power or personal bravery could not avail. They were, however, speedily undeceived, and derision turned into utter astonishment, at the spectacle of a wounded and emaciated prisoner, with the speed of a deer, setting at defiance their fleetest runners. With every inducement, therefore, to urge them on, they encouraged one another to new efforts and redoubled exertions. They now rapidly approached the rugged and uneven ground which marks the line of the 'Ellis Cliffs.' The continual abrasion of the Mississippi undermines huge banks of earth, overhanging here the margin of the precipitous shore, leaving frightful chasms and deep bayous running on a level with the river, and at various angles to its course, far up into the heights. This, together with the springs, bursting out at various altitudes, and passing through sandy or decaying strata, produces, particularly in the rainy season, a melting and sinking of the soil, and a waving, uneven surface. On the return of the summer suns the soil becomes baked, and extremely rigid and disagreeable to the feet. It was here that Xalissa, struggling against difficulties and dangers, and beset by enemies active and persevering, found her strength beginning to yield. From the operation of causes just detailed, the pass to the river, formerly used by the Natchez, had been cut off, and another was now resorted to, though farther and more circuitous. The former ran along a narrow ridge between two deep ravines. Across this a rain gutter had been formed, which, gradually widening, had become a deep and dangerous gulf, deemed impassable by the foot of man. It was the spot recognised by my old Indian friend. The object of those in pursuit was, therefore, to cut off the retreat of Xalissa by the new route, should she attempt it, and drive her upon one of which they supposed her ignorant, being that abandoned as impassable by reason of the 'break.' Xalissa, however, knew them both. She strained every nerve to reach the new and safe descent. It was in vain. The poor girl, nearly exhausted, found, as daylight approach-

ed, that her brother, the fleetest of the Indians, was gaining upon her, and that, in fact, escape by mortal means was almost hopeless. She therefore ceased her flight, and paused, as if collecting her powers for some desperate resource. Upon this the Indians, secure of their victim, sent forth a yell of triumph. Xalissa now turned suddenly and went directly down the deserted pass. In this attempt no interference was offered by the Natchez. On the contrary, when they reached its entrance, and saw her pent up between the highlands and the chasm, without hope of escape either to the right or the left, their joy was uncontrolled, and a savage and exulting cry rang ominously among the cliffs. The enthusiastic girl felt that a moment had arrived, involving her own fate and that of her wounded lover; for her capture must expose the stratagem, and place his fate beyond the reach of hope. Between these probabilities and personal danger there was, in her mind, no hesitation. She hastily threw off the hunting shirt taken from Alama, tightened the belt that clasped her person, and, with a fearless bound, cleared the appalling gulf, now spreading forth its terrors between her and the astonished and baffled savages! Pausing for a moment to recover from the stunning effect of the leap, she raised her beautiful eyes in adoration to her divinity, whose warm rays were just emerging from the east. To her his rising seemed invested with new glories: perhaps she believed that he contemplated her enterprise with favour, and thus benignly smiled on its success. Be it, however, as it may, she offered to heaven the purest of all sacrifices—the tribute of an innocent and grateful heart; then, plunging forward into the forest, she sought the shores of the Mississippi. Alama, in the meanwhile, unobstructed and unpursued, reached the mouth of the Humachitto; and there upon the bank, trembling with anxiety for his safety, sat his beloved girl! She sprang forward, in her artlessness and affection, and, clasped in the arms of the wounded chief, hid her face, radiant with joy, in his manly bosom."

We now proceed to the *Taken*; and among the best of its contents are the "Utilitarian," a very singular but striking tale, by John Neal, the author, if we mistake not, of some most original American novels; "The Height of Impudence," by James Isaacs, a humorous sketch; "The Country Cousin," by the author of *Hope Leslie*, sweetly told; and from the "Indian Fighter," by the author of *Francis Berrian*, we extract a picturesque sketch of American scenery.

"With us emigrated a band of backwoodsmen, who sought their homes on these fair and untrodden plains. As friends knit by the ties of common pursuits, and the strong bond of intending to be fellow-dwellers in the desert, we selected contiguous farms on the open grass plains; and our cabins rose under the pecan and sugar maples, that formed a skirt of deep and beautiful forest on the banks of the stream. We were fresh from the fastidious creations of luxury and art. I well remember the day when our tents were first pitched in the wild. Here all was fresh nature, as in our forsaken home all had been marked with the labour of man. The sky was beautifully blue and cloudless; and the mild south gently rustled the trees, as it bore fragrance in soft whispers along the flowering wilderness. The huge, straight trees were all moss-covered; and their gray trunks rose proudly, like columns. The starting hares and deers, and the wild denizens of the woods bounded away from our path. Eagles and os-

rion vultures soared above our heads. Birds with brilliant plumage of red, green, and gold, sang among the branches. The countless millions of water-dwellers, awakened from the long sleep of winter, mingled their cries in the surrounding waters. We added to this promiscuous hymn of nature the clarion echoes of our bugles, the baying of our dogs, all the glad domestic sounds of animals that have joined partnership with man, the hearty blows of the woodcutter's axe, the crash of falling trees, and the reckless wood notes of the first songs which these solitudes had heard from the creation."

We wish we could find room for the conclu-

sion of "Chocorua's Curse," by the author of "Hobomok;" but our limits forbid: and we have only to say, that these Annuals do much credit to American literary taste and refinement; they deserve all possible encouragement from their countrymen; and in recommending them to our own, we open to them a new and considerable source of pleasure.

Hood's Comic Annual.

(Second Notice.)

We gave in our last a taste of the literary humours of this merry tome, both in verse and

prose; but confessed our inability to convey any adequate notion of the drollery of its wood-cut embellishments, of which there are about fourscore, and every one of them a laugh. It now affords us pleasure to supply this desideratum; and here we present our readers with three specimens of these ludicrous pictorial jokes. Like many of the author's whims, they are so odd, that we wonder they could ever have entered into any body's head; and certainly they never could, in such numbers and variety, enter into any head but that of Thomas Hood.



A Constable's Miscellany.



Enjoying the Tails of my Landlord.



Breaking-up, no holiday.

Having already pretty fairly illustrated the literary portion of the "Comic," we shall only add a few short examples, and mention that three of the most amusing pieces formerly appeared in the pages of the *Literary Gazette*. We would also refer to the "Storm at Hastings," as a poem containing a fine mixture of the beautiful and the playful; but as it is too long for our purpose, we quote, in preference, a parody on a sweet composition of Mr. Reynolds', in his published poems.

"Lines to a Lady on her Departure for India.

Go where the waves run rather Holborn-hilly,
And tempests make a soda-water sea,

Almost as rough as our rough Piccadilly,
And think of me!

Go where the mild Madeira ripens her juice,—
A wine more praised than it deserves to be!

Go pass the Cape, just capable of ver-juice,
And think of me!

Go where the tiger in the darkness prowleth,
Making a midnight meal of he and she;

Go where the lion in his hunger howleth,
And think of me!

Go where the serpent dangerously colleth,
Or lies along at full length like a tree;

Go where the Sutte in her own soot broleth,
And think of me!

Go where with human notes the parrot dealeth
In mono-poly-logue with tongue as free,
And, like a woman, all she can revealeth,
And think of me!

Go to the land of mullin and nankeening,
And parasols of straw where hats should be;
Go to the land of slaves and palankeening,
And think of me!

Go to the land of jungles and of vast hills,
And tall bamboo—may none bamboo thee!
Go gaze upon their Elephants and Castles,
And think of me!

Go where a cook must always be a currier,
And parch the pepper'd palate like a pea;
Go where the fierce mosquito is a worrier,
And think of me!

Go where the maiden on a marriage plan goes,
Consign'd for wedlock to Calcutta's quay,
Where woman goes for mart the same as mangoes,
And think of me!

Go where the sun is very hot and fervent;
Go to the land of pagod and rupee,

Where every black will be your slave and servant,
And think of me!"

The following is also a whimsical parody on some lines by L. E. L., which were printed in the *Gazette* some years ago,—nearly at the period when that delightful writer commenced her popular career.*

"The Burning of the Love Letter."

'Sometimes they were put to the proof by what was called the fiery ordeal.'—*History of England.*

"No morning ever seem'd so long!
I tried to read with all my might!
In my left hand 'My Landlord's Tales,'
And threepence ready in my right."

'Twas twelve at last—my heart beat high!—
The postman rattled at the door!
And just upon her road to church,
I dropt the 'Bride of Lammermoor!'

I seized the note—I flew up stairs—
Plunged to the door, and lock'd me in—
With panting haste I tore the seal,
And kiss'd the B in Benjamin!

'Twas full of love—to rhyme with dove—
And all that tender sort of thing—
Of sweet and meet, and heart and dart—
But not a word about a ring!

In doubt I cast it in the flame,
And stood to watch the latest spark,
And saw the love all end in smoke,
Without a parson and a clerk!"

Of the more original pieces the following will yield—our London friends in particular—a bit of merriment.

Ode to the Advocates for the Removal of Smithfield Market.

'Sweeping our flocks and herds.'—*Douglas.*

"O philanthropic men!—
For this address I need not make apology—
Who aim at clearing out the Smithfield pen,
And planting further off its vile zoology—
Permit me thus to tell
I like your efforts well!

For routing that great nest of hornthology!

Be not dismay'd, although repulsed at first,
And driven from their horse, and pig, and lamb parts;
Charge on!—you shall upon their hornworks burst,
And carry all their bull-warks and their ram-parts.

Go on, ye wholesale drovers!
And drive away the Smithfield flocks and herds!
As wild as Tartar-Curds,
That come so fat and kicking from their clovers,
Off with them all!—those restive brutes, that vex
Our streets, and plunge, and lunge, and butt, and battle;
And save the female sex
From being cow'd, like I, by the cattle!

Fancy,—when droves appear on
The hill of Holborn, roaring from its top,—
Your ladies—ready, as they own, to drop,
Taking themselves to Thomson's with a Fear-on!

Or, in St. Martin's Lane,
Scared by a bullock in a frisky vein,—
Fancy the terror of your timid daughters,
While rushing souse
Into a coffee-house
To find it—Slaughter's!

Or fancy this:—
Walking along the street, some stranger Miss,
Her head with no such thought of danger laden,
When suddenly 'tis 'Aries Taurus Virgo!'
You don't know Latin, I translate it ergo,—
Into your Arcas a Bull throws the Maiden!

Think of some poor old crone
Treated, just like a penny, with a toss!
At that vile spot now grown
So generally known!

For making a Cow Cross!
Nay, fancy your own selves far off from stall,
Or shed, or shop,—and that an ox infuriate
Just pins you to the wall,
Giving you a strong dose of oxy-muriate!
Methinks I hear the neighbours that live round

The market-ground
Thus make appeal unto their civic fellows—
'Tis well for you that live apart—unable
To hear this brutal Babel;
But our fire-sides are troubled with their bellows.

Folks that too freely sup
Must e'en put up
With their own troubles if they can't digest;

* No poetry, except Lalla Rookh, has had so extensive a circulation as the volumes of L. E. L. The Improvisatrice, the Troubadour, and the Golden Violet, have gone through many large editions; and the Venetian Bracelet, though only published the other day, and amid all the bustle of the *Annals*, is rapidly exhausting the last of an edition of fifteen hundred copies. If poetry be the drug it is so often represented, this must be considered a striking exception to the rule, either in favour of the public taste, or of the genius of the author:—or perhaps of both.

But we must needs regard
The case as hard
That *others'* virtuals should disturb our rest,—
That from our sleep your food should start and jump us!
We like ourselves a steak—
But, sirs, for pity's sake,
We don't want oxen at our doors to *rump-us!*
If we do doze—it really is too bad!
We constantly are roar'd awake or rung,
Through bullocks mad
That run in all the 'Night Thoughts' of our Young!
Such are the woes of sleepers—now let's take
The woes of those that wish to keep a *woake!*
O think when Wombwell gives his annual feasts,
Think of these 'bulls of Bashan,' far from mild ones:
Such fierce tame beasts,
That nobody much cares to see the wild ones!
Think of the show-woman, 'what shews a dwarf,'
Seeing a red cow come
To swallow her Tom Thumb,
And forced with broom of birch to keep her off!
Think, too, of Messrs. Richardson and Co.,
When looking at their public private boxes,
To see in the back row
Three live sheep's heads, a porker's, and an ox's!
Think of their orchestra, when two horns come
Through to accompany the double drum!
Or, in the midst of murder and remorse,
Just when the ghost is certain,
A great rent in the curtain,
And enter two tall skeletons—of horses!
Great philanthropics! pray urge these topics
Upon the solemn councils of the nation;
Get a bill soon, and give some nook
The bulls a bull of excommunication!
Let the old Fair have fair play as its right,
And to each show and sight
Ye shall be treated with a free-lit latitude:—
To Richardson's stage dramas,
Dio—and Cosmo—ramas,
Giants and Indians wild,
Dwarf, sea-bear, and fat child,
And that most rare of shows—a show of gratitude!"

We conclude with "St. Mark's Eve"—a slight, but extremely well-told tale.

"The devil choke thee with un!"—as Master Giles the yeoman said this, he banged down a hand, in size and colour like a ham, on the old-fashioned oak table;—"I do say, the devil choke thee with un!" The dame made no reply:—she was choking with passion and a fowl's liver—the original cause of the dispute. A great deal has been said and sung of the advantage of congenial tastes amongst married people; but true it is, the variances of our Kentish couple arose from this very coincidence in gusto. They were both fond of the little delicacy in question; but the dame had managed to secure the morsel for herself, and this was sufficient to cause a storm of very high words—which, properly understood, signifies very low language. Their meal-times seldom passed over without some contention of the sort,—as sure as the knives and forks clashed, so did they—being in fact equally greedy and disagreeing—and when they did pick a quarrel they picked it to the bone. It was reported, that on some occasions they had not even contented themselves with hard speeches, but that they had come to scuffling—he taking to boxing, and she to pinching—though in a far less amicable manner than is practised by the takers of snuff. On the present difference, however, they were satisfied with 'wishing each other dead with all their hearts'—and there seemed little doubt of the sincerity of the aspiration, on looking at their malignant faces,—for they made a horrible picture in this frame of mind. Now it happened that this quarrel took place on the morning of St. Mark,—a saint who was supposed on that festival to favour his votaries with a peep into the Book of Fate. For it was the popular belief in those days, that if a person should keep watch towards midnight beside the church, the apparitions of all those of the parish who were to be taken by death before the next anniversary, would be seen entering the porch. The yeoman, like his neighbours, believed most devoutly in this superstition—and in the very moment that he breathed

the unseemly aspiration aforesaid, it occurred to him, that the even was at hand, when, by observing the rite of St. Mark, he might know to a certainty whether this unchristian wish was to be one of those that bear fruit. Accordingly, a little before midnight he stole quietly out of the house, and in something of a sexton-like spirit set forth on his way to the church. In the meantime the dame called to mind the same ceremonial; and having the like motive for curiosity with her husband, she also put on her cloak and calash, and set out, though by a different path, on the same errand. The night of the saint was as dark and chill as the mysteries he was supposed to reveal, the moon throwing but a short occasional glance, as the sluggish masses of cloud were driven slowly across her face. Thus it fell out that our two adventurers were quite unconscious of being in company, till a sudden glimpse of moonlight shewed them to each other, only a few yards apart; both, through a natural panic, as pale as ghosts, and both making eagerly towards the church porch. Much as they had just wished for this vision, they could not help quaking and stopping on the spot, as if turned to a pair of tombstones, and in this position the dark again threw a sudden curtain over them, and they disappeared from each other. It will be supposed the two came only to one conclusion, each conceiving that St. Mark had marked the other to himself. With this comfortable knowledge, the widow and widower elect hid home again by the roads they came; and as their custom was to sit apart after a quarrel, they repaired, each ignorant of the other's excursion, to separate chambers. By and by, being called to supper, instead of sulking as aforetime, they came down together, each being secretly in the best humour, though mutually suspected of the worst; and among other things on the table, there was a calf's sweetbread, being one of those very dainties that had often set them together by the ears. The dame looked and longed, but she refrained from its appropriation, thinking within herself that she could give up sweetbreads for one year: and the farmer made a similar reflection. After pushing the dish to and fro several times, by a common impulse they divided the treat; and then, having supped, they retired amicably to rest, whereas until then, they had never gone to bed without falling out. The truth was, each looked upon the other as being already in the church-yard mould, or quite 'moulded to their wish.' On the morrow, which happened to be the dame's birth-day, the farmer was the first to wake, and knowing what he knew, and having besides but just roused himself out of a dream strictly confirmatory of the late vigil, he did not scruple to salute his wife, and wish her many happy returns of the day. The wife, who knew as much as he, very readily wished him the same, having in truth but just rubbed out of her eyes the pattern of a widow's bonnet, that had been submitted to her in her sleep. She took care, however, to give the fowl's liver at dinner to the doom'd man, considering that when he was dead and gone, she could have them, if she pleased, seven days in the week; and the farmer, on his part, took care to help her to many tid-bits. Their feeling towards each other was that of an impatient host with regard to an unwelcome guest, shewing scarcely a bare civility while in expectation of his stay, but overloading him with hospitality when made certain of his departure. In this manner they went on for some six months, and though without any addition of love between them, and as much selfishness as ever, yet living in a subser-

violence to the comforts and inclinations of each other, sometimes not to be found even amongst couples of sincerer affections. There were as many causes for quarrel as ever, but every day it became less worth while to quarrel; so letting bygones be bygones, they were indifferent to the present, and thought only of the future, considering each other (to adopt a common phrase) 'as good as dead.' Ten months wore away, and the farmer's birth-day arrived in its turn. The dame, who had passed an uncomfortable night, having dreamt, in truth, that she did not much like herself in mourning, saluted him as soon as the day dawned, and with a sigh wished him many years to come. The farmer repaid her in kind, the sigh included; his own visions having been of the painful sort, for he had dreamt of having a headache from wearing a black hatband, and the malady still clung to him when awake. The whole morning was spent in silent meditation and melancholy on both sides, and when dinner came, although the most favourite dishes were upon the table, they could not eat. The farmer, resting his elbows upon the board, with his face between his hands, gazed wistfully on his wife,—scooping her eyes, as it were, out of their sockets, stripping the flesh off her cheeks, and in fancy converting her whole head into a mere caput mortuum. The dame, leaning back in her high arm-chair, regarded the yeoman quite as ruefully,—by the same process of imagination, picking his sturdy bones, and bleaching his ruddy visage to the complexion of a plaster cast. Their minds travelling in the same direction, and at an equal rate, arrived together at the same reflection; but the dame was the first to give it utterance: 'Thee'd be miss'd, dame, if thee were to die!' The dame started. Although she had nothing but death at that moment before her eyes, she was far from dreaming of her own exit, and at this rebound of her thoughts against herself, she felt as if an extra-cold coffin-plate had been suddenly nailed on her chest: recovering, however, from the first shock, her thoughts flowed into their old channel, and she retorted in the same spirit:—'I wish, master, thee may live so long as I!' The farmer, in his own mind, wished to live rather longer; for, at the utmost, he considered that his wife's bill of mortality had but two months to run. The calculation made him sorrowful; during the last few months she had consulted his appetite, bent to his humour, and dove-tailed her own inclinations into his, in a manner that could never be supplied; and he thought of her, if not in the language, at least in the spirit of the lady in *Lalla Rookh*—

'I never taught a bright gazelle
To watch me with its dark black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die!'

His wife, from being at first useful to him, had become agreeable, and at last dear; and as he contemplated her approaching fate, he could not help thinking out audibly, 'that he should be a lonesome man when she was gone.' The dame, this time, heard the survivorship foreboded without starting: but she marvelled much at what she thought the infatuation of a doom'd man. So perfect was her faith in the infallibility of St. Mark, that she had even seen the symptoms of mortal disease, as palpable as plague spots, on the devoted yeoman. Giving his body up, therefore, for lost, a strong sense of duty persuaded her, that it was imperative on her, as a Christian, to warn the unsuspecting farmer of his dissolution. Accordingly, with a solemnity adapted to the subject, a tenderness of recent growth, and a

memento-mori face, she broached the matter in the following question—'Master, how bee'st?' 'As hearty, dame, as a buck,'—the dame shook her head,—'and I wish thee the like,'—at which he shook his head himself. A dead silence ensued:—the farmer was as unprepared as ever. There is a great fancy for breaking the truth by dropping it gently,—an experiment which has never answered any more than with Ironstone China. The dame felt this, and thinking it better to throw the news at her husband at once, she told him, in as many words, that he was a dead man. It was now the yeoman's turn to be staggered. By a parallel course of reasoning, he had just wrought himself up to a similar disclosure, and the dame's death-warrant was just ready upon his tongue, when he met with his own despatch, signed, sealed, and delivered. Conscience instantly pointed out the oracle from which she had derived the omen, and he turned as pale as 'the pale of society'—the colourless complexion of late hours. St. Martin had numbered his years; and the remainder days seemed discounted by St. Thomas. Like a criminal cast to die, he doubted if the die was cast, and appealed to his wife:—'Thee hast watch'd, dame, at the church porch, then?' 'Ay, master.' 'And thee didst see me spirituously?' 'In the brown wrap, with the boot-hose. Thee were coming to the church, by Fairthorn Gap; in the while I were coming by the Holly Hedge.' For a minute the farmer paused—but the next, he burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter,—peal after peal—and each higher than the last, according to the hysterical gamut of the hyena. The poor woman had but one explanation for this phenomenon—she thought it a delirium—a lightning before death, and was beginning to wring her hands, and lament, when she was checked by the merry yeoman:—'Dame, thee bee'st a fool. It was I myself thee seed at the church porch. I seed thee too,—with a notice to quit upon thy face—but, thanks to God, thee bee'st a-living, and that is more than I cared to say of thee this day ten-month!' The dame made no answer. Her heart was too full to speak, but throwing her arms round her husband, she shewed that she shared in his sentiment. And from that hour, by practising a careful abstinence from offence, or a temperate sufferance of its appearance, they became the most united couple in the county,—but it must be said, that their comfort was not complete till they had seen each other, in safety, over the perilous anniversary of St. Mark's Eve."

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Waverley Novels, Vol. VII. Rob Roy, I.
Edinburgh, Cadell and Co.; London, Simpkin and Marshall.

The first volume of *Rob Roy* is preceded by a very interesting account of the Clan Alpine (McGregors), of the hero himself, and of his family. It consists of 135 pages, and affords a striking picture of barbarous oppression and resistance, of a strange description of feelings and manners, and of the effects of all these brought down to a far later period than is usually imagined, i. e. to the middle of the last century, when Robert Oig (Rob Roy's youngest son) was hanged for the forcible abduction of a widow lady, attended by circumstances peculiarly characteristic of the state of the Highlands, and of the lawless race of which he was the last scion. The frontispiece, by W. Kidd, of the Baillie's interview with Rob in Glasgow gaol, is an admirable embellishment

to this volume, which we would almost say surpasses any of its predecessors of this series.

The Practice of Cookery adapted to the Business of every-day Life. By Mrs. Dalgairns. Second edition. Same Publishers.

ANOTHER edition before we have found time to notice the first, is somewhat of a reproach to us: nor can we now pay Mrs. Dalgairns the attention her merits demand. *Manges des viandes communes* (says the witty and sensible St. Evremond), *mais exquises par la curiosité de votre choix*; and truly the northern Mrs. Rundell appears to be a worthy disciple of this excellent school. Under such cooks, the Scots must become eminently an eating people; and stranger visitors dread haggis, brose, could kail, and singit sheeps' heads, no more.

Greece Saved.

A BOOK in two volumes, in the Russian language, has been published at St. Petersburg, under the title of *Greece Saved*. The first part contains accounts of the Battle of Navarino; the negotiations with the Turks respecting it; and several private communications from the Russian fleet. The second part describes very circumstantially last year's campaigns of the Russians against the Turks, with the addition of official documents, private accounts, anecdotes, &c. The work is adorned with four copper-plates, namely, the portraits of Count Wittgenstein and Count Paskewitch—the passage of the Emperor over the Danube—and the Russian camp before Choumla.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR DECEMBER. 21^d 13^h 19^m—the Sun enters Capricornus, and arrives at the winter solstice: the place of his greatest southern declination is now 2° 22' south of μ Sagittarii, a triple star of the third magnitude, 30" distant from the two bright stars in the head of the Goat, through which the solstitial colure passed upwards of 2000 years since. At the close of the month (31^d 8^h 35^m 41^s 648) the earth arrives at its perihelion: the line drawn from this point to its place of aphelion is called the major axis of the orbit, the extremities of which are not stationary, but moving forward in the order of the signs. In the year 1250 the points of perihelion and aphelion coincided with the solstitial points; these have since then separated 10°: in 6482, the major axis of the earth's orbit will have so far revolved as to coincide with the line of the equinoxes; the spring and summer, taken together, will then be equal to the autumn and winter taken together; at the present time, the former exceeds the latter 7^d 16^h 49^m 32^s.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
☾ First Quarter in Aquarius	3	6	33
☾ Full Moon in Taurus	10	1	38
☾ Last Quarter in Virgo	17	18	4
☾ New Moon in Sagittarius	25	15	36

The Moon will be in conjunction with

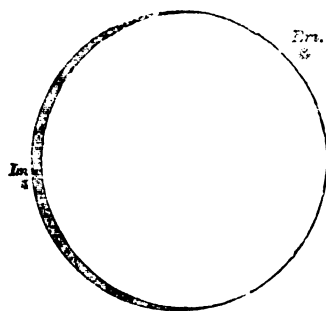
	D.	H.	M.
Saturn in Leo	14	14	15
Mars in Libra	21	23	30
Jupiter in Sagittarius	25	4	30
Mercury in Sagittarius	25	16	45
Venus in Aquarius	29	8	15

Occultation of Aldebaran.

9^d—there will occur an occultation of Aldebaran, of which the following are the circumstances, as occurring at four British observatories and the French capital.

	Sidereal Time.	Mean solar Time.
	H.	M.
Greenwich	23 57	5 44 Immersion.
	23 53	6 40 Emersion.
Bedford	23 56	5 43 Immersion.
	23 52	6 39 Emersion.
Edinburgh	23 53	5 40 Immersion.
	23 44	6 31 Emersion.
Dublin	23 36	5 23 Immersion.
	23 27	6 14 Emersion.
Paris	23 1	5 49 Immersion.
	23 50	6 46 Emersion.

The following diagram will indicate the phase and position of the moon at the time of occultation, also the points of immersion and emersion.



24^d 13^h 15^m—Mercury in his superior conjunction. On the morning of the 16th of November this planet appeared unusually distinct, and shone with sparkling brightness. Its vicinity to Spica Virginis afforded an opportunity of contrasting its colour with this peculiarly white star: under this comparison, the planet appeared of an orange tint: it has usually been described as of a blue colour.

26^d—Venus at her greatest elongation, and 47° 16' from the Sun. This angle of elongation varies from 44° 57' to 47° 48', and depends on the relative positions of the Earth and Venus in their elliptical orbits.

Mars is visible, early in the morning, in the south east. 3^d 9^h—in conjunction with λ Virginis: 15^d 19^h—with 2 α Libræ.

18^d 2^h 30^m—Jupiter in conjunction with the Sun. Saturn, near Regulus in Leo, is advancing to a conspicuous situation for observation: the ring is gradually contracting, and in the year 1834 will appear as a line across the disc, and faintly produced on each side of the orb of the planet. 1^a—the proportion of the transverse to the conjugate diameter of the ring is as 1000 : 232.

In the "Celestial Phenomena for February" the dimensions of the orb and ring of Saturn were given, as determined by Professor Struve with the great refractor at Dorpat. Since these measurements, he has seen reason to correct, in a slight degree, the former results. The following are the corrected dimensions:—

External diameter of the external ring	46.085
Internal diameter of the external ring	35.989
External diameter of the internal ring	34.475
Internal diameter of the internal ring	28.668
Equatorial diameter of Saturn	17.991
Breadth of the external ring	2.403
Breadth of the chasm between the rings	0.408
Breadth of the internal ring	3.903
Distance of the ring from Saturn	4.339
Equatorial radius of Saturn	8.995

Uranus is too near the Sun for observation.
Deptford. J. T. B.

THE EXPEDITION TO THE MOREA.

At the last sitting of the Academy of Sciences in Paris, of which we gave a brief notice last week, a letter was read from M. Bory de Saint-Vincent, dated Milo, Sept. 20, giving some details of the proceedings of the members composing the French expedition to the Morea. M. Bory de Saint-Vincent states, that the islands of the Archipelago which he visited, are so completely parched during the summer heat that there is no vegetation; and that even in the sea, near the coasts, there is no fish. At Santorim, one of the most curious islands of the Mediterranean, and which is of an entirely volcanic character, he found the heat of the earth in some parts very great; and concludes that new volcanoes will speedily mani-

fest themselves. At the same sitting, M. Cordier made a report on the specimens furnished by MM. Quoy and Gaymart, from their voyage in the *Astrolabe*. They are in number more than 900, which is considerable for a maritime expedition, and among islands many of which are purely volcanic.

ASCENT OF MOUNT ARARAT.

Letter from Prof. Parrot to M. P. Sankowsky.
Monastery of St. George, foot of Ararat,
Sept. 23, 1829.

You will undoubtedly be pleased to hear that we are in the convent of St. George, at the foot of Mount Ararat. This place is very conveniently situated to be the centre of our scientific excursions: we have made two attempts to reach the summit of Mount Ararat. The first time we attained the height of 13,000 feet, and were obliged to stop on account of the great steepness of the east side of the mountain. On the 18th of September we made a second attempt. I had with me M. Von Behagel and M. Schimann, a monk of the convent of Etchmiadzin, an enterprising young man, with three soldiers and five countrymen. We passed the night on the limit of the snowy region, which we crossed the next morning. It would have been impossible for us to pass it, had there not been a recent fall of snow. At noon, before we were able to reach the summit, we were compelled to turn back, in order not to expose ourselves to the danger of being overtaken by the night and by the thick fogs, which had arisen and covered the whole mountain before we could get back to our station. My not reaching the summit was owing to the erroneous idea that had been entertained of the height of this mountain; for it is to be observed, that the point which we attained was, contrary to all expectation, about 15,000 French feet above the level of the sea, and consequently higher than the top of Mont Blanc. If the weather should be favourable to my plans, I shall make a third attempt; and, by a more suitable division of the time, endeavour to reach the summit, which, according to my calculations, must be about 2000 feet higher than the point we reached before. On the spot which we attained, consequently not far from the top of Ararat, I have erected a great wooden cross, which stands ten feet above the surface of the ice in which it is planted, so that by the aid of a telescope it may be seen from Erivan. Upon this cross I have nailed a thick plate of lead, on which the following inscription is engraved:—

NICOLAO PAULI FILIO,
TOTIUS RUTHENÆ AUTOCRATORE
JUBENTE,
HOC ASYLUM SACROSANCTUM
ARMATA MANU VINDICAVIT
FIDEI CHRISTIANÆ
JOANNES FRIDERICI FILIUS
PASKEWITSCH AB ERIVAN
ANNO DOMINI MDCCCXXVII.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, Nov. 21.—On Thursday last the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Civil Law.—The Rev. W. M. Lally, St. John's College, Grand Compounder.
Masters of Arts.—H. D. Goring, Magdalen College, Grand Compounder; Rev. J. C. Minchin, Fellow of New College; Rev. G. Mason, Brasenose College; Rev. R. J. Beadon, Queen's College.

Bachelors of Arts.—G. Lloyd, St. Mary Hall, Grand Compounder; T. D. Whately, Michel Exhibitioner, Queen's College; R. Dyer, Alban Hall; T. D. Brown, S. Pidsley, H. Wybrow, B. Price, Worcester College; F. J. Foxton, R. Bellamy, Pembroke College; J. A. Herbert, University College; E. Carlyn, T. I. Stewart, Exeter College; W. Bailey, New College.

CAMBRIDGE, Nov. 20.—At a congregation on Wednesday last the following degrees were conferred:—
Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. W. B. Guest, Catharine Hall.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. W. H. Tucker, Fellow of King's College; J. S. Stock, St. Peter's College; J. Deedes, Trinity College; R. J. Bartlett, St. John's College, Compounder; Rev. H. Pratt, Corpus Christi College; Rev. H. C. Brice, Rev. J. R. Hopper, Christ College, Compounder; E. R. Edgar, Downing College.
Bachelors in Civil Law.—T. W. Hill, R. C. Chawner, Trinity Hall.

Bachelors of Arts.—R. T. Robinson, E. James, Corpus Christi College; T. Burroughs, Christ College.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

THE President, Mr. Gilbert, in the chair.—A paper on "the survey made by Mr. Lloyd across the Isthmus of Panama," was read; accompanying the paper was a copy of the survey. Isaac Robinson, Esq. was elected a fellow. Dr. Turner, Capt. Blake, and T. C. Knowles, Esq., were proposed. Capt. Muller presented a set of his newly-invented globes: these globes we have already described. Six splendid folio plates, illustrative of the lymphatic system, by Professor Meckel, were also presented. These plates were dedicated to Professor Soëmmering, of Frankfort, by whose very recent death science has lost an ardent supporter. Dr. Crombie's *Natural Philosophy and Gymnasia*, and several other works, were also presented. The annual election of officers, delivery of medals, &c. is to take place on Monday.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

THE first meeting of the season was very numerously attended, and an interesting paper was read, from the pen of a clerical member, on the Round Towers which exist in Suffolk and Norfolk. Many new members were proposed.

LONDON PHRENOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

DR. VIMONT laid before the Society a large collection of drawings, from his extensive museum, of crania and brains. He exhibited a view of the skull of the lion, in which the portion dedicated to intelligence was evidently very small, compared with that dedicated to the *instinct carnassier*;—of the interior of the skull of the parrot and goose, and of the domestic fowl and turkey, the capaciousness of the skulls of the former being very much larger than that of the two latter; and the intelligence of the parrot and goose, Dr. Vimont stated, from long observation, to be far greater than of the turkey and fowl, which he finds to be among the most stupid of animals; while the goose, contrary to common belief, possesses a remarkable degree of sagacity;—of the dog and the fox, the skull of the former being largely developed at the anterior portion, the seat of intelligence, while that of the fox was contracted at that part, but large at the superior lateral portions, the seat of cunning;—of the skulls of two dogs, of different breeds; the one far superior to the other in intelligence, and remarkable for a corresponding superiority of size at the anterior portion of the cranium;—of the skull of a young dog, which, after being conveyed in a carriage from Rouen to Caen, found its way back directly, and the large development of the organ of locality was very conspicuous;—of the brains of animals, in which the female only, and of others in which both the male and female, take care of the offspring, the organ of the love of progeny being large in the female only of the former, but equally developed in both the male and female of the latter;—of the brain of the frog, in which he distinctly shewed the *cerebellum* not only (contrary to the assertions of some) to exist, but to be, comparatively, of considerable

dimensions. His observations were made upon animals, fifteen hundred of which were brought forth and reared in his own garden, thus affording him an opportunity of minutely studying their individual powers and dispositions; and although he began by doubting, he terminated by a full conviction of the truth of the fundamental doctrines of Gall, from whom, however, he differs in several subordinate points, both of anatomy and of the localization of some organs in certain species of animals. Dr. Vimont's observations upon man completely coincided with those of Gall respecting all the organs, except those smaller ones immediately around the orbits, which, however, he does not deny, but thinks they require further examination before they are fully established; and notwithstanding he is thus so firm a disciple of Gall, he professes great doubts of the validity of the peculiar doctrines of Dr. Spurzheim and the Edinburgh School of Phrenology.

The Society's room was crowded to excess: among the company were several eminent artists, who expressed the highest admiration at the execution of the drawings. Many were views of the interior and exterior of the skull, and of the brain removed from it, shewing the perfect correspondence which existed between the three, except, indeed, in old age, in some cases of disease, and in certain animals.

Dr. Vimont was then proposed as an Honorary Associate,—a distinction hitherto conferred by the Society only upon Dr. Gall, Dr. Spurzheim, and Mr. Combe.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Passes of the Alps. By Will. Brockedon. No. XII.

WE heartily congratulate Mr. Brockedon on the completion of his highly interesting work. When we recollect that, during three years of arduous exertion in bringing out one of the most extensive publications of the class that ever appeared, there has never been a single failure in producing each successive Number at the time promised, we think that great credit is due to Mr. Brockedon for the punctuality with which he has kept his engagements with the public. Added to this consideration, the twelfth and closing Number is rendered peculiarly valuable, as, besides six finely picturesque views of the magnificent scenery which presents itself in the Pass of the Simplon (the grandest and most beautiful of the various routes over the stupendous range of mountains which separates Italy from all her northern neighbours), and a map of the road from Geneva to Milan, it contains double the usual quantity of letter-press, and a complete map of the whole chain of the Alps.

"The early history of the Pass of the Simplon," Mr. Brockedon remarks, "is involved in much obscurity, and nothing certain is known even of the origin of its name. It is supposed to have been frequented in very early ages; and there is a tradition, that three years before the battle of the consuls Marius and Catullus with the Cimbri, the consul Q. Servilius Cæpio led some Roman legions across this mountain to oppose those northern enemies of Rome, in Transalpine Gaul. Some have sought the etymology of the Simplon in the consular name of Sempronius; but no certain events are recorded which determine the passage of any Roman consul by the Simplon. In many old accounts of the pass it is called Saint Plom; but whether a classical name has thus been vulgarised, or this has been derived

from some Catholic saint, is as uncertain and obscure as the dark ages through which these traditions have descended to us. The future importance of the Simplon, however, will be referred to Napoleon only, under whose orders the present road was constructed. The new route of the Simplon was, in its intention and its execution, a military work. It was determined upon immediately after the battle of Marengo, whilst the difficulties of the passage of the Great St. Bernard, and the almost fatal check of Fort Bard, were fresh in the recollection of Napoleon. In November 1800, he directed the minister of war to send two brigades of engineers, under General Turreau, to open a route, practicable for artillery, across the Simplon. The first of these brigades was stationed between Brigg, on the Swiss side of the pass, and Algbay; and the second between Algbay and Domo d'Ossola, on the side of Italy. Little appears to have been done, and that not in the most judicious way, until, in the winter of the same year, M. Céard, who was at that time engineer-in-chief of the department of Leman, received the orders of the minister of war and the director-general of the *ponts et chaussées*, to take charge of the operations on the Simplon, as engineer of the works and inspector-general. This distinguished engineer arrived at the Simplon on the 22d of March, 1801, and immediately surveyed the entire line of road, which he varied in many important points from that which had been intended by those who preceded him; and became the author of the plan ultimately adopted for the traverse of the mountain, as well as of those additions which rendered this magnificent road complete, from Domo d'Ossola to Arona, on the side of Italy, and from Brigg to Thonon, on the side of Switzerland. The works of the Simplon were shortly after their commencement transferred to the superintendence of the minister of the interior: but their execution from the beginning had been confided to the engineers of the *ponts et chaussées*. Under each of those authorities M. Céard continued the chief engineer and superintendent of all the works to their completion."

In a French national publication, entitled "*Monumens des Victoires et Conquêtes des Français*," &c., edited by M. Ch. Dupin, an attempt was made to wrest from M. Céard the honour which was justly his due, in favour of Messrs. Cordier and Polonceau, two French engineers, and especially of the latter. M. Céard (who was then living) immediately vindicated his claim in a pamphlet; and Mr. Brockedon, who, it appears, has taken great pains to examine all the documents relating to the subject, confirms that claim in the most unequivocal manner.

We are glad to observe that Mr. Brockedon has it in contemplation to publish a small Pocket Manual, the result of his experience, for the use of future travellers in the Alps. It will be in a form so convenient as to suit pedestrian tourists; and will contain maps, lists of routes, sketches of journeys practicable within certain periods, notices of guides, inns, &c.

The Opening of the Sixth Seal. Engraved by Mr. G. H. Phillips, from a picture by F. Danby, A.R.A. M. Colnaghi.

OR the Exhibition at Somerset House in 1828, the picture from which this fine mezzotint print has been engraved, formed one of the most striking and attractive features, and was noticed in the *Literary Gazette* accordingly. The sublime subject of it was probably never

before treated with so much originality and power. It has been done great justice to by Mr. Phillips; who has at once adhered faithfully to its various details, and preserved, with masterly skill, the depth and contrast of its general effect.

Gordale Scar, Yorkshire. Drawn from Nature and on stone by John Scarlett Davis. Hull-mandel.

EXECUTED in a fine, broad, sketchy style of lithography. We hope the incident in the foreground is only a painter's fiction. In any case, we do not think it a happy introduction.

Miss Fanny Kemble, as Juliet. Drawn from Life and on stone by R. T. Stothard. Ackermann.

EVERY one who has had the pleasure of seeing Miss Kemble must instantly recognise this well-marked profile; but we own that we are not quite satisfied with it.

The History and Topography of the County of Devon. By the Rev. Thomas Moore. Including Outlines of the Physical Geography, Geology, and Natural History, of the County. By E. W. Brayley, Jun., A.L.S. With highly finished Engravings. The Drawings and Engravings executed by, and under the direction of, William Deeble. Nos. I., II., and III. London, Jennings.

It is surprising, but at the same time gratifying, to observe the multiplicity of topographical works in the present day. The publication the title of which we have just recited, has commenced making its appearance in numbers, each ornamented with two views. If the plates are not quite equal to some which we have seen, they are, nevertheless, picturesque and pleasing; and the description in the text seems to be full and satisfactory.

The Countess of Cavan,—by Scriven, from Shee,—is the sixtieth of the female portraits so sweetly engraved for *La Belle Assemblée*: we have been much pleased with its grace and beauty.

Nine Embossed Medallion Portraits. By John Wrenmore.

THESE are the commencement of a series, and consist of his Majesty, the late Duke of York, Shakespeare, Milton, Canning, Wellington, Scott, Byron, and Brougham. Some of the likenesses are very good; others not so fortunate. The style has novelty, neatness, and cheapness, to recommend it.

BIOGRAPHY.

EUGENIUS ROCHE, ESQ.

IN recording the death of Mr. Eugenius Roche, the editor of the *Courier* newspaper, we have to lament the loss of a gentleman whose kindness of heart, and amiability of manners, endeared him to all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. This common-place panegyric, applied to Mr. Roche, is literally correct; but his claims upon our recollection are those of a public character—of one who laboured unostentatiously in the field of literature—who silently held forth to his brother-labourer the friendly hand of assistance—and who so shaped his course through the angry ocean of politics and contending opinions, as to command not merely the respect, but the love of all parties, without compromising his own integrity. Every transaction of his life—nay, every sentence which fell from his pen (and this, when speaking of a political writer, is an extraordinary assertion) were distinguishable by sincerity of

intention, and kindness of feeling. Few men, we believe, of purer intention, ever lived.

Mr. Roche was a scion of the house of Fermoy—distinguished in history by its heroic conduct in the cause of the unfortunate Charles—its devoted attachment to that cause,—Lord Roche having contributed a large portion of his pay, obtained from a foreign service, to the support of Charles II. when in exile,—and by the profligate return made by that monarch for such conduct, his benefactor's widow having been an aged and miserable beggar in the streets of Cork.

We can scarcely call Mr. Roche an Irishman, although he was born in Dublin in 1786; for his parents emigrated with their family to France before he had attained the age of two years. In France Mr. Roche remained until he was eighteen, and received there a liberal education; in the course of which he distinguished himself by obtaining various prizes. His father (who is still living) held a situation as professor of modern languages under the French government; and strongly enforced on his children the necessity of studying the English and Italian languages: so that Mr. Roche, when he made his way into England in 1804, was an accomplished scholar, having composed various poems in French (which may be called his own tongue), in English, Italian, Latin, and Greek.

Mr. Roche brought with him to London the strongest letters of recommendation to Messrs. Hoare, of Fleet-street, by whom he was received in the kindest manner, particularly by the late Mr. Hoare, in whose house he was a guest for nearly two years.

Before Mr. Roche had attained the age of twenty he was editor of *The Day*, a morning newspaper; and as editor of it he suffered twelve months' imprisonment for a paragraph adjudged to be a libel on the government, although it was distinctly understood that such paragraph had been inserted by the proprietors of that journal without his knowledge.

On his liberation from confinement, Mr. Roche became editor of *The National Register*, a weekly paper; and subsequently the editor of a magazine called *Literary Recreations*. It is a curious fact, which we believe has not been before mentioned, that in this periodical were printed some of the earliest productions of Lord Byron, Allan Cunningham, and Gaspey. Lord Byron's verses beginning with "There is a mystic thread in life," were enclosed to the editor in a note, stating, that if they were deemed worthy of insertion in his valuable publication, they were quite at his service; and if inserted, his lordship requested that some copies of the Magazine should be sent to him.

On the demise of his *Literary Recreations*, Mr. Roche took a distinguished share in the editorship of the *Morning Post*; and it is rather a strange fact in the history of the press, that after twenty years he should have returned to the editorship of the *Day*, the title of which had been changed into the *New Times*, and has since been transformed into the *Morning Journal*. Before this latter change, however, took place, Mr. Roche became a shareholder in the *Courier*, and editor of that paper.

Mr. Roche's death, notwithstanding he had been for some time past in bad health, was unexpected. His confinement had not exceeded a fortnight; and on Monday morning, the 9th of November, at six o'clock, he expired at his house, in Hart-street, Bloomsbury-square.

The only publications of Mr. Roche that bear his name are two tragedies, called *The*

Invasion and *William Tell*; the latter of which was in rehearsal at Drury Lane when that theatre was destroyed by fire, and was consequently never produced. Mr. Roche also appeared as the author of words to a set of French Melodies arranged by Madlle. Jams. Of Mr. Roche's editorial labours, or contributions to various temporary publications, it is impossible for us to speak; but we know that he has left numerous manuscripts behind him, which will secure for him the recollection of posterity. From these we trust a judicious selection will be made for publication. One poem, of some length, entitled *London in a Thousand Years*, we have seen, and can allude to it with confidence of the favourable reception which it will experience.

Mr. Roche was twice married, and has left a widow and large family to deplore his premature loss.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE SIAMESE YOUTHS.

WITH the rest of the curious world, we hastened, on Tuesday, to the Egyptian Hall, to examine these natural phenomena; and were certainly much struck by the extraordinary sight of two human beings conjoined so as to act as if they were a single individual. This, as has been described in all the newspapers, is effected by a cartilaginous ligament of several inches in length and in circumference, which, proceeding from the breast-bone, just above the pit of the stomach, unites these brother twins together. It seems as if their right position would thus be face to face: but the necessities of life have taught them to turn half round, so that they appear side by side, with an inclination inwards, and with each an arm about the neck or body of the other, almost, as has been well observed, like two persons waltzing. In the lower edge of the band which links them is the umbilicus, the only organ they possess in common.

Such, in brief, is the physical formation of this freak of nature; and we abstain from medical inquiries, which simply prove that these youths are two distinct, though not separate, persons, whose unity of sentiment and action may readily be accounted for by the force of habit, and the sameness with which they have grown up together, eating the same food, pursuing the same occupations, feeling the same wants, and enjoying the same pleasures. Their safe birth, and continuance in healthy existence to the age of adolescence, being the most remarkable portion of their corporeal history, the investigation of their intellectual affinities offers by far the most attractive study to the philosophical observer. And, here, it is evident that a few insulated facts must be quite insufficient for any rational theory: we trust that opportunities will enable us to mature our opinions. At present, we have merely to state, that these lads are cheerful, healthy, and intelligent. One of the individuals attached to them sportively turned the chair on which they were sitting upside down, (telling them they were too near the fire), and they tumbled off very good-humouredly, laughing at the joke, and immediately after promenaded the room. Indeed, during the whole time we were with them, they were playful and rather acute in their remarks. One had a slight cough, and when he rose to spit, the other rose also and went through the motion of spitting, without saliva. Often when the attention of the one was directed to an object, the other was perfectly indifferent to it.—looking down on the floor, perhaps,

while his brother was engaged on some new object. Generally, however, they were attracted by the same things. A watch, and the hour (the latter probably from a desire to have the fatigues of the audience ended), seemed especially to awaken their interest; and they (each) on the watch being shewn to them, said in their best English—"Ah, ah—half-past three!" They speak Chinese, and the dialect of that language peculiar to their country, Siam. In countenance there is a considerable likeness; but to Europeans, Chinese, like sheep, are so universally alike, that we cannot say their resemblance is more than national. On the contrary, one is darker than the other; his features less of the Mongol Tartar; and we understand that he is (closely studied) the cleverest of the two. There ought to be a register kept of their observations, in order to ascertain the differences of their perceptions and acquirements. As it is, they seem to have but one volition; insomuch, that when it has been tried to make them play at draughts against each other (they play the game, we are told, against a third party excellently), neither can witness his adversary making a bad move without being morally forced to tell him of it! This is a curious contest between the love of victory and identity, and the sympathy of extraordinary situation. As nearly as can be observed, they fall asleep at the same time, and always wake simultaneously. Experiments have been practised on them in their sleep, to ascertain if that which affected one affected both: in these instances, on pinching the ear of one, the other has remonstrated; and they have generally resented such treatment so earnestly, as to repress any further invasions of their mutual repose. We have already said that they are fine, well-tempered boys: for example, in America, at the theatre, they saw a man with one eye,—and they expressed their opinion that he ought only to pay half price for what he saw: we do not know how their own admission would be regulated by them, if they had not a double ticket! And in the room, on Tuesday, they asked who all the people were that came to visit them; being told physicians, they again inquired what that was; and being informed, persons who cured the sick of their ailments, they expressed their utter astonishment at having seen three funerals from their residence in the course of their short abode in London! They thought (ignorant creatures!) that with so many skilful doctors, nobody ought to be allowed to die! We really think the doctors were a little piqued—for we heard great talk of dissecting the poor Siamese.

A short visit, in a crowd, does not put it in our power to say more of these interesting boys; but we shall endeavour to make a closer acquaintance with them, for the information of our distant friends. All we have to add is, that their pulses were about six apart; the one eighty-one—the other, who had the cold and cough, eighty-seven. When the same lad had a tooth-ache, which kept his brother awake during two nights, the latter complained bitterly of two persons being troubled for one person's malady. Yet they are evidently, and, without a pun, very much attached to each other.

While on a subject of this kind, we may notice that the Paris journals mention the death of the bicephalous girl, who has for some time attracted the attention of the *savans* and *illuminati* of that capital. Of her we learn the following particulars by a note from Baron

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Chapman's Elements of Homoeopathic Anatomy, by
 Dr. Wm. L. Chapman. One volume.
 Watson on Diseases of the Eye. Coloured
 Plates. One volume.
 Milligan's Coloma. Nov. 1860
 A Notice of Emigration, addressed after Napier
 says, that, "one of the best means of curing the
 British Colonies & the United States, is to send
 them to the Colonies, and to send them to the
 Colonies." For a full and complete notice
 of the British Colonies, see the book
 "The British Colonies," by Dr. Anon.

[illegible]

In Town with Fettes, pp. 10. To be sold by subscription, to the Editor.

LECTURES ON THE ELEMENTS OF HIE.
By J. H. Fettes, Esq. F.R.S.E. &c. &c.
Published for the Author, by J. H. Fettes, 10, St. Andrew's Place, Edinburgh. 1840.

For a large number of years, the author has been lecturing on the Elements of Hie. at the University of Edinburgh, and at the various Schools of Medicine in Scotland, Cambridge, and Paris.

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MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE & TIMES OF
JAMES H. FETTES, ESQ. F.R.S.E. &c. &c.
By J. H. Fettes, Esq. F.R.S.E. &c. &c.
Published for the Author, by J. H. Fettes, 10, St. Andrew's Place, Edinburgh. 1840.

In a large number of years, the author has been lecturing on the Elements of Hie. at the University of Edinburgh, and at the various Schools of Medicine in Scotland, Cambridge, and Paris.

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THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY

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Subscription prices: \$5.00 per annum in advance. Single copies, 15 cents.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, May 1, 1910, under Post Office No. 100, New York, N. Y., Post Office of New York, N. Y., under No. 100, New York, N. Y., under No. 100, New York, N. Y.

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 1, 1918.

Postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices.

Published quarterly, January, April, July, and October.

For a complete list of subscribers, please refer to the "Foreign Trade Association, Inc., 100 Broadway, New York, N. Y."

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THE LIFE OF OLIVER CROMWELL
 A HISTORY OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF ENGLAND
 BY JOHN R. GREEN

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OF THE UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTHERN METHODIST CHURCH, DALLAS, TEXAS.
NEW YORK: PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN BOOK CONCERN, 10 NASSAU ST. N. Y.
1880.

THE HISTORY OF THE HEBREW COM.

the second scrutiny, General Rogniat, 23; M. Lemandé, —; M. Costas, 14; M. Desgenettes, 1. On the ballot between MM. Rogniat and Lemandé, the former had 31 votes, and the latter 25. General Rogniat was therefore declared elected.

Education.—At a late sitting of the Paris Medico-Philanthropic Society, the following questions were propounded, for the solution of which there is a prize of 1000 francs:—Is the physical education of children in conformity with hygean principles? May we not attribute to the vices of their present education, some of the diseases which afflict youth? What are the ameliorations which may be introduced into public and private physical education?

Horticulture.—M. Adolphe Bellangé, who went to India by land for the purpose of superintending the botanical garden at Pondicherry, in the course of his journey collected several rare plants of Persia and India, hitherto unknown; and among others, new species of melons, tobacco, and excellent vines, the seeds of which he has sent to the Jardin des Plantes at Paris. The Cabinet of Natural History is also indebted to him for specimens of fish and insects; and other institutions for Birman medals, Indian pottery, Indian vocabularies, &c.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

His Majesty, it is stated, has very graciously permitted George Colman to dedicate his *Random Records*, now nearly ready, to him.

The Records of Captain Clapperton's last Expedition to Africa, by Richard Lander, his Faithful Attendant, and the only surviving Member of the Expedition, with the subsequent Adventures of the Author,—are nearly ready for publication.

Captain Dillon's Voyages in Search of the Wreck of La Pérouse are also nearly ready.

Mr. Buckingham, who has been continuing his course of lectures on Eastern Affairs with much *clat* in various places, has announced his intention of converting his *Oriental Herald* into an *Oriental Quarterly Review*, commencing with the New Year.

Messrs. Westley and Davis announce for publication, early in the ensuing year, an edition of the Old Testament according to the old established version, with the exception of the substitution of the original Hebrew names in place of the English words Lord and God, and of a few corrections thereby rendered necessary; with Notes by the Editor.

Mr. John H. Brady, late of the Legacy Duty Office, announces the Executor's Account-Book, the design of which is to enable executors under any estate to keep their own accounts with precision and accuracy.

St. Petersburg, September.—Count Khvostoff, now in the decline of life, is publishing a complete edition of his poetical works, in six volumes, three of which have already appeared. The three others will be published before the end of the year. The first volume contains the Lyric poems; among which, besides paraphrases of some of the Psalms, and other parts of the Scriptures, we may mention with praise the Ode on the Consecration of the Cathedral of our Lady of Casan, at St. Petersburg, and the pieces entitled Calumny and the Rattle. The second volume contains longer pieces; among which is a descriptive poem of seven hundred lines, called the Russian Navigators. This volume contains also a description of the fête at Catherinehoff, and concludes with a very remarkable didactic poem of above a thousand lines, divided into four epistles, called Advice to the Disciples of the Muses. The object of the author is to shew the superiority of the productions of the Greek and French schools. These several works unite in the highest degree strength and propriety of ideas with the greatest elegance of expression—a quality which distinguishes Count Khvostoff among our authors, and which is particularly valuable in a language not yet fixed.

In the Press.—Hours of Devotion, for the Promotion of True Christianity and Family Worship: translated from the original German.—Patroni Ecclesiarum; or a List (with Indexes), Alphabetically arranged, of all the Patrons of Dignities, Rectories, &c. of the United Church of England and Ireland.—The Etymological Spelling-Book, by Henry Butler, author of Gradations in Reading and Spelling.—Inductive Grammar, by an Experienced Teacher.—A View of the Scripture Revelations concerning a Future State laid before his Parishioners, by a Country Pastor.—Evening Amusements, or the Beauties of the Heavens Displayed, for the Year 1830.—The Olive Branch, a Religious Annual, for 1830, in Prose and Verse; with a portrait of the Rev. R. Gordon.—No. IV. of the Domestic Gardener's Manual, and English Botanist's Companion.—A new edition of Smart's Horace, the English translation corrected and improved.—A Treatise

on Atmospheric Electricity, by John Murray, F.S.H.—Reflections on Insanity and its rapid progress amongst all Classes in Britain, considered in a Legal and Medical Point of View, by Charles Dunne, Esq. surgeon.—A Dissertation on Anatomy, Physiology, and Pathology, by H. W. Dewhurst, Esq. surgeon, &c.: by the same author, a Series of Engravings of the Human Bones and Muscles, for the use of Artists and Students.—an Essay on the minute Anatomy and Physiology of the Organs of Vision in Man and Animals.—and a Series of Coloured Engravings of the Horse's Foot.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Arnott's Physics, Vol. 2, Part 1. 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.; Vol. 1. fourth edition, 8vo. 1l. 1s. bds.—Clarke on the Teeth, second edition, 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Annals of the Peninsular Campaigns, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 7s. bds.—McCrie's Reformation in Spain, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Bardsley's Hospital Facts, 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Carnegie's Scottish Communion Service, 12mo. 5s. 6d. bds.—A Glance at Paris, 12mo. 6s. bds.—Oliver Cromwell, a Poem, 12mo. 6s. bds.—Bolívar's Memoirs, 2 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.—Tales of an Indian Camp, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.—Shaw's Constable's Guide, 12mo. 4s. bds.—Mant's Child's Study of the Scriptures, 2 vols. 18mo. 6s. bds.—Rhind's Studies in Natural History, 12mo. 6s. bds.—Guest on Historical Painting, 8vo. 5s. bds.—Price's Law Book-keeping, 8vo. 9s. bds.—Bakewell's Mineralogy, 12mo. 7s.; coloured, 8s. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1829.

November.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 12	From 33. to 58.	29.84 to 29.80
Friday .. 13	— 48. — 40.	29.93 — 30.08
Saturday .. 14	— 35. — 46.	30.08 — 29.80
Sunday .. 15	— 38. — 54.	29.86 — 29.80
Monday .. 16	— 28. — 42.	30.06 — 30.21
Tuesday .. 17	— 20.5 — 40.	30.25 Stationary
Wednesday 18	— 28. — 42.	30.26 to 30.28

The first four days generally cloudy and rainy—the remaining three days clear, with frosty mornings.

Prevailing winds, N. and S.W.

Rain fallen, .5 of an inch.

November.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 19	From 20. to 35.	30.32 to 30.26
Friday .. 20	— 18. — 31.	30.26 — 30.23
Saturday .. 21	— 19. — 34.	30.20 — 30.06
Sunday .. 22	— 22. — 42.	29.66 — 29.48
Monday .. 23	— 34. — 42.	29.56 — 29.68
Tuesday .. 24	— 35. — 40.	29.66 — 29.56
Wednesday 25	— 26. — 35.	29.55 — 29.68

Wind variable, prevailing N. and N.E.

Except the 19th, cloudy—raining on the evening of the 23d. The afternoon and evening of the 24th attended with heavy gusts of wind, which subsided about ten o'clock, when snow fell sufficiently fast to cover the ground by eleven; and during the night such a quantity fell, as to measure about five inches in depth, and to cause much damage to trees of the fir kind.

The fog of the evening of the 20th was thick, though it did not render travelling so dangerous here as in the immediate vicinity of the metropolis.

Rain fallen, .05 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Latitude .. 51° 37' 32" N.
Longitude .. 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

Extracts from a Meteorological Register kept at High Wycombe, Bucks, by a Member of the London Meteorological Society. October 1829.

Thermometer—Highest	60° 50'
Lowest	25
Mean	44-88709
Barometer—Highest	30-16
Lowest	29-19
Mean	29-78366

Number of days of rain and snow, 14.
Quantity of rain and melted snow in inches and decimals, 2-6575.

Winds.—1 East—2 West—6 North—2 South—0 North-east—0 South-east—3 South-west—10 North-west.

General Observations.—The month was distinguished by a remarkably early fall of snow, the earliest that has occurred during the journalist's observations. The 6th was a fine autumnal day; on the next morning rain fell for some little time, when snow fell for some hours, but did not lie: the quantity of rain and melted snow on that day was nearly half an inch: the mean temperature of the month lower than since 1823—another instance of the similarity of the weather in the two years: the barometer lower than last year, but above the average of the month: the whole quantity of rain and melted snow less than usual: the wind between north and west during the greater part of the month: a lunar halo, with misty area, seen on the 15th, from 7 till 10 p. m. The evaporation 0-15 of an inch. The last very early fall of snow was on the 21st of October, 1819.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

. The pressure of new publications obliges us to defer Reviews of the Memoirs of Bolívar—of Cromwell's Life, in two volumes (Constable's Miscellany)—of Mac Crie on the Reformation in Spain—of the Annals of the Peninsular Campaigns, by the author of Cyril Thornton—and of sundry Novels, Tales, Poems, &c. &c.

R. H. too frequent.
There is enough of nonsense in the world without our publishing E. L. O.'s letter.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

History of the Progress and Suppression of the Reformation in Spain in the Sixteenth Century. By THOMAS MCCOY, D.D. 8vo. pp. 424. Edinburgh, 1829, Blackwood; London, Cadell.

We dare say that, to a great majority of readers, the phrase "progress of the Reformation in Spain" will convey no idea whatever; now; but it is, nevertheless, a truth that, in the sixteenth century, the doctrine of reform made a very considerable progress in that country, and was only suppressed by the dominancy (and consequent usurping pretensions) of the Papal power over its adherents. But, even in earlier times, it is shown by Dr. M^rrie that the Spanish Roman Catholic church held itself very independent of the See of Rome, and asserted a national jurisdiction in the administration of religion extremely different from its later principles of utter devotedness to the Pope's authority.

" The ancient state of the church in Spain (says Dr. M.) is but little known. Modern writers of that nation have been careful to conceal or to pass lightly over those spots of its history which are calculated to wound the feelings or shake the propensities of their countrymen. But out from access to original documents, or even to the aid of investigating them, foreigners have generally resorted to themselves with the information which our own books supply. And knowing that Spain is to have regained their soil for the use of heretics and the Catholic faith during the three last centuries, the public, as if by general agreement, have come to the hasty conclusion that this was the fact from the beginning. • • •

" The ecclesiastical history of Spain during the first three centuries may be expressed in two facts—that the Christian religion was early introduced into that country; and that churches were erected in various parts of it, notwithstanding the persecution to which they were exposed at intervals. All beside this is fable or conjecture. That the gospel was first preached to their country by St. James, the son of Zebedee, is an opinion which has been long so popular among the Spaniards, and so identified with the national faith, that most of their writers as were most conversant of the ancient foundations on which it rests, have been turned to him in bearing testimony to its truth. The ignorance of the warm partisans of the popedom has been put to the stretch in managing the obstinate fiction with which the inhabitants of the Province have clinging to a prepossession so hazardous to the claims of St. Peter and of Rome. They have alternately exposed the fatuity of the arguments produced in its support, and granted that it is to be received on a *prima facie* opinion, resting on tradition. At one time they have urged, that the early martiries of the apostle preclude the idea of such an expedition; and at another time they have tendered their aid to recover the Spaniards from the misgovernment, and to

"obide the oblation," by suggest: e. with true Italian dexterity, that the spirit might have carried the apostle from Palestine to Spain, and after he had performed his task, conveyed him back with such celerity, that he was in time to receive the martyr's crown at Jerusalem. By such artful management, they succeeded at least in settling the doctrine, after the following manner:—that, agreeably to the continuing voice of antiquity, the first seven bishops of Spain were ordained by St. Peter, and sent by him into the Peninsula; but that, as is probable, they had been converted to the Christian faith by St. James, who despatched them to Rome to receive his orders from the prince of the apostles; from which the inference is, that St. James was the first who preached the gospel to the Spaniards, but St. Peter was the founder of the church of Spain."

This, of course, entails on the extremity of the Russian economy of St. Peter, and we will enter into the strategies of the Councils of Toledo, of many bishops, and of various sects (which sprang up from time to time), against the older tradition—since they were all, at least, compelled to yield, if not to remain, at least to bow, to the Imperialism, to barbarism, to lectures, to the stake, and the execution. A very brief illustration is at the end. After citing several cases to the same effect, the author says:—

Other instances in which the worship of the ancient gods of Spain differed widely from the modern faith is pointed out. We are already aware that a hot and constant, in the beginning of the fourth century, persecuted the worship of *Idols*, and the use of statues in churches. It may be added, that the first pope of Rome, he, in the year 55, forbade the use of incense by priests, which came afterwards to be tolerated, and were ultimately removed under the eighth pontificate. Having produced these facts as to the early origin and changes of the Spanish church, we proceed to state the manner in which she was led to adopt the rites, and submit to the authority, of the church of Rome. In the sixth century Spain was divided into three kingdoms—the kingdom of Leva and Castile of Aragon, and that of Navarre, of which the two first were as far the most powerful. In the latter part of that century, Aboon, the male of Leva, and first of Castile, after recovering Asturia to the value of the sum of 1,000,000 *Marcs* of Silver, gave the hand in marriage of Turis, who had been at the power of the Moor for two centuries and a half. He had married, for his second wife, Constantia, a daughter of the royal house of France, who, from attachment to the king who served to whom she had been betrothed, ordered the marriage of the priests who were of her, to grieve her husband to death, where the Roman king, the Count of Madrid, and a host of nobles, the papal legate, carried all the influence in favor of a charge on agreement to the court, which he represented. The king, who was warmly opposed by the clergy,

ality, and people at large, but especially by the inhabitants of Toledo, and other places which had been under the dominion of the Moors. To determine this controversy, recourse was had, according to the custom of the dark ages, to judicial combat. Two knights, clad in complete armor, appeared before the court and an immense assembly. The champion of the *but a liturgy* prevailed; but the king insisted that the contested point should undergo another trial, and he submitted to what was called, the judgment of God. Accordingly, in the presence of another great assembly, a copy of the two rival liturgies was thrown into the fire. The *but a liturgy* retained the flame, and was taken out unharmed, while the Roman was extinguished. But upon some pretext—apparently the circumstance of the salver of the Roman liturgy crawling in the top of the flames, and then leaping outside the king, with the concurrence of Bernard, arch-bishop of Toledo, who was a Frankman, gave out, that it was the will of God that both offices should be used; and ordained, that the public services should continue to be celebrated according to the *but a liturgy* in the six churches of Toledo; while the Christians had arrived under the Moors, but that the Roman office should be used in all the other churches of the kingdom. The people were greatly displeased with the glaring partiality of this decision, which seemed to have given rise to the proverb, *The law comes on horseback*. During the trial before the court and the subsequent service before the *but a liturgy*, gradually fell into disrepute, and it was consequently abandoned by the Roman

This is a very dangerous point in the case; and when the form of words proposed was strategically objected, the resignation of the Pope's power was assumed. I am to question whether it became a rather dangerous matter; for, as I have said, a liberal man might come to the barrier—

"As you declare you truly believe, 'In all that you
do and say,
And as you feel you have been taught, that you share of
blame in 'ere."
And as you declared the will of God and of St. Paul
When we were dead within your heart, now you
are worth of all.
The first is all the grace is lost, and empty in the web.
That the light has been lost, for you are, you are
you are gone."

John, Margaret, and Mary, were barbed or
harsh; and Dr. McNamee —

"During these proceedings, Rome succeeded in establishing its empire a second time in Spain, and that in a more definite form than at the close of the Roman and Augustan. The empire was enlarged considerably more to the north and north. Apparently the same old customs and of course in Spain was still, but it was not greatly from the south in the fifteenth century. The beginning of this period was marked by the influence of that empire of empire, and courage of all decency, and based on numerous murders."

The interest attached to this important speech has caused us to suggest extracts that we are now placing in our calendar; and we now place in our 1906-7 our contents and man-

sacres, to the chapter on the literature of Spain before the era of the Reformation, which we find to be a very attractive view of that more pleasing subject.

"It is not (observes our author) to the credit of Christianity, or at least of those who professed it, that, during the middle ages, letters were preserved from extinction, and even revived from the decline which had seized them, by the exertions of the followers of Mahomet. The tenth century, which has been denominated the leaden age of Europe, was the golden age of Asia. Modern writers have perhaps gone to an extreme on both sides in forming their estimate of the degree in which European literature is indebted to the Arabians. But when we find that this people have left such evident marks of their language upon that of Spain, it seems unreasonable to doubt that they had also great influence upon its literature. Cordova, Granada, and Seville, rivalled one another in the magnificence of their schools and libraries during the empire of the Saracens, who granted to the Spanish Christians, whom they had subjugated, that protection in their religious rights, which the latter were far from imitating when they in their turn became the conquerors. The two languages were spoken in common. The Christians began to vie with their masters in the pursuit of science, composed commentaries on the Scriptures in Arabic, and transfused the beauties of eastern poetry into the Castilian language. It is even said, that a bishop of Seville, at this early period, translated the Scriptures into the Arabic tongue. If the Spanish language was in danger of suffering from the predominance of the Arabians, the evil was counteracted by the cultivation of Provençal poetry. In the twelfth century, Alfonso II. of Aragon, whose name has an honourable place among the Troubadours, zealously patronised those who wrote in the Catalan or Valencian dialect. In the subsequent century, Alfonso X. of Castile, surnamed the Wise, shewed himself equally zealous in encouraging the study of the Castilian tongue, in which he wrote several poems; at the same time that he extracted the knowledge which was to be found in the books of the Arabians; as appears, among other proofs, from the astronomical tables, called from him Alphonsine. The writings of Dante, Chaucer, and Petrarch, gave a new impulse to the literature of Spain. From this period the study of the ancient classics imparted greater purity and elevation to works of imagination; and a taste for poetical compositions in their native tongue began to be felt by the Spanish gentry, who had hitherto found their sole pastime in arms and military tournaments.

"It is not unworthy of remark here, that the Jews, while they enjoyed protection in Spain, co-operated with the Christians in the cultivation of polite letters. Rabbi Don Santo, who flourished about the year 1360, makes the following modest and not inelegant apology for taking his place among the poets of the land which had given him birth:—

"The rose that twines a thorny sprig
Will not the less perfume the earth;
Good wine, that leaves a creeping twig,
Is not the worse for humble birth.

The hawk may be of noble kind
That from a filthy eyrie flew;
And precepts are not less refined,
Because they issue from a Jew.*

* "Por nacer en espino
La rosa, ya non aiento
Que pierde, ni el buen vino
Por salir del sarmiento.
Nin vale el asor menos,
Porque en vil nido alga;

Long after their expulsion from Spain, the Jews cherished an ardent attachment to the Castilian tongue, in which they continued to compose works both in prose and verse."

The oriental languages, as well as the Arabic, were sedulously cultivated in Spain; and many works of the highest order, especially in theology, were produced by learned natives. Among the most famous was the vaunted Polyglot of Alcalá, which, however, does not seem to merit all the panegyrics bestowed upon it.

It is not within our limits to follow our author farther; but we have said enough to recommend his work as one of great research, value, and interest. Suffice it to add, that in conclusion, he attributes to the suppression of the Reformation in Spain (as in his former work he contended for the same results in Italy) the crushing of genius, taste, learning, and industry, and the consequent decline of these countries in the scale of Europe.

Tales of an Indian Camp. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1829. Colburn and Bentley.

An immense share of industry has been bestowed on his subject by the author of these Tales, and curious to a degree are the various traditions he has collected: but, as a whole, the stories have a degree of sameness and puerility that make them fatiguing for a continued perusal. As illustrations, however, of an extraordinary people, they may be relied on by the lovers of antiquarian lore; and many of the tales are interesting as well as singular. We shall endeavour to choose one whose characteristics will best illustrate the general likeness of Indian historical fable.

"*The Story of the Maqua that married a Rattlesnake.*—Once upon a time, as Cayenguirago was hunting alone in the wilderness, in a spot which the Great Spirit had forgotten to level, he came to a great cave in the side of a hill. It was in the time of winter, and the hour of a fearful fall of rain and hail. To escape the wrath of the spirits of the air, he entered this deep cave in the side of the hill, carrying with him much wood, and the spoils he had won in the chase. As he entered it he heard many strange and fearful noises; but Cayenguirago was a warrior, though a wicked one, and little troubled at any time by frightful sounds, he pursued his way into the interior of the cave. It was dark as a cloudy night in the time that follows the death of the moon; but he remarked that the cave was lit up, and the darkness partially dispelled, by what appeared to be little stars, exceedingly bright substances which resembled the eyes of a wolf, though smaller and far brighter, and which were continually shifting about the cave with a slow and uncertain motion. Then for sound there was an incessant rattling, and hissing, and slapping, which almost stunned him with noise. As he moved on, he found himself impeded by something into which his feet were continually settling, and which he judged to be loose sand. When he had gone far enough from the entrance to be free from the current of air which entered the cavern by it, he laid down the deer's flesh which he had brought upon his back, took out his flint and tinder-box, and struck fire. Having properly disposed of the wood he had brought, and kindled a flame, he raised himself to an upright posture to survey the cavern. Who shall describe the terror which filled the soul of Cayenguirago, stout and fearless as he was, when he found himself in the middle of an immense

body of rattlesnakes, and perceived that it was among these deadly animals, of which there was a thick layer upon the floor of the cave, that he had been for some time wallowing? Their eyes it was that lit up the cavern, and theirs were the hissing, and rattling, and slapping, which saluted his ears. Under his feet and upon every side of him, as far as the eye could reach, were heads upreared with little fiery tongues projecting from green jaws, and moving with a motion more rapid than a flash of summer lightning. The heads about the cavern were thicker than the thievish ravens in a field of milky corn. The moment that the light of the fire he had kindled enabled them to see the intruder, all of them rushed towards him, though none attempted to inflict injury. The nearest approached within a step; those behind climbed over the backs of the more advanced, until they lay piled up on every side as high as the shoulders of a tall man. Surrounded, as Cayenguirago was, by the most venomous and dreadful of all the animals formed by the Great Spirit, he did not forget to keep his fire burning, nor to draw out his pouch filled with good tobacco. Having recovered his coolness and composure, and become a man again, he filled his pipe with the beloved weed, and, lighting it, began to roll out clouds of smoke. Each time he puffed he observed that the snakes retreated further from him, until at length they were seen gliding into the darkness which enshrouded the further part of the cavern. While he lay thus warming himself at the fire, and emitting clouds of fragrant smoke, some one near him exclaimed, in a very sharp and shrill voice, 'Booh!' Looking up, Cayenguirago beheld standing behind him a very ugly creature,—but whether man or beast, he found it at first difficult to determine. His skin was black as soot, and his hair white as snow. His eyes, which were very large, were of the colour of the green far-eyes [spectacles] with which the pale faces survey distinct objects, and stood out so far from the head, that had one of them been placed in the middle of the forehead, a tear dropping from it would have hit the tip of the nose. His teeth, which were very large, were white as snow; his ears, which were yellow, were smaller than the leaf of the black walnut, and shaped exactly like it. His legs were not shaped like those of a human being, but were two straight bones without flesh or joint, and both black and glossy as charred birch. But what rendered him yet more horrible to look at was, that snakes, poisonous rattlesnakes, were wreathing themselves around his legs, and body, and arms—leaping from him and upon him, tying themselves in knots around his neck, and doing other feats of horrid agility. After surveying this uncouth being and his fearful companions for a few moments in deep silence, Cayenguirago addressed him thus:—'Who art thou?' 'Thy master,' 'The Maqua is a man,' replied the warrior fiercely; 'his knees was never bowed—he acknowledges no master.' 'Thou hast served me long and well, Cayenguirago—I am Abamocho, the Spirit of Evil, and this is my dwelling-place.' 'Thou hast chosen a dark abode, and strange companions,' replied the warrior. 'They are not my companions, but my warriors, my braves, my tormentors,' answered the Spirit of Evil. 'It is with thee that I torment bad people, as the Maquas or old women to torment the prisoners they take in battle. But fear not, Cayenguirago, thou hast been a faithful servant to me—I will not suffer my people to harm thee. Do

Nin los exemplos buenos,
Porque Judío los diga."

thou know that I design to bestow my daughter upon thee for a wife?" "I did not know it," answered the Maqua. "She shall be thine," said the Evil Spirit; "but I warn thee that there have been very many pleasanter companions than she will make thee, for she is excessively irritable and passionate. Withal, she is so fond of admiration, that I have no doubt she would give chase to the ugliest toad that ever devoured a worm, so she could captivate him. She is a true woman." "What will the father give the Maqua that marries her?" "Wampum, much wampum—" "I will take her." "Many beaver-skins, and much bear's meat—" "Cayenguirago will make her his wife." "Revenge against the Hurons who slew so many of his warriors in the last Beaver-moon. He shall drink their blood in plentiful draughts, he shall eat their children roasted in the fire, and feed his men upon broth made of the flesh of their braves." "She is mine!" "Dost thou know that she is a rattlesnake?" "I care not, so she bring me as her portion the rich presents and the sweet revenge thou hast spoken of. Shall the Maqua behold the maiden?" "He shall, but the father bids him remember one thing. When the marriage has taken place, let not the husband forget to cut off his wife's tail. Upon his remembering this injunction his life depends. If he forget it, the bride will be a widow ere she is a wife." With this the Spirit departed into the inner part of the cavern. He soon returned, bringing with him a huge, unwieldy rattlesnake. "This," said he, as he came up to the Maqua, "is the maiden I spoke of, and the wife I have long destined for thee. She is rather taller than need be—she will eat the less, however. Take her, thou hast been a good servant, and I owe thee a reward." * * * The Maqua turned around to his bride, and spoke to her kindly, telling her how happy they should live, and many other things usually said in such cases, and proving true as often as larks fall from the skies. The Evil Spirit now spoke to Cayenguirago, bidding him follow him to an inner room in the cavern, and finish the marriage at once. He obeyed, leading his purvey bride by a string which he tied around her neck. The whole body of rattlesnakes followed the couple—hissing, and slapping, and rattling their tails, and running out their forked tongues; but, whether for joy or sorrow, Cayenguirago either cared nothing, or did not think it worth his while to inquire. At last they came to a small room, which was lighted up by a great blue fire burning in the centre. This, the Evil Spirit said, was his daughter's chamber, and there they would pass the night, upon which the maiden pretended to be much ashamed. The couple now went through the Indian form of marriage, and the Maqua became the husband of the rattlesnake, daughter of the Evil Spirit, Abamocho. They spent the evening very pleasantly together; and so well was Cayenguirago entertained with the pleasant stories she told him, and her wit, and good humour, and the kisses she gave him, that he entirely forgot the advice of her father. So, after they had spent some time in talk and fondling, the bride crept to her bed of leaves, and the husband followed. By and by the Maqua said to his wife, "Thy flesh is very cold—lie a little further off." "My flesh is warm," answered the other; "but thou hast drawn to thy side all the covering, and the spirit of cold is breathing harshly upon me from the distant cavern." Upon that they fell to disputing fiercely about love, and hatred, and cold, and many other things which need

not be mentioned here. Louder and louder rose their voices, and more violent grew the dispute, until the wife, losing the very little patience she possessed, applied the deadly sting, which dooms to instant death, to bring her husband to her side of the argument. A horrid shout told the creeping of the subtle poison through his veins. Few were the moments that elapsed before he lay a stiffened, and swollen, and blackened corpse. And thus perished the wicked Maqua that married a rattlesnake and forgot to cut off her tail."

We think the fabulous framework given to these tales very injudicious; particularly as the writer has been at much pains to quote his authorities, which are, we doubt not, true pictures of the manners and customs, superstitions, &c. they delineate.

Dr. Arnott's Elements of Physics, or Natural Philosophy, general and medical, explained independently of Technical Mathematics, and containing new Disquisitions and practical Suggestions. 8vo. Vol. II. Part I. comprehending the subjects of Heat and Light: and a fourth edition of Vol. I. Longman and Co.; and Underwoods.

To indicate the merits of the work here continued, we need scarcely say more than that, since the time when we first directed notice to it, two years ago, although it was published incomplete, was the first literary production of the author, and had to make its way entirely by interesting its readers—there have been already demanded four large editions of Volume I., besides various editions in North America, and a translation in France with algebraical formulae added, to fit it for the system of instruction pursued in the French schools and colleges. In England it is now general, not only in the cabinets of the scientific, but in our parlours, and in schools for either sex. The part at present published on the subjects of Heat and Light is, if possible, more interesting than that which preceded, and, having been written at the same period, has the same characteristics.

In the vast mass of human knowledge, of which only a part can be exhibited even in an encyclopædia of a hundred volumes or more, and which knowledge it greatly surpasses the capacity of any one mind to retain, there is still on every subject a portion which the man of judgment and taste makes it the business of his early life to cull or select from all sources, and to form of it the permanent furniture and ornament of his mind and his ever present direction in the general affairs of life. Such knowledge in the department of natural philosophy our author has attempted in the present treatise to condense. He holds that five such treatises (viz. on the five great divisions of knowledge) would contain the great body of information required in a liberal education; while for every separate profession, individuals would have to study, additionally, special treatises on the profession, and to follow courses of practical instruction.

The merit of this work, however, is not confined to the selection and arrangement into a symmetrical and consistent whole, of a vast mass of most useful knowledge; there are in it also many new disquisitions and practical suggestions. As an instance generally interesting, and bearing on the profession of the author, we shall copy his new and very simple explanation and cure of the defect in speech called Stuttering, given in Vol. II. as an appendix to the chapter on Articulation in Vol. I.

"The most common case of stuttering

is not, as has been almost universally believed, where the individual has a difficulty in respect to some particular letter or articulation, by the disobedience to the will or power of association of the parts of the mouth which should form it; but where the spasmodic interruption occurs altogether behind or beyond the mouth, viz. in the glottis, so as to affect all the articulations equally. To a person ignorant of anatomy, and therefore knowing not what or where the glottis is, it may be sufficient explanation to say, that it is the slit or narrow opening at the top of the windpipe by which the air passes to and from the lungs, being situated just behind the root of the tongue. It is that which is felt to close suddenly in hiccup, arresting the ingress of air, and that which closes to prevent the egress of air from the chest of a person lifting a heavy weight or making any straining exertion; it is that also by the repeated shutting of which a person divides the sound in pronouncing several times, in distinct and rapid succession, any vowel, as o, o, o, o. Now the glottis during common speech need never be closed, and a stutterer is instantly cured if, by having his attention properly directed to it, he can keep it open. Had the edges or thin lips of the glottis been visible, like the external lips of the mouth, the nature of stuttering would not so long have remained a mystery, and the effort necessary to the cure would have forced itself upon the attention of the most careless observer; but because hidden, and professional men had not detected in how far they were concerned, and the patient himself had only a vague feeling of some difficulty, which, after straining, grimace, gesticulation, and sometimes almost general convulsion of the body, gave way, the uncertainty with respect to the subject has remained. Even many persons who by attention and much labour had overcome the defect in themselves, as Demosthenes did, have not been able to describe to others the nature of their efforts, so as to ensure imitation: and the author doubts much whether the quacks who have succeeded in relieving many cases, but in many also have failed, or have given only temporary relief, really understood what precise end in the action of the organs their imperfect directions were accomplishing. Now a stutterer, understanding of anatomy only what is stated above, will comprehend what he is to aim at, by being farther told, that when any sound is continuing, as when he is humming a single note or a tune, the glottis is necessarily open, and therefore, that when he chooses to begin pronouncing or drowning any simple sound, as the e of the English word *berry* (to do which at once no stutterer has difficulty), he thereby opens the glottis, and renders the pronunciation of any other sound easy. If, then, in speaking or reading, he joins his words together, as if each phrase formed but one long word, or nearly as a person joins them in singing (and this may be done without its being at all noted as a peculiarity of speech, for all persons do it more or less in their ordinary conversation), the voice never stops, the glottis never closes, and there is of course no stutter. The author has given this explanation or lesson, with an example, to a person who before would have required half an hour to read a page, but who immediately afterwards read it almost as smoothly as was possible for any one to do; and who then, on transferring the lesson to the speech, by continued practice and attention, obtained the same facility with respect to it. There are many persons not accounted peculiar in their speech, who, in seeking words to express themselves, often rest long

between them on the simple sound of *e* mentioned above, saying, for instance, hesitatingly, 'e Ithink e.....you may,'—the sound never ceasing until the end of the phrase, however long the person may require to pronounce it. Now a stutterer, who to open his glottis at the beginning of a phrase, or to open it in the middle, after any interruption, uses such a sound, would not, even at first, be more remarkable than, a drawing speaker, and he would only require to drawl for a little while, until practice facilitated his command of the other sounds. Although producing the simple sound which we call the *e* of *berry*, or of the French words *de* or *que*, is a means of opening the glottis which by stutterers is found very generally to answer, there are many cases in which other means are more suitable, as the intelligent preceptor soon discovers. Were it possible to divide the nerves of the muscles which close the glottis, without at the same time destroying the faculty of producing voice, such an operation would be the most immediate and certain cure of stuttering; and the loss of the faculty of closing the glottis would be of no moment. The view given above of the nature of stuttering and its cure explains the following facts, which to many persons have hitherto appeared extraordinary. Stutterers often can sing well, and without the least interruption, for the tune being continued, the glottis does not close. Many stutterers also can read poetry well, or any declamatory composition, in which the uninterrupted tone is almost as remarkable as in singing. The cause of stuttering being so simple, as above described, one rule given and explained may, in certain cases, instantly cure the defect, however aggravated, as has been observed in not a few instances; and this explains also why an ignorant pretender may occasionally succeed in curing, by giving a rule of which he knows not the reason, and which he cannot modify to the peculiarities of other cases. The same view of the subject explains why the speech of a stutterer has been correctly compared to the escape of liquid from a bottle with a long narrow neck, coming—'either as a hurried gush or not at all:' for when the glottis is once opened, and the stutterer feels that he has the power of utterance, he is glad to hurry out as many words as he can, before the interruption again occurs."

The following are further extracts to exemplify the style of the work, and the nature of the subjects treated.

Importance of Heat.—"In the winter of climates where the temperature is for a time below the freezing point of water, the earth with its waters is bound up in snow and ice, the trees and shrubs are leafless, appearing every where like withered skeletons, countless multitudes of living creatures, owing either to the bitter cold or deficiency of food, are perishing in the snows—nature seems dying or dead; but what a change when spring returns, that is, when heat returns! The earth is again uncovered and soft, and rivers flow, the lakes are again liquid mirrors, the warm showers come to foster vegetation, which soon covers the ground with beauty and plenty. Man, lately inactive, is recalled to many duties; his water-wheels are every where at work, his boats are again on the canals and streams, his busy fleets of industry are along the shores—winged life in new multitudes fills the sky, finny life similarly fills the waters, and every spot of earth teems with vitality and joy. Many persons regard these changes of season as if they came like the successive positions of a turning

wheel, of which one necessarily brings the next; not adverting that it is the single circumstance of change of temperature which does all. But if the colds of winter arrive too early, they unfailingly produce the wintry scene; and if warmth come before its time in spring, it expands the bud and the blossom, which a return of frost will surely destroy. A seed sown in an ice-house never awakens to life. Again, as regards climates, the earthy matters forming the exterior of our globe, and therefore entering into the composition of soils, are not different for different latitudes,—at the equator, for instance, and near the poles. That the aspect of nature, then, in the two situations exhibits a contrast more striking still than between summer and winter, is owing merely to an inequality of temperature, which is permanent. Were it not for this, in both situations the same vegetables might grow, and the same animals might find their befitting support. But now, in the one, namely, where heat abounds, we see the magnificent scene of tropical fertility: the earth covered with luxuriant vegetation in endless lovely variety, and even the hard rocks festooned with green, perhaps with the vine, rich in its purple clusters. In the midst of this scene, animal existence is equally abundant, and many of the species are of surpassing beauty—the plumage of the birds is as brilliant as the gayest flowers. The warm air is perfume from the spice-beds, the sky and clouds are often dyed in tints as bright as freshest rainbow, and happy human inhabitants call the scene a paradise. Again, where heat is absent, we have the dreary spectacle of polar barrenness, namely, bare rock or mountain, instead of fertile field; water every where hardened to solidity, no rain, nor cloud, nor dew, few motions but drifting snow; vegetable life scarcely existing, and then only in sheltered places turned to the sun—and instead of the palms and other trees of India, whose single leaf is almost broad enough to cover a hut, there are bushes and trees, as the furze and fir, having what may be called hairs or bristles in the room of leaves. In the winter time, during which the sun is not seen for nearly six months, new horrors are added; viz. the darkness and dreadful silence, the cold benumbing all life, and even freezing mercury—a scene into which man may penetrate from happier climes, but where he can only leave his protecting ship and fires for short periods, as he might issue from a diving-bell at the bottom of the ocean. That in these now desolate regions, heat only is wanted to make them like the most favoured countries of the earth, is proved by the recent discoveries under-ground of the remnant of animals and vegetables formerly inhabiting them, which now can live only near the equator. While winter then, or the temporary absence of heat, may be called the sleep of nature, the more permanent torpor about the poles appears like its death; and when we further reflect, that heat is the great agent in numberless important processes of chemistry and domestic economy, and is the actuating principle of the mighty steam-engine which now performs half the work of society, how truly may heat, the subject of our present chapter, be considered as the life or soul of the universe!"

Difference of conducting power in bodies.—It is the difference of conducting power in bodies which is the cause of a very common error made by persons in estimating the temperature of bodies by the touch. In a room without a fire all the articles of furniture soon acquire the same temperature; but if, in win-

ter, a person with bare feet were to step from the carpet to the wooden floor, from this to the hearth-stone, and from the stone to the steel fender, his sensation would deem each of these in succession colder than the preceding. Now the truth being, that all had the same temperature, only a temperature inferior to that of the living body, the best conductor, when in contact with the body, would carry off heat the fastest, and would therefore be deemed the coldest. Were a similar experiment made in a hot-house, or in India, while the temperature of every thing around were 98°, viz. that of the living body, then not the slightest difference would be felt in any of the substances; or, lastly, were the experiment made in a room where by any means the general temperature were raised considerably above blood heat, then the carpet would be deemed considerably the coolest instead of the warmest, and the other things would appear hotter in the same order in which they appeared colder in the winter room. Were a bunch of wool and a piece of iron exposed to the severest cold of Siberia, or of an artificial frigorific mixture, a man might touch the first with impunity (it would merely be felt as rather cold); but if he grasped the second, his hand would be frost-bitten and possibly destroyed: were the two substances, on the contrary, transferred to an oven, and heated as far as the wool would bear, he might again touch the wool with impunity (it would then be felt as a little hot), but the iron would burn his flesh. The author has entered a room where there was no fire, but where the temperature from hot air admitted was sufficiently high to boil the fish, &c. of which he afterwards partook at dinner, and he breathed the air with very little uneasiness. He could bear to touch woollen cloth in this room, but no body more solid. The foregoing considerations make manifest the error of supposing that there is a positive warmth in the materials of clothing. The thick cloak which guards a Spaniard against the cold of winter, is also in summer used by him as protection against the direct rays of the sun: and while in England flannel is our warmest article of dress, yet we cannot more effectually preserve ice than by wrapping the vessel containing it in many folds of softest flannel."

These passages must suffice for the present: next week we purpose continuing our selections from this very able work.

The Landscape Annual: the Tourist in Switzerland and Italy. By Thomas Roscoe. Illustrated with Drawings by S. Proust, Esq. Painter in Water-Colours to his Majesty. London, 1830. R. Jennings.

THIS Annual, with better title than most of its contemporaries, appeals to the eye rather than to the understanding of the public; for we are not aware that it founds much of its pretensions on the literary portion of its alliance with the Fine Arts: yet the tourist's accounts of the various scenes and places represented are altogether agreeable reading enough: with little of novelty to recommend them, but compiled from preceding travellers, topographers, and poets; so that the descriptions altogether form a *mélange* neither ill suited to the engravings nor to while away an hour of ennui,—if such could ensue after looking over Mr. Proust's picturesque and graphic productions.

The work has, we believe, been published some time, (though we had not seen it till late this week,) and we are glad to hear that so new a design has met with much encourage-

ment. This must, in great measure, be attributed to the beauty of the artist's subjects, and to the circumstance of comparatively few of his paintings having hitherto been engraved. And here we have no fewer than twenty-five plates, executed under the able direction of C. Heath; together with a charming vignette of the Arch of Constantine at Rome. When we farther mention, that the prints, almost all delightful, (though, after all, steel, with its hard outline, is not so good a medium for some landscapes, especially on a small scale, as copper, or even lithography,) comprehend the Castle of Chillon, the Bridge of Sighs, the Rialto, the Palace of the Foscari, and other interesting views; besides excellent things of Geneva, Lausanne, Milan Cathedral, Como, Verona, Vicenza, Ponte Sisto at Rome, &c. &c. On the whole, it strikes us as a strong proof of the correctness of the opinion to which we had come on considering the *Annals* generally,—either that they ought to be limited to the portfolio, or greatly elevated in their literary character,—that this volume, with the designs by a single artist, and of one class, should be quite as successful as its more ambitious contemporaries.

Dews of Castille. By J. Johns. 12mo. pp. 226. London, 1828. Hunter.

THE productions of a young man, but one of evident taste and feeling. Most of the poems have gone the round of the *Magazines* and *Annals*; but we hope the following piece, which has pleased us much, will be acceptable, if not new, to our readers: it is entitled "the Poet's Mourner," and is a pretty and melancholy poem.

"Life for me is past and over—
I have lost my minstrel lover!
This fond heart's divinest chord
Broke with thine, my laurel'd lord!
Round the spot thy dust that paveth,
Many a tear the marble laveth;
But among them whose can fall
Wild as her's who weeps her all!
Yet oh, what to thee availeth,
That one voice above thee waileth?
In thy bower of glories o'er
Love nor grief shall reach thee more.
Silent there the voice of sadness—
Powerless there the pang of madness;
With this vain world thou hast done,
And thy weary race is run.
Of the splendid sorrows round thee,
And of all to earth that bound thee,
Glory's rainbow rests alone,
Shining round a cold grave-stone.
Glorious sleeper! yet thy spirit
Shall the wreath it sought inherit:
Proud the mead that waiteth thee—
Mortal immortality!
But the fame which mocks the sleeper,
Can it cheer the living weeper?
There are hearts decreed to know
Glory but embitters wo.
Yet, since all beside has perished,
More, oh more, shall this be cherished;
And thy fame shall be to me
Sacred as thy memory.
Fare thee well, my minstrel lover—
Life for me is past and over:
This fond heart's divinest chord
Broke with thine, my laurel'd lord!"

Some of the legendary ballads are equally well written.

Some Account of Edward Ruppel, and his Travels in Northern Africa.

REFERRING to our preceding accounts of this interesting expedition, we have to state that the next tidings of our enterprising traveller are communicated in a letter from Cairo, of the 27th July, 1824, when he deploras the loss of his instruments and the property he had left behind at Esné, during the unsuccessful revolt of Upper Egypt. In returning to Don-

gola, he says: "I stopped at the ruins of Solib, in order to ascertain their geographical position: I had been led into error by Burckhardt's report, and concluded that they were the ruins of Napata: such a conclusion, however, is incorrect, for there is not the slightest vestige near Solib of the existence of so flourishing a spot as Napata must have formerly been: the only object to be discovered there is the remains of a magnificent, though isolated, palace. Napata was probably three leagues and a half to the north of Solib, where the ruins of Sheik-sélim are extant; and these are known among the Barabras by the name of Sedegne, or ruins. In this last locality are seen the walls of several private dwellings, besides the remains of two temples; whereas, nothing of the kind exists near what must once have been the colossal palace of Solib. A high wall encloses its whole area, which comprises several courts. The first of these is one hundred and ninety-two feet long, and one hundred and seven broad, and its entrance is guarded by two lions-couchants of granite: it is closed to the west by two prismatic gates, leading to a second court, which is seventy-six feet long and ninety-two feet broad. It is encircled by an open portico with a colossal colonnade; and a double row of columns on its western side forms a species of peristyle. Within the centre of the palace is a hall forty feet long and fifty-four broad. Twelve colossal columns support the ceiling, and their capitals consist of branches of the palm-tree: the columns in the court are sculptured in imitation of palm-trees interwoven, like those in the great temple of Lugsor. No hieroglyphics exist but such as are found on the columns and architraves; they are scanty in number, though skillfully carved. The whole structure has suffered greatly from the waste of time; and of the eighty-six columns by which it was adorned, there are but nine standing. The material used throughout is a brownish freestone."

In September following, we find him at Dongola, where the severe illness of Hey again arrested his journey into Kordofan, an almost unknown land, until the month of December. During this interval, however, they made a hunting excursion to Sukkot, which forms an interesting episode in the traveller's narrative:

"On this excursion, with the aid of natives trained to the task, we were fortunate enough to kill one crocodile and two hippopotami in nine days. One of the latter is thirteen feet long; his eye-teeth are each of them eighteen inches in length, from the root to the point. This colossus did not give up the ghost until five balls, discharged at twenty paces' distance, had nearly shivered his skull in pieces; the encounter took place in the night-time, and lasted no less than five hours: the strength of eighteen men was scarcely sufficient to drag the body out of the water. But I have something even more incredible to relate: Hey, unassisted by any one but myself, has made a perfect preparation of the hides of the three animals, and the skeletons of two of them. Unhappily our friend's strength is utterly exhausted."

He then mentions his intention of exploring Kordofan alone, and sending Hey back to Cairo for his health, as well as to superintend the forwarding of their rich collections to Europe. "In this consignment," he adds, "you will find two large crocodiles and their skeletons, independently of our four hippopotami. But it is impossible for me to describe the joy I experienced from discovering that the Nile affords shelter to two species of the former ani-

male—the *crocodilus vulgaris*, Linn., and the *crocodilus multiscutatus*, Mus. Francof. The distinction between the two had been long known to the natives, who were the first to draw my attention towards it. . . . I purpose visiting Kordofan almost alone; for I shall take no more than two servants and a slave with me; and should I roam into the desert in pursuit of giraffes, I shall leave even this scanty escort behind, as I am unwilling that others should lose their lives through my obstinacy."

The extracts which follow, from his subsequent correspondence, bear evidence of the success, as well as the dangers and difficulties, which Ruppel met with in his pilgrimage to the *terra penè incognita* of Kordofan. "On the 22d of December I quitted Dongola, and went by water to Dabbe, where I found my ten camels which had journeyed overland. Abdin-bey was anxious that I should traverse the desert of Simri with a large caravan, and had preceded me by a courier, who had orders to detain all the traders journeying towards Kordofan, until I reached Dabbe. But unfortunately, the whole of them—and they were three hundred in number—had taken their departure two days before the courier's arrival. I set out, therefore, almost unattended; for the whole number of my companions did not exceed seventeen. I have reason to be thankful that I reached Obeid (Ibeis) in safety on the 13th of January, and experienced no other mishap but the loss of two camels. I was scarcely housed within the capital of Kordofan before I was invalidated by the salt-wells' water, which appeared to disagree with my bilious constitution. A few days afterwards an attack of jaundice came on, and detained me another fortnight."

"When at Dongola, Mohammed-bey-tefderdar, the pasha's son-in-law, with whom I had become acquainted at Shendi, and by whom the government of all the conquered provinces, south of the Wadi-Halfa, had been recently administered, had given me, among other letters, one to the leading sheik of the Arab tribe Hammer. This tribe, who lead a wandering life near Omsemime, on the frontiers between Kordofan and Darfour, are particularly devoted to the hunting of giraffes; and my letter of introduction ordered them to kill two of them for my use. By adding presents and promises to this order, I was in great hopes that my darling wish would at last be gratified: but my patience was to be put to a fresh test. The Arabs of Darfour, who were hostile to my intended guests, surprised them, slew eighty-seven men, and carried off a large booty in slaves and camels. On the 29th of January I left Obeid, in search of the Hammer-Arabs, and, shortly after I had joined them, was made exceedingly uneasy by their spies reporting, that a fresh incursion from the Darfour side was to be feared. Every thing was placed in a state of defence; but we got off on this occasion without any other inconvenience than our alarm. I now lost no time in despatching hunters into the untenanted district towards Darfour; and at the end of eleven days, they brought me back two beautiful giraffes, a male and female. I succeeded in preparing their skins, and a skeleton of the largest. The male is somewhat more than fifteen feet in perpendicular height, from the top of the head to the ground. . . . You will learn with pleasure, that by my own unassisted exertions, I have been enabled, in the space of thirty-five days, to collect sixty-five mammiferous animals, one hundred and sixty birds, with twelve

skeletons, and five amphibious animals and one skeleton, besides molluscæ, &c. It was not the season for insects and plants."

The next excursion which Ruppel made was into the mountainous desert to the south of Korté and Ambukol: from which, under the escort of two and twenty Arab horsemen, and nearly forty infantry, he brought a rich booty back with him, the most remarkable feature in it being no less than five giraffes. After resting some months at Cairo, for the purpose of re-establishing his health, packing up his valuable collections, and despatching them to Europe, he set off, in February 1826, on a journey of inspection through the northern confines of the Red Sea, among which he visited Mount Sinai, where he found the wild goat from which our own "Billies and Nannies" are descended. The sickness of most of his companions compelled him to return to Cairo in the month of August; but he availed himself of the opportunity thus afforded him of sending off his spoils, which comprised, amongst other specimens, eighty-six skins of mammiferæ, one hundred and fifty-four of birds, sixty-two of amphibious animals in spirits, one hundred and twenty of fish, and fifty-eight species of crabs, molluscæ, &c.

Towards the close of September, Ruppel again quitted Cairo; and having rejoined his fellow-travellers, whom he had left at Tor, he embarked for Massouah. "Never," says he, "were my equipments more complete than upon the present occasion. In order to push my researches still further along the eastern districts of Abyssinia, I have hired a second chasseur. I have great hopes of this Abyssinian expedition. If I succeed to the extent of my ardent wishes, and track the fawn of this region to its haunt, we shall ship ourselves back, at Massouah, in June 1827, land at Gidda, return to Cairo in the autumn, explore the Delta, and in the spring of 1828 I trust to find, at the hands of my old friends, a cheering and renovating welcome after all my fatigues."

The produce of this expedition was indeed most brilliant, and far exceeded in value any collection he had before presented to the Frankfurt Museum. Hey had returned to that city in the latter part of the year preceding; and in September 1827, Ruppel himself—than whom no wayfarer in foreign lands has ever evinced a more ardent, disinterested, and indefatigable spirit—landed at Leghorn, after a six years' absence in Africa. He spent the autumn and winter of that year in Italy; and having perfectly regained his health, finally reached his native home on the 29th of March, 1828, where he was welcomed with those demonstrations of heartfelt attachment and gratitude, to which his eminent patriotism, and the services he has rendered to the scientific world, so justly entitled him.

We have seen the first twelve Numbers of the Zoological Atlas, which precedes the publication of his Travels: they are got up in a style and with a care which are alike creditable to Ruppel and to the society of Senkenberg, by whom it is sent forth into the world. The text—which proceeds from the pen of Dr. Cretschmar, its president, aided by the notices of the traveller—combines a perfect mastery of the subject, in a scientific point of view, with a degree of animation and amusement in the details, which would render the work a popular companion of our tables, had not the learned editor closed its pages to so many thousands, by confining his version to the German language. The work is of too high a character that its portals should not be opened to the

universal world of science; and we earnestly recommend, therefore, the addition of a French version to the future numbers of this valuable publication.

The Animal Kingdom described and arranged in conformity with its Organisation, by the Baron Cuvier, Member of the Institute of France, &c. Translated, with large additional Descriptions of many Species not hitherto named, and other original Matter, by Edward Griffith, F.L.S. and others. Part XXI. Class Aves. London, 1829. Whitaker, Treacher, and Co.

If, as no one can deny, the study of the animated productions of nature be one of the most delightful that can occupy the attention of man, it is equally true, that of that wide and varied kingdom, the chosen province, the very paradise, is the birds. The gracefulness of their forms, the exquisite delicacy of their covering, the inimitable brilliancy of their colours, the light and life-giving transparency of the element in which they live, the singular variety of their habits, the delightful melody of their songs, and the most singular fact, that, with organs apparently more unfitted for articulation than many of the quadrupeds, they are the only animals that can imitate man in the wonders of voice, and rival him in the intricacy of music: these, and a thousand other qualities, with the bare enumeration of which we could fill a number of our journal, render the study of birds a favourite of every elegant mind. Even the fleetest of quadrupeds is heavy and lumbering, in comparison. We boast of the greyhound, which lies panting and breathless upon the earth if it courses round a moderately-sized field, or the race-horse that is exhausted with a three-mile heat; but what are these to the little Swift, that can awaken from the eaves of an English cottage in the morning, and nestle in the date-tree on the borders of the great desert of Sahara before the sun be down. That little twitterer is the very Puck of creation: it cannot, indeed,

"Put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes;"

but, at the rate of 250 miles an hour, which is considerably within the computation of Spallanzani, it can cincture the globe in less than four days, and thus be from England to Africa in the brief space of four hours: even the eider-duck, apparently unwieldy as it is, could breakfast in Eastness, and sup in Kent; and, let the storm blow its worst, the golden eagle can dash right in the teeth of it at the rate of forty miles an hour.

In a study which is so pleasing, it is quite refreshing to think that there is a work, in a form accessible to all, and so full and so varied, that each may find that which is more immediately interesting. Such is the translation now before us; in which the text of the illustrious Baron Cuvier is faithfully given, together with all that has been added to the charming science of ornithology since the publication of his great work. The study of zoology, in all its departments, is reviving in this country; and we know of no publication that is more calculated to spirit it on to farther exertions than this fasciculus, and the others of which it forms a part. The additional information is rendered valuable by the authorities being given; the supplements to the different orders embody all that is known of the habits of the genera and species; and the engravings, which are admirable both in their spirit and truth, are taken from real specimens, and executed with much richness and freedom. They are also

selected with great judgment. To have chosen those that are known to all, would have been of comparatively little value, as all that the student who found the living specimens in their native haunts would have done, could have been to criticise and compare; but by giving those chiefly which are rare and foreign, and comparing the figures with the descriptions, the student will be enabled, from the descriptions alone, to distinguish the native species whenever he meets with them. This is the most successful way of instruction, because whilst it gives the lesson, it hides the school-master. If we were to offer a short opinion of it, it would be that the book and the subject were equally delightful. Take the description of the manners of that most interesting bird, the wood grouse, which, though now unfortunately lost to the ornithology of this country, still abounds in the extreme north of the continent and of Asia: it is part of the appendix to the order Gallinæ, and a fair, but not flattering, specimen of the work.

"The season of reproduction commences with the wood grouse in the month of March or April, sooner or later according to the duration of the snow which covers its native mountains; this period usually lasts until the buds of the beech-tree begin to blossom. The old male is fond of retiring to the spot which has been the scene of his early amours; he generally makes choice of the declivity of some mountain, exposed to the first rays of the sun, in the neighbourhood of a torrent where pine-trees grow: there the male, with a cry peculiar to the species, calls the females, who assemble on the ground round the tree on which he perches. This fine bird, with his eyes sparkling, the feathers of his head and neck erect, his wings extended, and his tail raised and spread out, parades proudly over the thickest branches; and often on the trunk of some tree which has fallen; in this attitude he makes the solitudes re-echo with his voice, which bears no indistinct resemblance to the whetting of a sith: he most generally commences these cries as early as two o'clock in the morning, and continues them until day-break; he then descends from the tree, round which the females, to the number of six, and often of eight, are assembled. In the morning he accompanies them in search of food, and in the evening he resumes his former position. This habit of the grouse is known to hunters, and would lead to the belief that it was easy to discover and destroy him. This, however, is not at all the case, for he will seldom allow himself to be approached near enough for that purpose. It is only when he is uttering those cries we have mentioned, that it is possible to get near enough to him; as soon as he is silent, the fowler should remain immovable; the least stir, even the crackling of the leaves, or an inconsiderate movement of the eyes, will immediately drive away the grouse; and when once he has discovered the danger, he is no longer to be approached, not even within two hundred paces. In observing the cautions we have given, however, the fowler can easily kill this bird, when he gets under the tree; even if he miss him, he will have time to reload his piece, as long as the grouse continues his deafening cries."

Histoire de l'Université de Paris.

Par E. Dubarle.

HAVING in a former No. (641) inserted an account of this interesting publication, we have been sorry to postpone so long as we have done the sequel of that paper, with some

further particulars of considerable literary curiosity.

The University of Paris was at all times a zealous defender as well as successful advocate of the independence of the French clergy: at one moment engaged in resisting, with powerful effect, the ambitious pretensions and exactions of the see of Rome; and, at another, as Gollut testifies, "upholding principles of honour, a due reverence for pure religion, and a love for the public welfare." It was this spirit which induced it to support the "pragmatic sanction," by which the virtual liberties of the Gallican church were secured in 1439; and prompted it to read a bold, but unhappily useless, lesson to the new occupant of St. Peter's chair in 1394. Indeed, its address to Benedict XIII. abounds with so many "wise saws" for subjects as well as sovereigns, that it would be unpardonable in us to pass it wholly *sub silentio*. We must premise our extract by reminding the reader, that the tiara was at this time claimed by two rival candidates. Clement VII. having died at Avignon, "the whole of Europe, and the University among the first, set themselves in motion with a view to convert this event into a means of promoting unity in the church. But their exertions were unavailing; the same motives which occasioned the nomination of a successor to Urban VI. swayed the appointment of a successor to Clement, in the person of Peter de Luna, an Arragonese, who had been for many years the papal legate at the court of France: he was a man of learning, and a skilful diplomatist; possessed of a shrewd understanding, and as subtle as he was pertinacious. On assuming the semi-pontificate, he adopted the title of Benedict XIII., and the University wrote him a remarkable letter, congratulating him on his accession, and in the same breath exhorting him to exert himself in restoring peace to the church. 'If you defer until the morrow,' said the University, 'what you can do to-day, a second and then a third day will glide away unnoticed; and these successive procrastinations will bring about neglect and oblivion of the intended task. And this will be seconded by flatterers, who, under pretence of affection, infuse the poison of self-esteem and indifference for the public welfare; and by the ambitious, who will besiege you for dignities and preferments; then will step in the courtier, who is an inexorable worshipper of the powers that be; and to all these allurements will be added the pleasing habit of commanding, than which there is no allurements more attractive and insinuating, or more conducive to estrangement from the paths of duty. We are not apprehensive of wounding your ears by making use of this language, because we know them to be of a very patient character; you are a lover of truth, and this emboldens us to speak to you without disguise. Human nature, as you well know, is weak, enraptured with its own perfections, and more given to indolence, deceitful pleasures, and tranquillity, than to labour and its consequent fatigues; apply your hand promptly to the work, (this we entreat of you in our humble supplications,) casting to the winds all delays and tergiversations. If you are able to do good to-day, why defer it till to-morrow?—If you are incapable to-day, you will be much more so to-morrow; for experience teaches us that delays and intermissions do not contribute to activity, but, on the contrary, diminish and cool it. Besides, the evil requires a prompt remedy, and will not brook delay, seeing that, as it is of long existence, its character will become desperate, unless a diligent hand come

forward with a cure.' This address, however, produced no effect; Benedict had a rival in Boniface IX., who was as pertinacious as himself; and the self-love of both impelled them to prefer the preservation of their personal dignity to the interests of religion."

We now approach a period of high interest to the English reader,—the eighteen years (1418—1436) during which the destinies of France were wielded by the victor of Agincourt, and subsequently by the infirm hand of the regent Bedford. "The scanty protection which the University received at the hands of the new government, occasioned it bitterly to deplore the times when the native princes treated it with benignity, maintained its dignity, and took a delight in heaping benefactions upon it." Not only was much of its splendour abated under the English sway, but, in 1431, the Duke of Bedford, with the Pope's sanction, founded a rival University at Caen, under letters patent from Henry VI. It appears, however, that "on the occasion of that prince's entry into Paris, he confirmed its privileges. The English monarch came after the ceremony to dine at the marble table in the great hall of the palace. Tables had been reserved for the University; but such was the want of proper order, that its members found the greatest difficulty in pushing themselves through the crowd and reaching their seats, after being huddled pell-mell with soap-makers and the dregs of the people." At this period, however, the affairs of the French king, Charles VII., who had retreated behind the Loire, took a most unexpectedly favourable turn, "thanks to the enthusiasm excited by the heroine of Orleans. Joan of Arc had appeared upon the stage, and her presence had rekindled the courage and hopes even of the most desponding. The unenlightened mind of those days being apprehensive of the manœuvres of the devil, and tracing every event of a supernatural appearance to his instrumentality, her services were not accepted until she had undergone examination before the doctors of the University of Poitiers, which had been recently established. "Well I know," said she, when riding towards that place, "that there is plenty of work cut out for me at Poitiers, to which you are conducting me; but the Lord will help me. So proceed we thither, and the grace of God be with us!" The tide of success speedily buried former reverses in oblivion; the English fled in all quarters; Orleans was delivered, Jurgan was taken, and victory crowned the triumphs of France at the battle of Patay; whilst the maddened fury of the enemy induced them to treat that very heroine, upon whose prowess they turned their backs and fled, as a sorceress."—"The Duke of Bedford was compelled, upon the direct requisition of the University, to lay down his office of regent, which was conferred upon the Duke of Burgundy. There was nothing to palliate these reverses but the capture of the Maid. She had been taken prisoner in the battle of Compiègne, by a natural son of Vendôme, who had sold her to the Sire de Luxembourg, from whom the English, in their turn, bought her for ten thousand livres. Peter Cauchon, bishop of Beauvais, who had been driven out by his diocessans after they had opened the gates of the town to the king's party, united with the inquisitor of the faith in claiming her person, as amenable before the ecclesiastical courts in the double character of a heretic and a sorceress. The University of Paris also, or at least such of its members as had continued to reside there as adherents of the English party, joined in enforcing this claim. 'We are greatly in fear,' said this learned body,

'lest the seductions and malice of hellish enemies, and the subtleties of your adversaries and evil-minded persons, who are anxiously striving to deliver her, should rescue her out of your hands by some contrivance which God would not approve; of a truth, every loyal catholic must opine, that never in the memory of man could there occur a more signal breach of religious faith, or fouler damage to the national interests, than if she were to escape by such damnable means and without suitable punishment.' A decree of King Henry, granted upon demand made by the bishop and University, and couched in letters patent of the 30th of January, 1430, ordered that Joan of Arc should be delivered into his hands. She was instantly put upon her trial, during the course of which the University was frequently consulted; 'and when the judges found themselves thwarted by the answers of the aforesaid maid, they wrote to request its opinions, which, on this account, abound throughout the trial.' Doctors had been appointed as assessors to assist the inquisitor, brother Martin, and the bishop, her two judges; and the majority of them, notwithstanding the care with which they had been selected, acted rather from fear than conviction; for such as were indulgent towards her in their interrogatories, and gave her encouragement to reply, were insulted, and had threats of being thrown into the river held out to them. All the reports of proceedings were falsified, and those which were forwarded to the University for its advice contained a tissue of lies and misrepresentations. It will be readily imagined that this advice was by no means in her favour; for it was given under the influence of Joan's persecutor, Peter Cauchon, at that time apostolic conservator of the University, whose name had acquired no very laudable notoriety from his associating himself with Petit in lauding the assassination of the Duke of Orleans. Being pronounced guilty of blasphemy against God, because she had worn male attire! and chargeable with heresy towards the church, she was burned at Rouen on the 30th of May, 1431. And 'the University of Paris, determined to play its part in the tragedy, set out in grand procession to Saint Martin-des-Champs, on the day of Saint Martin d'Esté, when a Dominican pronounced a declamatory oration against this poor girl; in which he set forth, that all she had done had been the work of the devil, and not of God.'—This atrocious deed greatly contributed to weaken the power of the English, by rendering them odious to the nation."

The misfortunes of Henry VI., and the success as well as enlightened policy of his rival, whose forces recaptured Paris about four years afterwards, gave prosperity to France, and amply atoned to this University for the injuries it had sustained under foreign misrule. But the most auspicious event, which had ever promoted its prosperity, was the capture of Constantinople by the Mahomedans in 1453. "A host of learned men, who had escaped that catastrophe, and fled from Turkish oppression, had emigrated to Europe in search of new homes; and offered their talents, acquisitions, and books, in exchange for the hospitable welcome they received. A new era dawned upon the West; a new direction was given to the arts and sciences; and they received an impetus, which might be crippled, but could never be arrested. The University of Paris was not a stranger to this impulse, but, on the contrary, hailed it with eagerness: this period, indeed, is considered by its historian (Crevier) as having rekindled the pur-

suits of literature within its bosom. The study of the ancient languages, which is necessary to the effectual development of the human mind, and had always been encouraged by the Parisian schools, was, notwithstanding, in a very languishing state. Rhetoric, the use of which is to confine the art of writing within limits defined and recognised by good taste, was not only scarcely known even by name, but had been crushed beneath the incubus of scholastic philosophy. The year 1458 was the witness of important ameliorations in the science of teaching. The name of one of these illustrious fugitives deserves to be rescued from oblivion. Gregory of Tifernum, the pupil of the famous Chrysolorus, and the master of Poggius and Aretinus, offered his services to the University, by which they were cordially accepted, with the assignment of an allowance of one hundred crowns per annum; and he consequently opened two public courses of lectures in Greek and rhetoric."

We must now bid farewell to M. Dubarle's attractive pages, in the earnest hope that he may speedily indulge us with a fresh proof of that talent, accuracy, and laborious research, which characterise the first volume of his History. No individual can rise from the perusal of such a work as his without entertaining a deeper sentiment of veneration and gratitude towards those, upon whose unostentatious but inestimable labours the proper moulding and expansion of the intellect of civilised nations so essentially depends.

Serunt arborea, quæ alteri sæculo prosunt.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

A General, Medical, and Statistical History of the present Condition of Public Charity in France. By David Johnston, M.D. 8vo. pp. 605. Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd: London, Simpkin and Marshall.

IN times of national improvement, when so many plans to ameliorate the condition of mankind are almost daily broached, it is of much importance to know what has been done and is doing, in other countries, where also projects of utility and advanced civilisation are entertained. We have to thank Dr. Johnston for furnishing us with ample materials of this kind, and enabling us to take very striking, comparative, and comprehensive views of subjects of infinite consequence to humanity. The management of hospitals, the question of dissections, asylums for various classes of the afflicted, lunatic establishments, mendicity, and other objects of the utmost interest, are here fully and fairly brought before us; and not only public men, but every order of intelligent readers, will find much food for reflection in these pages of laborious detail and sensible investigation. Saying this of the general merits of the work, we shall only refer to one of its particular features—the account of the *Maisons de Santé* (chapter viii.)—for the purpose of introducing a paper we have this week received from a correspondent, and for which we cheerfully make room below, as it is ever gratifying to us to promote the cause of any valuable and deserving institution.

"In France there are houses under the name of *Maisons de Santé*, into which persons of limited income are admitted when they fall into ill health, and where, for a very moderate sum, they are accommodated with board, lodging, and medical attendance. In Paris there is one large establishment of this kind, under the immediate patronage of the government, and by whom any deficiency in the income is made up. The principle is obviously

good,—those who have seen better days, and have not forgotten the honest pride of independence, are spared the mortification of becoming the inmates of a public hospital, while they are enabled to retain their comforts at a moment when the loss of them would be most severely felt. In this country, the only institution of the kind, so far as we know, is the Asylum for the Recovery of Health, at Lisson Grove, established several years ago,—but we suspect not generally known to the public. The plan very much resembles that of the *Maisons de Santé*. Respectable persons, of either sex, are furnished with every comfort, for a sum which would go but little way towards their maintenance at home, while they are at the same time provided with medical and surgical advice,—of which it is enough to say that we observe the names of Maton, Keate, and Brodie, in the list of professional attendants. None of the rooms contain more than three beds; and any one, on paying a few shillings a week in addition, is accommodated with a separate apartment. Officers, clergymen, tradespeople, and others, in reduced circumstances, and gentlemen living on narrow means, who must otherwise have experienced great distress, have, in the hour of sickness, thankfully availed themselves of the institution; and we are anxious to make it generally known to those who may wish to participate in its benefits, as well as to those who, approving of the plan, may be disposed to assist the governors in extending its operations. It deserves all encouragement, for it holds out relief to those who would shrink from becoming the objects of more direct charity—who are willing to contribute towards their support, but who, if left unassisted in the struggle, would speedily sink from humble independence to absolute destitution;—in a word, it embraces a class of persons not provided for by any other charity in this great metropolis. It is to be kept in mind, however, that like all such establishments in this country, it depends for support upon the subscriptions of private individuals; and we are sorry to learn, that at the present moment the exertions of its friends are particularly required."

Narrative of the Siege and Capture of Bhurtpore, in the Province of Agra, &c., by the Forces under Lord Combermere, 1825-6. By J. N. Creighton, Esq. Captain 11th Light Dragoons. 4to. pp. 168. London, 1830. Parbury, Allen, and Co.

A LAMENTABLE apathy or indifference to the occurrences of our Eastern empire has been by more than one public writer (besides ourselves) laid to the charge of the people of this country,—and with some degree of truth it would seem, or four years would not have elapsed without a suitable record of an event like that here detailed. We know not exactly how to account for this absence of a nationality of feeling towards India, whose connexion with the mother country is increasing in importance almost hourly;—but of this we are sure, that a writer possessing the patriotic spirit to undertake, at the hazard of much pecuniary sacrifice, a work illustrative of British-Indian military history, is largely entitled to commendation.

Captain Creighton's performance is what it should be—concise, yet perspicuous. Accompanied by the several requisite documents to give it due interest to the various parties—in the field and cabinet—connected with the siege, it is at the same time rendered facile of research to the historical student and general reader, who till the appearance of this volume

had no other source of information on the subject than that furnished by newspaper statements. An epitomised relation of the siege of the same fortress in 1805 is appended, judiciously we think, as well for its historical connexion, as that it forms an excellent auxiliary to Captain Creighton's tribute to the memory of the late gallant Lord Lake.

We shall be glad to see the English public evince a disposition to redeem the error or prejudice imputed to it, by giving countenance to this and other publications of the same tendency.

The Exclusives: a Novel. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1829. Colburn and Bentley.

As a mere novel, these volumes have very much the same sort of merit as those belonging to that good old school of distresses and dilemmas which were the delight of our grandmothers. There is a very faultless hero, and a still more perfect heroine,—one of those super-excellent young ladies who are all simplicity and white muslin, and religiously indifferent to the colour of their court dress. These lovers are made miserable, after the ancient fashion, by misunderstandings which a word would have cleared; and, equally after the ancient fashion, are made happy by misdirected letters, containing all the necessary discoveries; so that all ends by a happy marriage. So much for the more antique parts of invention and composition. As for the modern, the whole peerage has been emptied on these pages: no person therein figures without a title, or two old family names; and there is what may be called a deal of genteel reading. Of the general spirit we shall only say, we thought, and do think, the public surfeited with such trash; and of the more peculiar tone, that we can conceive nothing more outrageous, both in point of taste and feeling, than taking certain individuals, too openly designated to be mistaken, and making these real characters act the part of fictitious ones, incurring all the odium of whatever it may please the author to make them perform. As a mere picture of society, it is exaggerated and revolting. Much has been said, in the way of preliminary puff, of this novel being the first production of a lady of distinction. We will venture to assert pretty decidedly, from internal evidence, that the *Exclusives* is written both by a masculine and practised (we were going to have said hackneyed) writer, and one also very evidently ignorant of the circles he professes to depict.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

LINNÆAN SOCIETY.

DEC. 1.—A. B. Lambert, Esq. V.P. in the chair. The paper read this evening was an account of a recent botanical excursion from Jalapa to Papantla, by Dr. Scheide and M. Ferdinand Deppe, two German naturalists. The communication embraced a great many curious details. The travellers, in the course of their excursion, discovered three entirely new species of the genus *pinus*, or fir tree; also a new species of *sarsaparilla*, possessing similar properties with the *similar sarsaparilla* of South America. Besides these, a new species of oak was found in the hot regions of Mexico—the only instance on record, perhaps, of the genus *quercus* growing in such a temperature: they saw also an abundance of the scarce parasitical plant *vanilla* on the bark of decayed trees. On the banks of the river Tecoluta the travellers observed great numbers of the white *ibis*, and a variety of the heron tribe.—Joseph Neeld,

Esq. and E. Jennings, Esq. were balloted for and elected.

ECLECTIC SOCIETY.*

G. FRANCIS, Esq., sub-treasurer, in the chair.—Mr. C. Cohen (chemical operator to the Society) read an interesting paper, containing a statement of experiments on the blood of various animals, tending to confirm the theory of M. Baruel of Paris, viz. that there exists a peculiar fluid in each animal, distinctive of the source or particular animal from which it is obtained: concentrated sulphuric acid being added to the blood of animals in a glass tube, it will, when agitated, give out the peculiar odour of the animal from which the blood was taken. Mr. Jenkins (the hon. secretary) presented to the Society the perfect fruit of the acacia, preserved in spirit; also to the library, Buxtorf's Chaldaic and Syriac Lexicon.

EASTERN EXPEDITION.

DOCTOR GERARD, the brother of M. G., who has traversed the Himalaya mountains, has just visited the valley of Sulej, and made some curious observations at that place, which is the highest inhabited spot on the globe. The principal object of his journey was the introduction of vaccination into Thibet; but it appears that the prejudices of the Rajah prevented him from succeeding in that humane enterprise. One of the villages where he stopped was proved to be 14,700 feet above the level of the sea. At this place, in the month of October, the thermometer, in the morning, marked 8° 33' centigrades below zero; and during the day the rays of the sun were so hot as to be inconvenient, and yet the waters in the lakes and rivers were frozen during the night, but were free from ice at two o'clock in the afternoon. By means of artificial irrigation, and the action of solar heat, large quantities of rye were raised at this immense height, some of the fields being at 14,900 feet. Doctor Gerard gives his opinion, that cultivation might be carried as high as from 16 to 17,000 feet. The goats bred in this region are the finest in the country, and are of that species whose wool is used for the manufacture of shawls.

At a height of 15,500 feet, quantities of fossil shells are found on calcareous rocks, upon strata of granite and pulverised schist: they consist of muscle, and others of various forms and dimensions. To the north of the frontier of Konnaour, Doctor Gerard attained a height of more than 20,000 feet, without crossing the perpetual snow. At one o'clock in the afternoon the thermometer was at 2° 78 centigrades below zero. Notwithstanding this extreme elevation, the action of the sun had an unpleasant effect, though in the shade the air was freezing. The aspect of the surrounding regions was sublime and terrible; and on the frontier a ridge of snow was perceptible. In these regions, which for a long time were inaccessible, M. Gerard met with one of the most intrepid philologists known in Hungary, named Cosma de Koros. This traveller, after advancing towards the centre of Asia, arrived at Konnaour, in Thibet, where he fixed himself in the monastery of Kanum, and lived amidst the monks of the Lamaic religion. Aided by a learned Lama, he made great progress in the study of the literature of Thibet, and discovered an encyclopædia in forty-four volumes, which treated of the arts and sciences. The medical part of this large work

forms five volumes. The art of lithography has been practised at the principal city of Thibet from time immemorial, and it has been used to display the anatomy of the different parts of the human body. It appears that science and letters, flying from the tyranny of the caste of the Brahmins, abandoned the plains of Hindostan, and took refuge on the mountains of Thibet, where, until the present time, they remained totally unknown to the rest of the world.—*Le Globe*.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, Nov. 28.—On Thursday the following degrees were conferred:—

Doctor in Civil Law.—Rev. W. M. Lally, St. John's College, Grand Compounder.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. J. S. R. Evans, Queen's College, Grand Compounder; H. Reynolds, Scholar of Jesus College; Rev. J. T. C. Fawcett, Student of Christ Church.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. N. Edwards, Worcester College, Grand Compounder; T. Furnivall, Queen's College; W. Dod, W. Duke, Magdalen Hall; W. Gould, Balliol College; G. D. Haughton, Worcester College; G. Eaton, T. Brooke, Brasenose College; G. Clayton, Christ Church College; J. W. Chambers, St. John's College; G. C. Hawkins, Oriel College; R. H. Flower, J. F. R. Hill, Trinity College; R. Foster, Exeter College.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

IN No. 658 of the *Literary Gazette*, (August 29th) we described, with much approbation, the plan which was then adopted for making an exchange between the Royal Society and the British Museum,—the former giving to the latter such scientific and other productions as it had not opportunity of employing to the advantage of the community at large, or to its own, and receiving in return the duplicates of such works, from the Museum, as were best calculated to enrich and complete its library of reference. Nothing, it appeared to us, could be more eligible than such a transaction; and as neither the Council of the Royal Society, nor the Trustees of the British Museum, could by possibility have any personal interest in the matter, we certainly hailed it as a well-meant and well-devised scheme for the public benefit. It seems, however, that some dissentients have taken a different view of the case, and some very angry letters have appeared in the *Times* on the subject; calling the exchange a job, and those concerned in it very hard names. We have heard that Mr. Babbage objected to it strongly in the Council; but who wrote the *Times'* letters we know not: if that gentleman, we think he would have given them the weight of his name. But whoever the writer is, he is evidently, from the remedies he suggests, ignorant of the fact, that the President and Council of the Royal Society enjoy, by the charter, the full and perfect right to do that which he has questioned, and, further, recommended to control by general meetings, and other expedients altogether inconsistent with the constitution of the body. The Arundel Manuscripts, which have been transferred to the British Museum, were presented to the Royal Society soon after its formation, and have ever since, from the nature of its proceedings, been a dead letter: they may now be of general utility to literary men. But it has been argued that the Museum was not ready to return the *quid pro quo*; and we believe that in the first instance there was a semblance on which to found this suspicion. For the British Museum being in progress with its Catalogue could only produce its early sheets (as far as they had gone), out of which the Society were to select such books as suited their purpose; and there were probably not half enough to satisfy a fair balance of exchange. But on looking to our original statement, we find that this contingency was pro-

vided for. The valuation was to be made, and "it was agreed to make a debit of the amount as against the Museum, to be diminished and extinguished, as occasion offered, by the transfer of such things as were eligible to be received" (see *Lit. Gaz.* p. 570). Considering these circumstances, we cannot imagine that the outcry of corruption, jobbing, and imbecility, which has been raised, is warranted; but, on the contrary, still continue to look upon the transaction as one purely and judiciously directed to the public good.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

ON Thursday, last week, H. Hallam, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—Reginald Bray, Esq., the Rev. T. S. Hughes, and Ralph Watson, Esq., were elected fellows. Signor Juan Barthé communicated, through Lord Aberdeen, facsimiles of some Roman inscriptions. The Rev. H. J. Todd, F.S.A., presented a drawing, with a description, of a richly-ornamented Saxon doorway at Kirkham Abbey, Yorkshire. Some remarks on the coins of the kings of Mercia, by Edward Hawkins, Esq., F.S.A., were read; and also a communication from Mr. Bray respecting the discovery made on Earl Onslow's estate at Worplesden, in Surrey, two miles and a half from Guildford, on the 30th July last, of a pavement sixty-two feet in length, the tesserae of which his lordship has had removed to Clandon, for an ornamental building.

Dec. 3d. Thomas Amoyt, Esq., in the chair.—Three or four short communications were read on subjects of no particular interest.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

THE paper read at the last meeting was a translation of Aneurin's poem of "Gorchan Cynvelyn," made some years ago by the author of the "Celtic Researches." The translation is in sufficiently spirited verse. But the most valuable part of the venerable writer's communication is the introductory memoir, in which, after pointing out the futility of endeavouring to interpret the remains of the primitive bards of Britain by the help of the continuators of Nennius, the Triades, and Geoffry of Monmouth's history—works which are either palpable forgeries, or, at least, of doubtful or of no authority,—he recommends the study of the authentic poems of Aneurin, Taliesin, and Llywarch, conducted upon sound critical principles, as the only means of enabling the historian and the antiquary to obtain an accurate knowledge of the customs and manners of our British ancestors, as well as of ascertaining, by an easy deduction, from an acquaintance with the language which the Romans left among them, what language they originally found.

A copy of the "Anwari Sohili," printed at the government press at Bombay, and several volumes of Transactions of the Della Cruscan Academy, were among the books presented.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Devonshire and Cornwall Illustrated. From original Drawings by T. Allom and W. H. Bartlett, &c.; engraved on steel by Heath, Miller, Le Petit, Wallis, &c. With Historical and Descriptive Accounts, by J. Britton and E. W. Brayley, Esqrs. Part I. Fisher, Son, and Co.

WHEN we consider the variety of minds, from the humblest and simplest to the most exalted and refined, to which topographical publications address themselves, we cease to wonder at their multiplicity. The first Part of the

* A Society under this name has been formed in the eastern part of London, and has monthly meetings: as we wish to promote every literary and scientific institution, we publicly notice its transactions.—*Ed. L. G.*

very pleasing one before us is confined to Devonshire, of which it is truly observed, "there is not, perhaps, a single county in the British Islands more replete with picturesque and romantic features, antiquarian remains, geological riches, and geographical and maritime relations." The views are sixteen in number, and are beautifully executed. We recommend, however, for the benefit of those who are strangers to the scenes which they represent, a little more particularity, in future, in their titles. For instance, it is necessary for any one unacquainted with the places, to refer to the printed text to ascertain whether "The Royal Hotel and St. Andrew's Chapel and Terrace," and "The Royal Theatre and Athenæum," are in Exeter, or in Plymouth. With respect to the historical and descriptive portion of the work, the names of the gentlemen by whom it has been undertaken are a sufficient guarantee of its correctness and excellence.

Engraved Illustrations of Ancient Arms and Armour. After the Drawings and with the Descriptions of Dr. Meyrick; by Joseph Skelton, F.S.A. Part XXI.

"HORSE Muzzles, &c.," "An Iron Arm of the Sixteenth Century," "Sword-Hilts, Chape, &c. A.D. 1660," "Instruments of Punishment," "Persian Armour," and "A Florentine Morian, A.D. 1590," are the plates which embellish the twenty-first part of Mr. Skelton's work. They are executed in the same distinct, and, when requisite, elaborate style, as those which have accompanied the preceding parts. The "Iron Arm" is especially curious. In his description of it Dr. Meyrick says:

"The armourers, as the most skilful workmen of former times, were employed in operations similar to those of surgical instrument makers; among which were contrivances for supplying the loss of limbs. A few of these are still preserved in ancient mansions. The family of Clephane, at Carslogie near Cupar in Scotland, have an iron hand without a thumb, the fingers of which move at the knuckles. It is attached to three flat bars, which, by means of a hoop, were fastened on the arm, just below the elbow. Tradition says it belonged to a laird of the place, who received it from a king of Scotland, in consequence of having lost his hand in the service of his country. An engraving of it will be found in the *Border Antiquities of Scotland*. The iron arm of the famous Götz, or Gottfried, of Berlichingen, born in 1481, and who died in 1562, preserved at Ixhausen, where he resided, is renowned throughout Germany. A description, with explanatory plates, was published at Berlin in 1815, from which it appears not to have reached higher up the arm than that of Carslogie. It was manufactured at Heilbron, on the Neckar. Götz was a warrior of great prowess, and took a prominent part in all the conflicts of his time, particularly in the war of the peasants of Franconia and Swabia against the bishop and nobles; and his life, written by himself, presents a curious picture of the age. Göthe has ably dramatised the principal events.—The specimen in the collection at Goodrich Court, though not so complicated, as the fingers and thumb have only joints at the knuckles, so strongly resembles this in the details of contrivance, that we need not hesitate to assign it to the same manufactory. It was intended to supply the place of the right arm, and to be attached to the pouldron of a suit of armour, on which account it was sufficient that the hand grasped a weapon, that the arm would

turn round below the pouldron, and that it would bend at the elbow."

The London Lithographic Album for 1836.

Engelmann, Graf, Colindet, and Co.

THE facilities afforded by lithography have enabled Messrs. Engelmann and Co. to present the public, at a very moderate price, with this pleasing Annual, which comprehends a singular variety of subjects, fifteen in number, executed all of them in an agreeable, and some of them in a masterly manner. We must briefly notice a few of the most striking—"Cottage Comfort;" painted by Gainsborough, drawn on stone by R. J. Lane, A.R.A. The fine effect of artificial light, and, which is better, the truth of natural character, have both been preserved by Mr. Lane with his accustomed talent and feeling.—"Rivaux Abbey;" drawn on stone by P. Mackenzie. A sweet and delicately finished delineation of this elegant and romantic ruin.—"The Departure of the Packet;" on stone by Paul Gauci, from a drawing by S. Owen. The well-known ability of Mr. Owen in marine subjects, renders it only necessary to say, that the present is one of his most pleasing representations of calm: the flatness and lucidity of the water are charming.—"The Silent Lute;" painted by T. Warrington, drawn on stone by J. S. Templeton. We mentioned Mr. Warrington's clever picture in our notice of the last exhibition at Somerset House: great justice has been done to it by Mr. Templeton.—"La Corotaire;" painted by J. J. Chalon, drawn on stone by W. Gauci. Besides his excellence as a painter of local buildings and scenery, we do not know any of our artists whose foreign figures are so entertainingly characteristic as those of Mr. Chalon.—"Le Bonnet de Crêpe;" painted and drawn on stone by L. Mansion. A very pretty and piquant portrait.—"Tired of Play;" drawn on stone by G. Childs, from a picture by H. Corbould. The chiaroscuro in this pleasing little composition is very skilfully managed. Mr. Childs is an accomplished lithographer.—"Preparing for May-Day;" drawn by T. Fairland, from a painting by R. Farrier. Happy girl! Life would be too valuable, if the feelings of that age were to continue.—"Saturday Night;" painted by W. Hunt, on stone by M. Gauci. The sparkling and spirited drawing, of which this is a faithful copy, must be fresh in the recollection of all the visitors of the last Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water-colours. But we must desist from particular criticism; and content ourselves with repeating our general praise of this interesting publication.

Great Britain Illustrated, from drawings by W. Westall, A.R.A., engraved by E. Finden; with descriptions by T. Moule. Nos. 17 and 18. Tilt.

Two pretty Nos. of Mr. Tilt's cheap and clever publication. The views of "Roelin Castle," and "Berry Pomeroy Castle," are singularly picturesque.

Characteristic Sketches of Animals. Drawn from the Life and engraved by Thomas Landseer. Dedicated, by permission, to the Zoological Society. Part I. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

THE establishment of the Zoological Society, and the formation of their menagerie and gardens in the Regent's Park, have given a strong impulse in this country to the study of zoology—an impulse which the present clever publica-

tion is well calculated to increase. We have too frequently had occasion to notice the talents of Mr. Landseer in the characteristic delineation of animals, to render it necessary for us now to say more than that, in some of the plates under our immediate notice, he appears to have exerted those talents with even more than his usual success. As a proof of this, we would cite either the involution of the agonised and helpless tiger in the folds of his terrible enemy the boa constrictor, or the concentration of animal viciousness and cunning manifested in the eye of the bonassus. The plates of the giraffe, which are after drawings taken from the noble specimen in the Jardin du Roi at Paris, are said, and we have no doubt justly, "to offer for the first time a correct and unexaggerated representation of the original subject." One of the vignettes exhibits the whimsical adventure of Mr. Landseer with an elephant in the Jardin du Roi, which we communicated to our readers soon after its occurrence. The descriptions, which we understand are from the pen of John Henry Barrow, Esq. are written with great perspicuity, and contain much pleasing and valuable information.

Fox-hounds running in Cover. Painted by R. B. Davis, Animal Painter to his Majesty; engraved by W. Giller. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

WE noticed, with the praise which it deserved, the original picture, when it was in the Exhibition of the Society of British Artists: the print, which is very sweetly engraved in mezzotinto, appears to us, as well as we can recollect, to be a faithful imitation of it.

Lincoln Cathedral. Engraved by W. Say, from an original drawing in his possession. Lincoln, Brooke and Sons; London, Ackermann.

LET the skill of the engraver be what it may (and Mr. Say's great talents are well known), there is a heaviness in mezzotinto which unfits it for subjects such as the present.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

PARTING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.†

THUS Hector said, nor longer there remain'd,
But with swift foot his stately palace gain'd;
Yet, haply, found not there, more loved than life,

Her whom alone he sought—his beauteous wife.
She, with her babe and nurse, that mournful hour

Watch'd, steep'd in tears, on Ilion's topmost
Then, at the threshold, hastening to depart,
"Where," Hector cried, "the wife of Hector's heart?

Sought she some sister's anguish to restrain,
Or led the matrons to Minerva's fane?"
"None dares," the guardian of his house replied,—

"None dares, thus charged, the truth from Hector hide.

Not now a sister's anguish to restrain,
Not with the matrons at Minerva's fane;
But when 'twas widely bruited Troy had fled,
And Græcia to these walls the battle led,

* It will be remembered, that the *Lit. Gaz.* contained a portrait of the giraffe sent to England, from an accurate drawing by Mr. Davis.

† We some time ago noticed the reading, at the request of the Council of the Royal Society of Literature, of a portion of Mr. Sotheby's new translation of the *Iliad*; and we have now the gratification to submit another portion for the perusal of our readers—the distinguished author of *Osoron* having most kindly and condescendingly assented to our request to be favoured with this specimen.—Ed. L. G.

Thy wife, where Ilion's tower o'erlooks the
light,
With her loved child and nurse, flew wild
with fright."

Swift at the word, impatient of delay,
Through Troy's proud streets the chief re-
traced his way:

And now arrived, where to the battle-plain
The Scæan gate recalled his step again,
His rich-down'd consort—from Aëtion sprung,
Who erst held sway Cilicia's sons among,
And from far Thebes and Hypoplacia's grove
Led the fair virgin to her Hector's love—
Before him rush'd, and with deep woe o'erpress'd,
Came with her infant on the nurse's breast—
Their only child, and lover in their sight,
And fairer far, than Hesper's golden light.
From famed Scamander, Hector named his boy,
But proudly called Aatyanax by Troy,
In honour of his sire, whose single power
So oft had turned the host from Ilion's tower.
But now the father, bending o'er his child,
Eyed him in silent joy, and sweetly smiled;
The while Andromache, dissolved in tears,
Hung on his hand, and poured forth all her
fears.

"Too rashly bold, thee, sole defence of Troy,
Thy brave right arm, and fearlessness destroy:
Fails then thy child a father's heart to move?
Fails then thy wife's unutterable love?
Thy wife!—no more—Greece arms 'gainst thee
her force: [corse.

Thy wife! a widow, on thy blood-stained
Ah! 'reft of thee, be mine the wish'd-for doom
To hide my anguish in th' untimely tomb!
Ah! 'reft of thee, no hope, no solace mine,
But grief, slow wearing out life's long decline.
No mother waits me, no consoling sire,—
The hapless victim of Achilles' ire.

Ere from the sack of Thebes the chief withdrew,
His ruthless rage my sire Aëtion slew;
Yet feared to spoil, but honouring, on the pyre,
Him, with his arms, consign'd to feed the fire;
Then heap'd on high the earth, whose funeral
mound [crown'd.

With planted elms the Jove-born oreads
They too, whose smiles our hearth had blissful
made,

Seven brothers, sunk at once in Hades' shade.
These, mid their cattle, on the pasturing mead,
Achilles saw at once beneath him bleed.

And here, the conqueror, mid his plunder'd
store,

From Hypoplacia's groves my mother bore,
Then, richly ransom'd, back restored again,
Too soon to perish—by Diana slain.

Yet, thou, my Hector! thou art all, alone,
Sire, mother, brethren, husband, all in one.
In pity, guard this tower, here shield thy life;
Leave not an orphan child, a widow'd wife:
There, by the fig-tree, plant the war-array,
Where easiest of ascent to Troy the way.
Thrice have the boldest chiefs that spot as-
sail'd,

And thrice the efforts of the boldest fail'd;
Th' Atreides, either Ajax, Tydeus' son, [on,
And Crete's fierce king, there led their warriors
Whether by force forewarn'd, or martial art,
There mark'd out Ilion's vulnerable part."

Hector replied: "These all, O wife beloved,
All that moves thee, my heart have deeply
moved;

Yet more the sting of public scorn I dread,
If Hector, slave of fear, the battle fled.
Not thus my heart inclines; far, rather far,
First of Troy's sons to lead the van of war,
Firm-fix'd, not Priam's dignity alone
And glory to uphold, but guard my own.
I know the day draws on when Troy shall fall,
When Priam and his nation perish all:

Yet less, forebodings of the fate of Troy,
Her king, and Hecuba, my peace destroy—
Less, that my brethren, all th' heroic band,
Must with their blood imbrue their native land,
Than thoughts of thee in tears to Greece a prey,
Dragg'd by the grasp of war in chains away—
Of thee in tears, beneath an Argive roof,
Labouring reluctant the allotted woof,
Or doom'd to draw from Hyperæa's cave,
Or from Meæsis' fount, the measur'd wave:
A voice will then be heard, that thou must
hear,—

'See'st thou yon captive pouring tear on tear,
Lo! Hector's wife, the hero bravest far,
When Troy and Greece round Ilion clashed in
war.'

Then thou with keener anguish wilt deplore
Him whose cold arm can free his wife no more.
But, first, O Earth! o'er me thy mound unpear,
Ere I behold thee slaved, or see thy tear."

He spoke, and stretched his arms, and on-
ward prest

To clasp his child and fold him on his breast,
The while the child—on whose o'er-dazzled sight
The helm's bright splendour flashed too fierce
a light,

And the thick horse-hair, as it wavy hung
From the high casque, its sweeping shadow
flung— [trest,

Scared at his aspect, shrieked, sank back dis-
And hush'd his clamours on his nurse's breast.
The child's vain fear their bitter woe beguil'd,
As o'er the boy each parent sweetly smiled;
And Hector now the glittering helm unbraced,
And gently on the ground its terror placed,
Then kist, and dandling with his infant play'd,
And to the gods and Jove devoutly pray'd.

"Jove! and ye gods, vouchsafe that Hec-
tor's boy,

Another Hector, all surpass in Troy,
Like me in strength pre-eminently tow'r,
And guard the nation with his father's power;
Heard be a voice where'er the warrior bends,
'Behold the chieftain who his sire transcends.'
And grant that, home-returning charged with
spoil,

His mother's smile repay the hero's toil."
He spake, and gave, now sooth'd from vain
alarms,

The lovely infant to his mother's arms;
And the fond mother, as she laid to rest
The lovely infant on her fragrant breast,
Smil'd in her tears, while Hector, as they fell,
Kist her pale cheek, and sooth'd with fond
farewell. [hour

"Grieve not, my love, untimely; ere the
By fate predestined, dread no hostile power;
But at the time ordain'd, the base, the brave,
All pass alike within th' allotted grave.
Now home retire: thy charge beneath our roof,
To ply the distaff, and to weave the woof:
To task thy maids, and guide their labour,
thine—

The charge of war is man's, and chiefly mine."
He spake, then raised from earth, and firmly
prest

On his brave brow the helmet's wavy crest.
She homeward went, and slow and sadly past,
Oft turn'd, and turning wept, with woe o'ercast.
And now beneath her Hector's proud abode
Tears of deep grief from all around her flow'd,
One woe in all, while all alike deplo'd
Beneath his roof, as dead, their living lord.
Whone'er, they deem'd, escaped the battle-plain,
Would look on his loved wife and home again.

Nor Paris lingered; but in mail array'd,
Whose brilliant light the warrior's pride dis-
play'd, [fed steed,

Rush'd through the streets. As when a stall-
Swift, as he snaps the cord, from bondage freed,

Strikes with resounding hoof the earth, and flies
Where spread before him the wide champaign
lies,

Seeks the remembered haunts, on fire to lave
His glowing limbs, and dash amid the wave,
High rears his crest, and toasing in disdain
Wide o'er his shoulders spreads his stream of
mane,

And fierce in beauty, graceful in his speed,
Flies mid the steeds that wanton o'er the mead.
Not otherwise, from Troy's embattled height,
In pride of youth, in power of mailed might,
Exulting, on, impatient of delay,
Bright as the sun, young Paris sped his way,
And Hector found, where tears of anguish fell
When his loved consort heard his last farewell.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

TURKISH RELICS AND SUPERSTITIONS.

THE first public transaction which signalled
Achmet's wielding of the supreme power in
the Turkish capital, was the solemn reception
of the relics which Hasan Paasha had brought
from Mecca in the year 1613. They con-
sisted of the ancient covering of the Kaaba,
the *keveb dürrer*, or star of pearls, and a
staff cut from the wood which supports the
roof of the Kaaba: this last, Hasan laid at his
master's feet, with a prayer that it might one
day prove the stay of the padishah's old age.
The star of pearls and the staff were deposited
in the innermost chamber of the harem, which
goes by the name of the "hall of the sacred
garment," as being the sanctuary where the
prophet's apparel is preserved. Besides these
relics, it contains the prophet's bow in a silver
sheath, Ebubekr's sabre and carpet, and the
battle-swords of Omar, Othman, and the other
companions of the prophet in the infant
triumph of Islamism. Next to the standard
and staff of Mahomet, these relics are con-
sidered the most precious treasures which be-
long to the imperial chattels. The prophet's
apparel has been immortalised in Turkish
song by Borda Bussiri, whose psalm has been
translated by Vivestre de Sacy, as well as by
Kaab Ben Soheir, of whose poem a German
version has been given by Lette and the cele-
brated Kosegarten. The latter opens with this
strain—

Lo! Sood's footstep echoes on my ear!

My heart with rapture beats when Sood's near:

and when he reached the lines in which he
exclaims, bursting with enthusiasm—

The prophet is a bright and shining sword,
Drawn from the armoury of Heaven's high Lord!—

the prophet, charmed with his praises, threw
him his mantle, which Kaab had already ve-
nerated as a relic, and with which, conjointly
with the water that had hallowed his bap-
tism, he healed diseases.

The holy standard of the prophet is enfolded
in forty silken covers, and his apparel is
equally wrapped in forty coverings of rich
stuff. It is the yearly custom to expose the
garment in the presence of the whole court,
and with great solemnity, on the fifteenth day
of the Ramazan, which is the middle of the
great fast; and then to hand it about for the
salutation of the bystanders' lips. The lord
high armour-bearer passes round with it, and
after every salutation wipes the sacred gar-
ment with a muslin cloth, which, from the
supposed virtue it has derived from the con-
tact, is presented to the saluter in token of his
piety. After the ceremony of kissing is over,
the part which has been defiled by sinful lips
is washed in a large silver basin, the water is
poured into small bottles by the *kialaragasi*,
and, after being closed with his seal, is sent

round to those who have attended the ceremony. The princes, sultaneses, and officers of the great dignitaries of the empire, are also honoured with phials of this holy water, in exchange for which the bearers are loaded with presents. Some drops of it are poured into the first glass of water which is drank at the termination of the fast; and its virtues are deemed an infallible preservative against diseases, as well as conflagrations. The door of the chamber of the "sacred garment" is richly imbedded with silver—an idea probably suggested by the silver door in the palace of the Byzantine sovereigns, which stood on the very site of the Seraglio; the door itself opening into the golden hall, which adjoined the imperial bed-chamber, and enclosed the imperial jewels and relics, amongst which shone the rod of Moses, and the holy cross, brought from Jerusalem by the Empress Helena.

The sacred standard was preserved at Damascus, as one of the most valuable memorials of the conquest of Egypt, until the winter of 1684, when it was solemnly transferred to Constantinople, and immediately afterwards was conveyed under an escort of a thousand janizaries to the grand vizier's camp at Gallipoli, where it waved for the first time over the heads of the Ottoman forces. Aali, the historian, tells us, that "the inspired warriors of Islamism frequently saw it unfold of its own accord during their holy struggles with the infidels, and stretch itself forward, flattering against the high heavens, as if borne on the wings of victory, and impatient to lead the onset of the sacred bands." H.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

AN original five-act comedy by a Peer of the Realm!—could not such an announcement more than half fill the pit of Drury Lane Theatre? Where were the crowds we are daily told are so eager to rally round the standard of Thalia raised upon English ground by an English original writer? Alack! the unthinking public who read and echo such "golden opinions," provided they be pleased, care not one farthing from whence the *matériel* be drawn; and while they affect to sigh over the prostration of the Drama, and the absence of original writers, prove by their attendance that they would much rather shake their sides at such sprightly translations as the *Invincibles*, a *Roland for an Oliver*, or Lord Glengall's own adaptation of the *Irish Tutor*—than yawn, for encouragement's sake, through five acts of the most undeniable English manufacture. Not that they yawned on Saturday, by any means—Lord Glengall's comedy is light and agreeable—but they might have done so; and no feeling for the "cause of the Drama" could induce the rogues to come and pay their money till they knew whether such would be the case or not. Will they come now? It is, with us, a great question. *Follies of Fashion*, though not adapted from the French, is pretty closely adapted from the English. It has not a novel character in its *dramatis personæ*, and scarcely a situation that has not been worn threadbare: plot, it has none; moral, it has none—or rather, its whole tendency is immoral, from the general profligacy of the characters, male and female; of wit, but a slender allowance: yet there is an easy, gentlemanlike gaiety in its language, and a sufficient bustle in its action to carry the spectator from the rise to the fall of the curtain unwearied along; and it is of little use for him then to inquire of his next neighbour, "Now it's all over—what was it

all about?" The best scene is that in which *Lord and Lady Splashton* (the faint shadows of *Mr. Lovemore* and *Lady Teazle*) strive to outmanœuvre each other concerning their respective *billet-doux*; and the *drollest*, one of equivoque between *Old Counter* and *Sir Simon Foster*, in the fifth act. The actors, one and all, exerted themselves most laudably and successfully; but never in the course of our theatrical recollection did we see a play so outrageously dressed. The unmeaning frippery of the gentlemen, and the untimely splendour of the ladies—be-satined and be-feathered at eleven in the forenoon, exactly as they repair to a fashionable masquerade at the same hour in the evening—was so glaringly inconsistent, that it rather seemed an anticipation of some ridiculous modes in the womb of time (the dandies of 1929, perchance), than the representation of high life of the present day. We wonder the gentlemen's servants in the gallery did not hiss outright: we are sure they must have laughed as much at the costume as they did at the comedy. We have heard that this absurd dressing was in deference to the noble author's wish. We have a better opinion of his taste. The play was given out for repetition amidst considerable applause, and without a dissenting voice; but though a creditable production, we doubt its outliving the season.

The grand dispute between the managers of Covent Garden Theatre and Mr. Kean has ended in a sort of triumph of the latter, in consequence of the former having gone to law to punish him for the trick he played them. It would have been wiser to let this alone, and to have left the affair as it stood to the public judgment. Mr. Kean performed *Richard* on Wednesday, with great energy, and to a very crowded house. The attempts to hiss him were insignificant, and easily put down.

COVENT GARDEN.

ON Monday evening, after *Romeo and Juliet*, Mr. T. P. Cooke began his gratuitous performances as *William*, in the celebrated melo-drama of *Black-eyed Susan*. The piece deserves the popularity it has obtained on the Surrey side of the water. The unrivalled acting of Cooke drew down thunders of applause from the most crowded house of the season. Miss E. Tree's performance of *Black-eyed Susan* was exquisitely true to nature in the latter scenes. Wood sang the original ballad in a style that alone ought to fill the house; and Meadows, Egerton, Blanchard, and Turnour, were excellent in their respective characters. Altogether, we were, in common with the audience, greatly pleased; and are only sorry that our notice is too late to recommend the seeing of *Black-eyed Susan* for more than one night while she remains in Middlesex.

ADELPHI.

ON Thursday night we were indeed delighted with the *Elephant*, and never witnessed an audience so excited and so pleased as that which, on this occasion, crowded the Adelphi. The wonderful instinct and sagacity of this extraordinary animal were displayed in the drama to surprising advantage: in fact the plot entirely hinges on the deeds of the elephant; and in all the three acts she performs the principal part, and brings about the results. In the first she warns the legitimate prince of his danger, and entombs the conspirators against him for ever; in the second she fights his battles, and, uncrowning the usurper, places the crown on his head; and in the third she saves his life, enables him and his adherents to

escape (by breaking open their prison-bars, and making her own broad back a descent for them to the ground), and finally carries him and his bride in glorious pageant to mount the throne. And perhaps the still more surprising action was her return, on being called for after the fall of the curtain, and acknowledging the honour in the most graceful and gracious manner. But pages of description could not tell all her merits—her gentleness, her dancing, her feasting, her loyalty, her humanity,—she must be seen, and we are sure all London will see her as fast as this little theatre can accommodate the population. We ought not to stop without saying, that, independently of this great attraction, the spectacle itself is magnificent, and the acting excellent. Some double entendres alone offended us: they must be (we dare say they are already) suppressed. The piece concluded amidst loud and unanimous shouting; so that Mr. Yates had a poor hearing when he announced the repetition for every night till farther notice. He was happier in his delivery of a prologue (which we add), to have been spoken in the character of a beef-eater, but the licenser forbade it, as derogatory to that eminent office and station!!!

Prologue, to be spoken in the Character of Beef Eater.

Exeter 'Change, so long of just renown
For rarest beasts and brightest blades in town,
For ear-rings, elephants, pen-knives, and proboscis,
Scissors and serpents, razors and rhinoceroses,—
Soon in its fate a greater reason found,
Which raised that ancient building to the ground.
By cruel mandates to improve the town,
It was done up—by pulling of it down.
The beasts, astonished, still remained in doubt
That Woods and Forests should have turned them out
With Carlton roots—they made their common caws
Compell'd to bow to Woods' and Forests' laws.
By roars from beasts, and oaths from keepers surly,
Was Burling House thus turned to hurly-burly;
And beasts and birds sought out for other lays.
Where the King's Mews still celebrates their praise.
I was obliged their common rout to chase,
And found it quite a bore without a bear.
From that snug nook, so well known at the entry,
Where half a century had stood a sentry,
Ejected I was left to cry alone
With the great bard—"My occupation's gone."
I wandered on, but did not wander far—
These doors were open—as they always are,
To take one in. And then my lucky fates
Set up the firm of Mathews and of Yates:
And now, Gazette-like, I am come to say there
Is a partner of more weight than either—
A partner, too, that during his short term
Will make out partnership a stable firm.
But as our friends may look for an apology
For this so sudden study of zoology,
And that we may, like public-houses, feast
With entertainment both for man and beast—
I'm come to appease the hypercritic's rage
Against the greatest actor of the age,
Who always has brought down the house—almost the stage.

When first we saw him, thinking of the pelf, we
Wish'd his great carcass in the small Adelphi,
Well knowing then, from what we'd seen before,
Where'er he went he could create a roar.
But there were many obstacles to clear
Before we could contrive to get him here:
Some in the ocean said he would be sunk—
Some said the Custom House would seize his trunk—
Perhaps by law they could not let them land,
Because his Ivories were contraband—
The vessel, too, would tremble with his weight,
And captains be quite frightened with his freight—
Said we'd no room with safety here to place him,
And that our prompter would not dare to face him.
I proved the voyage easy of endurance—
I promised then that I could find assurance—
I signed and sealed, thinking the matter national,
But hoping still his rations would be rational—
Till freight all paid, his custom duties clear,
He comes himself to pay his duties here—
We hoping you your patronage will grant
To Messrs. Mathews, Yates, and Elephant.

Mr. Beazely is the author of this whimsical composition and of the drama.

Ramsgate Theatre has been destroyed by fire, and the company turped adrift.

VARIETIES.

March of Intellect.—A work, entitled *L'Art de Penser*, is amongst the Paris literary promises for January next. No doubt, therefore, we shall become a most thinking race of beings the ensuing year. A few citations from this composition have already appeared; and if we follow the wise counsels of the ingenious author, we shall pass one half of our time in ruminating on the past, and the other in meditating on the future.—*Paris Letter*.

Domestic Improvements.—We had recently occasion to mention a useful and economic invention of Dr. Sloane of Cork, in consequence of a Parisian having brought forward the same as a novelty. The Dr. has also invented a tallow lamp on an entirely new principle. This lamp, simple in its construction, will burn any kind of tallow, lard, or grease, giving a pure light, and varying in intensity at pleasure, from the dim flame of the chamber rush-light to the broad glare of the finest gas. It appears to be peculiarly fitted for shops, manufactories, blow-pipes, or dining-rooms, and may be manufactured for the low price of two shillings,—but is at the same time capable of being made an elegant appendage to the drawing-room. This invention promises to do away entirely with the inconvenience arising from the want of pure oil—carelessness of servants, spattering of carpets, &c.; being so easily trimmed, that a child of ten years old can fit it for burning in three minutes; while it is as portable as any bed-chamber candlestick. When moderately lighted, Dr. Sloane's lamp will give the light of eight mould candles of four to the pound, consuming at the same time the tallow of four. When reduced to its minimum blaze, the tallow of a farthing rush-light is not consumed. As the inventor intends to apply for a patent, we can tell no more than has been told to us respecting this new light.

Mechanics in France.—We are glad to observe that our neighbours in France are sedulously directing their attention to improvements in the mechanical arts. The *Recueil Industriel*, ably edited by M. de Moléon, and of which we have looked over several livraisons, contains much useful and interesting information on these pursuits.

Canova.—We learn from the Italian newspapers, that a most singular distribution has been made of the mortal remains of the celebrated Canova. The new church erected on his plan, and at his expense, at Possagno, his birth-place, is destined to receive his body. His heart had been deposited at the Academy of the Fine Arts at Venice; but it appears that this has given rise to some discussion, and in consequence it has been determined that it should be placed under a cenotaph in the church *Dei Frati* at Venice. The Academy, resolving to possess a portion of the mortal relics of Canova, addressed M. Canova, the brother of the artist at Rome, requesting to have the *right hand*, with which the sculptor executed so many *chefs-d'œuvre*. M. Canova has consented, stipulating, that in case the Academy of Venice should be suppressed, or removed to another city, it shall restore this deposit to the high priest of the church of Possagno, to be re-united to the rest of the body. The Academy of Fine Arts at Venice have obtained possession of the right hand of Canova, and a notary has drawn up the conditions insisted upon.

New Music.—The French residents at Leghorn observed St. Charles's day this year

with grand ceremonies; and, among other things, we notice from the foreign journals, a grand mass, composed by Lord Burghersh, whose musical genius is held in such high estimation, was performed with extraordinary effect in the church of the *Minori Osservanti*.

Domestic Economy.—The *Magasin für Naturvidenskab* gives the following method of extracting glass stoppers from bottles, when they have become fixed, and cannot be removed without a chance of the bottle being broken, and the contents lost. Take a woollen band, pass it round the neck of the bottle, and hold one end, whilst another person holds the other, then draw the band backwards and forwards very rapidly, and the heat occasioned by the friction will expand the mouth of the bottle sufficiently to permit the stopper to be extracted. M. A. Chevallier has indicated another method, which consists in heating the neck of the bottle with hot charcoal, or by the flame of a spirit lamp, taking care to turn the neck, so as to heat every part of it equally. If part of the stopper should happen to be broken, the neck of the bottle is to be heated in the manner related, and enveloped in linen, leaving the neck free; and upon gently tapping the bottom of the bottle, the stopper will rise.

Improvement in the Breed of Horses in France.—The Duke de Guiche has lately published a very interesting paper on the improvement of the breed of horses; in which he proposes to confine them to two distinct classes—one of light horses, to be obtained by crossing with English horses and Arabian mares, which class would include race-horses, saddle-horses, cavalry-horses, coach-horses, and all those employed in post-work and for light agriculture. In the second class he includes waggon-horses, horses for the more laborious works of agriculture, and all horses for slow and heavy draught. He proposes to establish for each of the two classes a number of *haras*, proportioned to the extent of the respective demand. The Duke de Guiche advances many sensible arguments in favour of his plan; and proves that as the soil and climate of France are decidedly favourable to the breeding of horses, there is no reason why, with judicious crossing, they should not be quite as good as those of Great Britain. The plan has been taken up warmly by the French government; and it is expected that it will be carried into almost immediate execution.

Education in France.—It appears, from an account in the *Voleur*, that there are in Paris 577 priests; 80 charity schools, with 12,000 pupils of both sexes; 403 elementary schools, of which 112 are gratuitous, with 25,582 pupils; 7 colleges; 118 boarding schools for boys, at which there are 7,669 pupils; 329 boarding schools for girls, with 10,240 scholars; and for the higher branches of education, 20 public establishments, most of which are supported by government, with 317 professors, and 17,823 students: thus making the number of persons receiving education in Paris 73,222—about one-tenth of the population.

Paris Academy of Sciences.—At the sitting of the Academy of Sciences in Paris on Monday last, a report was read, giving an account of several experiments performed by order of the Academy, for the purpose of determining the tension of vapours in high temperatures. It was stated, that many of these experiments had been attended with great danger; but that they had produced the important result of the discovery of a new invention for a sucker, by which all accidents in steam-engines may be avoided, when the tension becomes greater

than is necessary for the required service. At this sitting M. Eugène Robert announced, through one of the members, the discovery of some fossil crocodiles' teeth, and the remains of lophydone at Boulogne, near Paris.

Naval Surgeons.—Under the sanction of the Admiralty, Sir Gilbert Blane has founded a prize medal, to be given annually for the best journal kept by a surgeon of the Navy.

Westminster Play.—On Wednesday this annual exhibition took place at Westminster School: the play was *Phormio*. The young gentlemen who played the principal parts acted like veterans; but their clothing savoured strongly of Monmouth Street.

Fernando Po.—It is with much regret we learn, that recent accounts from Fernando Po are very unfavourable as to its salubrity. Among the recent deaths is that of Col. Nicolls, who succeeded Captain Owen as governor of the island.

Paris.—Were it the fashion to give soirées after the manner of M. Laurent, says a letter to us from Paris, we should not be seized with spasmodic yawnings on our return home. Madame Malibran, Mlle. Cinti and Sontag, assisted at an entertainment given by this amateur a few evenings ago, and enchanted the assembly by their vocal talents: the *Trio del matrimonio segreto*, as performed by these queens of song, was enthusiastically applauded.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The Memoirs of Madame du Barri, Mistress of Louis XV. of France, forming three vols. of "Autobiography," is announced.

The Life of Sir Walter Raleigh, in two volumes, is nearly ready for publication, from the pen of Mrs. Thomson, the popular author of the *Life of Wolsey*, and *Memoirs of Henry VIII.* and his Times.

Dr. Conolly, Professor of Medicine in the University of London, is preparing for publication an Inquiry concerning the Indications of Insanity.

In the Press.—The Elements of Hebrew Grammar, with a Praxis, by the Rev. W. T. Phillips.—A Compendium of Astronomy, adjusted to the improved state of the Science, and an Astronomical Dictionary, by R. T. Linnington, author of the *Companion to the Globes*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Lardner's Cyclopaedia, Vol. I. Scott's Scotland, Vol. I. fcp. 8vo. 6s. cloth.—Thomson's London Dispensatory, 5th edition, 8vo. 15s. bds.—Christian on Poisons, 8vo. 16s. bds.—Marshall's Naval Biography, Supplement, Part III. 8vo. 15s. bds.—Pring's Intellectual and Moral Relations, 8vo. 15s. bds.—Zoological Keepake, 1830, 6s. 6d. silk.—Bradfield's Atheniad, a Poem, 12mo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Reid's Elements of Practical Chemistry, 8vo. 14s. bds.—Coxe's Liturgy Revised, crown 8vo. 6s. bds.—The Exclusives, 3 vols. post 8vo. 12. 11s. 6d. bds.—Private Memoirs of the Court of Louis XVIII. 2 vols. 8vo. 12. 4s. bds.—Time's Telescope, 1830, 12mo. 9s. bds.—Brassé's Antiquae Sophocles, English Notes, crown 8vo. 6s. bds.—East India Register, 1830, 10s. sewed.—Recreations in Science, 12mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—Health without Phisic, 12mo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Vegetable Cookery, 12mo. 4s. cloth.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1829.

	Thermometer.	Barometer.
November.		
Thursday.. 26	From 29. to 40.	29.75 to 29.81
Friday.... 27	— 30. — 39.	29.75 — 29.89
Saturday.. 28	— 39. — 43.	29.59 — 29.69
Sunday... 29	— 40. — 45.	29.69 — 29.76
Monday... 30	— 35. — 45.	29.76 — 29.78
December.		
Tuesday.. 1	— 35. — 42.	29.76 Stationary
Wednesday 2	— 35. — 44.	29.70 Stationary

Wind variable, prevailing S.E.

Generally cloudy—raining on the 27th ult. and on the 2d instant.

Rain fallen, .525 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37' 32" N.

Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor is not aware that the Stanzas by F. E. H. are intended for insertion.

ERRATA.—In our last notice of the Royal Society of Literature (No. 670), p. 764, speaking of Sir W. Ouseley's collection of Oriental Alphabets, we inadvertently wrote (line 27) "several hundred," instead of *sixty*.—And in our last (No. 671), in the mention of "Nine Embossed Medallion Portraits," the artist's name should be *Westwood*, not "Wrentmore."

ADVERTISEMENTS

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Dublin: Printed at the University Press, for C. J., G., and F. Rivington, St. Paul's Churchyard, and Waterloo Place, London; and also by W. Walker, Wakeman, D'Olier Street; R. Milliken and Son, and John Cunningham, Dublin; and Blackwood, and Bell and Bradfute, Edinburgh.

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No. 673.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1829.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Narrative and Successful Result of a Voyage in the South Seas, performed by order of the Government of British India, to ascertain the actual Fate of La Pérouse's Expedition, &c. By the Chevalier Capt. P. Dillon. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1829. Hurst, Chance, and Co.

A MODEST preface, though speaking of the peculiar claims of this voyage (through tracts and among savage tribes never before fully explored) on the public attention, bespeaks indulgence for the author as a literary man, on the score of his professional education and habits. It is the first essay of an unpractised pen; but as we have to do with facts,—for ourselves we must confess that we prize it the more, on account of the absence of those qualities which are the essentials of what is significantly called book-making.

An introduction gives a concise view of the Voyage of La Pérouse in the Boussole and l'Astrolabe, which left Brest on the 1st of August, 1785, and the calamitous and, till recently, mysterious result of which, so long excited the commiseration and curiosity of Europe. We have also an account of D'Entrecasteur's expedition, in 1791, in search of his lost countrymen; and both narrations are extremely interesting and appropriate. Capt. Dillon then proceeds to his own eventful story. From the year 1809 he had been much engaged in the navigation of the South Seas, and in visiting and residing at several of the innumerable islands with which that vast ocean is studded. He thus acquired a knowledge of the natives, and an insight into their language, which led the way to the remarkable discovery that crowned his later efforts. But one of his earlier adventures among these savages is so painfully characteristic, that we are tempted to pause on the very outset of the work, and present the dreadful relation in the writer's own language (that of sailor's yarn) to our readers.

In 1813 the ship Hunter, Captain Robson, arrived at the *Beetes* (commonly called the *Feejee*) Islands, and the commander joined one of the chiefs, at the place where he had anchored to procure sandal-wood, in an expedition against some other tribe. Capt. R., however, soon after quarrelled with his cannibal allies; and the author tells us—

“Early in September two large canoes from Bow, carrying about two hundred and twenty or two hundred and thirty men, visited the ship, for the purpose of taking home the Europeans and their wives that joined us in May. Captain Robson about that time being sixty miles distant from the ship in the tender, attacked a fleet of Vilear canoes, and took fourteen of them; on which occasion a native of the latter place was shot dead by a small cannon-shot. On the ship and cutter rejoining company, the captain proposed to heave the cutter down, to repair some damage she had sustained in her bottom. However, he deemed

it prudent, before doing so, to endeavour to possess himself of the remainder of the Vilear canoes, to prevent, as he said, their attacking the people while employed about the cutter, as it would be necessary to haul her on shore at high water. On the morning of the 6th of September the Europeans belonging to the ship were all armed with muskets, also those Europeans from Bow, and placed under the direction of Mr. Norman, the first officer. We landed at a place called the Black Rock, a little way to the eastward of the river: the two canoes shortly afterwards landed at the same place. We were joined by the Bow chiefs and a hundred of their men. The canoes and boats then put off into deep water, which precaution was used to prevent their getting a-ground by the tide ebbing. On landing, the Europeans began to disperse into straggling parties of two, three, and four in a group. I begged of Mr. Norman, our commander, to cause them to keep close together, in case of a sudden attack from the islanders; but no attention was paid to my remonstrance. We proceeded by a narrow path over a small level plain without interruption until we arrived at the foot of a hill, which we ascended, and soon gained the level or table-land on its top. There a few natives shewed themselves, and by shouts and gestures tried to irritate us. Mr. Norman turned to the right along a narrow path, which led through a thicket to some native houses: I followed him with seven other Europeans and the two Bow chiefs, with one of their men. Here a few natives tried to dispute our passage: they were fired at—one shot dead, and the others retreated. Mr. Norman then directed the chief's house, with some others, to be set on fire. The order was immediately complied with, and all were in flames in a few seconds. A few minutes after, we heard dreadful yells and shoutings of the savages proceeding from the road by which we had ascended to the table-land. The Bow chiefs understood from the yells that some of their men as well as Europeans were killed by the Vilear people, who lay concealed in ambush until they got us on the table-land, where they attacked our straggling parties, who having discharged their muskets, were killed before they had time to reload. Others, I afterwards understood, on seeing themselves nearly surrounded by the savages, threw down their muskets and ran towards the boat: only two of whom escaped. In Mr. Norman's party there were ten musket-men, with the two Bow chiefs and one of their followers. We determined to keep close together and fight our way to the boats. We immediately got out of the thicket on to the table-land, where there were not more than three of the islanders, who shouted and called out to us that several of our men were killed, as also a number of the Bow men, and that we should immediately share a similar fate. On reaching the brink of the path by which we were to descend to the plain, we found Terence Dun lying dead with his brains beaten out by a native

club, and the whole plain between us and the boats covered with thousands of infuriated savages, all armed. Before descending to the plain, a young man named John Graham separated from us, and ran into a thicket of bushes on the left-hand side of the road, where he was quickly pursued by the three savages above mentioned, who despatched him. The remainder of us proceeded down the precipice. On getting to the bottom the savages prepared to receive us; they stood in thousands on each side of the path, brandishing their weapons, with their faces and bodies besmeared over with the blood of our slaughtered companions. At this moment a native who came down the precipice after us, threw a lance at Mr. Norman, which entered his back and passed out of his breast: he ran a few yards and fell down apparently dead. I fired at this native and reloaded my musket as soon as possible,—when on turning round I found my companions had all run off by different routes. Taking advantage of the absence of the natives, who had all quitted the path and pursued our unfortunate flying men, I dashed along with all the speed that was possible; but had not proceeded more than a few yards when I came on the dead body of William Parker, who was prostrated across the path with his musket by him, which I took up and retreated with. About this time the natives observed me and gave chase. One of them came up so close to me that I was obliged to throw Parker's musket away, as also a pistol which I had in my belt. In a moment after this I reached the foot of a small steep rock that stood on the plain. Finding it impossible to get to the boat through the crowds of natives that intercepted the pathway, I called out to my companions (some of whom were on my right), ‘take the hill! take the hill!’ We then got to the top of it, where I joined the following persons: Charles Savage, Luis a Chinaman, and Martin Bushart, with Thomas Dafny and William Wilson. The three former men resided at Bow, and joined us at this island for the purpose before mentioned; the two latter were seamen belonging to the ship. Mic Macabe, with Joseph Atkinson and the two Bow chiefs, were killed: those men had joined us also here. Dafny fired his musket on the plain, and then broke it off at the butt in defending himself. He was wounded in several parts of the body, and he had four arrows stuck in his back: the point of a spear had pierced his shoulder, having entered from behind and came out in the fore part under the collar-bone. It fortunately happened that the rock or hill to which we escaped was so steep that few persons could ascend it at a time; and it was too elevated for the natives to annoy us much with their spears or slings. They, however, shot several arrows at us, which were impeded by a strong gale of wind that blew them off their intended course. Our chief officer having fallen, I now, as next in rank, took command of the party, and stationed them in the best

way I could to defend our post. I did not allow more than one or two muskets to be fired at a time, and kept the wounded man loading for us. Several of the natives ascended the hill to within a few yards, and were shot by us in self defence as fast as they approached. After some of them had been killed in this manner the rest kept off. Having but little ammunition left, we were as sparing of it as possible; besides which, we did not wish to irritate the natives more than they already were by firing, except when driven to it by necessity. From our elevated situation we had a clear view of the landing-place, the boats at anchor waiting our return, the two Bow canoes, and the ship. This we had but little prospect of ever again rejoining, though I had some hopes that Captain Robson would make an effort to rescue us, by arming himself, six Indian soldiers that were on board, two or three Europeans, and the Bow people in the canoes. These hopes soon vanished, when I saw the Bow canoes set sail and steer towards their island without passing alongside the ship."

The miserable remnant stationed on the rock beheld the cannibals preparing their ovens to bake those they had killed; and this occupation having in some degree abated their fury, Captain Dillon reminded them that eight of their people were prisoners in the ship, and that unless he and his companions were safely conveyed on board, they would certainly be put to death. The high priest's brother being one of the captives, this representation induced him to consent to a man being sent to the ship for their release.

"This man proceeded as directed, and I did not lose sight of him from the time he left us until he got on the ship's deck. A cessation of arms took place in the mean time, which might have continued unbroken, had it not been for the imprudence of Charles Savage, who put a greater temptation in the way of the natives than they could withstand. During this interval, several native chiefs ascended the hill, and came within a few paces of us, with protestations of friendship, and proffered us security if we would go down among them. To these promises I would not accede, nor allow any of my men to do so, till Charles Savage, who had resided on the islands for more than five years, and spoke the native dialect fluently, begged of me to permit him to go down among the natives with the chiefs to whom we were speaking, as he had no doubt their promises would be kept, and that, if I allowed him to go, he would certainly procure a peace, and enable us all to return safe to the ship. Overcome by his importunities, I at last gave my consent, but reminded him that I did not wish him to do so, and that he must leave his musket and ammunition with me. This he did, and proceeded about two hundred yards from the foot of the rock to where Bonasar was seated, surrounded by chiefs, who were happy to receive him, their secret determination being to kill and eat him. They conversed with him, however, for some time, and then called out to me, in the native dialect, 'Come down, Peter; we will not hurt you: you see we do not hurt Charley!' I replied that I would not go down until the prisoners landed. During this discussion the Chinaman, Luis, stole down the opposite side of the hill unknown to me, with his arms, for the purpose of placing himself under the protection of a chief with whom he was intimately acquainted, and to whom he had rendered important service in former wars. The islanders, finding they could not prevail on me to place

myself in their power, set up a *screech* that rent the air: at that moment Charles Savage was seized by the legs, and held in that state by six men, with his head placed in a well of fresh water until he was suffocated; whilst at the same instant a powerful savage got behind the Chinaman, and with his huge club knocked the upper part of his skull to pieces. These wretched men were scarcely lifeless, when they were cut up and put into ovens ready prepared for the purpose. We, the three defenders of the hill, were then furiously attacked on all sides by the cannibals, whom our muskets, however, kept in great dread, though the chiefs stimulated their men to ascend and bring us down, promising to confer the greatest honours on the man who should kill me, and frequently inquired of their people if they were afraid of three white men, when they had killed several that day. Thus encouraged, they pressed close on us. Having four muskets between three of us, two always remained loaded; for Wilson being a bad shot, we kept him loading the muskets, while Martin Bushart and I fired them off. Bushart had been a rifleman in his own country, and was an excellent marksman. He shot twenty-seven of the cannibals with twenty-eight discharges, only missing once; I also killed and wounded a few of them in self-defence. Finding they could not conquer us without great sacrifice on their part, they kept off and vowed vengeance. * * * These people sometimes, but not very often, torture their prisoners in the following manner. They skin the soles of the feet and then torment their victims with firebrands, so as to make them jump about in that wretched state. At other times they cut off the prisoner's eyelids and turn his face to the sun, at which he is obliged to look with his bare eyes: this is said to be a dreadful punishment. From the fingers of others they pull off the nails. By all accounts, however, these punishments are very rare, and only inflicted on persons who have given the greatest provocation; such as we had done this day, by shooting so many men in our own defence. Having no more than sixteen or seventeen cartridges left, we determined, as soon as it was dark, to place the muzzles of our muskets to our hearts, with the butts on the ground, and discharge them into our breasts, thus to avoid the danger of falling alive into the hands of these cannibal monsters. At this moment the boat put off from the ship and soon got close to the landing-place, where we counted the eight prisoners landing from her. I could not imagine how the captain could have acted in this strange way, as the only hope presented of our lives being spared was by allowing a part of the prisoners to land, who would, of course, intercede with their friends on shore to save us, that we might in return protect their countrymen when we returned to the ship. But this precaution not having been attended to, all hope seemed now fled, and the only means of relief left consisted in the dreadful determination of destroying our own lives in the mode already mentioned. Shortly after the eight prisoners landed, they were conveyed unarmed up the rock to me, preceded by the priest, who informed me that Captain Robson had released the eight men, and sent a chest of cutlery, ironmongery, &c. on shore for the chiefs, with orders that we were to deliver our muskets to them, and that he would see us safe to the boat. I replied, that as long as I lived I would not part with my musket, which was my own property, as I was certain they would slaughter me and my companions, as they had done Charles Savage and Luis. The priest then

turned to Martin Bushart, and harangued him on the policy of our complying. At this moment the thought entered my head of making the priest a prisoner, and either to destroy him or regain my liberty. I tied Charles Savage's musket with my neck-handkerchief to the belt of my cartridge-box, and presenting my own musket to the priest's head, told him that I would shoot him dead if he attempted to run away, or if any of his countrymen offered to molest me or my companions. I then directed him to proceed before me to the boat, threatening him with instant death in case of non-compliance. The priest proceeded as directed, and as we passed along through the multitude, he exhorted them to sit down, and upon no account to molest Peter or his countrymen, because if they attempted to hurt us he would be shot; and they of course must be aware they would consequently incur the wrath of the gods in the clouds, who would be angry at their disobedience of the divine orders, and cause the sea to rise and swallow up the island, with all its inhabitants. The multitude treated their priest's injunctions with profound respect, and sat down on the grass. The Nambety (which is the term for priest) proceeded as directed, towards the boats, with the muzzles of Martin Bushart's and Wilson's muskets at each of his ears, while the muzzle of mine was placed between his shoulders. Finding that night was approaching, and anxious to prolong life, I had recourse to this dreadful expedient, being aware of the influence and sway which the priests in all barbarous nations have over their votaries. On getting to the boats, Nambety made a sudden stop. I ordered him to proceed. This he refused doing in the most positive manner, declaring that he would go no further, and that I might shoot him if I liked. I threatened to do so, and asked him why he would not go to the water's edge? He replied, 'You want to take me on board alive, and put me to the torture.' There being no time to spare, I told him to stand still, and turned my face to him with my musket presented, threatening to shoot him if he attempted to move until I got into the boat. We then walked backwards to the water-side, and up to our breasts in water, where we joined the boat, and had no sooner got into her than the islanders came down, and saluted us with a shower of arrows, and stones from slings. Being thus once more out of danger, we returned thanks to Divine Providence for our escape, and proceeded towards the ship, which we reached just as the sun was setting."

Monsieur Chabert never had such an escape from an oven and baking. We shall return to the fortunate author next week.

Private Memoirs of the Court of Louis XVIII.
By a Lady. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1838.
Colburn and Bentley.

Two entertaining volumes, and thoroughly French: anecdotes, as the keeper of the menagerie said of his animals, "of all kinds"—sentiment à des grandes phrases—and a great mass of curious and strange matter. These Memoirs are supposed to be written by Mad. de Caylus, the fair favourite of Louis XVIII. Of their authenticity it would be difficult to speak: we dare say they contain a sufficient degree of truth to be the necessary source *puissant*: at all events, they are very readable, and present a panorama of Paris as animated as it is amusing. And for any one who has a morbid vein, there is food for most painful and serious meditation: it is a frightful picture of society—without principle—without that good

feeling which, like a delicate plant, requires for its very existence a clear and wholesome atmosphere—without that great check of the many, opinion; for universal example is universal encouragement. We can scarcely imagine manners more corrupt, under the superficial veil of affected feeling and refined expression; or baser treachery, under the names of necessity or patriotism.—But to revert to the pleasanter part of our task. We cannot attempt much order in our extracts. The fair authoress, in the first instance, sets forth the full license of memoir-writing, as far as regards change of time and place: we cannot do better than imitate her example:—in extracts, as in culpe, variety is the great charm. The following tale of her first love is characteristic of the whole style: we should fill up the blank name by observing, that Labedoyère is the hero.

“One Sunday, looking about me as usual, I suddenly perceived, at the distance of twenty paces, a young man, who seemed to have been spying at me with his glass for some time. He was well shaped, his features regular, his face pale, his eyes!—his eyes, which were fixed upon me, were charming—and above all, he had the handsomest mustaches in the world. Mustaches! then he was a soldier. My father had been a soldier; my brother was a soldier; it was my duty not to hate soldiers. Besides, we attach to that profession ideas of courage and glory which singularly delighted my heart at sixteen. The following Sunday, the same young man was in the same place, looking at me as before. He had come thither on my account—of that there could be no doubt: I had no doubt of it, but still I wished to be sure. I would have given any thing in the world to hear him say to me, ‘It was for your sake that I came hither. This confession will make all the noble ladies cry out aloud; they will protest that never did a girl of good family feel her heart throb before marriage. For my part, I could only answer them by proving, documents in hand, that my pedigree is regular. But, alas! I do not consider myself as an exception; and to confirm what I advance, I might certainly relate the first-love affairs of this or the other person: but no, that would be wrong—I must not imitate the Countess de Genlis, who, in her Memoirs, has confessed every body’s sins but her own. Be this as it may, the handsome young man of St. Thomas Aquinas continued faithful to the church and to me. He even followed me, and I turned my head, blushing at the same time, to look at him. It was not long before I began to see him every where—even where he was not. I thought of him when I was with my father—when I was alone in my room I thought of him—at night, instead of sleeping, I thought of him; and if I closed my eyes, my waking thoughts obtruded themselves upon my slumbers. I saw him, at all times and in all places, at my side, in the dress in which I had first beheld him—it was a green frock coat; I shall not forget it as long as I live. One morning, at breakfast, my father said to me, ‘I have just hired a new servant. I think he will suit: at any rate, I shall give him a trial.’ What did I care about a servant! alas! little did I know how deeply this one was to interest me!”

“We were seated at table, and had begun dinner. I happened to cast my eye on the new servant whom my father had that morning engaged. He was my *incognito* of the church! but no: he had no mustaches. A few moments afterwards, I looked at him again to see whether I was not mistaken. It was he. A ser-

vant! I in love with a servant! The thought was enough to make one die of shame a hundred times over. I could hold out no longer—my senses forsook me, and I fainted. * * * Every body had retired, and I was just about to lie down, when I found under my pillow a paper,—a letter. Who could write me a letter? Who could have put it there? I opened, I read it: I trembled; it was a declaration of love. Never was passion expressed with more delicacy and energy. It was signed Charles de La..... The name is known, too well known, to the misfortune of him who owns it: it then belonged to a very amiable hare-brained young man.”

We proceed at once to the *dénouement*:—

“There was at this time in France a woman of superior genius, destined to confer glory on her age and country. This woman was profound as Montesquieu, witty as Voltaire, impassioned as Jean Jacques Rousseau; but, continuing to be a woman in heart, she thought there was nothing derogatory in being subject herself to the foibles of her sex, and having compassion on those of others. Her versatile imagination could turn to every subject—was adequate to every thing. She discussed with equal enthusiasm political questions and the sentiments of private life—she would have given advice to power just as well as to mere friendship. If you ask for a portrait of this extraordinary woman, I should say that her beauty, like her genius, was quite masculine. She was of majestic stature, and had a wide chest, the movements of which had also their eloquence when agitated by the demon of inspiration. Her physiognomy was rather noble than delicate. I know not why she is represented holding a nosegay in her hand; I would rather see her with a lyre, like her own Corinna.”

“My father had gone out. I was alone in the drawing-room; but Charles was not far off, and I knew that he was coming back. Madame de Staël was announced. At that name I was embarrassed; I rose and made a very awkward courtesy, which was returned with mingled grace and dignity. We sat down. All at once Charles returned, and not seeing Madame de Staël, he approached me with the familiarity of a brother: but Madame de Staël, though near-sighted, recognised him, and exclaimed, ‘You here! and in this livery! What comedy are you acting?’ Had hell opened under my feet I should not have been more horror-struck than by this terrible question. A shriek escaped me, and this was quite sufficient to reveal all to Madame de Staël. Charles, having no plausible excuse at hand, observed a profound silence; and gravely bowing, retired, evidently confused and humbled—he who has since braved death with such heroic courage. As for me, left alone with Madame de Staël, I could not help crying like a child. It has been said that Madame de Staël was fond of preaching sermons: that day she had fair scope, and seemed to take pleasure in making a long maternal remonstrance. My inexperience and embarrassment naturally gave her this advantage over me: she availed herself of it with her usual ability, and did not fail also to claim the rights of her friendship for Charles, whom she wished, she said, to save from the commission of a crime, if it was not too late. I listened to her harangue with the docility of a little child—all that I would fain have asked of her was secrecy: this she spontaneously promised me, and then passed to the subject of her visit, as if nothing had happened; and she retired, casting on me that look of protection

which the most superior woman loves to assume when she has been giving good advice. I was annihilated: and such was my shame that I verily believe if Charles had then met my sight, I should have been afraid of him—I durst not even look at myself in the mirror for several days. A real illness came to my relief, and this time afforded Dr. Alibert occasion to exercise his art beneficially. But what astonished myself was that the physical malady so completely extinguished my secret sentiments that I forgot my love in my fever, and when I recovered my health, I seemed as if awaking from a dream.”

Truly a most rational sort of fever!—We have not room for details: indeed, in the romance of history, of the time when Napoleon first abdicated, one little trait of M. de Pradt tells the act of thousands.

“‘*Parbleu*, I was every where. Who was the first to shout, *Vive le Roi*? And who distributed the white cockades?’ With these words M. de Pradt put his hands into his pocket, for the purpose of producing the evidences necessary to convince me, and drew forth a tricoloured cockade. At the moment when he was going to hand it to me, he perceived his mistake, and hastily returned his proofs to his pocket,—but not before I had had time to see them. ‘That is a little oversight of your eminence’s,’ said I; ‘provided that this morning you have not mistaken the pocket.’”

“My father told me of a saying of a Noailles, that was charming for its *naïveté*. In the heat of the quarrel between Diderot and Jean Jacques Rousseau, which was the topic of general conversation in Paris, M. de Noailles, angry at hearing nothing else talked of wherever he went, exclaimed—‘Indeed this is unaccountable: here are two go-barefoots, two tattereddemalions, who lodge in a garret, and cannot get a dinner, making a noise sufficient to stun people. If I were king, two good *lettres de cachet* should rid me of this scandal.’”

“I recollect one anecdote of Fouché which was of use to me for appreciating the character of that man of whom there are such different opinions. M. Charles Nodier had been his secretary in Illyria, and he related to us that being appointed to superintend the government newspaper at Trieste, he one day received a letter from the governor, then at Görnitz, in which Fouché reproached him with his attachment to the Bourbons, and his treacherous connexion with the enemies of the empire. ‘Give up,’ he continued, ‘the management of the *Télégraphe* to the Abbé C., the only person worthy of my confidence, which you have lost for ever.’ M. Nodier was thunderstruck, and immediately set out for Görnitz to justify himself. The Duke of Otranto gave him the most cordial welcome:—‘Has Monseigneur then ascertained my innocence?’ inquired the confused secretary; ‘your letter was rather severe.’ ‘Yes,’ replied the duke; ‘but you must confess that it was an excellent passport for you in case you had not set out immediately; for, two hours after your departure the English were to enter Trieste.’”

The Duke of Berry.—“It was not long before this prince fell into faults of that kind which M. de Chateaubriand so ingeniously excuses while invoking the name of the charming Gabrielle. A Parisian bayadère inspired him with a passion which lasted till his death. This divinity of the opera knew how to play perfectly well the new part to which she was called by the preference of the prince. I shall never forget that, in 1814, at a performance of

Castor and Pollux, at which the whole dynasty were present, the public having expressed its enthusiasm by applause, Mademoiselle Virginie, who saw the royal family bow in token of gratitude, also rose in her box and made a low courtesy to the pit. Her waist had then been on the increase for some months. Luckily, this inadvertence was not observed; but several of my friends and myself, who were so placed as to enjoy this scene, not announced in the bills, laughed heartily at her pretension to share the homage paid to *legitimacy*."

The whole account of the eating, drinking, and sleeping etiquettes of the French court is very amusing. M. de Brézé is a good picture of the *ancien régime* prejudices.

"M. de Brézé firmly believed that the grandeur of the monarchy and the majesty of the crown depended on this or that salute, on this or the other ceremony, the very name of which escapes my memory. I recollect that in the month of March 1815, a general, whom the king had sent for, arrived in haste to the palace in a coloured cravat. At this sight the grand-master of the ceremonies turned pale and shuddered. He first addressed the general with all the forms of the most exquisite politeness, requesting him to return home to substitute a cravat of the prescribed hue for the obnoxious one. The general replied that he would willingly do it, but that he had no time, as the king desired to see him immediately. M. de Dreux-Brézé then took off the cravat of one of the guards, and would have forced the general to put it on. At this moment the Duc de la Châtre appeared; he came to fetch the general: M. de Brézé ran up to him and said—'Monsieur le Duc, I hope you will not permit this gentleman to appear before the king in a coloured cravat: never was such a costume admitted at the Tuilleries; it is absolutely contrary to all established custom.' The Duc de la Châtre, a sensible man, could scarcely refrain from laughter: 'My dear Brézé,' replied he, 'the king's will is superior to all rules of etiquette, since etiquette was invented for him.' 'Ah, madam!' said the grand-master of the ceremonies, turning towards me with a look of sincere and profound grief,—'ah, madam; that is the way to produce a revolution!' Accordingly, M. de Brézé has ever since reckoned the general's coloured cravat among the fatal causes of the 20th of March."

"Poor M. de Ferrand had the honour to be pronounced the emblem of the monarchy when, having lost the use of his limbs, he attended the chamber of peers, the academy, &c. supported by two servants. M. de Talleyrand meeting him in this way on the staircase of the Luxembourg said, with that air of sympathy which the lame may be expected to feel for the paralytic: 'Our poor colleague is the image of the government. He thinks he is walking, and all the while he is carried.'"

"I informed the king that Napoleon had caused to be published in the Paris papers that the Duke of Angoulême had pledged himself, by the capitulation he had signed, to procure for Bonaparte the restitution of the crown diamonds, which diamonds Bonaparte claimed as his, since he had re-ascended the throne. 'That,' said Louis XVIII., 'reminds me of a droll story which I once read in the English papers. A thief broke into the dressing-room of a lady of rank, and stole her jewels, which were of great value. Recollecting that he had accidentally left a ruby necklace on the chimney-piece, he wrote to the lady, requesting her to deposit it in a certain place,

where he might get it, because he conceived it to belong to him as much as the other valuables he had stolen. I presume,' added the king, 'that the lady did not accede to the thief's request, nor do I intend to shew any complaisance to my robber.'"

We cannot do better than close our review with the following characteristic fragment.

"Grief renders the heart susceptible of the tenderest affections: men never think women so interesting as when they are in tears. This is perhaps because they know that in our weakness we love to be consoled. How few young widows remain long faithful to their sorrow! For my own part I must confess, that when I returned to court after the death of my husband, my grief seemed destined to be eternal: yet it yielded to a return of that *besoin d'aimer*, which had well nigh ruined me in my giddy youth,—which had displeased a husband, from whom politics separated me,—and which disposed of my existence after the second restoration."

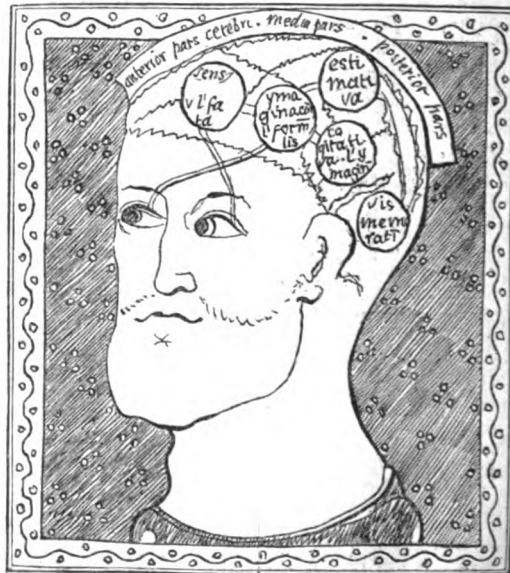
"Our friendship was now for life and death; and, in spite of some occasional clouds, I enjoyed the increasing favour of Louis XVIII. to the end of his days."

Talleyrand, Fouché, and Chateaubriand, are sketched with great vivacity; and, altogether, if we except the entertaining memoirs of Josephine, we know none of the French obnoxious class more amusing than these. There is not a female sentiment which we could witness without disgust in an English woman, and some of the stories are profligate beyond the measure of public license. Perhaps they do picture the worthless of a vain and contemptible class in the upper ranks of society; but, with all the vices of the other orders, we trust they will never imitate these wretched dabblers in heartless prostitution. For decency's sake, two or three of the anecdotes ought to have been omitted; but the whole tendency of such descriptions is to demoralise."

The Book Rarities in the University of Cambridge. Illustrated by Original Letters, and Notes, Biographical, Literary, and Antiquarian. By the Rev. C. H. Hartshorne, M.A. 8vo. pp. 559. London. Longman and Co. To this generally very curious volume, and one peculiarly interesting to all the children

who own Cambridge as their Alma Mater, is prefixed a quotation from our dear friend Gil Blas; which, as our withers are unwrung, we copy for its truth, justice, and applicability:—"Je remarquai," says that shrewd observer, Le Sage, "que tout le monde se mêlait d'en juger. L'un se déclarait pour, l'autre contre. A-t-on jamais vu un ouvrage mieux écrit? disait-on à ma droite. Le pitoyable style! s'écriait-on à ma gauche. En vérité, s'il y a bien de mauvais auteurs, il faut convenir qu'il y a encore plus de mauvais critiques. Et, quand je pense au dégoût que les poètes dramatiques ont à essayer, je m'étonne qu'il y en ait d'assez hardis pour braver l'ignorance de la multitude, et la censure dangereuse des demi-savans qui corrompent quelquefois le jugement du public." From such implied censure we venture to appeal to our readers. We prefer facts to opinions, and illustrations (so connected as to enable all to form their own judgments) to the dogmatism of the critical chair; and when circumstances do not admit of our following either of these courses, the *Literary Gazette* plainly and honestly states the case, ever leaning to the side of kindness and encouragement; but without bias, fear, or favour."

With this profession of faith and practice we proceed to handle Mr. Hartshorne's work, which, in spite of his touch at our tribe, we have examined to our great satisfaction. It is, indeed, full of valuable and entertaining matter, and must be very acceptable to every lover of literature. Any account of book rarities is interesting; and Cambridge has furnished the author with a multitude of anecdotes, from which we shall make a brief selection, as the best mode of reviewing a publication of so miscellaneous a kind. The embellishments are also in good taste, and numerous. Ancient initial letters—copies of illuminated borders—scarce portraits—views of public buildings—facsimiles of bindings and arabesques—remarkable head and tail-pieces, &c. &c. are very fitting ornaments to a book of this quaint and antique description. But of all these, the subjoined will undoubtedly excite the greatest share of curiosity. Is there indeed nothing new under the sun? Is even Phrenology an old joke, entertained, forgotten, and revived in our day? It would seem so; for this head is from a Treatise on Craniology several centuries ago.



Here we have the skull mapped out, though not into so many little provinces as by modern phrenologists, into "Estimativeness," "Cogitativeness," "Imaginativeness," and all the *finenesses* of the superlative science. We can now, with this proof before us, also well believe that phrenology had been long familiar to the philosophers of China!

But we have done enough with this singular discovery, and shall now make our extracts.

"In the progress made by Queen Elizabeth and James when they were at Audley End, they were generally presented with gloves, of which there appears to have been a famous manufactory at that time in Cambridge. Let us hear what old Stokys the esquire bedell says upon the matter, when Queen Elizabeth was there in 1578. 'The vice-chancellor making his three ordynarie curtesies, and then kneeling at her majesties feete, presented unto hir a Newe Testament in Greeke, of Robertus Stephanus, his first printing in folio, bound in redd velvett, and lymmed with gould, the armes of England sett upon eche side of the booke vearay faire, and on the thirde leafe of the booke, being faire and cleane paper, was also sett and painted in colours the armes of the universitie with theise writings following. [Then come the verses.] Also with the booke the said v. chancellor presented a paire of gloves, perfumed and garnished with imbroderie and goldsmithes wourke, pret. lxs. In taking the booke and the gloves it fortuned that the paper, in the which the gloves were folded, to open, and hir majesties behoulding the beutie of the saide gloves, as in great admiration, and in token of hir thankful accepting the same, held up one of hir hands.' The University then gave Lord Burleigh, the Earl of Leicester, and the Earl of Sussex, a pair; the two former worth twenty shillings a pair; the latter worth four shillings and two-pence, of which he made such accompte, that he willed the v. chancellor returning to Cambridge to thanke the Universitie, and assure them of his good will, saying, I am ready to pleasure the Universitie to my power; I am a Mr. of Arte of that University, and have been twice at Oxford, and there that degree hath been twice offered mee, but I have refused the same. For I meane not to have two strings to mie boe.'—*Cole's MSS.* vol. xlv. p. 441, 2. Perhaps the Cambridge gloves that were so famous might be those sent by Queen Henrietta Maria to her sister-in-law, Anne of Austria, Queen of France, a box of which was found in the Abbey of Val de Grace, at Paris, in the queen's apartment there, which Cardinal Richelieu caused to be searched, in hopes of finding something wherewith to accuse the Queen of holding a correspondence with the King of Spain her brother."

In an edition of minor poems by Chaucer (printed by Caxton) the following occur:—

"The compleint of Chaucer vnto his empty purse, which begins thus:—

'To you my purs, and to none other wight
Complayne I, for ye be my lady dere:
I am sory now that ye be light,
For certes ye now make me heuy there;
We were as lief be leyd vpon a bere:
For whiche, vnto your mercy thus I crye
Be heuy agayn, or ellis mote I dye.'

This ends on the recto of the following leaf thus:

'ET SIC EST FINIS.'

Somewhat of the manners of the age may be gathered from the annexed extracts of a poem. "Stans Puer ad Mensam. Enprynted at London in Fletestrete at the sygne of the Sonne by me Wynkyn de Worde. Without Date.

Quarto. A reprint of Caxton's *Stans puer ad Mensam*. It is, properly speaking, a treatise on good manners, as the extracts below will shew. The Latin edition of 1524 is printed, with some variations, in Ruddiman's Rudiments; and either one or the other may have furnished hints to Lord Chesterfield, quite as useful as those which are to be found in his manual of politeness.

"Grennyng and mowes at the table eschewe
Crye not to lowde kepe honestly silence
Tenbose thy jowes with mete it is not dewe
With ful mouth speke not lest thou do offence
Drinke not bridled for haste ne for negligens
Kepe cleane thy lippes fro fatte of flesh or fish
Wipe fair thy spone leue it not in thy dishe.
And where so be thou dyne or soupe
Of gentylnes take salt with thy knyf
And beware thou blowe not in ye coupe &c. &c.
In welthe beware of woo what so the happies
And bere the euen for drede of after clappis.
Knowe er thou knytte and thou maist slake
Yf thou knyrt er thou knowe that it is to late."

From the *Bayle and Snare of Fortune*, another very scarce old book, we transcribe a wise saw.

"Get thy goods truly, spende them precisely:
Set thy goods duly, lende thou them wisely.
True getting, eyse spending,
Due setting, wyse lending,
Hauve ye lytle or muche, kepeth a man full rutche,
Vntyll his endyng. Finis."

Speaking of the first editions of works, Mr. H. says: "One John Ellis of Waddesdon in Buckinghamshire, father of Phillip Ellis, a popish bishop in the reign of James the Second, wrote a smart epigram upon the first edition of books, and upon this edition in particular: as it has not yet been printed, it may be worth inserting here.

Books unto virgins I compare,
Who at the first but slender are,
But yet more uncorrupt by far
Than when they grow much bulkier.
The water's sovereign at the spring,
The spreading rivers want the thing."

In King's Library "there is a remarkable chart executed at Rome in the year 1467; and another curious though later one, executed at Marseilles, in which Newfoundland is designated *Nova Terra Baccalaos*: the fish coming from thence are still called, in the Levant, Baccalau."

The following respecting Almanacs is curious, and the more so, as these publications have very recently undergone a reformation.

"Regiomontanus appears to have been the first in Europe who reduced almanacs into their present form and method, gave the characters of each year and month, foretold the eclipses and other phases, and calculated the motions of the planets. His first almanac was published in 1474. Before his time, the Swedes, Danes, and Norwegians, used for the purpose a wooden stave inscribed with Runic characters, representing the order of the feasts, dominical letters, days of the week, and golden number, with other materials necessary to be known through the year. From the Danes their use was introduced into England, where many still exist, particularly a very fine one in St. John's College Library, Cambridge, engraved, and, probably, minutely described, in Brady's *Clavis Calendaria*. Dr. Plott has given a description of one of those found in Staffordshire, in his natural history of that county. The external figure and matter of these calendars appear to have been various; sometimes they were cut on one or more wooden leaves, bound together after the manner of books; sometimes on the scabbards of swords, or even on daggers; sometimes on tools and implements, as portable steelyards, hammers, &c.; sometimes they were made of brass or horn—of skins of eels, which being drawn over a stick properly inscribed, retained the impressions of it. But

the most usual form was that of walking-staves or sticks, which they carried about with them to church, market, &c. These staves are divided into three regions; the first indicates the signs, the second the days of the week and year, and the third the golden number. The prophetic part of our almanacs was added at the beginning of the eighteenth century, by Partridge, who published his predictions weekly, and printed them as periodical papers."

Here are some specimens of these productions in October 1700.

"Citizens post to their country houses, and leave their 'prentices to comfort their wives. Shoals of country-puts come to town about five, with their pockets well cramm'd; but that cormorant called *equity* will soon clear them. Sunday 27. Taylors curs'd for not bringing the fine cloaths home at the promis'd hour. Great ogling at Covent Garden church and other places, from ten to twelve. A she Quaker holds forth in her stays in Grace-church-street, to the great cramping of the spirit. Ministers preach against sin, but the people still practise it, and are like to do so to the end of the chapter. November 1. Great preparations at the Bear-garden all morning for the noble tryal of skill that is to be played in the afternoon. Seats fill'd and crowded by two; drums beat, dogs yelp, butchers and foot soldiers clatter their sticks; at last the two heroes, in their fine borrow'd holland shirts, mount the stage about three; cut large collops out of one another, to divert the mob, and make work for the surgeon; smocking, swearing, drinking, thrusting, justling, elbowing, sweating, kicking, cuffing, stinking, all the while the company stays. Saturday 2. Hundreds of poor souls confined in that wicked purgatory the fleet, or King's bench, and not like to be prayred out in haste, &c. Sunday 3. Beggars take up their respective posts in Lincoln's-inn-fields, and other places, by seven, that they may be able to praise God in capon and March beer at night. Parish clerks liquor their throats plentifully at eight, and chaunt out Hopkins most melodiously about ten. Sextons, men of great authority most part of the day, whip dogs out of church for being obstreperous. Great thumping and dusting of the cushion at Salter's-hall about eleven. Country fellows staring at the two wooden men at St. Dunstan's from one to two, to see how notably they strike the quarters. The great point of predestination settled in Rusel-court about three; and the people go home as wise as they came thither. A merry farce, called *The Confusion of Babel*, acted at surly *Wat's* coffee-house in the evening, and lasts from five till ten. Great squabbling, buzzing, and prating, from the Baronet's Club, down to the noise footmen below. Terrible swearing in the kitchen for the boys not bringing the vile *Darby* in time. Beef called for at every table, and mistress cook most mightily importuned for a carrot. Wednesday 30. Tradesmen flock in their morning gowns to the purl houses by seven, to cool their plucks which they had overheated in my lord mayor's service the night before. A mighty bustle in the halls about straggled plates and dishes, and bottles missing. Solicitors and clerks bawling out for pudding at the Spread Eagle about twelve. Air infected with perjury and knavery at Westminster, and so like to continue most part of the next month. The noble and ancient recreation of Round Robin, Hey-Jinks, and chipping the snake, in great request with the merry sailors at Wapping.' The predictions run on in this strain for four or five numbers, and then

assume rather a higher flight of composition, thus :—“ When religion, without interest, is preached up for the Lord’s sake only, and courtiers mind the welfare of the publick, and pay their debts without many importunities, then shall the people of England be all of one opinion; women forsake their pride; tradesmen forbear lying in their shops; and libertines, before thirty, renounce the flesh and the devil: but he that intends to be an eyewitness of these happy revolutions, must be arm’d, and live beyond the age of Methusalem. Shakespears and Ben Jonson’s ghosts will in a little time pay a visit to both play houses; and if their fury be not appeased by a fair promise of a new regulation of their stages, with scorpion rods borrowed from the furies they will whip the *Barnet* mimic and the French tumblers out of both houses, and convince the spectators a good old play is better entertainment for a sensible audience than a modern farce with Bartholomew-fair sauce to it; and that a good moral speech is far more edifying than the braying of an human ass; and the neat contexture of a good plot far more delightful than the Flip-flap or the double Sunnset.”

As we shall give another paper to this storehouse of bibliomaniac lore, we shall conclude, for the present, with this quotation and our hearty commendation.

Dr. Arnott’s Elements of Physics. Vol. II.
(Second Notice.)

WE owe it to this able volume to exemplify it by a few more extracts than we could admit into our first notice; and we select Dr. Arnott’s exposition of the *influence of heat on chemical combinations*.

“ By observations made and recorded through bygone ages, man has now come to know that the substances constituting the world around him, although appearing to differ in their nature almost to infinity, are yet all made up of a few simple elements variously combined; and he has discovered that the peculiar relations of these elements to heat,—as their being unequally expanded by it, and their undergoing fusion and vaporisation at different temperatures,—furnish him with ready means of separating, combining, and new-modifying them to serve to him most useful purposes. Where the primitive savage, looking around on rocks and soils, saw in their diversified aspect almost as little meaning as did the inferior animals which participated with him the shelter of the wood or cave,—his son, with penetration sharpened by science, descends at once the treasures of the mine, and aided by heat, whose wonderful energies he has learned to control, pursues through all the Protean disguises of ores, and salts, and solutions, each of the wished-for substances, until he secures it apart. For instance, in what to his forefathers for thousands of years appeared but a red dross, he knows that there lies concealed the precious iron—king of metals! and soon forcing this in his ardent furnace to assume its metallic form, with implements made of it he afterwards moulds all other bodies to his will: the trees from the forest and the rocks from the quarry, in obedience to these, come to be fashioned by him as if they were of soft clay, and at his command rise into the magnificent structures of palaces and ships, with which the earth is now beautified, and the ocean so thickly covered. The minute detail of the relations to heat of particular substances forms a great part of the department of science called *chemistry* (a name taken from

an Arabic word signifying *fire*); but a general review of the subject belongs to this work. The most common ores of metals are combinations of them with oxygen, carbonic acid, or sulphur, substances all of which are volatilised at much lower temperatures than the metals. Now simple roasting, as it is called, or strongly heating the ores, suffices often to drive away great part of these adjuncts; and where additional assistance is required, it is obtained by mixing with the ore something which, when heated, attracts the substance to be expelled more strongly than the metal does. Charcoal, for instance, heated with an oxide, takes the oxygen, and flying off with it as carbonic acid, leaves at the bottom of the furnace or crucible the vivified metal. Mercury mixed with the dross of a mine dissolves any particles of gold or of silver existing in it, and the ingredients of the solution may afterwards be obtained separate by mere heating—the mercury passing away as vapour to where it is cooled and again condensed for repeated use, and the more fixed gold or silver remaining pure in its place,—just as in all other distillations, as that of spirit from wine, or of essential oils from water, &c., there is the separation by heat of a more volatile from a less volatile substance. The only difference between what is called drying by heat and distilling, is, that in the one case the substance vaporised being of no use, is allowed to escape or be dissipated in the atmosphere; while in the other, being the precious part, it is caught and condensed into the liquid form. A piece of cold charcoal lies in the air for any length of time without change; but if heated to a certain degree, the mutual cohesion of its particles is so weakened—that is, the particles are so repelled and separated from each other, that their attraction for the oxygen in the air around is allowed to operate, and they combine with that oxygen, so as to produce the phenomenon of combustion. The same is true, under similar circumstances, of almost any dry vegetable or animal substance, and of several of the metals. Nitre, sulphur, and charcoal, while cold, may be mixed together most intimately without any change taking place; but if the mixture, or any part of it, be heated to a certain degree, the whole explodes with extreme violence,—for it is gunpowder. By the change of temperature, and the consequently altered relative attractions of the different substances, a new chemical arrangement of them then takes place with the intense combustion and expansion, which constitute the explosion. Sea-sand and soda may be mixed, and even ground together, as completely as possible; but if they remain cold, they remain also merely an opaque and useless powder: on heating the mixture, however, to diminish the cohesion of the particles of each substance to those of its own kind, so that the mutual attractions of the two substances may come into play, they melt altogether, and unite chemically into the beautiful compound called glass; a product than which art has formed none more admirable—which in domestic use, for instance, is fashioned into the brilliant chandelier and kistree—into the sparkling furniture of the side-board—into the magnificent mirror-plate; and which, extended across our window openings, admits the light while it repels the storm.”

“ Again, as regards dead animal substances, we find that although at a certain, not very elevated, temperature, they undergo that change in the relations of their elements which we call putrefaction, when nearly their whole sub-

stance rises again to form part of the atmosphere, still, at or below the temperature of freezing water, they remain unaltered for any length of time. In the middle of summer, recently caught salmon, or other fish, packed in boxes with ice, is conveyed fresh from the most remote parts of Britain to the capital. In our warmest weather, any meat or game may be long preserved in an ice-house. In Russia, Canada, and other northern countries, on the setting in of the hard frosts, when the inferior animals have difficulty in finding food, the inhabitants kill their winter supply, and store their provender of frozen flesh or fowl, as in other countries men store that which is salted or pickled. But the most striking instance of this kind we can adduce, is the fact, that on the shore of Siberia, in 1801, in a vast block or island of ice, of which the surface was then more melted than in preceding summers, the carcass of an antediluvian elephant was found, perfectly preserved—an elephant differing materially from those now existing on earth, but its skeleton exactly corresponding with the specimens found deep buried in various countries. The creature was soon discovered by the hungry bears of the district, which were seen tearing off its hairy hide, and feeding on its flesh, as fresh almost as if it had lived yesterday, although it must have been of an era long anterior to that of any existing monument on earth, of human art, or even of human being. Long after it fell from the ice to the sandy beach, and when its tusks had been carried away for sale by a Tungusian fisherman, and its flesh had been nearly devoured, a naturalist who visited it found an ear still perfect, and its long mane, and part of its upper lip, and an eye with the pupil yet distinguishable, which had opened on the glories of a former or younger world! About 30 lbs. weight of its hair, which had been trodden into the sand by the bears while eating the carcass, was collected, and is now preserved in different museums of natural curiosities; some, for instance, in the museum of the London College of Surgeons.”

In the following we are enlightened on the subject of the sun as a source of heat.

“ Human art can gather the sunbeams together, and, by the intense heat produced in the focus of their meeting, furnishes another proof that the sun is the great source of heat. A pane of glass in a window, or a small mirror, will reflect the sun’s ray so as to offend an eye receiving it at a distance of miles—as may be observed soon after the rising, or before the setting of the sun, when his ray is nearly horizontal,—and the heat accompanies the ray; for by many such mirrors directed towards one point, a combustible object placed there would be inflamed. Archimedes set fire to the Roman ships by sunbeams returned from many points to one; his godlike genius thus rivalled by natural means the supposed feats of fabled Jupiter with his thunderbolts. Again, when the light of a broad sunbeam is made by a convex glass or lens to converge to one point or focus, the concentrated heat is also there—for a piece of metal held in the focus drops like melting wax: and if the glass be purposely moved, its focus will pierce through the most obdurate substances, as red-hot wire pierces through paper or wood. A hunter on his hill, and travelling hordes on the plains, often conveniently light their fires at the sun himself, by directing his energies through a burning glass. The direct ray of the sun, simply received into a box which is covered with glass to exclude the cold air, and is lined

with charcoal or burned cork to absorb heat, and to prevent the escape of heat once received, will raise a thermometer in the box to the temperature of 230 degrees of Fahrenheit,—a temperature considerably above that of boiling water. And the experiment succeeds in any part of the earth where there is a clear atmosphere, and where the sun attains considerable apparent altitude. We see therefore that a solar oven might in some cases be used. In operating with the apparatus suggested by the author, and described at page 95, for distilling water by the heat of the sun, the vessel intended to absorb the heat, and to act as the still, should be enclosed in a case lined and covered as above described. Reflecting on such facts as now recorded, and on the globular form and the motions of our earth, we have a measure of the differences of climate and of season that should be found upon the earth. It is evident that the part of the globe turned directly to the sun receives his rays as abundantly as if it were a perfect plane, similarly facing him; while on parts which, as viewed from the sun, would be called the sides of the globe, with the increasing obliquity of aspect, an equal breadth or quantity of rays is spread over a larger and a larger surface; and at the very edge the light passes level with the surface, and altogether without touching. The sunny side of many a steep hill in England receives the sun's rays in summer as perpendicularly as the plains about the equator; and such hill-side is not heated like these plains, only because the air over it is colder—just as mountain tops, even at the equator, owing to the rarefied and therefore cold air around them, remain for ever hooded in snow. In England, at the time of the equinoxes, a level plain receives only about half as much of the sun's light and heat as an equal extent of level surface near the equator; and in the short days of winter it receives considerably less than a third of its summer allowance."

The remarks on the temperature of the earth are also very interesting.

"Of one fact there can be no doubt; viz. that the present temperature of the earth is much lower than the temperature in remote past time. The rocks called primitive, as granite and gneiss, constituting the interiors of our great mountain masses and the substrata of our plains, bear evident marks of having been at one period in a molten state, from which they have been solidified by a very gradual cooling; and even the whole mass of the earth at some time must have been so fluid or soft, as, in obedience to gravity, to have assumed its rounded form, and in obedience to the centrifugal force of its whirling, to have bulged out, at its great circumference or equator, the seventeen miles which its equatorial diameter exceeds the polar; the same, by the by, in degrees corresponding to the various speed of rotation, being true of all the other planets belonging to the solar system. Again, while in excavating below the surface of the globe, or in examining its structure as exposed to view by volcanic or other convulsions, men encounter in very many situations a thickness of more than a mile of the wreck and remains of former states of the world—as on digging eighty feet under vineyards near Mount Vesuvius, they encounter the buried cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii—they further discover that the animal and vegetable remains buried, without number, in the present cold climates of the earth, and evidently resting near where the creatures lived, are all of kinds now inhabiting only the warmer

or tropical regions. Lastly, in the operations of mining, the deeper men go, the higher they find the temperature to be, at the rate of a degree for about 200 feet of descent; which fact, as heat tends to equable diffusion, proves both that the central heat of our earth must have had another source than a radiation from the sun of the present intensity; and that the surface of the earth is now radiating away more heat than it receives from the sun. The conclusion then follows, that the temperature of the world is still falling, although perhaps so slowly that a change may not be detected even within centuries. Possibly in very remote antiquity that may have been true which the early Greeks erroneously thought true in their day; viz. that the equator of the earth, by reason of its great heat, was a barrier impassable by man between the northern and southern hemispheres."

After discussing combustion, Dr. Arnott says,—"Good coal, where it abounds, is now for ordinary purposes by much the cheapest kind of fuel; and since within a few years men have learned to obtain from it separately, and to use instead of oil and wax, its illuminating gas, viz. its hydrogen, holding in solution a little carbon, it has become doubly precious to them. A person reflecting that heat is the magic power which vivifies nature, and that coal is what best gives heat for the endless purposes of human society, cannot without admiration think of the rich stores of coal which exist treasured up in the bowels of the earth for man's use; and Britain, in this respect, is singularly favoured. Her coal mines are in effect mines of labour or power vastly more precious than the gold and silver mines of Peru,—for they may be said to produce abundantly every thing which labour and ingenuity can produce, and they have essentially contributed to make her mistress of the industry and commerce of the earth. Britain has become to the civilised world around, nearly what an ordinary town is to the rural district in which it stands; and of this vast and glorious city the mines in question are the coal-cellars, stored at the present rate of consumption for about 1000 years; a supply which, as coming improvements in the arts of life will naturally bring economy of fuel, or substitution of other means to effect similar purposes, may be regarded as exhaustless."

We purpose, if possible, a further continuation of our extracts from this excellent work; but should we be prevented from executing our design, we trust we have done enough to shew that it is a sequel worthy of as great success as the first volume, for which the public are so much indebted to the author's pen.

Exemplars of Tudor Architecture, &c. By T. F. Hunt, Esq. London, 1829. Longman and Co.

[Second notice.]

WE have already spoken of the general merits of Mr. Hunt's curious work: some particular notice should, however, be taken of his fifth section, on Furniture; a subject on which so little has been hitherto done, and that little so indifferently. We cannot follow the author through the numerous articles *seriatim*; but must condense his researches with our general remarks on the movables and accommodations, such as they were, which the old mansions contained. Mr. Hunt tells us that, "anterior to the Tudors, household furniture was in general of a rude, substantial character—the tables formed of boards on trestles; the seats of many oak branches or stools, and the floors

strewn with rushes." It is certainly rare to find any furniture possessing ornament earlier than the Tudor times; they were mere conveniences, or rather articles of sheer necessity. Yet even still later, we read, that in the Great Chamber, the expected seat of the greatest display, Sir John Haryngton complains "of great plank forms, that two yeomen can scant remove out of their places, and waynsot stools, so hard, that since great breeches were layd asyde, men can skant indewr to sitt on." These, with some pieces of tapestry, absolutely necessary to cover the ill-made doors and windows, a fire-fork, shovel, and tongs, and some folding-screens, form, as Mr. Hunt says, "a tolerably correct list of the movables usually attached to this room." Even this circumscribed quantity was of necessity moved from one mansion to another in the progress of the lord, as is evident from the curious Household-Book of the great and powerful Earl of Northumberland. The thirty-first plate of this work gives, with great taste, a correct idea of the manner in which the great halls were furnished. In pp. 144-5 will be found some curious inventories of furniture belonging to a knight and to an esquire—personages, it must be remembered, somewhat different in the scale of society from those generally bearing the same title in these days. These accounts are extremely interesting. Let us examine their nocturnal comforts—their bedsteads consisted of massive and elaborately carved posts, which, with head-boards and canopies or spervers, were intricately made of wood, painted ginger colour. Hangings of heavy tapestry, preserved from generation to generation, fustian blankets, and coverlets formed from decayed garments. So furnished, we can easily imagine, that their continual fumigation by smoke of the most pungent kind, (sent forth through the apartments, in consequence of the imperfect construction of flues and fire-places), was absolutely necessary to keep under those several annoyances to which we are subject, even with all our improved habits of prevention and cleanliness; probably the hardness of our ancestors rendered them less susceptible of impression in that way. The early wills are replete with instances of the importance attached in those times even to these articles; and the bequests generally consist of furniture or of the pieces of plate which decorated the buffet or ewry board.

Subsequent to the firm establishment of King Henry the Seventh on the throne, the nobility and gentry, whose whole time and revenues had been previously absorbed in their support of the party to which they were attached, found means and leisure to attend somewhat more to the comforts of their dwellings: but the progress of refinement was extremely slow. Recourse to the artists of Venice, Genoa, and Florence, became absolutely necessary, from the few persons then remaining in this country whose profession had not been by necessity a military one. Those foreign workmen brought with them, and in their works, not only a totally different style of form and ornament from that to which this kingdom had been previously accustomed, but by them many articles of ease and elegance were introduced which were before unknown to us: even so late as 1611, the decent custom of using forks was copied from the Italians. "The invitation," says Mr. Hunt, "and encouragement held out to foreigners of all nations by Henry VII. and Henry VIII., and the protection afforded them against religious persecutions by Queen Elizabeth, laid the foundation of that glorious

pre-eminence at which our manufactures afterwards arrived. 'To the wheels and gibbets of the Duke d'Alva, England is indebted for the improvement of her manufactures: scared by his inhumanity, the Flemish artisans fled hither in shoals, and were received by Elizabeth with humanity and hospitality.'—(Andrews.)" Respecting the quantity of modern imitations, the author observes very justly, that "a rational principle of utility pervaded the works of the old artisans; and although some articles were carved in panels, with groups from sacred history, enriched with representations of shrines, altars, &c., the pieces themselves bore no resemblance in shape to the forms of buildings. Portable buttresses and pinnacles, which we now see applied to light chairs and other movables, were too absurd to enter their imaginations; and the obvious inconvenience of crockets and points at every angle, as well as the risk of destruction to female habiliments, then costly and gorgeous, would at once have struck these sagacious workmen. * * * The governing principle of ancient artisans, or rather decorators, seems to have been a desire to resist the ravages of time, more than to encourage the caprices of fashion. It must, however, be allowed, that the cleanliness of washable bed-hangings carries with it a charm beyond the magnificence of the most gorgeous materials. In this respect calico is preferable to gold brocade—and so far only is the change advantageous; for as regards expense, there is no amendment. The overwhelming draperies of modern times are at least equal in cost, though intrinsically almost valueless, to the sumptuous cloths of earlier days."

Nothing certainly can be much more incongruous than to furnish the interior of a house possessing externally the characteristics of Tudor architecture, with movables designed after the remains of Egypt, Greece, or Rome, or with the cumbrous magnificence of the age of Louis XIV. Yet we would not advocate a strict resemblance to the inconvenient articles of former times: still much might be done;—the few attempts that have been made by modern designers have all been most miserable and contemptible failures; but in the hands of artists of taste and research, designs, we are convinced, might be made that would combine consistency and convenience. We know not any person so likely to produce a satisfactory result as the author of the delightful volume before us. It is not enough that an architect contents himself with correctness on the exterior; nor can he expect that others will be satisfied, unless the same care and attention be evident within—indeed, it is here a matter of higher necessity, from the more frequent and long-continued opportunities of observation.

In again recommending the work to our readers, we may add, that whoever wishes to "talk cunningly" of old houses and old furniture should consult this volume.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

The Child's French Translator. First Part. By A. Graveram. London, 1829. Simpkin and Marshall.

THREE nice little French stories with interlinear translations, marking also the difference between the original meaning of French words and those by which they should be represented in English. The plan is good; and a shilling's worth of better instruction could hardly be put into the hands of the very young French scholar.

Corpus Christi. Devotions selected from the Works of the older Divines, &c. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

A BEAUTIFUL little volume, replete with the pure spirit of Christianity: the frontispiece of the *Salvator Mundi*, from Carlo Dolce, is finely engraved.

The Olive Branch. Edin. H. S. Baynes. THIS is a religious and elegant little volume,—for even religion, now, is bound in silk and hot-pressed,—and the first of an annual series. Most of the papers are deserving of much praise; and all are directed to high moral ends.

The Zoological Keepsake for the Year 1830. London. Marsh and Miller.

Of this variety among our Annuals, we shall merely say, that it gives accounts of the Garden and Museum of the Zoological Society; and contains (of consequence) some interesting pieces of natural history. But the design has not been judiciously executed; and next year we hope to see a far better book on the same plan.

Astronomy.—We have seen a specimen of a work, to be published in four parts, entitled "The British Celestial Atlas, being a complete guide to the attainment of a practical knowledge of the Heavenly Bodies; by G. Rubie." The plan of this work appears to be a very good one; but we recommend a stricter attention to orthographical accuracy. Even in the specimen, limited as it is, there are several striking discrepancies between the plate and the text; such as—"Aldebarun—Aldebaran," "Betelynex—Betelguex." To young persons, errors like these, which they have not the means of correcting, are very perplexing.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

ON Friday evening in last week—L. Horner, a V.P., in the chair—several gentlemen were elected members: the Archduke John of Austria, M. Voltz of Strasburg, Professor Hausman of Göttingen, M. Hoffman of Berlin, M. Dufresnoy of Paris, and Dr. Bouié, were severally ballotted for and elected foreign members. The reading of a paper on the tertiary formations which range along the flanks of the Salzburg and Bavarian Alps, being a continuation of the memoir on the valley of Gossau, by the Rev. Adam Sedgwick and Roderick Impey Murchison, Esq. was concluded. The authors, in this interesting and able paper, seem to lean to the belief that those immense and detached masses of rock found from one extreme of the alpine chain to the other, are attributable to the bursting of lakes and rivers. Professor Buckland, after paying a glowing panegyric to the merits of the paper in other respects, dissented from this opinion, observing that these tertiary masses must have been occasioned by other phenomena—rivers, in their progress to the sea, never carrying along with them even a single pebble. The learned professor instanced the Rhone, the Rhine, and the Po. Another paper on the occurrence of the *Iguanodon*, an extinct fossil herbivorous reptile, in Sandown and Swanage Bays, by Professor Buckland, was also read. Some gigantic remains of this species of lizard accompanied the paper: a single joint of one of the toes weighed about six pounds! The chairman inquired of the professor if the latter could form any correct estimate of the size of the reptile: the professor, smiling, answered, "*ex pede Herculem!*" Amongst the presents we noticed a beautiful specimen of

septarium: the spheroidal concretions were in an exceedingly fine and polished state.

MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

DEC. 8.—Earl Stanhope, president, in the chair; several new members were admitted. The chairman communicated a paper, which he had translated from the German of the Medical and Chirurgical Journal of Salzburg, on the properties of *ballota lanata*, a Siberian plant, as an effectual remedy for dropsy and chronic arthritis; a specimen of the plant was also exhibited by his lordship. A paper by Mr. Mudie, author of the *Picture of Australia*, and other works, was also read: it contained some remarks on the product of the *eucalyptus mannifera*, manna gum-tree, as a substitute in New Holland for the manna of the European pharmacopœias. Earl Stanhope informed the meeting that he regretted to communicate the resignation of Mr. Yosey, one of the secretaries, whose projected voyage to North and South America, on a scientific mission, rendered that step necessary. A resolution of thanks, moved by Dr. Sigmund, was passed to Mr. Yosey for his zealous and attentive discharge of the duties of secretary. The chairman presented the three principal German pharmacopœias.

Petersburg, Nov. 11.

FOUR scientific expeditions are at this moment in full activity in Russia; and the important results that may be expected from them will probably soon prove, that in Russia the arts of peace follow in the train of war, and ennoble its victories. While Alexander von Humboldt, with his learned friends, was collecting, in eastern Russia and Siberia, new treasures of natural history, a second expedition was directed to the chain of the Caucasus. General Emanuel, who commands on the line of this mountain range, is examining, with several learned men, the country especially in the direction of Mount Elborus. The third expedition joined the victorious standard of General Paskewitch. After exploring the provinces ceded to Russia by the treaty with Persia, the travellers visited the countries in Asia occupied by the Russian army in the two last campaigns. Finally, a librarian to the emperor was sent, in September, with several draftsmen and a naturalist, into the countries of European Turkey occupied by the Russian army, in order to collect and to copy the most remarkable inscriptions and monuments. And, last winter, an antiquary was sent from Odessa, in order to examine the remains of antiquity on the whole coast from the Danube to Sizeboli.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, Dec. 5.—On Monday last, in full convocation, the degree of Doctor in Divinity, by diploma, was conferred upon the Hon. and Right Rev. R. Bagot, Lord Bishop of Oxford.

On Thursday the following degrees were conferred:—*Bachelor in Civil Law* (by consultation).—W. Morgan, Esq. Fellow of Magdalen College. *Masters of Arts*.—Rev. J. Mackell, C. Wray, Brasenose College.

Bachelors of Arts.—N. Bond, Oriel College. Grand Compounder: R. R. J. McPherson, J. D. Lloyd, W. Manby, Queen's College; J. Hussey, H. Blisset, Balliol College; W. Hunt, Wadham College; A. Mangley, Portico College; Merton College; H. Hughes, Trinity College; H. Deane, Exeter College.

THE resident members of the University of Cambridge, at the division of the present term, amounted, in commons, to 1771; in lodgings, to 673.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

THE first of the meetings for the season 1829–30 took place last Saturday; Sir George Staunton, Bart., V.P., in the chair. The

table was literally covered with rare and valuable donations made to the Society during the recess. Colonel Doyle presented a beautiful copy of the Koran, in Arabic MS.; and also one of the Puranas, or sacred books of the Hindoos, in Sanscrit MS. The Rev. H. D. Leves presented the original *firman* granted by the present Sultan, confirming the election of the Greek Patriarch of Constantinople. This document is written in various colours, and richly ornamented: the state seal of the Turkish empire is also affixed. T. H. Baber, Esq. presented a splendid assortment of Indian armour, collected during his official career in the province of Malabar. Engravings of the Deluge, Belshazzar's Feast, and Joshua, were presented by Mr. Martin the artist.

A paper from the pen of Colonel Harriot, on the origin and language of the Gipeles, was read; and gives a comparative vocabulary of the Zingaresco or Gipeey dialect, with various Asiatic synonyms, chiefly deduced from the Hindi: the list of Gipeey words, with the corresponding terms in English, were taken down, *verbatim*, by the writer himself, a few years since, and were, very recently, confirmed by his going over them with a different party of these wanderers. This list is followed by observations on their origin, which the colonel refers to Hindostan. The date of their introduction to Persia he shews, from Firdausi's Shah Nameh, and other sources, to have been early in the fifth century of our era.

ORIENTAL TRANSLATION FUND.

SINCE we had the pleasure of announcing his Majesty's annual gift of two gold medals to the Oriental Translation Fund, we have not mentioned that very useful and flourishing Institution; but the appearance of Mr. Davis's Translation of the Haou-kew-chuen having recalled our attention to it, we shall now briefly report its recent progress.

Since the anniversary, in May, the committee has published the above-named work, and translations of a Ceylonese Masque and Poem on Demonology, illustrated with plates from Singalese drawings. Two works have been added to those which were then in the press, besides several that have been inserted in the list of those that are preparing for publication. It has also received many new allies; so that the list of subscribers is now, for its extent, probably the most splendid that was ever printed—as it contains the names of nearly all the male branches of the Royal Family, and many of the high nobility and gentry, of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and several of the bishops, besides some (we think there should be more) of our colleges and literary societies.

We are highly gratified, too, by perceiving that the O. T. F. has also attracted much attention on the Continent, and that in the subscription list are found the names of the King of the Netherlands, the Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt, the Duke of Orleans, the Imperial Universities of Casan and Dorpat, the Imperial Library of Vienna, and the Royal Libraries of Berlin, Dresden, Hanover, and Munich. Now that, therefore, through the prosperity of this Fund, good versions of oriental works can be printed with an entire exemption from expense to the translator, and the probability of his receiving an honorary or a pecuniary reward—we hope that ample employment will be found for the committee in the publication of versions made by British orientalists of all the most valuable Asiatic authors:—the object for which the Oriental

Translation Fund was established will then be completely attained.

THE PHARAOHS.*

I. Of some of the chronological results and bearings of the recent Hieroglyphic Discoveries.

IT is sufficiently evident, that the golden age of Egyptian art and power was during the dominion of the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties of Manetho, an interval of about six centuries (1). To this period belong the great majority of the Pharaonic edifices and restored inscriptions, and to it general opinion seems to refer the residence of the Jews in Egypt. The right assignment of these great families is, therefore, alike important to the chronology of ancient art and civilisation, and to Biblical criticism. On this also depends the relative antiquity of the Mosaic writings, and the earliest hieroglyphic inscriptions.

The Usserian theory, now generally followed, as accommodated by M. Champollion-Figiac to the Sothic period, makes the eighteenth dynasty contemporary with the Israelitish sojournment, and the nineteenth with the times of the Judges,—the era of the Exode nearly separating the two families. The most ancient of the restored inscriptions, therefore, ascend, according to this system, to nearly four centuries (2) above the date of the Pentateuch, including the official documents of an interval of more than two centuries, pending which, the histories of both nations were not only connected, but altogether amalgamated;—a connexion that has been adopted as the basis for regulating Manetho's history, from the age of his first copyist, Josephus, till the present time: so much so, that the times of the dynasties have been uniformly elevated or depressed according to the views of sacred chronology entertained by the respective theorists.

The reader of Champollion's letters, and similar communications, cannot, however, but be impressed by the utter silence of the inscriptions in question respecting the Jews, and every event mentioned in sacred history from the age of Joseph till that of Moses; or from the reign of Mephres, or Meris, the fifth prince of the eighteenth family (Thothmosis III. in the monuments), till that of Amenophis, the seventeenth and last monarch (Rameses V. of Champollion), if we follow the received system;—a period replete with those official documents which form the basis of all true history. This silence, while the Jews were in a state of slavery, and in regard to the unfortunate events attendant on their departure from Egypt, might seem not unreasonable; but no such view of the subject can apply to the monuments of the age of Joseph, whose administration was fraught with events not to be exceeded in lasting importance to the nation, its laws, and government, by those of any age of Egyptian history. Through that patriarch his family were brought into direct connexion with the government of the country, and he was high in favour with the Pharaohs during a period of eighty years:—that is, with the sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth princes of the eighteenth dynasty, according to the adopted system. We have, moreover, no rea-

* At this period, when the discoveries in the ancient hieroglyphic system of Egypt are exciting so deep an interest in the literary world, we have much pleasure in giving insertion to a series of papers from a very learned friend, the design of which is to apply these discoveries to the oldest histories on earth,—ascertain dates and epochs,—and fix some of the most memorable events which the Bible, the first classical authors, and these wonderfully preserved inscriptions, have handed down to our age.

son to suppose that his ministry ceased but with his life.* We find many inscriptions by princes and priests, governors and general officers; but they are all alike silent as to the patriarch himself—his father-in-law, the priest or prince of Heliopolis—Potiphar, Pharaoh's chief captain—and the transactions of their time; as, the transfer of the inhabitants of Egypt, the general assignment of their lands to the government, Joseph's agrarian law, &c.†

These difficulties, however, disappear on reference to ancient writers, to verify whose statements, it is agreed, has been the paramount result of the restored Egyptian literature. The aspersed annalist, Manetho, has already been placed in the highest rank of authentic historians; but the chronology of his thirty dynasties, on which that of the modern discoveries depends, is as much a problem as ever. Next to the general verification of Manetho, of whose works but a few fragments have reached us, that of his earliest copyists, who had his entire history before them, demands our attention. That the latter is most fully effected by the hieroglyphic researches, a brief examination will make evident. It will be found, that we have no reason to expect a word about the Israelites in the monuments of the eighteenth dynasty,—that by their silence all the best ancient authorities are confirmed; and that the Usserian theory, which refers the persecution and departure of the Jews to the reign of Rameses Miamoun and Amenophis, the last two princes of the above-mentioned family, is utterly devoid of all historical support, and no older than the great monologer whose name it bears (3).

Eusebius, who wrote in the fourth, and Syncellus in the eighth, century, the two last copyists of Manetho, (or rather copyists of his copyists,) alone among the ancients, their immediate followers excepted, referred the Exode to the eighteenth dynasty; but not to its termination. Eusebius fixed that event in the reign of Chencheres, or Acencheres I., the twelfth prince (the Ousirei of the monuments); and Syncellus in that of Mephramuthosis, the sixth monarch (Amenophis II. of the monuments);—both referring Joseph's administration to the seventeenth or Shepherd dynasty.

All writers, however, before Eusebius, agree that the whole of the eighteenth family belonged to the times after the departure of the Jews. This includes Josephus, Theophilus of Antioch, and Julius Africanus, the three original copyists of Manetho; with Tatian, Justin Martyr, and Clemens Alexandrinus, who follow the authority of the Egyptian priest Ptolemy of Mendes, Apion of Alexandria, Polemon, Justus the Jewish historian, &c. These authors confounded, or rather synchronised, the expulsion of the Shepherds by Amosis and Thothmosis, the fathers of the dynasty, with the departure of the Jews (4). It is enough, however, that they are unanimous in referring the sojournment of Israel to the times of the seventeenth family, and in altogether excluding it from the eighteenth, which they raised or depressed according to their several views of sacred chronology. Oriental writers also agree that the Jews resided in Egypt under the Shepherd dynasty.—(See *Universal History*, vol. ii. 8vo.)

Thus we find the silence of the monuments is in accordance with the unanimous evidence of the Pagan, Jewish, and Christian writers of the first three centuries of Christianity, against which the unsupported conjectures of Eusebius

* Compare Gen. xli. 46; 1. 6; and Exod. i. 6—8.
† Gen. xlvii.

and Syncellus (who are both admitted corruptors of the chronography of Africanus) can be of no moment, even did these authors bear out the Usserian theory, with which, however, it has been shown they are completely at issue. Here, then, the evidence of Manetho's most ancient copyists receives like confirmation with the fragments of that historian, from the restored inscriptions, which thus assist us in resolving the problem of Egyptian chronology. The golden age of Egypt is lowered about four centuries, or from the patriarchal ages to the times of the judges and first kings of Israel, —and the antiquity of the Pentateuch is proved to be at least equal to that of the oldest of the authenticated inscriptions, if it does not exceed them.

It is true the monumental proofs hitherto noticed are altogether of a negative description. To expect any other under the circumstances would be to look for an impossibility; and it is quite certain that such proofs as the silence of a series of state papers, to which the Phœnic lithographs are equivalent, would be deemed conclusive on any question of modern history. But when this silence harmonises with the voice of antiquity, there seems no appeal from the result. A contrary inference would, it is plain, be to depreciate the importance of the events connected with the abode of the Jews in Egypt, in a manner utterly irreconcilable with the inspired annalist. Were further proofs necessary, the fact might be adduced, that the inscriptions of the dynasty in question are uniformly dated in the Egyptian months, according to their names known to the Greek writers. We know the Jews brought the Chaldean months from Babylon, and ever afterwards used them. But had the calendar to which the Egyptian months belong been current before the departure of Moses, who was "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians," it can hardly be doubted but he would have adopted them. Hence we may infer, that the calendar in which the inscriptions are dated, and consequently the inscriptions themselves, are all of a date inferior to the Exode.

Another proof of the present system being at issue with Scripture, is to be found in the history of Ramesses the Great, or Sesostris, the first prince of the nineteenth dynasty. He is agreed on all hands to have been heir to the throne at the time of his birth, which, we learn from Diodorus, was the subject of prophecy. The same writer acquaints us, that all the males born on the same day in his father's empire were educated with Sesostris, to be his companions in arms; and that of these, no less than 1700 remained on his accession to the throne. But if Amenophis, the last of the eighteenth dynasty, the reputed father of Sesostris, (5) reigned when Israel left Egypt, what becomes of the inspired account of the destruction of the first-born? It need hardly be urged, that if the Usserian system be the true one; either this account must be rejected, or the early part of the history of Sesostris dismissed as a fable. But, independent of this, how is it possible to reconcile the flourishing state of Egypt in the reign of Sesostris with the desolation to which the country was necessarily reduced by the destruction in the Red Sea, immediately preceded by that of the first-born? the more so, as the first nine years of Sesostris, the time of his conquests, fall within the twenty-six years next after the Exode, according to M. Champollion; but immediately follow that event according to Ussher, which is still worse. It is certain

that no ancient writer ever thought of such an inconsistency. The ancients by rightly fixing the eighteenth dynasty in the times of the Judges, necessarily placed centuries between the ages of Sesostris and Moses, and raised or lowered the time of the former, according to their respective eras of the departure from Egypt. Hence, by following those writers who had a right to know best, we find sacred, profane, and monumental history all in strict harmony; whereas, by seeking in the monuments what history teaches us we should not expect to find, —these inestimable discoveries, instead of confirming and elucidating the inspired writings, really become a handle for scepticism.

Notes to the References in the preceding Essay.

(1) The time of the eighteenth dynasty was 393 years in the copy of Josephus, as he repeatedly tells us in his first book against Apion. He omits that of the nineteenth, —but it stood 209 years in the copy of Africanus: the sum of both is 602. These periods are stated 348 and 194, amounting to 542 years, by the author of the old chronicle and Eusebius, who are here followed by M. Champollion. For the dates of Manetho's five copyists, and of our modern hieroglyphicists, see table at the end.

(2) It should be observed, that the eighteenth dynasty, which it is customary to date from the expulsion of the Shepherds by Thothmosis I., unquestionably began considerably earlier, including at least the former part of Thothmosis' reign occupied in the siege of Abaris, and that of his father Abiaphramuthosis, called Ahmosis, or Amosis, in the monuments. (See Champollion's twelfth and fourteenth letters, *Literary Gazette* of Sept. 19th and Nov. 14th.) This first period is usually referred to the seventeenth legitimate dynasty of Africanus, but belongs to the eighteenth, according to the most ancient and circumstantial extract of Josephus, in which it appears the time of the family was 393 years; but the reigns from the expulsion of the Shepherds sum up 333 only. The previous interval was therefore sixty. —*Joseph. contr. Apion*, lib. i.

(3) This theory is founded on a transfer of the second expulsion of the Shepherds under their leader Oenaraph, also called Moses (a common Egyptian name), from the reign of Amenophis, the third prince of the nineteenth dynasty, to that of the last Amenophis of the eighteenth, and by raising the reign of the latter to a date unknown to any ancient writer, as will be seen by the table at the close of this essay. The whole proceeding is unsanctioned by antiquity. This second war with the Shepherds happened not only long after the Exode, but was posterior to the building of Jerusalem and the Temple. —*Ibid.* lib. i. sect. 26.

(4) That the Shepherds began to leave Egypt about the time of the Exode, is evident from the celebrated fragment of the 40th book of Diodorus, as well as from a comparison of the Parian chronicle with the Mosaic chronology. They were no other than the family of Io of Greek writers, called "men of Gath" in 1 Chron. vii. 21; which latter fixes them as contemporaries of the Jews in Egypt, and indicates their Phœnician origin. —See Amos, ix. 7. This accounts for Josephus and his followers having mixed up the history of the Shepherds and Israelites.

(5) This relationship has no foundation in Manetho. It results solely from the transfer of the history of Amenophis and his son

Ramesses of the nineteenth dynasty, to the kings of the same name, who end the eighteenth and begin the nineteenth families, as before alluded to. If it has any monumental foundation, the writer is ignorant of it. But if so, how happens it that the great Diospolis series, is separated into two families? It would appear from M. Champollion's fourteenth letter (see *Literary Gazette*, Nov. 14th), that Ousirei, the twelfth prince of the eighteenth family, was the last kingly ancestor of Sesostris, his genealogy being there given from Amosis. This is in singular agreement with a passage relating to the conqueror inserted metachronically in the twelfth dynasty, according to both Africanus and Eusebius. It concludes:—"By the Egyptians he is supposed to be the first of the Ousiris: whether in regard to time or estimation seems uncertain; but if the former, it is strictly conformable to the monumental genealogy above mentioned." It should be noted that Mandouei, or Acencheres II., succeeded his brother Ousirei, or Acencheres I., the progenitor of Ramesses VI., or Sesostris; and from Mandouei were immediately descended the last four kings of the eighteenth dynasty. All this puts the mistake of applying the history of Amenophis of the nineteenth family to the last prince of the eighteenth — on which the whole Usserian theory absolutely rests—in a very obvious point of view.

THE ROYAL CORK INSTITUTION.

THIS establishment (of which the Rev. T. D. Hincks may be called the founder) was embodied by charter in 1807, and received an annual parliamentary grant of 2600*l.* towards its support; but as the suggestion of Mr. Hume and Sir John Newport, in the last session of parliament, it was determined that this grant should be withdrawn. The foundation of a college upon the wreck of the Institution appears to have been suggested to the proprietors by Dr. Bullen, jun.; and a meeting was in consequence recently held in Cork. By this meeting, a deputation has been appointed to wait upon the Irish government with a memorial, in which it is stated, "That, on reference to the past correspondence between the government and the managers of the Cork Institution, there appears to be a strong claim on the good faith of government for assistance towards carrying their plans into effect—a claim rendered still stronger, by the obvious advantages of a plan for diffusing useful knowledge in the South of Ireland, on a more enlarged principle than has hitherto been found practicable." Mr. Callaghan, M.P., Dr. Tuckey, and Mr. Charles Beamish, were the principal speakers at the meeting.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

DEC. 10.—The annual distribution of the gold and silver medals took place this evening, when there was a very full attendance of the Academicians, and Sir Thomas Lawrence presided. The following is the order in which they were adjudged:—In painting, the gold medal to George Smith; sculpture, the gold medal to James Legrew; in architecture, the gold medal to William Grelhier; for the best copy from Vandyke (Holy Family), Richard Augustus Clack, the silver medal; the same prize was also awarded to H. L. Smith,—but as

* We observe that Collegiate Institutions are likely to spread, in consequence of the new establishments in London: Bristol has taken the lead, in founding a public seminary of this kind.

this artist obtained a medal last season, the prize this year was withheld, agreeably to the Academy's rules; for the best drawing from life, the silver medal to J. H. Millington; for the same, to F. Goblet, also withheld on the same ground as Mr. Smith's; for the best model from life, the silver medal to R. C. Lucas; for the best elevation of a banqueting-house (class architecture) the silver medal to J. W. Pusey King and William Barnes; drawings from the antique, the silver medal to D. McClise and John Bell; models from the antique, the silver medal to Richard Warren and E. G. Papworth.

The President delivered the medals to the students in the most kind and affectionate manner, warmly recommending them to pursue their studies with unabated ardour, as the only means of attaining excellence.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The National Portrait Gallery of Illustrious and Eminent Personages of the Nineteenth Century. No. VIII. With Memoirs by W. Jerdan, F.S.A., M.R.S.L., M.R.A.S., &c. Fisher, Son, and Co.

It cannot be suspected that we have any undue bias towards the new editor of this work; and therefore, when we unequivocally state that the present Number of it, which is the first that has been published under his superintendence, appears to us to evince singular talent, discrimination, and taste, no one can impute the favourable opinion to personal motives: on the contrary, general admiration must be excited of that candour which is not to be deterred by any considerations from telling the truth.

But, seriously speaking, the three portraits of Pitt, West, and Wrangham, ably engraved, and sold for three shillings, are sufficient to make these *National Portraits* nationally popular, even without the biographical sketches, respecting which we need therefore only state, that the Memoir of the late President of the Royal Academy contains some new and interesting particulars.

Illustrations of Ireland. Nos. 8 and 9. Fisher.

HIGHLY romantic scenery, and singularly picturesque edifices, form the embellishments of these two Nos. We think, however, the "Illustrator" would have shewn more taste, if, in comparing the views from Windsor and Kilkenny castles, he had abstained from talking about what he is pleased to call "the tame genius of Mr. Pope."

Picturesque Views on the River Clyde; engraved by Joseph Swan, from Drawings by J. Fleming, with historical and descriptive Illustrations by J. M. Leighton. Parts 10, 11, and 12.

THE clever engraver of these views will really render the Clyde quite a Swan-river. Happy would it be for the adventurous emigrants to the latter, if they could find such lovely scenes in the distant region to which they have banished themselves! The plates in these three Nos. are full of picturesque beauty; and the descriptions contain much interesting information.

Picturesque Antiquities of the English Cities; by John Britton, F.S.A., M.R.S.L., &c. No. 4.

THE delay which has taken place in the publication of this No. of Mr. Britton's highly interesting work is amply compensated by the excellence of the engravings with which it is embellished. They are ten in number. Our favourites are,—"Christ Church Gate-house,

Canterbury," "The Hall of St. Mary Hall, Coventry," "The Kitchen of St. Mary Hall, Canterbury," "View in Castle Street, Salisbury," "View in Silver Street, Salisbury," and "View in Friars Street, Worcester." An incident in "The Entrance-Tower Gate-way to the Bishop's Palace, Peterborough," reminds us of the whimsical close of Washington Irving's admirable story of "The Stout Gentleman."

Gothic Ornaments; selected from the different Cathedrals and Churches in England, by Thomas Atkinson, Architect. Nos. 11 and 12. T. Griffiths; Priestley and Weale.

WE do not recollect having met with the earlier parts of this publication. The present contain various lithographic representations of capitals, spandrels, bosses on mouldings, finials, &c., from Ely Cathedral. They are delineated with great distinctness, and will no doubt be very useful to the architectural student.

Outlines of the Eginia Marbles; drawn from the Statues at the Liverpool Royal Institution, by Edward Lyon. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

"It is with feelings of great diffidence," observes Mr. Lyon, in a prefatory address, "that one of the many youthful aspirants to public notice ventures to submit this effort to the notice of his countrymen, in the hope of diffusing among them some idea of these admirable remains of ancient art. With a view to improvement in his profession as a sculptor, he was long engaged in drawing from the different rare and valuable casts deposited in the Liverpool Royal Institution, before he undertook to delineate the statues of the Temple of Panhellenian Jove, from the island of Eginia. The Institution is indebted for the possession of the casts from the marbles of that temple to the liberality of Mr. Foster; to whom all students who have learnt to appreciate their value will acknowledge the deepest obligation."

The outlines are fifteen in number, and are drawn with great firmness and intelligence. They are preceded by brief but sufficiently explanatory descriptions of the figures, and by two plates "of the details and restoration of the temple, founded on the measurements and observations of the discoverers, and its masonry ruins."

Miss Fanny Kemble. On stone by W. Sharp, from an original Sketch.

The Young Commodore. Sketch by Hayter; drawn on stone by Sharp.

The Rose and Lily. J. Wood. On stone by Sharp.

The Head of the Family of Gerini, from Correggio.

THE above are printed by Hullmandel, and published by Dickinson; and are all highly creditable to the cultivation of the lithographic art in England. In some, ease and grace—in others, strength and expression, prevail; and whether it be the rising genius of the delightful scion of the gifted Kembles, or the now (but for the painter's art) forgotten head of the Gerini, we are much pleased to dwell on these sweet works of art.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

THE flush of Spring was on the rustling woods,
And, like a sportive child, the balmy May
Came smiling forth amidst her earliest flowers,
When, with a faltering pace and saddened brow,
I passed from scenes endeared by infancy,

To battle on the stormy sea of life:
Tears were upon my cheek; for I had left
My native dwelling, with its antique walls,—
And aged hands had rested on my head,—
And tongues, whose feeble accents were not
given

To welcome my return, had bid me speed,
And prayed the might of Heaven to shield my
course.

I paused awhile beside the rustic bridge,
Which threw its mouldering arch across the
stream [wave,—
My noontide haunt, beside whose limpid
Contrasting with the hawthorn's buds of
pearl,—

The hazel drooped its dank and humid boughs,
And, chequering the moss with clusters blue,
The slender speedwell flourished;—calm in
light

The waters murmured onward, here and there
A moment furrowed by the insect's mirth;
A softened incense came upon the breeze—
The fragrant violet's breath; and on my ears
The merry bells rang out their joyous tones,
In well-known music from that house of
prayer,

Whose turrets ivy-wreathed, and glittering
Arose above the distant forest's boughs.

I turned aside. The scenes of perished years,—
Remembered visions of the time when life
Is but a waking dream,—and that deep sense
Of beauty from the homeliest spot when left,
Though latent, or but feebly known before,—
Had passed across my mind;—but with them
rose

The golden promises of youth and hope;
Thoughts of the hour when Fame should send
me back

With honour from her thronged arena's space,
High deeds achieved, and danger's guerdon
won,

To rest within the sacred pale of home.

It was a gorgeous eve;—the first faint tint
Of Autumn scattered o'er the stately elms,
Whose leaves yet trembled in the slanting
light;

And, on the western firmament, the glow
Which canopies the ocean-couch of day.
Again I stood beside that ancient bridge,
And gazed in silence on the darkening flood.
Peace, as of old, was dwelling there: the
voice

Of children, clamorous in thoughtless mirth,
And the lone robin's chirp, from fading brakes,
Spoke with a sound of welcome. On I passed;
But from my vacant dwelling none came forth
To bid me enter. Weeds and rankling grass,
The darnel, and the purple thistle's crest,
Waved in the courts, whose hollow echoes told
Of desolation, long and undisturbed.

I wandered forth. The hum of busy life,
And smiling faces, and familiar words,
Were round me; but from those assembled
groups

No voice of friendship rose: they knew me not,
Themselves unrecognised. I stood alone,
Amidst a peopled desert, sick at heart—
The hope of years in one short hour made vain,
I paused before a dim and sculptured porch,
Whence came the organ's solemn harmonies,—
A low, angelic strain, which seemed on earth
Breathed by the tongues of heaven, to soothe the
despair

And hush repining. Mournfully above
Still waved the banner; and the iris staid,
On time-worn arch and sombre monument,
Fell with fantastic hue. I entered in:
There were the pillars gray, and warlike
forms—
My childhood's wonder—and the quiet niche

Where first my infant lips were taught to pray.
But round the walls were unremembered
tombs,—

Pale records of mortality,—which bore
The names of those I sought. Apart from all,
A humble stone revealed the resting-place
Of youth and beauty,—once the cynosure
To which my hopes were led; the blooming
stay

Beside a parent's age—the unconscious theme
Which fired a hundred tongues: a drooping
flower—

An urn—a severed chain, disclosed the rest.

Restore me to those distant climes again,
The fragrant regions of the boundless East,
Where waves the palm its dark luxuriance,
And bends beside the stream the fleet gazelle!
The pathless desert, and the blast of death;
The storm, the withering license of disease,
And, worse than all, the lawless wrath of
man:—

Even these were better than the sight of haunts
Which mock the weary spirit's communings
With one reply of grief: and, found at length,
But speak of ties dissolved, and friendships
past,

And peace which life is powerless to renew.

J. F. H.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

TREBIZOND.

FROM the earliest times this city has borne the name of *Trapezos*, the "table" or "quadrangle," a name it probably received from the quadrangular form of the walls that enclose its citadel, which stands on the acclivity of a mountain. It has been converted by the Turk into that of *Tarabosar*. It was originally colonised by the Greeks of Sinope, of which it formed a dependency, and afforded a hospitable welcome to the ten thousand on their return from Persia under Xenophon. History has not recorded the state of *Trapezus* under Mithridates; but the embellishments and improvements it derived from Trajan, Adrian, and Justinian, may be inferred from the inscriptions and coins which have survived the wasting breath of time, no less than from the existing remains of Adrian's port and Justinian's aqueduct. Whilst the Hellenist boasts of Sinope as the parent of the Cynic, the modern Greek dwells with veneration on the name of *Trapezos* as the birth-place of Cardinal Bessarion and George the Rhetorician.

This place is as much celebrated in the East for its orchards and fisheries, as Sinope is for its apples, and *Kerasos* for its cherries. Its natural advantages and favourable position raised it, in Trajan's time, to the rank of the capital of Cappadocian Pontus; and it was the extreme point to which the Goths pushed their first inroad along the Euxine. Though encompassed by a double wall, and garrisoned by ten thousand men, these barbarians took it by storm, put its defenders to the sword, sacked it with reckless fury, and loaded their ships with an enormous booty. Upon the taking of Constantinople by the crusaders under Baldwin, Lascaris, the Angeli, and the Comnenes, transferred themselves with their barren sceptres to Nicæa, Epirus, and *Trapezus*: by this means the latter became the seat of what is called the Trebizond empire, under Alexius; and his impotent successors, encircled on every side by powerful neighbours, sought to prolong their existence by marriages and alliances with them. The princesses of their dynasty not only bestowed their hands on the Byzantine sovereigns, but humbled themselves to the con-

tracting of matrimonial ties with the princes of the black and white wethers, with Tamerlane's grandsons, and many a less illustrious barbarian neighbour.

The first contact between Trebizond and its present Ottoman masters took place in the time of John, the penultimate sovereign of the Comnene family, when it was attacked by Chir-bey, commander of Amasia, who carried nearly two thousand of its inhabitants as slaves away into captivity; though Mahomet II. upon John's consenting to pay him an annual tribute of two thousand ducats, caused them to be restored to their sovereign. David, the brother and successor of John, by refusing to continue a tributary of the Ottoman, drew upon himself the vengeance of the sultan, whose appearance before Trebizond in 1461 was the prelude, not only to his abject submission, but to his departure into captivity at Constantinople, and the extinction of his empire, the slender domain of which became thenceforward part and parcel of the Turkish dominions.

I could dwell, with swelling indignation, on the miserable fate which attended the last scion of the Trebizond dynasty, were I not become impatient of overloading the cup of Ottoman atrocities, which the history of the last five hundred years has filled to the utmost brim. Suffice it, therefore, that I leave them unrecorded in this fleeting sheet, and turn my attention to the actual state of a spot which was once the seat of empire.

A walk of about three hours, in a southeasterly direction, brings you to a hill which commands a view of the whole coast. It was from this very eminence that the ten thousand Greeks, after aiding the Macrones in their defeat of the Colchians, with loud acclamations welcomed the tempestuous waters of the Euxine, conceiving it either to be the same liquid expanse which rippled upon their native shores, or to blend its billows with their loved *Ægean*. Upon this same eminence Arrian stood enrapt in admiring recollection of their glorious exploit, though five centuries of Roman glory had since revolved; and here we lingered with feelings of scarcely inferior reverence after the revolution of seventeen. But whither has perished the statue of Adrian its benefactor, or of Mercury its tutelary deity? where are the baths, and temples, and gorgeous edifices, with which the magnificent taste of Rome raised it to significance and splendour? Some scattered walls and ruins alone remain to breathe in the ear of classic curiosity, "How perished are they from the things that be!" And yet it was fondly constructed for a perpetuity of sublunary existence, and surrounded with a double range of battlements. Its origin is said to date from Anno Mundi 4790, when the Milesian colonists of Sinope laid its first stone; and that such an origin may be accepted of it, is rendered more than problematical by the existence of an ancient coin, which bears on one side a head of Apollo, and on the reverse, an anchor with a ship's prow, encircled by the legend ΤΡΑΠΕΖΟΝΤΙΩΝ. It was completely renovated, and enriched with public edifices, by Justinian; and memorials of his magnificence are yet extant in the noble church of St. Sophia, which lies westward beyond the walls; as well as in the basilik, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, in the centre of the town. In the present day it is become the seat of the pashalik of Amasan; covers, from its interspersed gardens, a considerable area of ground, which lies between two steep masses of rock; and is estimated to contain fifteen thousand inhabitants.

In one of my rambles I observed the cele-

brated fountain of the Dragon, said to have been erected in 1204 by Alexia, its first duke, in commemoration of his exploit in killing an enormous dragon, the head of which animal decorates the extremity of the spout. Beyond this, I found nothing deserving of notice, excepting the remains of Justinian's aqueduct, and the tomb of Solomon, the last king of Emeritia, who sought an asylum in this town against the intrigues of the Russians, and died here in the beginning of 1815. It is a species of quadrangular cage of iron wire, closely interlaced, and supported at each corner by a pillar of whitish stone; the whole being covered by a dome: its height is some fifteen feet, and its bases about ten. The lower portion is solid, and, rising to the upper part of the pedestals of the four pillars, encloses the coffin.

At our audience of the pasha we were received with great pomp. The court-yard was lighted with torches, and the centre of it filled with musicians, who saluted us with Turkish airs—in other words, stunning our ears with the clatter they produced by sudden thumps on metal wires, the said clatter being no wise mollified by the prolonged cadences of two or three shrill pipes, and the whole concert being characterised by a sovereign disregard for the laws of measure or harmony. Such, however, is the uncouth original of what passes with us for Turkish music.

MUSIC.

THE opening of the new Athenæum of Music at Paris took place on the 26th ult., in the saloon of St. John, a splendid apartment in the Hotel-de-Ville. The room was filled with a numerous and brilliant assemblage of persons, among whom were many distinguished by their rank and talents. The business was commenced by M. Miel, a gentleman well known in the literary circles, who pronounced an eloquent panegyric on the Institution, and stated its object to be the encouragement and improvement of one of the most delightful of the sciences. After a rapid view of the progress of the fine arts in general, and of music in particular, among the ancients, (in the course of which he drew a comparison between the different kind of gratification imparted by them to the senses, and assigned to music the pre-eminence over both poetry and eloquence),—the orator proceeded, in an animated address, to recount the disadvantages under which the former science laboured, from the want of that general diffusion of cultivated taste requisite to appreciate it properly; and passed thence, by an easy transition, to the objects and merits of the Institution, in fostering talent and diffusing instruction. On concluding, a favourite quintette of Mozart's, with a variety of compositions original and selected, were performed by the *élèves* of the Institution, with great *éclat*; and every thing seems to augur well of its success. Mademoiselle Leroux, of the Ecole Royale, is spoken of as distinguishing herself highly by her mode of singing.

THE operas by the pupils of the Royal Academy of Music are very successful, and are bringing forward highly cultivated talent, which promises long to delight the public. Miss Childe and Mr. Seguin are greatly distinguished on these occasions, and the whole reflects eminent credit on the instructions of Crevelli, certainly one of the best teachers of singing that ever gave instructions in London.

DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN.

OTWAY's over-rated tragedy of *Venice Preserved* was revived here on Wednesday last, when Miss Fanny Kemble appeared as *Belvidera*, and confirmed the high expectations that had been formed of her. Some beautiful new scenery by the Grieves was displayed on the occasion:—the first scene, St. Mark's Place and the Ducal Palace with the well-known columns, and the Adriatic in the distance, was perhaps never equalled upon the stage. The house was crowded; and Mr. Kemble being loudly called for at the end of the tragedy, announced it, with considerable emotion, for repetition every Wednesday and Friday till further notice.

VARIETIES.

Ambrogeth.—The newspapers have revived the old rumour of this clever buffo's being an inmate of La Trappe: we ascertained at the time it was first broached, that it was not true. He had settled quietly in Italy.

The Siamese Boys.—Our double friends have been so unwell with a cough that they have not exhibited for the last two or three days. Mr. Bolton, their medical attendant, however, states that they are much better. Mr. Ackermann has published a pretty portrait of them playing at battledore and shuttlecock.

A formation precisely similar to the Siamese youths was recently prematurely produced at Leeds; and the editor of the Leeds Mercury has preserved it for medical inspection.

The Elephant.—One of our Paris letters says, the departure of the "half-reasoning beast," on a visit to John Bull, and to place himself at the head of the new firm at the Adelphi, under the denomination of the Elephant, Mathews, and Co., has quite enraged us; but the Parisians will be consoled for her loss by the exhibition of a pigmy, who will shortly make his *début* at Franconi's Circus, in a new piece, to be entitled "Wamber, or the Sunderland Dwarf." It has been well observed that extremes meet.

Royal Society and British Museum.—Mr. Babbage has, in a letter addressed to the editor of the *Times*, stated that he was not a member of the council of the Royal Society last year: and as he has said simply this, and nothing more, it may be inferred, we think, that he is the author of the correspondence in which the plan of an exchange of articles between the Society and British Museum is so bitterly impugned.

The Literary and Antiquarian Society of Perth held their anniversary meeting on 26th Nov., which was more numerously attended than on any former occasion. The president, Earl of Kinnoull, took the chair; and Lord Gray, and other vice-presidents, the Lord Provost of Perth, Mr. Trotter of Ballindean, &c., occupied the table at the head of the museum. The secretary then read the report of the proceedings of the Society for the past year, in which the discovery of several monuments of antiquity in the county of Perth, and the preservation of others, which had engaged the attention of some of the members, was given; and numerous donations to the museum were detailed. The Rev. Mr. Esdaile read the second part of a very able essay, the first part of which was given on a former occasion, "on the progress of luxury, and its influence on society and manners." Dr. Anderson followed Mr. Esdaile with an elaborate and ingenious disquisition "on the variation of the barometer,

particularly in different latitudes and regions of the earth, with an inquiry into the causes of these phenomena." About sixty members afterwards dined together.—*Abridged from the Perthshire Courier*.

A meeting of the Cambridge Philosophical Society was held on Monday week,—the Rev. Dr. Turton, the president, being in the chair. Mr. Rothman, of Trinity College, read a notice of an observation of the winter solstice at Alexandria, which is recorded in Strabo, and which has not hitherto been understood, from its being spoken of by the author as an observation of an equinox. Professor Whewell continued the reading of his paper "on the causes and characters of pointed architecture," and explained the influence of the pointed arch upon the other members of buildings, through which influence the romanesque style was at last superseded by the very opposite forms of the Gothic. It was stated also that the transition from one of these styles to the other, which took place in England by means of the early English style, was made in Germany by means of a very different one, which may be termed early German. Of this style the characters were given in some detail, and it was remarked that, among these, the invention of the flying buttress was of as much importance to the complete development of the Gothic style as that of the pointed arch. Observations were also communicated by Mr. Millar, of St. John's College, on the forms and angles of the crystals of boracic acid, indigo, and borate and bicarbonate of ammonia. After the meeting, Professor Sedgwick gave an account of the geological structure of the Austrian Alps, illustrated by the representation of a section traversing their chain, and passing from the plains of Bavaria to the Gulf of Venice.

M. Villemain has commenced his lectures. *L'Histoire du Moyen Age* is the interesting subject he has selected for this winter. Two thousand persons attended his first discourse, and nearly as many went away for want of room. "Petite Nièce de Ninon" is a new roman which will be highly appreciated by the amateurs of emotion: the style also of this little work is peculiarly *gracieuse* and *facile*. Madame de Genlis has been seriously indisposed within these few days; she is considered in imminent danger: her intellects, however, are not affected by bodily sufferings; and she sees death approach not only with *sang froid*, but without regret. A curious composition is about to appear—"The Perfection of Imperfection:" on the principle that extremes meet.—*Paris Letter*.

Parisian Theatres.—The following are the receipts of the Paris theatres—with the exception of the French opera, for which there is no return during the month of November:

Vaudeville	75,385f. 65c.
Théâtre de S.A.R. Madame	45,761 25
Cirque-Olympique	49,368 —
Opéra-Comique	47,987 25
Variétés	44,376 60
Opéra	46,197 10
Théâtre-Italien	35,808 90
Odéon	32,948 65
Théâtre-Français	32,664 84
Ambigu	29,609 14
Gaité	29,303 25
Porte-St.-Martin	22,379 70
Nouveautés	21,617 65

Christina Ritta.—Before the death of this extraordinary child a portrait of her was presented to the French Academy, and some curious facts respecting her were mentioned at the same time. It was stated that the two parts of this double being had not equally grown; for that the right part (Christina) was evidently more developed than the left (Ritta).

The inferior extremities were both slender; nevertheless the right was less so than the left. Each body had a stomach, and the intestinal canals did not appear to unite until below the small intestines; but there was but one heart, belonging to the left part, Ritta. The double formation was more prolonged behind than before; for there were two vertebral columns which continued separate to their lower extremity. Dissection will now, no doubt, furnish more minute and accurate details on this subject.

Mount Elborus.—The investigation that was made on the ascent of Mount Elborus, the highest of the chain of the Caucasus, gave the following results. The hot mineral springs are 1,400 English feet above the level of the sea; the line of snow on the Elborus 11,000 feet; the point to which Messrs. Kupfer, Menetrier, Meyer, and Bernadotzi, attained, 14,000 feet; the point reached by M. Lenz 15,700; and the highest summit which was gained by a native of Kabardina, named Chilar, 16,330 feet; being more than 2,000 feet higher than Mont Blanc.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Mr. Samuel Drew, editor of the *Imperial Magazine*, announces a reprint of his *Original Essay on the Immateriality and Immortality of the Human Soul*.

Dr. Morton informs us that he is preparing for the press *Travels in Russia, and a Residence in St. Petersburg and Odessa in the Years 1827, 8, 9*; intended to give some account of Russia as it is, and not as it is represented to be, &c. &c.

Mr. Bernays has in the press a compendious German Grammar; to be followed by a Dictionary of German Prefixes and Affixes, explained in conformity to the recent investigations of Grimm and other distinguished grammarians.

The first tale in the *Juvenile Forget Me Not*, recently published, is from the pen of the late Mr. Barbauld—but was never intended for publication. Her nearest relatives have requested us to reclaim, in this instance, against the growing practice of obtaining and publishing productions intended for the private circles and occasions which called them forth.

London in a Thousand Years, with other Poems, by the late Eugenius Roche, Esq., Editor of the *Courier*, &c.—is announced for early publication, and by subscription.

The Second No. of Mr. Harding's *Lithographic Drawings after Bonington* will soon appear.
In the Press.—Peter the Great, being Vol. XV. of Whittingham's edition of the French Classics.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Hartshorne's Book Rarities in the University of Cambridge, 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.—Hamrick on Amputations, 8vo. 9s. bds.—Kendrick's Conversations on Miniature Painting, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Creighton's Siege and Capture of Bhurtpore, 4to. 1l. 1s. bds.—Gracie's Worship in the Presbyterian Church, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Recollections of a Blue-Coat Boy, 18mo. 2s. 6d. hf.-bd.—Draper's Class-Book, 12mo. 3s. bds.—Toy-Shop, or Sentimental Preceptor, 18mo. 2s. 6d. hf.-bd.—The Lotus, or Faery Flower of the Poets, 18mo. 4s. bds.—Hatfield's Moments of Loneliness, fcp. 7s. bds.—Crabbe's History of English Law, 8vo. 16s. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1829.

	Thermometer.	Barometer.
December.		
Thursday . . . 3	From 37. to 45.	29.72 to 29.78
Friday . . . 4	— 36. — 49.	29.76 — 29.85
Saturday . . 5	— 38. — 51.	30.05 — 30.16
Sunday . . . 6	— 38. — 40.	30.41 Stationary
Monday . . . 7	— 31. — 35.	30.30 to 30.15
Tuesday . . 8	— 33. — 35.	30.10 — 30.18
Wednesday 9	— 36. — 37.	30.36 — 30.03

Prevailing wind, S.E.

Except the 9th, cloudy; a sharp frost on the morning of the 7th.
The height of the barometer on the 6th is deserving a particular remark.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Latitude 51° 37' 39" N.
Longitude 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Messrs. Biefield's notice is unintelligible, from the seal being upon the name.

J. L. can scarcely think it worth our while to correct the ignorance of a pawnbroker with regard to a picture. Many greater mistakes are committed by much higher authorities.

ERRATUM.—In our notice of the Linnean Society last week, for "scarce parasitical plant Vanilla," read "scarce parasitical," &c.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN, Albemarle Street, 7th December, 1889.

Jocose Lectures.
MICHAEL PARADAY, Esq., F.R.S. Cor. Mem. Royal Acad. Sciences Paris. Director of the Laboratory, will deliver, during the Christmas Vacation, a Course of Six Elementary Lectures on Electricity, adapted to a Juvenile Audience. To commence on Tuesday the 26th inst. at Three o'clock, and to be continued on Thursday the 28th, Saturday the 30th, Tuesday the 2nd, Thursday the 4th, and Saturday the 9th of January, at the same hour.
 Non-Subscribers to the Institution are admitted to the above Course on payment of One Guinea each; Children, 10s. 6d.
 A Prospectus and further particulars may be obtained on application at the Royal Institution.

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 Apply by Letter only, post-paid, to Mr. F. J., care of Messrs. Hurst, Chance, and Co. 66, St. Paul's Churchyard, London.

SIR ASTLEY COOPER, in his Treatise

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No. 674.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1829.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Tales of a Grandfather; being Stories from the History of Scotland. Third Series. 1830. Edinburgh, Cadell and Co.; London, Simpkin and Marshall; Dublin, Cumming.

WITH these three admirable little volumes is concluded a series of *historiettes* from the deeply interesting annals of Scotland, which will long remain one of the most charming productions to be put into the hands of the young—one of the most agreeable for the mature and informed. A beautiful prefatory letter to the author's grandson—full of wisdom, yet adapted to the intelligence of childhood—introduces this portion of the work, which embraces the period from the Union to the year 1760 (including both the rebellions of 1715 and 1746), and a brief retrospective glance at the alterations which were caused by these events in Scotland, to about "fifty years ago." Like the previous series, this is replete with curious anecdote, and full of affecting stories; though the state of our present Number only enables us to take the shortest notice of them. Indeed the following must suffice. Respecting the famous Porteous Mob, the account is remarkable:—

"The origin of the Porteous Mob continued long to exercise the curiosity of those by whom the event was remembered; and from the extraordinary mixture of prudence and audacity with which the purpose of the multitude had been conceived and executed, as well as the impenetrable secrecy with which the enterprise was carried through, the public were much inclined to suspect that there had been among its actors men of rank and character, far superior to that belonging to the multitude who were the ostensible agents. Broken and imperfect stories were told of men in the disguise of women and of common artisans, whose manner betrayed a sex and manners different from what their garb announced. Others laughed at these as unauthorised exaggerations, and contended that no class were so likely to frame or execute the plan for the murder of the police officer, as the populace to whom his official proceedings had rendered him obnoxious: and that the secrecy so wonderfully preserved on the occasion arose out of the constancy and fidelity which the Scottish people observe towards each other when engaged in a common cause. Nothing is, or probably ever will be, known with certainty on the subject; but it is understood that several young men left Scotland in apprehension of the strict scrutiny which was made into that night's proceedings; and in our grandfather's younger days, the voice of fame pointed out individuals, who, long absent from that country, had returned from the East and West Indies in improved circumstances, as persons who had fled abroad on account of the Porteous Mob. One story of the origin of the conspiracy was stated to me with so much authority, and seemed in itself so simple and satisfactory, that although the degree of proof, upon investigation, fell far short of what was

necessary as full evidence, I cannot help considering it as the most probable account of the mysterious affair. A man, who long bore an excellent character, and filled a place of some trust as forester and carpenter to a gentleman of fortune in Fife, was affirmed to have made a confession on his death-bed, that he had been not only one of the actors in the hanging of Porteous, but one of the secret few by whom the deed was schemed and set on foot. Twelve persons of the village of Path-head—so this man's narrative was said to proceed—resolved that Porteous should die, to atone for the life of Wilson, with whom many of them had been connected by the ties of friendship and joint adventure in illicit trade, and for the death of those shot at the execution. This vengeful band crossed the Forth by different ferries, and met together at a solitary place near the city, where they distributed the party which were to act in the business they had in hand; and giving a beginning to the enterprise, soon saw it undertaken by the populace of the city, whose minds were precisely in that state of irritability which disposed them to follow the example of a few desperate men. According to this account, most of the original devisers of the scheme fled to foreign parts, the surprise of the usual authorities having occasioned some days to pass over ere the investigations of the affair were commenced. On making inquiry of the surviving family of this old man, they were found disposed to treat the rumoured confession as a fiction, and to allege that, although he was of an age which seemed to support the story, and had gone abroad shortly after the Porteous Mob, yet he had never acknowledged any accession to it, but, on the contrary, maintained his innocence when taxed, as he sometimes was, with having a concern in the affair. The report, however, though probably untrue in many of its circumstances, yet seems to give a very probable account of the origin of the riot in the vindictive purpose of a few resolute men, whose example was quickly followed by the multitude, already in a state of mind to catch fire from the slightest spark."

We copy a small portion of the detail of the battle of Sheriffmuir.

"A gentleman, named MacLean, who lived to a great age, thus described the attack of his own tribe; and there can be no doubt that the general onset was made under similar circumstances. When his clan was drawn up in deep order, the best born, bravest, and best armed of the warriors in front, Sir John MacLean placed himself at their head, and said, with a loud voice, 'Gentlemen, this is a day we have long wished to see. Yonder stands MacCallanmore for King George—here stands MacLean for King James. God bless MacLean and King James!—Charge, gentlemen!' The clan then muttered a very brief prayer, fixed the bonnet firm on the head, stripped off their plaids, which then comprehended the fillibeg also, and rushed on the enemy, firing their fuses irregularly, then dropping them, and drawing their swords, and uniting in one wild

yell, when they mingled among the bayonets. The regular troops on the left received this fierce onset of the mountaineers with a heavy fire, which did considerable execution. Among others who dropped was the gallant young chief of Clan Ranald, mortally wounded. His fall checked for an instant the impetuosity of his followers, when Glengarry, so often mentioned, started from the ranks, waved his bonnet around his head, exclaiming, 'Revenge, revenge! to-day for revenge, and to-morrow for mourning!' The Highlanders, resuming the fury of their attack, mingled with the regulars, forced their line in every direction, broke through them and dispersed them, making great slaughter among men less active than themselves, and loaded with an unwieldy musket, which in individual or irregular strife has scarce ever been found a match for the broadsword. The extreme left of Argyle's army was thus routed with considerable slaughter, for the Highlanders gave no quarter. * * *

"The body of the gallant young Earl of Strathmore was found on the field, watched by a faithful old domestic, who, being asked the name of the person whose body he waited upon with so much care, made this striking reply, 'He was a man yesterday.'"

At the surrender of Preston—

"On laying down their arms, the unhappy garrison were enclosed in one of the churches and treated with considerable rigour, being stripped and ill-used by the soldiery.* About fourteen hundred men, of all sorts, were included in the surrender; amongst whom there were about two hundred domestic servants, followers of the gentlemen who had assumed arms—about three hundred gentlemen volunteers; the rest consisting of Brigadier MacIntosh's command of Highlanders. Six of the prisoners were condemned to be shot by martial law, as holding commissions under the government against which they had borne arms. Lord Charles Murray obtained a reprieve with difficulty, through the interest of his friends. Little mercy was shewn to the misguided private men, whose sole offence was having complied with what was in their eyes a paramount duty—the obedience to their chiefs. Very many underwent the fate which made them so unwilling to enter England, namely, that of banishment to the plantations in America.

* "The laced clothes of the gentlemen was the temptation to this outrage. The prisoners were obliged to strip the pews of their baize linings, in order to apply the cloth to the purpose of decent covering. A family tradition runs thus:—A gentleman, who fought as a trooper in one of the Scottish squadrons, was shot through the body at the barricade. He was conceived to be mortally wounded, and lay stretched in a pew in the church, an affectionate comrade supporting his head, and expecting every moment to receive his last sigh. After much sickness, the wounded man's stomach is said to have relieved itself by discharging a piece of his scarlet waistcoat, which the ball had carried into his body. The assistant, much amazed at such a phenomenon, being also one of that class of men who cannot forbear a jest, even in the most melancholy circumstances, observed—'Heigh, Walter, I am fain to see you have a stock of braid cloth in your bowels; and since it is so, I wish you would exert yourself again, and bring up as much as would make a pair of breeks—for I am in a mickle need o' them.' The wounded man afterwards recovered."

The prisoners of most note were sent up to London, into which they were introduced in a kind of procession, which did less dishonour to the sufferers than to the mean minds who planned and enjoyed such an ignoble triumph. By way of balancing the influence of the Tory mob, whose violences in burning chapels, &c. had been of a formidable and highly criminal character, plans had been adopted by government to excite and maintain a rival spirit of tumult among such of the vulgar as were called, or called themselves, the Low Church party. Party factions often turn upon the most frivolous badges of distinction. As the Tories had affected a particular passion for ale, as a national and truly English potation, their parliamentary associations taking the title of the October and the March Clubs,—so, in the spirit of opposition, the Whigs of the lower rank patronised beer (distinguished, according to Dr. Johnson, from ale by being either older or smaller); and mug-houses were established, held by landlords of orthodox Whig principles, where this protestant and revolutionary liquor was distributed in liberal quantities; and they speedily were thronged by a set of customers whose fists and sticks were as prompt to assault the admirers of High Church and Ormond, as the Tories were ready to defend them. It was for the gratification of the frequenters of these mug-houses, as they were called, that the entrance of the Preston prisoners into London was graced with the mock honours of a triumphal procession. The prisoners, most of them men of birth and education, were, on approaching the capital, all pinioned with cords like the vilest criminals. This ceremony they underwent at Barnet. At Highgate they were met by a large detachment of horse grenadiers and foot guards, preceded by a body of citizens decently dressed, who shouted to give example to the mob. Halters were put upon the horses ridden by the prisoners, and each man's horse was led by a private soldier. Forster, a man of high family, and still member of parliament for Northumberland, was exposed in the same manner as the rest. A large mob of the patrons of the mug-houses attended on the occasion, beating upon warming-pans (in allusion to the vulgar account of the birth of the Chevalier de St. George); and the prisoners, with all sort of scurrilous abuse and insult, were led through the streets of the city in this species of unworthy triumph, and deposited in the jails of Newgate, the Marshalsea, and other prisons in the metropolis. In consequence of this sudden increase of tenants, a most extraordinary change took place in the discipline of these melancholy abodes. When the High Church party in London began to recover the astonishment with which they had witnessed the suppression of the insurrection, they could not look back with much satisfaction on their own passive behaviour during the contest, if it could be called one,—and now endeavoured to make up for it by liberally supplying the prisoners, whom they regarded as martyrs in their cause, with money and provisions, in which wine was not forgotten. The fair sex are always disposed to be compassionate, and certainly were not least so in this case, where the objects of pity were many of them gallant young cavaliers, sufferers in a cause which they had been taught to consider as sacred. The consequence was, that the prisons overflowed with wine and good cheer, and the younger and more thoughtless part of the inmates turned to revelling and drowning in liquor all more serious thoughts

of their situation; so that even Lord Derwentwater himself said of his followers, that they were fitter inhabitants for Bridewell than a state prison. Money, it is said, circulated so plentifully among them, that when it was difficult to obtain silver for a guinea in the streets, nothing was so easy as to find change, whether of gold or silver, in the jail. A handsome, high-spirited young Highland gentleman, whom the pamphlets of the day call Bottair (one of the family of Butter in Athole), made such an impression on the fair visitors who came to minister to the wants of the Jacobite captives, that some reputations were put in peril by the excess of their attentions to this favourite object of compassion. When such a golden shower descends on a prison, the jailor generally secures to himself the largest share of it; and those prisoners who desired separate beds, or the slightest accommodation in point of lodging, had to purchase them at a rate which would have paid for many years the rent of the best houses in St. James's Square or Piccadilly. Dungeons, the names of which indicate their gloomy character, as the Lion's Den, the Middle Dark, and the like, were rented at the same extravagant prices, and were not only filled with prisoners, but abounded with good cheer. These riotous scenes went on the more gaily, that almost all had nursed a hope that their having surrendered at discretion would be admitted as a protection for their lives. But when numerous bills of high treason were found against them, escape from prison began to be thought of, which the command of money, and the countenance of friends without doors, as well as the general structure of the jails, rendered more easy than could have been expected. Thus, on the 10th of April, 1716, Thomas Forster escaped from Newgate by means of false keys, and, having all things prepared, got safely to France. On the 10th of May, Brigadier MacIntosh, whom we have so often mentioned, with fourteen other gentlemen, chiefly Scottish, took an opportunity to escape in the following manner:—The brigadier having found means to rid himself of his irons, and coming down stairs about eleven at night, he placed himself close by the door of the jail; and as it was opened to admit a servant at that time of night (no favourable example of prison discipline), he knocked down the jailor, and made his escape with his companions, some of whom were retaken in the streets, from not knowing whither to fly. Among the fugitives who broke prison with MacIntosh was Robert Hepburn of Keith, the same person in whose family befell the lamentable occurrence mentioned in the first volume. This gentleman had pinioned the arms of the turnkey by an effort of strength, and effected his escape into the open street without pursuit. But he was at a loss whither to fly, or where to find a friendly place of refuge. His wife and family were, he knew, in London; but how, in that great city, was he to discover them, especially as they most probably were residing there under feigned names? While he was agitated by this uncertainty, and fearful of making the least inquiry, even had he known in what words to express it, he saw at a window in the street an ancient piece of plate, called the Keith Tankard, which had long belonged to his family. He immediately conceived that his wife and children must be inhabitants of the lodgings,—and entering, without asking questions, was received in their arms. They knew of his purpose of escape, and took lodgings as near the jail as they could, that they

might afford him immediate refuge; but dared not give him any hint where they were, otherwise than by setting the well-known flagon where it might by good fortune catch his eye. He escaped to France."

The story alluded to is as follows:—

"Among other families of distinction in East Lothian, that of Mr. Hepburn of Keith was devotedly attached to the interests of the House of Stewart, and he determined to exert himself to the utmost in the approaching conflict. He had several sons, with whom, and his servants, he had determined to join a troop to be raised in East Lothian, and commanded by the Earl of Winton. This gentleman being much respected in the county, it was deemed of importance to prevent his shewing an example which was likely to be generally followed. For this purpose, Mr. Hepburn of Humbie, and Dr. Sinclair of Hermandston, resolved to lay the Laird of Keith under arrest, and proceeded towards his house with a party of the horse-militia, on the morning of the 8th of October, 1715, which happened to be the very morning that Keith had appointed to set forth on his campaign, having made all preparations on the preceding evening. The family had assembled for the last time at the breakfast-table, when it was observed that one of the young ladies looked more sad and disconsolate than even the departure of her father and brothers upon a distant and precarious expedition seemed to warrant at that period, when the fair sex were as enthusiastic in politics as the men. Miss Hepburn was easily induced to tell the cause of her fears. She had dreamed she saw her youngest brother, a youth of great hopes, and generally esteemed, shot by a man whose features were impressed on her recollection, and stretched dead on the floor of the room in which they were now assembled. The females of the family listened and argued—the men laughed, and turned the visionary into ridicule. The horses were saddled, and led out into the court-yard, when a mounted party was discovered advancing along the flat ground, in front of the mansion-house, called the Plain of Keith. The gate was shut; and when Dr. Sinclair, who was most active in the matter, had announced his purpose, and was asked for his warrant, he handed in at a window the commission of the Marquess of Tweeddale, Lord Lieutenant of the county. This Keith returned with contempt, and announced that he would stand on his defence. The party within mounted their horses, and sallied out, determined to make their way; and Keith, discharging a pistol in the air, charged the Doctor sword in hand; the militia then fired, and the youngest of the Hepburns was killed on the spot. The sister beheld the catastrophe from the windows; and, to the end of her life, persisted that the homicide had the features of the person whom she saw in her dream. The corpse was carried into the room where they had so lately breakfasted; and Keith, after having paid this heavy tax to the demon of civil war, rode off with the rest of his party to join the insurgents."

Such a work as this, and from such a source, needs no recommendation from us: its popularity is secure, and it will speedily be in every hand.

Annals of the Peninsular Campaigns, from 1808 to 1814. By the Author of "Cyril Thornton." 3 vols. 12mo. Blackwood, Edinburgh; Cadell, London.

MILITARY achievement has ever been a favourite theme with the poet and historian;

and never did a brighter moment beam on the sens of genius than when Fame, satiated with naval conquest, turned to uphold the somewhat obscured reputation of the British army, by the series of well-earned and unrivalled triumphs of the Peninsular war. Fifteen years have since passed away; and prolific as the press has undoubtedly been, the public appetite is still unpalated;—in fact, the subject offers a boundless novelty, as its details are placed in the various points of view suitable to the various composition of the community. History, with stately and dignified step, employs itself in an exact delineation of events, and luminous deductions therefrom, for the future guidance of the prince and legislator—the moralist describes, in faltering language, the scenes of carnage which ensued, but still gratefully acknowledges them as the forerunners of blessed peace—the soldier recounts, with military frankness and precision, the exploits he witnessed, the strategies and successful devices practised, and the bodily restraints and endurance to which all are subject who tread the bright but thorny path of his profession; and a boundless variety of romantic as well as tender incidents invite the song, as yet unsung. The nobly composed volumes of Dr. Southey have a place in every library of importance; Lieut.-Col. Napier's admirable exposition is, or ought to be, in the hands of every one who desires a name in arms; the poet who shall again immortalise these fields is perhaps yet unborn; while the work now before us remedies a deficiency which must ensure its success—that of providing the more general reader with a sufficient memorial, of lively composition, equally devoid of dry historical detail or military minutiae. The writer of these Annals was himself a minor actor in the glorious deeds he portrays; and although, from having recently commented upon the same subject, we cannot promise that our extracts will afford much of novelty to the reader; we yet feel that it would be too great injustice to the able author to withhold them—and accordingly we make the following selections:—

“While the country was thus torn by violent convulsion, Lisbon, the very seat and centre of the invader's power, was not tranquil. The fête of the Corpus Christi is one which had uniformly been celebrated in the capital with extraordinary pomp. On that day the whole population of the city, increased by large accessions from the surrounding country, were annually collected to witness the procession. Nothing could exceed its magnificence. The streets were strewn with flowers, the walls decorated with tapestry, and the balconies displayed all of beauty and splendour which the country could afford. On that solemn occasion not only the wealth of individuals, but the vast treasures of the church were displayed, to add pomp to the festival. The most prominent figure in the pageant was an image of St. George, glittering with jewels, mounted on a horse gorgeously caparisoned, and followed by a cavalcade of the royal household. Throngs of penitents and monks, duly marshalled in the procession, formed a train so numerous, as to occupy several hours in passing. The corporations of arts and trades, the senate, the tribunals, the councils, the regular troops, the generals, and the militia, followed in succession. Then came the consecrated Host, preceded by knights in their mantles, and covered by a splendid canopy, borne by the chief dignitaries of the church, in all the pomp and circumstance of canonical splendour. Last of all came the sovereign,

the princes of his family, and the grandees, on foot, without guards, and mixed, as it were, with the great body of the people. This festival Marshal Junot deemed it impolitic to abolish. He considered that any prohibition would probably be attributed to fear, and tend to increase the instability of the new government. On the day appointed, therefore, the procession took place, though shorn of its chief honours by the absence of the sovereign, in whose place Junot did not think it prudent to appear, and of the figure of St. George, whose dress had been carried off to Brazil. In all other circumstances the splendour of the pageant was undiminished. Cannon were fired from the castle in demonstration of respect, the streets were lined by the French troops, and the procession, in all wonted formality, had begun its progress, when, at the moment when the sacred Host was seen issuing from the church of St. Domingo, the crowds in the squares of the Commercio and the Rocio became vehemently agitated, and the commotion spread like wildfire through every street in the city. For this sudden perturbation there was no apparent cause. No symptom of hostility had been previously manifested, on the part either of the military or the people. But in a moment, from some unknown and, even now, inexplicable cause, the whole aspect of affairs was changed. Cries of terror arose among the multitude, and were instantly reverberated by many thousand voices. Some exclaimed, ‘There is an earthquake—the city is about to be destroyed;’ others, ‘The English are landed;’ but the greater number were influenced by the apprehension of a general massacre, and invoked their countrymen to resist bravely to the last. Among the vast multitudes which thronged the city, all was panic and confusion. Priests, nobles, penitents, and monks, in a moment deserted the procession, and, mingling amid the crowd, carried with them the remains of broken crucifixes and tapers, strewing the streets with the fragments of their torn vestments. The insignia of the festival were overthrown and trampled under foot. Multitudes, actuated by blind terror, encountered each other like opposing torrents, and obstructed all avenues of escape. The disorder pervaded all ranks. The prelate who bore the Host deserted the sacred incarnation, and, returning into the church, was found concealed behind a screen. All participated alike in the indefinite and pervading terror, and fled with tumultuous dismay. During the progress of this extraordinary convulsion Marshal Junot was in the Palace of the Inquisition. He immediately went to the church of St. Domingo, and endeavoured to rally the fugitive prelates and nobles who had fled to that sanctuary for protection. He perceived that it was most important that the procession should at all events take place, as the best means of allaying the apprehensions of the people. Without waiting to inquire into the causes of the disorder, he gave the strongest assurance that the French troops should afford protection from violence, and declared his intention of joining the *cortège*. The procession accordingly again set forth, and symptoms of disorder were again manifested. The ceremonies of the day, however, were at length concluded with decency and order. On the return of Junot to headquarters, amid throngs of people, a few voices saluted him with cheers,—the last he was ever destined to receive in Portugal.”

That *chef-d'œuvre* of a military master, the passage of the Douro, is thus described:—

“The reader must now be aware of the general state of affairs in the Peninsula when Sir Arthur Wellesley landed in Portugal. He at once perceived that the numerical superiority of the enemy was neutralised by the separation of their corps; and while the movements of Lapisse and Victor were cautious and hesitating, he determined, by a prompt and rapid advance, to attack Soult, and drive him from Oporto. This resolution was communicated to Cuesta, who was requested to content himself with keeping Victor in check, until the return of the British from Oporto, when the two armies might act in combination on the south of the Tagus. In pursuance of the project thus ably conceived, a division, commanded by Gen. Mackenzie, and a brigade of heavy cavalry under Gen. Fane, were left at Abrantes to watch the movements of Victor; and the rest of the army was put in motion on Coimbra. In that city, the whole British force was assembled on the fifth of May; and on the ninth it continued its advance. The division of Gen. Hill was directed to embark at Aveira for Ovar, in order to take the enemy in flank, and force them back from the Vouga; and Beresford, with a strong detachment, chiefly composed of Portuguese, moved upon Vizeu, to cut off the retreat of Soult by Amarante. The main body proceeded by the direct route; and on the tenth encountered the enemy's advanced posts, which were driven back. On the day following, two divisions, strongly posted on the heights above Grijon, were dislodged from their position, and pursued with success till nightfall, when the British army halted with their advance, on the heights beyond Cavalleros, about two leagues from the Douro. During the night the enemy continued their retreat. In the meanwhile, the object of Sir Arthur Wellesley in these movements could not be supposed to escape the penetration of Soult. He saw the danger of being speedily enclosed in the north of Portugal; and determined to extricate himself from the increasing perils of his position, by evacuating the country. Measures were accordingly adopted for this purpose. Preparations were instantly set on foot for removing the sick and the baggage; and having destroyed the pontoon-bridge across the Douro, and given orders that all the boats should be brought to the right bank of the river, he imagined himself secure from immediate attack. He imagined, too, that Sir Arthur Wellesley would avail himself of his maritime resources, and embarking his troops, endeavour to effect a landing near the mouth of the Douro. This would have allowed time for the leisurely retreat of the army; and orders were despatched to Loison, requiring him to maintain his ground at Mezamfrio and Peza da Ragoa, in order to prevent the passage of the river being effected at either of these points. Had the calculations of Soult been realised, with regard to his enemy's intentions, no obstruction would have existed to his retreat into Galicia; or, by advancing on Beresford with his whole force, he might have crossed into Beira. But Sir Arthur Wellesley had bolder measures in contemplation. He determined at once to cross the river, and drive the enemy from Oporto. With this view, Gen. Murray was detached to Avintas, a ford about five miles higher up, where he was directed to cross the river with his brigade, and send down any boats which he might be able to procure. The brigade of Guards, under Gen. Sherbrooke, received orders to cross the ferry below the city at Villa Nova. The main body, under his own immediate command, were to attempt a pass-

age at the convent of St. Augustino da Serra, which occupies a height nearly opposite to the town. The Douro was at that spot nearly three hundred yards broad, extremely rapid, with considerable heights on the right bank, and a large unfinished building designed for the bishop's palace, which could be made serviceable as a post of defence by those who first landed, till sufficient numbers should have crossed the river to enable them to advance on the town. To protect the passage, several guns had been planted in the garden of the convent. By aid of the inhabitants, two boats had been procured from the opposite side of the river, and in these, three companies of the Buffs immediately passed the river. Other boats were speedily despatched by the zeal of the people; and the embarkation of the troops was rapidly continued. Gen. Paget was among the first detachment; he immediately took possession of the unfinished building already mentioned, and defended it with great gallantry, till the arrival of the forty-eighth, sixty-sixth, and a Portuguese battalion, when the contest was continued on more equal terms. Early in the engagement General Paget lost an arm, and the command devolved on Gen. Hill, who was still warmly contesting the ground, when the brigade of Guards and the twenty-ninth regiment appeared on the enemy's right; and in the opposite direction the troops were seen approaching from Avintas. Under these circumstances, the enemy's columns fell back in confusion. The British charged up the streets of Oporto, making many prisoners, amid the most animated demonstrations of joyful welcome from the inhabitants. Handkerchiefs were waved from the balconies and windows—blessings were breathed on the brave deliverers of the city, mingled, on all hands, with shouts of joyful and triumphant greeting. Confusion and disorder had spread through the whole French army. The panic seemed even to increase when they gained the open country; and Major Harvey, with a single squadron of the fourteenth dragoons, charged through three battalions of French infantry, marching in a hollow road, and brought off many prisoners, without sustaining any considerable loss. Unfortunately, however, it was found impossible to take full advantage of the panic of the enemy, by continuing the pursuit. The army were without supplies of any kind; the rapidity of the advance from Coimbra having outstripped the most active exertions of the commissariat. The fatigue the troops had undergone rendered repose necessary; and the pursuit was, therefore, relinquished at the approach of evening. Had these obstacles not intervened, there can be little doubt that the whole army of Marshal Soult would have been destroyed. As it was, however, nothing could exceed the boldness and the brilliance of the operations of Sir Arthur Wellesley. The Douro had been passed in open day, in the very face of a powerful enemy. One of the ablest and most experienced of the French marshals had been taken by surprise, and his army driven from Oporto, with the loss of its sick and wounded, of a great part of its baggage, and of a considerable number of guns. In truth, the very boldness and danger of the attempt contributed to its success. British generals had acquired the reputation of being cautious, and averse from that daring policy which seeks great achievement through great hazard. So little, indeed, did the enemy contemplate even the possibility of Sir Arthur Wellesley attempting the passage of the Douro, that when a *chef de bataillon* gave notice that

the English were passing, his assertion was disregarded. Nor did Marshal Soult receive intelligence of the event, till General Foy, who was severely wounded in the action, from the height opposite to the convent, observed the troops actually crossing, and the Portuguese making signals to them from the walls. Never was so complete a victory obtained at a smaller expense of life on the part of the victors. The loss of the English army amounted only to twenty-three men killed, and ninety-eight wounded."

The strictures on Sir John Moore appear scarcely to be called for; and as respects his personal staff remonstrating with him on his determination to retreat, it was composed of officers very unlikely to be betrayed into such a deviation from the strict principles of military subordination. Such as attribute to the general the disorganisation and irregularities of the army in its retreat to Corunna, we may as well remind of the Duke of Wellington's descriptive letter of the disorders which ensued on the retreat from Burgos,—yet no one has ventured to impugn him as the cause.*

There are some trifling inaccuracies and blemishes in the volumes; such as the mention of Charles the Fourth ending his days at Compeigne, when, in fact, he died at Rome in 1819; and the following passage relative to the state of public feeling at Madrid,—of which, should the work go to a second edition, we, in the name of good taste, court the omission.

"The spirit of loyalty had penetrated even into the mad houses; and lunatics rushed forth into the street to assassinate the enemies of their country."

We now consign these volumes to the public, with much admiration for their merit, and every good wish for their success.

Chemical Fragments. By Henry Bingley, M.R.I. 12mo. pp. 55. London, 1829. J. M'Cormick.

WE who have stood up for the poetry of our times, and have maintained, against all comers, that the cant about the extinction of the poetic spirit was only the false repetition of the common-place common to every period,—we are delighted with the new and pithy proof here afforded by Mr. H. Bingley, M.R.I., that our premises were correct, and our conclusions just. But why talk we of poetry alone? as if his unrivalled inspirations and lucubrations did not also combine the most profound knowledge of science—as if from the laboratory of his heated brain did not issue strains of as high chemical as poetical attraction—as if his crystallisations were not the types of his more brilliant composition—as if his caloric were not above all critical retort—or as if there were any incoherency in his cohesions. Sublime bard! M.R.I.! minister of song and science! we owe thee much: much for what thou hast done, and more for the promise that thy work is "to be continued"! But to assume a regular form.

It having occurred to Mr. Bingley, as is mentioned in a preface, dated "Royal Mint, August 1829," that "the elements of chymistry would admit of being put in a shape that might be more attractive to those just entering upon them than their ordinary prose form," he has, with a genius peculiarly his

* When we wrote the above paragraph, we had not observed the Note at the end of the second volume, which, on the high authority of Colonel Napier, negatives the fact we had questioned: and the ensuing mistake relative to the death of Charles IV. at Compeigne, instead of at Rome, we have since ascertained has arisen from following Southey, who had fallen into the same error.—Ed.

own, evaporated them through the furnace of his mind, and reproduced them in this their *extra-ordinary* shape—first of all, as in duty, invoking the Muse:

"Inspiring Muse, assist, I pray,
And further my design,
The humble tribute of a lay
To offer at thy shrine.
That noble science I would sing,
In all its various parts,
From which our manufactures spring—
The fountain-head of arts.
O Chymistry! can I recount,
Can I thy works declare,
Of power and might, which in amount
Innumerable are?
On earth, in air, in sea, in sky,
We hear thy glorious name."

The last couplet is a flight far away above Faraday, inasmuch as that ingenious gentleman never heard the name of chymistry in either sea or sky; though on earth, and it may be said in air, he is one of the most intimate acquaintances of this

"Great analyst of Nature's laws,
And providence for man." (Bingley, p. 6.)

Our poetico-chemical and chemico-poetical author, having demonstrated that Tubal-Cain manufactured brass i' the olden day, proceeds to rate the sordid alchemists of later date for expecting the aid of the goddess in their selfish pursuits.

"To Chymistry they did apply,
Implored her friendly aid;
Assistance grant, O don't deny,
How can we else succeed?
And shall I now prolong my song,
To say with what contempt
Fair Science heard their impious tongue,
Their vain, their base attempt?
Know then, vain men, my aid I will
Never, I trust, impart,
But where sound sense and goodness fill
Th' intentions of the heart.
The weal of men, and not their bane,
'Twas e'er my wish to study,
And think ye now that I would fain
My reputation sully?"

This, perhaps, may, by the kind-hearted, be considered a little harsh on the part of the goddess, seeing that, to a letter, the alchemists were all-chymists; but if she had given them an inch, we suppose they would have taken an L.

Mr. Bingley, M.R.I., however, having disposed of these human gnomes, lets us into the secret of a right excellent laboratory.

"This room should high and lofty be,
Full twenty feet in length,
Its ventilation good and free,
And sixteen feet in breadth.
A furnace you should have of wind,
One for evaporating,
And that of use you'll likewise find,
Yclept the cupelling.
An apparatus there should be,
On no account forgot,
In rank and file receivers three,
'Tis Woulfe's, or is it not.
And now I sing do ye anon
Apartments less prepare
On smaller scale, to carry on
Precipitations there.
Where free from shaking and secure
Your glasses keep their station,
And where yourself need not endure
Heat or suffocation."

Upon the last point we cordially agree with our sensible bard (it is not always that poets possess sense), for we are firmly of opinion that a suffocated chymist would be of almost as little worth as an ordinary person whose soul had been exorcised out of him by the last hint of the Ordinary of Newgate, who (strangely, and, we think, rather profanely,) dismisses his patients from this world with a play upon words—"in the midst of life we are in death," he reads or prays, drops the signal, and away slips the unconscious wretch, losing the whole point of the too sacred joke. But, with so much of

other matter before us, we are criminal to digress. Part II. of Mr. Bingley, M.R.I.'s effusion treats of the great laws (not of the Old Bailey, but of Nature), viz. gravitation, cohesion, and attraction, in a style so deplorably original, that we lose all gravity, our thoughts are dissipated, and our wonder distracted.

"The force with which all bodies fly,

Attracted by another,
Is always regulated by
The quantity of matter.

The reason then you now see why
Earth so attractive is,
Dependant on and caused by
Its material greatness.

'Tis by attraction bodies two,
If on the water floating,
Approaching near, unite we view,
As on each other doating.

Attraction does upon the earth
In safety give us footing:
Suspend it once, 'twould not give birth
To ought like mirth or joking.

All particles of matter that
This universe comprise,
Suspend attraction, see in what
A whirlwind they would rise.

If e'er a solid undergo,
Whether from fire or friction,
Sufficient heat, cohesion you
Are hasting to destruction.

Oft will the little spheres that do
Compose a solid mass,
By heat distracted, hasten to
The liquid form embrace."

We have heard of embracing the yielding form, but to embrace a form altogether liquid is a sublimer pitch of poetry; and with it we may well close this clear and happy exposition of chymical affinities. Cohesion, indeed, seems to be a marriage ceremony:

"For now, suppose two atoms we
(In nature homogeneous)
Unite and join, do we not see
How they to adhere are anxious?
By this each solid mass is framed
From atoms most minute:
By force 'cohesion' they are tamed,
Nor dare its power dispute."

Crystallisation, on the other hand, strongly resembles courtship;

"Which doth suppose ere matter will
Unite to form a crystal,
It doth exist in spheres until
Attraction on them call.
When to the summons how they haste,
Contending to obey,
Nor time in hesitation waste,
Or loiter by the way."

and where, also, a good deal of nonsense is spoken—about

"The parallelopipedon,
(A spurious Anglicism,)
Octohedron, tetrahedron,
The hexahedral prism."

Or,

"Their names perchance familiar grown,
Include the tetrahedron,
The simplest prism, and well known
Parallelopipedon.
Yet some philosophers have thought
This theory incomplete,
Unless that too of spheres be taught,
A well-devised conceit."

What our M.R.I. says about heat seems very natural, though not so explicit as some of his other explanations.

"We all know what it is, we feel
Its nature surely—well,
I know no more, what an appeal
About a bagatelle."

Another of the stanzas, we confess, puzzles us much, but we trust our intelligent readers will comprehend its meaning.

"All solid bodies do not quite
By heat expand the same,
The liquids never think it right,
To do it were a shame."

Having dilated on this theme, our admired author thus concludes:—

"And when again we heat pursue,
May we ourselves be cool;

Not cold, for some warmth will ensue
When science gains the soul."

Sure are we that such a poet will win the heat, start when and where he listeth; and all that we can wish is, that when he next mounts his Pegasus to ride abroad—

May we be there to see.

Memoirs of Simon Bolivar, President Liberator of the Republic of Colombia, and of his principal Generals; comprising a Secret History of the Revolution, and of the Events which preceded it, to the present Time. By General H. L. V. Ducoudray Holstein, ex-chief of the Staff of the President Liberator. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

THIS is one of the works which may furnish *matériel* for history, and has a present interest as the record of those extraordinary scenes of ferocity and enterprise—of small beginnings leading to great endings—which characterise a revolution. Bolivar is depicted in no very favourable point of view; but, disappointed and aggrieved, Gen. Ducoudray belongs to one side of the question; and our own truth is not always so exact as we fancy it. We dare say Bolivar has, like most other heroes, his faults and his weaknesses; yet we doubt very much, that a mere coward, hypocrite, and libertine, could ever have done what he has, or maintained his difficult position. But Bolivar's historical estimate will be matter of much future debate—and to that we leave it. Moreover, the outline of the liberator's career being well known, we shall prefer one or two of the many interesting sketches given of his compatriots.

General Paez.—"Young Paez was raised amidst the herds of his fathers, and of course received no education at all. He took care of the herds, and could perform any operation used upon cattle or horses with great skill. He understood all the simples used in the cure of the disorders of cattle in that country, and knew how to apply them. He was a master at taming wild horses, and had great bodily strength and agility. He was also extremely patient of fatigue of every kind. When eighteen years old, he offered to make a journey from Aragua to the city of Barinas, where his mother was born. She had a lawsuit with her family, which had already lasted for several years. After some objections on the part of his parents, they consented to his taking the journey, in the hope that it would facilitate their lawsuit. He set off well mounted, armed, and supplied with money. On the road he met with two rogues whom he had known at Aragua, and who knew that he had money. They were lying in wait to rob him. He was not at all aware of their intentions, and, without suspicion, came near them. One of them attempted to seize his reins, but Paez, who had a vigorous horse, gave him the spur, and rode off at full speed, overthrowing both the robber and his horse. The robbers not being so well mounted, but knowing a foot-path shorter than the road, took that, and, upon the road at the end of it, again waylaid and endeavoured to seize him. When Paez found that all his entreaties were vain, he suddenly killed one of the robbers on the spot; the other fled, neither of them being armed. Being large, well formed, supple, vigorous, and brave, he became known for these qualities; and the affair of the robbers being learned in the neighbourhood, he became greatly regarded on account of it, and his name famous. On the breaking out of the revolution of Caracas,

* Any sentence will shew that the style of this work is very bad—not English!

in 1810, Paez declared himself in favour of freedom. The Llaneros placing great confidence in him, he easily persuaded them to join him; and they unanimously named him their chief.

"At the battle of Ortiz, in April 1818, where Bolivar commanded, Paez, with his cavalry, made several successful charges against the enemy, who, though inferior in number, were superior in discipline and skill to Bolivar. The general-in-chief had so entangled matters, and confounded the line, that his infantry were beaten and nearly destroyed. On this occasion Paez reproached him personally with great freedom and severity. At Bolivar's request, Paez covered the retreat, and made one or two charges, which saved the remnant of the infantry from destruction. Soon after the last charge, which he led himself, he retired on one side, and having dismounted, was seized with a fit, and lay upon the ground, foaming at the mouth. Colonel English, who related the circumstance to me, was present. He went up to Paez, but was warned by some of his people not to touch him. 'He will soon be well,' said they; 'he is often so, and none of us dare touch him until he is perfectly recovered.' Col. English, however, approached, and having sprinkled some water in his face, and forced a little down his throat, he soon recovered; and coming to his recollection, he thanked him cordially, saying, that he was a little overcome by the fatigue of the day, having with his lance and his own arm killed thirty-nine of the enemy. He said he felt his illness coming on as he was running the fortieth through the body. The bloody lance lay by his side, and he presented it to Colonel English as a memorial of his friendship and affection. Paez soon recovered and joined his legion: and when Col. English departed, he was presented by him with three very fine horses from his own stud. After the refusal of General Morillo to give quarter, Paez was never known to spare the life of a prisoner."

[An ancient story is here repeated as new, about Paez racing a prisoner first on one horse and then on another, overtaking and slaying him. We wonder at such silly repetitions.]

Juan Bautista Arismendi is one of those men who are said to form themselves, and who become fit for the station they occupy in the world by the force of genius and natural ability. He possesses a natural tact or disposition, which no education, though it may direct it, can ever give. From his youth he was devoted to hunting and fishing. The first formed his *coup d'œil*, and taught him stratagem: both hardened his body, by exercise and privation. His figure is broad, strong, and about five feet two inches high; his complexion is tawny and sun-burnt; his hair is yellow, his eyes are small and piercing, and he is probably the most active chieftain in Colombia. He has received no education, and can scarcely read or write. His penetrating genius, and his insinuating manners, advanced him in the army; and when Bolivar created himself dictator, he appointed Colonel Arismendi governor of the capital, Caracas.

"In March, 1815, General Morillo's mighty expedition arrived from Cadiz, at the island of Margarita, on the same day with that of General Morales, from Guiría. Arismendi and the inhabitants of Margarita saw the impossibility of resisting this united force, and therefore accepted the capitulation offered them by Morillo. It was clearly stated in the articles of capitulation, that none of the inhabitants should be molested for their political

opinions. In direct violation of this stipulation, numbers of the most respectable inhabitants were secretly arrested in the night. Arismendy himself found means to escape, and conceal himself in the mountains. Morillo offered a great reward to have him taken and delivered up to him; and strict search was every where made for him, but in vain. As he was perfectly acquainted with all the foot-passes in the woods and mountains, and as the inhabitants were devotedly attached to him, he soon succeeded in uniting about fifty of the bravest of them, who determined to drive the Spaniards from the island, or die. He lived with them some time upon roots and wild fruits, and the produce of hunting. He animated their spirits by his conversation and example to such a degree, that they promised to follow wherever he chose to lead. His first object was to procure arms and ammunition, of which his party was entirely destitute. Knowing all the Spanish outposts, he began by surprising one of them, held by a corporal and four men. Arismendy and twelve of his men, armed with clubs and long knives, surprised this post in the night, killed the five men, and took their arms and cartridges. Arismendy proceeded in this manner, killing the Spaniards in the night, and taking their arms and ammunition, for several months; and before any assistance could arrive, he and his men were again in the mountains. He continued in this manner to weaken the Spanish force, until he obtained not only a considerable quantity of arms and ammunition, but many recruits also. His successful enterprises reanimated the fallen spirit of the inhabitants. But, though already enabled to act upon a larger plan, and with effect, he was still in want of every thing, but principally of arms and ammunition. He had nothing to expect from the Main, because, after the flight of Bolivar from Cumana, the remaining patriot chieftains were reduced, like himself, to provide for their troops as they could. But the spirit of patriotism was now so strong in Margarita, that the women joined with their husbands, brothers, and friends, in their efforts to become again free. They voluntarily gave their jewellery, pearls, golden earrings, crosses, &c. for the support of the war, and made shirts and other necessary clothing for the troops. Arismendy was unanimously elected supreme chief. Some patriot clergymen offered golden and silver vases of the church, which they had taken the precaution to bury and secrete before the Spaniards landed. These valuables were secretly sent to St. Thomas's, to be exchanged for arms and warlike stores [or pocketed ?].

"During my stay in Margarita, General Arismendy, among many instances of the heroism of their women, related to me the following:—The wife of General Arismendy had a rich uncle, who had been many years settled at Trinidad, and had often pressed her to come and visit his family. At the end of 1815, she suggested to her husband the plan of going herself to Trinidad, to pay the long-desired visit, and also for a more important purpose, which was to solicit from her uncle, by way of loan, a large sum of money for the purpose of aiding the war: her husband refused his consent to her going, and pointed out the dangers to which she would be exposed in that time of war and trouble, particularly from the numerous cruising vessels of the enemy, which then covered the seas in almost every direction from Margarita. She persisted, however, in her purpose, and at length obtained his consent, and a proper commission from him for obtaining the loan. She was young, handsome,

and well educated; she embarked in a small schooner, without even a servant, and, when she went on board, was unknown to any one in the vessel. After sailing some days with a fair wind, the schooner was chased and overtaken by a Spanish privateer, and, though she sailed under Dutch colours, was sent into Porto Cabello. As soon as she arrived in that city, she was recognised by a number of persons as the wife of General Arismendy, and was immediately arrested, and put into a dark and damp dungeon in the citadel. Arismendy, who almost always put his prisoners to death, had spared three Spanish colonels and majors, whom he put into one of his forts, that they might serve him as hostages in case of need. The governor of Porto Cabello knew their situation. They were beloved by their superior officers; and the governor sent one of his officers to Arismendy's wife, with his word of honour, that she should be immediately set at liberty if she would write a line to her husband, and persuade him to release the three Spanish officers in exchange for her. She feared that her husband would be weak enough, as she expressed it, to consent to the proposal, and she positively refused to write. By the urgency of the governor, she understood the importance of these officers, and told him plainly that she would not write. After she had received a number of visits to the same purpose, the governor came himself, and endeavoured to persuade her, but in vain. They then threatened her; but she replied, laughing, that it would be cowardly to torment a defenceless woman, whose only crime was being the wife of a patriotic general. They next employed more rigorous treatment with regard to her living, but still treated her respectfully, and promised her immediate liberty if she would write to her husband to release the officers. At length she became vexed with their importunity, and told the officer who came to her, that if General Arismendy were informed of their cowardly treatment of her he would be as mad as a tiger, and would put to death thousands of Spaniards, men, women, and children,—all that might fall into his power: that, for her part, she was determined never to commit so weak and vile an act as they required of her; and that she would suffer a thousand deaths rather than attempt to persuade her husband to forget his duty. During three months she was treated with great barbarity; but she remained firm, and constantly gave the same answers. The Spaniards, at last, finding that nothing could alter her determination, permitted her to go to the island of Trinidad, fearing that if her husband should hear of her detention, he would do as she had predicted. Such was the wife of General Arismendy at the age of twenty-three years."

We must quote one little trait, for the benefit of our novel-loving readers; Bolivar's perusal of a novel being among his most heinous offences.

"As I entered his chamber familiarly, and without being announced, I found him lying in his hammock, as usual, and occupied in reading. When he saw me, he hastily placed his book under his pillow, and jumped out of the hammock to shake hands with me, but with a little more coolness than usual. Surprised to see Bolivar occupied in reading, which was unusual, and desirous to know with what book he was occupying himself, I came nearer to the hammock, and took the book out from under his pillow, asking him, what he was reading? He looked a little confused, and answered, 'He read it to recreate his mind a

little!' It was the *New Heloise*, by Jean Jacques Rousseau."

After all, this is as poor as it is an ill-written compilation; and those who have read the many preceding publications on the South American revolution will find little of novelty in it.

The Bengalee; or, Sketches of Society and Manners in the East. 12mo. pp. 466. London, 1829. Smith, Elder, and Co.

If a few instances, as it were to shame the industry on which we pique ourselves, had not before shewn that it is just possible, among the many volumes which crowd table, chair, and floor of our room, that one may now and then escape even the Argus eyes of an Editor, we might indeed marvel that this very amusing work should have been so long neglected; but "Better late than never" is an encouraging proverb,—and on the strength of it we now proceed to call our readers' attention to this entertaining collection of tales, sketches, &c. Written by a gentleman (a Captain Anderson, we believe) whose own residence in India well qualifies him to describe scenes in which he bore part, they are drawn with great animation and spirit; and we have been much pleased with the tale whence we derive the ensuing. A young officer, with a company of sepoy, is in attendance—a kind of honourable guardianship—on one of the native rajahs; and being gifted with the most oriental of imaginations, he allows it to be excited to the very climax by the rajah's daughter.

"On the second day after the arrival of the new guard at Doorgakhond, the whole camp was ordered to be held in readiness for marching. The maharajah, Omrut Rao, had determined to move at once; thus his followers and family were to break ground in the evening, and encamp in the open space before the grove of trees, so as to form into marching order, and be prepared for regular departure early on the ensuing morning. Towards night, however, it was announced to Lieut. Amoret that a person of consequence from the ex-peishwah was in attendance, desiring to communicate with the officer of the guard. On his admission, he apologised, in the name of his highness, for a change in his intentions; and mentioned that the illness of the young princess, who had lately joined them from the Dekhan, was the unfortunate and unavoidable cause. She had been attacked with fever on the way; and, in consequence of severe continued indisposition on her arrival at Benares, it had been found necessary to postpone her marriage with the maharajah's eldest son. A sudden relapse, which had just taken place, had induced his highness to countermand the march for the present. 'Give my respects to the maharajah,' said the lieutenant; 'I shall be ready with my escort whenever it is his highness's pleasure to command it. I hope the princess is not seriously indisposed.' 'She is said to suffer from increased fever,' replied the minister; 'but little was communicated to me on the subject.' 'Humph!' said the young officer; and, after a short pause, 'is she not betrothed to the young prince who was in attendance upon his highness this morning, when the guard saluted the maharajah in passing?' The confidential minister, Simuckjee, in the true diplomatic gravity of his sect, was not disposed to be more than necessarily communicative. He stiffly, but politely, answered, that she had been betrothed to the prince several years ago; but, as customary, had only lately been allowed to join

the family. Her illness had hitherto prevented all festivities, as well as the final ceremonies of the marriage. 'She is very beautiful, I have understood,' observed Amorett. 'So it is believed,' rejoined the minister. 'Is she so young as they describe her?' inquired the Lieutenant. 'I know not her highness's age,' was the brief reply. 'About twelve or thirteen, they tell me,' perseveringly continued the young man. 'Indeed!' was the still colder reply of the keen-looking little old gentleman, who was once famous in the Dekhan for his diplomacy and intrigues. 'But shall I retire from your presence? May I take leave?' said he, bending as in salutation, and apparent anxiety to withdraw. The wonted compliments ensued, and the minister ceremoniously left the tent. During the whole of the next night our hero did nothing but dream of the beautiful sick princess. Nor were his waking thoughts less devoted to her image. He fancied her, as a matter of course, to be lovely as the fevered imagination could suggest. She was young,—of this he had positively been assured;—she was beautiful,—he had heard that too, or fancied he had heard: it was a thing, of course, as much a matter of fact to his conviction as if he had seen her and dwelt for days in silent admiration of her loveliness. There were black eyes,—the large, languid, deep-fringed, sleepy, soul-breathing eyes of the hallowed daughters of Brahma; that pure transparency of skin, so peculiarly their own; the hair braided back upon her brow, that just peeped between the silvery folds of her muslin *doputtah*;—all this was as clearly and satisfactorily seen by him, and as much established to his mind's admiring belief, as if the maharajah himself had presented his betrothed daughter to his gaze. That very circumstance too,—*betrothed!* and her now sinking under fearful sickness, when at the very point of completing her vows! Nay, at this very moment also, the whole camp anxiously awaiting her recovery, and hanging, as it were, breathlessly on her very existence! There was something so touching, so interesting in the whole picture, that he dwelt on it till the little princess became as intensely an object of solicitude to the young English soldier, who had never seen her, as she could have been almost to her very friends, or the attendants immediately about her person."

As a medical adviser, he gains admission to her presence.

"At length the old woman re-appeared, and slowly and ceremoniously conducted the Englishman to the inner tent itself. The *cheek*, or bamboo screen of the doorway, was raised, and, entering, he found himself in the presence of the princess. She seemed to be scarcely emerging from childhood, but was decidedly beautiful,—fairer even than an Asiatic could be supposed to be, and with an air of command and dignity, which our hero had little anticipated so young a girl being in possession of. She was seated in the eastern manner on a chair, that is, she was entirely upon its seat; one of her feet being thrown easily, and not unelegantly, under the other, the knee of the latter being raised, gracefully enough for such a position, to the level of her waist. A rich silver worked Benares veil, or *doputtah*, of delicate and most beautiful manufacture, surrounded her head and person generally, though still betraying, through its texture, the contour of her lovely and gentle form, as well as her entire features, which were not a little improved by her large dark—yet, from her late indisposition—softened and

languishing eyes. She exhibited few signs of being ill, though, perhaps, the faint flushing of her cheek, which was occasioned by it, rather added to, than detracted from, her general loveliness. Amorett stood silent and abashed near the entrance, nor was he summoned to his recollection, until her highness, turning round, directed towards him a careless and indifferent glance of mere observation, and made some remark to her women in the Mah-rattah tongue, on the strange looks and appearance of the white-haired foreigner. Collecting himself, he approached her, and, with much show of ceremony, taking a chair near her, (which, by the by, they little thought of offering to him,) he commenced a conversation, by endeavouring to stammer forth some set inquiry as to her health. She simply replied by staring at him; and, on his affecting to take her hand, to feel its pulse, she at first withheld it, as in dislike of the liberty, or as objecting to be touched by him; and when, at last, she gave it with sovereign unconcern, she looked first at him, and then towards her suite, as if in cold wonderment of the scene before her. In vain he attempted, with studied gentleness, to make inquiry regarding her late indisposition;—she understood him not: and at length glancing carelessly, almost contemptuously, over his whole person, she desired one of her attendants to motion him to withdraw, as if perfectly satisfied with the exhibition of the stranger; in fact, adding, in a few plain words, that she had seen him long enough. It was now time for our poor astounded and mortified hero to look his astonishment:—he rose up and commenced to bow and explain his utter surprise; but she coldly made signal with her hand, of her permission for him to 'retire from the presence;' and then, turning round, commenced a conversation, possibly regarding his appearance, with the servants and suite around her. The fact became too humiliatingly apparent:—he had been introduced to the princess as a sight, as something to look at, and amuse her in her indisposition! In serious truth, the whole circumstance was simply this.—When Omrut Rao signified his permission for the English officer to be admitted, agreeably to his request, her highness's people and immediate suite, deeming it an indignity to their mistress, had brought about such admittance by asking the young betrothed, if she would not graciously please to look at a '*ghora admee*,' literally a *white man*! Thus the romantic, the impassioned, the poetic, the love-breathing Amorett had been walked into the zenanah, as a led bear or tame monkey, for the honourable amusement and mere gratification of curiosity of a young simple Mahrattah girl, of some thirteen or fourteen years of age!"

If the poetry had been entirely omitted, the volume would certainly have been improved; it is quite of the old school, where Flavius, Flirtillas, Hortensios, &c. were the abstract personifications of virtues and vices, and treated accordingly. There are many remarks we would recommend to the attention of juvenile Indians, as replete with all the sound sense of experience. The voyage and the arrival home are well sketched; and, altogether, the volume offers, we think, much varied amusement to its readers.

Captain Peter Dillon's Voyage.

(Second Notice.)

THE interest attached to this narrative of a voyage which ascertained the fate of La Pérouse will not be diminished by observing that

a relation by Captain Dourville, of a French expedition which merely followed in its wake, and confirmed its truth, was hailed with great enthusiasm at the last meeting of the Geographical Society at Paris, though the account did not even allude to the preceding adventure of the English vessel, nor to the liberality of the East India Company, which sent her out. The national contrast in this respect certainly does little credit to the Society's proceedings; for, to give honour where honour is due, is more honourable to the giver than to the receiver, and to withhold it is a paltry act and a disgrace. Nor can we in this instance offer the excuse of ignorance, since the French government had already acknowledged Captain Dillon's services, by bestowing the Cross of the Legion of Honour upon him, and a pension; though we believe the East India Company never had even thanks for the expense they bestowed upon an object so peculiarly French.

Having reluctantly made these remarks, we return to the volumes before us. In his voyage out, Captain Dillon had, as we noticed months ago, an inveterate quarrel with Dr. Tytler, the naturalist who accompanied him; of which dispute there is, perhaps, too much said for the reader; but when we reflect on the irritated feeling and sufferings of the writer, and the ill treatment he received from the authorities at Van Diemen's Land, we cannot blame him for his personal anxiety to set the affair in its true light. We, however, pass it over for the leading events of the voyage itself. On the 1st of July, 1827, the journal says,—

"At day-light stood in for the Bay of Islands, and at 9 A.M. anchored in five and a half fathoms of water in Cororarika Bay. The ship was surrounded, before letting go the anchor, by several canoes containing a number of natives. Being Sunday, we were all attired in our best. I spoke to them in the native language, but they did not recognise me for a long time. At length one of the young ladies called out most lustily, notwithstanding her delicate sex, '*Rangatheera no Palareekees*,'—'it is the Captain of the St. Patrick'; alluding to the ship which I commanded here last year. This recognition was re-echoed in every New Zealand throat, and nothing for some time was audible but the word '*Peter*,'—the name by which I am known by the South Sea Islanders. A man who appeared to be of some consequence in one of the canoes requested to be admitted on board; but this I refused, alleging as my reason that he had nothing to barter. He replied that he had. I repeated that I could see nothing; but he, pointing to the stern of his canoe, in which sat a pretty female about twelve years old, insisted, with a significant glance, that he had something better than a *buocka* (hog). I thanked him for his kind intentions, but replied that the ship was *tabooed* (i. e. sacred, or not to be approached,) until another anchor was let go, and the sails handed. Our conversation then assumed a political cast; in the course of which he informed me that he was the nephew of Boo Marray, a great and powerful chief, and the proprietor of this harbour, who, he said, my friends at the river Thames had killed about twelve months ago. He also said that Boo Marray's son had been killed, with about two hundred warriors, and that there was an expedition then fitting out against the Thames tribes, consisting of all the allied chiefs of the north, who were fully determined to exterminate the whole of the Bororoos and M'Marraghs. He then inquired where the two young men were that belonged to the Thames country,

whom I took from thence in the St. Patrick. Being informed that they were with me, he then said, 'You must deliver them up, that we may kill and eat them directly.' He was clothed in a war mat, with a mantle of dog-skins thrown loosely over his shoulders; his countenance at this moment assumed an aspect of the most savage ferocity, his eyes starting from their sockets with the intenseness of desire to seize on the innocent relatives of a people with whom he happened to be at war. It is hardly necessary to say, I replied to his cannibal request by telling him that the young men were under the protection of the British flag and guns, and should not be molested while on board—that they were *tabooed*. When on shore they might be treated conformably to the laws of New Zealand; but the intimation of his intentions regarding them would make me careful as to where they should land. I ordered up my friends Brian Boroo and Morgan M'Marragh, who went to the side of the vessel and commenced a conversation with their would-be devourer. The chief spoke to them with as much nonchalance as if he had never expressed a wish to pick their ribs or sup on their roasted chine,—a business that, if I might judge from the preparations his canoe exhibited, he seemed to have entertained some idea of prior to his putting off to the ship. He spoke in terms of the highest respect and praise of Brian's father, saying that two of Boo Marray's sons were taken in battle, with other men of consequence belonging to his tribe, and enlaved; that Brian's father shortly afterwards ordered them to be released, and furnished them with a canoe, in which they returned to their native district, and were now two days' march in the interior, but would pay him a visit the moment they heard that he had arrived. The ship being moored, this gentleman was allowed to come on board. Brian Boroo and he took each other by the hand, and gently inclined their heads until their noses touched. Their conversation then turned upon the heroic exploits of Brian's countrymen in the late wars. Several young ladies condescended to come on board, and the decks were shortly crowded with females, some of whom made a very genteel appearance, being dressed in English gowns, shirts, and petticoats; others were in their native costume. Without solicitation they proceeded voluntarily to amuse us with songs, dances, war whoops, and comic performances, in which they succeeded inimitably."

Captain Dillon excuses the custom of keeping the native women on board, by the plea that they are hostages for the safety of the sailors employed on shore. The account of the destruction of the Boyd and its crew is a harrowing tale; but as it has been already told in various ways, we shall prefer a lighter vein—the visit to the ship of a New Zealand priestess.

"This priestess (we are told) presented a noble figure. She appeared to be of a middle age; her complexion brunette, with sparkling black eyes; and her jet-black hair, which was of a considerable length, gently flowed in ringlets over her shoulders, waving gracefully in the air as she walked. She was attired in the state robes of her country, and conveyed to the mind a forcible idea of savage royalty. She had not been long seated before she remarked that the day was rather cold, and demanded if there was any rum on board, and if so, requested that some might be produced and given her. I told her that we had some, and ordered a decanter of brandy to be placed before her. After significantly eyeing it for some

time, and not liking the colour, she observed, 'This is not rum; I have never seen such as this before: let me have such rum as the whalers have on board.' With this request I immediately complied: she filled a tumbler nearly, and without hesitation quaffed it to the bottom. She then called for a segar, and having smoked a little, soon became very talkative. The person who mostly attracted her notice was an elderly gentleman named Richardson, the surgeon's assistant. She inquired of me who he was. I made answer that he was our doctor and priest. With this information she seemed much pleased, saying that she herself was a priestess and physician; and added, 'Will not my brother salute me according to the custom of New Zealand?' that is, gently to incline the head and touch noses. On the lady's request being communicated to Mr. Richardson, he with much gallantry complied; but, unfortunately, on stooping, his wig fell off, and exhibited a huge bald pate. It is more easy to conceive than express her highness's alarm and terror at this preternatural mode of salutation, for she verily believed that he had taken off his scalp by the aid of magic. She screamed most dreadfully, having for the first time seen a real proof of that skill in the black art, which she pretended that she was possessed of. All her female attendants joined in yelling most piteously on witnessing this phenomenon, and scampered with their mistress as speedily as they could out of the cuddy, screaming out in the native tongue, 'A witch! a wizard! an enchanter!' During the alarm, Mr. Richardson recovered his wig, and placed it on his head as before, to the no small astonishment of some of them who ventured to peep slyly at him during the process. After much trouble I succeeded in allaying the fears of her highness and suite, who once more ventured to sit down; not however without casting many a terrified glance at our priest and doctor, whom she did not require to salute her a second time. She with much anxiety inquired if it was not by the aid of magic that he had disencumbered himself of his hair, and wished to know if he could with equal facility take off his head, which I did not altogether deny. This intelligence caused her to eye our doctor with a degree of profound reverence, and she requested I would inform her how many evil spirits he had influence over, and if he could also shake the hair and skin from the back part as from the front of his head. I replied, that with regard to the number of spirits over which he had control, it was out of my power to inform her truly; but as regarded his hair, I assured her he could dismember himself from head to foot with the greatest facility. During our conversation, one of the nymphs attending on the priestess, a girl of about fourteen years, slyly approached Mr. Richardson, and mistaking a tuft of his natural hair for its movable substitute, determined, by a good pull, to ascertain if the virtue lay in the hair or in its owner; but the hair holding fast, she was compelled to make a precipitate retreat, lest the magician should metamorphose her into a hog,—those people believing in transmigration. This incident, no doubt, tended to confirm their belief in our priest's power, and caused a hearty laugh at the expense of the female casuist."

At her next visit the priestess was still more alarmed by a good sailor's joke. The draughtsman and officers had prevailed on the surgeon's assistant to "submit the bald part of his head to the draughtsman's art, who in a short time metamorphosed it in such a way, that had he been in ancient Greece or Rome during the

away of Pagan superstition, he might have obtained worshippers as the god Janus, who had in pity to men condescended to pay them a visit. His head presented the perfect appearance of an additional phis, most hideously portrayed on the bald part of the cranium. Vascathai, with her numerous female friends and attendants, being seated in the cuddy, begged as an especial favour that I would send for the magician, and prevail on him to shake off the hair and skin from his head, as he had done yesterday. She stated, as her reason for this request, that those to whom she had mentioned the circumstance would not believe that so wonderful a thing could be done by any man, and that she had brought the most incredulous with her to-day, that they might be eye-witnesses of the miracle. Mr. Richardson with much politeness consented to a repetition of it, and, approaching her highness, made a most graceful bow, and in a moment cast off his artificial hair, when, instead of an inoffensive bald pate, behold a horrible double face met the eyes of the astonished priestess and her companions. Dreadful indeed was the confusion which immediately succeeded this display of even super-magical power. The cuddy was in a moment cleared of the visitants, and the magician left in peaceable possession of the apartment. Infidelity itself was now convinced of his magical powers, and there was not a native unbeliever in the ship."

We now sail for the Mannicolas; but the pressure of new matter induces us to postpone this interesting subject to another paper.

Major Beamish's Translation of Bismarck's Cavalry Tactics, with Notes by the Translator. Second edition. 8vo. pp. 403. London, 1830. Ebers and Co.

THE principal novelty in this new edition of a valuable work is, a demonstration of the expediency of manœuvring by threes, which is made clear even to a civilian; since it does not appear to require much drilling to be sensible that a horse, which spins round on his centre,—an operation necessary, it seems, in wheeling by threes,—is more fatigued, and experiences greater difficulty in the movement, than in following the gradual sweep of a circle, as in wheeling (the substitution proposed by the translator) by subdivisions. As to the evils of "rear rank in front," another consequence, it appears, of manœuvring by threes, we are not sufficiently experienced in military matters to touch much upon it; we presume, however, that it is something like putting the cart before the horse. Altogether, we would again recommend this volume to the general as well as to the professional reader, as containing the history of all the different modes of cavalry warfare from the horsemen of Pharaoh down to the cuirassiers of Napoleon. The notes also present a detailed description of the arms, armour, and combats of the days of chivalry, authenticated *faits d'armes* of distinguished British regiments and the German legion, and entertaining anecdotes, &c.

Bertha's Visit to her Uncle in England. 3 vols. 18mo. London, 1830. J. Murray.

A GREAT variety of information is here pleasantly collected; and though we are very far from wishing to see any young ladies of our acquaintance either chymists, botanists, or geologists, yet such slight knowledge as, without dabbbling in science or hard words, does away with the prejudices of complete ignorance, may gracefully be made subjects of female acquire-

ment. We do not offer quotations, as most of the facts, &c. are such as must be matter of general knowledge to our older readers; but the following is new to us:

"My uncle mentioned yesterday, that in returning a few years ago from Berwick upon Tweed, he was much surprised, as night came on, at seeing two immense fires near Newcastle. Upon inquiring, he found that they were the small coal which does not readily sell, and is therefore separated by screens from the larger blocks. Prodigious heaps are thus formed at the mouths of the pits; and from the decomposition of the pyrites, they take fire, and continue to burn for years. One of these huge mounds was but a few miles from the road; it was said to cover twelve acres of ground, and to have been burning for eight years. As all that small coal might be made use of to produce coal gas, he says the legislature should interfere, to prevent such a shameful waste; for not less than one hundred thousand chaldrons are thus annually destroyed on the banks of the river Tyne; and nearly the same quantity on the Wear. Beneath these burning heaps, he found a bed of blackish scoria, which resembles basalt, and is used for mending the roads."

We must add, that *Bertha's Visit to her Uncle* will be a most agreeable Christmas present to our young friends.

A LETTER from Venice says,—"A manuscript of the famous jeweller Benvenuto Cellini, who was employed by Francis the First, and whose Memoirs, written in the naive style of Boccaccio, were printed some time since, has just been published and translated in extracts by Goëthe. The new MS. bears the title of *Racconti*, or tales, and was extracted by M. Gamba from a treatise on the art of jewellery; the manuscript of which is kept in the Marciana library at Venice. This treatise belonged to Cellini, and the artist has inserted various notes and observations on it, and has also added some lengthened remarks. These are what have been published; and they are evidently imbued with the spirit and originality which characterised this skilful jeweller."

"M. Gamba is also indebted to the libraries of Venice for the materials of a work he has just written, which is a collection of the letters of illustrious Venetians of the sixteenth century. It contains the letters of Cardinals Bembo, Contarini, Valiero, André Morosini, Navagero, Gradenigo, &c. M. Gamba has also published separately two speeches of the senator Georges Gradenigo, — one of which treats of experience in civil matters."

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris.

I BELIEVE it was an Irishman who said "he wished to die, for the pleasure of hearing his friends speak well of him;" and, indeed, nothing seems so much calculated to awaken feelings of benevolence in our neighbours, as the impossibility of our returning thanks for their eulogiums. Since Sunday last, physicians have pronounced the celebrated Madame de Genlis past recovery;—consequently there is not a virtue with which she is not endowed. Notwithstanding, however, this politeness on their parts, and the verdict of physicians, Madame de Genlis is still on this side of the Styx, and even threatened her panegyrist yesterday with a temporary convalescence. The Duke and Duchess of Orleans are amongst her sincerest friends; and have been incessant in

their attentions. Her adopted son is, however, the being who makes her cling to this world; and nothing can surpass her enthusiastic affection for him.

One of the favourite points of discussion at present is M. Jacotot's method of education. This emancipator of human intellects (as he is termed) has so many warm disciples, that to question the miraculous effects of being Jacototised, is attended with infinitely more danger than to deny the infallibility of his Holiness. The argument for him goes chiefly to prove, that to make a great man, we must turn education topsy-turvy,—begin where we end. This puts me in mind of a work, *sous presse*, for the benefit of young architects, in which the author recommends modern builders of houses, &c. to commence with the chimneys, and finish with the foundation.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE ARUNDEL MANUSCRIPTS,

At the Royal Society.

[A great stir having been made respecting the exchange of these MSS. by the President and Council of the Royal Society for duplicates in the possession of the British Museum, we have much satisfaction in gratifying the curiosity of the public and of the learned by giving a brief account of their most valuable articles.]

THE manuscripts which form the Howard Arundel Collection at the Royal Society, exclusive of those in the oriental languages, amount to about five hundred and fifty. The more important consist of a Wyclif's Bible, in English, 2 vols. folio—the most superb manuscript of its kind known; a Greek Evangelistarium—an old and fine manuscript; a MS. of Pliny's Natural History, of the twelfth century; a Latin Psalter, with an interlinear Saxon version; a MS. of Thucydides; Froissart, in 3 vols.—fine, but mutilated; a good manuscript of the Homilies of St. Chrysostom, in Greek; a Greek Euclid; Gregory Nazianzen; and a Latin and Norman Psalter. There are numerous manuscripts of the classics, also, in the collection, several of them of a good age, but a few nearly coeval with the art of printing: among these are Suetonius; various works of Cicero; various works of Boethius; two Virgils; a MS. of the *Rei Rusticæ* Scriptores; Thucydides; Justin; Diodorus Siculus; Lucan; Martial; Claudian; Horace; Terence; Tacitus's Germany; Plautus; Macrobius; Juvenal and Persius; the Thebais of Statius; Hesiod; two Plays of Aristophanes; the Hecuba of Euripides; Priscian; Vitruvius; Isidorus; and Diogenes Laertius; with a MS. of the Catholicon of J. Januensis. The English Chronicles are also a numerous class; viz. two copies of Geoffrey of Monmouth; Giraldus Cambrensis; Whethamstede; Eadmer; William of Malmesbury; William of Junieges; Huntingdon and Trivet; Howden; Bede; Matthew of Westminster; the Polychronicon, &c. There are likewise various Abbey Registers and Rentals: as of Glastonbury, Newenham, the Hospital at Bury in Suffolk, St. Albans, Christ Church, Canterbury, and St. John, Colchester. In English poetry, several of Lydgate's works, Occleve, Hampole, and a metrical Capgrave. There is a second MS. of Euclid, with diagrams; a copy of the Greek Gospels; manuscripts of Eusebius and Theodoret; an old English manuscript of the Rule of the Monastery of Sion; and a very remarkable manuscript of Leonardo da Vinci. A sufficient list has been here enumerated to shew the good sense of the President and Council of the Royal Society in offering the collection, in

exchange for duplicate books of science, to the trustees of the British Museum. Where these manuscripts are at present placed, they are foreign to the objects of the Society which possesses them, and, comparatively speaking, accessible to but few persons; the reverse of this will be the case when deposited in the national collection. There they will be accessible to all who wish to consult them; whilst the Royal Society, without the outlay of money, will acquire many works of a rare or costly kind which they would be able by no other means to obtain.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

AYLMER B. LAMBERT, Esq. in the chair.—A paper by Edward Foster, Esq. one of the Vice-Presidents of the Society, being an account of the *vicia angustifolia* of the English Flora, or wild tare, was read. In his communication the scientific author, in a very satisfactory manner, made it appear evident that two different species had heretofore been confounded together and classed under the same appellation: he proposes, as a distinguishing name, that of *vicia barbartii*. Nothing took place at this meeting requiring further notice.

UNITED SERVICE MUSEUM.

ON Wednesday last, a meeting composed chiefly of military officers took place, the object of which was the establishment of a Museum, to be more particularly devoted to models of scientific inventions connected with the naval and military services, but which is also to include collections in natural history, &c. His Majesty's approbation of the plan was communicated to the meeting; and a series of resolutions, with a subscription, were immediately entered upon for carrying it into effect.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY OF PARIS.

THIS Society held its public sitting on the 12th instant in the general council chamber of the Hotel de Ville, under the presidency of M. Hyde de Neuville. The chairman opened the business with an eloquent speech, in which he stated the objects of the society, and the benefits its exertions had already conferred on mankind, by the encouragement it held out to science and research. In contradiction to those writers who have called savage life the "life of nature," he contended that such an idea was both unphilosophical and unjust,—that the Creator had much higher objects in view for the human race than mere animal existence; and that the real "life of nature" was a life of civilisation. The orator then adverted to the pleasing fact, that the flags of Europe no longer traversed the ocean for the mere purpose of enthralling savages; to extend the blessings of education, and the habits of social life, was now the nobler object of her fleets, and especially of those of France. On the conclusion of the president's address, Captain Durville, of the Astrolabe, read some highly interesting extracts from the late voyage of that vessel round the world, performed under his command, particularly those parts of the journal relating to the discovery of the relics of the unfortunate expedition of La Pérouse, on the coasts of Vanicoro. The narrative of the sufferings endured by the crew of the Astrolabe, from the unhealthiness of the climate in those latitudes, where twenty-five of the men perished with frightful rapidity, produced a strong impression upon the audience, as did also the statements concerning the crew of La Bonsole, the companion vessel to that which carried La Pérouse himself. Captain

Durville thinks it not impossible but that some survivors of this double catastrophe may even yet be eventually discovered.

SUBMARINE CURRENTS.

It is well known that the Mediterranean is constantly receiving from the Atlantic, by the Straits of Gibraltar, an enormous quantity of water, which serves, with that which runs into it from rivers, to replace what it loses by evaporation. In this eternal renovation, evaporation carries away only fresh water, while the currents bring only salt water. How is it, therefore, that the composition of this sea does not in the least vary, and that it remains apparently the same as that of the ocean? The idea which naturally presents itself is, that the excess of salt is constantly carried away by a lower counter-current.

If this counter-current exists, as it carries away only a part of the water which has entered, since the other part is lost by evaporation, and as, nevertheless, it must carry away all the salt, it follows that an equal volume of it must contain much more salt than the upper current. But, hitherto, no sensible difference has been discovered between the superficial and the profound layers. On the contrary, their composition has appeared to be exactly the same. Dr. Marcet, who occupied himself so much in investigations of this nature, imagined that this absence of agreement between the results of observation and those of reasoning, might be owing to the circumstance of our not having yet penetrated to sufficiently great depths. He therefore requested Captain Smith, employed at that time in hydrographic labours in the Mediterranean, to obtain for him specimens taken at the greatest depths to which it was practicable to reach. Captain Smith cheerfully executed this commission; but in the mean while Dr. Marcet died, and the specimens were dispersed. Dr. Wollaston, however, succeeded in obtaining three of them. The first two did not exhibit in their composition any difference from the water of the common sea; but the third, taken from a greater depth (670 fathoms) contained a quantity of salt four times greater than the water of the surface. A counter-current thus composed, if we suppose it of the same depth and the same breadth as the upper current, need have only a fourth of the swiftness of that upper current constantly to carry away an equal quantity of salt, and thereby to prevent an increase of saltiness. The result would be the same, if, the swiftness being equal, the inferior current had only a fourth of the volume of the superior.—*Le Globe*.

AGRICULTURE.

THE following observations, by M. Albert, relative to the renewal of seed, are taken from the *Archiv der Deutschen Landwirtschaft*. It is generally believed among agriculturists, that the transport of seeds from one place to another has a great influence, not only upon the quantity, but upon the quality, of the produce; and that certain soils are better calculated for the culture of different plants than others. For this reason every country in Europe draws its flaxseed from Riga; and in some parts of Germany, oats are bought exclusively in certain villages. M. Albert has scrupulously examined the different opinions upon these subjects, and has come to the following conclusions. He has found it most advantageous to take the seed from the places where the mother plant had acquired the most perfect development. Thus, the best way is to sow corn upon a clay soil rather than upon a sandy one, as the grains

are larger, and weigh more. He says, that as the temperature of the soil has a greater influence upon the development of plants than the climate itself, the opinion that seeds should be taken exclusively either from the south or north is an erroneous one. Seeds will be larger or smaller in proportion to the leaves of the plants. Corn taken from a sandy soil will never grow better upon superior land than what the sandy soil has produced. The changing of seeds does not in itself make an alteration in the product; but it is to be attributed entirely to the influence of the soil, the climate, and the cultivation. When seed is sown upon different soils alternately, those characteristics will predominate which had developed themselves previously upon the plant which had been the longest in the same soil. The opinion that corn will always deteriorate if the seed be not changed, is a false one. The author remarks, that rye which has first been sowed upon a clay soil, and then upon a sandy one, should not be sown too soon, as the shoots are apt to be overturned. Large seeds are incontestably to be preferred to small ones. To prove this, M. Albert refers to the analogy in this respect with animals; and he concludes by stating, that whatever may be the influence of cultivation, it will always be unable to surmount the influence which the properties of certain lands exercise upon the nature of vegetables.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, Dec. 12th.—On Thursday the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor and Doctor in Divinity, by accumulation.—Rev. W. V. C. Hunt, Exeter College.

Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. J. Norris, Fellow of C. C. College.

Bachelor in Civil Law.—Rev. T. F. A. P. Hodges, Fellow of New College.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. G. F. W. Mortimer, Michel Scholar, J. J. Jervis, Queen's College; Rev. C. Burlton, Fellow, New College; T. Cottle, Rev. G. R. Kennal, Pembroke College.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. P. Pearce, Queen's College; J. Meynell, Brasenose College, Grand Compounders; O. Ormerod, T. Hillyard, Brasenose College; B. Owen, Scholar, H. Rogers, Jesus College; R. B. Hall, C. C. C.; E. Phillott, Scholar, Pembroke College; H. Johnson, Scholar, Wadham College; F. F. Langston, St. John's College; G. C. Bethune, Trinity College; E. Stewart, Oriel College; H. Polson, E. Knight, C. Rodd, A. Saunders, Exeter College; F. Bulley, Demy, Magdalen College.

CAMBRIDGE, Dec. 11th.—At a congregation on Wednesday last the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelors in Divinity.—Rev. R. Lowe, Rev. J. Evans, St. John's College, Compounder.

Masters of Arts.—J. Price, St. John's College; E. Sneyd, Christ College.

Licentiate in Physic.—W. G. Peene, Trinity College, Compounder.

Bachelors in Civil Law.—H. C. Jenner, J. B. Dacent, Trinity Hall.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

DAVIES GILBERT, Esq. in the chair.—The second part of Mr. Faraday's paper "on the manufacture of glass for optical purposes," was read. W. G. Meredith, Esq., M.A. of Oxford, and J. L. Knight, one of his Majesty's counsel, were proposed. On the table were placed Reports on M. Rifaud's Egyptian Collections; the sixteenth vol. of the Asiatic Researches; the new part of the Cambridge Philosophical Memoirs; Dr. Robinson's Armagh Astronomical Observations; the Fables of Pilpay, in Persian, lithographed for the Native Education Society, Bombay, presented by the East India Company; the new volume of the Turin Memoirs; eight Nos. of the National Portrait Gallery of Illustrious and Eminent Personages of the Nineteenth Century; and a variety of other works of literature and art.

The following is Mr. Lloyd's account of the

levellings carried on across the isthmus of Panama, to ascertain the relative height of the Pacific Ocean at Panama, and of the Atlantic at the mouth of the river Chagres; accompanied by geographical and topographical notices on the isthmus of Panama, mentioned in a recent No. of the *Literary Gazette*.

The author having received from General Bolivar a special commission to survey the isthmus of Panama, with the view of ascertaining the most eligible line of communication between the two seas, arrived at Panama in March, 1828. Here he was joined by Captain Fulmar, a Swedish officer of engineers in the Columbian service. Anxious to lose no time in the prosecution of their objects, they proceeded on the 5th of May to commence their operations; resolving not to be deterred by the difficulties likely to arise from the rainy season, which had just set in, from personal privations, and even from the dangers to which they might expose their health. Their line of survey commenced at Panama, and was continued along the old road to Porto Velo, till it came to the bed of the Chagres, a river which falls into the Gulf of Mexico. The greatest height passed over in this line was 633.33 feet above the level of high water at Panama. Their constitutions were now beginning to suffer from the continued exposure to rain; and they therefore determined, after building a secure station on the banks of the Chagres, to defer all future operations till the ensuing year, when the dry season should commence. On the 7th of February, 1829, they resumed their labours, carrying on their levels from a point of the river below their former station, and 152.55 feet above high-water mark at Panama, along the course of the river to a place distant about twelve miles from its mouth, called La Braja, where the water in dry seasons is very brackish, and from which there is no perceptible current to the sea.

The result of this survey fixes the mean height of the Pacific at Panama at 352 feet above the Atlantic at Chagres. Between the extremes of elevation and depression of the general tides in the Pacific at Panama, there is a difference of 27.44 feet; but the mean difference at the usual spring tides is 21.22. At Chagres this difference is only 1.16 feet, and is the same at all seasons of the year. Hence it follows, that at high water, the time of which is nearly the same on both sides of the isthmus, the Pacific is raised at mean tides 10.61 feet, and the Atlantic 0.58 feet, above their respective mean levels, giving to the former an elevation above the latter of 13.55 feet. At low water, both seas being below their respective mean levels, by the same quantities as before stated, the Pacific will be lower than the Atlantic by 6.51 feet; so that thus, in the course of every interval from one high tide to the succeeding one, the level of the Pacific is at first higher, then equal, and afterwards lower than the Atlantic; and then again passing back by the same steps in regaining its former elevation as the tide returns.

The great chain of mountains which extends from the Andes, in South America, to the Mexican and Rocky Mountains in North America, is not, as is generally supposed, absolutely continuous through the isthmus connecting these two continents; for the northern cordillera, on the eastern side of the province of Veragua, breaks into detached mountains of considerable height, having steep and rugged sides. To these succeed numerous conical mountains rising from plains and savannahs, and seldom exceeding from 300 to 500 feet in

height. Between Chagres on the Atlantic side, and Cherrera on the Pacific, the conical mountains are less numerous, and are separated by extensive plains, with only a few occasional insulated hills, of inferior extent and elevation. Thus it happens, that at the narrowest part of the isthmus a break occurs in the mountain chain, which, in almost every other part, is uninterrupted from its northern to its southern extremities; a circumstance which marks the spot peculiarly adapted for the establishment of a communication across. The author has laid down on his map two lines for a railroad, both commencing at a point near the junction of the river Trinidad with the Chagres, and crossing the intervening plain; the one to Cherrera, the other to Panama. The latter line, although the longer of the two, would have the advantage of terminating in a considerable city. The banks of the river Trinidad are represented by the author as being well suited for wharfs, especially in the neighbourhood of the spot he recommends as the commencement of the rail-road. But as the mouth of the Chagres is impeded by a bar, he suggests the expediency of forming a communication with the adjacent bay of Limon, which in its present state affords excellent anchorage, and which, by making certain improvements in it, pointed out in the paper, might, at a small expense, be rendered one of the most commodious and safe harbours in the world.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

LAST week, Mr. Hallam, V.P., in the chair.—The principal communication made to the Society was by Mr. Madden, of a journal which gave a partisan description of the state of Lincolnshire and adjacent parts during the short-lived effort of the Earl of Northumberland to place the crown of Henry VIII. on the head of Lady Jane Grey: and on Thursday last, Mr. Amyot in the chair—a paper by Mr. Crofton Croker was read, respecting some subterranean chambers on Mr. Cummins' farm at Garranes, in the South of Ireland; and which concluded by a letter from Mr. O'Callaghan Newhenham, giving an account of numerous chambers similarly constructed in the neighbourhood of Fermoy. The continuation of Mr. Madden's paper was also read.

LONDON PHRENOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE President in the chair.—A review, by Dr. Epps, of an article on Phrenology in the eighth No. of the *Foreign Review*, was read. Casts of the heads of Burke and Hare were laid upon the table, in order to controvert the assertions made in the late pamphlet of Mr. Stone; and Dr. Wright pointed out to the visitors the accordance of the development of the heads of these notorious criminals with their well-known characters.

THE PHARAOHS.

(Second Portion of the Chronological Essay.)

II. A NECESSARY consequence of the eighteenth family following the Exode, instead of preceding that event, is, that some of the succeeding dynasties to the twenty-fifth, or Ethiopian, which conquered all Egypt, were collateral; because if the chronology be depressed three or four centuries, there could not possibly be room for the successive periods. Accordingly, we learn, from the seventh, twelfth, and thirteenth letters of M. Champollion, (see *Literary Gazette* of Feb. 28, Sept. 12, Oct. 24, and Nov. 7,) that the tombs in the Theban Necropolis belong altogether to the princes of the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth, or three

last Diospolite families. But if the twenty-first, twenty-second, twenty-third, and twenty-fourth Lower Egyptian families, consisting of Tanites, Bubastites, and one Saite, succeeded the former at Thebes, how happens it that not a single tomb belonging to any of them appears? It follows, that they never reigned at Thebes; but in Lower Egypt, contemporary with the Diospolite dynasties (1). Thus, as the monuments, by excluding the Israelites, sink the eighteenth dynasty, in harmony with ancient history, they render the whole consistent by the last-mentioned result, which, too, is confirmed by history sacred and profane.

Manetho tells us that Bocchoris of the twenty-fourth dynasty was slain by Sabbacon of the twenty-fifth. Herodotus supplies from the Egyptian priests a line of princes between Sesostris and Anyasis, who was also conquered by Sabbacon: these, however, do not appear in Manetho. But it has been seen above, that the twentieth, or last Diospolite family descends to the Ethiopian invasion; and all that we learn from the Egyptian annalist concerning this line is, that it consisted of twelve princes, reigning 135 years, according to the copy of Africanus; or 178 if we rely on Eusebius. No names are given. It follows, that the line of Herodotus, ending with Anyasis, belongs to this dynasty. Thus the twentieth family, ending with Anyasis, and the twenty-fourth with Bocchoris, both terminated on Sabbacon's invasion in the year B.C. 720; computing the last seven dynasties upwards from the Macedonian conquest.

The sum of the periods of the twenty-first, twenty-second, twenty-third, and twenty-fourth dynasties, is 345 years in the most ancient copy of Africanus, while that of the nineteenth and twentieth Diospolite families is 344,—the difference one year. Hence the division of Egypt into two kingdoms appears to have happened on the termination of the great eighteenth family in the eleventh century B.C. (2), and to this division Manetho seems to allude when he speaks of the revolt of Armais, the brother of Ramesses, commonly called Sesostris. His application of the history of Armais to the Argive Danaus, is a metachronism of the same nature with that of the priests in the time of Herodotus, who referred the Pyramids to the twentieth dynasty, whereas these monuments speak for themselves,—that they are of an age long preceding any of the sculptured monuments;—in harmony with Manetho, who refers them to the first ages of Egyptian history, (see Dyn. 4 and 6,) and Josephus, who refers them to the time of the Jewish bondage. The Cetes, or Proteus, of Herodotus and Diodorus seems identified with the Thuoris of Manetho, the last prince of the nineteenth family, from the events of the Trojan war being by the priests erroneously placed in the reign of either. Between Proteus and Sabbacon, Herodotus names six kings only, but Diodorus adds Nilus, and five nameless princes, between the Rhampsinus and Cheops of the former. This makes the twelve reigns of the twentieth dynasty of Manetho. That there was more than one kingdom in Egypt at the commencement of the ninth century before the Christian era, is rendered indisputable by 2d Kings, vii. 6. (3).

That Manetho's earliest copyist, Josephus, understood the Diospolite and Lower Egyptian dynasties as reigning collaterally, is unquestionable. According to this writer's chronological system, the 600 years of the eighteenth and nineteenth families measured the interval between the Exode and the finishing of Solomon's temple, about which time the twentieth

consequently originated. He supposed the Nitocris (by him called Nicanle) and Sesostris of Herodotus, to be the same with the Queen of Sheba and Shishak of Scripture,—the contemporaries of Solomon and Rehoboam. It follows, that the Jewish historian referred the whole catalogue of Herodotus from Nitocris to Anyasis, to the twentieth dynasty of Manetho, which therefore ended with the conquest of Anyasis by Sabbacon, as above. His protracted system of time accounts for Sesostris being here included in the twentieth family, rather than the nineteenth. In fact, the system of making all the dynasties after the eighteenth in successive order, appears to have originated with Africanus, who, by raising the departure of the Jews to the year B.C. 1706, found it necessary to stretch Manetho's chronology, in order to preserve the established synchronisms; and he was in this followed by succeeding chronologists. This will, perhaps, account for the kings of the twentieth family being omitted in all the copies, because their connexion with the Ethiopian dynasty would at once have detected the corruption (4). The same view will account for Syncellus having omitted the last fifty-three reigns of the Theban Laterculus of Eratosthenes.

Hence our inference from the silence of the inscriptions of the eighteenth dynasty regarding the Jews, and from the absence of any tombs belonging to the twenty-first, twenty-second, twenty-third, and twenty-fourth dynasties from the Theban Necropolis, are confirmed by the voice of all antiquity, and we are warranted in rejecting the Usurian theory; which, sanctioned as it is by general reception among the learned, it might, without such evidence, appear presumption to question.

Thus as the important researches of M. Champollion (5) and our other learned hieroglyphmatists, by laying open the original sources of the Egyptian records (vide Syncel. p. 40), not only vindicate the testimony of Manetho and of his earliest copyists, but enable us to proceed with certainty towards solving the enigma of his chronological system, and in comparing those records with the annals of Inspiration. The dates and synchronisms which result from the foregoing view of the reciprocal bearing of historical and monumental evidence will form the subject of a future paper.

The following table exhibits the eras of the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties, with their relation to that of the Exode, according to Manetho's five copyists. The dates in the Usurian system, as altered by M. Champollion-Figeac, are added. It will be seen that the latter are raised higher than sanctioned by any ancient authority, in order to accommodate the last reign of the eighteenth family to the departure of the Jews. This was effected by partly following Africanus and partly Eusebius in the periods of the dynasties. It is, however, plain, that if the authority of either chronographer is good for any part, it is equally good for the rest, and that there can be no hesitation in choosing between the ancient copy of Africanus (corrected by that of Josephus, so far as it goes) and the mutilated one of Eusebius. It is, moreover, evident from the epochs of the nineteenth family, according to both Josephus and Theophilus, that neither of them understood the following dynasties as all in consecutive order. This adds further confirmation to our inferences, by fixing the origin of the consecutive theory on Africanus.

Century.	Copyists.	Exod.	XVIII. D.	XIX. D.	XX. D.
I.	Josephus, B.C.	1680	1680	1367	wanting
II.	Theophilus	1608	1608	1292	wanting
III.	Africanus	1796	1686	1423	1214
IV.	Eusebius	1511	1723	1375	1181
VIII.	Synceilus	1686	1769	1368	dubious
XIX.	Champollion	1490	1822	1473	1379

It should be noted, that Julius Africanus, (the first writer who methodically synchronised sacred and profane history,) although he inclined to the general opinion that the Jews left Egypt at the commencement of the eighteenth dynasty, found, on comparing the Hebrew and Egyptian annals, that this family originated considerably lower down, and so stated it in his Chronicon.

Generally speaking, it will be found that, if 400 years be deducted from each of M. Champollion's dates in the times of the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth dynasties, the results will be very near the truth. The dynasties from the twenty-first to the thirty-first, inclusive, being all consecutive, little correction will be requisite.

Notes to the References in the Text.

(1) How would such evidence as this have delighted Sir John Marsham!—the first in modern times who advanced the theory of contemporary dynasties, although well known to the ancients. His system, however, differs considerably from the present results.

(2) The priests informed Herodotus, that from Sesostris to Sethon there elapsed eleven generations, at three to a century, which amounts to 366 years; and that from the death of Moeris, (the fifth king of the eighteenth dynasty,) till Herodotus visited Egypt, the term was 900 years. But ascending 900 years from the fifth century B.C., and 366 from the seventh, we obtain the ages of Moeris and Sesostris, resulting from the above historical and monumental coincidences. This rough calculation of the father of history is particularly valuable on account of its consistency.

(3) The circumstance of the Bubastite princes of the twenty-second dynasty having assisted in the building of the palace of Karnac, and in working the quarries of Silsilis, (see Champollion's Letters, VII. and XII.) may, perhaps, be urged against their exclusion from the Theban succession, and the theory of contemporary dynasties. But the historical and monumental evidence for both is so conclusive, that the above could only have resulted from alliance or conquest. Indeed the circumstance itself proves the synchronism; for, according to the consecutive system of Champollion, the Theban buildings erected by the kings of the eighteenth and nineteenth families remained at a stand; and the quarries of Silsilis, whence they obtained their materials, were unworked during the latter part of the nineteenth, and the dark ages of the twentieth and twenty-first dynasties, till Sesonchis, the first of the Bubastite princes, resumed both,—the interval being nearly four centuries. This carries improbability on the face of it; whereas, according to the foregoing results, the operations of the Bubastites follow those of Sesostris, and his son Ramesses VII., in natural order.

It appears from Champollion's twelfth letter, (vide *Lit. Gaz.* Sept. 19,) that the inscriptions of the great speos of Silsilis come no lower than Amenophis, the third prince of the nineteenth family, who, we learn from Manetho, was driven from his throne during thirteen years, by a revolt of the people employed in the quarries, in alliance with the Shepherds.

(*Jos. contr. Apion*, lib. i.) Here, then, the suspension of the great operations of Egyptian architecture seems historically accounted for; and we should, perhaps, not much err in attributing the prodigious labour necessary to the edifices of the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties to the remains of the Shepherds, reduced to a state of slavery by King Amoris and his successors. It is certain that, with their final expulsion by the last Amenophis and his son Ramesses, those labours ceased;—that is, if we adhere to the contemporary theory indicated by the monuments, and confirmed by history. We know the Israelites were thus employed.

(4) Should Champollion succeed in restoring the twentieth dynasty from the monuments, there will no longer be any doubt on this question. But this can hardly be hoped for; as, if we credit the Greek historians, it was an age of oppression and darkness; and Proteus, and his successors to Anysis, reigned not at Thebes, the great source of lithographic history, but at Memphis.

(5) It is important to remark, that the general truth and candour of this gentleman's translations is demonstrated by their consistency, and by the fact of the chronological results being, in most cases, diametrically opposed to his pre-adopted system. The whole, moreover, operates as an unanswerable test for the validity of his and Dr. Young's method of interpreting the hieroglyphics.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Panorama of the Thames from London to Richmond, exhibiting every object on both Banks of the River, with a concise Description of the most remarkable Places, and a general View of London. S. Leigh.

THIS is really a very clever and entertaining publication, and makes us long for the approach of that delightful season when, seated on the deck of the "Diana," with Mr. Leigh's panoramic plan on our knees, we may, as we glide along the silver Thames, become still more intimately and accurately acquainted with the various natural and artificial beauties by which its banks are embellished, and on which no one can gaze without pleasure. The panorama is, when extended, about sixty feet in length; but it folds up into a portable and handsome case. "The scenery," the artist observes, "is represented as it would appear to the spectator passing up the centre of the river; by this mode every object is distinctly seen, which would not have been the case had the view been drawn in perspective; thus, what is lost in picturesque effect is gained in minuteness of detail. It is hoped that every person living on the banks of the river will be able to discover his own residence without the least difficulty." Forming a very suitable introduction to the panoramic view of the River, there is a general view of London, taken from an elevated situation in the Adelphi, "which," it is justly remarked, "commands a larger portion of the metropolis, and more interesting objects, than can be seen from any other spot." The whole is accompanied by a typographical description; brief, but comprehending much useful information. We could not help smiling, however, at the following passage respecting Barnes Terrace:—"It is embellished with several pleasant villas, amongst which is that in which the Count and Countess d'Antraigues were murdered by their Italian footman, a few years back." In conclusion, we repeat that this is a very clever

and entertaining publication; we have no doubt that it will be a popular one; and we think it would be worth Mr. Leigh's while to prepare a similar panorama of the Thames from London to Gravesend.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE SIREN.

Mortal.

GIVE me the cup so fair and bright,
For my heart is heavy now;
Let my spirit grow eager and light,
And, Siren, I'll pledge my vow.
Give me the cup by men accursed,
Give, Siren, unto me!
And I'll drink with a pilgrim's thirst,
Till my soul transported be.

Siren.

Haste, Mortal! haste the pledge to share—
What draught will charm so well,
When thought is an active care,
When life is a broken spell?

Mortal.

Wake, Siren, wake that thrilling strain,
Begin that melting air,
Which winning beauty loves to feign,
Yet still a mermaid's snare.
Oh, wreathe that soft beguiling lay,
The chain of song entwine;
My heart no more resists thy sway—
Now, Siren, I am thine!

Siren.

Haste, Mortal, haste the bliss to share,
For sweet is beauty's shell,
When thought is an active care—
When life is a broken spell.

Mortal.

They say there's madness in the cup—
Destruction in the song;
But oft with tears I've fill'd it up—
I've sorrowed too long.
And now thy wizard bowl I'll quaff,
I'll list thy witching strain;
Nor vain shall be the joyous laugh,
Nor beauty's song be vain.

Siren.

Haste, Mortal, haste the pledge to share—
What power will serve so well,
When thought is an active care,
When life is a broken spell?

Nov. 27th, 1839.

W. G. H.

DRAMA.

OUR theatres have given us nothing new to criticise this week. Kean, though keened in Ireland, has revived at Drury-Lane; Miss F. Kemble enlarges and secures her conquest over popular opinion at Covent-Garden; and the Elephant goes on most swimmingly at the Adelphi.

NEWGATE.—A piece has been brought out at the Théâtre de la Gaité, at Paris, under the name of "Newgate." The plot is briefly as follows:—Three convicts are condemned to the hulks. When there, two of them devote themselves to the acquisition of every criminal accomplishment; the third repents, and, having contrived to escape, engages, under a feigned name, in an honest employment. Unfortunately, his companions soon after escape also, and discover his abode. He is compelled to receive them, and they threaten to betray him unless he will become their accomplice. In vain does he struggle with these horrible friends; they draw him into their schemes, and eventually a more severe punishment falls on the whole party. The French papers say, that in the progress of this piece the dissolute manners of the criminal and abandoned classes

of the community, are painted with so much force and sprightliness, that the effect is calculated to be very injurious to public morals.

VARIETIES.

Monotîmes.—Mr. Robert Grant, professor of comparative anatomy in London, in a letter to the Paris Royal Academy, has, it is said, removed all the difficulties that have been experienced in the classification of the group of *monotîmes*,—a name given by M. Geoffroy to a class of animals which rank between mammiferous animals, birds, and reptiles. Mr. Grant decides that these *monotîmes* cannot fairly be classed among the four classes of vertebrated animals.

Music.—We observe, by the Leicester Chronicle, that a Mr. Wilson (a native of Edinburgh, we believe, and a pupil of Crevelli's) has been making a great impression on the connoisseurs at the concerts in that town. He is a very delightful tenor; and, from what we have ourselves heard, is likely to be a most desirable acquisition to the musical and dramatic world, in which so few really fine voices of that quality are to be found. He has also cultivated the Italian with complete success under his accomplished master.

The Death of Nelson, by West.—The raffle-list for this celebrated picture (bequeathed by the late President R.A. to his grand-daughter) is, we are glad to see, filling up fast: the tickets are five guineas, and the prize is to be determined so soon as three hundred subscribers are obtained.

Literary Prize.—The "Revue de Paris" has offered a prize of two thousand francs for the best dissertation in prose on the following question: "What has been the influence of the representative government, for the last fifteen years, in France, on our literature and on our manners?" The dissertations are to be addressed, before the 1st of March, 1830, to the office of the "Revue de Paris," inscribed with an epigraph, and accompanied by a sealed note inscribed with the same epigraph, and containing the name of the author.

Eclectic Society.—The Duke of Gloucester has accepted the office of Patron to this Society; which we noticed in a recent No. of our *Gazette*.

Silk.—A specimen of silk, obtained from worms reared at Lille in the years 1828 and 1829, has been exhibited at the Museum of Natural History in that city. These worms have been fed entirely on the leaves of the *sorsonera hispanica*, a plant common in every kitchen-garden in France, under the name of *salsifis*. Cattle eat it with avidity, and the milk of cows is both increased and improved by it. Accounts from the Cape of Good Hope also state, that the rearing of silk-worms is likely to become a profitable branch of industry in that colony. The silk produced there is of a very fine quality, and the worms thrive well in the open air.

Mount Ararat.—The *Gazette* of Tiflis announces, that Professor Parrot has at length succeeded in executing his courageous project, to attain the summit of Mount Ararat. Accompanied by a monk of Etchmiadine, mentioned in his preceding account, and by two villagers, he reached the summit at three o'clock in the afternoon, on the 9th of October last, and there set up a cross 5 feet high. By his astronomical observations he determined its elevation at 200 French feet above the level of the sea.

Hungerford Market.—We have on several

occasions called the attention of our readers to the plan which has, for the last three or four years, been in agitation for the revival and reconstruction of Hungerford Market. We are glad to observe that a provisional committee of highly respectable individuals has been formed, for the purpose of carrying forward the necessary preparatory measures. By that committee a prospectus has recently been issued, in which the great advantages that would accrue to the west end of the town from the re-establishment of the market in question, are specifically described. It appears from the estimates that the sum of 210,000*l.* will be amply sufficient for the attainment of the object in view. This sum it is proposed to raise in shares of 100*l.* each; and it is confidently presumed that the undertaking will yield a profitable return for the capital thus subscribed.

Census.—A Paris paper of Sunday last contains a curious calculation of the revenues of the population of France, divided into classes. The total amount is assumed to be 6,306,789,000 francs, and the number of the population 32,262,000; giving 198 francs 33 cents per head per annum, or 54 centimes and 6-10ths per day. This population is divided into ten classes; the first of which, consisting of 152,000 persons, receives 608,000,000, or an average of 10 francs 96 cents per day; and the table goes on gradually diminishing to the 9th class, consisting of 3,500,000 persons, who are said to receive 700,000,000, or an average of 55 cents each per day. The 10th, 11th, and 12th classes are put at 22,500,000; of which the first have, on an average, 41 cents per day; the second 33 cents, and the third 25 cents; so that 7,500,000 have only two-pence halfpenny per day English to subsist upon. This calculation, although probably in some degree imaginative, shews a frightful extent of human misery.

Russian Diamonds.—We have repeatedly given accounts in the *Literary Gazette* of the golden mines in the Ural Mountains, and, more recently, of the expedition of Baron Humboldt to explore this interesting region. It now appears that, among other discoveries, there is a great probability of diamonds being found to a considerable extent on the left side of the Ural; as Count von Potier, who accompanied the learned baron, obtained seven of these precious stones from the gold washing by mere children, at a place about 250 wersts from Perm. The whole district resembles the Brazil Mountains, so rich in gold and diamonds; and machines have been ordered to prosecute this investigation more completely.

Topography and Orthography.—One of the French journals talks fluently and repeatedly of the English settlement on the Iwan River, meaning thereby, we presume, the Swan River.

The Bones.—It is little more than twenty years since the existence of veins in the bones was ascertained. They were then for the first time discovered, furrowing the diploe, in the form of tubes with bony sides; and it was found, not without astonishment, that the blood was circulated through those veins without any concurrent action of their sides, but solely by the propulsion of the arterial blood into the veins, or by a kind of absorbing force inherent in the latter order of vessels. At that period, the veins in the flat bones of the skull, the shoulder, and the pelvis, and those of the principal long bones of the extremities, were alone discovered. M. Breschet, a French anatomist, has recently devoted his attention to the subject, and has traced the veins in the other parts of the osseous system: all the veins

of which are now, in consequence of his researches, as well known as the arteries, and perhaps better. M. Breschet has also investigated the character of the veins which connect the veins of the bones with the venous system generally. A highly favourable report of his labours, and of a work describing them, which is in the course of publication, has been made to the French Academy by a commission appointed to examine into the subject.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In Mr. Murray's new list of announcements we are attracted by some interesting works: for example—*Consolations in Travel*; or, the Last Days of a Philosopher, by Sir Humphry Davy. — A Memoir of the Life and Public Services of the late Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles. — The Book of Psalms, newly translated from the Hebrew, and with Explanatory Notes, by W. French, D.D. Master of Jesus College, Cambridge, and G. Skinner, M.A. Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge. — A Narrative of the Life and Adventures of Giovanni Finati, native of Ferrara, who, under the name of Mahomet, made the Campaign against the Wahabics, for the recovery of Mecca and Medina; and since acted as interpreter to European travellers in some of the parts least visited of Asia and Africa. — The Life of Julius Cæsar, by the Author of the *Life of Alexander the Great*. — On Financial Reform, by Sir Henry Parnell. — The Kirby Letters; a Family Tour from Yorkshire to Pensance. — Principles of Geology, by C. Lyell, F.R.S. — and the Life of Sir Humphry Davy, comprising a great part of his early Correspondence, by Dr. Paris.

A monthly publication is about to appear at Perth, under the title of the Perth Miscellany of Literature, Agriculture, Gardening, and Local Intelligence. The plan seems to be much approved of.

The Rev. Hobart Caunter is preparing for publication a poem entitled the Island Bride, with an illustration by Martin.

In the Press. — Anecdotal Reminiscences of distinguished Literary and Political Characters, with Autographs, by Mr. Leigh Cliffe. — Literary Recollections and Biographical Sketches, by the Rev. R. Warner, F.A.S.L. — Folio Illustrations of Indian Zoology, from the Collection of Major-General Hardwicke, selected and arranged by S. E. Gray. — The Poetry of the Magyars, with an Account of the Language and Literature of Hungary and Transylvania, by Dr. Bowring.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Bishop of London's Sermons at St. Botolph's, 8vo. 12s. 6d. — The Oracle of Health, &c., by Medicus, 12mo. 6s. 6d. — Thoughts on Laughter, 12mo. 2s. 6d. — New Scheme of Evangelical Religion, 12mo. 2s. 6d. — Summary and Index to Herodotus, 12mo. 8s.; 8vo. 10s. 6d. — Bland's Annotations on St. Mark, 8vo. 6s. 6d. — Thoughts on Anthropomorphism, by Sylvanus, post 8vo. 4s. 6d. — Murray on Atmospheric Electricity, post 8vo. 6s. 6d.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1829.

	Thermometer.	Barometer.
December.		
Thursday .. 10	From 25. to 37.	30.08 to 30.06
Friday .. 11	22. — 39.	30.06 Stationary
Saturday .. 12	25. — 44.	30.09 Stationary
Sunday .. 13	32. — 48.	30.14 to 30.09
Monday .. 14	25. — 37.	30.20 — 30.26
Tuesday .. 15	24. — 39.	30.24 Stationary
Wednesday 16	28. — 38.	30.18 to 30.18

Wind variable, prevailing S.
Generally cloudy, and at times foggy.
Rain fallen, .15 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Latitude..... 51° 37' 39" N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * * After next week, in order to avoid offence against the Stamp Acts, we must beg our friends who desire to have Literary Announcements inserted, to arrange the matter with our Publisher or his clerk. The Commissioners of Stamps having liberally permitted us to conclude the volume for the present year in the same manner in which it was commenced—however much we are inclined to promote, gratuitously, the interests of literature, it is both our pleasure and our duty, sedulously to attend to their interpretation of the Revenue Acts.

There has been, and is, really so much humbug in book-manufacturing, that we cannot remember all the tricks that have come to our knowledge. D...., and our readers generally, therefore, will, we trust, excuse us for having forgotten, when we last week noticed the "Court of Louis the XVIII., by a Lady," that we had ourselves some months ago let out the secret that it was the production of three young Frenchmen.

To James W.: Moir, we believe.
H. J. R.'s poem is too long for us. The rhythm of C. T. E. is too irregular. We cannot say that we partake of the sensibility which dictated the elephant's appeal. If this "half-reasoning brute" were restored to her native Siamese woods, she must fall an immediate sacrifice to her fellow-animals in their wild state, or to starvation.

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No. 675.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1829.

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TO OUR READERS.

AMONG friends there is little need of protestations or assurances, and therefore, though custom almost demands a few words at this season of the year, we shall very briefly say what we have to say to our friendly Readers. Encouraged by their unceasing and increasing support, we have omitted no exertion to render the LITERARY GAZETTE as general and perfect an epitome of the Literature, Science, and Fine Arts of the time as its limits would possibly allow: and we are free to affirm that it does form a more complete compendium of these important matters than any periodical that ever issued from the press. In other respects, we have only to repeat, that a single line never gained admittance to its columns through partiality; that it has neither courted favour by flattery to the measure of individual expectations, nor feared to incur displeasure by honest strictures. Having by such means obtained the public confidence, is the best guarantee that it will, by a steady adherence to the same principles, continue to deserve it.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Royal Naval Biography; or, Memoirs of the Services of all the Flag Officers, &c. &c. whose Names appeared on the Admiralty List at the commencement of 1823. By John Marshall, Lieut. R.N. Supplement, Part 3. 8vo. pp. 414. London, 1829. Longman and Co.

PURSUING his interesting researches with great diligence and attention, Lieutenant Marshall has here added another excellent volume to his records of our naval heroes. The exploits of a number of gallant officers, together with the official dates of their promotions, and the despatches which detail their particular services, are related with brevity and perspicacity; and the whole interspersed with observations and anecdotes, which relieve the dryness of circumstantial particulars, and recommend the work to popularity, on account of the entertainment it affords, as well as to regard as a book of reference. Having given it this general character, we shall extract a few passages to illustrate our opinion. The following is a striking anecdote of the extent to which our sailors carried daring during the late war.

"Captain Peyton was posted into the Minstrel of twenty guns, Sept. 26, 1811; from which period he appears to have been employed on the coasts of Valencia and Catalonia until nearly the end of the war. On the 10th Aug. 1812, Captain Peyton observed three French privateers lying under the protection of the strong fortress of Benidorm, between Alicante and Cape St. Martin. Finding that their place of rendezvous was discovered, two of them hauled ashore, landed six of their guns, and erected a battery on the beach, which was manned by their joint crews, amounting to eighty men, chiefly Genoese: under these circumstances, he could do no more than prevent their escape. On the night of Aug. 12, a cutter was sent to row guard near the shore, under the command of Mr. Michael Dwyer, a gentleman who had been made a lieutenant

nearly five months before, but was still ignorant of his promotion. This young officer considered, that if he could take the privateers' battery, he might be able to capture, and bring out the vessel, which still continued afloat. With this view he had questioned some Spaniards who came from the town, and they all agreed in stating that the enemy had retreated, leaving only thirty men in the battery, and twenty in the castle. Greatly as the force in the battery, even according to this information, exceeded his own, he relied upon the courage and steadiness of his boat's-crew, only seven in number, determined upon the attempt, and accordingly landed, at 9^h 30^m p.m., about three miles to the westward of the town. The moment his gallant little band began to advance, they were challenged by a French sentinel: Mr. Dwyer answered in Spanish, that they were peasants; and they continued their march till they reached the battery, which was instantly attacked, and, after a smart struggle, carried, although the whole of the privateers' men were there to defend it. A few minutes only elapsed before the British boat's-crew found themselves surrounded by 200 French soldiers, against whom they defended themselves, till one of the heroes was killed, another severely wounded, and Mr. Dwyer himself shot through the shoulder: even then, how little intention they had of surrendering may be collected from the following anecdote:—'The man who had been wounded, who had lost his right eye, on recovering from his stupefaction, deliberately took a handkerchief from his neck, and binding it over the wound, said, 'Though I have lost one eye, I have still another left, and I'll fight till I lose that too. I hope, Mr. Dwyer, you will never surrender.' But their ammunition was now exhausted, and the enemy, emboldened by the cessation of their fire, rushed down upon them with their bayonets. Mr. Dwyer was too weak, from the loss of blood, to sustain a fight hand-to-hand; he and his men were borne down by such overwhelming numbers, and the enemy were soon in unresisted possession of the battery. In this assault, Mr. Dwyer received no less than seventeen bayonet wounds; and all his men, except one, were likewise most severely wounded. The admiration of the enemy at their invincible courage was without measure; the treatment they experienced from them was rather like that of grateful men to benefactors who have suffered for their sakes, than that of enemies to those who have fallen into their power. When they were conveyed to the head-quarters of the French general, Mons. Goudin, the same benevolence and solicitude, in acknowledgment of their bravery, were shewn to them by that officer and his suite. It was forgotten, in this instance, that men taken in war are prisoners: permission was given them to return to their ship, and the general sent an invitation to Captain Peyton to visit him on shore, that he might in person restore them, and congratulate him on having such brave men under his command. The invita-

tion was given with candour, and accepted with confidence. Captain Peyton dined with General Goudin, and remained on shore several hours."

The following anecdotes of Captain G. E. Watts, Lord George Stuart, and the Duke of Brunswick, are curious.

"Our narrative of the circumstances which led to the attack of the French troops in Hanover is contained in a letter from Captain Watts to one of his private correspondents. 'Captain Goate, assisted by myself, as already stated, having expelled the French force from Cuxhaven and Ritzbottle, was superseded shortly after in the command of the squadron by Lord George Stuart; and we have, under his lordship's auspices, just performed an exploit with that promptitude and decision which exalt English sailors in the estimation of the world, and which will, if I mistake not, form one of the adornments of our naval annals. The circumstances which preceded and finally led to this enterprise, as respects both Lord George Stuart and myself, are in themselves so interesting and peculiar, and it may be added ludicrous, that I cannot forego the gratification of fully detailing them. Gallantry in 'love and war,' in 'lady's bower and tented field,' are with the warrior one and indivisible. So sang the immortal troubadours, those chroniclers of the 'deeds of days of other years.' We had obtained the ascendancy over our rivals in the one, and it therefore became incumbent on us to equal or surpass them in the other. Amongst the number of those whose smiles proved magnetic, were the pretty Miss S. and her companion Miss N. Lord George and myself had just paid them a morning visit. The window of their drawing-room overlooked the main street of Ritzbottle; and while diligently employed in playing the agreeable, I by chance looked out, and was surprised by the sudden appearance of two mounted dragoons, with drawn sabres, dashing down the street, closely followed by others. Accosting Lord George, who was busily engaged in conversation with Miss S., I asked, 'Where have those German dragoons come from?' He did not notice the question, and I repeated it. He then turned to look; and his eye glancing on the lengthening column, the truth flashed on his mind. He sprang on his feet, vehemently exclaiming, 'We are surprised—the French are in the town, and we are all taken.' More appalling words never saluted my ears; nor was a delightful *tête-à-tête* ever more abruptly or disagreeably interrupted. We sought instant safety in flight: he one way, I another. My route lay through the garden, terminated by a palisade, which I mounted, and then leaped on what I took to be dry ground, but which proved to be a stagnant ditch, the water of which, evaporated by the summer heat, had left a residuum, which for consistence and odour might be likened to the most unutterable of abominations. I was absolutely so *enfoncé* as to be in danger of suffocation; but by dint of immense exertion I at length suc-

ceeded, by the aid of the luxuriant corn which grew on the banks, in extricating myself from this vilest of durances; and creeping forward, I lay down in the midst of the field, listening to the clattering of the horses' hoofs as they rang on the pavement; to the shouts of the assailants; and the scattered fire of their carbines and pistols, discharged in exchange for the fire of our outposts. To describe the train of disagreeable thought, nay of miserable feeling, which occupied my mind at this moment, is quite impossible. A more rapid moral transition from pleasure to pain, from happiness to misery, cannot be imagined. Instead of my day-dreams of victory, of glory, and promotion, Verdun, or Valenciennes, with its dungeon, and a lengthened imprisonment, appeared in withering and close perspective. Between me and my brig, whose flag I saw gallantly waving over the waters of the Elbe, at the distance of 2000 yards, was interposed, for aught that I knew, an entire French *corps d'armée*. It was indeed a blighting sight; and in the bitterness of the moment I was not only tempted to curse my own folly, but to anathematise all womankind, who had thus seduced me from my own element, and my own quarter-deck, on which I ought to have been standing, free and independent. In the midst of this bitter reverie the noise subsided, and the firing ceased. I ventured to look around me. All appeared tranquil. I became somewhat re-assured; and seeing two men in an adjoining field, I ventured to approach them. They gave me a plank to cross a stream. I asked by signs, and in English turned topsyturvy (which makes no bad German), what road the enemy had taken? They motioned that they had retreated, and demanded money from me at the same instant. Impressed by the belief that if we really were masters of the place, the men would not have had the hardihood to do this, I instantly made off, intending to skirt the town and gain the landing-place. In passing, I heard sounds which I thought familiar. I approached one of the lanes which traverse the main street, and there beheld!—conceive the emotion, if you can, with which I beheld!—our own dear, delightful, eccentric, and gallant Jacks, armed with pike, cutlass, and pistol, going it through the town, with all the celerity and animation of a fox-chase, in full cry,—“Forward, my boys!” “Have at the French rascals!” “D—n their eyes, we'll work them for this!” “And so we will, my brave lads,” I cried exultingly, bursting into the midst of them, and joining heart and soul in the enlivening chorus. My transport on this unexpected deliverance was only inferior to that of the reprieved criminal with the halter round his neck, and forcibly assured me how true it is, that perfectly to enjoy, we must first suffer. To account for this sudden transformation in the state of my affairs, few words will suffice. Intelligence of the enemy's entrance had quickly reached the squadron, together with the news that Lord George Stuart and Capt. Watts were taken prisoners. All the boats were instantly manned and armed, and a force of 300 seamen and marines landed for their rescue, whom Lord George had the pleasure of meeting at the landing place. His lordship, in his first flight, was accompanied up stairs by the pretty Miss S., who first suggested an asylum up the chimney, then under her bed, and finally in her bed. King Charles the Second, of amorous memory, often declared, that when in the midst of the oak, he “would not have kissed the bonniest lass in a Christendom;” and so, in like manner, had Miss S.,

all lovely as she was, offered to be his lordship's bed companion, at this critical moment, I verily believe he would have declined the overture. He made a better election; for, happening to observe a burgher's dress in one of the rooms, he put it on, sallied forth at the back door, and reached the landing place just in time to put himself at the head of his men, whom he was leading in pursuit when I joined, and cordially shook him by the hand. It would be difficult to say, whether his joy at our escape, or his merriment at my appearance, was the greatest. An hour before, I had been the meet inmate of a lady's boudoir; and now, covered from head to foot with filth and mire, I was untouchable, nay almost unapproachable, by any human being. Even Jack himself, with all his deference for his commander, was constrained to chuckle at the grotesqueness of my appearance. Heartily did I join in the laugh, merrily observing, that my condition was a fine illustration of the truism, that “from the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step!” “But what say you, my lord,” I added, “to our giving a practical commentary upon it to those fellows?”—pointing to the enemy's cavalry, about sixty in number, whom we saw drawn up on an eminence a few miles off. The proposition was hardly uttered, when it was assented to; Lord George observing, “I was just about to ask your opinion upon that point.” A halt was made, provisions were sent for, and then off we started in pursuit, determined, if possible, to serve out to our opponents a double portion of their own measure; and pretty well we executed our mission. . . . At daylight we all but caught every rogue of them napping: twenty minutes sooner, and the entire body, of both cavalry and infantry, would have been surprised in their cantonments: as it was, we sent them scampering, like the herd of swine filled with devils, in treble-quick time. It was my lucky lot to bear the most prominent part in the affair. With my own hands I struck the flag in the battery, after giving them a most glorious peppering in our advance, and subsequently by unspiking their guns, and bringing them to bear upon them in their retreat. We captured Mons. Le Murche, the leader of the detachment, and his gallant charger; and, in twenty-eight hours, from the commencement of these detailed events, I was, in spite of a severe wound, gaily and triumphantly prancing on that very pavement, and on that identical horse, which, with its rider, now my prisoner, had placed me in such jeopardy, and filled me with such consternation.”

In another letter to his friend, Captain Watts says—“It may with truth be asserted, that a more fortunate measure than our attack upon the enemy at Gessendorf, was never decided on. We have just assisted in rescuing the gallant Duke of Brunswick, with his corps of about 1800 men, from the most perilous condition. Excluded by Buonaparte from the terms of his late treaty with Austria, with which he had been acting as a partisan, he determined, rather than tamely submit to the despot, to attempt his retreat from the very heart of Germany, surrounded by enemies. In pursuance of this determination, he was forced to fight a battle every day, in one of which he captured 1200 prisoners: he stormed two towns which barred his progress; laid Leipzig itself under contribution; and finally arrived, closely pursued, on the banks of the Weser, four days after our defeat and dispersion of the enemy. By the flight of their armed vessels, and the destruction of their

battery, the river, upon which he embarked his men in small coasters, was left open, and he, by these means, made his way down to us, without further hindrance or molestation.”

We have only room for one more extract of this highly interesting correspondence. “When I got on board the *Mosquito*, I was told by Captain Goate, that the Duke had just arrived, and that he would introduce me to him, adding, ‘See, here he comes!’ ‘What?’ I asked, in unfeigned astonishment, ‘can that be the Duke of Brunswick?’ looking at a slight advancing figure, about five feet five inches high, with a sun-burnt countenance and light moustaches. He had a small foraging cap on his head, which, on my being introduced to him, he most courteously doffed. He was without his black jacket (the costume of his corps), his waistcoat thrown open, shirt-collar loose, throat bare, and wrists unbuttoned; presenting altogether a figure so unheroic, that I took him for one of the humblest of his followers. Having conversed in French with him for a short time, he expressed a wish to repose himself. Captain Goate naturally offered to escort him to his cabin; but this he declined. Simply asking for a flag, in which he enveloped himself, he lay down on the deck, between two guns, with his cap for a pillow upon one of the quoins. Perhaps no individual since the days of Swedish Charles ever endeared himself so greatly by his simplicity of manner, and rigid self-denial, as this gallant and persevering prince. Practising every abstinence, exposing himself to every hardship, braving every danger, and participating in every triumph, he is idolised by his followers, all of whom speak of him with rapture and enthusiasm.”

Our next extract exhibits the exploits of Capt. Coghlan, commonly called “Intrepid Jerry,” and which his introduction into the navy seems well to justify. The *Dutton East Indianman* was wrecked in 1796.

“During the height of the storm, and before boats of any description could venture out to her assistance, Mr. Coghlan, then scarcely sixteen years of age, plunged into the sea with a rope tied round his body, and succeeded in catching hold of two men, whom he conducted safely to the shore. After saving several lives in a similar manner, and at the imminent risk of being himself beaten to pieces against the rocks, Mr. Coghlan's strength failed him,—but not so his spirit. Perceiving that the wind had in some measure decreased, he then hastened to the Barbican at Plymouth, obtained a boat, with several volunteers, and instantly proceeded to the wreck, from whence many persons were taken, and conveyed to different pilot vessels which had begun to approach the citadel. It is supposed that, by Mr. Coghlan's exertions on this occasion, not less than fifty men were rescued from a watery grave, before a single boat from any of the men-of-war dared venture to his assistance,—so terrible was the state of the weather. Mr. Coghlan's heroic behaviour was fortunately witnessed by Sir Edward Pellew, now Viscount Exmouth, who soon afterwards offered him his patronage if he would consent to enter the navy.”

In 1800 he was a lieutenant. At the commencement of an action with a French ship, its commander, Mons. Pointe, hailed le Renard (commanded by our hero) and ordered her to ‘strike;’ upon hearing which Captain Coghlan took his trumpet, and coolly replied, “Ay! I'll strike, and d—d hard too, my lad, directly;” and amply fulfilled his promise.

“On the 11th Oct. following, Capt. Coghlan

captured la Bellone, privateer, of four guns and fifty men; and on the 28th May, 1806, la Diligente, a national brig, hauled down her colours to le Renard, without attempting the least resistance, although mounting fourteen long 6-pounders and two brass 36-pounder carronades, with a complement of 125 men. When taken on board le Renard, the French commander, Mons. Vincent Thévenard, was struck with the smallness of that vessel, and, with much *sang froid*, he requested permission to return to his late brig, that he might try his skill in fight; which, of course, Captain Coghlan laughed at. He then, with equal gravity, solicited a certificate, stating that he had not acted cowardly. Captain Coghlan replied—'No, I cannot do that; but I will give you one that shall specify you have acted prudently!'

With this characteristic touch we must cast anchor, though not without the intention of another sail with our friend Lieut. Marshall.

Recollections of Travels in the East, forming a Continuation of Letters from the East. By John Carne, Esq. Post 8vo. pp. 348. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

THE Letters from the East, to which this volume is a sequel, were justly popular; for the author is not only an amiable, but an intelligent man, one who has seen a good deal of various countries, and a very pleasing writer. The new proof of his capacity and talent now before us consists of recollections of Syrian and Egyptian travel. He has visited the hill country of Juda, Tiberias, Galilee, the Jordan, Ajalon, and many a sacred spot; and, as it seems, partly from his own observations, and partly from what he has heard from others, produced the work to which we now wish to direct public attention. Not so eloquent as Chateaubriand, there is much grace in Mr. Carne's sketches; and, throughout the whole, a gentle and good feeling, which renders his book very agreeable. We begin our quotations with even an offensive scene at Mount Carmel, to show how these qualities prevail.

"It is one of the unhappy features of this land, that the richest feasts of the memory and fancy are often followed by the pressure of real evils. It was in vain to think of regaining our quarters on the sea-shore that night; we were at too great a distance: and we thought with regret of our comfortable quarters in the home of the Syrian, when we entered and looked around on the squalid hut, and its lawless inmates, where we were doomed to repose till morn. The cavern of the Kamschatdale had been quite as cleanly, and far more roomy, with the advantage also of a blazing fire, which we could not enjoy here. The night wind that entered through the open door was chill, and the rain now fell heavily without. We had wound our way, with some difficulty, in the dark, beside deep pools of water and pits on each side, ere we entered the hut, the only habitation the uncivil Arabs would give us. It consisted but of one long low apartment, excessively narrow; one half of its scanty width was occupied by a divan, formed of a raised earthen seat, of four or five feet high, without any covering. On this indulgent place we ascended, in order to have a part of the chamber exclusively to ourselves, and to escape from the rude and annoying crowd of natives who now thronged into the hut, and squatted themselves forthwith on the floor, pipe in hand. The clouds of smoke that slowly rose from their dark lips soon completely filled the apartment, and formed a dense shroud, through

which the line of Arabs who sat beneath, closely wedged against the wall, could be but dimly seen. In fact, we were almost blinded, and there was no remedy for the evil. Michelle made several attempts to light a fire on the wretched earthen floor, in order to boil a little tea for our supper, and at last succeeded; for we had been dinnerless during the day's progress. But unfortunately we found, to our dismay, that our stock of tea, which had been a real treasure during the journey, was entirely destroyed in the attempt to cross the river Kishon. It was our only hope; and Bruce's Arabs, in the desert of Sennaar, never grasped their leathern bottles with more despairing eagerness to drain the last drop of water, than we strove to find amidst the wet, tasteless, and sodden leaves, a sufficient portion to furnish forth our evening's refreshment. But it was in vain; and a piece of dry bread was our only solace. The senses, in truth, were wholly in fault here: the din of barbarous Arabic was enough to deafen us; and had the night blasts entered the open door with sweeping fury, it would have been a mercy in freeing us for a moment from the poisonous clouds of smoke. The fellows were insolent and rude, and, by their behaviour and discourse, had probably never seen a Christian lodged within their hamlet before. We had not expected, in the region of Carmel, to find a spot so unwelcome and insecure; for my knife and fork, the companions of many a wild journey, soon became a prey to their cupidity; and it was uncertain whether our remaining effects would not quickly follow. In fact, we were completely in their power; and they might have turned us out at night, had they so chosen, amidst the darkness, as desolate as was ever a martyr of old, pursued into these solitudes by the hand of persecution. The sheich, who might have kept his people in better order, was seated in the midst, with his long dirty pipe, and dingy white cloak and turban, as noisy and troublesome as the rest: his reign must have been but a sorry and confined one, for the hamlet consisted but of eight or ten huts, wretchedly built, and situated on a barren and shelterless part of the hill. On a sudden the sweet sound of a pipe was heard without, and the Arabs requested to send for the musician, who quickly after entered very willingly, and, for the prospect of a reward, began to exercise his powers, much to his hearers' satisfaction. He was a youth of the hamlet, the only one probably who had any peculiar skill in the way of music. Its effect, in this case, was certainly very pleasing, for it reduced our wild audience to instant and entire silence. Puffing the coarse tobacco from their mouths, and fixing their dark eyes on the musician, who was mounted beside us on the rude divan, they sat moveless against the wall, and the fearful discordance of tongues was over. The former played several wild and sweet airs on his pipe; for this simple instrument is an inmate of every Arab village or cottage in the land. As the daily employment of a great part of these peasants is in tending their flocks of sheep, or tilling their scanty fields, the pipe is carried with them to beguile their labour, as well as to cheer them in the evening hours after their return. It had now become late; we paid the musician, and let him depart, in the hope that the audience would depart also; but this was not yet to be: they lingered and smoked, as if their pipes were as interminable as the Turk's magic mahmoudi, which, as soon as spent, instantly left another in his eager hand. We lay down, however, at last, on our

earthen bed, unable to keep our eyes unclosed any longer, and soon fell asleep. The first break of morning was most welcome, and we quickly prepared to depart, after accepting a little milk for breakfast, and paying the sheich a good price for his miserable lodging. The rain still fell, and the mountain paths were almost impassable: leading our horses, we walked for some way along the declivities, and turned our backs with joy on our wretched resting-place. It was a sad and revolting picture of human nature: even in this remote and secluded hamlet, in a land where every man's hand was often against his fellow, sensual vice entered in its most repulsive form. The idea that solitude and distance from the contagion of mixed society and crowded towns, is favourable to purity of feeling and conduct, is contradicted by the state of things in most of the villages of the East.

"The remains of monasteries scattered in different parts often excited surprise that no zealous priest or pilgrim ever had the taste or enthusiasm to fix his residence on the mount of Tabor. While standing on its summit, during a previous part of the journey, we could not help remarking, what an enviable site it was for the residence of a recluse; and that in a cottage on such a spot, it would be easy to pass weeks and months without ennui; the objects over which it looked were so strange and various. On an eminence at some distance were the few poor cottages of the decayed village of Nain, at whose gate 'was carried out the only son of his mother, and she was a widow.' Yet even a cluster of rude cottages, inhabited by people the very reverse of all with which the imagination would have tenanted them, are invaluable, as they give an identity to the spot. From the situation of the village, on the declivity of the mountain, the scene of the miracle must have been rendered more striking, as the funeral procession passed slowly out of the gate down the steep, on the bold breast of which the remains of the place now stand. The inhabitants are between one and two hundred in number. And not very far from this village a spot was pointed out to us, that harmonised little with the softness or the associations of the scene—the village of Endor, where the sorceress dwelt who foretold the ruin of Saul and his family. A writer of romance would have fixed her residence amidst savage wilds, and all the terrors of Nature, rather than on the banks of a lovely stream, in the midst of luxuriant pastures and richly cultivated fields."

Among the characteristics of the Jews we select the following:

"There is one quality in which, like his ancestors, the Jew is by no means deficient, namely, in a proper taste and apprehension of the excellencies of wine. Does the stranger desire light wine, of fine quality, white or red, such as grows in the territory of Judea, or does he prefer the more potent and exquisite produce of Lebanon, they can both be procured at short notice; but it must be done secretly, otherwise the Turk would seize the hoard; and if he did not denounce the vender, would insist on sharing his cellar with him. The white wine of Jerusalem, as it is called, is of very good flavour, though rather sharp."

At Jerusalem, also, the author says—

"Among the ceremonies observed at the feast of Easter, that of washing the pilgrims' feet was one of the most curious. It took place in the evening, in the chapel of the convent. The superior had been dead some months, but his substitute officiated in his

stead: the number of candidates was much fewer than on former occasions—for this year the Armenians formed the most numerous party, the Catholics and Greeks hesitating to journey so far, on account of the perilous times. The pilgrims, of all ranks, were arranged in the church, each seated in a chair, with a small white cap on his head, his feet bare, and his countenance moulded into a state of devout expectation. The superior having exchanged the dirty rope with which he is generally girded for one of silk, from which a white towel is suspended, kneels down on a small footstool of white silk, and seizing the foot of the pilgrim, covered with the dust of so many memorable places, plunges it into a vessel of warm water. In this operation he is aided by two or three monks, who kneel on the cold pavement on each side of him. Mumbings and blessings are muttered all the time, in a low tone, by the superior's lips, and in a higher cadence by those of the zealous assistants, the pilgrims at the same time keeping up a kind of recitative in all possible keys. Most of these men had a sun-burnt, worn, and anxious appearance, as if they felt the enterprise in which they were engaged to be the most awful and important event of their lives—on which even the brightness of their future state in a great measure depended. In truth, it was a great undertaking to many of them, whose wives and families were at that moment in Spain, Russia, or Denmark, whither they must wend their weary way back again. This ceremony tends to exalt the poor devotees in his own estimation; for the superior having washed and carefully wiped the feet, kisses them ardently, and pronounces a benediction on their owner. Then all the monks of the convent come and kneel on the pavement, and press their lips also on the feet of the happy and enviable man. Then followed an excellent supper, in which the priests waited most attentively on their visitors: the table of the refectory was on this occasion particularly abundant, and the good wine was not spared. Cheerfulness and sociality quickly succeeded the dull ceremony; it was difficult to say whether the tongue of priest or pilgrim went the fastest. Many a tale was told, and hardship recounted, on one hand, and vigil and marvel related on the other,—till peril, privation, and distance, seemed to disappear from the thoughts of both. The most interesting hour was that, however, in which the marble pavement of the rotunda was covered with the crowd of devoted admirers. The light that was cast below was very brilliant, and shewed this concourse of wanderers from many nations, mingled with priests, monks, Turks, Arabs, and Syrians. The shewy dresses and weapons of the Osmanli, his calm and serene features and moveless attitude, were contrasted with the impassioned expression and lively gestures of those around, in their poor and religious garments. The women also of the different persuasions were there, all dressed in white; the looks of some bent on the ground, and the eyes of others wandering curiously on the various and animated scene. This was the hour of monkish triumph, as well as that of relics, flowers, and incensed objects of all kinds. Some drew nigh with rapid and eager footsteps, and with the air of men who were conscious that the end of their toils was before them. It was easy to see that others hesitated long ere they ascended the three marble steps, that seemed like barriers between them and their long-cherished hope. They knelt on the pavement, and turned an imploring

eye, not on the priest, for the priest was nothing here, but on the sacred chambers within, where the light fell, and whence hushed sounds issued; the slender pillar met their eye at the entrance, that marked the spot where the stone of the sepulchre was rolled away for ever. It would have been cruel to break on the blest illusion that then filled the minds of these people; it had been better to bid their necks bow to the cimeter, than tell them that this bright entrance had no resistless charm for guilt, no balm for remorse. One old man, whose hair and beard were white, and who seemed to have come from a very distant home, was observed to bend long beside the first marble step that conducted within. Numerous votaries passed him of both sexes, and one of the priests came and whispered in his ear some words of encouragement; but the old man still lingered, as if a long life of crime had then risen before him, or he doubted there could be mercy at so late an hour as this. It was not a little interesting to observe how changed were the looks and gestures of many of the people when they issued forth from the interior of the chamber. A triumphant smile was on the features of some, perhaps of more sanguine and buoyant spirits: the deep and settled dejection with which others had entered gave place to hope and serenity; the step was quick, the hands unclashed, and the eye no longer bent doubtfully on the floor. Mingled with these were very many who blended devotion and interest together in the strangest way: rogues in grain, on whose mind past things sat a little uneasy, but who had no idea of even coming here without making it turn to some future account. While their hands were clasped in exceeding sorrow, and their eyes uplifted, they held, fast clenched, many a pleasant and secret article of barter, that was to be embalmed by the same devotions and hallowed by the same rites as those by which their crooked spirits were to be purified."

Having said so much of Syria, we refrain from accompanying Mr. Carne through the last half of his volume, which relates to Egypt; but we are sure the reader will be gratified by its perusal.

Times Telescope, for the Year 1830. London, Sherwood and Co.

WE have always had a good word to say of this useful and respectable Annual, which, though not so fine as its later competitors, may boast of being more varied, and not less applicable to the passing affairs of life. We observe that some change has occurred in the editorship, with a feeling of regret; for however able the new director may be, we had much respect for the assiduity and talent of his predecessor. In the present volume we also observe, that our own very intelligent and zealous co-adjutor, who has long written the papers on celestial phenomena in the *Literary Gazette*, is the contributor of the whole portion devoted to astronomical science; and we are sure it could not be in fitter hands. The almanac division, the biographical and chronological sketches, the naturalist's diary, and the wood-cuts, &c. &c. are all deserving of praise, as a few miscellaneous extracts may serve to shew.

In January it is stated: "The following letter from M. Fintelmann, of Potsdam, to Mr. Loudon, will shew how the Prussians amuse themselves at this season of the year, and keep up an appearance of a perpetual summer even throughout the winter.—' Winter gardens, as

far as I know, exist no where else but in Prussia. In Potsdam we have only one, that of M. Voigt, very good and very highly kept; but at Berlin there are four, M. Teichmann's in the Thiergarten, Faust's and George's both within the town walls, and Moeve's on the Potsdam road. The original of these gardens was established by M. Bouché soon after the time of the general peace; but his garden is now quite neglected; and the leading establishment, ever since 1818, has been M. Teichmann's. These gardens are simply large green-houses, or what would be called in England orangeries, with paved floors, a lofty ceiling plastered like that of a room, and upright windows in front. The air is heated by stoves, which are supplied with fuel from behind. On the floor are placed here and there large orange-trees, myrtles, and various New Holland plants in boxes. The plants are mostly such as have a single stem of at least three or four feet in height, and round the stem and over the boxes a table is formed by properly contrived boards, so that the tree appears to be growing out of the centre of the table. These tables, which are sometimes round and sometimes square, are for the use of guests, either to take refreshments, or for pamphlets and newspapers. Sometimes on each table there is a circle of handsome odoriferous plants, such as hyacinths, narcissuses, mignonette, &c. in pots, round the stem of the plant; in other cases, there is no table, but the box is covered with handsome flowering plants; and in some parts of the floor, one handsome tree in the middle is surrounded by several smaller trees and plants, so as to form a mass, or clumps of verdure and flowers, such as we see in pleasure-grounds. The flowers which are generally found in these winter gardens throughout the winter are hyacinths, narcissuses, ranunculuses, tulips, crocuses, roses, heaths, camellias, acacias, epa-crises, correas, &c. There are also various climbers, curious or showy stove plants, pine apples in fruit, cactuses, &c., and sometimes even fruit-trees, the latter both in flower and in fruit. The proprietors of these gardens have generally small forcing stoves, for the purpose of bringing forward and keeping up their supplies. It is almost needless to say, that in these gardens or orangeries there are plenty of seats, and small movable tables, and generally music, a reciter of poetry, a reader, a lecturer, or some other person or party to supply vocal or intellectual entertainment; short plays have even been acted in them on the Sundays. In the evening the whole is illuminated, and on certain days of the week the music and illuminations are on a grander scale. In some of these orangeries also there are separate saloons with billiards, for ladies who object to the smoke of tobacco, for card playing, and for select parties. If you enter these gardens in the morning part of the day during the winter season, you will find old gentlemen with spectacles reading the newspapers, taking chocolate, and talking politics; after three o'clock you see ladies and gentlemen, and people of every description, sitting among the trees, talking or reading, and smoking, and with punch, grog, coffee, beer, and wine, before them. In the saloon you will see those gentlemen and ladies who cannot bear tobacco; and I ought to mention, that in some orangeries smoking tobacco is not allowed, and in others it is only permitted till a certain time in the day. When the audience leaves the theatre in the evening, you will find in M. Faust's garden a great number of well-dressed people of both sexes, who look in there before they go home, to see

the beauty of vegetation when brilliantly illuminated by artificial light, and to talk of the play and the players. I saw no garden in England, Scotland, or Ireland, that I could compare to these winter gardens; they appear to me very suitable to a capital town, though I do not think they would be much frequented by the people of London, who have not the same taste, nor the same leisure, for these kinds of amusements that the Berlin people have."

Jan. 29.—King George the Fourth's accession.

"There is a prediction preserved by the monkish annalists, which is said to have been delivered in the time of William the Conqueror, as an anathema, or curse; signifying, that no more than three monarchs should ever reign over this kingdom without some violent interruption. His present Majesty, by his accession, was the first that broke the spell, as the following will clearly shew. William I. William II. Henry I. Interrupted by the usurpation of Stephen.—Henry II. Richard I. John. Interrupted by the usurpation of Louis the Dauphin.—Henry III. Edward I. Edward II. Interrupted by the abdication and murder of Edward II.—Edward III. Richard II. Interrupted by the deposition of Richard II.—Henry IV. Henry V. Richard III. Interrupted by the usurpation of Henry Richmond.—Henry VII. Henry VIII. Edward VI. Interrupted by the election of Lady Jane Grey, and making King Henry's daughters illegitimate.—Mary I. Elizabeth. A foreign king called to the crown.—James I. Charles I. Interrupted by the Commonwealth.—Charles II. James II. Interrupted by the abdication of James, and election of a foreigner.—William III. Anne. Interrupted by Parliament appointing a foreigner.—George I. II. III. IV."

March 21. Mid-lent.—"On this day at Seville there is a usage, evidently the remains of an old custom. Children of all ranks, poor and gentle, appear in the streets fantastically dressed, somewhat like English chimney-sweepers on May-day, with caps of gilt and coloured paper, and coats made of the crusade bulls of the preceding year. During the whole day they make an incessant din with drums and rattles, and cry, 'Saw down the old woman.' At midnight, the parties of the commonalty parade the streets, knock at every door, repeat the same cries, and conclude by sawing in two the figure of an old woman, representing Lent. This division is emblematical of Mid-Lent."

"April 4.—St. Ambrose. He was born at Arles, in France, about 333, and in 374 was chosen bishop of Milan: he was violently opposed to the Arians; and died this day, in 397. The celebrated hymn *Te Deum*, which is still performed on all great occasions in Catholic countries, was composed by St. Ambrose when he baptized St. Augustine."

As the poetry is mostly selected, the foregoing must suffice for our peep through *Time's Telescope*.

Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. II. Maritime and Inland Discovery, Vol. I.

THE very judicious prospectus of this Cyclopædia, which has been for some time before the public, is well calculated to excite a considerable interest in the volumes as they severally make their appearance. Among the contributors, we may repeat, are reckoned some of the most celebrated names in literature and science; and the view of Dr. Lardner as to the character of the works—of which, notwithstanding the teeming fecundity of the press, the

public still stands in need—is full of good sense and originality. He certainly deserves well of the community, not only for sketching the arrangement of the whole plan in so able a manner, but also in a still greater degree for his successful labours in securing such a combination of learning and ability.

The second volume of the series, being the first of the History of Geographical Discoveries, we have just perused, with more than ordinary pleasure. Among the subjects enumerated in the prospectus, this appeared to be one having a fair chance of popularity, but one, at the same time, very difficult to treat in such a way as to satisfy the judicious reader. Voyages and travels form a large item in our national library; they are decidedly the national taste, as might be expected among a great commercial people, whose commerce and correspondence extend to every quarter of the globe. Yet there has not heretofore existed in our language any connected and general view of this kind, within a moderate compass, of the progressive steps by which mankind have obtained a knowledge of the world, or, in other words, of the succession of discoveries brought about by war, commerce, or curiosity, by which the nations of the earth have gradually become acquainted with one another.

It is evident that the execution of such a task was a far more difficult matter than the drawing up of the history of any particular nation, or the sketching the outlines of any single science, whose truths are mathematically connected in the writer's judgment. Even the best informed must have had to seek for the materials, and to harmonise and arrange the details of a subject so widely ramified through every age and nation.

The volume before us is deserving of the highest praise on every account. It displays a great extent of accurate learning—is arranged with considerable judgment—abounds with acute views on many of the important questions it discusses—and the whole is enlivened by a spirited, often playful, always clear and nervous style. The first book treats of the geographical discoveries of the Greeks and Romans; and while perusing it we have frequently had occasion to admire the ingenuity and happy shrewdness of conjecture by which the author is often able to elucidate the difficulties of ancient writers. The expedition of Alexander the Great into India, and the navigation of the Persian Gulf by his commands, are described with animation, and with a juster appreciation of that great conqueror's real character than is usually to be found even in works of critical history. The hero on whom Pope rashly confers the title of "Macedonia's madman," was no less distinguished for his profound and comprehensive views of policy than for his boldness and ambition. Few have ever figured so conspicuously in the great drama of history whose success depended in a less degree on chance. The chapter on Ptolemy and the first intercourse between the Romans and Chinese is highly interesting; but the part which strikes us as most curious is the attempt to prove a connexion between the mythical traditions of the Greeks and Hindoos relating to the existence of an elysium or western paradise. The Hindoo legends, it appears, make frequent mention of a white island in the west, which they suppose to be the *Is'pura*, or abode of the gods: it is also said to be a triketra, or three-peaked island, from its containing the mountain thrones of Brahmah, Siva, and Vishnu. From this latter tradition, our au-

thor concludes that the Greeks gave the name Trinacrin to Sicily and other islands; and although he here expresses himself with a reserve approaching to obscurity, we are disposed to think a good deal of that opinion. But it is time to let him speak for himself.

"The Chinese philosopher, Confucius, taught that paradise is in the West; the same belief prevails in Thibet, and in all the countries professing the religion of Buddha or Fo. The Jews expected from the West the establishment of their new kingdom; it is not extraordinary, therefore, that the nations of Europe, whose languages bear positive evidence of a derivation from the same family of mankind as the Hindoos, should retain in popular superstition the same opinion, couched uniformly in similar expressions. Wherever the Indo-Teutonic nations, as they are called, have fixed themselves, we find white islands still looming in the West, and surrounded by white seas. Thus, to the westward of the Samoyeds, adjoining the Northern Ocean, is a white sea, so named, perhaps, in the first instance, by the Jots, a race of giants, as tradition testifies, of kindred origin with the Scandinavian Asi. They were totally exterminated by pestilence and famine. The Caspian has been always called the White Sea by the nations inhabiting its eastern shores, and it bears among them at present the Turkish name Akdings, which has that auspicious signification. The Turks also, from their first entrance into Asia Minor, gave the name of White Sea to the *Egean*. The word Baltic, likewise, in the Lithuanian tongue, signifies the white sea; and it deserves to be remarked, that the Sarmatian nations, while occupying a position between it and the Euxine, gave to the latter the natural correlative name of *Mormori*, or the Black Sea. This designation has been subsequently translated and adopted by other European nations, as well as by the Turks; the original Slavonian expression being at present confined to the Propontis, or, as it is corruptly called, the Sea of Marmara."

"The persuasion that the dwelling-place of happiness is in the West, may have exercised an important influence on the early migrations of mankind. The existence and the wide diffusion of such an opinion are clearly established; nor is there any reason to believe that it was grounded in positive tradition. But then it will be asked, why was Paradise supposed to be in the West? An answer to this question may be found in the constitution of the human being, who is always more disposed to receive profound impressions at the hour when the natural day is coming to a close, and contemplating with the finest sensibilities that most glorious of celestial phenomena, the setting sun. The Hindoos retain to the present day their old belief. The chalk with which the Brahmins mark their foreheads is from the west: they even pretend that it is brought over land from Britain. Yogees, followed by their trains of pilgrims, have attempted in modern times to reach the Hyperborean regions across Europe, and have even advanced as far as Russia; but the importunate curiosity by which they were assailed effectually subdued in every instance their piety and courage. In the west the primitive tradition is still remembered. The lakes and seas of Scotland and of Ireland have all their floating and holy islands. The *Inis Wen*, or white island of the Gaels, and the *Ynys y Cedeirn*, or island of the mighty ones of the Welsh, are still objects of hope and veneration. The most westerly group of the Hebrides, the Flannan islands, which are devoutly believed to be seven

in number, and are even laid down as seven in our maps, though only six are visible to the eyes of the sceptical, are said to have the virtue of disposing to prayer and religious meditation all who land upon them. The Arran islands, on the west of Ireland, are entitled the isles of the living, that is to say, of those who have returned to life; but the language of this general superstition was carried far beyond the shores of Europe. It is found among the Indians of North America, who fervently believe in the existence of a land of happiness in the west, beyond the ocean; but whether it belongs to them originally, or was introduced among them by the Scandinavian adventurers of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, it is impossible to determine."

From the second book, which treats of the geography of the Arabians, we find it difficult to select; but did our limits permit, we should be glad to extract the travels of Ibn Batuta, who, as our author justly remarks, "may be numbered among the most remarkable travellers of any age or country." We refuse ourselves, however, with less regret, the satisfaction of quoting a few pages from the *History of Maritime and Inland Discovery*, from the conviction that the volume itself will soon be in the hands of most of our readers. In conclusion, we cannot help observing, that if Dr. Lardner's *Cyclopædia* be continued as it has been begun, and the future volumes unite as much depth and elegance, as much amusement and valuable instruction, as the one now before us, this publication will almost constitute an epoch in the history of our popular literature.

The Family Library, No. IX. History of the Jews, 3d Vol. pp. 431. J. Murray.

IN this volume Mr. Milman concludes his extremely interesting *History of the Jews*, prefacing it with a defence against some allegations brought against him by newspaper critics and controversialists. Of the mistaken views attributed to him we took no notice, because we are convinced that no work of the kind can escape censure, where so many different doctrines are maintained by so many different men; and we consider it to be our business rather to speak to general character than to attempt the reconciliation of conflicting opinions. It is a huge waste of ink; and we really do not remember one instance of conviction following. We therefore proceed in our usual fashion, unseduced by the untempting spirit of theological disputation. Nearly the first hundred pages are occupied with the concluding events of the siege and destruction of Jerusalem by Titus. They are replete with fearful and bloody variety; but we take up the author in his later remarks, for our examples of his clear and powerful style.

"The political existence of the Jewish nation was annihilated; it was never again recognised as one of the states or kingdoms of the world. Judæa was sentenced to be portioned out to strangers—the capital was destroyed—the temple demolished—the royal house almost extinct—the high-priesthood buried under the ruins of the temple. Our history has lost, as it were, its centre of unity; we have to trace a despised and obscure race in almost every region of the world; and connect, as we can, the loose and scattered details of their story. * * * We must wander over the whole face of the habitable globe to gather the scanty traditions which mark the existence of the Jewish people among the different states of Asia, Africa, and Europe, where, refusing still to mingle their blood with any other race of mankind,

they dwell in their distinct families and communities, and still maintain, though sometimes long and utterly unconnected with each other, the principle of national unity. Jews in the indelible features of the countenance, in mental character, in customs, usages, and laws, in language and literature, above all in religion; in the recollections of the past, and in the hopes of the future; with ready pliancy they accommodate themselves to every soil, every climate, every gradation of manners and civilisation, every form of government; with inflexible pertinacity they practise their ancient usages—circumcision, abstinence from unclean meats, eating no animal food which has not been killed by a Jew, rarely intermarry, except among each other, observe the fasts and festivals of their church, and assemble wherever they are numerous enough, or dare do so, in their synagogues for public worship. Denizens every where, rarely citizens; even in the countries in which they have been the longest and most firmly established, they appear, to a certain degree, strangers or sojourners; they dwell apart, though mingling with their neighbours in many of the affairs of life. For common purposes they adopt the language of the country they inhabit; but the Hebrew remains the national tongue, in which their holy books are read, and their religious services conducted: it is their literary and sacred language, as Latin was that of the Christian church in the dark ages. The history of the modern Jews may be comprehended under three heads:—1st, Their literature; which, in fact, is nearly the same with that of their law and their religion,—the great mass of their writings being entirely devoted to those subjects. 2d, Their persecutions. 3d, Their industry. With regard to the first point, it would not be consistent with the popular character of our work to enter into it, further than as it has influenced the character and circumstances of the nation. The second will be too often forced upon our notice. At one period the history of the Jews is written, as it were, in their blood: they shew no signs of life but in their cries of agony; they only appear in the annals of the world to be oppressed, robbed, persecuted, and massacred. Yet still patient and indefatigable, they pursue, under every disadvantage, the steady course of industry. Wherever they have been allowed to dwell unmolested, or still more in honour and respect, they have added largely to the stock of national wealth, cultivation, and comfort. Where, as has been more usually the case, they have been barely tolerated; where they have been considered, in public estimation, the basest of the base—the very outcasts and refuse of mankind—they have gone on accumulating those treasures which they dared not betray or enjoy; in the most barbarous periods they kept up the only traffic and communication which subsisted between distant countries; like hardy and adventurous miners, they were always at work under the surface of society, slowly winning their way to opulence. Perpetually plundered, yet always wealthy; massacred by thousands, yet springing up again from their undying stock, the Jews appear at all times and in all regions; their perpetuity, their national immortality, is at once the most curious problem to the political inquirer—to the religious man a subject of profound and awful admiration."

Passing by the able discussion of these matters, and vivid descriptions of the condition of the Jews through long centuries, and in every land, we quote the following curious account

of one of the false Messiahs who have risen up from time to time, and kept alive the hopes of their nation.

"In 1666 the whole Jewish world, co-extensive almost with the globe itself, was raised to the highest degree of excitement by the intelligence of the appearance and rapid progress of a youth, who had appeared in Smyrna, and assumed the name and the authority of the Messiah. Sabbathai Sevi was the younger son of Mordechai Sevi, who first followed the mean trade of a poulterer at Smyrna, afterwards became broker to some English merchants. He was born in A. C. 1625. Sabbathai was sent to school, where he made such rapid progress in the Cabbala, that in his eighteenth year he was appointed a Hakim or Rabbi: he even then had many followers among the youth, and indeed among the elders, of the place, with whom he practised rigid fasts, and bathed perpetually in the sea. At twenty years old he married a woman of great beauty and rank among his people, but declined all conjugal connexion with her. The father cited him for this neglect of his duty: he was forced to give a bill of divorce. A second time he married; and a second time, on the same plea, the marriage was dissolved. Sabbathai announced that 'the voice from heaven' assured him that neither of these were the meet and appointed partners of his life. His partisans asserted that he was actuated by a holy desire of triumphing over human passion: his enemies gave a different turn to the affair—still his fame increased. He sometimes fasted from Sabbath to Sabbath, and bathed till his life was endangered: yet his beauty, which was exquisite, seemed daily to increase. His whole body was said to breathe a delicious odour, which the physician of the family, suspecting to be perfume, declared, on examination, to be a natural exhalation from the skin. He began to preach and announce himself openly as the Son of David; and had the boldness to utter, in proof of his divine mission, the ineffable Name, Jehovah. The offended Rabbins, horror-struck at this double crime, declared him worthy of death, and denounced him before the Turkish tribunal. Sabbathai took refuge in Thessalonica. There the Rabbins arose against him. He fled to Egypt; then to Jerusalem. As he passed by Gaza, he made an important proselyte, named Nathan Ben-Jamin, who, admitted trembling to his presence, declared, by the great Almighty and dreadful God, that he had seen the Lord in his chariot borne chariot, as Ezekiel of old, with the ten Sephiroth, murmuring around him like the waves of the sea: a voice came forth—'Your Redeemer is come; his name is Sabbathai Sevi. he shall go forth as a mighty one, in flames of wrath as a warrior; he shall cry, he shall roar, he shall prevail against his enemies,' (Isaiah xlii. 13). In Jerusalem Sabbathai preached and proclaimed himself the Messiah with such success that the Rabbins trembled before him, and the Elias of the new sect, Nathan of Gaza had the audacity to issue an address to the brethren of Israel, in which he declared, that before long the Messiah would reveal himself and seize the crown from the head of the Sultan, who would follow him like a slave. After residing thirteen years in Jerusalem, Sabbathai made a second expedition to Egypt, where he married again, by the account of his enemies, a woman of light character—by that of his partisans, a maiden designated as his bride by the most surprising miracles. She was the daughter of a Polish Jew, made captive by some marauding Muscovites. At eighteen years a

age she was suddenly seized from her bed by the ghost of her dead father, set down in a burying-place of the Jews, where she was found—told her story, and declared that she was the appointed bride of the Messiah. She was sent to her brother in Amsterdam: thence to Egypt. After passing three years more in Jerusalem, Sabbathai went openly into the synagogue, and proclaimed himself the Messiah. A violent commotion took place; the Rabbins launched their interdict against him: he fled to his native place, Smyrna. There the ban pursued him; but the people received him with rapture. One Anakia, a Jew of high rank, denounced him on the Exchange as an impostor. The unbeliever returned to his home, fell from his chair, and died. This singular accident was at once recognised as from the hand of God. The Rabbins feared to pursue their interdict, Sabbathai assumed a royal pomp; a banner was borne before him with the words, 'The right-hand of the Lord is uplifted.' He divided among his partisans the kingdoms of the earth: he named his two brothers Kings of Judah and Israel: he himself took the title of King of the Kings of the Earth. One man, of high rank, nearly lost his life for opposing the prevailing delusion. The head of the Rabbins was degraded: the vice-president openly espoused the party. The fame of Sabbathai spread throughout the world. In Poland, in Germany, in Hamburg, and Amsterdam, the course of business was interrupted on the Exchange, by the gravest Jews breaking off to discuss this wonderful transaction. From Amsterdam inquiries were sent to their commercial agents in the Levant; they received the brief and emphatic answer, 'Tis he, and no other.' In the mean time rich presents were poured in to the court of Sabbathai, and embassies were sent from the different communities of the Jews—some of these were detained three or four weeks before they could obtain an audience. His picture was surmounted by a crown of gold; the twenty-first Psalm was sung before him, and a public prayer offered in the synagogue, in which he was acknowledged as the Messiah. In all parts, as if to accomplish the memorable words of Joel, prophets and prophetesses appeared—men and women, youths and maidens, in Samaria, Adrianople, Thessalonica, Constantinople, and in other places, fell to the earth, or went raving about in prophetic raptures, exclaiming, it was said, in Hebrew, of which before they knew not a word, 'Sabbathai Sevi is the true Messiah of the race of David; to him the crown and the kingdom are given.' Even the daughters of his bitterest opponent, R. Pechina, were seized, as Sabbathai had predicted, with the same frenzy, and burst out in rapturous acknowledgment of the Messiah in the Hebrew language, which they had never learned. One wealthy Israelite, of Constantinople, more cautious than the rest, apprehending that this frenzy would bring some dreadful persecution against the Jews, went to the Grand Vizier, and requested a certificate, that he had never been a believer in the Messiah. This reached the ears of the partisans of Sabbathai, they accused their crafty opponent of treasonable designs against the Turks, brought forward false witnesses, and the over-cautious unbeliever was sentenced to the galleys. Among the Persian Jews the excitement was so great, that the husbandmen refused to labour in the fields. The governor, a man, it should seem, of unusual mildness, remonstrated with them for thus abandoning their work, instead of endeavouring to pay their tribute. 'Sir,' they answered with one

voice, 'we shall pay no more tribute, our Deliverer is come.' The governor bound them in an obligation, to which they readily acceded, to pay 200 tomans, if the Messiah did not appear within three months. But Sabbathai had now advanced too far to recede—his partisans were clamorous for his passing over to Constantinople, to confront the Grand Signior. He arrived, escorted by a vast number of his friends, and was received with the loudest acclamations by the Jews of Constantinople. The Sultan was absent; he demanded an audience of the Grand Vizier. The Vizier delayed till he had received instructions from his master. The Sultan sent orders that Sabbathai should be seized, and kept in safe custody. The Grand Vizier despatched an Aga and some Janissaries to the dwelling of Sabbathai, but the superstitious Aga was so overawed by the appearance of Sabbathai, 'bright,' he said, 'as an angel,' that he returned trembling and confounded to his master. Another Aga was sent, and returned in the same manner. Sabbathai, however, surrendered himself of his own accord; he was committed to the castle of Sestos, as a sort of honourable prison, where his partisans had free access to him. From thence he issued a manifesto, suspending the fast religiously kept on the 9th of August, on account of the destruction of Jerusalem, and ordered the day to be celebrated with the utmost festivity, as the birth-day of the Messiah Sabbathai Sevi. In Sestos he admitted a deputation from Poland into his presence, whom he astonished with his profound knowledge and ready application of the Cabbala. But there was in Constantinople one stubborn unbeliever, named Nehemiah, who for three days resisted all the arguments of the Messiah, and at the end openly proclaimed him an impostor. The partisans of Sabbathai rose in the utmost fury; and, when Sabbathai threatened his opponent with death, rushed forward to put his mandate in execution. The Rabbi burst out of the chamber, and fled, pursued by the adherents of Sabbathai—escape was hopeless, when he suddenly seized a turban from the head of a Turk, placed it on his own, and cried aloud, I am a Moslem—the Turks instantly took him under their protection, and he was sent to Adrianople to the Sultan, who summoned Sabbathai to his presence. Sabbathai stood before the Grand Signior; he was ignorant of Turkish, and a Jewish renegade was appointed as interpreter. But the man, before whom the awe-struck Agas had trembled, now before the majesty of the Sultan, in his turn, totally lost his presence of mind: when the Sultan demanded whether he was the Messiah, he stood in trembling silence, and made no answer. He had some reason for his apprehensions; for the Sultan made him the following truly Turkish proposal:—'That he should shoot three poisoned arrows at the Messiah; if he proved invulnerable, he would himself own his title. If he refused to submit to this ordeal, he had his choice, to be put to death, or to embrace Mahometanism.' The interpreter urged him to accept the latter alternative—Sabbathai did not hesitate long, he seized a turban from a page, and uttered the irrevocable words, 'I am a Mussulman.' The Grand Signior, instead of dismissing him with contempt, ordered him a pelisse of honour, named him Aga Mahomet Effendi, and gave him the title of Capidgi Basha. Consternation at this strange intelligence spread through the followers of Sabbathai; prophets and prophetesses were silent; but Sabbathai was daunted only by the death-denouncing

countenance of the Sultan. He issued an address to his brethren in Israel. 'I, Mahomet Capidgi Basha, make it known unto you, that God hath changed me from an Israelite to an Ismaelite. He spake, and it was done; he ordered, and it was fulfilled. Given in the ninth day of my renewal according to his holy will.' He most ingeniously extracted prophetic intimations of his change both from tradition and Scripture. In the book called Pirke Elieser it was written, 'that the Messiah must remain some time among the unbelievers.' From the Scripture the example of Moses was alleged, who 'dwelt among the Ethiopians;' and the text of Isaiah, 'he was numbered among the transgressors.' For some time he maintained his double character with great success, honoured by the Moslemites as a true believer, by the Jews as their Messiah. Many of the latter followed his example, and embraced Islamism. St. Croix had frequently heard him preach in the synagogue, and with so much success, that scarcely a day passed but Jews seized the turbans from the heads of the Turks, and declared themselves Mussulmen. His Polish wife died; he again married the daughter of a learned man, who was excommunicated, on account of the unlawful connexion, by the Rabbins. She also embraced Islamism. At length the Rabbins, dreading the total extinction of Judaism, succeeded in gaining the ear of the Sultan. The Messiah was seized, and confined in a castle near Belgrade, where he died of a colic in the year 1676, in the fifty-first year of his age. It might have been expected that his sect, if it survived his apostasy, at least would have expired with his death; but there is no calculating the obstinacy of human credulity: his followers gave out that he was transported to heaven like Enoch and Elijah; and notwithstanding the constant and active opposition of the Jewish priesthood, the sect spread in all quarters. His forerunner, Nathan of Gaza, had abandoned his cause on his embracing Islamism, and prophesied against him in Italy and Corfu. But it is the most extraordinary fact of all, that Nehemiah, his most vehement opponent, recanted his enforced Islamism, and after all embraced Sabbathaiism. A prophet of Smyrna proclaimed, that the Messiah would re-appear in 111½ years. But the doctrine of Michael Cardoso, which spread rapidly from Fez to Tripoli, and even to Egypt, was the most extravagant—the Son of David, he said, would not appear till all Israel were either holy or wicked—as the latter was far the easier process, he recommended all true Israelites to accelerate the coming of the Messiah, by apostatising to Mahometanism—numbers with pious zeal complied with this advice. Sabbathaiism still exists as a sect of Judaism; though, probably, among most of its believers, rather supported by that corporate spirit which holds the followers of a political or religious faction together, than by any distinct and definite articles of belief."

With this remarkable extract we shall leave this extremely interesting history to its fate—highly deserved and very extensive popularity.

Captain Dillon's Narrative.

(Third Notice: Conclusion.)

ON his course from New Zealand, Captain Dillon touched at Tonga, where, among other matters, he mentions being visited by "Maffee Heppay, about whom so much is said in *Mariner's Account of the Tonga Islands*. This lady was the wife of King Fenow, when that chief took the Port au Prince, at the Harpie Islands,

Dec. 1806. She afterwards adopted Mr. Mariner as her son, and, as he states himself, behaved with the greatest kindness. This trait in her character induced me (says Capt. D.) to invite her on board, and treat her with marked respect. As we were going to breakfast, she accompanied me to the gun-room, followed by a numerous train of female attendants. After breakfast I shewed her the first volume of Mr. Mariner's narrative, which contained a portrait of her adopted son, habited in the costume of the Friendly Islands. She immediately recognised the likeness, and exclaiming 'it is Tokey,* she wept bitterly."

Of another visitor we are told — "A female chieftain of considerable influence came to the ship's side to-day, and stated that, several years ago, an American ship anchored at the west part of this island, and was soon visited by the natives, among whom was her brother. That while on board, one of them stole an axe, which so alarmed the rest lest they might be involved in his punishment, that they leaped overboard to swim on shore. On this a boat was lowered from the ship's side, and one of the natives (her brother) was seized, brought on board, and conveyed to America. His friends had supposed for a long time that he was killed, till the sergeant of marines of the Port au Prince eased them of their concern, by informing them he had quitted America, gone to England, enlisted as a soldier, and was now big-drummer in the Duke of York's band. She earnestly requested to know if this account of her brother was true, which I was sorry not to be able to confirm, as I had not been in Europe for twenty years. I promised, however, to make inquiry."

On leaving the natives of Tonga, Capt. D. quotes an interesting account of their religion, manners, &c. &c. from Mariner's work, which is in comparatively few hands; but we rather accompany the captain's own original journal to the island of Rothuma, and thence to Tucopia and Mannicolo in September 1837. At Tucopia Capt. D. obtained several articles of European fabric, which had been brought thither from the Mannicolos; among the rest, a "silver sword-handle, with a large and a small cipher on one side of it, and on the other side one cipher, apparently resembling a P. surmounted with a crown;" and Capt. D. says — "the moment the silver handle of the sword was produced, both M. Chaigneau and I recognised it as belonging to the sword-guard taken by me to Calcutta in the St. Patrick, the ciphers exactly corresponding."

Speaking of the people, the writer remarks: "Some of the customs of the Tucopians are very singular. I was surprised at the number of females on Tucopia, as it was at least treble that of the males. On inquiry I found that all the male children of each female, except the first two, are strangled the moment after their birth. The reason they assign for this cruel policy is, that if they were allowed to live, the population of their little island would be so dense that its produce could not support them. Tucopia is only seven miles in circumference, but the soil is very luxuriant; yet there generally is a scarcity of provisions. They live chiefly on vegetable food, having neither hogs nor poultry, which are both plentiful on the other islands. They at one time had both, but they were voted common nuisances and exterminated by general consent. The hogs destroyed their plantations of yams, sweet potatoes, tara, and bananas. These, and the bread-fruit and cocoa-nuts, with fish, are what they

subsist on; but, owing to the deep water round the island, fish is by no means plentiful. * *

"The island is governed by one principal chief, with several petty ones, who act as magistrates. They live very peaceably, and never have any wars among themselves or with their neighbours. This probably may be attributed to their Pythagorean diet. But it does not restrain an intuitive propensity for thieving; and though the punishment in case of detection is very severe, the lower classes often rob each other's gardens and plantations. If the thief is caught, he is carried before one of the chiefs, and if convicted, his property and ground are forfeited to the individual he has robbed. A plurality of wives is allowed. The wives are exceedingly jealous of each other, and if the husband bestows his caresses more freely on one than another, the despised one takes it to heart so much, that she puts an end to her life, either by jumping out of a high tree or hanging herself: self-murder among the females is, for this reason, of daily occurrence. The marriage ceremony is curious. When a man wishes to take a wife, he first politely consults the lady he has placed his affections on, and if she consents and her parents agree, he sends three or four of his male friends at night, to take her away by force as it were. He then sends presents of mats and provisions to the relations of the bride, and invites them to a feast at his house, which usually lasts for two days. They are very particular as to the fidelity of married women. If a wife be caught sinning, she and her innamorato are put to death by the husband or his friends. But there is no restraint placed on the inclination of single females at all. Widows, however, are not permitted to take a second husband. When a child is born, the female friends of the father and mother assemble and bring presents to the *nouvelle accouchée*. All the female children are allowed to live. When a native dies, his friends come to his house, and with much ceremony roll him carefully up in a new mat, and bury him in a deep hole prepared near his dwelling. It is a very curious, and to those who disbelieve in the reappearance of departed spirits, an unaccountable fact, that the belief is universal among the inhabitants of the South-Sea Islands; and they surely could not have imbibed the idea from the new world. In each village on Tucopia there is a large building, called in their language the 'spirit house,' set apart for the use of disembodied spirits, which are supposed to reside in this building. On the approach of bad weather and thunder and lightning, which alarm the islanders extremely, they flock to the spirit house, and remain there while the storm continues, making offerings of cocoa-nuts, cava root, and other eatables. They imagine the storm is caused by the presiding spirit, who when he is displeased goes to the top of the highest land in the island, and manifests his wrath by raising a tempest. When he is appeased by the offerings, he returns to the 'hall of ghosts.'"

On arriving at Mannicolo, our enterprising countryman earnestly set about his inquiries concerning the wrecked vessels which his preceding voyage had induced him to believe were those of *Pérouse*. To the natives he was very liberal, in order to entice them to discover and bring to him all the memorials that remained of the *Boussole* and *Astrolabe*. These Mannicolans (we are informed) "are exactly the same description of people as inhabit Santa Cruz, which they call *Indenney*. Their implements of war, ornaments, clothing, &c. are all

similar. I had an interview with several of the Santa Cruz people in May 1826, and was able to form my comparisons accurately from personal observation. They are jet black, with woolly hair, which is combed backward and tied behind, being then bagged, and hanging from the top of the head to the pole of the neck, resting on the shoulders. They have a band about four inches wide girt round the waist, from which a bit of cloth, such as is used among the islands in the Pacific, is made fast in front, passed between the legs, and then attached to the girdle behind. They have necklaces of white shells, several bracelets of a white and black colour on the arm above the elbow, and generally from ten to twenty rings of tortoise-shell suspended from each ear. The gristle of the nose is perforated, and two white feathers of the domestic cock or hen introduced transversely. Their lips and teeth are red, which is occasioned by using lime and beetle-nut. They want but one appendage more, viz. a pair of horns, to complete the appearance of his infernal majesty, as represented in the picture-shops of London, for they are already furnished with a tail in the Fan-palm, which they thrust into their belts behind, and which tends not a little to heighten the resemblance."

Of the fate of the unfortunate *Pérouse*, an old chief, on being interrogated, furnished the following intelligence:—

"Q. 'Have you ever seen any white men before?' A. 'No.'—Q. 'Did not you see the people who built the ship at Païow?' A. 'No. I live at this side of the island, and we are constantly at war with the people residing at Païow and Wannow. The chief who built the ship at Païow wore clothes like you.' The Research, be it recollected, was at this time on the east side of Mannicolo; Wannow is on the west side. Q. 'How were the ships lost?' A. 'The island is surrounded by reefs at a distance off shore. They got on the rocks at night, and one ship grounded near Wannow, and immediately went to the bottom.'—Q. 'Were none of the people from this ship saved?' A. 'Those that escaped from the wreck landed at Wannow, where they were killed by the natives. Several also were devoured by the sharks, while swimming from the ship.'—Q. 'How many people were killed at Wannow?' A. 'Two at Wannow, two at Amma, and two more near to Païow. These were all the white men who were killed.'—Q. 'If there were only six white men killed on shore, how, or from whence, came the sixty skulls that were in the spirit-house at Wannow, as described by Ta Fow, the hump-backed Tucopian, and others?' 'These were the heads of people killed by the sharks.'—Q. 'But would not the sharks eat the heads as well as the bodies of the white men?' No answer.—Q. 'How was the ship lost near Païow?' A. 'She got on the reef at night, and afterwards drifted over it into a good place. She did not immediately break up—for the people had time to remove things from her, with which they built a two-masted ship.' Q. 'How many moons were they in building it?' A. 'Plenty of moons.'—Q. 'How did they procure any thing to eat?' A. 'They used to go into the *tara* fields and pull up the roots, and then plant the tops for a new crop. After they sailed away, the people put their fields in order again.'—Q. 'Had these people no friends among the natives?' A. 'No. They were ship spirits; their noses were two hands long before their faces. Their chief used always to be looking at the sun and stars, and beckoning to them. There was one

* Tokey is the name by which Mr. Mariner is known in the Friendly Islands.

of them who stood as a watch at their fence, with a bar of iron in his hand, which he used to turn round his head. This man stood only upon one leg.' This last answer must import that the cocked-hats worn by the officers were mistaken by the natives for natural appendages to their heads; the chief beckoning to the sun and stars, the officer taking astronomical observations; and the man on one leg at the fence with the bar of iron in his hand, a sentinel with his musket. In order to ascertain if the cocked-hats caused the enormous addition ascribed by the natives to the Frenchmen's noses, I sent for my cocked-hat, put it on, and inquired if my nose was similar to the white men's noses at Paiow—but could obtain no answer to my query."

In this island "snakes as long as a Tucupian canoe (about twenty feet), and as thick as a man's arm, are numerous in the woods and jungles: they will boldly attack a man. The poison with which the natives tip their arrows is not a gum, but a composition made into a gummy consistence. It is manufactured from the fruit of a tree of a globular shape, pulled from the bough, and the inside scraped out with a shell; it is then mixed with lime and betel-nut, also scraped as the first; the whole mass is then kneaded by the hand into the consistence of a tough gum, and in this state put upon the arrows, which are then rubbed over with a nut that gives them the red appearance. These arrows are supposed by the islanders to retain their poisonous qualities for several years. There are a few fowls and pigs domesticated about the native houses, but no dogs upon the island. There are also several streams of water, where a few wild ducks resort. The trade between Tucopia and the Mannicolas consists chiefly in an exchange of *tappar* (the cloth peculiar to the South Sea Islands), manufactured at Tucopia, with some fine mats, for which the Mannicolas barter an inferior kind of pearl-shell, shell ornaments for the arms, head, and neck; also necklaces of a shell resembling the cowry shells of the Maldives, near Ceylon, in the East Indies, and the bows and arrows of the Mannicolas—which last, however, are not used in Tucopia, where the people are peaceably inclined, and wage no wars, either foreign or domestic. For a number of years the Tucupians have been supplied with iron, china-plates, small brass bells, glass bottles, beads, and other articles of a similar nature, from the Mannicolas, who obtained them from the wrecked French ships."

At the island itself, Captain D. now collected a large carpenter's maul and a silver gravy-spoon, of French manufacture, with four stamps upon the shank; and of which he says: "the upper part of the handle seemed to have had from two to three inches broken off, and the spoon itself was somewhat battered. I could clearly discover the stamp next to the head to be a P, with part of a flower underneath; the next stamp to this was a crown, with a flower underneath; the third I made out to be a crown, with a figure attached, to me unintelligible; and the fourth I could not decipher. Mons. Chaigneau discovered among the ciphers a fleur-de-lis, and was clearly of opinion, from its shape and fashion, that the spoon was of French manufacture. Shortly after, my second officer purchased out of a canoe part of the brass circle of a globe, with about one-third broken off:"—and other articles of copper, iron, shot, &c. &c.

Proceeding to barter for similar articles, Capt. D. farther procured a small brass mortar,

many copper cooking utensils, &c. and a silver vessel, "weighing from 16 to 20 ounces, of an elliptical shape, somewhat resembling a sauce-boat, with the fleur-de-lis stamped upon it in two different places, besides other ornamental flowers.—1 small brass bell, diameter $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches, without a tongue, having three fleur-de-lis cast upon it; 1 large brass ship's bell, $12\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter, with a piece broken out of the head, and without a tongue. Upon the front of this bell were cast the holy cross erect, between the Virgin Mother and the image of a holy man bearing a small cross upon his shoulders. On the back were three images, circumscribed in an ellipsis, with the sun shining over them, who seem to be the Virgin Mother, the Saviour, and St. John. On all these casts there are letters, which, for want of a proper magnifier, I could not make out. To the right of the large cross are the following words—*Bazin m'a fait*—'Bazin made me.'"

But the most confirmatory of all these documents was the bottom of the candlestick, with arms engraved upon it, of which we gave an engraving in the *Literary Gazette*. Part of a ship's stern was also found, which, "when complete, exhibited the national arms of France. Its length was 4 feet and $\frac{1}{2}$ an inch; breadth $13\frac{1}{2}$ inches. It was placed upon its edge to barricade the passage, for the double purpose of keeping the pigs out and the children in the house."

While trafficking for this plank and other articles, Capt. D. states—"M. Chaigneau was busily engaged rummaging the deserted houses, in one of which he found a bag containing something bulky. His curiosity was excited, and anxious to satisfy it, he explored the contents, which to his surprise was nothing less than a preserved human skull: whether native or European could not be decided, though probably it was that of some unfortunate mariner."

But we have quoted enough to lead the public to concur with our author when he declares, "There being now no longer any room to doubt that the unfortunate French navigator, whose unknown fate remained for so many years enveloped in mystery, perished on Mannicolo,—I have resolved to give it the name of 'La Pérouse's Island.'—By the natives' account (he adds) this island was never visited by Europeans, either before or since they were wrecked till now."

The narrative of the homeward voyage is entertaining and curious; but we cannot go more at length into this review, except to notice the conclusion of Capt. Dillon's zealous and honourable enterprise, at Paris, last spring.

"The articles (he tells us) to be presented to his Majesty the King of France having been shipped on a steam-vessel, I proceeded with them for Calais on the 1st of February. I arrived at Paris on the 6th, and delivered them to the Baron Hyde de Neuville; who, on taking charge of them, informed me that they were to be placed in a cenotaph to be erected in a new museum, dedicated to the Dauphin, with an inscription describing their loss and recovery. On the 22d of February I received a letter from his Excellency the Minister of Marine, informing me that his most Christian Majesty Charles X., as a mark of his royal approval of my services, was pleased to confer on me the order of knighthood, in the grade of Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, with a sufficient sum in cash to defray the expenses of my voyage to Europe; also an annuity of four thousand francs for my own life, and half that amount to my family in case they should survive me. I returned my most grate-

ful thanks to this illustrious prince for his generous condescension in thus noticing and approving of my services. On Monday the 2d of March following I was taken to the French court by his Excellency the Minister of Marine, and had the honour of being presented to the king, who received me very graciously, and conversed with me in the English language, which he speaks fluently, on the subject of my voyage. He appeared to be perfectly well acquainted with the history of la Pérouse's expedition, and addressed several very judicious questions to me regarding the circumstances attending the loss of that celebrated navigator. With an anxiety creditable to his feelings, he inquired what was my opinion as to the probability of any of the crew being yet alive on the Solomon Islands? After an interview of half an hour I was allowed to retire, at which time this most amiable monarch made use of the following obliging expression—"Good bye, Captain Dillon: I thank you." I expressed my gratitude for his majesty's consideration for myself and family, and withdrew. While at Paris, I met several times with the Viscount Lesseps, who is the only person of the Count de la Pérouse's expedition now known to be alive. He was attached to the expedition for twenty-six months, and was landed at Kamachatka by the commander, for the purpose of conveying to France the charts, and accounts of the voyage, up to that period. This gentleman was between twenty-three and twenty-four years old when he joined the expedition: he is now sixty-four, and appears active, strong, and in good health. * * *

I accompanied this nobleman one day to the Admiralty for the purpose of viewing the relics procured by me at Mannicolo, which he examined minutely. The piece of board with the fleur-de-lis on it, he observed, had most probably once formed a part of the ornamental work of the Boussole's stern, on which the national arms of France were represented, as she was the only one of the ships bearing such an ornament. The silver sword-handle and silver spoon he also examined, and said that such swords were worn by the officers of the expedition, and that it was not unlikely the guard and spoon belonged to him, as he had left such articles on board the expedition, considering them burthensome on his long journey over snows, deserts, mountains, and through the wilds of Siberia. With regard to the brass guns, having looked at them attentively, he observed that the four largest were such as stood on the quarter-deck of both ships, and that the smallest gun was such as they had mounted in the long-boats when going on shore among the savages. On noticing the small mill-stone, he turned round suddenly and expressed his surprise, observing, "This is the best thing you have got: we had some of them mounted on the quarter-deck to grind our grain." It may be recollected by those who have read the account of la Pérouse's voyage, that it is said, "The mill-stones, when wrought by hand, were found not to answer well. Captain de Langle, of the Astrolabe, improved on them, and got them to work by sails on board his ship, somewhat similarly equipped to wind-mills on shore."

Yet Capt. D'Urville took no more notice of Dillon's voyage than if it had never been performed: *n'importe*, as we say at Dunkirk—our three reviews of him will cause his perseverance and success to be universally known and appreciated.

Dr. Arnot's Elements of Physics. Vol. II.

[Third notice: Conclusion.]

THE value we attach to this volume warrants our excess in giving it a *third* notice: but there is interest and information in all that follows.

Animal Heat.—"Each species of animal has a peculiar temperature natural to it, and in the diversity are found creatures fitted to live in all parts of the earth, what is wanting in internal bodily constitution being found in the admirable protecting covering which nature has provided for them—covering which grows from their bodies, with form of fur or feather, in the exact degree required, and even so as in the same animal to vary with climate and season. Such covering, however, has been denied to man; but the denial is not one of unkindness:—it is the indication of his superior nature and destinies. Godlike reason was bestowed on man, by which he subjects all nature to his use, and he was left to clothe himself."

Light.—"The phenomena of light and vision have always been held to constitute a most interesting branch of natural science; whether in regard to the beauty of light, or its utility. The beauty is seen spread over a varied landscape—among the beds of the flower-gardens, on the spangled meads, in the plumage of birds, in the clouds around the rising and setting sun, in the circles of the rainbow. And the utility may be judged of by the reflection, that had man been compelled to supply his wants by groping in utter and unchangeable darkness, even if originally created with all the knowledge now existing in the world, he could scarcely have secured his existence for one day. Indeed, the earth without light would have been an unfit abode even for grubs, generated and living always amidst their food. Eternal night would have been universal death. Light, then, while the beautiful garb of nature, clothing the garden and the meadow—glowing in the ruby, sparkling in the diamond—is also the absolutely necessary medium of communication between living creatures and the universe around them. The rising sun is what converts the wilderness of darkness which night covered, and which to the young mind, not yet aware of the regularity of nature's changes, is so full of horror, into a visible and lovely paradise. No wonder then, if, in early ages of the world, man has often been seen bending the knee before the glorious luminary, and worshipping it as the God of Nature. When a mariner, who has been toiling in midnight gloom and tempest, at last perceives the dawn of day, or even the rising of the moon, the waves seem to him less lofty, the wind is only half as fierce, sweet hope beams on him with the light of heaven, and brings gladness to his heart. A man, wherever placed in light, receives by the eye from every object around—from hill and tree, and even a single leaf—nay, from every point in every object, and at every moment of time, a messenger of light to tell him what is there, and in what condition. Were he omnipresent, or had he the power of fitting from place to place with the speed of the wind, he could scarcely be more promptly informed. And even in many cases where distance intervenes not, light can impart at once knowledge which, by any other conceivable means, could come only tediously, or not at all. For example, when the illuminated countenance is revealing the secret workings of the heart, the tongue would in vain try to speak, even in long phrases, what one smile of friendship or affection

can in an instant convey;—and had there been no light, man never could have been aware of the miniature worlds of life and activity which, even in a drop of water, the microscope discovers to him; nor could he have formed any idea of the admirable structure belonging to many minute objects. It is light, again, which gives the telegraph, by which men converse from hill to hill, or across an extent of raging sea—and which, pouring upon the eye through the optic tube, brings intelligence of events passing in the remotest regions of space."

Velocity of Light.—"The eclipses of the satellites or moons of the planet Jupiter had been carefully observed for some time, and a rule was obtained which foretold the instants in all future time when the satellites were to glide into the shadow of the planet, and disappear, or again to emerge into view. Now it was found that these appearances took place 16½ minutes sooner when Jupiter was near the earth, or on the same side of the sun with the earth, than when it was on the other side; that is to say, more distant from the earth by one diameter of the earth's orbit, and at all intermediate stations the difference diminished from the 16½ minutes, in exact proportion to the less distance from the earth. This proves, then, that light takes 16½ minutes to travel across the earth's orbit, and 8½ minutes for half that distance, or to come down to us from the sun. The velocity of light, ascertained in this way, is such, that in one second of time, viz. during a single vibration of a common clock pendulum, it would go from London to Edinburgh and back 200 times, and the distance between these is 400 miles. This velocity is so surprising, that the philosophic Dr. Hooke, when it was first asserted that light was thus progressive, said he could more easily believe the passage to be absolutely instantaneous, even for any distance, than that there should be a progressive movement so inconceivably swift. The truth, however, is now put quite beyond a doubt by many collateral facts bearing upon it."

Refraction of Light.—"On account of this bending of light from objects under water, there is more difficulty in hitting them with a bullet or spear. The aim by a person not directly over a fish must be made at a point apparently below it, otherwise the weapon will miss it by flying too high. The spear is sometimes used in this country for killing salmon, but is a common weapon among the islanders of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans for killing the albacore; the use of it, like that of the fly-hook in England, affording to the fishermen good sport as well as profit. The author once with much interest witnessed at St. Helena this employment of the spear. A small fish previously half-killed, that it might not try to escape, was every minute or two thrown upon the water as a bait, in the sight of perhaps a hundred great albacores, greedily waiting for it at one side below, and knowing the danger to which they exposed themselves by darting across to seize it. Some albacore, bold enough, soon made at the mouthful, apparently with the speed of lightning, but yet with speed which did not save him—for every now and then the thrown spear met the adventurer, and held him writhing there in a cloud of his death-blood. After a victim so destroyed, the scene of action was changed."

The Eye.—"The nature of the eye as a camera obscura is beautifully exhibited by taking the eye of a recently killed bullock, and after carefully cutting away or thinning the

outer coat of it behind, by going with it to a dark place and directing the pupil towards any brightly illuminated objects; then through the semi-transparent retina left at the back of the eye may be seen a minute but perfect picture of all such objects—a picture, therefore, formed on the back of the little apartment or camera obscura, by the agency of the convex cornea and lens in front. Understanding from all this that when a man is engaged in what is called looking at an object, his mind is in truth only taking cognizance of the picture or impression made on his retina, it excites admiration in us to think of the exquisite delicacy of texture and of sensibility which the retina must possess, that there may be the perfect perception which really occurs of even the separate parts of the minute images there formed. A whole printed sheet of newspaper, for instance, may be represented on the retina on less surface than that of a finger-nail; and yet not only shall every word and letter be separately perceivable, but even any imperfection of a single letter. Or, more wonderful still, when at night an eye is turned up to the blue vault of heaven, there is portrayed on the little concave of the retina the boundless concave of the sky, with every object in its just proportions. There a moon in beautiful miniature may be sailing among her white-edged clouds, and surrounded by a thousand twinkling stars,—so that to an animalcule supposed to be within and near the pupil, the retina might appear another starry firmament with all its glory. If the images in the human eye be thus minute, what must they be in the little eye of a canary-bird, or of another animal smaller still! How wonderful are the works of nature!"

Duration of Impressions on the Retina.—"Any impression of light made upon the retina lasts for about the sixth of a second. Hence when the burning end of a stick is made to describe any line or curve, its path becomes a line of light; and if it revolve in a circle six times in a second, that circle will appear to the eye a complete circle of fire. The polished end of an elastic wire fixed by its other end in a block of wood being made to vibrate, similarly forms a line or curve of light. A harp-string while vibrating as it sounds, appears like a flat riband. Lightning or other meteor darting across the sky, although in fact but a moving luminous point, is generally thought of as a long line of light: the term forked lightning has reference to this prejudice. The same remark applies in a degree to a sky-rocket in its rapid ascent. Two or more colours painted separately on the rim of a wheel which is made to turn rapidly, appear to the eye to be as completely united as if they were really mixed:—it has been already explained how patches of the various colours of the rainbow mixed in this way form white light. If on one side of a card a little bird be painted, and on a corresponding part of the other side a cage; then on making the card turn rapidly by twisting between the fingers two threads fixed to its opposite edges, the little bird will appear to be imprisoned in the cage: or, again, if a pensive Juliet sitting in her bower occupy one side of the card, and a longing Romeo the other, by the magic turn of the threads the passionate lovers may instantly be brought together. Dr. Paris displayed taste and an amiable ingenuity in designing this toy with great variety of subjects."

A Painting.—"If the rays of light coming to the eye through a plate of glass, from objects seen beyond it, could leave marks in the glass

at the points where they passed, and marks capable of giving out the same kind of light as caused them, there would be formed upon the glass a representation or picture of the objects formerly viewed through it, and that picture would be so perfect, that when held before the eye, it would form on the retina an image or images the same in almost all respects as the objects themselves had done; for from the different points of the glass, light would dart to the eye in the very same directions pursued by that originally darted from the objects. Now the art of painting seeks so to dispose lights, shades, and colours, on any plane surface, as to produce the sort of representation of objects here contemplated, while the picture-frame has to recall the window-frame or edge of the plate of glass through which the true scene is supposed to be viewed."

Foreshortening.—"Painters are not only careful to foreshorten correctly all the objects which they portray, but they often avail themselves of the principle to produce most striking effects. For instance, Martin in many of his beautiful designs, by judicious foreshortening, has exhibited miles in extent of gorgeous architecture and of armed men, on a space of canvass that would seem scarcely more than sufficient to receive a few figures: he has made a single magnificent pillar or accoutred warrior, placed in the foreground, become the type which first fills the mind with admiration, and then sends it along the retiring lines of beautiful perspective, where every tip or edge renews the first impression. A man lying on a table or a bed nearly as high as the eye, with his feet towards the spectator, is foreshortened into a roundish heap, of which the soles of the feet hide the greater part. This is the description of the painting which has been called the miraculous Entombment of Christ; and it is because an unreflecting spectator moving sideways with the expectation of seeing more of the body, still sees only the soles of the feet, and may suppose the body turned round so as to front him, that the painting has received its appellation. For nearly the same reason the eyes of a common portrait may seem to follow a spectator to whatever part of the room he goes. A rifleman represented as taking aim directly in front of the picture, will seem to have in his power every spectator standing in the room; for, as in the case of the miraculous entombment, every spectator present will feel as if he alone could see the picture as all see it. To terrify young ladies, a little arch Cupid has ingeniously been represented with his arrow pointed directly at them, and just ready to let it slip from his bended bow—and oh, how they are terrified!"

Apparent Size and Distance.—"The celebrated Spectre of the Brocken, among the Hartz mountains, is a good illustration of our present subject. On a certain ridge, just at sun-rise, a gigantic figure of a man had often been observed walking, and extraordinary stories were related of it. About the year 1800 a French philosopher went with a friend to watch the phenomenon; but for many mornings they had paraded on an opposite ridge in vain. At last, however, they discovered the monster, but he was not alone; he had a companion, and, singularly, he and his companion sped all the motions and attitudes of the observer and his companion: in fact, the spectres were merely shadows of the observers, formed by the horizontal rays of the rising sun falling on the morning fog which hovered over the valley beyond; but because the shadows were very faint, they were deemed distant, and therefore seemed men walking on the opposite ridge;

and because a comparatively small figure seen near, but supposed distant, appears of gigantic dimensions, these shadows were accounted giants."

Conclusion.—"The truths now positively ascertained with respect to the nature of light and vision, are perhaps those in the wide field of human inquiry which, acting on ordinary apprehension, most forcibly place the individual as it were in the presence of Creative Intelligence, and awaken the most elevated thoughts of which the human mind is capable. Had there been no light in the universe, all its other perfections had existed in vain. Men placed on earth would have been as human exiles with their eyes put out, abandoned on an unknown shore, of climate and productions totally new to them: every movement might be to destruction, for their perceptions would be limited by the length of their arms, and of their fearful groping steps; and the wretched beings, separating when impelled by hunger to search for food, would probably scatter to meet no more. But the material of light exists, pervading all space; and certain impressions made upon it in one place rapidly spread over the universe, the progressive impression being called a ray or beam of light. The beams of light, then, from all parts coming to every individual, may be regarded as supplementary arms or feelers belonging to the individual, and which reach to the end of the universe; so that each person, instead of being as a blind point in space, becomes nearly omnipresent. Then these limbs or feelers have no weight, they are never in the way, they impede nothing, and they are only known to exist when their use is required! But this miracle of light would have been totally useless, and the lovely paradise of earth would have been to man still a dark and dreary desert, had there not been the twin miracle of an organ of commensurate delicacy to perceive the light, viz. of the eye; in which there is the round cornea of such perfect transparency, placed exactly in the anterior centre of the ball, (and elsewhere it had been useless); then exactly behind this, the beautiful curtain the iris, with its pupil dilating and contracting to suit the intensity of light; and exactly behind this again, the crystalline lens, having many qualities which only complex structure in human art can attain, and by the entering light forming on the retina beautiful pictures or images of the objects in front,—the most sensible part of the retina being where the images fall. Of these parts and conditions, had any one been otherwise than as it is, the whole eye had been useless, and light useless, and the great universe useless to man, for he could not have existed in it. Then, further, we find that the precious organ the eye is placed, not as if by accident, somewhere near the centre of the person, but aloft on a proud eminence, where it becomes the glorious watch-tower of the soul; and, again, not so that to alter its direction the whole person must turn, but in the head, which, on a pivot of admirable structure, moves while the body is at rest; the ball of the eye, moreover, being furnished with muscles which, as the will directs, turn it with the rapidity of lightning to sweep round the horizon, or take in the whole heavenly concave. Then is the delicate orb secured in a strong socket of bone, and there is over this the arched eyebrow as a cushion to destroy the shock of blows, and with its inclined hairs to turn aside the descending perspiration which might incommode; then is there the soft and pliant eyelid, with its beauteous fringes, incessantly wiping the polished surface, and spreading over it the pure moisture poured out by the lachrymal glands above, of which moisture the superfluity, by a fine mechanism, is sent into the nose, there to be evaporated by the current of the breath. Still further, instead of there being only one so precious organ, there are two, lest one, by accident, should be destroyed; but which two have so entire a sympathy, that they act together as only one more perfect: then the sense of sight continues perfect during the period of growth from birth to maturity, although the distance from the lens to the retina is constantly varying, and the pure liquid which fills the eye, if rendered turbid by disease or accident, is, by the actions of life, although its source be the thick red blood, gradually restored to transparency. The mind which can suppose or admit that within any limits of time, even a single such organ of vision could have been produced by accident, or without design; and still more, that the millions which now exist on earth, all equally perfect, can have sprung from accident; or that the millions of millions in past ages were all but accidents, and that the endless millions throughout the animate creation, where each requires a most peculiar fitness to the nature and circumstances of the animal, can be accident—must surely be of extraordinary character, or must have received unhappy bias in its education. As a concluding reflection with respect to vision, we may remark, that all the provisions above considered have mere utility in view—for any one of them wanting, would leave a necessary link in the chain of creation wanting: but we have shewn in a preceding part of the work, that if there had been white light only, susceptible of different degrees of intensity and shade, the merely useful purposes of vision would have been answered about as perfectly as with all the colours of the rainbow—which truth is instanced in the facts, that many persons do not distinguish colours, and that it imports not whether a person view objects in the morning, or at mid-day, or at even-tide, or through plane glass or coloured glass. While, therefore, the existence of light generally, and of the eye, speaks of Creative Power and Intelligence, the existence of colours, or of that lovely variety of hues exhibited in flowers, in the plumage of birds, in the endless aspects of the earth and heavens; in a word, in the whole resplendent clothing of nature,—because appearing expressly planned as a source of delight to animated beings, speaks of Creative Benevolence, and may well excite in us towards the Being in whom these attributes concentrate, the feelings associated in our minds during this earthly scene, with the endearing appellation of 'Father.'"

After what we have said and done respecting this volume, a word of praise would be a word of waste.

Life on Board a Man-of-War; including a full Account of the Battle of Navarino. By a British Seaman. 12mo. pp. 193. Glasgow, 1829, Blackie, Fullarton, and Co.; London, James Duncan.

WE might call the author of this book an ordinary seaman, were it usual for that class to turn literary; for he seems not to have seen much service till he got into the fleet of Admiral Codrington, and with it, into the thick of the battle of Navarino. Of the opinion he formed of that memorable engagement it is a sufficient indication to say, that his account of it is dedicated to Captain Dickenson. With some faults and exaggerations (see pages 34-5),

excusable, perhaps, from such authorship, this little volume has entertained us in many of its spirited descriptions. The following scene on board the *Genoa*, after the fight, is very forcible.

"I found some of the men engaged in burying Rooney, the only man killed who had a wife aboard. Mrs. Rooney sat on the truck of a gun, her face hid in her hands. As they proceeded to put him overboard, she started up, and told them to stop a few minutes; she then went down upon her knees, and, stroking back his curly hair, patted his cheek, exclaiming, 'Poor Jem! poor Jem!' Then clasping her hands together, she rose, but immediately dropped down senseless on the deck. Four of the men carried her to her berth, while I bent my way to my own mess. The deck was quite dark, save the glimmering light of a candle here and there, stuck in a purser's lantern suspended from the battens. When I came to my berth I was welcomed by the whole of the mess more like a brother than a shipmate: but this day made us all brothers; feuds and animosities were buried in forgetfulness; and many who had entertained bitter hatred at one another would be seen shaking the hand of friendship together. I took my seat, and commenced looking about to see if any of the old familiar faces were amissing; but it was difficult to recognise my messmates in the curious group of ferocious-looking banditti that surrounded me. They were all dressed in shirt and trousers, with handkerchiefs round their heads, and pistols and cutlasses at their belt. Their faces were black with smoke and gunpowder, and several who had been wounded with splinters had large plasters about their cheeks. To heighten the effect, gleams from the blazing Moslem vessels cast every now and then a red glare into the berth. I found, on inquiry, that two of my messmates besides Morfiet were killed. We talked of the behaviour of the ship's company, and the probable consequences of the battle. Tom Elliott came down with a monkey of wine, and said, 'D'ye see, shipmates, the purser's steward has filled the monkey up to the brim! now, come, we shan't be sogers. Hand us the tot from the inside there, and let us all drink round.' We drank to the memory of our good old captain, and all who fell on this glorious day. I found the wine revive me greatly, and soon went on deck to have a view of the scene of battle, by the light of the Turkish fleet, that was blazing in all quarters."

The following is also characteristic:—

"The Turkish vessels still continued to burn, and the discharge of their heated guns, at intervals, sounded like minute guns lamenting the devastation of the day; while the gentle breeze that began to blow at night, as it whistled through the tattered remains of our rigging, seemed to mourn for the brave men who had fallen, and who now lay 'full many a fathom deep' in the blue waters. About ten o'clock I heard a melancholy voice right under our stern, crying, 'Ali! Mahomet!' Jack Mitchell and I rose, and, looking under the stern, we saw two Turks clinging to the rudder, and sending forth their ejaculations for God and Mahomet to save them. We could offer them no assistance, for strict orders had been given not to allow any of the enemy to come aboard. The poor fellows seemed as if they could not hold on long. In about five minutes one let go, and soon after the other, both sinking in the water with the half-articulated cry of 'Ali! Ali!' Mitchell returned and stretched himself on the deck, saying, with

an affected air of indifference, that he 'would be blessed if he would be again disturbed in his snooze for all the b——y Hometans in Christendom.'"

Another affecting extract, and we have done.

"The morning before we reached the island of Sicily, Captain Moore of the marines, who had been wounded in the action of the 20th, died; his wound, which I believe was in the thigh, having mortified. He was an old man, and as much beloved by his own men as the commodore had been by us. A coffin was made, perforated with holes, and the body deposited in it along with shot and bags of wet sand, to make it sink. It was laid, covered by a union jack, on a grating, fixed against the ship's side, the outer edge of which was raised to a level by two slip-ropes held fast by two men, so that at the word being given, by letting go the slips, the grating dropped like a hinged door against the side, and the coffin would fall into the sea. The order was given to toll the bell, and the ship's company and officers, in full uniform, mustered, all hats off, on the upper deck, as near as they could to the gangway; the fore and mainchains were crowded, and all stood in respectful silence to see the coffin consigned to the deep. A file of marines was ranged on the gangway, to fire three volleys over their departed commander. The chaplain commenced the funeral service for a person buried at sea. 'Not a sound was heard,' but the breaking of the water on the weather-bow, while the solemn voice of the chaplain rose at intervals, and seemed to be borne along on the winds. When he came to the passage, 'We commit his body to the deep,' the slips were let go, and the coffin sunk into the white-topped wave that ran under the lee of the ship. The marines fired three rounds over him; and this concluded the funeral of Captain Moore, who was buried nearly opposite the cloud-capt top of Mount Etna."

From the foregoing it will be seen, that if not altogether correct as a true and particular sailor's book, this volume affords some curious touches of Life on Board a Man-of-War, and is well worth the time which its perusal demands.

Stories of Travels in Turkey. 12mo. pp. 279. London, 1830. Hurst, Chance, and Co.

THIS is one of a series of neat and acceptable publications of the same class, projected with the view to aid the progress of national education; and as the Turkish empire is now much the theme of discussion, we consider it to be as opportune in the point of time as it is creditable in the point of judicious compilation. Dr. Walsh, Captain Frankland, Mr. Macfarlane, and other recent travellers, have been laid under contribution; and altogether, the volume is very amusing and instructive.

Family Classical Library, Vol. I. The Oration of Demosthenes. Translated by T. Leland, D.D. 12mo. pp. 336. London, A. J. Valpy.

WE have here the commencement of another undertaking for the more general distribution of knowledge, and one which, if as well conducted as we may expect from Mr. Valpy's classical superintendence, bids fair to occupy an enlarged station in our immediate literature. The plan is to give good translations of the great Greek and Roman orators, historians, and poets, with biographical sketches and illustrative notes. Of this the volume before us

is a specimen well calculated to recommend what are to follow: though, perhaps, Herodotus or Xenophon (richer in remarkable facts and anecdotes than any orator can be), would have been a beginning better calculated to attract general popularity. Leland's *Demosthenes*, however, is an excellent work; and, with the existing thirst for intelligence that prevails throughout the community, will, we are persuaded, be read by multitudes who never before thought of making themselves acquainted with the noble stores of classic literature, which must tend to enlighten and improve the mind far beyond the more evanescent productions of the day. A head of Demosthenes, finely engraved, and another of Sallust, are to be given in the next volume.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, Dec. 17.

MESSRS. de Polignac and Montbel have been to see the new Chamber of Deputies. This temporary erection has been completed in the short space of two months and ten days, in spite of the bad season and the alterations made in the original plan from time to time. It does not resemble the old chamber, nor is it in conformity with the plan of M. Laboulaye. In the old building a large passage separated the centre right from the centre left, and each of these sections was only divided from the rest of the side to which it belonged by a very narrow passage. At present the seats are so disposed as to present five sections. The right and left sides, each divided into two sections, form rather more than the half of the semicircle. The centre is undivided, and is of greater extent than either of the other sides. There is, therefore, no longer a passage in the middle, and consequently no longer a centre right or left, but only a compact centre. The gallery goes now all round the interior, and is much more prominent than in the old chamber; but as it comprises the places reserved for the peers and the diplomatic bodies, who were formerly placed in the lower part, there will not be more room for the public. An improvement which may be noticed is the removal of the columns that obstructed the view of the public, and caused one seat out of three in the first row to be lost. The place intended for the reporters to the public press, which is where it was formerly, has thus been enlarged by a third, without occupying more space. When seen from the Palais Bourbon, the new building has but a very paltry appearance, and resembles the temporary elevation made in order to carry on the works at the Fountain of the Elephant. The interior, however, is not devoid of elegance.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

A COMMUNICATION from Dr. Fitton, late President of the Society, was read: it was an account of what we understood to be a geological survey of part of the low countries of France, made by the author some time ago, and was in continuation of a former paper on a similar subject. In the present paper, Dr. Fitton, after a variety of scientific detail, remarks a striking affinity between the strata and other formations of the mountains in the vicinity of St. Omer, Namur, &c. with those in the neighbourhood of Bath and Bristol. At Aix great quantities of green sand, resembling fullers' earth, was discovered, and judged every way fit for the woollen manufactures. By a series of analogous facts the author shewed the

impropriety of deriving appellations from external character. Various presents connected with literature and the science of geology were placed on the table.

AFRICAN EXPEDITION.

WE feel a great interest in stating, that Mr. Lander, the faithful and intelligent attendant of Captain Clapperton, is on the eve of setting out, under the auspices of Government, to attempt the completion of the inquiries into African geography. How nearly he had formerly succeeded, under every difficulty and privation, when left alone by the death of his unfortunate master and friend, renders it more than commonly probable that he will happily achieve this great enterprise.

CURIOUS ATMOSPHERIC PHENOMENON.

MONS. BOURDET DE LA NIEVRE, captain in the staff of Napoleon's army during the Polish campaign of 1806-7, gives an account of the following singular electrical phenomenon, which occurred to him and his party during the night of 24th Dec. 1806, the eve of the battle of Pultusk. The oldest of the Polish peasantry, says M. Bourdet, declared they never remembered a milder season; not a flake of snow had as yet fallen, nor had we experienced any of those cutting north winds which generally commence here very early in the winter. We had, however, almost daily, heavy rain storms. I was in command of a demi-battery, attached to a brigade of light cavalry forming part of our advanced guard. It was about nine at night, after a day of unclouded sunshine, that we were advancing across some open fields, when suddenly a violent north wind sprang up; in a few minutes after, it became so dark that we could hardly see our horses' heads, and the wind blew so tempestuously that the alarmed animals halted and refused to proceed. In a moment the tips of the horses' ears, and the longer hairs of their body (except those of the tail and mane), became luminous. Every pointed bit of metal about their harness, or the mountings of the guns, shone also with a phosphorescent light; it was, in short, as if a flight of fire-flies had suddenly descended and settled upon our horses and guns. My quarter-master, who was close to me, observed the ends of my mustaches luminous; his, though much thicker, were waxed, and did not offer the same appearance, but it was visible on several of our artillery men. Our eyebrows and hair were not similarly affected, perhaps because the eye-shade of our *schakos* protected the one, and the other, always kept cut short, was covered by the oil-skin neck-piece. This luminous appearance was of equal duration with the wind storm, that is, about three or four minutes. Our horses stretched their heads upwards, pricking their ears, open nostrils, and snorting, their manes and tails extended, fore-legs stiffened and thrust forward, and their hind-legs bent so as almost to bring them on their haunches. As long as the wind lasted, neither whip nor spur could urge them on, though some of them seemed to make involuntary efforts to advance. The moment the wind ceased, the luminous appearance vanished, and a deluge of rain and hail immediately succeeded; but, though the darkness continued, our horses once more bestirred themselves, bounded forward with frequent leaps, snorted loudly, neighed, and continued the march. As soon as I arrived at the advanced posts, I mentioned this singular occurrence to my comrades. Though distant only about three leagues, they had seen nothing of it, nor felt the wind, but had had a heavy

shower of rain just after the rain ceased with us. The direction of the shower was against the wind. These luminous appearances, concludes M. Bourdet, were they electrical or phosphorescent?

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, Dec. 19.—On Thursday the following degrees were conferred:—
Doctor in Civil Law.—W. Morgan, Esq. Fellow of Magdalen College.

Masters of Arts.—E. O. Hughes, Jesus College; Rev. H. W. G. Armstrong, St. John's College; S. R. Bosanquet, Christ Church; Rev. T. Scard, Magdalen Hall.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. E. E. Spink, Wadham College, A. F. B. St. Leger, Brasenose College, Grand Compounders; J. T. Toye, T. Richards, Queen's College; J. P. Simonet, St. Edmund Hall; G. Thompson, Magdalen Hall; W. North, W. Williams, E. Davies, W. Dyer, Jesus College; J. C. Croft, Scholar, G. G. Ponsonby, University College; J. C. Pack, Christ Church; J. Young, Corpus Christi College; G. E. B. Wood, School of Pembroke College; N. C. Strickland, W. Drake, H. H. Pearson, Lincoln College; J. J. Vaughan, Merton College; E. T. B. Twissleton, Scholar, B. Banning, J. F. Stuart, Trinity College.

THE Cambridge Prize subjects for the ensuing year are, for the Chancellor's gold medal for the encouragement of English poetry.—*Byzantium*.

The two prizes of fifteen guineas each, given by the representatives, for the encouragement of Latin prose composition, to be open to all Bachelors of Arts, without distinction of years, who are not of sufficient standing to take the degree of Master of Arts; and two other prizes of fifteen guineas each, to be open to all Undergraduates who shall have resided not less than seven terms, at the time when the exercises are to be sent in. The subjects for the present year are—1. For the Bachelors, *Quantum momenti, ad studium rei theologicæ promovere, habet literarum humaniorum cultus?* 2. For the Undergraduates, *Quæ sit forma Platonicæ ad Græciæ renascentis statum optime accommodata?*

Sir Wm. Browne having bequeathed three gold medals, value five guineas each, to such resident Undergraduates as shall compose—1. The best Greek ode in imitation of Sappho; 2. The best Latin ode in imitation of Horace; 3. The best Greek epigram after the model of the Anthologia; and 4. The best Latin epigram after the model of Martial; the subjects for the present year are—1. For the Greek ode, *Ilysiæ Laus*; 2. For the Latin ode, *Cuma*; 3. For the Greek epigram, *Ægeæci mendacio*; 4. For the Latin epigram, *Spætiæ inclausus iniquis*.

The Porson prize is the interest of £400 stock, to be annually employed in the purchase of one or more Greek books, to be given to such resident Undergraduate as shall make the best translation of a proposed passage in Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Massinger, or Beaumont and Fletcher, into Greek verse. The subject for the present year is—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act II. Scene 2, beginning, *He jests at scars, &c.* and ending, *I'll no longer be a Capulet*.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTE ON "THE PHARAOKS AND THEIR TIMES," ESSAY I.

No authenticated Pharaonic inscriptions belonging to reigns anterior to the eighteenth dynasty having been before the public up to the appearance of the latest accounts from M. Champollion, it has been assumed in the foregoing introductory essay that all such hitherto discovered were consequently of dates posterior to the Jewish Exode. Since, however, those observations were penned, the writer has had access to much original hieroglyphic intelligence, in manuscript and scarce lithographs, by favour of W. Jerdan, Esq. from whence it indisputably appears that the researches of the French expedition have been anticipated, as to all the leading and radical facts of monumental history, by the zeal and sagacity of a few learned individuals of our own country; and that Champollion's monumental successions of the Pharaohs, and his chronological order of their edifices, are, in very many respects, erroneous. It is, in fact, impossible rightly to estimate and comprehend his details without reference to the discoveries of Messrs. Wilkinson and Burton and Major Felix, terminating in the year 1828, ample use of which will be made in our succeeding papers; by which it will appear (without, however, attempting to depreciate the inestimable researches of our continental friends) that Englishmen, though their labours have been less known, have, from

the first, taken the lead in this most interesting department of antiquarian inquiry.

The discoveries alluded to, include a complete and verified restoration of the successions of Pharaohs, to which the Tablet of Abydos (brought to light by Mr. Banks in 1817, and, next to the Rosetta inscription, beyond all question the most important key to hieroglyphic history), which has been heretofore very imperfectly understood, is an index. Amongst other important results, it is by this restoration made evident that the beautiful rock temples of Benihasan, from which M. Champollion has copied such great numbers of paintings and inscriptions relating to the natural history, arts, and manners of the Egyptians, instead of being the work of the Pharaohs of the twenty-third dynasty, in the eighth and ninth centuries before Christ, when Egyptian art was on the decline (vide letters five and six, *Lit. Gas.* of Feb. 21st,) really bear date several reigns before that of the Diospolite family, the eighteenth, originated. The consequence is, that if any of the monuments hitherto discovered may be expected to throw light on the ages of Joseph and Moses, it will probably be found in translating the numerous inscriptions of Benihasan and other monuments of the Osortesen family.

The times of the earliest builders of Karnac and other edifices are also rectified by the invaluable Pharaonic catalogue, collected by the before-mentioned gentlemen, and compiled by Major Felix in 1827. Among its many important results, it may be mentioned that the most ancient king, Mandouei I. or Osymandias of Champollion, is proved to be a nonentity, or rather, that the second Osirei of the eighteenth dynasty has been mistaken for the hero of Hecateus and Diodorus; that the genealogy from Amosis to Ramesses the Great, alluded to in note 5 (see Champollion's fourteenth letter), is proved to have been discovered by Mr. Wilkinson and Mr. Burton so long ago as 1825; that the restoration of kings Memphis or Phthamenoph and Ramerri or Amerri to the eighteenth family (vide Champol. let. 13 and 14), together with that of the Lusian dynasty, from an inscription found on the road to Casseri (vide letter 7), are also anticipated in the catalogue in question; so are the names of the Pharaohs whose remains repose in the Necropolis of Thebes.

But to enumerate all the advantages of this British catalogue of the Pharaohs, and the mistakes which it rectifies, would far exceed our compass: suffice it to say that, in the present papers, it will be adjusted to the only series of Egyptian dates and eras to be found in original authors literally followed, and that the Pharaonic canon of time thus obtained will embrace every advantage to be derived from scriptural, historical, monumental, and astronomical verification.

It may be observed, in conclusion, that, had the members of the French expedition, as at first intended, limited their researches to monuments and inscriptions previously unelucidated, their harvest must have been barren indeed. Their copious details will, however, throw invaluable light on the discoveries of our countrymen.

C.

NORTHERN LIBRARIES.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,—I am so sensible of your great zeal in the promotion of literature, that I naturally seek your aid to give extensive circulation to the following appeal;—for through what channel can the present subject be so appropriately conveyed, as by the honourable medium of the *Literary Gazette*?

I have recently received an interesting letter from Professor Rafn, secretary of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries at Copenhagen, and an honorary member of the Society of Antiquaries of London, describing the successful foundation of two public libraries in Iceland, of a third in one of the Feroe Islands, and of his intention to establish a fourth in Greenland, to which it is proposed to add a museum of natural history, which cannot fail to be of importance in the diffusion of knowledge. It would be difficult to express, in suitable language, the high degree of commendation which is due to this learned gentleman for his patriotic and useful endeavours. But even praise, though delightful to a generous disposition, is not sufficient of itself to support the most energetic mind in the continuance of arduous exertions, or to cheer it to a satisfactory completion of grand designs. An individual can hardly be expected to devote his time to perpetual solicitations for pecuniary resources, or to bestow unremitting attention upon the requisite advancement of such multifarious concerns. I therefore most respectfully venture to request the benevolence of all the lovers of learning, in assisting Professor Rafn to carry his laudable efforts into full effect. And, as I thus publicly invite the co-operation of the liberal and the studious, I trust that I shall stand excused of any presumption, or improper motives, in humbly offering myself to be the receiver of such sums of money as the friends of these literary institutions may think proper to contribute.* At the same time, I would candidly submit to the consideration of your numerous readers, how desirable it will be, that all presents should be transmitted free of expense.

I need scarcely call to your recollection, Mr. Editor, the celebrity which the Icelanders acquired, many ages ago, by the splendour of their poetry, and their knowledge in history,—so that now to supply them with such treasures of science as have been accumulated by successive centuries of improvement in other parts of Europe, seems only to be an honest acknowledgment of a debt of gratitude, which every well-wisher to literature will rejoice in this opportunity to discharge. Of the kind of books, or of the languages in which they are written, no precise description can be recommended: those must depend upon the inclinations or the pursuits of the several donors, and of their own conceptions of what literary stores are best suited to such remote regions, and the embryo state of a miscellaneous collection. None, however, can err in being bountiful,—for all classes of books must be acceptable to those whose shelves are at present empty.

I am willing to hope, that in appealing to the generosity of my countrymen in favour of literature, I shall not be disappointed. In those dreary regions much poverty naturally prevails; and little, therefore, can be contributed by their humble inhabitants; and although powerful assistance has cheerfully been bestowed by the friends of these establishments, both in Denmark and other states of the north, yet considerable support is still required.

Whatever may be the amount of the donations, whether in money or in books, receipts are to be faithfully procured, on the distribution of the same, from the prefects of the respective establishments; and, I may with con-

fidence add, accompanied with a feeling of gratitude and respect commensurate to the kindness and benefit which will have been conferred upon these deserving, but comparatively desolate, people.

In the expectation that I may have the pleasure hereafter of recording, in your pages, a splendid monument of the patronage of the public, I have the honour to be, &c.,

Somerset Place, Strand, NICHOLAS CARLISLE.
Dec. 21, 1829.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Miss Fanny Kemble. From a Drawing by Sir T. Lawrence; on stone by R. J. Lane, A.R.A. Printed by Hullmandel. Published by J. Dickenson.

THIS is a very sweet likeness of this charming creature, whose dramatic genius has given such delight to tens of thousands. It is gratifying to see the elegant pencil of the President employed upon so deserving a subject.

The Device. The Gentle Reproach. Bonington (Bonington—even the orthography of the name of a man of genius is important,) pinxit. On stone by W. Fairland. M'Cormick.

BOTH these subjects, engraved on a small scale, have already come under our notice, and have elicited our admiration. They are very ably transferred to stone by Mr. Fairland.

Engravings of Ancient Cathedrals, Hôtels de Ville, and other Public Buildings of celebrity in France, Holland, Germany, and Italy. Drawn on the spot, and engraved by John Coney. With Illustrative Descriptions by Charles Heathcote Tatham, Esq. and able Assistants. Part III. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

OUTLINE, colouring, and effect, are the three means by which art attains its end. Although that end is undoubtedly best attained when those means are conjointly employed, yet it is surprising how much may be accomplished by any one of them when in skillful hands. Of this the present publication affords a striking proof. With some slight and unimportant exceptions in the accompaniments, curiously elaborate outline is the quality of art on which it exclusively depends; and so exquisitely is that outline managed by Mr. Coney, that for the moment we can scarcely believe that it would be improved by any adjuncts; nay, we almost think that its perspicuity and richness would be injured by them. This is really a great triumph of talent. The prints in the third Part (which, by the by, is the first that we have happened to see) are, "Cathedral, Rouen, West Front;" "Cloth Hall, Bruges;" "Hôtel de Ville, Louvain;" and "Cathedral, Amiens." The descriptions are in English, French, Italian, and German.

A Brown Study. Drawn and engraved by F. J. Havell. J. Kendrick.

A LITTLE of the blue devil seems to be mixed with this brown study. By which of an artist's manifold miseries it has been occasioned,—whether his oil will not dry, whether his varnish has cracked, whether his sitter has kept him waiting six hours in vain, or whether (as the climax of vexation) his best picture has been hung in the Antique Academy, over the door of the Library,—we know not; but we never saw a position of more deep and determined, and apparently painful, cogitation. Mr. Havell has managed his chiaroscuro with great success.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL: EXTEMPORE.

By a supernumerary Bohemian.

BARDS may rave and sing
Of the summer's glory,
Or the pride of spring—
Give me winter hoary!

Christmas, clear thine eye,
Sport thy crimson berry,
As in years gone by,
When all hearts were merry.

Smiles of sunshine don,
Like a bluff old fellow;
Put a blue sky on,
Throw aside the yellow.

If thou friendly art,
Here's a hand to greet thee—
Choose the blusterer's part,
Weapons I've to meet thee.

Noted boxer, yet
Give me gloves I'll fight thee;
All thy heavy wet
Shall not damp nor fright me.

I defy thy blast,
By the fire-side anchor'd;
'Gainst thee, to the last,
I'll serve at my tankard.

Spread thy choking fogs,
Blind and lame the cattle,
With these blazing logs
I will give thee battle.

Neither heel nor toe
Dreads thy chilly canker;
I have checks on Snow—
Not, alas! the banker.

Well done, heart of steel!
My advice thou'rt taking;
We are friends, I feel,
For my hand thou'rt shaking.

How the chimneys flare!
Roasting, boiling, stewing;
Here—there—every where—
Kitchens are doing!

Chabert, king of fire!
Thy hot realm forsaking,
Cooler air respire—
All the town is baking.

Well, I wish thee wealth,
Poison-quaffer placid:
Monsieur, here's your health—
Not in prussic acid!

Welcome, Christmas gay!
Welcome, comrades jolly!
Hip, hip, hip, hurra!
There's no crown like holly!

There's no drink like ale,
Toasted, spiced, and foaming,
For fat, lean, red, pale,
From the dawn till gloaming!

Wine, by Britons bold,
Should be taken sparingly;
All great deeds of old
Sprung from "blood of barley!"

I detest champagne,
Sham port never trade in,
Therefore I refrain
From all colognading.

Howe'er rich and ripe,
By a change of vowels
Grape becometh gripe—
Awful to the bowels!

* See the Advertisement in our Supplement; and with it receive our most hearty recommendation of the object in view, so ably exposed, and in a way so honourable to his feelings as a cosmopolite in literature, by our correspondent Mr. Carlisle.

Push the jug about !
 Ere we put a stop to
 This our Christmas rout,
 Toes shall have the hop too.
 And, forsooth, I feel,
 Now my head the malt's in,
 I can do a reel
 Better far than waltzing.
 Vanish'd all the beer !
 Empty is the barrel ?
 Deuce it is !—then here
 Ends my Christmas Carol !

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

ANECDOTES OF THE SIAMESE YOUTHS.

THOUGH we have said little of these extraordinary boys since our first notice, (and, indeed the journals generally have been very silent about them,) we have not been inattentive observers of a phenomenon so unexampled in the annals of the human species. We have endeavoured from facts to form some more accurate notion of their separate existence, and of those ties of sympathy or long habit which, together with their natural band, unite them so inseparably to each other. And as several of these matters will, we trust, interest our readers, we shall throw them, without method, into the anecdotal form.

The acquisitions of these lads seem to proceed nearly *pari passu*;—they have both learned a good deal of English, and speak it very nearly alike. They have also, of late, been taught whist, at which they play tolerably well, and of which they are very fond. And one of the remarkable traits attending this is, that they play the game *against* each other, and most honourably (we have seen single-bodied players not quite so correct) abstain from looking into each other's hands. The other day Chang played *dumbly* against Eng and a partner; and a very interesting contest it was.

Recently, when they were indisposed, they took medicine together, and were affected precisely in the same manner; but when medicine was administered to the one and not to the other, no effect was produced on the exempt.

A curious exemplification of their separate state is afforded by the grand mystery of dreaming. Not long since, the individual who sleeps in the room with them observed one extremely disturbed in his sleep, and the other so violently agitated that he screamed out. He hastened to awake them, and on inquiring what was the matter, the one that was disturbed told him he had dreamed he met his mother; the other, who was more agitated, that he thought somebody was cutting off his hair. The hair, by the way, is a cherished ornament. In sleeping they lie on their back, with their heads, generally, as far apart as possible or convenient.

While asleep, if you touch one, you also awake the other. But it appears that though a sensation is communicated, it is not the same sensation. For example, if one is tickled to cause laughter, the other knows you are tickling his brother, but he does not feel it. This is the case whether he sees what is done or not.

They are smart in their remarks, and very excellent mimics and imitators. The other day Sir A. Carlisle was enforcing the expediency of their being taught to read; and, by way of demonstrating the thing, he marked a big A on a card to shew them. This he did, pronouncing in a sound pedagogue style *A a a*. The boys immediately sounded the letter so

like their instructor as to create considerable merriment. He then went to B and C; but while doing so, they had got a little impatient, (as schoolboys will do with their teachers,) and one of them interrupted him: upon which he exclaimed, "Pshaw, pshaw, *g'ed* to me." So the lesson continued, till C *g'ed* took the pencil to make the letters, and *g'ed* it in his hand in the most awkward way; upon which Sir Anthony interfered to set him right; but the scholar was close in all, and in his turn exclaimed the very same "Pshaw, pshaw, *atten* me!" He nevertheless drew the A capitally in his own mode.

On another occasion a visiter, impressed with the idea that their religious instruction ought to be attended to, spoke to them on this subject. In his investigation of their condition, he asked, "Do you know where you would go if you were to die?" To which they replied quickly, pointing up with their fingers, "Yes, yes, up dere." Their saintly friend, unluckily for himself, persevered in catechising; and questioned them, "Do you know where I should go, if I were to die?" to which they as promptly answered, pointing downwards, "Yes, yes, down dere." We are afraid that the laugh which followed was likely to efface the memory of the well-meant attempt to imbue their minds with Christian knowledge.

With regard to their speaking to each other, though they do not do so often, yet they occasionally converse. It has, also, a singular effect to witness the two speaking together at the same time on different topics to different persons. This they will do if two beautiful females happen to address them together; for they have taste enough to be very partial to beauty in the other sex. They are much attached to the wife of Mr. — one of the individuals who brought them to Europe.

They almost always eat alone, and, we understand, have a dislike to being looked at while they take their meals.

Of their strange formation, an accurate cast has been taken by Mr. Sievier, and admirably copied in wax by a pupil of Mr. B. Bolton, the medical gentleman who has attended them since their arrival.

The infrequency of junctions of this nature renders every particular that relates to such beings curious; and we wish we could learn even more trifling anecdotes than we have here related, of similar phenomena in former times. But we know little or nothing of them, except that they were somehow joined. There was, according to tradition, a union of this kind in Scotland, in the age of the third James, and they (males) lived to be men. We have also seen an etching of two remarkable Hungarian girls who lived to maturity. They were united by the hips, and died within a few seconds of each other. We have said nothing of abortive specimens, &c. of which every surgical museum furnishes painful examples; though there are so few recorded and authenticated cases of such an interesting kind as that which is now daily witnessed in London.

Apropos, we have just received an effusion on the Siamese youths from a poetical correspondent; and though we have not room for it all, we shall insert a few of the lines.

If in the page of Holy Writ we find
 That man should not divide what God hath joined,
 O why, with nicest skill, should science dare
 To separate this Heaven-united pair?
 United by a more than legal band,
 A wonder wrought by the Creator's hand!
 Poor guileless boys! let not the eye of pride
 That views its perfect self, your form deride!
 Nor call those "monstrous," who a model prove
 Of hearts conjoined in harmony and love!

And ye were happy in your native soil;
 The morning ray awoke you to one toil,
 One bark was yours—at once ye climbed one mast;
 One simple couch was yours and one repeat.
 And doubtless He who joined you at your birth
 Would grant one death—one grave in mother earth.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

No original writers! Why, the Theatres-Royal have scarcely been open three months, and no less than five original pieces have been produced between them. The *Royal Love-Match*, and the *Early Days of Shakespeare*, at Covent Garden;—the *Greek Family*, the *Follies of Fashion*, and the *Witch-Finder*, at Drury Lane!—'Tis true that two of them have been damned, and that the rest have disappeared; but their originality at least was never questioned; and the patriotic play-goers, (that numerous class, according to some of our contemporaries), who infinitely prefer a piece, however poor, of home manufacture, to a good foreign article, judiciously prepared for the English market, have certainly had no right to complain this season. On the contrary, it is the turn of the managers to grumble, and exclaim with Horace, "*Quid dem? quid non dem? renuis tu quod jubet alter*." Far be it from us to discourage original genius; but, seriously, we are sick of the common-place lamentations, daily doled out, respecting the decay of the Drama, by persons so wofully ignorant of the subjects on which they write, that they cannot distinguish the cause from the effect. Passing over the unfair and ridiculous abuse showered upon some of our most popular modern dramatists, because, forsooth, like their fathers before them,—ay, from Shakespeare to Sheridan,—they have sought for their plots on the foreign stage, or in the popular novel;—for let us, pray, inquire the difference between the adaptation of a novel of Boccaccio and a novel of Walter Scott, the translation of a vaudeville of Scribe and a play of Kotzebue;—as our readers will remember, is not the style of execution, but the act itself which is so unsparingly reprobated, and which must be theft in one case as well as the other;—but passing, as we proposed, this question, why, we will ask, have the few writers of original comedies, &c. yet left us, gradually fallen into the same sinful ways of translation and adaptation? It can hardly be, one would suppose, from the want of encouragement in these degenerate days, when they are wooed in the most honeyed accents of the press to revive the glory of the English stage. Why do not the high names of Scott, Moore, and Southey, figure in the list of modern English dramatists? Why are not the lighter, but, perhaps, still more dramatic pens of Lytton Bulwer, Cooper, Horace Smith, &c. employed in the revival of the British Drama? From want of encouragement? Alack! even so. The author of the *Witch-Finder* shall speak in his own words upon this subject. The following extract is from the preface to his historical play of *Thomas à Becket*, lately produced at the Surrey:—"It must, unfortunately, be allowed, that the present period is not the most auspicious to the production of original dramas. When every other species of literature, save that of the theatre, is protected by legislative enactments from unprincipled piracy, it is not to be expected that many writers will be found to expose their plays, as Alfred hung up his golden bracelets, in sheer contempt of robbers. In England, the bannings of the dramatist are a proscribed race; they come under a kind of outlawry,—'whosoever findeth them may slay them.' Whilst

such is the case, it will be in vain to hope for a rapid improvement in the modern Drama." Mr. Jerrold's remarks have more common sense in them than we should have expected from any writer who could be guilty of suchrodomontade as abounds in both of his above-named dramas;—the plots of which are as defective as those of the most obscure of the old dramatists, whose phraseology he labours to imitate, apparently without perceiving that his very best ideas are disguised, past hope of discovery, by the antiquated garb in which they are affectingly uttered. We have made him speak for others from the preface of his play, he shall now counsel himself from the dialogue of it. "Too many apothegms in a tale, like too much gold on an arrow, adorn only to impede," says his own Sir Walter Breakspear to Swart; the latter of whom might have been made a character, did not Mr. Jerrold put the same style of language into the mouth of every person, gentle or simple, in utter defiance of the old rule, "*Intererit multum Davusne loquatur an heros.*" But we find we are criticising *Thomas à Becket* instead of the *Witch-Finder*. It is, however, not of much consequence, for each is replete with the same faults, and on the same boards would have met with the same fate. Harley imparted some life to the serving-man, *Jet*, (a faint copy of Peake's *Willibald*, in the *Bottle Imp*, so exquisitely embodied by Keeley); and Farren produced a momentary interest in one scene of the second act. Mrs. Orger and Cooper did all that could be done; but the unrelieved dullness and obscurity of the plot, and the affectation of the language, (some parts of which, however, let us in fairness acknowledge, were not without merit,) were soon perceived to be fatal. The *Witch-Finder* was most unequivocally condemned.

VARIETIES.

Orange.—A curious paper was lately read to the French Academy by M. Charles His, in which the varieties of the orange-tree and of its fruit were minutely examined and described. All the ordinary kinds of the orange M. His holds to be monstrous productions: the result of a sort of struggle between the laws of vegetation and the force of affinity; and he points out one species, differing in many important respects from the common fruit, which he considers to be its natural state.

The Talmud.—The Abbe Louis Chiarini, professor of the oriental languages and antiquities in the University of Warsaw, has been engaged for these eight years on a French translation of the Babylonian Talmud, which, with the necessary supplements from the Jerusalem Talmud, and other monuments of Jewish antiquity, is to give a complete view of the Talmudic doctrines. M. Chiarini is of opinion, that there are no better means to effect the long talked-of improvement of the morals, the principles, and the situation of the Jews, than the complete communication of the Talmud, and all the other monuments necessary to illustrate it, in a European language which is universally understood. This, he thinks, would lead the Jews to be ashamed, in the eyes of the world, of the laughable and absurd, as well as hurtful and wicked, principles of the Talmud, to abandon the corrupt Talmudic doctrine, and to revert to the pure Mosaic system, which would produce desirable consequences.

Sciences.—Dr. Siebold, envoy of the King of the Netherlands in Japan, has transmitted to the Asiatic Society at Paris a work, containing the result of his four years' residence in that country, and which is to be printed at the

expense of the society. He has also collected a Japanese library of 1500 volumes, a zoological museum of 3000 specimens, and a botanical one of 2000 species. His companion, Dr. Burges, has formed a collection of minerals.

Fossil Discovery.—A specimen of fossil has lately been found at Lyme in Dorsetshire, which is quite unique, and bears no resemblance to any known genus. Its mammellated jaw distinguishes it from any fossil animal hitherto discovered; the claws resemble those of the crustacea; the long column of vertebrae that of the encrinurus; the orbits of the eyes are remarkably large and well defined.

Hydrophobia.—A correspondent recommends as a remedy for the bite of a rabid animal, to look to mechanical rather than to physical means of cure, which he thinks may be found in the immediate extraction of the venom by suction—a method anciently had recourse to in cases of wounds made by poisoned weapons, as well as in those caused by the bullet or the sword. To obviate the dread inspired by this horrible disorder, and the danger of there being a wound in the lips or the mouth, an artificial mouth, constructed so as effectually to perform the functions of the natural organ, is suggested. The use of the croton tiglium oil has been suggested in cases of hydrophobia, from its peculiar effect on the throat.

Sculpture.—The Museum of Avignon has just been enriched with a valuable piece of Gothic sculpture. In the church of the Benedictines, to the right of the great altar of Saint Martial, there was formerly a magnificent mausoleum in white marble and alabaster; and upon this monument, which was of large dimensions, were several bas-reliefs representing the mysteries of Christ and the Virgin. There were also several statues in bold relief, and among them was one celebrated by artists under the name of *Transi*. It is this which has been dug up; and it is, perhaps, one of the *chef-d'œuvres* of art of the middle ages. This statue, which may be called a skeleton, is represented lying on the right side. The feet, as well as a part of the left arm, are wanting, and the nose has been mutilated; but the attitude, the anatomical details, and the trunk, are in admirable perfection. This monument was erected in honour of Cardinal de la Grange. It is not known by whom it was executed; but according to tradition, and the examination to which the remains have been submitted, it would seem to be the work of an artist of great merit. At the commencement of the revolution, a part of this monument was preserved, by the precaution which was taken of burying it in the earth under the pavement of the church. On the stone above the statue is an inscription in Gothic characters, which leads to the supposition that this work of art dates from the 14th century.

Agriculture.—At the sitting of the Academy of Sciences in Paris, on Monday last, M. Dupin, in reference to a work on the comparative agricultural resources of Great Britain and France, stated that he had made several calculations respecting the crops of corn in France during the last twenty-four years; from which he found that there had been fourteen years of abundance, and ten of scarcity; and that the medium price of grain during the whole period had been in favour of the cultivator: a result which he attributes to the prohibition of the entry of foreign corn, and the exportation of French corn, except under certain restrictions. At this sitting there was no other communication of the slightest interest.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Mr. Sweet, the well-known practical botanist, has in a forward state for publication a new edition of his *Horae Britannicæ*, which will enumerate many thousand additional plants, together with the colours of the flowers.

A new address has been called for of Mr. Canning's inimitable Speeches: it is nearly ready for announcement.

Mr. Henry Dance, whose work on Imprisonment for Debt we lately had occasion to notice favourably, has forthcoming Remarks on Law Expenses; with some Suggestions for reducing them.

Among the new year changes, the magazine hitherto so ably conducted by Mr. S. C. Hall, and called the *Spirit and Manners of the Age*, is, we see, to take a new name (the *British Magazine*) and an enlarged form, though still under the superintendence which has done so much for it under its ancient title, and for the Amulet.

Mr. Buck's epic drama of *Julio Romano*, or the Display of the Passions, accompanied by a Historic Memoir, giving an account of the proceedings in Parliament last Session on the claims of dramatic writers—remains on the present state of the stage—and the author's correspondence with various persons: to which will be added, an Appendix stating the manner in which dramatic authors are rewarded in Russia, Germany, and France,—is about to appear.

In the *Pictorial Musical Illustrations of the Waverley Novels*, by Edward Flower. A volume of Literary Recollections and Biographical Sketches, by the Rev. Richard Warner. The Portfolio of the Martyr Student.—A Treatise on Hydrostatics and Hydrodynamics, by the Rev. H. Munley, B.A. The Lost Hair, a Novel.—Cronica, a Poem, by William Ball.—Charity Bazaar, a Poem.—The Fourth Part of *Richards' India*.—A Journal of Occurrences and Events during a residence of nearly Forty Years in the East Indies, by Colonel James Welsh, of the Madras Army.—Fits of Fits-Ford, a Novel, founded on a popular and interesting legend of Devonshire, by Mrs. Bray.—The Sixth and concluding Part of Captain Grindley's *Views of India*.—The Monopolies of the East India Company, by the author of *Free Trade and Colonisation of India*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Loudon's Magazine of Natural History, Vol. II. 8vo. 18s. 6ds.—*Essays on Political Economy*, 8vo. 14s. 6ds.—*Morison's Outlines of Mental Diseases*, 3d edition, 8vo. 12s. 6ds.—*Tatam and Young's Egyptian Grammar and Dictionary*, 8vo. 18s. 6ds.—*Tales of the Classics*, 3 vols. post 8vo. 12. 4s. 6ds.—*Mayo's Lessons on Objects*, 12mo. 3s. 6ds.—*Jones's Lectures on the Apocalypse*, 8vo. 15s. 6ds.—*Bertha's Visit*, 3 vols. 12mo. 10s. 6ds.—*Dell's Evening Amusements*, 12mo. 6s. 6ds.—*Dillon's Discovery of the Fate of La Pérouse*, 2 vols. 8vo. 12. 4s. 6ds.—*Wheat's Memoirs of De Roe*, a vols. post 8vo. 12. 6s. 6ds.—*The Rival*, by the author of the *Collegians*, 3 vols. post 8vo. 12. 11s. 6ds.—*Biber's Lectures on Education*, 8vo. 7s. 6ds.—*Economy of the Hands and Feet*, 12mo. 3s. 6ds. 6ds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1839.

Extracts from a Meteorological Register kept at High Wycombe, Bucks, by a Member of the London Meteorological Society. November 1839.

Thermometer—Highest.....	53° 75
Lowest.....	30
Mean.....	37.225
Barometer—Highest.....	30.16
Lowest.....	29.25
Mean.....	29.716

Number of days of rain and snow, 10.
Quantity of rain and melted snow in inches and decimals, 1.56.

Winds.—1 East—5 West—4 North—3 South—1 North-east—0 South-east—3 South-west—11 North-west.

General Observations.—The mean temperature of the month below any one in the same month during the last seven years, although the maximum was above that of 1836, and the extreme of cold not equal to that of last year: the quantity of rain less than for many years, with the exception of what fell in last November: so small a range in the barometer has not occurred during the last twelve years—the mean above the general average of the month, but not so high as in 1827: about six inches of snow fell on the 24th, but was all melted in two days. Lunar halones, with misty auras, seen on the nights of the 8th and 9th. The evaporation 0.475 of an inch.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* With our next No. will commence a series of humorous weekly papers by the Author of *Wine and Walnuts*.

As our last No. of the year is a sort of winding-up concern, our readers will find Reviews of Books and other subjects completed in this sheet,—a little, perhaps, at the expense of novelty.

We are unable to answer S's question, without giving more time to the inquiry than we can spare.

We have not been induced to answer W. D.'s lines from the progress of Time.

ERRATA.—In our paper on the *Phaenops* in No. 683, page 839, col. 3, line 37, for "monolith," read "chelonoides";—in note 3, for "Abispharothos," read "Alispharothos";—in note 8, for "of the Celtic," read "after Celtic,"—and here and the quotation.

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Northern Libraries.

WE are authorised to state, that Messrs. John and Arthur Arch, No. 61, Cornhill, London, will kindly receive and forward to Copenhagen whatever Books may be sent to them for the Northern Libraries recommended by Mr. Carlisle, in his Letter inserted in page 845 of this No. of the *Literary Gazette*.

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On the great variety of our contents during the past year,
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LONDON: Published every Saturday, by W. A. SCRIPPS, at the LITERARY GAZETTE OFFICE, 7, Wellington Street, Waterloo Bridge, Strand, and 7, South Molton Street, Regent Street: sold also by J. Chappell, 28, Royal Exchange; J. Harbrough, 40, Mark Lane; Leadenhall: J. A. Smith, Edinburgh; Smith and Son, 22, Abchurch Lane, and African Glasgow; and J. Cunningham, Dublin.
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